

### Chapter 821: You Lied

Meanwhile, Yan Huan was a bit anemic. Thus, her blood pressure would be very low sometimes. She could not react to it as she was feeling dizzy.

"My head is spinning..." She closed her eyes. She felt so dizzy to the point whereby she had the urge to cry.

Lu Yi was shocked. He quickly helped her up and placed his hand on her forehead.

"I'm dizzy."

Suddenly, Yan Huan started to cry like a young kid.

"I'm dizzy, I'm dizzy," she shook her head continuously. She was really feeling faint; it was really painful.

"No worries, I will send you to the hospital," Lu Yi picked her up immediately. He was worried that she might have hurt her head during the fall just now.

Upon reaching the hospital, she had to go through a series of examinations. Fortunately, her brain was absolutely fine. It was probably her low blood glucose level which caused her to feel dizzy all of a sudden. However, thank goodness, it was not as severe as he thought it would be.

Lu Yi came into the room and saw Yan Huan, who was lying down on the hospital bed. She originally had a very fair complexion. At this moment, it felt as if she was as pale as the white bed sheets. It almost seemed as if she was drained of blood.

What was the point for her to be reborn again? Was it to seek vengeance or was it to alter her fate once again? However, Lu Yi felt that her purpose was to save his life.

After all these attempts, it was as if she had been drained of all her blood.

He walked over to the bed and sat down. He then rested his hand on her face. No wonder she could not gain weight. She had been losing blood again and again. How was it possible for her to gain weight?

She had been selling her blood in her past life. Why? Did she have to do it again in her present life?

Yan Huan opened her eyes gradually. All she saw was a blinding white. She hated this shade of white, and rejected it instinctively.

"What's wrong? Do you feel uncomfortable?" Lu Yi stroked her forehead and realized that she had been sweating. Was she feeling unwell again?

Yan Huan shook her head again. She suddenly felt heavy-hearted; it was painful.

"I want to go home."

"Okay, let's go home."

Lu Yi stood up again. He asked the doctor whether Yan Huan could be discharged. After gaining permission from the doctor, Lu Yi brought Yan Huan out of the hospital.

"I don't want to go to the Classical Garden," Yan Huan sniffled. "Do not let grandfather worry about me."

Although that old man had a sharp tongue, he was kind-hearted. She did not want the old man to worry about her, as she was fine. Besides, she did not fake it. She did feel dizzy and was still feeling terrible.

Lu Yi steered the car into another direction. He did not head to the Classical Garden; instead, they were headed to the place where they used to stay.

"Okay, we are home."

Lu Yi helped Yan Huan lay down on the bed, and pulled the quilt up to her chin. Then, he touched her forehead. Why is she still sweating?

"I want milk," Yan Huan pouted, as she was thirsty.

"I'll pour some for you."

Lu Yi stood up and walked to the kitchen. He took out a bottle of milk from the fridge and poured it into a little pot to heat it up. Soon, he entered the room again, but Yan Huan was already fast asleep.

He walked over and patted Yan Huan's face gently.

"Huanhuan, drink some milk. You can go back to sleep after finishing it."

The doctors had told her to drink more water, but she did not want to. She insisted on drinking milk. Forget it. If she wants to drink milk, then milk it is. At least there is water in the milk.

"I don't want to," Yan Huan shook her head. She did not want to drink the milk. She did not want to drink anything at all.

"Huanhuan..." Lu Yi reached out his hand to pat her face once again. "Wake up."

Finally, Yan Huan opened her eyes, but she burst into tears once she saw Lu Yi. She wrapped her arms around Lu Yi's neck and burrowed her face into his chest.

"Lu Yi, Lu Yi..."

"Yes, don't cry. I'm here," Lu Yi embraced the woman tightly. His fingers could almost touch her bones. She was really thin. She was even thinner and more pitiable than before.

Why isn't she gaining weight?

"Lu Yi, why did you lie to me?" Yan Huan whispered. Perhaps she was not even sure whether she was still in her dreams or in reality. All that she knew was that at this point of time, the person who was hugging her felt warm, alive, and real.

Lu Yi stroked her hair gently. No matter what I have lied about, I must have done it without malice or intention to cause you harm.

He would never lie to Yan Huan. Even if he did, he just did not want her to get hurt.

“You lied to me, you lied, you...” Yan Huan uttered those words repetitively. Meanwhile, this liar did not know whose heart he had hurt.

“You lied to me.” Her eyelashes drooped a little. It was soaked in tears, and thus had become rather heavy. She could not open her eyes.

“You lied to me,” she sniffled.

