

Sweet Wife in My Arms

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Chapter 1: I Live for You

In a dim room, a woman was struggling against several doctors in white coats, who were holding her down. Her wide, bulging eyes and sallow, wilted face made it difficult to recognize her: she was Yan Huan, the movie star who had been famous and widely celebrated once.

“Not like this is your first time, is it?” the maid sneered with her arms crossed over her chest. Her eyes rested upon Yan Huan’s protruding belly that was starting to show. “You better not move, or you’ll lose your blood, and your baby, too. If that happens, you’ll be useless to us, and you can kiss goodbye to your privileged position as Mrs. Lu. Why else do you think we’re feeding you?”

“Err...” Suddenly, a giant needle was stuck into Yan Huan. She clenched her fist to let the blood flow toward the needle until the warm liquid left her body.

The doctors hurried away as soon as they had the blood they needed. The maid did not immediately leave with them; instead she walked over to examine the pale, colorless face of the woman lying on the bed.

“Movie star my ass.” She spat onto Yan Huan’s face, “Look at you, the only role you can play now is that of a corpse. Never understood what the young master saw in that wretched face of yours in the first place. Disgusting.”

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The slamming of the door that followed was the last sound in the room before it fell into dark silence.

Yan Huan raised a feeble hand and wiped her face clean of the disgusting spit. She then returned to stillness—waiting for her life to end, day after day, because she did not have the strength to end it herself.

She cradled her stomach with her hands. I’m not afraid. I have you, I still have you...

The entertainment industry was known to be the most brutal arena, but its brutality still could not come close to the man who used to say he loved her.

The television was streaming this year’s Academy Awards ceremony.

A man and woman wept tears of joy as they embraced each other. No doubt, they had won awarded Best Actor and Best Actress at the international awards ceremony. Their win was yet another boost to their social prestige—they were now world-famous superstars.

Right, the superstars of their generation: her husband and his mistress.

Yan Huan coldly stared at the couple on the screen, her face abnormally pale. Though only 27 years old, she already looked worn-out and haggard, like a woman well into her thirties. Her skin had long lost its glow, and it did not help with the crow's feet deeply lined round her eyes. She clutched the couch with her hands so hard that the veins on the back of her hands bulged and her knuckles turned white. Her beautiful eyes, initially dull and lifeless, became full of hatred, before settling into quiet resistance.

She lowered her eyes to look at the slight bulge of her stomach.

“My child, you know what? There are no good people in this world.”

She picked up the TV remote and pressed the mute button with more force than necessary, cutting off the voices from the TV.

She had given in. Despite the insanity, craziness, and hysteria at first, she had surrendered to her fate. No more screaming for help and no more acting out. She accepted that this 20-square-meter cage would be her home for the rest of her life. This was her life now.

There was only one TV in the room and it constantly showed scenes of the two superstar love birds. What about me, then? She laughed till her tears slipped out. What about her?

This was Yan Huan, a movie star who had faded into obscurity, the wife of Lu Qin, and someone who was dead to the world.

Or perhaps these people never saw her as a human being in the first place.

Why should I continue living like this? So that they could rob me of my blood every few days?

She caressed her stomach, her lips fluttering, “Maybe I only live for you.”

It was hard to imagine that Yan Huan used to be the most promising actress, who chose to retire at her peak.