

Chapter 371: Miao Xinyuan

Miao Xinyuan tilted her head in response, her hands linked in a nervous and somewhat anticipating fashion.

Lu Sr. set the brush down and sat down. He held up a cup of tea, sipped, and began. "You have parents and a mind of your own, so it hadn't been my intention to interfere with your affairs."

"But you are 28 now, Lu Yi. You are the next in line in the Lu Family, and you have a responsibility to carry on the lineage of the Lu Family. Previously, I have heard about you going out with a university teacher, so I looked into her antecedents. She was from a proper family, with passable background and looks, so I didn't have a mind to interfere. However, it would seem like you have broken up with her. Am I right?"

"Yes, Grandpa," admitted Lu Yi.

"In that case," Lu Sr. returned the teacup to the table. "This is the daughter of your Uncle Miao, an outstanding army officer. You two get along with each other, and get the registration done at the end of the year. It's about time you have a family of your own."

Lu Yi frowned and gave no reply.

"What's wrong?" Lu Sr. held the teacup up once more. "You have an objection to make?" Lu Sr. had put thoughts into his arrangement—Lu Yi was always slow when it came to love, and uninterested in lust. He was what others would call high IQ and low EQ. If he felt his partner tolerable, it wouldn't matter to him who he married.

At least, that was what Lu Sr. and almost everyone thought of Lu Yi, a notion which Ye Shuyun used to share.

On the surface, that was how Lu Yi was, but they had forgotten one thing. Lu Yi had his own emotions too. Whom he married wouldn't have mattered, had he not met anyone he truly liked. And like what Lu Sr. said, he was the next in line in the Lu Family, responsible for the continuation of the lineage.

However, he had met the one, and he wouldn't yield.

Lu Yi looked up and looked at Lu Sr. with serious eyes.

"I'm sorry, Grandpa, but I couldn't say yes to this."

The teacup wobbled in Lu Sr. hand before he brought it to his lips casually. Miao Xinyuan's face darkened a little.

"And why's that?" asked Lu Sr. emotionless.

He needed a reason.

"I already have someone I like, Grandpa", said Lu Yi, rising and looking his grandfather in the eye fearlessly.

A murderous intent spread from Lu Sr. He was someone who had taken lives and walked out from the mountains of corpses; the sight of him inspired fear from an average person. In his many years of ruling the Lu Family, this was the first time anyone had rejected him in the face.

Not once, but twice.

“Try going out with Xiaomiao. She suits our family well.”

Lu Sr. liked Miao Xinyuan as a granddaughter-in-law. She had the looks, wits, and a background that matched the Lu Family, capable of giving birth to a proper heir no less.

Lu Yi had wanted to say something, but Lu Sr. waved him off. “Alright, you may leave. By the way, Xiaomiao will be staying here for some time. Take good care of her.

With that, he shoed him off. He didn’t want to hear another ‘no’, or he might lose his temper.

Lu Sr. was used to having his way in the family. Anyway, he had set his mind on making his grandson marry the girl of his choice, and he wouldn’t take no as an answer.

When Lu Yi stepped out of the door, he saw Lu Qin at the doorway, regarding him with a smile and a poisonous look in his eyes.

So Lu Yi’s the only successor to the Lu Family, huh? And what about him? Wasn’t he a member of the Lu Family?

“Is it Lu Qin?” asked Lu Sr.

“Yes, it’s me, Grandpa,” said Lu Qin, hiding the emotions in his eyes before entering.

Lu Sr. never thought much of his second grandson. To be fair, Lu Qin wasn’t an average person, an elite when compared most, despite his occupation as an actor. Still, that was probably his best option.

People naturally loved their own children and grandchildren better than others.

Lu Qin knew that his grandfather’s opinion of him had improved a little, and he was convinced that he had made the right career choice. Lu Yi had been better than him in everything, and when their father died, his mother didn’t have the backing of a rich family like the Ye Family. This had been the only path he could think of.

He needed fame and money to compete with Lu Yi. Or better, get rid of him once and for all. Problem was, he was only at the start of his career. He needed a stepping stone, and he happened to have one in mind. One that was readily available. He prayed that she would live up to his expectations.

“How did it go? Your grandpa didn’t make things difficult for you, did he?” asked Ye Shuyun right as he came out of the room. She then noticed the woman standing beside him.

Had it been in the past, she would be elated to see a woman besides his son. However, the current situation gave her a headache. She knew something was off when the old man summoned Lu Yi. She had also heard rumors about a young woman hanging about him, but she knew for sure she wasn’t his young lover. The old man would sooner die than bear the shame of having a young mistress. Turns out she’s

the granddaughter-in-law of the old man's choice. A granddaughter that arrived a tad too late. She didn't want her as much as her son didn't.

"Hello Auntie, my name is Miao Xinyuan," greeted Miao Xinyuan decorously. She looked handsome in her army uniform, the type Ye Shuyun would have liked in the past. Not just that, her personality and intelligence would have been a good match for her son. Even so, the more she looked at her, the more out of place she found her.

"Hi there, sweetie," Yan Shuyun gave an awkward smile.

Her son was already married, so how could he marry another? Bigamy was against the law. Neither could he take her as a girlfriend. If he dared, she would break his legs.

"Um, Xiaowu, take Ms. Miao to her resting quarters," said Ye Shuyun to the nanny at the side. She couldn't speak openly to her son in her presence.

Miao Xinyuan took one last look at Lu Yi before leaving. She didn't look too well, possibly from the rejection earlier.

She never had that much of an interest in Lu Sr.'s grandson, but she liked what she saw earlier. Plus, there was a certain magic to his words—I already have someone I like.

Chapter 372: Autocratic Grandpa

In the past, she didn't have an appetite for him, but that has changed. Food tastes best when it was snatched from others.

She didn't know if that was part of human nature, but she knew a desire to conquer had awakened within her. She wanted to conquer this man, from body to mind.

Ye Shuyun heaved a sigh of relief when Miao Xinyuan left.

"What did you Grandpa say?"

"He wants me to marry her," said Lu Yi, looking up at the staircase with a trace of impatience in his narrowing eyes.

"And what did you tell him?" asked Ye Shuyun, rubbing her hands together nervously.

"Nothing as of now," Lu Yi rose and stood casually with his hands in his pockets. "Don't worry, Mom. I'll confess everything to him later."

"Don't worry you say..." said Ye Shuyun. But how could she? She hadn't told anyone about Lu Yi's marriage—a secret marriage at the request of his actor wife, whose identity still remains a mystery to her. This whole affair was too...

What she understood might not be understood easily by others. Now that the old man had his eyes on Lu Yi, what on earth should they do? No, she had to tell Lu Jin. He was his son after all. He wouldn't sit idle and watch the old man beat his son to death.

She quickly ran to the phone and made a call, but no one picked up after several attempts.

It's all over now. Ye Shuyun could feel a buzzing in her head.

