

### **Chapter 671: Someone Was Jumping Off The Roof**

At this moment, both her feet were already mid-air. She only needed to jump slightly to descend lightly and weightlessly like a falling leaf — as if she was flying.

Then, a splatter of blood and flesh would follow.

The sky seemed to have brightened a little. Just like that, her gaze remained fixated on the eastern sky, not particularly focused upon anything. To be able to watch the rising sun every day appeared to be a blessing in itself for people like her.

She had already forgotten how long it had been since she last watched a sunrise. If she had been reborn once again only to experience such a painful partition between life and death, she would rather she had never gone through this life.

She reached out as if she was trying to grab hold of something, perhaps it was a strand of wind, a thread of air, but not a sliver of hope.

It was just that when she released her grip only did she realize that from the past to the present, she had never managed to hold onto anything.

The entire Lu family had almost fallen into chaos now because Yan Huan had gone missing again.

She had probably left at midnight. After a vigorous investigation, Lei Qingyi could only conclude that she had left on her own instead of being abducted. In the first place, no one could abduct a person from the Lu Family.

Just then, hurry up and find her! Ye Shuyun's biggest fear was that something might have happened to Yan Huan. Of recent, her own mental state was already on the verge of crumbling. She had not dared to sleep a wink, and now, something had happened to Yan Huan. If anything were to happen to her, she would not be able to face her deceased son.

I will take a look there, referring to Lu Yi's grave. Perhaps we may be able to find some clues there. But no one knew when Yan Huan left the house. By the time the maid had woken up, she was already gone, without her coat or her shoes. In such weather, it was almost as if she was disregarding her own life.

Old Master Lu was being wheeled out by the guards in his wheelchair. It had become his daily routine. The guards would take him out once every morning, afternoon, and evening. He did not speak, but merely holding a stiff, expressionless face, as if everyone that fell into his gaze was his enemy. Even the younger kids stayed away from him as they whispered to their parents, that old man looks like he's about to eat people.

Rumor spread out far and wide, and anyone, regardless of adults or children, would keep away as far as they could whenever they saw Old Master Lu. The old master had always tenderly carried the vase with him as if it was some kind of precious treasure. Every day, when the guards wheeled out the old master to relax, the guards must worry not only for his health but also the vase in his arms. Why won't he put it down rather than holding it every day? What should we do if it breaks? After all, the old master viewed it as something even more important than his own life.

Old Master Lu suddenly felt the sun a little too glaring for him, and he did not feel like staying out anymore. Just as he was about to inform the guards to return, his eyes squinted abruptly as he pointed upward.

“Song, isn’t there someone over there?”

The guard quickly raised his head and directed his gaze toward the direction Old Master Lu was pointing at, then, his pupils constricted rapidly, and an intense shock rippled through his heart.

Holy, there’s actually someone there!

This person doesn’t intend to jump, does she? No, she must be intending to jump. At such an early hour, even for sunbathing, surely one would not be in this posture.

“What are you standing there for?” Old Master Lu felt like slapping his guard, “Shouldn’t you be saving that person?”

Oh, right, save that person.

The guard hastily pushed the wheelchair around searching for a lift, though in the end, he could only find some stairs.

“Boss, please wait here for a moment, I shall take a look upstairs. Oh, I’ll call the police too.” Though after searching his pockets vigorously, he could not find his phone. Only then did he recall the old master’s eccentric personality — he hated to be disturbed when he was on his stroll, so he forbade his guards from carrying cell phones.

“Boss, allow me to make a call first.”

The guard began to leave hastily, though before he could do so, he heard Old Master Lu’s chilly voice, “By the time you get back, this person has probably fallen dead already.”

“Then, please wait a moment here, I will go have a look upstairs.”

The guard was aware of that too, since saving a life is more important than anything, things really should not be delayed further.

“Stay here? Why should I stay here?” the old master glared. “Are you looking down on me? When I was young, I personally went on battlefields, fought enemies, received gun injuries and killed my enemies before.”

The guard was stunned by the old master’s scolding, these were phrases commonly heard from the old master, but now was not the time for one to boast about one’s past. They were already in a peaceful era, and all those years of glory ought to have faded with the past, along with the color in his hair — only recorded in history.

Not to mention, a good man did not speak of his past glory. He was but a feeble old man now, it was not as though he would still be recognized by anyone.

“Why are you still looking at me? Go on!” Old Master Lu slammed the wheelchair handle. The guard was on the verge of crying upon hearing the Old Master’s shouts.

“Boss, it’s all the way on the fifth floor, how would you expect me to carry you up? It’s not like I could carry you along with your wheelchair?”

“Who needs carrying?” Old Master Lu snorted coldly as he yanked the blanket off his knees and stood up. Then, he began climbing up the stairs — his steps were not very quick, but his legs were clearly functioning normally like any ordinary person’s.

“Boss, your legs...”

The guard felt as if his world view was shaken. “If your legs were fine, why did you still sit in the wheelchair?” Even if sitting on the wheelchair was acceptable, why did he insist on asking me to bring him out every day, not to mention three times every day — where is the logic in this? There were people boasting about their son, their wealth, or perhaps even their car, but never had he seen anyone boasting about their wheelchair.

“I do whatever I want, do you have a problem with that?”

Old Master Lu glared at his guard. “You talk too much. If you continue running your mouth, you may as well return to the squad you came from.”

“Boss, don’t...” the guard pleaded for his own mercy. “I’ve been serving you for a couple of years now, how could anyone be more familiar with your daily routines than me, don’t you think so?”

Old Master Lu shot a glare at his guard again. This time, the guard dared not say another word.

Old Master Lu did not waste any more time. He had not forgotten that there was still someone up there.

Saving a life was more important than anything, and any other matters should be put aside first. By the time they had reached the fifth floor, they saw a woman sitting before them. She was thin, paper-thin as if a gust of wind was enough to send her flying off.

The guard was worried for the safety of the woman. If the wind was a little stronger, could it really blow her off? Actually, it seemed fine if the wind could bring her up to the sky, however, that was rather impossible. Ultimately, the woman would fly to the sky, or rather, up to the heavens.

## **Chapter 672: Knocked Out Cold**

The woman sat there quietly, holding something in her arms, her body leaning forward. A gentle leap would take her right to heaven.

The bodyguard was at a loss of what to do. He dared not speak, move, or even breathe loudly. Maybe he should call the police. They would lay down an inflatable mattress, so she wouldn’t die even if she jumped.

Old Master Lu waited. Suddenly, he squinted, his eyes staring so fiercely it felt as though they were about to breath fire.

“Get over here, Yan Huan.”

Yan Huan turned around and stared at Old Master Lu coolly. Taken aback, the bodyguard broke out in cold sweat.

Good lord, isn't that Miss Yan? What is she doing there?

"Did you not hear me, Yan Huan?" Old Master Lu was so angry he came close to grinding his teeth to pieces. He hated nothing more than people who didn't cherish their own lives.

"Suicide? What the hell do you think you are doing? Are you just going to take the easy way out and leave the mess for others to clean up?"

With the album in her arms, Yan Huan peered into the distance blankly. The wind was increasing in ferocity. If she hadn't been holding something heavy, thought the bodyguard, the wind would've already toppled her over.

Pa! went the teapot as Old Master Lu sent it flying to the ground. The bodyguard bit his four fingers, nearly letting out a scream.

Old Master Lu had smashed his favorite teapot.

Smashed it.

"You don't deserve to be part of the Lu Family, Yan Huan, you good-for-nothing."

