

### **Chapter 741: Hurry Up And Go Home**

Sun Yuhan looked into the mirror, admiring her hair that was freshly styled just a moment ago. With her hair dyed a dark blonde, her complexion now appeared fairer. As a result, her country bumpkin's aura wore off and she had turned into a modern-looking lady.

"How do I look?" She flipped her hair as she walked toward Jiu Yue.

For a very brief moment, Jiu Yue's eyes seemed to glimmer.

This feels rather familiar.

However, he could not describe this feeling precisely. It felt like a memory that was buried deep within his subconscious, yet he failed to recall anything at all.

"Do I look good?" Sun Yuhan repeated her question as she had not gotten a reply from Jiu Yue.

"Yes, you look very pretty," Jiu Yue praised as he nodded. This time, he genuinely thought that she looked stunning.

"I agree with that sentiment." Sun Yuhan was pleased with her new hair. With Jiu Yue's compliment, she was even more confident about her appearance. In the future, she was positive that she would grow even prettier and more beautiful.

Money contributed significantly to a woman's beauty.

Despite not being born a natural beauty, she believed that she definitely would live the rest of her life as one of the prettiest women. She had never thought of herself as an ugly woman. She reckoned that Yan Huan, without any make-up, might not even look as good as her.

The moment she stepped out, the wind blew at her, sweeping raindrops onto her face.

Sun Yuhan shivered from the freezing weather.

Jiu Yue took off his jacket and placed it on her shoulders. On the other hand, he was wearing only a shabby shirt that looked worn out, but it was very clean.

He opened the umbrella and Sun Yuhan squeezed herself underneath. Then, she hugged his arm tightly, feeling his body temperature and the toned muscles of his arm.

Sun Yuhan had always been aware of his muscular and fit physique.

She dressed up today because she was anticipating something to happen. Her heart pounded rapidly. She was hoping that their relationship could advance a step further so that their romance would be official.

Now, this was the final step before she could achieve what she wanted.

Occasionally, the rain dripped down from the umbrella and splattered on the ground, splashing water onto their feet. They expected the rain to subside, but they were proven wrong as it soon turned into a

downpour, so heavy that it bent the ribs of the umbrella. Jiu Yue's clothes were drenched, and so was half of his body .

"Let's find shelter. The rain is too heavy."

Sun Yuhan attempted to shield herself with her hands on her head, but to no avail. The more she tried to block herself from the rain, the heavier the rain got.

She reckoned that it was a better option for them to not continue their journey but to get under a roof as soon as possible.

Jiu Yue raised his face. His gaze pierced through the sheets of rain and landed on a place not far away. Many people were already taking shelter there.

He led Sun Yuhan under the canopy as he continued to stand in the rain. At that moment, his shoulders were already drenched. He could only shield himself with the umbrella as he stood there in silence.

Yan Huan raised her hands to shield the top of her head. She had not expected it to rain when she came out to shop for groceries. She had been calling for a taxi for quite some time, but the cars were all booked. With no choice left, she had to find a place to shelter herself from the rain and to wait for the rain to lighten up.

She walked toward the main entrance of the mall. It was crowded with people who had been taking cover under the canopy. However, the space was limited and the shopping mall was already closed. The pedestrians had no choice but to cram together in the restricted space as many of them had left home without an umbrella, just like her, and was forced to find shelter.

It had been a long time since she last carried an umbrella with her, because Lu Yi was usually the one who brought it along with him everywhere he went. She rarely needed to walk in the rain and eventually she got rid of the tedious but admittedly good habit of carrying an umbrella along with her.

The clouds and winds were always unforeseeable.

Nobody knew exactly when it would rain.

The weather was unpredictable.

And, the future was also incalculable.

She shrank her body in the corner, just like how Little Bean used to do back when it was still a kitten. At that time, it had curled up and tried to hide from the rain. Yet, the rain continued to splash on its body mercilessly, almost drowning it.

Her clothes were drenched, despite her attempt to avoid the rain with her hands shielding her head. There was no difference between standing under the canopy and under the sky as the rain continued to pummel her.

All of a sudden, she realized that the rain had stopped. She raised her head to see an umbrella hanging over her head. She lowered her head to shift her feet and finally glanced to her right. Standing there was a man who was holding an umbrella obliquely and blocking her view. She could not see the man's face, but instead, she caught sight of the woman who was clasping his arm while standing beside him.

There's another couple.

While I'm standing here...

Yan Huan hugged her own arms. She resembled a pitiful girl who was abandoned to fend for herself in the fierce wind and ruthless rain.

"The rain's stopped. Let's go," Sun Yuhan said to Jiu Yue.

Jiu Yue closed the umbrella and left with Sun Yuhan. Without knowing why, he turned his head to take a look at the woman who had been standing in the corner. Her soaked clothes clung to her petite figure, while her wet hair stuck to her face in clumps. She resembled an abandoned pet with her head constantly lowered and her expression unreadable.

Silly girl, the rain has stopped. Hurry up and go home. Otherwise, you'll fall sick.

Then, he looked forward and continued to walk alongside Yuhan. When he looked back at the girl, her head was lowered and he could only see the top of her head. Unbeknownst to him, when he shifted his gaze away from her, the girl raised her head and saw the back of his head.

The only other thing she saw was the black umbrella in his hand.

Yan Huan extended her hand to check the weather. Indeed, the rain had stopped. The autumn rain had passed, just like that, but the weather was still gloomy. The number of passersby on the road gradually decreased, leaving the street lamps standing companionless on both sides of the walkway. The lights shone in synchrony, lighting up the entire pathway.

She picked at her sleeves. Her drenched clothes were so wet that it felt like a huge rock was tied to her arms. She found a secluded place, rolled up her sleeves and wrung them like a towel to force out the water.

Not only that, the rainwater had seeped into and pooled in her shoes. Every step she took could possibly ruin her shoes. With no other choice, she picked them up and tipped them over to pour out the water. Staggering home, she was thankful that she had worn flats today. If she had gone out in heels, she would probably feel suicidal at this point.

She pushed the front door open and was welcomed by complete darkness. Now, she had already gotten used to the silence and loneliness, although she was afraid of the dark when she first rebooted her life.

Years had passed and she no longer feared the darkness. Instead, she began to fall in love with it.

#### **Chapter 742: He Knows How to Make Soup**

For in the darkness, no one will know that she's sad and crying.

Darkness had become her best sanctuary, where she felt the safest. As to the question of whether she was still afraid of ghosts, she could now confidently answer no; because she herself was a ghost that had crawled out from hell. Also, in this world, humans are far scarier than ghosts.

She switched on the light, slipped out of her draggled clothes, and took a shower. Then, she went into the kitchen and made herself a bowl of ginger soup. She had been drinking ginger soup for a long time.

The nanny used to make it for her whenever the weather was cold, or after she had been in the rain. If the nanny wasn't around, Lu Yi would pick up the slack.

It was more effective and less harmful than medicines, but it had a nasty tang.

With the bowl of soup in her hands, she sat down before her computer and switched it on. She checked out the latest news while sipping on her soup. There wasn't anything noteworthy, but the entertainment industry had always had its fair share of interesting gossip. She had seen, and been the center of many of those herself, but that was in the past. Now, she was a spectator who found amusement in such news.