Lu Yi opened the door to his room. It had remained how he liked it, simple and plain. There were a large bed and closet, nothing else. The grey and white color scheme of the room made everything easier to see.

He didn't stay there often due to the special nature of his job; he stayed in his own house at most times.

He opened the closet and prepared to change. That was when he heard someone knocking on the door. He walked over and opened it, only to find Miao Xinyuan looking at him with curious eyes. Lu Yi was wearing a white shirt, his wiry arms and defined muscles visible beneath his casually rolled-up sleeves.

Well-proportioned and strong. Perfection.

Miao Xinyuan's heart raced.

This trip has been worthwhile, she thought. She had been reluctant before, but she was glad she had come. Otherwise, she would have regretted missing this spectacle fiercely.

"You looking for me?" asked Lu Yi indifferently. Her shadow did not linger in his eyes. His luck with women had only been too good lately, but he was taken and in a loving relationship, and he did not have any plans of cheating.

Miao Qingyuan entered the room without much reservation, studying what little decor the room had. It was the typical room of a guy, and she could tell from the decor that he was a solemn man, boring even. Outside of his job, he didn't have anything going on.

"I would like to know something. That person you like, what is she like?" she turned and asked Lu Yi.

She doubt the person Lu Yi like could have been better than her. She was born with a silver spoon in her mouth, and she had made it to lieutenant at her age. Her future was limitless.

Who could have been a better option than her? Any man would make the right choice here.

Lu Yi rolled up his sleeves and said nothing.

"Does she outrank me?" asked Miao Xinyuan.

"No," said Lu Yi. He looked into the distance, a profound look in his eye.

"Is she prettier than me?" pressed Miao Xinyuan. This was the greatest concern to women—is she prettier, or younger than me?

Lu Yi pursed his lips.

"Does it matter? Who would remember what you used to look like by the time you turn old?"

At the start, Yan Huan looked just like any normal human being to him. Of course, in his heart, she was always the prettiest. Then again, his sweetheart's beauty was his business and his only.

"In that case, would you accept me?" asked Miao Xinyuan. She was very pleased with Lu Yi's answers. She had interpreted Lu Yi's lack of clear answers as a sign that his lover was incomparable to her in everything.

“Not a chance,” Lu Yi cut her short. He walked to the door and held it open. “I apologize if I caused any misunderstandings, Miss Miao.” His voice was stiff and his eyes were emotionless.

Miao Xinyuan patted her face. It wasn’t much of a blow to her. She never gave up easily once she set her eyes on something. That was how it had always been. Plus, she had the support of Lu Sr. Lu Yi had no chance of escaping from her.

She was very satisfied with him. God knows which woman had the luck of finding a man like him. Though that luck would end soon, when he becomes hers.

Lu Yi shut the door and crossed his arms against his chest. For some reasons, self-important women had been flocking to him lately.

What went wrong? Why do they take my rejection as something else?

Once again, Lu Yi made his way to Lu Sr., who was still practicing calligraphy with a Chinese brush in his hand. He was good at what he did, and Lu Yi had learned much from him. A large part of Lu Yi’s pretty handwriting had come from the guidance of his grandpa.

“I want you to marry Xiao Miao,” said Lu Sr. in an imperative tone. He stopped to write another word. “Xiao Miao suits you and our Lu Family.”

Lu Yi frowned. “Grandpa, what makes you think that Miao Xinyuan or Fang Zhu would be a good match for me?”

“I never said anything about Fang Zhu, but Xiao Miao is the perfect candidate for my granddaughter-in-law.”

“Sorry, Grandpa, but I don’t feel anything for her,” said Lu Yi.

His voice was thin, but his tone was serious and matured. He had no feelings for her, it was simple as that.

Lu Sr. set his brush aside. He had not expected such a harsh and non negotiable reply from his ever-obedient grandson.

“This is your reply after I gave you time to reconsider?”

He had given him time to consider the matter from different angles, yet Lu Yi had come with the same answer—I don’t like her.

Then what was Miao Xinyuan’s purpose here? To be embarrassed?

Chapter 373: Flogging

“Yes,” Lu Yi looked down at the brush placed down by Lu Sr. The thick ink spread in a dark blot like the darkness in his eyes.

“And if I insist?” asked Lu Sr., pressing his hand on the table. The offer had never been a request—it was an order.

The marriage will happen if Lu Sr. willed it, whether Lu Yi liked it or not.

Lu Yi had seen this coming. Why, he had foreseen every possible outcome. He tried to laugh but failed. Just what was he to the Lu Family? A reproduction tool? A breeding horse? Must he mount every woman the Lu Family commanded him to? They may have overestimated his fertility.

Lu Sr. took his silence as consent.

“Enough of this,” he waved Lu Yi out of the room. “It’s settled. You two will get engaged first. I have already spoken to Xiao Miao, and she had no objections. Such decisiveness from a girl like her, and here you are whining and bargaining.”

Lu Yi remained still.

Lu Sr. narrowed his eyes. “What, you got something else to say?”

“Yes,” Lu Yi looked up with a determined face that resembled Lu Sr.’s fiercely.

“Grandpa, I cannot be engaged to anyone, nor can I marry them.”

Lu Sr. stood up and walked before him.

“I want the reason.”

He knew that there was a meaning behind Lu Yi’s words. Could it be that he was still hiding something from me?

Lu Yi pursed his lips.

“Grandpa, I’m already married,” he said, word by word. His voice was soft but clear.

Pa! Lu Sr. took a cup from the table and flung it at Lu Yi. The cup landed in his head before falling into the ground and shattering into pieces.

“Say that again, Lu Yi!”

“I’m married, Grandpa,” repeated Lu Yi.

Yes, he was married, and therefore couldn’t be engaged to anyone else. Miao Xinyuan can become anyone’s wife but his.

Lu Sr. walked up and backhanded him across the face. “How dare you, Lu Yi! Who permitted this marriage of yours? Do you even see me as your grandpa?”

Lu Yi did not budge an inch.

“I am married, Grandpa, and I cannot take anyone else as my wife.”

He will protect Yan Huan from any threats, including his grandpa. He was well-aware of Lu Sr.’s temperament. Everything he had done before was preparations for this day.

He had grasped his fate in his own hands. No one could change that, not his parents, nor his grandpa.

“How dare you, Lu Yi!” yelled Lu Sr. His anger had given him chest pain. He turned and took down a whip from the wall, a whip which he had hung there years ago and not used once.

His fist tightened around the hilt of the whip. He could flog him to death right now. Hiding your marriage from me? What do you take this old man as?

All of his stored rage erupted at once.

Pa! The whip bit into Lu Yi's flesh. Lu Yi's muscles quivered from the blow, but he remained still.

Then came the next whip. Lu Yi didn't so much as let out a groan. He tightened his fingers around the ring on the other hand.

He lashed him repeatedly, but Lu Yi kept his silence.