Yan Huan brushed her fingers across the album gently.

"You never accepted me into the family either, did you?" she said softly.

"Does that make you any less of a Lu Family member?" It was a fact that Old Master Lu resented. "He had written your name into our family register. Lu Family members don't file divorces. He had everything all mapped out. Would it have mattered even if I refused to acknowledge you?"

"Oh..." was all Yan Huan had to say.

"My grandson had given his life to save you. Do you want him to die with regrets by killing yourself?"

"Didn't you always hate me? Wouldn't it make you happier if I just died?" she said melancholically, like a string of bubbles that would leave no traces after bursting in the wind.

"I do hate you," said Old Master Lu, making his disdain plain. Cold sweat beaded on the bodyguard's forehead. A life is at stake here, he thought. It would be wiser to not provoke her any further.

But Old Master Lu went on with his harsh words in his unhappy tone.

"I hate you. You are an actress, a disobedient actress. My grandson gave his life for you. He was my most outstanding grandson. I had planned out everything in his life; education, military service, work, he had been the best in all of them. He was the pride of the Lu Family. Before you ruined him."

"In the past, he had never gone against my wishes. You were the one that made him as disobedient as you are. You are the one who turned him bad. He began neglecting his work just to act out a real-life love drama with you. Watching that had made my teeth sore."

"No one asked you to watch," said Yan Huan, pulling the album closer. She had been sitting there for a long time. Should she jump and end it once and for all? Or live with the painful memories, till the day she passes on?

“My grandson had sacrificed his life for you,” continued Old Master Lu, his eyes stinging as he looked up. “And this is what you do to repay him? He has parents. Shouldn’t you be filial to his parents after taking his life away?”

“You are a heartless, cruel woman, Yan Huan.”

Old Master Lu never went easy on anyone during his scoldings, and he wouldn’t stop until he had his fill.

Yan Huan’s eyelashes drooped, allowing the moistness to gradually permeate her eyes.

She promised to drink her soup properly.

She did not promise to eat properly.

Take care of my parents in my stead.

She...

She laid the album aside and stood up. The bodyguard bit his fingers so hard they stung. Old Master Lu shook in rage.

“Yan Huan, if you dare jump, I will grind your body to ashes!”

“Who doesn’t end up as ashes one day?” Yan Huan turned around, bent down to pick up the object on the floor, and walked down the balcony. Old Master Lu’s eyes went wide when he saw the album. “How dare you try to end your life with my grandson in your arms? How dare you let him see you like this? How could you be so callous?”

Yan Huan caressed the album. She didn’t jump. She came close to jumping; perhaps she would have, had Old Master Lu not come and gave her such a nasty scolding.

She rubbed her face against the album.

She had forgotten her promise to help Lu Yi take care of his parents. How could she forget something so important?

She walked towards them, skinny like a living ghoul.

And went down the stairs.

Old Master Lu gave the bodyguard a look.

The bodyguard was confused. What did Old Master Lu want him to do? Yan Huan was already fine, so what was he trying to tell him? Old Master Lu had the strong urge to fire him. How was it possible that he couldn’t read his thoughts at all after all those years of working under him?

“Knock her out, you idiot. She could be looking for another way to die for all we know.”

Old Master Lu was certain that Yan Huan was not done seeking death.

“Oh...” Enlightened, the bodyguard quickly chased up to Yan Huan. Yan Huan stopped. Before she could explain that she no longer wanted to die, she felt a sharp pain in her neck and fell limply. Even as she did so, she never let go of the album.

“What now, Sir?” asked the bodyguard, supporting Yan Huan and afraid to move.

“Are you dumb? We are heading to the Lu Estates, of course.”

Old Master Lu went down the stairs on his own, leaving the bodyguard to scratch his nose and carry the corpse-like woman down. When he got down, Old Master Lu even gave Yan Huan his wheelchair.

The Lu Estates was swarmed with people when they arrived, people who were anxiously reaching out to their connections, doing whatever they could to find Yan Huan.

After having found no one at the cemetery, Lei Qingyi had run out of ideas as to where she could be.

### **Chapter 673: Only Having Soup?**

“Huanhuan,” Ye Shuyun stood up all of a sudden and ran toward Old Master Lu. She saw Yan Huan sitting in his wheelchair, seemingly asleep, but she held on tightly to the photo album in her arms.

“Father, what happened to her?” Lu Jin quickly came over too, the others also heaved a breath of relief when they saw Yan Huan; they were also waiting for Old Master Lu’s reply.

Why did Yan Huan come back, sitting in the old master’s wheelchair?

What happened to Yan Huan?

Where had she been?

The old master grunted, everyone only cared about the daughter-in-law, why did no one ask about him? Why was he not in the wheelchair? How could he be walking? He was Lu Jin’s father, yet not a bit of care was shown to him, what kind of son was this?

The security guard quickly stepped in and answered on behalf of Old Master Lu.

“Chief Lu, we found Ms. Yan outside the rooftop on the fifth floor, she might have thought of jumping. After that, Boss talked some sense into her. If it wasn’t for the Old Master, Ms. Yan wouldn’t be alive now.”

Old Master Lu lifted his chin, it was indeed true.

“Thank you, Father.” Lu Jin did not know what to say; he was anxious, frustrated, and helpless at the same time. All these matters caused him a lot of headaches. Recently, he even slimmed down quite a bit.

“And...” He quickly helped Old Master Lu and sat him down.

“You are catching up on age, but if you can, try not to sit in the wheelchair so much. Sitting is not as good as standing, wasn’t life about exercising?”

Old Master Lu gave his son the side-eyes, “Who said life is about exercising?”

“Wasn’t that the saying?” Lu Jin was confused by the old master’s question, was it not common sense?

“Life is about staying still, understand?”

The old master squinted his eyes. "Look at the kings of myriad years, the 8,000 years tortoises, did anyone of them move a lot?"

Lu Jin was speechless.

Right now, Yan Huan was lying on her enormous bed. Her breathing was slow and there were not any injuries on her, only her feet were a little dirty, yet she fell asleep just like that.

Lei Qingyi quickly called He Yibin in. He actually really wanted to look for another doctor, that rascal He Yibin would put on an unpleasant face in front of him and Yi Ling, which made them feel very uncomfortable.

However, in the end, only He Yibin was called over, as they could not let more people know about the Lu family's matter. Otherwise, before they knew it, the rumors would spread like wildfire outside. That would be stabbing a knife into the hearts of the Lu family members.

A while later, He Yibin came over.

He checked for quite a while before putting back his stethoscope and other medical instruments back into his medical box.

"Don't worry, she's fine. She's just asleep."

His words finally put everyone's heart at ease but their worrying and gloomy hearts were not completely sunny yet.

Due to Yan Huan's suicide attempt, albeit failing, everyone was afraid that there would be a second time after the first. As such, Ye Shuyun dared not sleep, she was ready to watch over her with the housekeeper every day. One of them would take the first half shift of the night and the other the second half. However, it was obvious that it was impossible for her to stay on guard for so long.

Were there not others to help?

Were Madam Lei, Yi Ling, Lei Qingqing and Ye Xinyu not around? They could all help to watch over her, 24 hours a day. All the dangerous and sharp objects here were kept, they dared not let Yan Huan getting her hands on any of those.

When Yan Huan woke up, it was already at night. She sat herself up and then rubbed the upper part of her neck. The strike was powerful and the skills were obviously from a professional as she was knocked out in a single strike.

It was not hard to tell that Old Master Lu's security guard was selected from the army, and likely not from an ordinary force.