Su Muran had rarely appeared in public view ever since she had robbed her of her Best Actress Award. Lu Qin, on the other hand, had been quite active as of late, taking on interviews after interviews, variety shows after variety shows. Ever since the success of *The Aster Flower*, his popularity had skyrocketed. The problem was, none of the films he had been offered roles lately were good. Neither was he likely to accept roles from bad films, which could end up destroying the positive image he had worked so hard for.

That was when Yan Huan's phone began to ring. She picked it up and answered the call.

"I've got something to tell you," said Luo Lin, cutting to the chase. She didn't care where she was or what she was doing, as long as she was alive. Anyway, she trusted that Yan Huan wouldn't be stupid enough to kill herself before the old Lu couple passes. That was her responsibility.

"Go on," said Yan Huan. She touched the empty bowl. It was still warm, even after she had drunk all the soup.

"Lu Qin wants to be casted in our new drama," said Luo Lin, occasionally tapping her pen against the table. "We have two dramas in the planning, one Xianxia drama adapted from a web novel, and another modern drama. We have a lot of rookie actors at the moment, so we don't have to worry about not having enough actors to cast, but Lu Qin and his manager came down yesterday."

"He wants to be the male lead."

"The male lead?" repeated Yan Huan, drawing her hand away from the bowl. Then, with a finger, she traced the exterior of the bowl. It was cold now. The heat had escaped, it would seem.

"How thick is his skin?"

"As thick as ever," said Luo Lin, feeling an urge to laugh, but forgot how to. Ever since she became a career woman, she had forgotten how to laugh.

"If he wants to be the male lead," said Yan Huan, "he'll just have to go through me."

A smile formed on her face, a smile colder than the freezing rain outside.

"Hmm..." frowned Luo Lin. "By that you mean...?"

"Direct him to me."

"Oh," said Luo Lin, comprehending. "I got it. I'll relay him your exact words."

He could have the male lead, as long as Yan Huan, who had the final say, approved.

But before that, he had to find Yan Huan first. With Yan Huan's current nomadic lifestyle, the only one who could contact her was Luo Lin. Even Luo Lin did not know her current whereabouts. By the time Lu Qin finds her, the shooting would have already begun. Who would pay him any heed then?

It wasn't hard to tell how much Yan Huan hated Lu Qin. The only time the man would have any chances of getting a favor from her was in his dreams.

Yan Huan put down her phone, thinking that she might have to extend her disappearance. She wasn't afraid of Lu Qin; she was only afraid that she wouldn't be able to hold it in and puke on his revolting face.

And the thought of him tossing and turning in agony at the loss of a great opportunity made her happy.

Building her joy on the pain of others. She knew how to do it now.

Of course, she had to thank Lu Qin and Su Muran for teaching her the art.

She watched the television for a little longer before preparing for bed. She liked the small city; she liked exploring every alley of it on her bike, watching people laugh and cry and quarrel.

Laughing, crying, and quarreling...they sum up life perfectly.

In truth, she wasn't living in self-abandonment. Rather, she was on a self-searching journey, so that she could return a better person and take better care of Lu Jin and Ye Shuyun.

Meanwhile, in a house far away from Yan Huan's rented apartment.

Jiu Yue had an apron around him. Somehow, the 1.8m man with long limbs didn't look out of place in the kitchen, where the air was permeated with the smell of raw ginger. It was a spicy smell, but not intolerable.

He scooped some soup into a bowl and brought it to the sofa, offering it to Sun Yuhan.

"Here. Drink this."

Sun Yuhan took the bowl, but the smell made her ill.

"What is this? Why does it smell so bad?"

"Ginger soup," said Jiu Yue, rising up. He went back into the kitchen and returned with another bowl of soup.

"I'll drink it with you," he said as he sat down across Sun Yuhan.

He put the bowl to his lips and began drinking untastefully, as though he was drinking plain water. He could remember how to make ginger soup, and how often he made it. They came to him as easily as his instincts.

Yet, he couldn't remember who he was.

Not his name, his home, his family, not even his age! All he remembered was that his online ID was Jiu Yue. The skillset he remembered differed from normal people too; but one of his talents was, apparently, making soup.

Sun Yuhan wrinkled her nose and brought the bowl to her mouth, but nearly puked after one gulp.

“What on earth is this? It’s so spicy!”

“Ginger soup,” repeated Lu Yi.

Sun Yuhan stood up, raced to the kitchen, and poured the bowl’s content into the sink. She rinsed her mouth a few times, but could not get rid of the nauseating taste.

Jiu Yue, holding his bowl, knew what Sun Yuhan was doing. But he didn’t stop her. That was her own choice. If she fell sick, she would be the one suffering. Why end up having to eat medicine, when you could prevent getting sick just by drinking a bowl of harmless ginger soup?

### **Chapter 743: Anxious And Insecure**

He held a bowl in one hand as his throat burned from the spiciness. His dark eyes deepened, looking just like a starless night sky that concealed the entire galaxy.

Can a person like me actually date online?

In fact, he only had one answer to all his questions. He had no idea how he ended up here, hurt his head, forgot his identity and his past.

He pursed his lips as he mulled over his many doubts. Other than believing what Sun Yuhan told him, he had no other option.

Sun Yuhan approached him as she continued to grumble, upset with Jiu Yue.

“Whatever that soup was, it was the worst. How did you actually drink it?”

“I drank it only because I didn’t want to take the medication.” Jiu Yue sweated a little after taking a few sips of the soup.

After all, Sun Yuhan would never drink the soup even if he did not finish it. She would rather drown herself with five litres of water than drinking this weird liquid.

Jiu Yue was fast asleep at night. He finished the ginger soup and had perspired profusely. He slept soundly without feeling any discomfort. Later in his dreams, he heard someone knocking on the door.

He sat up and turned on the lamp next to his bed. Then, he went to open the door, only to have Sun Yuhan falling into his arms.

“Jiu Yue, I’m not feeling well...”

Jiu Yue reached out to touch Sun Yuhan’s forehead gently, which was boiling hot.

She’s having a high fever, probably because of the rain.

“I’ll take you to the hospital.” He changed his clothes in a hurry and wrapped an extra layer on Sun Yuhan. Then, he hoisted her onto his back, closed the door, went downstairs and walked to the hospital. The night wind was chilly and there were not many cars on the road. His forehead was covered in cold sweat, probably because he had walked for quite a distance with a person on his back. However, it quickly dried up as the wind huffed continuously at him.

He appeared rather lonely and miserable as the lights of the street lamps shone on him.

He stopped in his tracks and stared at the street lamps on both sides of the walkway, not knowing why he was having such thoughts at that moment.

Then, he adjusted the position of the person on his back and continued to walk forward steadily, one step after another.

The shadow behind him elongated as he gradually walked further away from the glare of the street lamps.

It was three o’clock in the morning when he arrived at the hospital with Sun Yuhan on his back.

Sun Yuhan was, indeed, suffering from a high fever and was given an injection. She would be fine and could be discharged when the fever receded the next morning.

He sat beside her quietly. His clothes were soaking wet but there was no place for him to change. He had no choice but to continue to sit there in his wet clothes, hoping that his body temperature could eventually dry off his outfit.

It was already the next morning when Sun Yuhan regained consciousness.