Every whip left a bloody mark on his shirt, one after the other. Consumed by rage, Lu Sr. had forgotten that the person he was whipping was his grandson whom he had high hopes for.

Lu Yi's dark pupils were placid at first, but the focus went out of them towards the end. His vision was blurring.

The pain will pass. He wasn't afraid of it. What he was afraid of was losing Yan Huan. He loved her, and now he realized how much he loved her; he could not even bear the thought of losing her.

Bam! The door flung open.

"What are you doing, Dad?" shrieked Ye Shuyun. The strength went out of her feet and she nearly fell as she staggered to her son and took him in her arms. That did not stop Lu Sr. from sending another whip down. Lu Yi turned over and shielded Ye Shuyun. The whip landed on his face, leaving a deep gash.

"Are you trying to kill him, Dad?" asked Ye Shuyun, hugging her son tightly. Lu Sr. raised the whip once more.

Ye Shuyun wailed with her son in her arms, refusing to let go. "Dad, if you are going to kill my son, then kill me first."

Lu Sr's chest still hurt. Even his hand that held the whip quivered.

"Move away," he warned, narrowing his eyes. "Move away, Ye Shuyun. I'm going to kill him."

"Kill who?" boomed a stentorian voice. A white-haired man walked in, his eyes widening at the sight of his bloody grandson.

"Are you out of your mind, Old Lu? Do you not remember what blood type Lu Yi has? Are you seriously trying to kill him?"

Lu Sr. went still at the words, the whip sliding out of his hand. Lu Yi was covered in blood by now, his white shirt reddened by his wounds.

Lu Yi's blood type was extremely rare, and he would die from excessive blood loss if there wasn't any suitable blood.

"What are you standing there for?" Ye Jianguo was furious. "Send my grandson to the hospital!" Ye Chuji, who had come along with him, quickly called for help.

He freaked out when he had seen Lu Yi's clothes. What was the old man thinking? How could he flog his own grandson this badly? If he was this merciless to his own grandson, god knows what he will do to his enemies.

Ye Shuyun wiped her tears. She didn't blame Lu Sr. since she had seen this day coming. Lu Yi had acted out of line by deciding his marriage by himself. He had almost been asking for it. She knew that it hadn't been easy for Lu Yi to find someone he truly liked, and she would accept anyone he chose, but it was different for Lu Sr. Lu Sr. had taken the time and effort to pick a suitable match for Lu Yi, only to hear from him that he had already married someone else. It was no different from a slap on the face.

Chapter 374: What A Temper

It was little wonder why Lu Sr. had been so harsh, but still, how could he go that far? Ye Shuyun's heart ached at the sight of her son covered in blood. Who could have been in more pain than her? She had carried him for 10 months, her own flesh and blood.

Lu Sr. turned, shifting his eyes away from his grandson and the sorrowful Ye Shuyun.

He tightened his grip on the whip, trying to suppress the tremor.

Lu Yi, covered in wounds, was sent to the hospital. Luckily, he didn't bleed enough from the whip wounds to warrant a blood transmission. Still, it wouldn't be a matter of days for him to fully heal.

Much had happened in the Lu House to the ignorance of Miao Xinyuan. When she woke up, she felt that something was off about the Lu Family. There were fewer servants, and Ye Shuyun wasn't at home for once. In the entire household, a lone fat cat wandered about.

It was as though there was no one home.

She pouted, unhappy with the current state of the Lu House.

"Meow..." meowed the fat cat as it approached her, staring at her with its cat eyes.

Miao Xinyuan disliked cats and even found them bothersome.

She walked past it and head towards Lu Sr.'s study.

Knock, knock. She knocked on the door.

"Come in," said Lu Sr. with a tired voice. Miao Xinyuan went still for a moment. Her instincts told her that something had happened in the Ye House.

"It's me, Grandpa Lu," she opened the door and walked in.

"It's you?" smiled Lu Sr. A stiff smile.

"Did something happen? Grandpa Lu?"

Miao Xinyuan was no fool; she could tell at once that Lu Sr. was distracted. Even the book on his desk was upside-down.

“It’s nothing,” said Lu Sr. wanly. He took a look at the handsome Miao Xinyuan. He liked the child and thought her the best match for his grandson, but it was all too late now. He had been fooled by his grandson.

No matter how much he wanted Miao Xinyuan to be his granddaughter-in-law, it was no longer possible.

Lu Yi had been a step ahead of him, adding a name to the registry while avoiding his surveillance. He had tried finding out the identity of the fox, but to no avail. He realized that Lu Yi had been wary of him when he made his move.

He had almost flogged the life out of his grandson today, and he would happily do as much to his love. However, Lu Yi had done a good job from thwarting that notion.

He could not find her at all.

“Xiao Miao...” said Lu Sr. at length. “You have been away from home for a long time. It’s best if you head back.”

Head back? The message came as a slap on the face. They were asking her to head back? Wasn’t there the promise of a marriage? She liked Lu Yi too, and even told her parents about the engagement. How do they expect her to head back empty handed?

Without a reason or an explanation.

Showed out of the door just like that.

Chased out.

Her expression changed at once. She wanted to demand an explanation, but Lu Sr. clearly wasn’t in the mood for conversation. She wasn’t shameless enough to linger after overstaying her welcome.

However, she had to have an answer. She couldn’t stand the shame of being chased away with no good reason.

She chose to stay at the Lu House, waiting for that person to give her an explanation.

Lu Sr. closed an eye to her actions. Not like he could chase her out.

Miao Xinyuan remained at the Lu House, waiting for the chance to find that man. However, oddly enough, the man was nowhere to be found, not at the Lu House nor the Prosecutor General’s Office. No one in the Lu Family spoke a word about his whereabouts. She had activated her own connections, but they proved to not be very useful since she wasn’t a citizen of Hai City. There were some things that were impossible for her to investigate.

A few days later, she ran into Ye Shuyun, who had come to take the cat. She feared that Little Bean would be neglected here, so she wanted to bring it to the Lei Family and leave it in the temporary care of her sister.

“Auntie,” Miao Xinyuan walked over. “Why does it feel like ages since I saw you?”

"I had to attend to some things that had happened in the family. I apologize for the ill-treatment of our guest," Ye Shuyun lifted the cat into her arms. She wasn't in good spirits. Before her, Miao Xinyuan was standing perfectly fine without the slightest scratch, while her son was in the hospital wrapped like a mummy. His skin and flesh had been ripped open, and even though there wasn't excessive blood loss, he wouldn't be recovering anything soon. Most importantly, his face had been ruined too. The memory of it pained her.

Even though Miao Xinyuan wasn't responsible for the incident, her existence had undeniably played a part in this.

That's why it was beyond Ye Shuyun to apologize to her with a smile.

"Auntie, can I see Lu Yi?" ventured Miao Xinyuan. He couldn't have vanished into thin air. Though others could not find him, his own mother would surely know a thing or two, right?