"You are awake, Huanhuan," Ye Shuyun rushed over when she saw Yan Huan sat up. She then grabbed the photo album beside her and put it in front of Yan Huan.

"Hold it."

Yan Huan received the photo album and hugged it tightly in her arms, as though she felt a sense of warmth, it warmed her heart, just like he was very close to her, to the point that she could reach out to him with her hands.

However, she understood that the proximity was just an illusion.

She could no longer touch him in person, neither could she ever feel his warmth.

He was dead and it was a fact.

He was no longer around and it was a fact that she had to accept.

He was forever gone, and it was something that she was unwilling to accept, yet she was forced to.

“It’s fine now, everything is over,” Ye Shuyun caressed Yan Huan’s hair. “It’s all in the past now, you must be like us and live your life because he would want us to live on, otherwise he wouldn’t have saved you back then, would he?”

Up until this point, Ye Shuyun’s throat tightened, she choked on her sobs again. “You are all your father and I have left, if something ever happens to you, what should we do?”

Yan Huan lifted her face up and then put the photo album in her arms in front of Ye Shuyun.

Ye Shuyun could not understand, so her heart was definitely more afraid. Had Yan Huan lost the will to live, and did not want the photo album? Back then, the photo album was her life but now she did not want it anymore?

Then, the housekeeper brought a bowl of soup over. When she saw the awakened Yan Huan, she sped up.

“My young lady, your soup is ready.”

“Give it to me.” Ye Shuyun sighed and took the soup over, putting it in front of Yan Huan.

“Huanhuan, have some, you haven’t eaten anything for a whole day. Finish the soup and you can sleep again.”

Yan Huan reached out to the bowl of soup with both her hands, the temperature from the bowl warmed her fingers, but her heart was still chilly. It was not that she was not in the mood to talk, she was just tired and wanted to sleep for a while.

She finished the bowl of soup to the last drop, then she lay down and fell asleep after a while.

That day, that night, not a single person left the room. But slowly, they realized that Yan Huan seemed different from before. There was color in her eyes. Besides, she did not simply run around, neither would she dug up the garbage or something like that.

Sometimes she had to talk to them. Although it was just a handful of sentences for a whole day, at least she was getting better day by day.

Until one day, when she finished another bowl of soup, she looked up and asked Ye Shuyun.

“Mother, why are you only giving me soup, can’t I have some rice?”

She had been drinking soup for two months straight. While the soup was good, she wanted to eat rice, or dumplings, or porridge, or noodles. Was it because she was still ill, hence she was only fed soup? Could she not eat something else?

Ye Shuyun was stunned for a moment. "I thought you only wanted to drink soup."

Yan Huan looked down, pinching her own dress; her voice sounded a little helpless.

#### **Chapter 674: Lu Qin Wants Lin Lang**

"But you never gave me anything else to eat," said Yan Huan. Back when she was at the hospital, her stomach was too weak to handle anything other than soup. However, even after getting better, her meal for the next two months had consisted of soup and soup only. She had grown sick and tired of soup."

Delighted, Ye Shuyun asked, "Do you want to eat something else, Huanhuan?"

"Yes," nodded Yan Huan. No one could stand living on soup for two months.

"In that case, would you tell Mom what you want to eat?" asked Ye Shuyun. She would prepare absolutely anything she named, even if it was human meat. She would start recovering fully once she started eating proper meals.

"I want to eat your dumplings," said Yan Huan as she laid down, reminiscing the memories of the past.

"Sure, sure," Ye Shuyun shot up. "I'll make them right now. Vegan dumplings, right?"

"Meat dumplings," said Yan Huan, unclenching her fist, her fingers quivering from numbness.

"But I thought you always ate vegan dumplings?" As far as she remembered, Yan Huan only ate vegan dumplings. Her son was the one that ate the meat dumplings.

"Lu Yi liked meat dumplings," Yan Huan folded her hands together. "I want to eat them for him."

Ye Shuyun felt a tingling sensation at her nose, and she had to turn away to stop herself from crying. Her son's life was worth living, she thought. At least there was one person who remembered him, remembered what he liked to eat, what he liked to drink. His shadow and soul lived on within her.

Ye Shuyun opened the door and commanded the nanny to buy some vegetables for her to make the dumplings.

An hour later, she set a plate of dumplings on the table.

Half of them had vegetable fillings, while the other half had meat.

"Your stomach is still weak, so don't overeat," advised Ye Shuyun. She had been on a soup diet for the past two months, and her stomach had grown accustomed to it, so eating meat dumplings all of a sudden might make her uncomfortable. That was why she made more vegetable dumplings than meat dumplings.

"You can eat more when your stomach had fully recovered."

Yan Huan had no objections either. She picked up a dumpling with her chopsticks and put it into her mouth. It happened to be a meat dumpling.

In fact, Ye Shuyun's meat dumplings were a lot tastier than her vegetable dumplings. The tender pork filling was savory and not cloying, leaving a fragrant aftertaste with every bite.

She ate the dumplings in small bites, the meat dumpling that had been Lu Yi's favorite. It was very tasty. Why did she balk at eating them in the past? Even she could not remember.

She had forgotten a lot of things, but also started remembering new things, like the taste of the meat dumpling. It was a new taste for her.

Did Lu Yi feel the same way when he ate these dumplings?

If that's the case, she will eat more in the future. She will help him eat what he no longer had the chance to eat, finish what he had left undone, and live the life he could not live.

She picked up another one, which unfortunately turned out to be a vegetable one. She quickly finished it so that she could eat more meat dumplings, but the next few dumplings all had vegetable fillings. When she finally reached another meat dumpling, she felt satisfaction, not just at her taste buds but also within her heart.

All of Ye Shuyun's worries had gone away at the sight of Yan Huan's good appetite.

She ruffled her hair.

"Take it easy, there's a lot more. You can eat as many as you want."

Yan Huan smiled at her and continued eating. What Ye Shuyun didn't know was that she was eating fast only because she wanted to find another meat dumpling.

From that day onward, Yan Huan stopped drinking soup. By now, she had tasted every type of soup there ever was. Some were tasty, some not so tasty, and some had odd tastes.

She began eating proper meals, eating both what she liked and didn't like. She got stronger by the day, and her weight was increasing gradually. Even so, she didn't put on much weight, because the damage to her body had already been done.

Of course, no one suspected her of being suicidal anymore. A suicidal person wouldn't eat three proper meals a day and grow healthier by the day. Or was she trying to self-harm after regaining her strength?

Perhaps someone else would, but not Yan Huan.

"What happened to you?" asked Luo Lin as she sat down. She gave Yan Huan's cheeks a squeeze. "What a waste to not show this pitiful sight to your fans."

Yan Huan only smiled. Her smile these days always seemed a little lost.

"Try drinking only soup for two months, and you'll see how thin you can get," she said. She hadn't had any main courses in two months. Even though the soup was nutritious, weight loss was inevitable.

Soup was soup, not rice. No matter how good the soup was, it could not replace rice.

“No thank you. I’m not that courageous,” said Luo Lin. She would rather die of obesity than to put herself through such misery. “Here’s Lin Lang’s performance reports for the past few months.”

Luo Lin had come to talk about work and nothing else. No floods, no Lu Yi. Only work.

“The cloak-and-dagger film turned out to be a hit. A few of our budding actors have garnered quite a bit of attention. Do you have plans for a New Year film?” asked Luo Lin. “We haven’t put up anything new in a year. Everyone’s waiting for your next film after the massive success of White Fox. With your current popularity and solid fan base, we could easily make ten billion at the box office with a New Year film.”