“What happened?” Her head hurt a little and her whole body was in discomfort. She only remembered that she did not sleep well last night and was feeling sick when she went to knock on Jiu Yue’s door. However, she had no memory about what happened next.

And, she was at the hospital.

Abruptly, she sat up straight. “What happened to me? Am I sick? Have I been diagnosed with some incurable disease?” she asked as she grabbed the arm of the nurse beside her. All this while, her face was extremely pale.

“Miss, you’ve only caught a cold,” the nurse consoled Sun Yuhan.

“It’s really just a common flu.”

Despite the reassurance, Sun Yuhan was still feeling perturbed. She was afraid of being admitted to a hospital, because she was scared of falling sick, and also the medical bill.

No, wait. I’m rich now and have a few properties under my name. Besides, Jiu Yue had a mystifying ability to always profit whenever he invested in the stock market.

To her, a person who was able to speculate in shares that involved millions of dollars was like an automated teller machine.

“Where is the man who brought me here?” she asked the nurse quickly. Has Jiu Yue recovered his memories and ditched me? The idea of him leaving her behind sent a chill down her spine.

That was her greatest concern and fear. She was afraid of Jiu Yue remembering anything at all, especially his past that he was completely clueless about.

However, things would be different if Jiu Yue was the one who could not live without her. Then, he would have to marry her even if he found out his true identity. Moreover, she was not exactly lying to him. It was true that she had an online friend by the name of Jiu Yue who came to meet her. The only thing was that they did not share any common interests and had fallen out due to an argument.

As she ransacked her brain, a hand was placed on her forehead, which caught her off guard. Next, she raised her head to look into a pair of calm black eyes.

Her eyes lit up and she immediately stretched out her arms to hug Jiu Yue around his waist, before she buried her face in his chest.

“Jiu Yue, I’m scared that I will die suddenly.”

“You only have the flu.” Jiu Yue did not push her away. Instead, he patted her back as he tried to comfort her.

“So I won’t die?” Sun Yuhan gingerly asked again. She was afraid of death very much, just like everyone else in the world.

“No, you won’t die.” Jiu Yue continued to pat her shoulders as his body stiffened awkwardly. A soft and delicate woman was lying in his embrace, but he did not feel any desire for the lady in his arms.

Hugging the man’s waist, Sun Yuhan felt very close to him at this moment. This is perfect. We have to stay this close in the future too. She thought as she clutched at his clothes. In fact, she felt extremely insecure and anxious. She needed to stay with him at all times.

The nurse returned to check Sun Yuhan’s body temperature. Her fever had subsided after the injections and they could leave the hospital soon, if she was proven fit after a brief checkup.

Undoubtedly, Sun Yuhan merely caught a cold, or more precisely, a very minor one. After her fever receded, she had returned to her lively self without feeling ill at all.

Jiu Yue brought Sun Yuhan home after he collected the prescribed medication.

Sun Yuhan laid down the moment she reached home as she was rather tired and did not want to move at all.

“Jiu Yue,” she yelled.

Jiu Yue walked toward her, bent down and placed his hand on her forehead. Thankfully, she was no longer uncomfortably warm.

“What? Are you feeling any discomfort? Are you hungry?”



Undeniably, Sun Yuhan was hungry. She had not eaten since morning and had been sleeping since the moment she reached home. Now that she finally woke up, it was only natural that she would be hungry as she had not eaten for almost an entire day.

"I'm very hungry," she groaned as she patted her belly.

"What do you want? I'll make something for you." Jiu Yue had been looking up some information and had completely forgotten about eating as well. He too had not had anything, but he was so occupied that he did not feel hungry at all.

#### **Chapter 744: Queuing**

He could go without a meal, but not his woman.

"I want to eat..." Sun Yuhan hesitated. "Xiaolongbao."

"I'll get them for you," said Jiu Yue, rising. He remembered that there was a popular Xiaolongbao store nearby, where he and Sun Yuhan had dined a few times. She seemed to like the food there.

He opened the door and stepped outside; a gust of cold wind immediately greeted him.

It felt as though the weather had turned cold in the blink of an eye. Just a few days back, he had been wearing short-sleeved shirts, but these days he can't do without a sweater. He was only wearing a single shirt within, and the cold wind infiltrated his sweaters through its open collars and sleeves. No wonder he was feeling cold.

He had thought about turning back to dress more warmly, but decided against it on second thought; the meat bun store was often crowded, and closed earlier than most stores. Most of the time, it would end business once everything had been sold out. If that happened, he would have to wait for the next day.

He hastened, hoping to make it before everything gets sold out.

The wind lifted the corner of his clothes, sneaking into his warm armor and stealing his heat.

A bicycle rode past him, on which rode a woman wearing a backpack and a white cotton hat. Her sweaters had furry white balls dangling from it too, which made her look like a rabbit spirit from a distance.

Jiu Yue paid little attention to her. Why would he? He couldn't even see her face clearly.

He never paid attention to strangers.

The woman seemed to be going the same way as him, however. Somehow, she on the bike and him on his feet were around the same speed. She was in no hurry, he observed, for she rode slowly and leisurely.

Yan Huan pulled her hat lower and touched her face mask. Good. It was still in place. She wasn't doing it to disguise herself, but purely because the weather was too cold. The coldness here was harder to endure than the moist coldness back in Sea City, and the temperature here was lower as well.

Sea City wasn't as cold as it was back in the days; perhaps due to it being an industrialized city, or perhaps due to global warming.

Yan Huan remembered that winter always came with heavy snow when she was little. She was a soft girl, and always cried when she had to go to school in that weather, and whenever she cried her mother cried too, telling her that it's okay if she wanted to skip school for a day. Strangely enough, Yan Huan always changed her mind whenever she said that, and insisted on going to school instead.

Perhaps she wanted to prove something, even at that age.

Her mother had told her that she was as stubborn as her grandfather, but would only smile when she asked where he was.

She had no answer to who he was, even after two lifetimes, but she wasn't intent on finding out either.

She parked her bicycle at the side and joined the queue. The meat buns at this store were very tasty. Nothing special had happened ever since her arrival at this city, but she did fall in love with the meat buns sold at this store. One drawback was the queue was always long. Sometimes, when she came late, the meat buns would be completely sold out. That had happened once just a day ago, and she had to return home drenched in rain and empty-handed. Thankfully, she had not fallen sick after drinking ginger soup in time.

She had arrived on time today; she could tell by looking at the number of people in the queue. The number of people before her was decreasing steadily. She glanced behind her. There were many people queuing still. From where she was standing, she could see that there weren't many meat buns left, so she knew that some of them had to go home empty-handed.

She was thankful that she had come early. Had she failed to get meat buns again, she wouldn't have the appetite for anything.

She was going to turn around, when she glimpsed a pair of boots from the corner of her eyes. They were men's boots, with a dent on the left...

She paused and tried to get a better look, but the long queue of people obscured the man. The man was a couple of inches taller than everyone else, his head hung low. He had a black umbrella in his hand. One, two, three, four...

She counted the number of people behind her. There were five in total. The meat buns would most likely be sold out by the time it reaches his turn.

She recalled that he had held the umbrella for her on the day before, though it was more likely to be a coincidence than goodwill. Back then, Lu Yi had sheltered her and held an umbrella for her in the rain too, even though they were complete strangers.