Ye Shuyun turned and looked at Miao Xinyuan coldly. Even a fool could tell there was no love in her gaze.

"Miss Miao, my son doesn't have a good temperament. You are a good girl, and I'm sure you could find someone better," she said stiffly. There was no accusation in her words, but no warmth either.

This was no other than a slap on the face of Miao Xinyuan.

Her face went still, then burned hotly.

Was she behaving that desperate? It's not if she wasn't popular with men and had to marry Lu Yi.

She turned and stormed off without a word, nearly leaving a hole on the ground with every step.

Ye Shuyun watched as she left, wincing.

Who said this Miao girl suited Lu Yi? Suited my ass! Anyone who said that deserved to have their tongues ripped off. Who could tolerate a girl with such a temper?

Ye Shuyun looked down and patted Little Bean on the head. Once a kitten, Little Bean had now grown into a lazy and silly cat. Still, it was cute enough to melt hearts. It was the same breed as Garfield, but not a pure-bred. Everything aside, it was a good, obedient cat.

"Some things have happened lately, so I'm going to entrust you to Nanny Lei for now. Be good, alright?"

Chapter 375: He Hid Her Well

"Meow..." Little Bean licked Ye Shuyun's finger, melting her heart with its soft purr. Her son had brought the feline home since it was a kitten, and she had been charged with taking care of it. The large frame of the cat was a result of her fear of Little Bean being malnourished. Nowadays, she was rarely at home, and she didn't trust the housekeepers enough to leave Little Bean to them, so she decided to bring it to her sister.

She went to the hospital after sending Little Bean away. In the hospital room, Lu Yi was wrapped like a mummy, his flesh and skin peeled away, especially the part on his back. Even when he recovers, the

scars will surely stay. These scars would have made a woman long dead, so it was lucky that he was a guy.

"It's you, Mom," Lu Yi sat up. The only part of his bandaged body that was exposed was his eyes. His wounds covered a large part of his body, making infection their worst fear. The pain of reapplying ointment was unbearable, pain only understood by those who had gone through such injuries.

"I have entrusted Little Bean to your Aunt," said Ye Shuyun. She nearly teared up at the sight of her son's injuries. "Why are you so stubborn, my silly child? You almost got yourself killed."

"I know what I'm doing, Mom," said Lu Yi in a hoarse voice. "Grandpa had been in a fit of anger, but he wouldn't have killed me for real. I might not have made a good choice, but I think it was necessary so that a case like Miao Xinyuan doesn't repeat itself."

"You..." Ye Shuyun was at a loss of words. "Just what kind of woman made you go this far? You didn't even leave your Grandpa any way out. Small wonder why he beat you so harshly."

"She's an excellent girl," said Lu Yi, remembering his sweetheart. The thought of not being able to see her for a few months pricked him in the soft spot of his heart. He dared not see her like this.

"An excellent girl, yet you won't even let Mom take a look at her," chided Ye Shuyun, rolling her eyes. "Don't you worry, I will treat her as my daughter-in-law. Mom always support you. No matter what kind of woman she is, if you are willing to go this far for her, Mom will also cherish her."

"I appreciate that, Mom," Lu Yi gripped her hand tightly and found them a little cold. He sighed as he wriggled his bandaged fingers.

A beating for a wife. A good deal, he thought.

A few days later, on a Saturday, Yan Huan laid in her bed waiting and wondering where Lu Yi was. He should have been here by now.

Was he delayed by something?

She stood up feeling a little tense, as though something was squeezing her heart, for no good reason. The uncomfortable tenseness was suffocating.

She sat down again. More time passed, yet he never came. In the end, she ran out to wait at the place where Lu Yi's car usually parked at.

Half an hour... one hour... two hours passed. He didn't come.

When night was about to fall, she realized that he might not be coming. She sniffed, feeling unspeakably sad. Why didn't he come to see her? He never mentioned about not coming last week. Could he have been too busy? But she knew him too well to know that that wasn't the case.

Even if he was busy, he would have spared time for a visit.

When she was back at the unit, the guard told her that there had been a call for her. She quickly got beside the unit phone and waited; she didn't have a phone, and the phone in the unit could only receive calls.

She was leaning against the wall all high-strung when the phone suddenly rang. She fumbled to pick up the receiver and held it to her ears.

"Hello, who is this?" she asked with a shaky voice, her heart pounding hard.

"It's me, Huanhuan," said Lu Yi, phone in hand. He couldn't move, and his fingers were so stiff that he had to clamp the phone between his head and shoulders to prevent it from slipping. He had been calling non-stop, but was told that she wasn't around.

He supposed she must have been waiting for him. However, he wouldn't be able to visit for a few weeks.

Yan Huan sniffed sulkily. "Why didn't you come today?"

"Work has been demanding lately, so I won't be visiting for a month. Take care of yourself. I'll be over in a jiffy once I have time, alright?"

"Okay," nodded Yan Huan. When the call had ended, she still couldn't get used to the absence of Lu Yi. Suddenly, she didn't want to be a soldier anymore. She wanted to go home. Two months, just two more months before she could go home.

She felt thankful she had subscribed to milk and lunchbox delivery service for him, so that he would eat properly. Men are handsome when they are working, but working has never been an easy task.

When Ye Shuyun went to Lu Yi's residence, she found two bottles of milk, so she took them along with her to the hospital.

"Since when did you have the habit of ordering milk?" she asked her mummified son as she placed the milk bottles on the table. In the past, he was contented with water and never cared for things like milk. He has grown up now, she thought, and knows how to take care of himself.

"She ordered it," said Lu Yi as he gulped down one bottle of milk. Nothing could stop him from drinking these two bottles of milk daily.

It took a moment for Ye Shuyun to realize who her son was talking about.

So it's her daughter-in-law whom she has yet to meet. She does seem like a good kid. At least she's thoughtful.

"Oh, speaking of which, where have you hidden her?" asked Ye Shuyun. She knew she had a daughter-in-law, yet she didn't know her name, appearance, or even her whereabouts.

She felt herself the most pitiful mother-in-law in the world.

"Are you afraid of me devouring your sweet young wife? Come on, your mother isn't an old witch." Young indeed, a whole five years younger than her son. She would have been a student if she opted for further studies or started school early.

And what's this now? How long are you going to hide her from your own mother?

"She can't come at the moment, Mom," said Lu Yi, putting the empty bottles back on the table. The exertion sent a stinging pain down his body. He squeezed his hand.

Chapter 376: Milk Ordered By My Wife

He didn't know how long it would take for him to recover from the wounds, and he did not have the courage to tell his sweetheart.

"When will she be coming back, then?" Ye Shuyun was keen on meeting her daughter-in-law. She also wanted to find out whether her son's wounds had been worth their price. On second thought, she decided that her son should be the judge of that.

"Two months later," calculated Lu Yi. Time flew by, and almost a year had passed since his sweetheart's enlistment. She would be leaving the armed forces soon. Being a soldier wasn't easy, but she made it.

