

**Chapter 621: Hold It**

“Oh, are you feeling dizzy?” asked Lei Qingyi as he took a step forward. Intentionally or not, he stepped on the fingers of the man on the ground with a great force.

The man’s face was pale as he had coated his face with a layer of flour, and now his face had turned green for holding back the pain for too long.

Suddenly, he sat up with a loud cry, and then shouted, “My hand, my hand...”

Lei Qingyi then removed his foot from the man’s fingers. He crouched down, reaching out his hand to pat the man’s face. “Why did you stop pretending? Have you not noticed that your other hand was playing with the stones on the ground when you were supposed to be fainted? Hmm?”

The man grinded his teeth because of the pain. He did not dare say anything.

Lei Qingyi chuckled. He had to be real brave to pretend to fall unconscious in front of him. If a person had really fainted, their breathing rate would not be so irregular.

“Tell me, where did you intend to bring that woman to?” questioned Lei Qingyi.

“Mr. Policeman, I have no idea what you’re talking about,” the man continued to fib.

Lei Qingyi clapped his hands and pulled one of the man’s hands over to him. He extended two fingers and pinched at a certain part with merciless force. The man squealed like a stuck pig.

That’s Pericardium eight, I’ll let you hurt like hell.

“Tell me the truth.”

Lei Qingyi let go of his hands. The crowd around them started to disperse, getting back to their own business.

“I... I...” stuttered the man while licking his dry and cracked lips. He wanted to weep, but he could not shed a single tear. What else could he have done at this point, his fingers were so swollen now.

“Mr. Policeman, I didn’t do anything,” he was still unwilling to confess, even at the brink of death.

“My patience is limited,” Lei Qingyi warned. He was starting to get irritated as he had not eaten enough. These people were indeed ignorant. How dare they attempt to commit crimes in Lu Yi’s presence.

The man looked like he was about to cry.

“Mr. Policeman, I really did not...”

Lei Qingyi stood up, cracking his knuckles, knowing that his big hands could give the man a really hard slap.

“I’ll tell, I’ll tell,” said the man while covering his head. He was afraid of being beaten. Damn, will I still be alive if I was hit by a single punch?

"I've stalked those two for quite some time, and finally the man left her alone. Although the girl has a disability, she is quite beautiful, so I thought..." he did not dare to continue.

"Speak!" Lei Qingyi was still using the same tone, thinking that this man was really an idiot for trying to lay his hands on someone from the Lu family.

"So I thought..." the man really cried this time. His voice started to crack as he continued, "... I thought of bringing that woman to a secluded place, and do things to her..." The man lowered his voice. He was a loser, so much so that he almost burst into tears when Lei Qingyi glared at him. "T-then I will sell her, but I didn't get my hands on her," the man finished.

"Moron," Lei Qingyi snorted before he delivered a punch to the man's face, bruising his eye.

"Mr. Policeman, how could you hit me?"

The man covered his eye and wailed in pain. He was such a sissy that he did not look like a man at all.

"Sissy," Lei Qingyi delivered yet another punch, this time making sure that both his eyes were bruised. "You, and you, arrest him," he crooked his finger at his men and ordered. "Lock him up, if he doesn't come clean by himself, interrogate him until he does. I suspect that he has something to do with the recent reports of women going missing."

In the meanwhile, the man still wanted to talk, but Lei Qingyi rolled the man's shirt into a ball, and stuffed it into the man's mouth.

"You're too noisy," Lei Qingyi said.

Two policemen walked toward the man, grabbing him at both sides. As for Lei Qingyi, he stood up, tidied up his clothes and continued his patrol to prevent any more criminals from causing misfortune to other citizens.

Lu Yi pushed Yan Huan's wheelchair and continued to walk around. Yan Huan had a big container of stinky tofu in her hands.

She ate one tofu and it was too hot, but she felt much better after she took a sip of water.

Her eyes glanced toward the direction where the crowd was, but nobody was there anymore.

Has the crowd dispersed?

Lu Yi stopped the wheelchair and sat in front of Yan Huan. He took the paper bowl from her hands and cooled down the stinky tofu in the bowl by blowing on it before placing it in front of Yan Huan for her to eat.

Yan Huan enjoyed the piece of stinky tofu. She adored the taste of it.

"You can have a bite too," said Yan Huan while pointing to the small bowl, offering for Lu Yi to try one. Although it was unpleasant to smell, it was indeed delicious.

Lu Yi could not really appreciate such food, but he did deign to take a piece and eat it.

Although the food was indeed unpleasant to smell for the others, it had a unique taste.

However, Lu Yi really could not appreciate its uniqueness. It was true that he did not like the smell and taste of stinky tofu.

On the other hand, Yan Huan liked it very much. She finished the whole bowl by herself and she thought it was a true delicacy. It was too bad that Lu Yi could not appreciate the taste of it.

“Let’s go home,” Lu Yi took out a piece of tissue and cleaned Yan Huan’s face with it. At the same time, he was worried for Yan Huan’s stomach. She used to eat small portions of food but now she could consume a good amount of it.

“But I still want to explore,” whined Yan Huan. She had not gotten enough of it.

“You can still eat?” Lu Yi asked, indeed worrying about her stomach. “You’ve eaten a lot, don’t you want to go to the washroom?” he continued. There were many people milling around and everywhere was crowded. It was impossible for him to take her to the female washroom and he could not take her to the male washroom as well.

Yan Huan thought about it, and she realised that it was indeed a big problem.

Once the topic of going to the washroom was brought up, Yan Huan started to feel like she needed to go.

“Lu Yi,” she tugged at Lu Yi’s clothes.

“I want to go to the washroom,” said Yan Huan.

“Hold it in,” Lu Yi would not let her use the washroom here. There were too many people waiting for it so it was an inconvenience to them. She had no choice but to hold it in until they get home.

Lu Yi brought Yan Huan to where he parked his car, and then they left.

Yan Huan started to feel uncomfortable by holding it in, but nothing could be done at this point. So all she could do was to hold it.

When they reached home, Yan Huan’s face had turned bright red for suppressing the urge for such a long time.

She felt extremely relaxed when she came out of the washroom. She would like to take a nap now, not wanting to get up because she was exhausted after that much shopping. Although she was on her wheelchair for the whole time and had not taken a single step, she still felt very sleepy.

She lied down for a while before she fell asleep. Lu Yi wanted to bring a glass of water for Yan Huan but who would have thought that she had already fallen asleep.

Lu Yi walked over and tucked her in, checking if she had accidentally slept on her injured arm. Fortunately, Yan Huan had proper restraint about this as she had not slept on her arm once.

## **Chapter 622: I Don’t Want to Know the Future**

Lu Yi sat down and placed a gentle hand on her face. His palm was warm with tenderness.

“No matter what comes, I won’t let anything happen to you,” he murmured to himself. He was the only one who knew the meaning behind his words.

Yan Huan put her phone on the table and began leafing through the calendar. She stopped when she reached January.

On that day of this month...

“Lu...” she wanted tell Lu Yi about the events that would unfold on this day, but stopped abruptly when she remembered what the old fortune teller told her. Would she be punished by the heavens if she interfered too much with the future? What was the price of messing with the timeline? Her life?

She flipped the calendar back and chose to remain silent in the end.

She didn’t have the courage too.

She really didn’t.

Deep in thought, she took a pen from the table and began spinning it between her fingers.

“What’s wrong?” asked Lu Yi, taking the pen from her and putting it back on the table. That was his signing pen, and he didn’t want Yan Huan pricking her fingers with it. It was obvious she had something on her mind.

“It’s nothing,” said Yan Huan dismissively. She pulled the blanket to her chin and continued hibernating.

Lu Yi didn’t press her, but he could sense that something was wrong.