She took out her wallet and took out some change. When it was her turn, the cashier asked her how many bamboo steamers she wanted. She hesitated, and ordered three.

The boss packed three bamboo steamer worth of meat buns for her; each steamer contained 9 small meat buns. It cost her 10 RMB in total. She usually ate nine for dinner, which proved to be excessive sometimes.

But the meat buns here were definitely tasty. She would keep whatever she couldn't finish and reheat them the next day for breakfast.

Returning to her bicycle, she rifled out a pack of tissue from her bag and wiped her hands. Then, sitting down on her bike, she took out a bun and began eating.

She took a bite. The dough was thin, the meat tender. Even to someone who wasn't a huge fan of meat buns, they were undeniably tasty. Lu Yi would have been so happy to see her eating meat buns on her own accord.

She glanced at the rest of the queue as she chomped down the bun. She had thought that there would at least be enough buns for the three queuing behind her, but they ran out at the second guy. The owner began to close up the shop. The ones who got what they came for, like Yan Huan herself, ate a few in celebration, rejoicing at the fact that they had not queued for nothing. The ones who didn't were understandably a little bitter, wishing they had come just a little earlier. Some people cared less than others, however.

There are all types of people in this world, and you can never find out what went on in someone else's mind, simply because you aren't them.

Still, it wasn't hard to guess the thoughts of the people who didn't get what they came for: they probably weren't too happy.

For a long time, Jiu Yue stood on the same spot, unmoving.

#### **Chapter 745: An Umbrella Of Kindness**

He came in late. He had no idea where he could get a hold of buns, and it seemed like there were not any other places that sell them. Nowadays, there were still plenty of shops that sell buns, but in this case, it was already way too late at night. If he walked to the shop that was further away, by the time he reached home, the buns would have turned cold and soggy, and they would have to deal it with.

Just when he was about to leave, he caught sight of two sacks lying right beside the flower bed, which were filled with buns. Someone must have forgotten about them.

He waited for a long time, expecting someone to come back for them. But no, the buns were still sitting there, and nobody came to claim them.

He walked over and noticed that there was a note on top of the sacks. He picked it up to read what was written on it.

Thank you for your umbrella, here's some buns as a token of appreciation.

Jiu Yue's mind flashed back to yesterday. He was standing at the very edge of the canopy, the last available space that could shelter one from the rain, but some people were not as lucky. There was somebody beside him, but he did not see their face. To him it was just a simple gesture, as he did not think too much about it.

Nevertheless, he did not expect to get two sacks of buns in exchange.

He held up the buns and felt that they were still warm, as if they had just been taken out from the steamer. The buns from this shop had a unique mouthwatering smell. His stomach growled, but he did not take a bite from it. Instead, he took the buns with him and walked home as fast as he could.

Yet, he did not know that not long after he was gone, a woman walked out from the shadows. It was Yan Huan. She climbed onto her bicycle as she dismissed the thought of getting to know the man, since she had only wanted to repay his kindness. She had no other intentions, and she had no idea what the man looked like either.

She pedalled her bicycle, taking her time as the wind ruffled her hair, filling her lungs with fresh air.

The weather was about to change, it was getting colder.

The main street was still crowded with people, because to them, the night was still young. All of the shops by the roadside were still open for business, and the lights shone on the people as they move in and out of the shops. Some were eating and chattering loudly, while others were silently laughing.

Everyone was having a great time, but when she finally returned home, everything seemed dreary.

Perhaps this was why she was still alone.

She parked her bicycle outside, opened the door and walked in. Compared to the environment outside, it was much warmer in the apartment. She took off her coat and placed the buns on the table. Then, she took out a pair of chopsticks and sat down to eat.

She would eat five buns today, and leave four for tomorrow morning, plus a bowl of porridge. All of these should be enough to sate her hunger.

In both lifetimes, she had never lived this way before – how she let go of herself now, no rush, no filming. She need not worry about anyone or anything, or work with people she disliked, basically she did not have to do anything. All she needed to do was to go to bed and have her meals on time, relax, and at the same time, let herself be free.

She kept the leftover buns in the fridge and took a shower.

After she was done, she dried her hair while picking up a photo frame from the table. The person in the photo was Lu Yi.

“Goodnight,” she bided as she pressed her lips to the photo frame. Then, she got ready for bed and switched off the lights. No matter how dark it would get now, she would not be afraid. Lu Qin made her fear the dark, but Lu Yi helped her overcome that fear.

It started to drizzle outside. Beneath the curtain of rain, was a quiet nightfall.

The blanket covering her was soft, the air was refreshing as it was raining outside. The sound of raindrops tapping on the glass was like a quiet lullaby, accompanying her as she drifted off to sleep.

Jiu Yue suddenly opened his eyes. He switched on the lights and sat up in bed. He then walked to the window and pulled it open. He could hear the sound of rain tapping on the window.

This was what rainy seasons were like.

It might take quite some time for the rain to stop.

From where he stood, he could see the avenue, which was now quite empty, as the cars had cleared out, leaving only two rows of street lights shining quietly in the night.

He wrapped his arms around himself as he furrowed his thick eyebrows.

When he was accompanying Sun Yuhan for her doctor's checkup, he himself had gone for one as well. According to what the doctor said, there may have been a brain injury due to an accident some time ago. Thankfully, there were no blood clots in his brain.

As for the amnesia, the doctor could not give him an answer. His memories may come back to him at any time, or they never would, it was hard to say since his condition was way beyond the current medical scope. There was no cure, no drugs or surgeries that could restore his memories.

Consequently, he had to live with no answers for the rest of his life – not knowing who he was, or anything about his past.

He closed the curtains, blocking the light from shining in. The room was engulfed in darkness once again. He laid down and pillowed his head on his arm, but still he did not feel like sleeping.

Two years had passed. Two years and he still had not remembered a thing.

As usual, he stroked his left ring finger. There was no longer a ring there. He had worn the ring for two years, as it was the only thing he had left. If it was not for the ring, he would have not gone through the two years of poverty. He sold the ring in the end.

He had worn the ring on his ring finger, which was the place closest to the heart. What did this ring represent, that made him love it so much? Till this day, he still did not know.

In the morning, when he opened his eyes, Sun Yuhan was still sleeping. He opened the door carefully, walked toward her and pressed his hand to her forehead. When he felt that the fever had gone down, he breathed a sigh of relief.

Sun Yuhan was still in a deep sleep, he could even hear her occasional snoring.

He gently let out a sigh, then pulled the door open and walked out.

He then took out some spare change from the drawers. He wanted to go grocery shopping and make lunch. Since it was the weekend, the stock market was closed.

Sun Yuhan had to rush the signing process for the rent agreement and the rental payments of her clients. This would earn her another 10,000 yuan, when she did not even have to do anything. The money was like water flowing into her pocket. On the other hand, Jiu Yue was good at stock speculating. He had already earned tens of thousands in a few days' time, yet he did not really regard it as important.

Meanwhile, Sun Yuhan was always bothered by a gut feeling that if he had put more dedication into it, he might even have earned even more.

However, she did know that both risk and luck came together when dealing in the stock market. There was always a risk of earning more or even losing more than what you had.

Jiu Yue was also human, not a god. It was not like he only profited and never lost. He has lost before, a huge amount in fact. However, Sun Yuhan had made him out to be a legend. The god of stock markets was not the best position to be in, and one can even say that there was no such god.