Ye Shuyun had wanted to ask more, but decided against it in consideration of her son's disposition. As her son said, she will get her answers when the time comes. Throwing these questions around was pointless if she could not meet her in person.

She then felt relieved, knowing that her troublesome son would have a home of his own in the future.

Still, she was pained whenever she looked at his wounds.

His wounds, mostly consisted of scrapes and bruises, were nothing severe, but there was a risk of infection. Plus, the surface area of his injuries was staggering. Lu Sr. had not held back in the slightest when caning him. Perhaps he would have if Lu Yi took a step back, but he never did.

He had used these injuries to earn a spot for Yan Huan in the Lu Family. To him, it was worth it.

And ever since the lashing, Lu Sr. hasn't paid a single visit, as though he had forgotten about his grandson. Ye Jianguo was livid at him. What's wrong with a man getting married?

Or did he want his grandson to be single for the rest of his life?

Ye Jianguo was in support of Lu Yi marrying the woman of his choice. In this day and age, who goes through arranged marriages? If his grandfather ordered him to marry a fool, would he oblige and give birth to another fool?

And so, the two old men who had been through the larger part of their lives rolled their eyes at the sight of each other, each unhappy with the other.

But that was their business. After being hospitalized for about a week, Lu Yi returned home to recuperate. His wounds had mostly scabbed, and he would be fine by the time the scabs fall by themselves. Even so, the scars were going to be there to stay.

When Lu Yi had shut the door after retrieving the milk bottles, the doorbell rang again. He opened the door, expecting to see the nanny hired by Yan Huan. He had not been in recently, so he requested the nanny not bring lunch boxes. Oddly enough, it seems like the nanny had some method of finding out about his return.

However, he saw no nanny when he opened the door—it was Miao Xinyuan.

"Can I come in?" asked Miao Xinyuan. She wore a casual outfit that added to her feminine charm, but she was nothing but a run-of-the-mill stranger to Lu Yi.

“What business do you have with me?” asked Lu Yi. His face was still wrapped in bandages, and there were visible scars on the back of his hands. However, he paid little care to those. He regarded the woman at the doorstep with a cool gaze and expressionless face.

“Can I come in?” repeated Miao Xinyuan, more uncomfortable this time.

Lu Yi turned around and walked to the kitchen, where he placed the milk into the microwave for heating.

Miao Xinyuan examined the interior of the house, unimpressed with what she saw. There was a pair of female slippers at the doorsteps, indicating the existence of a woman in this house. A strange impulse made her walk to a room that had its doors open. It seemed like the bedroom.

She walked in and found out that it was indeed the master bedroom. There were two pillows and a rabbit plushie on the large bed. Only a woman would like something like this. Lu Yi might have liked it if he was a pervert, but that’s clearly not the case.

Lu Yi walked out with a cup of water and placed it on the table.

“I only have water,” he said drily.

“I saw you carrying two bottles of milk,” said Miao Xinyun with a hint of rudeness. She wasn’t in a good mood.

“Sorry, my wife ordered those for me,” said Lu Yi dryly, nudging the cup of water towards her. It didn’t concern him whether she’s going to drink it or not.

“Can you be any faker, Lu Yi?” sneered Miao Xinyuan. “I’m not a desperate woman, so there’s no need to spout lies for the sake of rejecting me. No one gets married overnight, Mr. Lu.”

If he didn’t like her, he could have said it. Using an excuse like that is pathetic.

“If you say so,” said Lu Yi. He wasn’t interested in wasting his breath on a stranger.

The next second, Miao Xinyuan took the glass on the table and splashed its content on his face. Lu Yi frowned but didn’t take it to heart. The only thing on his mind was it’s good that his wounds had already scabbed. However, the doctor had mentioned that it’s best if he avoided contact with water. He wondered if the water would cause any problems.

Having vented her fury, Miao Xinyuan took her handbag and left.

Lu Yi wiped the water off his face and rose to get his warmed milk. He then sat down and drank it.

Knock, knock. Someone knocked on the door again. Lu Yi put the glass of milk down and opened the door. This time, it was the nanny hired by Yan Huan.

Lu Yi’s injuries came as a shock to the nanny.

“Goodness! What happened to you, Mr. Lu?”

"It's just a scrape," said Lu Yi. He ran his hand across his face. It was impossible to cover the wounds on his face, but luckily, the wounds on his body were mostly covered by his clothes. Otherwise, he would frighten a lot more people...

"That's a relief," said the nanny. The wounds had given her an awful fright, thinking that something major had happened to Lu Yi. "I saw your car outside, so I knew that you have returned. I wanted to ask if you want to have your dinner delivered tonight."

"Yes, I'll be counting on you for the next few weeks."

Lu Yi will be homebound for a good deal of time, so he had to trouble the nanny with making him dinner too.

"Don't worry, it's what I should do," chuckled the nanny. "It's my job, and it keeps me busy. I'll deliver it here when I'm done cooking it. Oh!" she checked the time. "I have to go get groceries. I'll come again when I'm done."

"Thank you," said Lu Yi. He shut the door and sat down on the sofa. His body was uncomfortably itchy, but he managed to resist the desire of scratching them.

Itchy meant that the wounds were recovering. He wanted to recover as soon as possible so that he could meet Yan Huan again.

He then took the glass of milk and gulped it down. He did not have any intention of letting Yan Huan know about his injuries.

Chapter 377: She's Coming Home

He had been staying home to complete the work from the Chief Prosecutor Office, and he couldn't hope to leave home with his current appearance. Therefore, he spent most of the days sorting out data files at home. It wasn't a difficult task. The nanny cooked up a variety of dishes for him over the days, and the nutrients helped him heal a little faster. Still, it would take longer for him to fully recover.

He ran his fingers across his face. According to the doctor, many of the scars might last. Still, they weren't that obvious since he had made preparations before the lashing—not because he cared about his appearance, but because he didn't want Yan Huan to see them. He hoped that they would fade more by the time he meets her.

"Got it, I'll pass it to her," said Lu Yi. He leaned against the balcony, allowing the breeze to fondle his face and muss his hair. The wind did a good job messing up his hair, but his heart was at ease.

He hung up, got dressed, and headed out in a rush. He only remembered he had forgotten his phone by the time he reached the first floor. He thought about turning back to get it, but decided against it after checking the time.

Forget it, it was going to be a short trip anyway, and it's not like anyone would look for him at this time. His grandfather had ordered him to drive Miao Xinyuan to the airport.

His grandfather had told him that he owes her that much, but he didn't know why. Before this incident, he never even knew of her existence, so in what way did he owe her?

But since Grandpa said as much, he'll just obey it. After all, his grandpa had brought her here, and he had embarrassed both of them.

Fine, he'll send her off.

The car pulled up before the Lu House just as Miao Xinyuan was walking out. Lu Yi opened the door and beckoned her to come in. Miao Xinyuan regarded Lu Yi with icy eyes, but Lu Yi did not show any emotions.