Yan Huan was hiding something from him.

“You have to tell me if there’s something you can’t deal with alone,” said Lu Yi reassuringly. He rested a large hand on Yan Huan’s forehead. Did something bother her? Was that why she was spacing out more and looking more stressed?

Yan Huan’s hands tightened around his. She wanted to tell him, but changed her mind in the end.

“Lu Yi... Do you think what he said is true? Would I lose my life because I interfered with the destiny of others?”

“Since when were you this superstitious?” asked Lu Yi. Being a materialist, he didn’t really believe in things like destiny. Who could tell the future, after all?

But that wasn’t entirely true. He felt a sudden contraction of his heart.

There was someone who could tell the future.

Is something about to happen again? he wanted to ask, but in the end he couldn’t.

He had never believed in supernatural manifestations, but for some reason he was afraid.

Would I lose my life because I interfered with the destiny of others? Yan Huan’s words scared him.

It was just baseless supposition, but his heart felt heavy as though something was pressing on it.

Out of habit, Yan Huan squeezed the air out of the snack packet in her hands. She stared forward, her eyes dilated and dull with a hint of gloom.

Then they lost focus entirely. She didn't know how much time had passed when the warm sunlight spilled onto her through refraction.

Slowly, life returned to her eyes as she watched the movement of the sun.

Lu Yi hovered a glass before her. It was time for milk.

Yan Huan took the glass and took small sips.

She often spaced out, but Lu Yi chose not to ask her what was going on. There was a strange atmosphere between them. Perhaps they were both trying to escape from reality.

Yan Huan placed the cup down when she finished the milk. Pensive, she rubbed the edge of the glass with her finger.

"Lu Yi, there's..."

Just as she was about to speak, Lu Yi took the glass from her and walked away, leaving her a silhouette of rejection.

Before this, she didn't know whether she should say it, but now that she had mustered her courage, it seemed like he didn't want to listen to it.

She got out of the blanket and stood up cautiously. Her arm was recovering and didn't hurt anymore. In a few days' time, she could return to the hospital to get the cast removed.

Inside the kitchen, Lu Yi washed the cups below the taps. He washed them so thoroughly that the glass shone with crystal transparency.

He stored the cup away and turned around, to find Yan Huan standing at the door, her arm drooping sadly beneath her neck.

He walked over to her and fixed her cast.

"We can get rid of that cast of yours in three days' time. You have to bear with it for now."

"Can't we get it removed today?" asked Yan Huan piteously. The cast had been there for nearly three months, restricting her movements and subjecting her to a prisoner-like experience. She longed for freedom so much so that she was going crazy.

"Like I said, three days," insisted Lu Yi. He led her into the bedroom and helped her remove her shoes, before ensconcing her in the bed. Three days, not one minute less.

Fine. Yan Huan complied obediently. She had been living like a pig for three months already. Three days wouldn't make a difference.

"Lu Yi..." she called again.

Lu Yi suddenly stare at her right in the eyes and cupped her chin with a hand.

“Listen, Yan Huan.”

“I’m listening,” she nodded obediently.

“I don’t want to know about the future. Are we clear on that?”

Yan Huan froze. Then nodded. She grabbed a corner of the blanket and pulled it over to cover her face. She didn’t want to speak to him. But she knew the meaning behind Lu Yi’s words.

It was the same for her.

But was that really for the best? She might not be able to change history, but she had the power to save lives. Lives that should not have been lost. Every life mattered, regardless of gender and status.

Life and death were the only things that are unavoidable in one’s life.

Is life meant to be a tragedy? she wondered at times.

In a few decades, you live. Then you die.

You will laugh, and you will cry. You may pass on peacefully, or die the most painful death, but in the end death comes all the same.

Then again, you would miss out on all the beautiful sceneries had you never been born. You would never know the love shared between parents and child, the love between wife and husband, the love between brothers and sisters, the love between friends.

Life is worth living.

“Today’s the day we pry this off you,” said Lu Yi as he was about to push Yan Huan to the hospital. He squatted down before her. “Are you afraid?”

“Yes,” pouted Yan Huan. She had always been an honest child. “I’m afraid that you wouldn’t want me anymore if I’m crippled.” She could live without anything, but not Lu Yi. The thought of losing him made her nose tingly. Without realizing, tears rolled off her cheeks.

“Silly girl,” said Lu Yi, brushing a finger across her face. “You may grow as fat and ugly as a sow, but I’ll love you all the same. In this world, I’m the one person who would never betray or abandon you.”

### **Chapter 623: No Longer Disabled**

“Okay,” he said as he caressed her face. He helped her put on a hat which covered half of her face.

“Time to go to the hospital.”

Lu Yi stood up and pushed the wheelchair. Actually, Yan Huan did not need a wheelchair anymore, but he could not help but worry about her. She would have to remain on the wheelchair until the day the plaster cast was removed and the doctor declared that she was fine.

However, sometimes Yan Huan felt like she wanted to emphasize a point.

Dear Mr. Prosecutor, I injured my arm, not my leg.

When they arrived at the hospital, Lu Yi immediately asked for He Yibin.

When He Yibin appeared, he led Yan Huan away to get an x-ray. He needed to check if the bone had healed properly.

After getting the x-ray results, he heaved a sigh of relief.

“Fortunately, your bones had healed properly. However, it is better for you to continue your hiatus for a bit longer to avoid injuring your arm again. You can get back to work after another six months of rehabilitation.”

Finally, Yan Huan was allowed to remove the plaster cast on her arm.

She swung her arms around to loosen her tense muscles. It felt so good to finally remove the plaster cast.

“Why did you make her use a wheelchair? Her legs are fine,” He Yibin asked while pointing to the wheelchair on the other side of the room. It seemed ridiculous for someone with an injured arm but perfectly functioning legs to sit on a wheelchair.

“She’s too active. The only way to make her stop moving around restlessly was to confine her to a wheelchair,” Lu Yi explained. He knew Yan Huan very well. For the past few months, this wheelchair was the only thing that kept her from overexerting herself. If she was still as restless as before, the bone might take even longer to heal, or perhaps it could even lead to another serious fracture.

She had a bad temper, but she would listen to him. However, that was only when he said something so reasonable that she could not refute at all. Otherwise, she would still ignore everything he said.

“How are you doing recently?” Lu Yi asked He Yibin.

He Yibin shrank, he knew exactly what Lu Yi wanted to ask.

“Why? Are you looking down on those who are single?”

“No,” Lu Yi didn’t mean it. He clapped He Yibin on his back and said, “All of us are married and Qingyi even has a kid now, so when is your turn?”

“I have no idea either,” He Yibin shrugged.

Although marriage and starting a family was one of his main goals for the future, He Yibin did not plan to do it yet. He enjoyed being single now, but if he did get to know a girl that he liked, he would not hesitate to marry her. However, no girl could win his heart right now.

He would never agree to have intercourse or father children with some random girl, regardless of how she looked like and what she did as long as she was a girl. No way, he had higher standards than that.

“What are you guys talking about?” Yan Huan walked toward them and hugged Lu Yi from behind. “Are you gossiping about me behind my back?”

“Is there really anything bad about you that we can talk about?” He Yibin quipped smilingly. He felt relieved because he managed to escape the previous conversation with Lu Yi. These two people had no moral principles at all. The three of them – Lei Qingyi, Lu Yi and himself – had agreed that all of them

would only get married when they turned 30 years old. Despite that, they had both betrayed him and gotten married so early, leaving him as the only one who was still single.

“That’s true. Since I am such a perfect person, of course there would be nothing about me for you to gossip about,” Yan Huan said proudly. She was self-disciplined, and she did not have any gossip or affairs with others. Lu Yi held her fingers tightly in the palm of his hand.