There was a year of time to prepare too.

It was a good opportunity. She had to consider what kind of movie would suit the public’s taste. The success of a movie did not depend on its budget, production time, or publicity. Box office performance was all that mattered.

The reviews would obviously be positive if the film was a box office hit.

The audience wasn’t stupid, and no one liked being taken as a fool either.

#### **Chapter 675: Taking Your Life Away While You Are Sick**

If it was a Linlang production, then it had to be a work of conscience.

“Let me think about it, what am I going to shoot?” Yan Huan covered herself with her blanket and continued to sleep, no wanting to talk further. Luo Lin knew about her condition, so she did not forcefully pull her out of the blanket to discuss the details. But all was good as long as Yan Huan was willing to shoot for the Lunar Chinese New Year film next year. Even if it was too late to release it during the New Year, making it a summer flick was not too bad.

As for the few Linlang dramas which were going to be broadcast soon, they were expected to receive good responses. These were the few dramas they invested in later on. All of them were somewhat successful. Ignoring whether the drama was profitable or not, at least, most of the young actors under Linlang had become famous. Moreover, all these young actors truly became the hopes of the entire entertainment industry.

People were going to grow old as time passed, and freshies would need time to mature.

Linlang’s new actors still had a lot of space for development, as long as they were given good opportunities. Luo Lin would never be stingy in giving chances to all the new actors. Of course, she was more than welcome if there were any potential good dramas.

Luo Lin had yet to leave, so of course, she was not done talking to Yan Huan.

Yan Huan continued to lie on her bed while Luo Lin carried on talking.

Anyway, she knew that Yan Huan was listening to her.

“Lu Qin went to Linlang a few days ago, inspecting around like a director. Although he did not say anything, I think he was going to carry out certain reformations in Linlang. Of course, he had also asked what is Linlang investing in and shooting next. I told him that it would be a supernatural kung fu series.

He also asked who is going to be starred, and I told him that it has not been confirmed yet. I think, he desires to be the male lead, and he wants Su Muran to be the female lead.”

She could not figure out what Lu Qin meant, but obviously, he wanted to take control of Linlang. Otherwise, she would not have come over and disturbed Yan Huan today. After all, what Yuan Huan needed to do right now was neither work nor shooting. All she needed right now was to rest.

“I know,” Yan Huan opened her eyes. As expected, she paid attention to what Luo Lin was telling her. However, Lu Qin was not in a position to interfere in Linlang’s matters. The statutory owner of Linlang was not her nor Lu Yi, but Yi Ling. Therefore, from the legal point of view, Linlang had nothing much to do with the Lu family. But only the inner circle knew about this. The initial intention to carry out such a decision was to guard against Lu Qin, and as expected, Lu Qin could not stay still anymore, and he began to lay his hand on Linlang.

However, even if he had a better plan, he would still not achieve anything. It was true that he was a member of the Lu family, but he was not a part of the Lei family. Of course, even if she gave the role of controlling Linlang to someone completely irrelevant, the chance would never fall to Lu Qin himself.

After Luo Lin left, Yan Huan was still lying down and resting. She was hugging a corner of the quilt, lying on the bed without any sleepiness right now as she slept too much during the day.

Yan Huan just closed her eyes when the door of the bedroom opened. Then, she breathed in relief when there was a soft noise of the door closing. Once she opened her eyes again, there was some coolness in her bright eyes.

“What does Lu Qin want?” Ye Shuyun was too mad, almost killing herself with her anger. They tried so hard to achieve a relatively stable life, but now Lu Qin’s family were stabbing on Yan Huan’s heart.

Her son had just passed away not long ago, and Lu Qin was going to marry soon. They even publicized it until it was well-known by everyone as though they were afraid nobody knew of Lu Yi’s death. Her heart had been in pain upon thinking of her son, and now, it was worse when the Lu Qin family rubbed it in.

“If they are sure to marry, how can we control them?” Lu Jin said as he patted Ye Shuyun’s shoulder. “We could not stop them if they wanted to marry. Just treat them as strangers and ignore them.”

“But I’m angry,” Ye Shuyun clutched her clothes on her chest. “Mei Zhi has been accepted by their family, and now they are also going to marry Su Muran who had almost ruined my parent’s family. What do they mean by that? They just want to make me uncomfortable and feel bad, don’t they?”

Lu Jin held Ye Shuyun’s shoulder, with a slightly strong grip; he sighed, comforting her silently.

However, the thing that they did not know was that there was a door that was opened all along but was shut closed quickly.

Yan Huan went to sit beside her bed, kicking off the shoes on her feet and stuffed her feet in the blanket and hugged them tightly.

She did not expect that Lu Qin was going to marry Su Muran, but the most unexpected thing was incomparable to their shamelessness. Did they plan to take something away by collaborating?

Could it be the Lu family, or... Linlang.

And now, everyone knew that Lu Yi was not around anymore. As for Yan Huan, many knew that she was half-dead now. Apart from the others, Lu Qin, as a part of the Lu family, should have known about her condition.

They must be waiting for this time, just like the Chinese saying:

Taking your life away while you are sick?

She turned on the television, just like in her past life, unenthusiastically watching the cheating couple on television, who was uncontrollably proclaiming their so-called love. Whenever they had nothing to do, they would be all lovey-dovey to satisfy their fanboys and girls, seizing the opportunity to promote their new drama. This was the dosage regularly delivered by them in the past and it turned out that it had not changed at all. It turned out that they were using the same routine.

Oh, they grabbed the opportunity to screen during Lunar New Year. However, with 'box office poison' Su Muran in it, how much box office were they expecting? She was neither looking down on Su Muran nor Lu Qin. But sometimes, no matter how good the filming was, even if it was beyond their usual performance, or even if they had put all their acting skills earned over the years into it, sometimes one could only sigh, for they could not escape from the word, 'luck'.

If it was screened spring last year, the year when the White Fox was screened, perhaps the film would still be able to sell out. After all, it was a rare opportunity as there was not a single good film during the entire Lunar New Year season. Even the 2D movies were not that impressive. Thus, the box office spring last year could have been an easy fight. Or else, White Fox was not likely to earn the 3.3 billion income of box office, topping the domestic box office list.

As for this time, the New Year film by Lu Qin and Su Muran was named Moyu and Tree. The name of the film sounded elegant, but the fact was that it was a purely commercial film. In other words, it was telling a love story between a human and animal from the White Fox's perspective.

Yan Huan clearly knew about this, in fact, there were some things that would not change from the previous life. Even with the same name, the same actors, the same screening time, it would still flop after all.

### **Chapter 676: She Wants to Go Home**

She was looking forward to seeing Su Muran establishing herself as the "Box Office Poison", and how much the Su Family would have to pay to clean up her mess.

"Mom, I'm planning to make a trip back home," Yan Huan said to Ye Shuyun as she drank a mouthful of soup.

"A trip back home, huh? Is it...that place?" asked Ye Shuyun, filling her another bowl of soup.

"Yes," nodded Yan Huan, starting on the soup. "I want to pack some things, and bring someone over." Though she didn't plan on staying there, where Lu Yi's shadows could be found everywhere. She feared she wouldn't be able to handle it. Not yet.

"Do you need any help?" ventured Ye Shuyun, hoping that Yan Huan would take someone along with her.

