

Sweet Wife in My Arms

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Chapter 3: I Pity You

“The anesthetic didn’t work. What should we do?” the anesthetist asked hurriedly. The patient already had a cut on her abdomen and was losing blood.

“C-section, do it,” Lu Qin ordered, coldly staring at the torn flesh and spilled blood. He only needed the umbilical cord blood. Yan Huan or her baby, alive or dead, he didn’t care – they would die someday anyways.

The doctor made another cut on the woman’s abdomen. The chill piercing through her skin, the pain from her flesh being torn apart, the suffocating smell of blood in the air, the woman’s writhing body, and her voiceless cries. Finally, the doctor took out the baby covered in blood, sweat all over his forehead.

Yan Huan had her eyes wide open, extending her feeble arms, trying in vain to get her baby back.

“Baby, my baby, give me my baby, give it back...”

Except all she ever got was heartless, spiritless brutality and pairs of bloody hands.

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They took the dead baby and left immediately.

“Shit, the patient is bleeding out...” the doctor’s face changed at the sight of Yan Huan’s face that had turned blue. Her lips, pink-ish a moment before, now showed a horrifying white as if they had been drained of all blood.

“Patient is RH negative. We don’t have that blood type now.”

Yan Huan had fallen into complete unconsciousness, while the voices mixed and resonated in her head until they turned into a distant buzz and, in the end, dead silence.

When she woke up the sky seemed lit up. She blankly gazed at the ceiling, her fingers slowly climbing onto her belly. She didn’t have to. She didn’t forget what happened. She had lost her baby. Her baby was gone.

She was finally able to see the light, and a blue sky decorated with marshmallow clouds, the memory of which felt as far as ages ago.

“You awake?” a calm voice asked by her ear. She knew the voice and it terrified her. If anyone else in the Lu clan could send chills down her spine, it was him.

She turned sideways to have a clearer sight, but her eyes were still blurry.

The man stood before her in shadow, frosty even in the warm light that was shed on him.

She wanted to melt in it, but was afraid of death.

She wanted to bear it, but was afraid of the cold.

It was Lu Yi, the town’s youngest prosecutor. He didn’t really side with the rest of the family, but it still did not make him her friend.

“You saved me?”

The man kept his lips pursed without an arch, neither upwards nor downwards.

“RH negative, who else do you think has that? Even if there is someone, who do you think would save you?”

Yan Huan closed her eyes, uttering words through her stinging throat. “I didn’t save you, so why did you save me?”

“I just pity you.”

His voice was gentle, yet it stabbed into her heart.

“Baby, where is my baby?” Tears clogged her throat. “I want to see my child, can I?”

“You can’t.” The cold words rolled off the man’s tongue. “It’s a girl, covered in blood, abandoned by her mother and tossed away in trash by her father. I, her uncle, buried her.”

“Thank you...” Yan Huan again clenched the sheet with all her strength. She was so embarrassed, naked except for the sheet to veil all her stains.