“I was asking when will Yibin get married.”

Dude, can we just forget about this?

He Yibin really wanted to wail at Lu Yi.

“Ah, I see,” Yan Huan stood on her tiptoes and leaned on Lu Yi’s shoulder.

“I know plenty of girls, and some of them are really pretty. I can introduce them to you!”

“Nah, it’s fine,” He Yibin laughed. He did not intend to get together with someone from the entertainment industry. The entertainment industry was like a gigantic melting pot of all sorts of people and cultures, so there were times where it would get chaotic and messy. The girls involved in it were unlikely to be pure and innocent, except for Yan Huan whom he knew was an exception.

Oh. Yan Huan seemed to get it.

“So... since you don’t want a girl, then would you prefer a guy?”

“What type of guy do you want? Pure and innocent, macho men or pretty boys?”

“Or?” she glanced over him from head to toe and asked, “Are you a top or a bottom?”

Lu Yi was ready to drag Yan Huan away before she could anger Yibin even more. If someday they caught a cold or fever, he was the only one he trusted enough for them to go to. You could piss off anyone in the world, but never a doctor.

Inside the car, Yan Huan kept flexing her right hand. She was glad that she could finally move it freely. She no longer had to use her left hand to brush her teeth or wipe her butt.

I can use both my hands, hehe...

“What are you thinking about?” Lu Yi asked from the driver’s seat. He was wondering why Yan Huan was smiling to herself in the backseat. She seemed happy, but he was curious what made her so happy.

“Nothing,” Yan Huan reached her hand through the space between the front seats and pinched Lu Yi’s waist. She could clearly feel his toned muscles.

“I’m thinking that I can finally use both of my hands freely, and of course you know...”

She slid her hands into Lu Yi’s shirt. She loved the warmth of his body.

“I can finally... hmm... do naughty things with my husband...”

They only did it a few times in the past few months.



Lu Yi did not want to aggravate her injury, so they did not do it much since she got hurt. They would get it on everyday before she was injured, but now they did not even do it once a week.

Intercourse was a good way for couples to strengthen their bonds while making their bodies healthier. If they could not enjoy their sex life, how on earth would they maintain a good relationship together? Both of them were just normal people, right?

Lu Yi pulled her hand out from his shirt, and placed it on his lap. "Don't do that, I'm driving."

Yan Huan obeyed Lu Yi and did not try to touch him again. At the same time, she had no clue about the devious smirk on Lu Yi's face. Oh, tonight would be a very fun night indeed.

The next day, Yan Huan regretted teasing him because they ended up having a really wild night yesterday that completely wore her out. Hence, she was sprawled lazily on the bed now, unwilling to move.

"To think that I once said he had erectile dysfunction."

"Who has erectile dysfunction?"

Lu Yi walked toward her and sat down. His sense of hearing was sharp, so he had clearly heard what she said.

"Nobody," Yan Huan pretended to be ignorant.

Lu Yi put his fingers to her temples, and began to massage them softly.

Yan Huan started to feel drowsy, so she pulled the blanket over herself. Listening to the breathing of the man behind her, her heart started to race. She began to feel hot and kicked the blanket off of her, leaving both of her legs outside the blanket.

#### **Chapter 624: I'll Shoulder It For You**

There was aphrodisiac between each of their breaths. The moment the fuse of desire caught fire, there was no turning back. Rolling over, Yan Huan laid on her back and plucked at Lu Yi's buttons playfully.

Lu Yi put a hand on her shoulder.

"Is your arm alright now?"

"Yep," answered Yan Huan. "Since a long time ago. You were the one insisting that I was a cripple. Even a cripple would have recovered by now."

"Let me take a look," said Lu Yi as he carefully touched her arm. "Does it hurt here?"

Yan Huan shook her head. His hand moved up and gave a squeeze. "How about here?" Yan Huan shook her head again.

His arm was at Yan Huan's shoulder by now. Spontaneously, he reached inside the blankets.

Yan Huan's eyelashes twitched as her eyes grew hazy.

Then they had sex—the wonderful physical intertwining of a male and a female, a pleasure most addictive.

It belonged to him as much as her.

At length, a hand reached out from inside the blanket and found the phone at the edge of the bed. Following that, a head popped out.

Only one month left, thought Yan Huan as she flipped through the calendar. Should I really stay silent? She hadn't made up her mind yet. Such thoughts were the only things that occupied her mind these days.

Should she pretend to be callous or oblivious and let nature take its course?

Will she come to regret that decision someday?

She did not have the answer to it. Neither did anyone else.

In the silent, windless night, most of the lights in households had gone out. It was as though there was no sound at all. In this residential area, the silence was welcomed.

Yan Huan sprang up, her forehead covered in a sheen of sweat. Her breathing was out of rhythm, and she was about to cry.

Lu Yi sat up beside her and turned on the light. His heart sank at the sight of Yan Huan's state. His hand reached for Yan Huan's forehead and found a layer of sweat.

"Was it a nightmare?"

Yan Huan wrapped her arms around his neck and huddled up close to him.

One of her hands grasped a button on his pajamas as she kept on shivering. Was she cold? Was she scared?

Lu Yi pulled her closer and soothed her by patting her shoulders.

"It's just a nightmare, baby. Everything's fine now that you are awake."

Yan Huan's fingers suddenly pulled so hard they nearly ripped his button off.

"Next month..." she began.

"Don't say it, Yan Huan," warned Lu Yi, darkening and seizing her firmly by the shoulders.

Yan Huan took a sniff and lifted up her face. She was scared. But she had to say it.

"A heavy rain will befall Sea City next month."

"I said don't say it!" Lu Yi covered her mouth with his hand. He had a scary, disconsolate look on his face. He told her not to say it. What part of that did she not understand?

But Yan Huan peeled his hand away and bit it hard. Lu Yi felt the pain but made no effort to shrink.

“The rain will last for nearly a month,” she continued. She could feel his heartbeat and body temperature increasing, but his face was eerily icy.

Yan Huan’s eyes looked out to the scenery outside the window. “There will be a massive flood along Sea River, leaving countless farms demolished and numerous lives lost.”

Yan Huan pressed her head against his shoulders to feel his warmth. That way she wouldn’t feel cold. She was scared of the cold and the dark, and even more scared of saying things that might court divine punishment. Yet she had to do what she could to save a few more lives. Otherwise, what was the point of her rebirth? How could she say and do nothing when lives were at stake?

She wasn’t a good person or a saint, but she couldn’t bear to see so many people losing their lives when she could prevent it. She was a soldier. She had been there and saved lives during the Serene City earthquake. Everything that happened then was still fresh in her memories.

At that time, all she wanted was to save more people, and not stand idle and helpless.

“And by the way,” she laughed wistfully. “The people who are going to die aren’t regular folks. Among them are soldiers, soldiers that had served just like us. Soldiers who are our comrades and siblings.”

“Do you have the heart to watch them die?” she asked. “Do I?”

“And...” she pressed herself against Lu Yi tightly. “We don’t know for certain that I would get punished. Perhaps that man was only making things up, or perhaps my good deeds will offset my misdoings. We can’t lose out on the opportunity to save so many lives just because we are afraid.”

Lu Yi pulled his arm back and her closer.

“Why do these tragedies and disasters always follow you?”

Yan Huan bit her lips. She didn’t know either. It was as though she had been given a second life to deal with these disasters. Mudflows and earthquakes and floods weren’t common occurrences, yet they were coming one after the other.

She was never concerned with these during her previous life because none of them had anything to do with her.

In this life, however, she was connected to all of them in one way or another.

First it was Lu Yi, then Lu Jin. Who knows who it might be this time. That’s why she had to say it.