"It's fine, Mom. I'll be fine alone. There isn't much stuff to carry," Yan Huan wasn't moving houses, so she didn't actually need help. She wasn't planning on touching anything there. She just wanted a look. Also, she needed to bring Aunt Gu over to her new place. Aunt Gu was the nanny hired by Yan Huan, who she had grown accustomed to addressing as Aunt Gu.

"Alright then," said Ye Shuyun. Knowing that Yan Huan was willing to live properly was enough to put her at ease.

Yi Ling came over just after they finished dinner, which saved Yan Huan from the effort of driving herself. Ye Shuyun was worried about letting Yan Huan drive too, in fear that she might run into an accident if she felt ill halfway. Yi Ling's arrival had allayed much of her worries, since the trip was bound to be safer with her as the driver.

"Not with Little Lei today?" asked Yan Huan as she fastened her seatbelt.

"He's with Lei Qingyi's mother. I'll bring him over in a few days. He's always asking about his Aunt Yan. Aunt Yan hasn't come to see me in a long time! Aunt Yan hasn't bought me tasty snacks in a long while! Aunt Yan hasn't played with me in forever!"

Yan Huan had to smile. What a clever child. What he missed wasn't his aunt, but the things his aunt brought along during her visits.

"Huanhuan, I..." Yi Ling's hands tightened around the steering wheel. She didn't know what to say, or how to say it. For the first time, she felt as though her mouth weren't hers. There were some things that were harder to say than she ever imagined.

"I know what you are trying to say, so you don't have to say it," said Yan Huan, her eyelashes drooping as she turned the ring on her left ring finger. "It wasn't your fault, or anyone's. It was destiny."

Yes, destiny. Her destiny. Lu Yi had shouldered all the consequences that were meant to befall on her. Lu Yi had lived to old age during her past life. She had spoken too much, revealed too much. It was all her fault. Lu Yi had died to save her.

"Huanhuan..." Yi Ling tried to say something, but Yan Huan shook her hand at her.

"I'm sorry, Yiyi, but can we not talk about this?"

She didn't want any part in this conversation, because her wounds gaped and stung whenever someone mentioned that name.

It was more than she could endure, she had to admit.

Blinking away tears, Yi Ling stepped on the gas and drove on.

"How do I make it up to Yan Huan?" she remembered asking Lei Qingyi.

"There are some things you can never make up for. You can't give her another Lu Yi."

What they could do was live. Live and protect her with all they had.

That's why Yi Ling returned to Lin Lang. Only the ones with power can protect the ones who they wanted to protect.

Yan Huan found her keys and opened the door. There wasn't much dust in the room. Aunt Gu had been dutiful with her chores even during their absence, ridding the room of even a speck of dust.

Putting her things down, Yan Huan walked into the kitchen and opened the fridge. There was nothing inside, apart from spoiled food.

"Yiyi, would you buy some prawns for me? I want to make dumplings," she said to Yi Ling.

"Right away," said Yi Ling, preparing to go out. Yan Huan rolled up her sleeves and began to work on the dumpling skins.

When Yi Ling returned with prawns, meat, and a variety of other ingredients, Yan Huan squat down to remove the intestines and shells from the prawns.

These had been Lu Yi's favorite dumplings. A pity he would never get to taste them again.

When the dumplings were done, she set aside a plate for Yi Ling and put the rest in an insulated lunch box.

She then opened the door and headed out.

"Where are you going, Huanhuan?" Yi Ling got up quickly. Why was she leaving in such a hurry? Wasn't she going to eat with her?

"I'm paying Lu Yi a visit," said Yan Huan as she slipped into her shoes, holding the lunchbox in her arms.

"I'll come with you," Yi Ling quickly grabbed for the keys, leaving the dumplings untouched.

"It's okay. I need some time alone," said Yan Huan. The lunchbox wasn't very heavy, but her skinny arms had trouble bearing its weight. She hadn't gained much weight, and was at most 40kg at the moment. She was so pitifully thin it felt as if she was going to melt in the rain.

Yi Ling stood still with her car keys in hand, feeling awful. She then walked back to the table, sat down, and began eating the dumplings. They tasted the same as before, but somehow she found them hard to swallow.

Yan Huan alighted the bus, arriving at the place of Lu Yi's eternal slumber. Eternal slumber wasn't the most fitting words either, since this wasn't the place where his body or ashes were buried, but some of his clothing and personal belongings instead.

There wasn't anyone else in the cemetery. The wind that carried a macabre air rushed at her from every angle. Even on a sunny day, this place was always cold.

Everyone has visited this place before, and this was where they would have their eternal slumber someday. At first, there would be people coming to visit them, but eventually, the visitors would stop coming. People live, age, and die. When a person dies, it's like a lamp going out.

She walked to Lu Yi's gravestone and dusted it, before sitting down and setting the lunchbox on her lap.

"I have brought you hand-made dumplings. You used to love them, remember?"

**Chapter 677: Keep Them Until Your Hair Turns Grey**

“I brought this for you.”

She picked up a dumpling with the chopsticks and placed it in front of the gravestone. “You see, my dumplings are still perfect as usual. If you were still alive, then you would have eaten a lot for sure.”

After she put a dumpling in front of the gravestone, she picked up another dumpling and put it into her mouth.

“You cannot eat it, so I will help you to finish it.”

One by one, she ate the dumplings, but after a while, she could taste her own tears. The dumplings were delicious, it tasted like those she had before, it was Lu Yi’s favorite taste, and the taste that she was most familiar with.

However, for some reason, she tasted bitterness.

It was bitter and was difficult to swallow.

The container was full of dumplings, and she ate all of them, but it was too full for her, and it made her cry. She put down the container, moved forward, and sat on the corner of the gravestone. She wrapped the gravestone around tightly with both of her hands.

The gravestone was cold, without any warmth, like the flood that almost drowned her last time.

She kept her face close to the gravestone, it was the only way for her to be nearer with him, nearer.

“Don’t worry, I will fulfill what I had promised you before. I will drink the soup obediently, have my meals properly, and I will take care of your parents well, I will treat them as my own parents.”

“Let me watch by your side for the rest of life, okay?”

“I will watch by your side forever, even if it’s just your gravestone.”

When Yan Huan came out, she saw Yi Ling’s car in front of the cemetery entrance. She stopped her pace for a moment and walked slowly toward it.

It was impossible that she did not bear any grievances. However, many things were destined in the beginning. She could not put the fault completely on someone, that would not be fair to anyone.

As she said before, it was not Yi Ling’s fault, it was hers.

However, she still needed some time to let go of herself, and also others.

She got into the car and put the empty container on her lap. Unconsciously, she rubbed it softly with her fingers.

“Huanhuan, where should I take you: to the Lu family or your house?” Yi Ling stopped the car and looked at Yan Huan. It would be the house of Lu’s family if she turned left, and it was Yan Huan and Lu Yi’s house to the right.

“Just go to my house.” Yan Huan held onto the container tightly. She felt uncomfortable since her stomach was too full as she was in the car, and she felt like vomiting. She laid herself on the seat behind and hugged the container tightly in her arms.

Yan Huan entered the kitchen after she changed her shoes and washed the container. Then, she came out and turned around, walking into the bedroom that belonged to Lu Yi and her.

She removed her shoes and laid on the king-sized bed. There seemed to be a whiff of Lu Yi, the smell with the fragrance of Bombax, it smelled good, but also painful.

She curled up her body, to feel more, to recall more. However, too much time has passed. What was left was the smell of detergent. It had a nice smell, but it did not belong to Lu Yi.

Not knowing how long she lay on the bed, she stood up finally, folded the blanket tidily, and she tidied the sheet, too.