That was what made Miao Xinyuan hate him even more.

Lu Yi began driving towards the airport. What he didn't know was that his phone was ringing nonstop at home, unanswered.

Yan Huan sat on the bus, shaking her phone in confusion. Why wasn't he picking up?

She couldn't take it anymore today, so she took a day of leave to go home once. She was a little worried, and had to confirm that he was fine with her own eyes. She frowned slightly as she propped her head against her hand, as though she had remembered something unsettling.

She tugged her collar up to conceal her face and dozed off.

Soon, the jolt woke her up.

Her breathing intensified. Her forehead was covered in a sheen of sweat. She picked up her phone and dialed Lu Yi again, but no one picked up.

All of a sudden, tears rolled down her cheeks in large droplets.

She had a dream, a nightmare where she saw Lu Yi all bloodied, as though he was dead. Her heart ached, but she didn't know what to do.

What to do, what to do. What on earth should I do? She held her head in hands. The worry and fear were driving her nuts, but she simply couldn't get through to Lu Yi.

She took out her phone and made a call to Yi Ling.

"Yiyi, it's me."

"Huh? Huanhuan? Why are you calling me all of a sudden?" asked Yi Ling, who was sitting on the sofa munching on snacks and watching cartoons. Lei Qingyi had bought those for her, and she loved them.

"I'm reaching home soon," sniffed Yan Huan, looking outside the bus. "Have you seen Lu Yi lately? Is he doing alright?"

"Well, yeah, of course. Just busy as always," replied Yi Ling, blinking.

"Alright then, I'm hanging up. We'll talk more when I'm home," said Yan Huan. She didn't want to ask anything else. The exhaustion had made her unconversational. She leaned back against her seat, still anxious. She wished that the bus would go faster.

She looked out of the window at the receding scenery in a daze, her mind wandering off and her eyes losing focus.

At the other end, Yi Ling patted her chest in relief. Whew, she thought, thank god I remembered not to tell her about Lu Yi's injuries. I'm so smart. But wait. She tossed the packet of snack aside. Wouldn't she find out anyway when she meets him?

Forget it. She shook her head. This is something they'll figure out themselves. An outsider like me should just mind my own business.

She took out her phone and made a call to Lu Yi, wanting to inform him of Yan Huan's return so that he wouldn't be caught off-guard.

He should have been home, but oddly enough, no one picked up. Deciding that she would call again later, she threw her phone aside. This notion was soon overwritten by other thoughts...

At the same time, Lu Yi was driving Miao Xinyuan to the airport.

He said nothing on the way, his eyes calmly fixed on the road.

Miao Xinyuan played with her phone in boredom, occasionally tossing Lu Yi a glance. She felt unspeakably uncomfortable. To this man, she was nothing.

Arriving at that conclusion blew a fuse in her.

"Stop the car!" she shouted suddenly.

Lu Yi pulled up by the road, near a bathroom which he pointed to for Miao Xinyuan out of goodwill.

Miao Xinyuan stepped out of the car, walked to the driver's seat door and tapped on the windows.

Lu Yi opened the door. "Something the matter?" he asked coolly.

"I'll drive," said Miao Xinyuan, giving him a taunting stare.

Lu Yi pursed his lips and said nothing for a long time.

He then exited the vehicle and took the co-driver's seat. Miao Xinyuan established herself in the driver's seat and fastened her seatbelt. She liked to be the one in control, including driving.

The car zoomed off as she hit the gas.

"Relax," she snorted. "I have had my license for years, so it's not like I'm going to kill you."

Lu Yi's eyes were on the road ahead. For some reason, he had a bad premonition.

Miao Xinyuan turned and stared at him. What should I do? Even now, she didn't feel like giving up on this man. Perhaps that was the charm of unattainable things. Things that are easy to acquire turns stale quickly.

Chapter 378: He's Not Home

They were at a red light by now, but Miao Xinyuan did not seem to notice. Her mind was somewhere else.

"Brake!" yelled Lu Yi.

Miao Xinyuan started and looked forward. Taken over by fear, she forgot to step on the brakes. Lu Yi took the steering wheel and stepped on the brakes so that they wouldn't crash into anyone.

However, Miao Xinyuan stepped onto the accelerator in her panic. The car shot forward, and Lu Yi could only try to steer the car towards the greeneries.

Bam! He shielded Miao Xinyuan with his body. The impact was terrible. Blood streamed down his head. He opened his eyes, a blood mist blurring his vision.

He opened his eyes widely stubbornly. He was afraid of death. He was afraid of not being able to see his sweetheart again. He had promised to bring her home this year to celebrate the New Year. He promised.

No, he couldn't let things end like this. No, no, no.

However, the pain soon prevailed and robbed him of his consciousness. Everything turned dark before him. His eyes were shut, and blood escaped him...

Blood gushed out from his wounds in droplets and rivulets, flowing out like a small stream.

Screech! Yan Huan was startled awake by the sudden screech of tires.

The driver was cursing. Someone must have driven recklessly and caused an accident.

The passengers on the bus had all broken into a cold sweat.

There were more than ten people on the bus, and it would be a disaster if any accidents happened. The driver was still cursing, as did the passengers.

Yan Huan took out her phone, but found it completely drained. The driver was still cursing, saying that it was a bumpy route that was only taken by a few buses. That's when she realized how much Lu Yi had to drive to visit her every time.

She clutched her hands tightly, feeling a little guilty of her selfish insistence of a weekly visit from Lu Yi, regardless of how busy he was. She could be a little moody sometimes too. The truth is, he had spoiled her too much. She couldn't sit easy after one week of absence.

Maybe she shouldn't have come back at all. She should have been more understanding and supportive, like him. Agreeing to her decision of enlisting and fulfilling all her demands would seem like madness to others.

Maybe she should make a U-turn and head back to the unit.

However, when she looked up again, she noticed that she was already in the vicinity of Sea City. In a few hours, she would be home, where she could see him again.

Yes, she had only come back to check on him. If he was too busy, she would go the extra mile.

The thought brought a smile to her face. The person around her seemed to realize something and snapped a few pictures of her. When she looked up at him, he paused and reddened in excitement.

She put a finger to her lips.

"Shhh..."

“Let’s not tell the whole world, alright?”

He reddened again, then gasped for air with his hand clutching onto his chest. Yan Huan pushed her hat lower and waited for the bus to stop.

Half an hour later, the bus arrived at the bus station. Yan Huan had not asked anyone to fetch her, so she got the bus and hailed a cab. When the cab had left, a person rushed down from the bus, searching for Yan Huan frantically. He was visibly disappointed when he didn’t spot her.

He then made a call to his friend. “Guess who I just ran into?”

“It was Yan Huan! My idol! She was on the same bus as me, but I didn’t have the courage to ask her for a signature. Now that I have worked up the courage, she has already left. I should have asked her earlier.”