“Do you think something terrible would happen to me, hubby?” she asked. Her fear had not faded away, afraid that the fortune teller was telling the truth. She wasn’t one to believe in supernatural occurrences, but how else could her rebirth be explained?

Like her, Lu Yi was a materialist. Yet he balked at the idea of letting Yan Huan tell the future. Deep down, he had also chosen to believe in karma and retributions.

“Nothing will happen to you,” he said, gripping her shoulder and pressing his forehead against hers. “If divine retribution exists, let it befall me. I am your husband. I’ll shoulder any sins for you. Any.”

“Nothing would happen to me?” she asked, feeling terrible. She needed his affirmation.

“Yes, I promise,” Lu Yi laid her down and hugged her tightly. He would be there for her no matter what happens.

Yan Huan closed her eyes. She was sleepy, but she dared not sleep in fear of nightmares.

There was no turning back. Rolling over, Yan Huan laid on her back and plucked at Lu Yi’s buttons playfully.

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Lu Yi pulled his arm back and her closer.

"Why do these tragedies and disasters always follow you?"

Yan Huan bit her lips. She didn't know either. It was as though she had been given a second life to deal with these disasters. Mudflows and earthquakes and floods weren't common occurrences, yet they were coming one after the other.

She was never concerned with these during her previous life because none of them had anything to do with her.

In this life, however, she was connected to all of them in one way or another.

First it was Lu Yi, then Lu Jin. Who knows who it might be this time. That's why she had to say it.

"Do you think something terrible would happen to me, hubby?" she asked. Her fear had not faded away, afraid that the fortune teller was telling the truth. She wasn't one to believe in supernatural occurrences, but how else could her rebirth be explained?

Like her, Lu Yi was a materialist. Yet he balked at the idea of letting Yan Huan tell the future. Deep down, he had also chosen to believe in karma and retributions.

"Nothing will happen to you," he said, gripping her shoulder and pressing his forehead against hers. "If divine retribution exists, let it befall me. I am your husband. I'll shoulder any sins for you. Any."

"Nothing would happen to me?" she asked, feeling terrible. She needed his affirmation.

"Yes, I promise," Lu Yi laid her down and hugged her tightly. He would be there for her no matter what happens.

Yan Huan closed her eyes. She was sleepy, but she dared not sleep in fear of nightmares.

### **Chapter 625: Getting Ready**

"Just sleep," Lu Yi patted her gently on the shoulder again and again. His voice was so soothing that it could make one feel relieved, just like a lullaby without the music.

Yan Huan felt her eyelids get heavier and heavier, eventually causing her to fall asleep. If she was asked whether she had nightmares, she would not remember. After all, she did feel much more at ease after pouring out all of her worries.

Perhaps she really should have just voiced it all since the start.

History would not change, the floods would still come, but the number of deaths might be reduced. As such, maybe their comrades in the military would still be alive.

She grasped her right arm with her left hand, but she sensed nothing was wrong. He Yibin had told her to avoid stressing this arm, so Yan Huan had listened to him and took it easy.

Like the saying 'sharpening your axe will not delay the chopping of wood', it was better for her to rest at the moment.

"I will not attend as I have not recovered yet," Yan Huan held a glass in one hand and her phone in the other as she sat on the sofa, talking to Luo Lin who was on the line.

“Are you sure?” Luo Lin asked again, “You just have to show up for a bit, and maybe shoot a few brief cameos. Your company is investing in that movie, and you are a public figure, yet you are unwilling to attend? Aren’t you afraid that the movie will be a flop?”

“With or without me, the movie will not fail.” Yan Huan reckoned that her appearance or lack thereof would not influence the ratings of the movie. Those who wanted to watch it would still watch no matter what, and the same was true for the reverse.

The television drama Sound Of Wind was invested in and produced by Linlang, and consisted of 50 episodes in total. It would be honored as the best drama of the year along with its exceptional ratings. The drama would neither hit the peak nor plummet to its death just because of Yan Huan’s presence or absence.

The audience would only recognize and acknowledge spectacular and impressive dramas.

Those who make up the bulk of the audience were ordinary people, not the actors themselves. It all depended on the performance of the actors and the endeavours of the film crew to attract and captivate the viewers.

True gold will shine sooner or later.

Owing to a good start in her career and the resources that Yan Huan had fought to earn for herself in recent years, Linlang had now ascended to a new level. Now, she could compete with the Su family with her extraordinary achievements. Even though Su Muran could not escape her fatal disease at the end, the Su family still would not be able to do anything to Yan Huan.

“Do you mean that we need to activate the civil defence alarm there?” Lei Qingyi stood up suddenly. Isn’t the timing kind of weird?

“Safety drill,” Lu Yi explained as he lowered his gaze and clenched his fists on the table. “Every student from all elementary and high schools must be present. I believe you can handle it.”

“Erm...” Lei Qingyi scratched his head, “It is not that hard, I think it can be done.” However, it’s a lot easier to just submit a request to his superior. Why did he insist on planning all of this by himself? Does he have nothing better to do?

“That shall be the plan for the moment,” Lu Yi stood up and grabbed his coat from the chair at the side. “I’m going home. You can come see me personally if you encounter any problems.”

“Why would I need to see you?” asked Lei Qingyi while patting his chest proudly.

“I can handle this one myself. Don’t you look down on me, I am the head of the National Security Department after all.”

“Oh yeah, by the way,” Lei Qingyi thought about something and smiled like an idiot.

“Lu Yi, my son learned how to walk. My mother told me that his chubby hands and legs are as sturdy as mine when I was a toddler. She said that he must be a healthy baby as well.”

“Is he?” Lu Yi remembered Lei Qingyi’s son. Now that his friend mentioned it, he did miss that chubby little thing. Huanhuan was in a bad mood recently, so maybe he could bring her to visit Little Lei. She doted on Little Lei the most.

There was still a month left and he needed to figure out the best way to minimize the loss. He hoped that the fortune teller was talking nonsense. In fact, he had tried to look for the fortune teller again, wanting to ask for any possible methods to alleviate the problem.

However, to his disappointment, he could not find the person anymore. He might need to wait for another temple festival before he could ask him about the ways to resolve the hardships. He hoped that everything was going to turn out fine.

He sincerely hoped so.

Once again, he drove back to the procuratorate to pick up a map before he went back home.

At home, Yan Huan glanced at the unfurled map and found that the map was drawn with precision.

“This is a diagram that shows the distribution of the river bank from the sea. Take a look and try to figure out where are the problems.”

Yan Huan was handed a pen. Actually, she had no idea where to draw because she only knew that the flood would hit Sea City from her previous life, but Sea City was so huge that she did not know which part of it would be destroyed.

She focused and tried to remember where the flood came from.

She bit the top of the pen and started to circle out some possible locations on the map.

She tried her best to gather her scattered memories and jotted down everything she could recall.

“That’s all that I know. I do not remember any others.” She passed the map back to Lu Yi, who took the map and scanned through it quickly. Then, he cupped Yan Huan’s face and said, “I’m going to be a bit busy so you’re on your own today. Don’t go anywhere, I will bring you to visit Yi Ling and Little Lei tomorrow.”

“Lei Qingyi said that Little Lei had learned how to call him daddy.”

“That’s good,” Yan Huan stood up and prepared to watch tv by herself. She had forgotten that the new episode of Demi-Gods and Semi-Devils would be broadcasted the day before. She had felt so gloomy recently so she had forgotten about it. She decided to watch the drama as it starred Su Muran and Lu Qin.

She had heard that the filming location was vast and magnificent. Besides that, she knew that the drama had a star-studded cast but she was unsure about its ratings.

Of course, the ratings of the drama could be a disaster with the existence of Su Muran, who was known as the box office poison.