She opened the wardrobe, it was Lu Yi's clothing inside. She took out one of them and smelled it under her nose.

It was the fragrance of detergent.

She took another piece of clothing, and it had a similar smell as the one before. After she took the third one, disappointedly, she hung back all of them. In fact, none of them smelled like him.

She closed the wardrobe and entered the study. There was a huge bookshelf, most on the books on it had been read by Lu Yi. On the table, was the pen that he used to write with, some files, and a photo of the two of them.

Yan Huan picked up the photograph, wiped it with her sleeve softly, and put it back onto the table. She sat on the chair and turned on the laptop on the table. It was a present from her to Lu Yi, and he always used it. Every morning, he would bring it to the procuratorate, and brought it back when he returned home. It was nearly inseparable from him.

She turned on the laptop and found out that it was locked by a password.

She thought for a while, laid her fingers on the keyboard, and typed some numbers, numbly.

It was her date of birth.

Lu Yi excelled in mathematics, but she was not. She was forgetful, sometimes she even could not remember her mobile phone number. Therefore, all the passwords in their house, the bank card password, the mobile phone card password, every single of the password that was in use, was her date of birth. That was what Lu Yi told her.

Yan Huan pressed the 'Enter' key.

The screen of the laptop had already lit up. She started to go through the documents that were in Lu Yi's laptop. They were some complicated notes related to his work that she did not understand. Then, she found a photo album.

The album was locked. Once again, she entered her date of birth. Yeah, it was unlocked.

There was plenty of photographs in the album, all of them were her photos. She took a look at the date of the photo, seemed like it started from the moment she acted as the 'Little Golden Silkworm'.

However, only now she realized that he had paid attention to her for such a long time.

She flipped the photos one by one. Without her knowledge, he had stored quite a number of her photographs.

She flipped until the last one, there were some words under the photograph.

In my years, I wish that I could keep them until your hair turns grey.

All of a sudden, she covered her face. At that moment, she wept.

Yes, you would, she told herself, and also to the man that had long gone. For sure, I will snap photographs until my hair turns grey. I will continue the rest of the journey for you; I will snap the rest of the photographs for you.

She closed the laptop, she would definitely bring it back. Lu Yi did not leave much, and this laptop was used by him previously, that was why she wanted to keep it with her. Whenever she sees it, she would think about him and would remember him.

She carried the laptop in her arms. When she returned to the Lu family, she brought someone along with her.

She was the maid that she hired for her family.

“Why did you bring her here?” Ye Shuyun looked at Yan Huan as they already had a housekeeper in their house. At first, they hired a young girl, but later, she left. Then came another one who was older, who was kind and attentive. Was there any lacking in her work? Besides, the maid from the Lu family was aghast. Did she do something wrong before? Even if it was so, why did they not tell her? So that she could do better. They did not have to fire her!

“She knows how to prepare herbal soups,” Yan Huan held the laptop more tightly, “I promised Lu Yi that I will drink the soup she prepares for me.”

Ye Shuyun was suddenly rendered speechless. She tidied Yan Huan’s hair with her outstretched hand.

### **Chapter 678: He Wants to Take Over**

“Sounds great! We can drink soup together.”

“Thank you, Mom,” smiled Yan Huan. Despite the warmth in her smile, her pain showed beneath her eyes. She turned, retreated to her own room, and carefully set the laptop on the table.

Sleepy, she went straight to bed.

In the past, she used to be afraid of the dark, and would leave a small lamp on even when she was asleep. Presently, however, she enjoyed the company of the darkness. The darker it was, the easier sleep came. Perhaps she would dream in her sleep. Good dreams or nightmares made no difference, as long as she got to see Lu Yi in them.

Her room had not seen light in ages. She lived in the darkness, because she had lost her light forever. Her light had vanished. Her light had died.

She made sure to drink two bowls of soup every day, regardless of its taste. It takes a lot longer for someone to nourish their body through food than through medicine, but healthier. Perhaps it was

thanks to the soup that Yan Huan began recuperating. Color returned to her cheeks, and she started to put on some weight; but she remained skinny.

"I'm not going," declared Ye Shuyun as she tossed the wedding invitation into the trash can. "I would rather see a pair of pigs get married."

"Neither are you allowed to go," said Ye Shuyun with a glare. "He nearly killed me. Why would I attend his wedding? Why would he host such an extravagant wedding right after my son passed away, if not to spite me?"

Lu Jin walked up and put his arm around her shoulders. "Alright, alright. None of us will go, I promise."

"You better keep that promise," said Ye Shuyun. Then, with a little uncertainty, she asked, "But is it really okay if we don't go?"

"Why not?" said Lu Jin. He didn't care about how other people viewed them. Rumors can be scary, but who would dare mess with them when they hadn't done anything wrong?

Before Ye Shuyun could say anything, they heard an annoying laugh at the door.

"Brother-in-law, sister-in-law, I have come to visit."

Ye Shuyun nearly retched when she heard that voice.

"Chase them away," she said, clutching her chest. It hurt so badly she was on the brink of tears.

But it was too late. She had already stepped into the house. Plus, she had not come unprepared.

Qin Xiaoyue walked in, dressed in gaudy clothes, with Lu Qin following behind.

"Oh my, how can you try to chase me out as soon as I arrived? We are relatives, after all, and long neighbors on top of that. A person shouldn't be this heartless."

"Look at me," she said as she adjusted her clothes, lifting her sleeves up so that they could see her expensive jewelry. "I have come all the way just to bring the good news of my Lu Qin's marriage to my brother and sister-in-law. He's marrying the esteemed lady of the Su Family, too. You have to come, alright? Lu Qin is the sole heir of the Lu Family now, and people might laugh behind our backs if his uncle didn't show up at his wedding. We are fine with that, but how could your Lu Family endure such shame?"

The words "sole heir" stung badly. It was as though she had ripped Ye Shuyun and Lu Jin's unhealed wounds apart, leaving them agape and bleeding.

"Scram! Right now!"

Ye Shuyun would have gone up and fought her had it not been Lu Jin holding her back.

"Get out of here right now, Qin Xiaoyue!" she pointed to the door with a shaky finger. "I don't care about your son's marriage or divorce. It has nothing to do with us. I don't even care if you all die."

Her eyes were bloodshot from holding back tears.

She would not let Qin Xiaoyue see her defeated. Never.

Qin Xiaoyue sighed on purpose. "It's understandable for you to be in a bad mood. Not many can smile right after their son died after all."

The word "died" made Ye Shuyun so angry her insides hurt. She was shaking and unsteady.

"Let's go, Lu Qin. Someone from this house just died. It's an unlucky place," she said tirelessly, delighted by their misery. The more pain she inflicted on Ye Shuyun, the happier she felt.

This day had finally arrived.

He who laughs last laughs best, after all. Ye Shuyun's son died? Oh, great, great! Being the vicious woman she was, she relished stabbing them where it hurt the most.

They had been in conflict for half their lives, but it seems like she had won.

Unlike his mother, Lu Qin chose not to rub salt in their wounds, but neither was he going to console his uncle and aunt.

"Uncle, Aunt," he bowed politely. "My condolences."

Lu Jin gave Ye Shuyun a pacifying squeeze. The greatest kindness these two can do them was to disappear from their sights. They didn't need any of their condolences.

But Lu Qin was not done speaking.

"Uncle, ever since my brother passed on, Lin Lang had been a mess from the lack of management. But don't worry, I'll take over Lin Lang once I talk to grandpa about it."