“What? You think I’m lying? You don’t believe that Yan Huan would take a bus? Who said best actresses can’t take buses? I really did see her just now...” he argued frantically.

By now, Yan Huan was on the cab back. She couldn’t wait to see him.

Hmm, what would he do when he sees me?

Scold me? Well, he wouldn’t have the heart to.

Hit me? Impossible.

He wouldn’t be able to do a thing to her, other than lecturing and nagging at her. After that, he will be concerned with whether she was hungry, thirsty, or sleepy.

She dipped her hand and took out her phone from her bag, then remembered that the battery was flat when she saw the black screen.

She put it back into her bag and looked out of the window. There hasn’t been much changes in Sea City. It has only been a year after all. Many changes can happen in a year, but so can little changes.

The Sea City before her was exactly the way it was when she left.

It’s almost New Year, so “Hello, Uncle!” should be in its final production phase. If her predictions were right, the revenue will at least be ten billion RMB. It’s not likely for it to outdo The Uncle And The Flower, but it was still a considerable sum. Of course, records are meant to be broken, and she hoped the record of The Uncle And The Flower will be broken someday. That would be a step forward for local productions.

The cab pulled up by the residential area. She got off the car, eager to return. However, she was getting cold-feet for some reason. Is this what people called “homecoming nervousness”?

She entered and took a lift to the thirteenth floor.

She knocked on the door, wondering what he would be like when he sees her. He might frown, or darken, or disapprove of her decision. But above all those, he’ll probably be worried. The road to the army wasn’t an easy one.

She knocked again. However, no one came to open the door.

Is he out?

She took out a key from her bag and unlocked the door. She found no one when she walked in. However, it seemed like he had just left. There was a bottle of undrunk milk on the table. She walked over and felt the bottle. It was still warm. That meant that he could not have been far. He must have been in a rush, seeing how he didn't finish his milk.

There was a phone on a table. It was Lu Yi's. How did he forget about his phone?

Yan Huan picked up the phone. It was finger-print locked. She put her finger on it, and the phone unlocked with a snap. As expected, his wallpaper was a picture of her. Others would think that he was a fan if they saw his phone, but who would have guessed that it was a picture of his wife?

Chapter 379: Rh-Negative Blood

There had been a few missed calls on his phone, including hers and Yi Ling's. The rest were from numbers that Yan Huan didn't recognize. She put his phone down.

He must have gone out for a short while. Isn't this a good time to take a bath and dress herself up?

How could she forget about that? She quickly connected her phone to the charger and went for a bath.

At this point, she had no way of knowing that Ye Shuyun was sitting stupidly on a bench outside the emergency room in a hospital.

"It's going to be alright. I'm sure of it," consoled Mama Lei. "Didn't you get someone to read Lu Yi's fortune when he was little? The fortune-teller said that he had a unique fortune, that he would live a turbulent but affluent life, and that he will meet a crucial person who would save him from danger. He's going to be okay. Think about it, he recovered just fine even after getting stabbed last time, didn't he? Nothing will happen to him this time too, right?"

She suddenly broke into tears herself.

Lei Qingyi was at his wit's end trying to comfort the two of them at the same time. He also had to inform Uncle Ye and Lu Jing, and he dared not reveal it to the two seniors of the two families.

Sr. Lu and Sr. Ye were both old and frail, and they would definitely fall ill from anxiety if they heard about this.

They could only pray for Lu Yi's safety, and that he would recover from his wounds, even if he had to live as a cripple. She was Ye Shuyun's only son, and the next-in-line for the Lu Family. If Lu Sr. knew that he was the one that brought harm to Lu Yi, he wouldn't be able to handle the blow.

No one had expected this to happen.

The operation was still ongoing, and Lu Yi's status remained unknown.

That's when the door of the adjacent operating room opened. "Miao Xinyuan, is Miao Xinyuan's family members here?"

Ye Shuyun was going to rise, but her face darkened at the mention of the name.

Ye Chuji quickly went up to the surgeon. Miao Xinyuan was with Lu Yi when the accident happened, so the Ye Family had to be responsible for her too.

“How is she?” asked Ye Chuji stiffly. No one knew how the accident happened, and the police were still investigating, but no matter the reason, she disliked Miao Xinyuan all the same.

“She’s safe now. Other than a slight concussion, there aren’t any major issues,” said the surgeon. The doors to the operating room opened, from where a surgical bed was pushed out. Only it was Miao Xinyuan, not Lu Yi.

How lucky for her, the driver, to only get a slight concussion.

While Lu Yi’s condition remains unknown.

“It has been so long, could he be dead?” Qin Xiaoyue whispered to her son. “I heard that he was bleeding like a fountain when they extricated him. I don’t think he’ll make it through.”

Lu Qin’s lips curved upwards as he looked at the shut doors of the operating room. There was a trace of excitement in his eyes.

Yes, that’s how it should be. Please die. In the future, the Lu Family will belong to only me. Tell me, how could God be so unfair?

Why do you have everything while I grow up living in your shadow? Aren’t you very capable? Aren’t you very tenacious? Didn’t you survive even after getting stabbed? I’m going to see how you make it through this after losing so much blood...

RH-Negative AB blood, the rarest blood type in the world...

His smile grew wider, the light in his eyes brightening.

That was when someone banged open the door of the operating room, from which emerged a nurse.

“You must be the patient’s relatives. The patient has lost too much blood and is in dire need of a blood transfusion. His blood type is RH-Negative AB blood, which is very rare. We have searched all the nearby hospitals for spare blood, but we couldn’t find any. Does anyone here share the same blood type as him?”

Ye Shuyun heard a loud buzz in her head as the light went out of her eyes.

RH-negative AB blood, where could they hope to find it? None of them had it despite being Lu Yi’s relatives. His blood type was too rare.

What to do, what to do...

Ye Shuyun couldn’t think straight or see clearly.

“Say something?!” said the nurse anxiously. “The patient is in dire need of blood! Are you even his family members?”

Lei Qingyi pulled at his own hair. None of them had the same blood type as Lu Yi. Otherwise, why would they be sitting around and listening to her yell?

“I’ll try asking He Yishan.”

He got his phone out and made a call to He Yishan.

“Find blood? How?” said He Yishan. His voice went up an octave when he heard about Lu Yi running into an accident. “Don’t you know his blood type? It’s Rh-negative AB blood for God’s sake! Rh-negative AB blood!”

“Shut the fuck up and get to it!” yelled Lei Qingyi, livid. His thunderous voice shook the walls of the hospital.

And what could He Yishan do? He tried his best to look for blood, but Lu Yi’s blood type was just too rare.

Lei Qingyi was like a cat on hot bricks, but there was nothing he could do but wait.

His phone rang again. Cursing, he took the call. His cursing stopped when he saw the caller’s name. He took the call and walked to a desolated area.