The ratings of the drama would not be too good unless the reputation of the drama itself could save it. After all, the story of Demi-gods and Semi-Devils had been adapted several times. The audiences could watch the other versions despite the existence of the newest.

She switched on the television and searched for the drama. She found that it had already broadcasted two episodes.

She wrapped her arms around a pillow after switching on the television. Then, she sat back and relaxed, feeling so lazy that she was reluctant to move.

Director Yan's productions were always artistically appealing. It was undeniable that the scenes from the drama were shot beautifully and gracefully, not to mention that all the actors and actresses were eye candies. However, the goddess of the drama had yet to appear. Nevertheless, the drama seemed to have a good start.

Yan Huan began to fast forward to the scene where the character named Duan Yu who was played by Lu Qin would show up. In her opinion, Lu Qin's performance was lacking compared to the previous versions of the drama. His acting skills were stiff and his eyes were too shifty. Yan Huan knew Lu Qin's weakness in acting. In this life, Lu Qin did not have anyone to help him sharpen his acting skill, hence his improvement was slow. She had forgotten that she was the one who had shaped him into the success he had become.

### **Chapter 626: Awkward Acting**

Lu Qin's good acting skills in her previous life could entirely be credited to Yan Huan, who practiced tirelessly with him nearly every day. She had managed to eliminate his weaknesses by brute force, and that was what enabled him to improve his acting.

However, that was all in her previous life. Currently, his acting skills were clearly stagnant, far from any hopes of a breakthrough.

Even so, he was known as the glamour boy of the entertainment industry. His face had given him an insurmountable edge. If nothing else, Lu Qin was indeed handsome and good at acting cool.

He had styled himself as one of the most handsome men to have ever lived. With Photoshop, perhaps.

Yan Huan flung the bolster aside. Rather than the plot itself, she was more focused on Lu Yi's acting.

She had that critical side to her.

And the first impression Lu Qin's Duan Yu left her was... awkwardness.

She wondered what others thought of it. She picked up her phone and gave Luo Lin a call.

"Hey, Luo Lin. It's me."

"Why are you calling me at this hour?" asked Luo Lin, still slaving away at the set with her new artistes. What could Yan Huan want at this hour, she wondered, don't tell me she changed her mind and wants to make a guest's performance now.

“Have you watched the new Demi-Gods and Semi-Devils yet?” asked Yan Huan. She wanted an objective view of his acting.

She avoided asking her family because they would more or less be biased against Lu Qin, so she chose to ask the experienced Luo Lin. Her criticism should be on the point.

“I did watch a bit,” said Luo Lin, finding a wall to lean on. She had to do it since she was too tired; her feet were almost swollen so she didn’t want to stand, and there wasn’t anywhere to sit either.

“The show itself isn’t bad, but Lu Qin’s acting is horrible. Is his face his only redeeming point? The only thing he does all the time is staring wide-eyed.”

“Despite being a big film, the show’s viewership hasn’t been all that great. It’s currently ranked in fourth place. I’m not sure if it will rise in the future, but personally, I’m dropping the show because of that awful Duan Yu.”

“The show had been a lot enjoyable before he made his appearance. Oh, by the way,” Luo Lin still had the intention of having Yan Huan making a guest appearance. Despite her current status as the best actress, she was still an artiste under her.

There was a role in “Sound of Wind” that fit her especially well—a beautiful Japanese spy who was adept at hand-to-hand combat. Her signature move was her imposing kick. The role suited Yan Huan since she was capable of such movements and did not need to rely on a stuntwoman. More importantly, her long slender legs would go perfectly with the character’s knee-high boots.

Director Jin had thought the same. Previously, Yan Huan had declined the offer due to her arm injury, but she no longer had that excuse now.

“I’ll pass. The doctor had told me not to move around too much,” said Yan Huan. With the imminent danger Sea City was facing, she had no time for acting.

Lu Yi was currently trying to come up with a solution. Despite having a full month for preparations, there just wasn’t enough time. It wasn’t as if they could go around telling everyone that Sea City would face a flood in a month’s time.

It was easy to plan and discuss, but hard to put into action.

She hung up, kicked her shoes off, and rested her feet on the sofa. She continued watching the television, pretending to be a regular audience who didn’t nitpick on every action, but that didn’t stop the bad acting from coming.

When Lu Yi came out of his room, he saw Yan Huan sitting on the sofa. It was nearly twelve. Why was she not asleep yet?

He walked over, sat down, and put Yan Huan’s feet on his lap. His hands massaged her feet so that they would not go numb, then he reached out for a fur blanket to cover them.

Cold hands and feet during winter would make her menstruation period miserable, yet she didn’t pay attention to such things.

Yan Huan huddled together, her feet warm and comfy.

“Look,” she pointed at the television. “How’s your little brother’s Duan Yu? Don’t you think he looks very cool?”

Lu Yi glanced at the television perfunctorily. “You like that type?”

His sullen eyes narrowed into slits, as though he was going to smash the television.

Yan Huan shifted and huddled up close to him. She gave him a quick peck. “I like my husband the most.”

That took a little of Lu Yi’s unhappiness away. Not once had he forgotten who Yan Huan married during her previous life. Lu Qin was his husband, and he, her brother-in-law.

That was why Lu Qin’s name was forbidden before him. Mentioning that name was little different than making him a cuckold.

“Go sleep,” he said as he laid a blanket over Yan Huan. “It’s past twelve already.”

“Okay,” said Yan Huan obediently. From the corner of her eye, she saw Lu Qin’s Duan Yu cavorting about in a goofy motion, supposedly performing what was famously known as the Wave-like Subtle Steps.

But why did it look like he was dancing?

She snorted with laughter.

“Your little brother’s dancing.”

A little disgusted by a grown man like Lu Qin sashaying like a woman, Lu Yi took the remote control and switched the television off.

“I don’t want to walk,” said Yan Huan, hooping her arms around Lu Yi.

“Fine,” Lu Yi scooped her up easily. She was a little heavier than before she was injured, but all in all, she hadn’t put on much weight despite all his efforts. All that weight would be gone again the next time she catches a cold. He ought to find a good Chinese doctor to nurse her body properly, he thought.

Lu Yi had gone out by the time Yan Huan woke up the next morning. He was out all the time these days, burdened by his usual work and the preparation work for combatting the imminent flood.

She wondered if they could change anything at all.

Groggy from sleep, she sat up and pulled the blanket closer to herself.

“Are you awake, Miss Yan?” The nanny knocked on the door softly.

“Yes, I am,” Yan Huan flung off the blanket and slipped into her slippers. She needed some food in her belly badly.

The nanny made Xiaolongbaos (her favorite) and soybean pudding. With a good appetite, she ate 5 Xiaolongbaos and a bowl of soybean pudding.

### **Chapter 627: She Brought This Upon Herself**

She had nothing to do after her meal, so she went into Lu Yi’s room to use the computer. After some time, the housekeeper came in with a bowl of soup and placed it in front of her.

It was ginger soup with brown sugar. Now only did she realize that her time of the month was approaching, and this soup would reduce the intensity of her cramps.

She picked up the bowl and drained it mouthful by mouthful. The soup was not that tasty and she knew it since her first sip. Yet, she kept drinking. In fact, she felt sad each and every single time she drank the soup, as it meant that she was not pregnant.

Lu Yi and her had used contraception only back when she was in the army, but she had never gotten pregnant even after that. Little Lei was almost turning one, but there was still no news from Lu Yi and her.

Lu Yi said that he was infertile, but she was hoping that a miracle would happen. Maybe God would take pity on them and bless them with a child.

“Aunty, why does the soup taste weird recently?”

Yan Huan finished drinking the soup. It tasted sweet and spicy, mixed with some weird taste. The taste made her feel sad, like she wanted to cry.