## Chapter 746: Hit and Run

Once the contract had been signed, the rental deposit went right into Sun Yuhan's bank card. She spun the card between her fingers. For some reason, her heart felt heavier than before. It was strange—she had money, a new house, and pretty much anything she desired; so why was she feeling so uneasy?

The more capable Jiu Yue was, the more she grew afraid.

It was even worse than what they had back then. Back then, they were poor, but they got by relying on each other. She worked at a small private enterprise where the pay was pathetic, while Jiu Yue took on gigs like distributing flyers and delivering milk. They made little every month, but it had made her feel like they were long-term couples. But now...

Even she could not say what went wrong. Something bothered her. Something that she could not explain and made her uncomfortable. Something she never put to words.

At night, she dragged Jiu Yue to go shopping with her.

She held Jiu Yue's hand and rocked it gently. She liked the warmth on his fingers. His fingers were warm, but she couldn't help but worry that they would slip out of her grip someday.

"Let's get married, Jiu Yue," she said suddenly, having mustered her courage. At first, she took care of Jiu Yue only because she needed company, and to repay him for saving her life during the flood. Jiu Yue had lost his memories because of her, and to him, she held gratitude and guilt. She had never thought about marrying him, or if he was the right one for her.

But now, with their living conditions, she grew fearful that he would leave her.

She couldn't bear to part with him. She needed him.

"You do realize that I'm a man who doesn't know my own identity?" said Jiu Yue coolly. He had never held Sun Yuhan's hand on his own; she always took the initiative. Neither did he ever think about marrying her.

He had not yet regained his past, his memories.

He could've been married. Could've even been a father. Accepting her proposal before getting his memories back was not only imprudent, but also irresponsible to themselves.

Such irresponsibility could turn into sin, a sin that neither of them can shoulder.

"What if you never regain your memories?" asked Sun Yuhan, giving his fingers a hard pinch. Jiu Yue did not flinch, apparently impervious to pain.

He had, of course, considered the possibility as well. What if he never regains his memory and lives the rest of his life this way?

He had posted the question to himself for countless times, but no answers popped up in his mind. He did not know how to answer it.

They continued walking forward. This wasn't a pleasant conversation at all.

Sun Yuhan stopped walking and sniffed. Then she began to cry. How could she not cry? She could not have felt more miserable. Women's tears are their best weapon, a weapon that was stronger and more effective than any man's fist when used well.

Jiu Yue stopped too. At length, he reached over and placed his hand on her shoulders. Even as he did so, he did not grant her any promises.

Sun Yuhan's face darkened. She pinched his hand so hard she nearly tore some flesh off, but Jiu Yue walked on in silence, as though Sun Yuhan was pinching a log instead of him.

He did not know what pain was.

Sun Yuhan hung her head low and kicked a rock by the road. Perhaps she had kicked it too far, for she heard a soft exclaim. Someone must have been hit, she thought. Jiu Yue made to investigate, but Sun Yuhan dragged him away, afraid of the consequences.

Jiu Yue looked down at her panicking profile. In the end, he pursed his lips and said nothing.

They heard some footsteps behind them. Sun Yuhan heaved a sigh of relief. The rock probably didn't land in the unlucky fellow's eyes, or anywhere that mattered.

Soon after they left, a woman emerged from the garden, her head hung low. She was looking at her cup of milk tea, which had a rock in it.

She shook her head and threw the cup into the trash.

Who did it? She could promise not to hit the culprit, though she might beat them to death.

She turned around to buy another cup. The cold wind blustered against her face. Her lips were red, her teeth gleaming white, and her features delicate. She smiled at the remembrance of something.

That was when her phone rang. She rifled her phone from her bag and walked to the side of the road, where she had parked her bicycle.

"What's wrong? Is he still insistent on getting his role?"

"Exactly," said Luo Lin, irritated. "His manager comes here every day."

"Haven't you directed him to me?"

"I did. He's doing his final struggles because he couldn't find you."

"Ignore him and focus on finalizing the cast members," said Yan Huan, hopping onto her bike. She had started the day on high spirits, but now she was feeling a little gloomy, perhaps thanks to the rock in her milk tea.

Sun Yuhan picked at her food. She looked up at the man sitting across her, whose attention was solely on his food. Since the start of dinner, he had not said a single word. She always knew there was a phrase known as "cold violence", but not what it meant; now she did.

"Let's go out after dinner, Jiu Yue. There's some stuff I would like to buy," she suggested.

Jiu Yue continued eating, neither consenting nor objecting.

Sun Yuhan suddenly reached over and grabbed his hand.

“I’m sorry, okay? I won’t do it again. I’m just not used to all this. Don’t you remember what happened last time, when we got scammed after knocking someone down? He was perfectly fine, but we had to live on pickled vegetables and white buns for days afterward.”

Jiu Yue reached out and fondled her hair, letting out a soft sigh.

“Don’t do it again. We have the money to make amendments now. For certain types of people, all we owe is an apology, but not everyone is like that guy.”

As far as he knew, one should always own up to his own mistakes and take responsibility. To him, that was what morals meant. Perhaps all the other party wanted was an apology. Escaping like what they did gave him a troubled conscience.

His moral baseline forbids him from doing something like that.

“I know,” said Sun Yuhan as she gladly returned to her food, feeling much better.

After dinner, she dragged Jiu Yue outside to wander around aimlessly. It was only 7 PM, so there were many people outside. They had the option of going to the parade square, where they could watch middle-aged women doing their routine mass dance. Sun Yuhan used to love watching them. Of course, she never participated herself. She had put in a decent amount of time trying to learn the dance but to no avail, which she blamed on a lack of talent. In the end, she was content herself as part of the audience.

### **Chapter 747: A Strange Car Accident**

The rainy season seemed to have passed. Before this, the avenue had been rather quiet as the street performers and the hawkers were absent for a few days.

However, there were more people around today. Some food stalls had been set up and there were a few trishaws running around.

The food stalls were selling all sorts of snacks like squid balls, fried dough sticks, fish balls and a variety of other street food. There were plenty of customers huddling around the stalls for a bite to eat. In fact, River Xun was a decent place to hang out as long as one was loaded with money.

For instance, someone like Sun Yuhan who used to not even be able to take care of her own basic needs, would definitely not have the leisure.

The busy ones would always remain busy, while the carefree ones continued to be carefree.

That was why people said that life was always unfair. All we had to do was to find the balance amidst the inequality and find our place to survive.

Yan Huan halted her bicycle. She felt somewhat sorry for herself as she joined the elderly ladies at the square everyday for the aerobic dances. However, she had also figured out why the women enjoyed the aerobic dances. It was rather enjoyable to have a group of friends moving to the same melody.



Moreover, the aerobic dance was not restricted to only elderly ladies. Yan Huan could definitely join as she liked.

She mingled within the crowd and no one would notice her identity. They would think of her as Yan Huan's doppelganger instead of the real Yan Huan. Furthermore, it was almost impossible for a well-known actress like her to visit a small town like this and dance with the other women everyday.

"Let's go," said Sun Yuhan, thinking that she had spent enough time here and it was about time to leave. Thus, they left the square and took a stroll nearby, trying to strengthen their relationship. However, Jiu Yue had never been a talkative person. Most of the time, Sun Yuhan was the one who was asking questions while Jiu Yue answered them passively.