Lu Jin's eyes suddenly narrowed. The sharp flare in his eyes made Lu Qin burst out in cold sweat, as though someone had planted a steel knife in his back.

"Why waste your breath on them?" said Qin Xiaoyue, dragging Lu Qin away. "Why linger at a place where someone died recently? It'll only bring bad luck. After you and Muran get married, Lin Lang would eventually go to you anyway. You are the only one left in the Lu Family after all. Do you think your grandpa would give it to an outsider?"

Qin Xiaoyue and her son left in high spirits, chatting and laughing as they walked out.

"Look at them! For twenty years we kept these two under our roofs. When they ran into problems, you were the one who rescued them. When Lu Qin wanted to become an actor, Lu Yi was the one who helped him. When have they not played the widow and her only son card? And now, all these heartless dogs care about is the inheritance," said Ye Shuyun, pointing at them.

"They can go ahead and beg for it for all they like," said Lu Jin, equally disappointed in his niece.

### **Chapter 679: You Did That on Purpose**

Yan Huan closed the door quietly. In the dark, even with her eyes closed, she knew which direction to walk to; hence, she would never bump into anything. This was her own room. She was familiar with the interior arrangement of the room, from the ornaments to where the bed was positioned.

After all, now that the interior of the house was in complete darkness, there was no difference as to whether her eyes were opened or closed.

She walked to her bed and sat down. After a while, she unfolded her blanket, covered herself with it and tried to fall asleep.

However, not long after, she opened her eyes. She began to somewhat understand why Su Muran would want to get married to Lu Qin. Su Muran had a motive; obviously, but Lu Qin had his own ulterior intentions as well.

Linlang was a company with plenty of golden opportunities and resources. Who would not want it? Just like Yan Huan's fame, Linlang's reputation depended on obtaining a high number of views and the success of a huge box office hit. However, what seemed surprising to people working in the entertainment industry would be how Linlang was so quick in building up the fame of new actors. Every movie they acted in would solidify their status and popularity. Su Muran had wanted to be famous very badly. With such great resources, why would she not take part in any production? It would be impossible for her to not want it.

Yan Huan sat on her bed as she wrapped her blanket around herself. She then took Lu Yi's notebook from the top of the bookshelf and placed it on her lap. She flipped it open and started to investigate the current situation of Linlang. In the first few pages, it was written that there would be a change in ownership of Linlang.

Evidently, Linlang had not given a straightforward reply with regard to this matter. A silent response as such would indicate to the public that the change in ownership of Linlang was inevitable. As for the internal operations of Linlang, there were two television dramas currently in production. One of them would be a grand television series about the Qing Dynasty, while the other would be a movie for next year's New Year Special which was about to start filming.

At the moment, the work schedule for both films was extremely tight. Hence, no matter how the outside world had become, the internal departments of Linlang were extremely calm and collected. Each employee was still carrying out everything that was within their scope of duty. Directors, crews and actors were handling the production of the movies with utmost professionalism. Managers were looking for spokespersons. Lu Yi's death did not have the slightest impact on the daily operations of Linlang.

Suddenly, the cellphone that Yan Huan had cast aside rang. She picked up the phone and looked at the caller ID, noting that it was from Luo Lin.

She accepted the call and placed the phone next to her ear. She still seemed to be lethargic. Her speech was monotonous and flat.

"Are you going to keep playing dead?" Luo Lin's voice from the phone did not seem harsh. She was just kindly reminding Yan Huan to not go overboard.

"Yan Huan, as of now, someone has the greed to take over Linlang."

"I know," Yan Huan continued surfing the web page. If that is the case, let them try. I will let them know the meaning of how getting your hopes up too high will always lead to greater disappointment. I will also let them put in all their effort, just to see them perish in vain.

Luo Lin suddenly felt apprehensive.

“Yan Huan, you’re not doing this on purpose, right?”

“Am I?” Yan Huan nibbled lightly on her red lips. She had accidentally irritated the edge of her lips while doing so. “My body is not in good condition. You are aware of it, right?”

“I guess.” Even though Luo Lin had replied in this manner, she still felt that it was just like what she had suspected. She had nothing else to say and did not ask further questions. She hung up the phone and proceeded with other matters at hand.

Recently, she had asked Yan Huan about the budget of the New Year Special movie. It would be in 3D and the theme would be of a prehistoric civilization. The investments poured into the movie was grand. Moreover, she felt that once the filming of the movie was completed, there might be a chance that it might win an international film award. As of now, she was researching matters such as how to film the movie, the casting of actors and suitable shooting locations with the higher management of the company.

The first casting choice for such a grand film would automatically be Linlang’s top actors. For the main female lead, Yan Huan would be the main candidate. Meanwhile, the main male lead would be Qi Haolin. Zhou Zizhe would also be part of the cast as well. All of them were ideal candidates for this project. Evidently, the company still had plenty of newly recruited actors, of which most of them would need an opportunity to develop their acting career. If they did a great job in the movie, they might be able to attain stardom, in turn bringing in increasing profit for the company.

“I heard that Linlang is making a new film. They are thinking of making it a new year’s special for next year.”

Su Muran’s fingers glide through Lu Qin’s clothes gently. The upper edge of Lu Qin’s shoulders was smooth and fair. However, there were still faint marks on it that indicated that something had happened previously.

An adult man and an adult woman falling in love with each other passionately. This was nothing out of the ordinary. If there was nothing going on between them even till now, this proved that either she had issues; or the problem lay with him.

“Don’t worry. As for the film, once we had obtained the ownership of Linlang, we can film it if we want to. We can also not film it if we don’t want to.”

“Why won’t we film it?” Su Mumu lifted her fingers. Her nails were painted a vivid red; further accentuating how her fingers were as pristine as jade, slender and attractive. It was undeniable that from the outside, Su Muran was attractive. Obviously, she knew how to use her beauty to her advantage.

Nobody knew who was responsible for making all of the important decisions for Linlang. Most of the films in production were meant to draw in a large number of viewers and perform well at the box office. Hence, if this film also nets an income of three billion in terms of its box office gross, then our popularity would skyrocket to the level of legends within the entertainment industry.

When one had been in the entertainment industry for a long time, other matters would not be that significant. The success in the box office would transcend everything else; turning them into living legends in the industry.

“Alright,” Lu Qin gently stroked Su Muran’s hair. “If it is what you desire, then we shall be filming the movies as per your request. If you do not want the movie to be filmed, we can stop the production as you like. Obviously, you will have to be prepared to be worn out. You will definitely be the first choice for the main female lead.”

“Of course it will be me,” Su Muran would definitely accept such an arrangement without any hesitation.

If she was not cast as the main female lead, who would it be? Yan Huan? Yan Huan became useless ever since she lost her man. How would Yan Huan compete against her? Besides, Linlang would soon be under her control. She had really wanted to witness how pathetic Yan Huan would be when Yan Huan was trampled under her feet. She really could not wait to see how Yan Huan would be kneeling and begging her for mercy when the time comes, just like a dog.

“When are you going to ask your grandfather for Linlang?” Su Muran yawned. She was already drowsy. However, under her eyes, there was not even a slight hint of drowsiness.

“Once we get married, Linlang would be grandfather’s wedding gift to us.”

Lu Qin suddenly rolled over, pressing Su Muran under his body. “It would be a waste of such a lovely moment to be discussing such matters. We should take this opportunity to indulge ourselves in pleasure.”

Su Muran would naturally be willing to do so. Lu Qin was excellent in bed, so she loved it very much. Everyone thought that Su Muran was a pure and innocent woman. However, nobody in the world would be completely pure and innocent.