“I had added some Chinese herbs inside,” the housekeeper said. She took the bowl and put it away. “My grandmother used to make this for me. Women should pay extra attention to their menstrual period and take care of their health. You are no longer a little girl and yet you don’t treasure your body. Eventually you would suffer from a chronic disease if you keep it up. Anyway, this soup is nutritious and would not bring harm to your body. After all, prevention is better than cure.”

“Just get more rest and you would feel better.”

“Okay, I understand,” Yan Huan leaned forward and slumped on the table, still suffering. It must be because of that soup just now, making her feel unwell.

She was also becoming less active and lazy. This was probably normal as her menstrual period was around the corner.

In the evening, her period came as scheduled.

Her abdomen was attacked by cramps and she was hit with waves of nausea.

The housekeeper again prepared some soup for her.

“Miss Yan, just drink it. You will feel less pain after drinking.”

“Thank you,” Yan Huan accepted the bowl weakly and finished it in one gulp. She could not stop her tears from flowing, and drop by drop they fell into the bowl. The housekeeper saw this and it made her feel sorry for her.

Being a woman was tough.

Lu Yi was busy and only came back around eight o’clock at night. He had been to the riverbanks all around Sea City and checked through the documents of sea coast construction. In the end, he found that there was a problem with one of the batches of materials.

Hence, he investigated from the procuratorate. As expected, he could pinpoint the source of the problem. Now, he had sped up the restoration at a few sites, hoping that this would be of help.

When he came home, the housekeeper was still there.

“Where is she?” Lu Yi asked the housekeeper while taking off his coat.

“She’s inside the room,” the housekeeper pointed to the door.

“She wasn’t feeling well and had been sleeping the whole day. It just so happened that Sir had come back and we are eating soon, so could you wake her up to eat together?” asked the housekeeper as she brought the dishes out from the kitchen.

The dishes for dinner were simple and not greasy or strongly flavored. There were preserved eggs and lean meat with porridge, and some light dishes.

When Lu Yi went into his room, he saw Yan Huan curled up into a ball on the bed. She had only occupied a small corner out of the entire king-sized bed.

He walked toward her and sat on the bed. He rested his hand against her forehead. Her body temperature was lower than normal, and her face was pale.

“You’re back,” Yan Huan opened her eyes, still not willing to move. She held onto his big hands tightly. He found that both her hands were cold.

“Why are your hands so cold?” Lu Yi held Yan Huan’s hands tightly and pulled them under the blanket in an attempt to warm them up.

“I’m fine,” Yan Huan snorted. “My stomach is cramping though.”

“Stomach?” A thought suddenly came to Lu Yi’s mind. He reached through the blanket and placed his big hand on Yan Huan’s abdomen. In a jiffy, it was as if the warmth from his hand had seeped through her skin, spreading to the depths of her stomach.

“Is the pain unbearable?” He was thinking if he should let He Yibin come over. If the pain was too much, he would not let her suffer to this extent anymore.

“It is okay. It’s only a slight pain,” Yan Huan lied before sitting up straight carefully. Then, she felt a warm stream of blood flow down her thigh.

She pulled off the blanket immediately and walked toward the toilet. She was worried that her blood would wet her shorts.

Her body was just like what the housekeeper had said. She had indeed mistreated her body when she was younger. However, this was not totally her fault as she used to act as a stunt double in films. This was the only way to earn more money as she was poor. She would wrap herself in a thick cotton coat during spring and soak in cold water during winter. Regardless of whether she was on her period, she had to subject herself to extreme conditions if it was requested of her.

There were some times where electricity and hot water were not available at home. In that case, she was forced to shower with ice-cold water. This was how she survived for all those years. She did not take proper care of her health. Now, her body was giving her a taste of her own medicine.

When she walked out of the toilet, she looked so weak that it seemed like she was going to faint anytime.

Lu Yi immediately went to support her and helped her sit down. After that, he served her a glass of warm water.

“Why are you so weak every time during your menstrual period?” He sat cross-legged in front of her and put her legs on his, rubbing her hands and legs alternately as not only were her hands cold, but her legs as well.

“I was used to ignoring it,” Yan Huan explained as she held the glass and drank in greedy gulps. Her legs were in Lu Yi’s hands and she felt so warm. Gradually, she felt the pain in her abdomen recede.

“There was a time when we soaked in cold water during winter. Yiyi and I were so poor. There was neither hot water nor a radiator in the house. We had to put up with cold water to bathe with during winter. That was what we had to go through during hard times. That was the reason why I am suffering now, I brought this upon myself.”

Lu Yi took Yan Huan’s slippers and put it on her feet.

“Let’s go and eat first. Aunty made black-boned chicken soup, you should drink more of it.”

“Okay,” Yan Huan agreed. She rubbed her stomach, feeling much better now. The brown sugar ginger soup that Aunty served her today had finally worked its wonders.

Lu Yi brought Yan Huan to the washroom to wash her hands.

“Use warm water. Don’t even think of using cold water.” If Lu Yi was at home, he would never let her use cold water again. This was because he already knew of her condition. It would be beneficial to her body if she stopped using cold water. If she had continued to do so, then she might end up crying from the pain.

“Oh, I recalled something,” Yan Huan put her fingers under the flush of hot water, which brought her unfathomable comfort.

### **Chapter 628: So That Was You**

“There was one time when I was at a set during winter, working as a stunt double. We were done with filming on that day, but the director sought me out and asked me to shoot another scene, since the female lead was having her period.”

“I agreed. Then I found out it was a scene where I had to jump into the river, which was completely frozen during winter.”

“Did you do it?” asked Lu Yi as he cleansed her fingers with a towel.

“Yea. I did,” said Yan Huan. The bad times were already over, so speaking of the past wasn’t that hard anymore. She wouldn’t have become who she was or achieve what she had without the hard work she put in and hardships she overcame.

“At that time, I had my period too,” continued Yan Huan, holding her hands out for Lu Yi to clean. “But they were too busy fussing over the female lead to notice. By the time the shoot ended, the pain was unbearable. I found a resting bench and sat down, drenched in cold sweat.”

“I felt hot and cold in turn, and it hurt so badly I wanted to cry.”

“Then a cup appeared before me, and I heard the most beautiful words in my life.”

“Here, take this.”

“I accepted it. It was a cup of warm milk tea.”

Lu Yi exhaled slowly. “It was you at that time?”

“Yeah! Can’t you see the semblance?” she said, pointing at her face. “I wasn’t as pretty then, but still a charming young girl. Now I’m a charming young wife.”

She tried to sound airy, but it wasn’t an easy subject for her.

A brave man doesn’t talk about his past glory, the same as how a successful person keeps silent about his past hardships.

“Let’s eat,” said Lu Yi, holding her fingers tightly with a sullen look on his face. Yan Huan did as he said, knowing that he wasn’t in a good mood after hearing how she badly she treated herself in the past.

But who doesn’t want to treat themselves right? Life had forced them to do so. Life abused them, and so they had to abuse themselves.

Outside, the nanny was just done with the soup she had been brewing for three hours, a black chicken broth laced with herbs, ginger, and red sugar.

“Here, eat more.” Lu Yi scooped up a spoonful of soup and offered it to Yan Huan.

“Okay,” said Yan Huan. She took the spoon and sipped. It was tasty. She hasn’t eaten any proper meals on that day, and now the hunger was starting to kick in, especially with Lu Yi beside her and the pain at her tummy subsiding.

She ended up finishing one bowl of soup, a small bowl of century-egg and lean meat porridge, and two Xiaolongbaos. By then, she was feeling bloated.

After dinner, Yan Huan sat down, cradling her stomach and reluctant to move. Lu Yi filled a hot water bottle and passed it to Yan Huan to warm her tummy.