There were awkward moments occasionally, but she had adapted to their way of interaction.

As she raised her head, intending to say something to Jiu Yue, she saw a car running toward their direction. Instinctively, she pushed Jiu Yue away. Followed by that, a deafening thump echoed throughout the air and she was thrown into the air while Jiu Yue was shoved to the side of the road. His head hit the floor hard and he lost his consciousness consequently.

The car did not stop but sped off even after it knocked down two people. Yan Huan halted her bicycle right before she saw the car coming at her direction. She abandoned her bicycle hastily and threw herself backward. The car made an abrupt turn and avoided her, but hit another person. However, a stranger accidentally pushed the bicycle, causing it to fall on top of Yan Huan. Immediately, she was overwhelmed by the excruciating pain that originated from her leg.

After hitting several poles, the car finally stopped. However, the driver never showed himself. Before long, ambulance and police sirens reverberated around the entire town.

"What's wrong?" the nurse asked as she helped Yan Huan up. Yan Huan pointed at her leg as she grunted, "My leg hurts."

For now, she could not walk. It was also obvious that half of her leg was terribly swollen.

The nurse called out for the doctor. The doctor quickly rushed over to check on Yan Huan's leg.

The doctor examined Yan Huan's leg as he inquired about the details of the accident. Meanwhile, Yan Huan was very compliant and answered every question he posed. Yan Huan was still sober and sensible. She understood that whining about the pain was not helpful at all and the most important thing now was for the doctor to diagnose her.

"Hmm. You seem to be fine. I don't think there's a bone fracture," the doctor said to Yan Huan after he wrapped up his inspection. Yan Huan heaved a sigh of relief. Indeed, she was very fortunate, unlike the others.

Once she got onto the ambulance, she looked out of the window and saw that the reporters had arrived. She sighed, reluctant to be on tomorrow's headlines that would definitely be about a severe multiple-vehicle collision that involved Yan Huan, the famous actress. In fact, she was more worried that the reporters would fake her death.

Without any delay, the ambulance sent the victims to the hospital for emergency treatment. From the ambulance, Yan Huan witnessed the scene of a woman being brought out of the car that was at fault for causing all of this. She appeared mentally unsound and was apparently driving under the influence of alcohol.

Yan Huan lowered her head to look at her bandaged leg, feeling like she was a magnet for misfortune. She knew that she had to undergo another medical evaluation after she arrived at the hospital later, to check if she was suffering from other injuries. It was possible that she was having a bad year because of her Chinese zodiac. Maybe, she should leave this place as soon as possible as she probably did not belong here.

She had not disclosed to anyone regarding her involvement in the car accident.

“What’s your name?”

The nurse asked her.

“Hmm...” Yan Huan blinked before she fixed her glasses.

“Luo Lin.”

Without much hesitation, she blurted Luo Lin’s name. But, she quickly felt guilty about it. Sorry, Luo Lin. I’m not using your name for any misdemeanour.

“Where are you from?” the nurse continued asking.

“Sea City.”

“How old are you?”

“I’m 26 years old.”

She rested her face on the glass and exhaled gently. Her leg was still painful, while her chest felt heavy. She was feeling so depressed and was on the brink of tears.

Before long, they arrived at the hospital. Yan Huan was in the best condition among all the victims, as the rest of them, who were covered in blood, were wounded beyond recognition. One of the men came in with his head soaked in blood. Feeling spooked, Yan Huan grabbed the corner of her shirt as she wondered about the prognosis of this poor man. Another woman was carried into the hospital and Yan Huan was taken aback when she saw the face of the woman who was strangely familiar.

She could recall the one time she met this woman, when they fought over a dress in the boutique. Yan Huan was not proud of her memory skills. But, she remembered the significant event when the salesperson forwent her conscience and complimented the dark-skinned, skinny and ugly lady after she put on the blue dress.

Nonetheless, she bought the dress.

She reckoned that a fool would always have more money than an average person.

However, this woman was now badly injured. Yan Huan prayed for her speedy recovery.

Yan Huan waited for her turn to be examined. All this while, she was avoiding the reporters.

She got the diagnosis very soon. It was fortunate that she was not suffering from any major injury, and her bones were not fractured. There were only some minor bruises and cuts which the doctor at the scene had already attended to. She did not require intravenous therapy at all. She only felt the soreness of her leg muscles when she walked. She covered her face with her scarf and lowered her head. She appeared as though she was being burdened by something depressing, to the extent that she felt almost suffocated.

“Why? Are our blood reserves insufficient?”

### **Chapter 748: Let’s Save Him**

A nurse hurried over.

“None,” replied the doctor, equally anxious. “The patient has a rare blood type—RH negative AB blood. We don’t have it in our supplies. I have already sent someone over to the central hospital to ask for some, but they are still coordinating due to a shortage in supply.”

“What do we do then?” asked the nurse, panicking. “The patient needs a blood transfusion, or else he might die. After losing that much blood, if he does not get the blood transfusion in time, there will be a high chance of sequelae due to the brain ischemia even if he manages to pull through.”

The doctor was even more anxious, but what could they do? Not even one in ten thousand people is guaranteed to have that rare blood. To make matters worse, even the central blood station had run out of supplies.

Yan Huan was about to leave—whoever was in there had nothing to do with her—but something made her stop. For some reason, she couldn’t make herself leave.

She closed her eyes. When she opened them again, she realized that her hands at both sides of her body were clenched tightly.

Let’s save him then.

It wasn’t as if a little blood was going to cost her her life.

She turned around and walked to the doctor.

“Are you feeling unwell, Miss?” asked the nurse, thinking that she needed assistance.

Yan Huan shook her head. “No, I’m fine. I just happened to overhear your conversation.”

The nurse stared at her, baffled.

“You need RH negative AB blood, right?”

The nurse still did not understand.

Yan Huan pushed her hair back, looked up, and smiled, a weary smile.

“I have it.”

She was brought to the blood-sampling room by the nurse, where she had her blood extracted and tested. As she said, her blood proved to be of the super rare RH negative AB blood type.

It wasn't her first time donating blood, but she still cried when the thick needle stabbed into her blood vessels.

"It's alright, the pain will go away in a while. The patient didn't lose that much blood, so we'll only need around 500CC from you," consoled the nurse. They also gave her a hand-warmer to hold.

Yan Huan's hand tightened around the hand warmer. She wasn't crying cause of the pain; it was the familiar sensation of bleeding out, the feeling of heat leaving her body.

After extracting about 500CC of blood, she sat there listening to the messy footsteps of the nurses. One of them covered her in a blanket carefully.

When Yan Huan opened her eyes again and checked the time, it was almost midnight.

Can she still go home at this hour?

"How about you rest a little longer?" suggested a nurse. "Your legs are injured, so you shouldn't be doing too much walking. Rest now and have another examination tomorrow. That way, we'll all be at ease."

Yan Huan nodded her agreement. She was weary, truly. Sleep came quickly when she laid down on the empty bed the doctor assigned her.

The next time she woke up was due to pain. The bouts of pain coming from her legs were hard to bear.

"How are you feeling today?" asked the nurse as she entered her room.

"It hurts a little," said Yan Huan, pointing to her legs.

The nurse inspected her wounds carefully. "Don't worry, the wound isn't infected. It's normal to feel some pain."