The marriage between Lu Qin and Su Muran was organized in such haste, prompting rumors that suggested that both of them were engaged a shotgun marriage. Sometimes, the rumors believed Su Muran to be pregnant as she would wear clothes that were slightly loose-fitting, complemented with flat footwear.

Besides, their wedding ceremony was going to be extravagant. The venue for their marriage would be on the island in a foreign country. Nobody knew the number of guests at the wedding. However, the live streaming of the wedding seemed to reflect the grandiosity of the event. The daughter of the Su Family was getting married into another family, while the Lu Family was welcoming a daughter-in-law to now be part of the family. Naturally, the event would not be low-key and simple; especially since they even planned to live-stream it.

Of course, there would also be a number of famous celebrities that would be attending the wedding. Su Muran’s bridesmaids consisted of five to six famous actresses. The groomsmen would also definitely be famous figures from the entertainment industry instead of nobodies.

## **Chapter 680: Marriage of The Love Rats**

Even if they did not care about Su Muran, they still had to give face to the Su family.

All the members of the Su family attended the wedding, but none from the Lu family showed up. Old Master Lu was an elderly man who needed a wheelchair to get around, so he would not travel so far to attend a Western wedding. As for Lu Jin and his wife, there were rumors about them not being in a good mental state and were currently recuperating since they lost their son. As for Yan Huan herself, someone said that she was seriously injured, but no one knew how serious it was. Practically nobody knew anything about her condition, but it was most probably very severe, or else it was impossible that even after half a year, there was still no news about her at all.

Su Muran and Lu Qin's wedding was to be held once overseas, and once locally. The Lu family was a traditional family that had been around since a hundred years ago, naturally there had to be a traditional Chinese wedding.

"Boss, why are you reluctant to attend?" The security guard straightened Old Master Lu's clothes. "By the way, isn't your leg recovered already? Why do you still want to use a wheelchair?"

"I want to, can't I?"

Old Master Lu threw him a cold look straightaway. He spoke bluntly so that the security guard would shut his mouth up.

Alright, if you want to, so be it. After all, it's your grandchild's wedding, not my grandchild's wedding.

"Boss, take note of your facial expression, this is a happy event after all."

Old Master Lu's face remained cold. Why should I smile? After all, I'm not here to sell smiles.

"One more thing," the security guard piped up as he thought of something. He picked up a box from the side and opened it carefully. It contained a beautiful teapot which seemed to be made of jade. Its looked smooth and translucent, as though one could see the patterns inside through the surface if there was a bright ray of light.

"Boss, this was gifted by Commander Lu, who said that this is to compensate for the one that was broken."

Old Master Lu held it up quickly. "At least he still has some conscience! Is it a set?"

"Yes," the security guard nodded. "It's a set, a perfect tea set."

Old Master Lu held the teapot in his arms, but after a while, he handed it back to the security guard, "Help me keep it somewhere safe. I'm afraid that I might break it due to my bad temper."

The security guard took it over immediately. Actually, he too was afraid that it would be broken accidentally. However, he knew that the old chief had to hold something in his hand to feel secure, so after a quick thought, he took a drinking cup from the table and placed it in front of Old Master Lu.

"Boss, hold this, it doesn't hurt even if you throw it at someone."

"Yes, and I won't feel heartbroken too," Old Master Lu agreed as he picked it up. It truly would not hurt physically and mentally to throw it at someone.

This was just a normal cup. Although it was worth a few hundred yuan, but it would still be fine if Old Master Lu broke it. This was different from breaking his tea set. Old Master Lu had felt upset for so many days back then, so much so that he could not even eat.

Lu Qin's Western wedding was so grand that everyone knew about it, but the Chinese wedding was different. Since Old Master Lu did not like reporters nor the media, so all the reporters were blocked outside. No one dared to enter recklessly.

The only member of the Lu family who attended was Old Master Lu. Lu Jin and his wife were still absent, which made the Su family feel a little unhappy.

"Old Lu, as an uncle, why didn't Lu Jin show up? Isn't this against tradition?" Su Qingdong did not like the Lu family's contempt toward the Su family. They did not even bother to show up, was this not a sign of them looking down on the Su family?

Old Master Lu looked up at him.

"My grandchild has just passed away. What would you like them to wear here? Red, or black?"

Su Qingdong was rendered speechless. How could he forget about this? It was indeed inappropriate for Lu Jin and his wife to attend a wedding currently. After all, it had not even been a hundred days since Lu Yi's death, so they were indeed not supposed to commit a taboo by showing up.

Old Master Lu drank the wine that his grandson and granddaughter-in-law toasted, and gave both of them a thick red packet. After that, his role in the event was pretty much over. After all, it was his grandson who was getting married, not him.

Old Master Lu asked the security guard to push him back. As it was crowded and noisy in there, with bright lights and too many colors around, he did not like it at all.

From today onwards, Su Muran was officially part of the Lu family, but Lu Jin would probably not accept it, and of course he would not like it.

"Grandfather, I have something to tell you." Lu Qin purposely visited Old Master Lu two days after the wedding.

Old Master Lu put down the precious cup in his hands, and picked up a normal one.

The one that did not hurt physically and mentally when one was hit by it.

"What is it? Is something wrong?" Old Master Lu had never liked Lu Qin. Whenever he saw Lu Qin, he would think of his other grandchild. Maybe he was missing him, or grieving, or comparing others to his deceased grandchild while missing him. So, he tried to avoid as much contact as possible with Lu Qin. Nevertheless, he wondered why Lu Qin came to visit him.

One would not visit a temple for nothing, so he's definitely not here just because he missed his grandfather.

Old Master Lu scoffed in his heart, of course he knew what Lu Qin was like. If there were nothing advantageous to be gained, he would not be here, unless he wanted to ask for something.

Lu Qin stepped forward, he was now very close to Old Master Lu. The security guard stepped forward as well, but Old Master Lu raised a hand, signaling him to stand aside.

“Tell me why you’re here.” Old Master Lu could not be bothered to beat around the bush, and of course he was not going to listen to nonsense as well. “Just tell me.”

By then, Lu Qin was already kneeling in front of Old Master Lu, raising his head up to look at him.

“Grandfather, since elder brother is gone, nobody is in charge of Linlang now. As a result, some troublesome things have happened there, which you must have known about too. It just happened that I’m involved in the entertainment industry, so is Muran. Therefore, I would like to take over Linlang. I believe that I will be able to lead Linlang to obtain even greater achievements.”

He was certain that Old Master Lu would agree. It did not matter that it was currently managed by Lu Jin, because Old Master Lu detested people who spent their days doing meaningless work. After all, Lu Jin was currently a mere chauffeur. Not to mention that he was once a soldier in charge of the army, so how could he be experienced enough to manage an entertainment company like this? As for Ye Shuyun, she was just a dispirited woman who had no clue about management in this field. She was even more unsuitable. So, Linlang would definitely be his in the end.

Of course, he also quite confident that Linlang belonged to the Lu family.

“Linlang?” Old Master Lu lowered his head to ask his deceitful grandson, who had come with ulterior motives. He really did come with a purpose, he wanted to snatch his assets.

“Yes, grandfather, Linlang.”

Lu Qin nodded. “The entertainment company that was once managed by cousin brother. Management issues had existed since then, and it is becoming even worse now. It is not unreasonable for me to take on the responsibility of rectifying these issues now, as even the land of Linlang Tower was given by my father-in-law.”