“Weren’t you going to eat dinner with me, Lei Qingyi? Where’s the food? And you?” asked Yi Ling, who was lying famished on the sofa. She had been waiting for a few hours. Where did he go? Don’t tell me he had dinner himself!

“I’m sorry, Yi Ling. Something happened, so I can’t go today,” said Lei Qingyi, wiping the sweat off his face. He turned to look at the shut door. A lump formed in his throat as tears rolled down his cheeks. Fuck, what am I doing? He’s not even dead, why am I crying? He’s going to be fine.

“What’s wrong? Are you alright?” Yi Ling sat up when she heard Lei Qingyi’s whimpering noises.

Lei Qingyi wiped away his tears, unsure of what to tell her.

“Lu Yi got into a car accident and is still in the emergency room. His blood type is Rh-negative AB, a very rare type. I couldn’t find any spare blood for him now. Oh god, what should I do?”

Car accident? Rh-negative blood?

Yi Ling’s eyes widened. “RH-negative AB blood?”

That can’t be true, right? That blood type is rare even among Rh-negative blood types.

Chapter 380: The Same Blood Type

“How did you know?” Lei Qingyi knocked his head against the wall. Fuck, how long has it been since he was last discharged from the hospital? And now he’s in there again. The worst problem is that he needed a blood transfusion. Everyone has blood, but Lu Yi’s blood was very special. The chances of someone having the same blood type is one in ten thousand, and now they had to find one on short notice.

“Where are you? Wait for me, I’ll come over right now,” said Yi Ling, carelessly tossing the snacks on the floor.

Lei Qingyi told her the name of the hospital. However, what could Yi Ling do when she comes? All she could do is join us in sending him off.

Yi Ling called up and quickly called Yan Huan.

“Please don’t turn off your phone, please don’t turn off your phone, please don’t turn off your phone,” she chanted.

When the line connected, tears rolled off her cheeks on their own. Her heart ached. What would Huanhuan do if something happened to Lu Yi? She would be widowed after such a short marriage.

“Pick up! Damn it! Pick up the phone!” said Yi Ling, pacing up and down. Her fingers nearly ripped her clothes as she clutched at the fabric tightly.

However, no one picked up after a good deal of time.

She quickly got changed and ran out in her slippers.

Yan Huan had come out of the bathroom. Right after she got changed, her phone began to ring.

She walked over and took a look. It was from Yi Ling.

She pressed answer and put the phone against her ears.

“You finally picked up, Huanhuan!” said Yi Ling, whimpering anxiously. “Come to the Sea City General Hospital quickly! Lu Yi has gotten into a car accident. He has the same blood type as you.”

“He needs blood, he needs blood to stay alive.”

Pa! The phone fell from Yan Huan’s hand, breaking into pieces when it hit the ground.

She breathed softly. For a moment, she felt suffocated. She had to put her hand around her neck to breathe again.

She blinked hard, squeezing out the tears, and took her bag, then dashed out of the room. The broken phone remained on the ground, its screen shattered like her heart.

Yan Huan hailed a cab and got in it without a word.

“You look like Yan Huan, Miss,” said the driver, taking a second glance at her. “Just that you are darker and skinnier. My goodness, you really do look alike. It must be lucky to have a celebrity face.”

Pale-faced, Yan Huan said nothing. Water dripped from her hair. The clothes she wore were of thin fabric, making her look even frailer in the cold weather.

When the cab reached the hospital, she got out the car and felt for her wallet. She had left it at home.

“Have you forgotten to bring any money?” asked the driver. He didn’t sound angry.

Yan Huan nodded, her eyes red from crying. She made a pitiable sight.

“Forget it, I’ll just treat it as though I met my idol,” waved the driver. It wasn’t a lot of money anyway.

Yan Huan bowed to him and ran into the hospital.

At this time, Yi Ling was standing before Lei Qingyi, who was pulling at his own hair while squatting down.

Yi Ling squatted down beside him, patting him gently on the shoulders. She dared not tell him that Yan Huan was back but was no uncontactable. She didn't know her whereabouts, and none of the calls were getting through.

What to do? What to do?

Lei Qingyi, on the verge of wailing, plumped onto the floor.

"He's my brother, Yi Ling! He's my flesh and blood..." Lei Qingyi's eyes were red. He covered his face. If something happened to him, my Aunt wouldn't be able to take it.

And what could Yi Ling say? She could only console him while patting his shoulders gently. She sat down beside him, sniffing. It seemed like she couldn't do anything but sit down stupidly.

Looking up, Yi Ling suddenly spot Yan Huan, who was coming in from the entrance. Yi Ling pinched Lei Qingyi on the shoulders.

"Qing Yi! Huanhuan! Huanhuan's here! He's saved! He's saved..."

"What?" asked Lei Qingyi, looking up. It was Yan Huan indeed. She didn't look too well, skinnier too. However, she had indeed come. And what did she mean by 'he's saved'?

Yi Ling pinched Lei Qingyi again, hard. "Huanhuan has Rh-negative AB blood too..."

Lei Qingyi's head buzzed. His eyes went round. The only thing that was on his mind was what Yi Ling just said: Huanhuan has Rh-negative blood...Rh-negative blood...Huanhuan...too...

Yes! How could he have forgotten! Yan Huan had the same blood type!

The exact same rare blood type as Lu Yi!

Yan Huan walked towards them, her hands clutched tightly at her sides. She stared forward blankly, and her heart had nearly stopped beating.

"Miss Yan," a nauseatingly-familiar voice penetrated her ears.

She stopped and turned around. That man stood before her, a trace of pleasant surprise in his voice.

"Could it really be you, Miss Yan?" Lu Qin could hardly believe his eyes. It was Yan Huan in the flesh! Frail as she looked, it was definitely Yan Huan.

He wouldn't have been mistaken. He had met Yan Huan a few times before, and he had had his eyes on her for the longest time. The richest and most famous woman at the moment. Most importantly, she didn't have any connections supporting her.

Yan Huan's lips twitched as she shot Lu Qin a disgusted look.

Lu Qin's smile froze. He had noticed the disgust in Yan Huan's eyes when she looked at him.

Yan Huan walked to the operating room.

“Who is she?” asked Ye Shuji, pointing at Yan Huan.

Mama Lei shook her head. She didn’t know. Ye Shuyun stared at Yan Huan stupidly, her hands frozen in the air.

“I think she’s...Yan Huan?”

Mama Lei rubbed her eyes. “She does look like...wait, no, I think it is her,” she said in a slightly disbelieving voice.

Yan Huan said something to the nurse, and the nurse quickly opened the door to let her in.

“Why did she go in?” asked Mama Lei, rising quickly to interfere. Why would they let a stranger in?

“Mom...” Lei Qingyi quickly ran up to her and intercepted her. “She has Rb-negative AB blood. Lu Yi is saved.”

“You mean to say, she...” Mama Lei was still in disbelief. “She has the same blood type as Lu Yi?”