Relieved, Yan Huan resumed her lying position. It's good that it wasn't infected; she really didn't want to be hospitalized, where she would be lonely and uncared for.

"By the way," she remembered something. "How's that person doing?"

"That person?" asked the nurse, slow on the uptake. Before long, she understood what she meant. "Are you talking about the person who received your blood?"

"Mhm," nodded Yan Huan. "Is he alright?"

"Yes, he's fine. He has yet to regain his consciousness, but he's going to be fine. The operation had been successful thanks to your timely blood donation. Otherwise, his life would have been at risk due to hypovolemic shock, and he would never be as good as he is now. The woman that was with him isn't doing so well, though."

It's a strange affair, thought the nurse as she recalled the woman in question. She was just going about her day, when what could only be called a freak accident befell her.

Things weren't so bad for the guy; despite hitting his head, he had not received any major injuries. All that was left for him was to regain consciousness, and the rest of his injuries would heal in time. The woman had not been so lucky; her legs were severely damaged, and might even have to be amputated. The doctors had not yet come to an agreement as to whether that was necessary.

Yan Huan was reminded of the phrase "life is unpredictable" as she listened to the nurse's ramblings. Humans can never know what the future held for them, or in what manner their deaths will be. Should she feel lucky to have gotten away with just a few scrapes?

The investigation of the accident had concluded as well: the female driver was drunk-driving, most likely due to an unsuccessful relationship, and the crash had left one dead, two severely wounded, and five injured. Compared to the others, Yan Huan's injuries were the lightest. By the time the police tried to find her, she had already left the hospital. It looks like she had to stay here for a while longer, at least until she had fully recovered. She couldn't go back covered in scrapes and bruises again.

She exited the hospital from its entrance. There were many people entering and leaving the hospital, a place with both the despair of death and hope of life.

It wasn't a likable place; it could even be said to be a detestable place.

She tied her scarf under her chin and walked out, her legs still hurting vaguely. She could still walk, at least. Recalling the woman who faced amputation, she felt sad for her, and lucky for herself.

May good people be blessed with a peaceful life.

Of course, bad people deserve to receive their due punishment. No one should have impunity after endangering the life or health of others. The drunk driver had to be held accountable for her actions, whether it was life-imprisonment or the death penalty that awaited her.

She walked on. Suddenly, feeling a pang of pain, she clasped her elbow at the spot where the needle had entered.

The pain was all too familiar to her. She hated blood extraction. The memory from her past life was too fresh, and her fears had not yet gone away.

She walked on. The wind blew at her hair, occasionally releasing a few strands from the scarf's imprisonment and setting them on her pale face.

The man on the bed had not yet awakened, but his breathing was stable and his face calm. He was frowning a little, which suggested that his sleep wasn't very restful.

Suddenly, his eyes snapped open. Immediately, he felt sharp pangs of pain at his forehead, as though someone was prodding him with a needle.

#### **Chapter 749: Mismatched Memories**

He touched his head lightly and felt the bandages that were wrapped around it while fragments of his memories flooded his mind. There was too much to recall, too many memories returning at the same time, so overwhelming that his head buzzed and his mind turned into complete blankness.

Moments later, when he finally returned to his senses, he found himself surrounded by doctors and nurses in white scrubs, murmuring incoherently.

“He’s awake, the patient is awake.” Upon noticing the patient’s return to consciousness, one of the nurses hurriedly informed the doctor who then promptly followed her over.

“How are you feeling? Are you experiencing any discomfort?” The patient had thoroughly given them a fright when his heart rate suddenly went out of control and displayed signs of rapid palpitations. While it was true that the operation was a complete success, the human brain was, after all, the most intricate organ of the human body. One small misstep could lead to severe aftereffects.

The man squinted slightly. After a while, he pressed his chapped lips together.

“What happened to the woman who came with me?”

His voice was terribly hoarse at the moment, almost as if he was speaking with a throatful of sand.

The doctor pondered for a moment, but decided to tell him the truth, “She’s not doing too well. One of her legs was severely fractured and might need to be amputated. Currently, we’ve opted for rehabilitative therapy and we are trying our best to preserve her leg.”

“No,” the man’s thin lips fluttered, “I will not allow her to undergo an amputation.”

Despite the huskiness of his voice, the intention beneath his words was chilling and intimidating, even more so when coupled with his habitual apathetic character from always being in command.

“We will try our best,” the doctor quickly comforted the man.

“Another thing,” the doctor resumed questioning, “Sir, we could only find the lady’s information, but none regarding yourself. May I have your name?”

The man closed his eyes once again, refusing to speak any further.

Soon after, perhaps after catching wind that the patient had regained consciousness, inspectors from the police station arrived, with the intention of asking a few questions.

A policeman stood before the bed and asked, “Sir, do you mind answering some questions?”

The man lifted his eyelids indifferently. His head was still in pain, but it was much more bearable as compared to when he had just woken up.

“No.” A softly uttered syllabus that could be considered as a positive response.

Upon hearing this, the police picked up a pen and sat down to begin writing.

“Sir, may I have your name?”

The man stared at the ceiling. His dark eyes harbored a certain darkness and clarity that was unseen in any other.

“Jiu Yue...”

“... No, my name is Lu Yi.”

“Your age?” the police continued asking.

“31 years old.”

“Where are you from?” As a matter of fact, they had tried searching for his personal data before. Although they have managed to uncover information regarding the woman, there was none regarding this man. Even the section on personal identity was left blank.

It was almost as if he came out of nowhere. He can’t be an illegal immigrant, right?

“Sea City,” the man’s lips fluttered. His voice, though soft, was clearly coherent.

“Then, may I know your occupation?” The police officer pressed on.

At this moment, the man had closed his eyes, expressing his unwillingness to continue answering.

A nurse entered and shook her head at the police officer. “You should give him some time to recover before proceeding with your interrogation. He is suffering from a severe injury on his head. That’s why he might not be completely sober.”

“Fine.” The police officer could only take his leave temporarily to return another day.

He had already written down a few pieces of information on his record book: Name, Lu Yi; Age, 31; Place of Birth, Sea City. As for the rest, no information could be gathered. Of course, there was no way to investigate further as of now. The most significant matter at hand would be the procedure to follow as well as the approach to be taken in dealing with the accident.

As the hospital ward was vacated, the man opened his eyes once again. He stretched his palm out before his eyes. There was still some lingering sense of uncertainty.

How did I end up here? He knew that he had lost some of his memories. Even though he had regained a portion of it already, it seemed as if the most important piece of them all still remained unrecalled. For instance, he had no idea how did he end up here. He became certain that he had lost parts of his memories when he did some simple math with his current age and the current date. He was supposed to be 31 years old and seemed to have lost a few years of memories. From what he deduced, he had probably been at River Xun for a whole two years.

The events from a few years ago seemed as if it had only happened yesterday. Regardless, he had recovered some of his memories. Despite that, it was uncertain when he could recall the rest of it.

Did I really come here because of Jiu Yue?

His memories were messy and his mind was in turmoil. There were many events that he could not remember at all. All he could remember was his address and identity, but recalled nothing else regarding the details.

In another ward, Sun Yuhan watched everything with a blank expression. She clenched her fists and pulled at her blanket with great force.