He placed hot water bottle on Yan Huan’s tummy before wrapping her in a blanket.

“Sit here and stop moving around.”

“I won’t,” promised Yan Huan. The hot water bottle took the chill off her tummy and fingers. It was comfortable and relaxing.

"I still have some work to do, but I'll be back when I'm done," said Lu Yi as he picked up the remote control. "What do you want to watch?"

"The new Demi-gods and Semi-devils," said Yan Huan. That was the only thing she wanted to watch right now. Not for its content, but for the pleasure of criticizing it.

"I get a kick out of criticizing it."

Lu Yi browsed through the channels and found the show. Fine, she can go have her fun.

The drama began at a few episodes past the first. Soon, Wang Yuyan will be making her appearance, but not before a couple more scenes of Duan Yu's hilarious dancing.

She remembered an excerpt from the original novel; Duan Yu's eyes never left the young girl as he stood up. The girl didn't look exactly like the jade figurine in the cave, he realized, now that he could see clearer. The likeness bore by the jade figurine was beautiful and coquettish, much unlike the prim and childlike girl before him. In comparison, the figurine seemed more...alive.

Can Su Muran handle such a beautiful character?

Good genetics ran in the Su Family who had many beautiful people to boast. Su Muran didn't fall far from the tree either. Unfortunately, she looked more like her mother, else she would've been more beautiful.

Su Muran was pretty, but far from dazzlingly beautiful. Her "stunning" beauty, as purported by the media, did not manage to impress Yan Huan.

The truth, when put plainly, was hurtful; Su Muran wasn't all that beautiful.

Much of her beauty could be attributed to the combined effect of expensive makeups, haute couture closet, and years of painstakingly-cultivated mannerism. Su Muran was only at her current popularity thanks to all these expenditures.

When Su Muran's Wang Yuyan made her appearance, many people would've shown the same expression as Yan Huan.

She looked nothing like a fairy, but more like a rustic countryside girl.

There wasn't even anything fairy like about her, and even the servant girls, Ah Zhu and Ah Bi, were prettier than her.

Yan Huan pressed the hot water bottle closer to her stomach, and was immediately rewarded with a strong sense of gratification. For the first time in her life, she thought that having a period wasn't that bad after all, now that the pain was gone.

The show went on in the television. Admittedly, the new Demi-gods and Semi-Devils wasn't a bad show, with all the investments that had been dumped into it. The scenes, costumes, makeup, and actor selections were all up to Yan Hua's standards. It was only unfortunate that he picked the wrong leads.

An awkward Duan Yu and plain Wang Yuyan. Despite the good overall performance, these two had made it impossible for the show to be a hit.



Once again, Su Muran had established her position as the “Box Office Poison”.

Turning the television off, Yan Huan brought the hot-water bottle to the kitchen with the intention to boil more water. Having a freshly-filled bottle on her tummy at night would make her much more comfortable.

Just as she was about to do it, a hand reached out and took over her task of boiling water and refilling the hot-water bottle. When he was done, Lu Yi passed the hot-water bottle back to her.

“Can I sleep now?” asked Yan Huan, looking up whilst clutching the hot-water bottle tightly.

“Yes. Go to sleep,” said Lu Yi. He wasn’t planning on working too late into the night since Yan Huan wasn’t feeling well. She tended to overthink whenever she was sick, which affects her sleep and causes her to be restless the next day, leaving her more susceptible to other illnesses.

Making sure she gets enough rest was important.

Yan Huan placed the hot-water bottle on her tummy and heaved a sigh of pleasure.

### **Chapter 629: She’s Not Sick**

“Sleep.” Lu Yi placed his hand on the hot water bottle before tucking her in and dimming the lights, leaving only a dimly lit one that could serve as a nightlight.

Feeling the warmth on her stomach, Yan Huan could feel her entire body starting to relax as her eyelids drooped, drifting off into slumber almost instantly. She was blessed to have Lu Yi with her in this life because no one had ever treated her so well besides her mother and Yi Ling.

She honestly did not know how she would continue living if she did not have Lu Yi.

Luckily, she had him. She still had him.

Lu Yi had woken up a few times throughout the night to feel the hot water bottle on Yan Huan’s stomach. Seeing that the temperature was getting somewhat lower, he got up to boil some water and changed the water in the bottle before placing it on Yan Huan’s stomach again.

When Yan Huan woke up, her stomach still felt warm and she let out a breath of relief. She knew that it would not hurt as much after getting through today.

The housemaid in her house had brewed brown sugar ginger soup for her to drink daily and would continue to do so until next month where she would probably start to feel better.

“Aunty Lu, when did Lu Yi leave?” Yan Huan asked the housemaid. Since she had slept very deeply yesterday, she had only realized that Lu Yi was gone after she opened her eyes and did not even know what time he left. The only thing she knew was that there was already no warmth on Lu Yi’s side of the bed when she touched the surface, only his scent remained. It was still the same pine scent, but even then, it was already very faded. Yet, that might also be because he was so busy that he did not even have the liberty to lie down for very long.

“Mr. Lu went out pretty early, about six o’clock in the morning,” replied the housemaid as she brought out food from the kitchen.

“Mr. Lu told me to make this, he said it’s your favorite.”

“Thank you.” Yan Huan picked up a slice of toast and started eating. Picking up the glass of milk next to her and bringing it to her lips, the sweet fragrance of the milk washed away the taste of ginger that lingered in her mouth. Remembering how long she would need to continue drinking that, she was involuntarily hit with a wave of nausea.

She quickly drank another mouthful of milk and continued to eat her toast.

All she wondered about now was how Lu Yi was doing and if he already ate. He was really too busy recently, hence she could not afford to disturb him, because she knew why he was busy.

He may have been busy now, but soon enough, he would save hundreds and thousands of people.

However, for some reason, she felt a constant sense of insecurity, as if everything was off after meeting that fortune teller.

Sip by sip, she drank the milk.

The fragrance of the milk did not help wash away the worry in her heart, but instead it only served to make her feel more melancholic.

Standing up and walking into her room, she came out with a hot water bottle in her arms. The water was still warm despite a full day and night have passed, which should not have been the case at all. It must have been Lu Yi who had woke up to change the water inside during the night.

Heading into the kitchen to change the water in the hot water bottle, she hugged it in her arms once more before returning to the living room and placing it on her stomach.

that was when her phone rang.

It was Yi Ling

“Huanhuan, it’s me.”

Yi Ling’s voice always sounded happy no matter when she heard it.

Life now was great and Yan Huan was happiest at the fact that Yi Ling had settled down and started a family where she would never meet scum-like men again.

“I’ll head over in a bit with Little Lei to see you. Pretty sure you haven’t seen him in weeks, he’s grown a lot now and the difference is astounding.”

“Alright,” Yan Huan agreed as she hugged the hot water bottle. Of course she welcomed them, but after hanging up, she felt a small sense of disappointment and sadness. Showing off your kid every day, have you ever thought about how a childless woman would feel?

It was really cruel.

However, she could technically be considered as having a child since Little Lei was her godson.

Soon after, Yi Ling arrived with Little Lei in tow.

“Aunt... Aunty.” Little Lei might have been young but he had sharp eyes, and he absolutely loved pretty things which included beauties like Yan Huan.

“Come here, let your godmother give you a hug.” Yan Huan embraced Little Lei in her arms and as expected, he had gotten taller and fatter during the few weeks that she had not seen him. No wonder people said that young children grew up fast.

The changes were obvious even just after a few weeks.

He was taller, plumper, and his little face had grown rounder, but his stubby limbs were still like lotus roots where they were white and tender. There was a pretty hefty gold bracelet on his little chubby hand which chimed whenever he clapped his hands.