“Jiu Yue, I don’t want my leg to be cut off. I don’t want to get amputation. I don’t want to be a cripple,” she tugged the man’s hand as she sobbed intermittently. She did not want to be handicapped.

The glint in the man's eyes dimmed briefly when she referred to him as Jiu Yue. In fact, he had already recalled his real name. He knew he was Lu Yi, a man from Sea City. He was a prosecutor and his parents were alive and well. The next thing he knew, he was a single man.

He placed his hand on Su Yuhan's forehead, calming her down with the warmth of his palm. "Everything will be fine. You don't have to cut off your leg. Trust me."

Sun Yuhan was still worried and too afraid to even sleep. She could only calm herself down briefly by clasping Lu Yi's arm. However, the moment he went out of her sight, or when she felt the temperature of his palm dissipating, she would once again be troubled by suspicions. She could not sleep out of the fear that she would lose her leg in her sleep and she would be left a cripple. Amputating her leg was like taking away her life.

"Jiu Yue, tell me, what should I do?" Sun Yuhan grabbed Lu Yi's hand as she trembled.

"There's nothing you can do. It will recover soon enough." Lu Yi was a patient at the hospital himself. For the past few days, he had been staying by her side all day, only returning to his bed to receive the necessary jabs and rest after she fell asleep. The progress of his recovery was almost stagnant by now. The doctor suggested that it could be due to the recent impact on his head that he managed to recall some of his past, although it was unsure if he would eventually recover all of his remaining memories.

After all, it was impossible for him to hit his head on purpose again. This was an idea that was only plausible in a movie. He was not so foolish to put his life at risk.

The doctor further proposed some other treatment plans, but they were all rejected by Lu Yi. He would not give his consent to any experimental surgeries. Neither would he let Sun Yuhan lose her leg. She only ended up in her current situation because she had to save him.

### **Chapter 750: You Have To Marry Me**

That's why he had to take responsibility, not only for Sun Yuhan, but also for her legs. There was a silver lining, however; the condition of her legs wasn't deteriorating, despite not having recovered. This was a good start. As long as it didn't worsen, there was the hope of recovery.

The hospital took Sun Yuhan's injury seriously, and they gathered a few specialists to work out a passable operation plan. If the operation succeeded, Sun Yuhan's legs would be saved.

But before the operation could begin, Sun Yuhan put up a fierce struggle, convinced that they were trying to saw her legs off. The anxiety and distress made her heart rate and blood pressure rise sharply, to the extent that it made her unfit for operation.

"They aren't trying to saw off your legs," assured Lu Yi. He had been at it for a while already. Sun Yuhan did not listen to the doctor, the nurses, or anyone; except for Lu Yi. She ate when he told her to eat, and slept when he told her to sleep. Lu Yi's presence brought her comfort and safety.

"Promise you are not lying to me?" Sun Yuhan was still afraid. "Can you really promise?"

"I promise," said Lu Yi earnestly. Of course, he wasn't lying either. He would not have agreed to an amputation operation.

Removing a leg wasn't the same as losing a strand of hair or gaining an extra scar; legs don't grow back.



“What if the operation doesn’t succeed?” asked Sun Yuhan worriedly. Without her legs, what did she have?

“It’ll definitely succeed,” assured Lu Yi. Even so, his comforts didn’t mean much, because Sun Yuhan was the one who was going through the operation, not him. Neither he nor the doctor could guarantee a 100% rate of success. What if it failed? The cost might not just be her legs, but also her entire life.

Gritting her teeth, Sun Yuhan suddenly gripped Lu Yi’s sleeves.

She then turned away, still not giving her consent. But the operation could not be delayed any further. As the doctor had said, the bone might grow into the wrong places if they dragged on any longer. At that point, they would have to break the bones and realign it. It was a torturing process, and the pain would be unbearable for anyone.

“What could help you make up your mind? We don’t have much time left,” said Lu Yi, leaning closer. His black pupils matched Sun Yuhan’s. “If you reject this operation, you will eventually lose your leg or even your life. You know that. You have to go through it to recover, to get back on your feet again. Living as you are now isn’t called living.”

“I...” Sun Yuhan didn’t know what to say. She didn’t want the operation. Not in the least bit. She was still scared.

Suddenly, she bit her bloodless lips. “Okay...but there is one condition.”

“Go on,” said Lu Yi, relieved that she finally agreed. Otherwise, he couldn’t force her to take the operation either. The operation consent form had to be signed by her since she had no kin at the moment. If she did not give her consent, no one dared to operate on her.

“You have to marry me,” Sun Yuhan looked up, her eyes dead fixed on Lu Yi.

“I’m putting my life and my leg at stake here, but it’s a gamble I can’t afford to lose. That’s why you have to marry me.”

Lu Yi fell silent in contemplation.

Cold sweat formed on Sun Yuhan’s hand.

Say yes! Come on, say yes already! I was the one who saved you! My leg got injured because of you too! It doesn’t make sense that I should shoulder everything.

Lu Yi was still for a moment. Finally, his gaze stopped at Sun Yuhan’s legs.

He then looked up at Sun Yuhan’s emotional face.

“Okay,” he nodded. “I’ll marry you.”

Yan Huan jolted awake, her head clammy from cold sweat. Why did I sweat so much, she thought as she touched her forehead. She yanked her blanket away and stared at her bandaged leg. Could the wound have festered?

She slipped into her clothes, donned her hat and spectacles, and made for the hospital.

“No,” said the doctor after examining her. “There aren’t any signs of festering. In fact, it’s recovering pretty well.”

“There had been cold sweats and palpitations,” said Yan Huan, clamping her hand over her chest. What was going on with her body?

“Is that so?” the doctor penned down a slip. “I’ll refer you for an ECG test.”

Yan Huan received the slip with brewing uneasiness. Could there really have been something wrong with her heart? But there shouldn’t be any problems. During her annual medical checkups, putting all else aside, her heart had always been in good shape. There hadn’t been anything wrong with her heart in either of her lifetimes.

The ECG test proved her right. As for her palpitations, the doctor had no explanations either. If there wasn’t something physically wrong with her, then it had to be a mental issue.

Yan Huan took out her phone and gave Yi Ling a call.

“Is there something wrong, Huanhuan?” Yi Ling sat up from her lying position on the sofa and carefully set Little Lei aside to eat on his own. Little Lei blinked and took things into his own hands, which soon resulted in his face being covered in food.

“Nothing,” said Yan Huan, still jumpy. “I just wanted to ask... did something happen at home?”

“Not that I know of,” said Yi Ling. “Everything’s fine at home. Lin Lang is doing well too. We have been receiving a lot of endorsement offers lately. Nothing has happened to the Ye Family or Lu Family either.”

Really?

Is that really the case?

Yan Huan still felt unsure, but she knew Yi Ling wasn’t one that would lie to her. Plus, Yi Ling’s tone would never have been so relaxed and collected if something really did happen.

Yan Huan could only put down her phone. Still, the palpitations made it hard to breathe.

On the other end, Yi Ling put her phone down as well. She turned back to find Little Lei’s face in a mess.

“I’m done, Mama,” announced Little Lei, holding his rice-pasted face and grinning dully.

“Oh, you,” said Yi Ling, unsure if she should laugh or cry. She snapped a picture and sent it to Yan Huan.

“Look what happened during our call.”