Moreover, the sound it made was loud and clear, so the adults would know if he was awake and running around the place.

Yi Ling pinched her son’s face lovingly as she said, “Your Lu Yi asked me to come over. He said that you haven’t been feeling well recently and that you were staying at home alone. So what happened? Is anything the matter? Are you sick?”

“It’s nothing.” Yan Huan played with Little Lei as he smiled from ear to ear and hopped around joyfully. The only problem was that he was a little too energetic, so much that Yan Huan felt like her bones would dismantle if she had to jump around with him for an entire day.

“Do you want to go get a checkup at the hospital?” Yi Ling was still worried and wondered if Lu Yi was just too dense. He had obviously known that Huanhuan was feeling unwell, but he still did not care to give her attention. Did Huanhuan marry the wrong man?

“There’s no need.” Yan Huan touched Little Lei’s small face. Playing with him, just the two of them, was really fun. Children were so innocent that they somehow just had the ability to help people forget about their worries.

“Why not?” Yi Ling stood up, “You’re not going to the hospital despite being sick? How long are you going to drag this on? Why are you so afraid of going to the hospital, Huanhuan? Are you...”

“No.” Yan Huan stopped Yi Ling’s wild imagination, “Stop letting your imagination run wild, I’m really not sick. Unless you consider period cramps as a sickness.”

Yi Ling’s lips twitched. “So you’re saying that you’re not feeling well because of your period?”

“What else?” Yan Huan raised her eyes at her. “It’s not like you don’t know that I’ve always had this problem.”

“It’s been so long, why hasn’t it gotten better?” Yi Ling sat down, feeling relieved because Yan Huan was not sick. However...“It’s been years, why is it still so bad? Did you seek treatment or take any medicine?”

“I was too harsh on my body back then, so I deserve this.”

### **Chapter 630: She Will Drink the Soup Properly**

Yan Huan didn't feel much about it. She had, of course, in the attempt to nurse her delicate health, sought out doctors and eaten an array of Chinese and Western medicines. None showed significant effects, just like how things were during her previous life. Illnesses would follow her for a long time, and she could not say when it will end.

She gave Little Lei's chubby hand a squeeze, to which Little Lei answered with a curious squeeze and a huge grin. A baby's smile is the purest and most innocent thing in this world, a short-lived innocence that would eventually wear off as time passes, when cognizance comes into the picture.

Like her. Like Lu Yi.

No one is born evil.

She picked up Little Lei and cradled him in her arms. Little Lei scratched at her clothes. It seemed as though he liked the fragrance on her aunt. Soon, he was rubbing at his eyes with his chubby hands sleepily.

"Isn't he a little too trusting?" she commented as she passed him back to her.

"Only because it's you," said Yi Ling as she took him in her arms. "He's a smart kid, and he usually throws a tantrum whenever a stranger carry him."

Yan Huan put her hand beside Little Lei's chubby feet to get an idea of its size. The kid was growing fast. It felt as though he was only born the day before, yet he was already this big and capable of simple speech and walking. Even his feet were chubby now.

Yi Ling put Little Lei in Yan Huan's bedroom to let him sleep, then sat down across Yan Huan. She had something to discuss with her.

"Huanhuan, I know that your career is on the rise, but aren't you considering a child at all?" said Yi Ling cautiously as she studied Yan Huan's expression. When she sensed no discomfort, she went on. "Back then, Lei Qingyi wasn't keen on having a child either. We both felt it best to enjoy life as a couple. Why would I want a baby when I'm a big baby myself, I used to think. A baby would only rob away a part of his affection."

"Yet Lei Qingyi changed completely when Little Lei came to this world unannounced. The first thing he does nowadays when he gets home is to check on his son. Pictures of food has vanished from his social media, replaced by snapshots of his son. Lu Yi might turn out to be the same." She grasped Yan Huan's hand.

"You have put Linlang Entertainment on the right track, and won so many awards. Childbirth would only take away a year, no, less than a year of your time. You will still be able to take on advertisement and acting offers even after that. A child would make your life, as a woman, complete."

"I'll think about it," replied Yan Huan with a smile. Yet, deep down inside, her heart was stone cold.

Before long, Lei Qingyi came to fetch his wife and son. He couldn't help but dote on his chubby son when he took the sleeping baby in his arms.

“Come here, baby, let daddy give you a kiss. Daddy missed you so much,” he gave Little Lei a big kiss. That woke Little Lei up. At the recognition of his father, he did not cry and returned a sloppy kiss instead. Lei Qingyi grinned like an idiot throughout their interaction.

Watching from the side, Lei Qingyi’s face suddenly turned into Lu Yi’s in Yan Huan’s eyes. Deep down, he wants a child too, doesn’t he? He’s already thirty. Yet he might never have his own child. Ever.

Her hand went to her tummy. She still remembered the feeling of being connected blood and veins to a life, the tiny life that grew and tumbled and moved within her.

Would that still be possible in this life?

Yan Huan was left alone after Lei Qingyi brought Yi Ling and Little Lei back.

“Please have some soup, Miss Yan,” said the nanny, putting a large bowl of soup before Yan Huan.

Yan Huan lifted the bowl and took a few big gulps. The taste was so strong it made her tear up.

“Slowly,” said the nanny, rushing to pat her back.

“What a strong taste,” smiled Yan Huan. Tears rolled out of her eyes.

“I know how hard it is to swallow,” said the nanny. She knew that the strong-flavored soup was hard to swallow from personal experience, but it didn’t make her cry. Maybe Miss Yan’s taste buds are more sensitive, she thought. “But it’s good for you, so please bear with it.”

There was nothing the nanny could do about the taste either. She had called upon herself for not taking care of her body in the past, so she had to endure the bitter medicine if she wanted to recuperate.

“I understand,” said Yan Huan, drinking from the bowl again. “Don’t worry, Aunty. I’ll drink it properly.”

Yes, she will do that. Maybe a miracle will happen when she recovers. Even though Lu Yi was the one that needed a miracle, she will work hard. That she will.

It was almost ten when Lu Yi returned. Yan Huan was huddled up on the sofa. Lu Yi walked to her and touched her tummy. “Why aren’t you using a hot-water bottle?”

“It doesn’t hurt anymore,” said Yan Huan as she grabbed his large hands. This was good. She doesn’t need any hot-water bottle as long as she had him.

On the television, it was still the new Demi-gods and Semi-devils, playing a scene of a bucolic Wang Yuyan pretending to be fairy like and a dancing Duan Yu. They never failed to make Yan Huan giggle.

Giving leading roles to bad actors like Lu Qin and Su Muran was clearly a bad deal, but what choice did Yan Hua have? Even if they couldn’t act, they had money and strong backings.

With the sheer amount of films they acted in, becoming popular was only a matter of time.

She finally knew the secret to Su Muran’s popularity during her previous life.

“How are the preparations going?” asked Yan Huan as she laid down on Lu Yi’s laps. This was her favorite position. Lu Yi’s warm lap pillows were very comfy.

“The old dams have already been fortified, but I can’t say if it’s enough to defend against the flood. When the time comes, Lei Qingyi will evacuate everyone from the danger zones you mentioned, under the pretext of safety concerns.”

“No one can say for sure if there will be casualties, but we have already done what we could. Beyond that, whatever happens is destiny.”

“That’s good,” said Yan Huan, her arms tightening around Lu Yi’s legs. She looked at what was on the television again. Wang Yuyan was calling out to her cousin with a straight face. Has Wang Yuyan always been so serious? Or was it Su Muran’s interpretation of the character that made her so dreary?

“Have you drunk the soup today?” asked Lu Yi, worried that she might throw the soup away or leave it undrunk due to its bad taste. She had done that before.