“You lied to me...” There was sleepiness in her voice, but she was still uttering the same sentence.

“You lied to me. I am infertile, not you.”

“I am actually infertile...”

Lu Yi was stunned. His fingers, which were on her back, were clenched tightly into a fist, to the point that his fingernails were digging into his palm.

He tucked Yan Huan in gently and cautiously, while Yan Huan turned over and continued to sleep on her side. She was protecting herself instinctively.

Lu Yi came out of the room once again. However, his eyes were pervaded with a layer of frost, which made him look cold. He took out his phone and called the military hospital without any concerns about the time now.

“I want to look for Military Doctor Lee.” He went to the balcony and allowed the chilly wind to blow at him, as if the wind was peeling something off layer by layer, revealing the wounds inside that had already scabbed over.

It then tore off, allowing fresh blood to flow down his skin; allowing it to be exposed to the air and being battered by the wind and rain. In the end, the wounds had failed to recover, even after such a long time.

“You told her about it?” Lu Yi asked Military Doctor Lee. “I’ve told you to keep this matter confidential, right? Why does she know about it?”

Military Doctor Lee felt a little awkward at the other end of the phone. “I thought you were dead at that time, so I told her when she asked me about this. Who would have known that you are still alive? Lu Yi, just tell me, is there anyone else in this world who has a more miserable fate than you?”

“You died two years ago, and the death certificate is given. Everyone thought that you were dead, but why are you still alive?”

Military Doctor Lee contemplated for a while before he continued, “You probably did it with good intentions. However, I need to emphasize on the fact that she has the right to know about her own health condition. You might be doing this for her wellbeing, but sometimes, keeping the truth from her will instead bring her harm. She will find out about it sooner or later, especially if she starts to investigate about it. Am I wrong?”

Lu Yi put down his cellphone. His arms and legs were almost frozen when he returned from the balcony. He was trembling; but he felt numb.

He pushed the door open gently. Yan Huan was wide awake, sitting on the bed and hugging her knees like a lost child. Her eyes were cloudy. She did not know what she was looking at; perhaps she was not even looking at anything.

### **Chapter 822: She's the One Who's Infertile**

Lu Yi walked to the bed, removed his shoes, and sat down. He embraced her from behind.

The night will pass, to be sure, and dawn will arrive.

The darkness they see now was only the prelude to a new day.

Yan Huan stiffened. She tried to struggle, but she couldn't move an inch in his tight embrace. Besides, she was tired...too tired to struggle.

She relaxed, both physically and mentally. In an instant, all her strength left her.

"Huanhuan, we don't need to have a child," whispered Lu Yi, his voice hoarse. "Haven't we agreed on that?"

Lu Yi pressed his chin against Yan Huan's head, carefully avoiding her wound as he did so.

"Is that why you chose a divorce? Because you wanted to protect my reputation? To protect the Lu Family's reputation? Have you not considered that me being childless might be destiny at work? Wasn't that what happened in my previous life? You said I married Fang Zhu but never had a child. Perhaps we are simply not fated to be parents."

Yan Huan gave no reply. Her eyelashes drooped as a few drops of cool tears rolled off the back of her hand.

Lu Yi held her tighter.

"I can live without a child, but I cannot live without you."

Yan Huan sniffed. She felt horrible. Miserable.

"Don't cry, okay?" Lu Yi pressed her chin against her head again. "Didn't you suggest adoption? Let's do that, shall we? You being infertile, me being infertile, what's the difference? We have already decided on what to do, so why does that matter?"

He never stopped talking that night, and she never stopped crying, for the child he and she will never have in this life. She fell asleep in the morning, her eyes swollen from crying. All the crying had made her weary.

Lu Yi placed a hand on her forehead. He was shocked by how hot it was.

She was having a fever. He Yibin came rushing in a short while.

He diagnosed it to be a mere flu after running some tests, and proceed to hook her up to an IV. The veins on the back of her hand were bulging. Her thin fingers looked as though they might snap at any moment.

Yet this was the pair of hands that dug up lives from rubbles. This was the pair of hands that helped her survive in a flood for two days and two nights. This was the pair of hands that created the #1 top-grossing film in China.

She was a strong and determined woman. Her path has always been a thorny one, and there were times when she felt like she couldn't go on, but she always pushed through, because she knew she couldn't stop. Stopping would mean getting hurt, or even dying. That's why she kept going on and on and on. Now, she was beyond tired.

Lu Yi put his hand on her face, gently running his fingers through her hair. His eyes misted with guilt.

"You remember now, don't you?" asked He Yibin abruptly. His instincts were rarely off.

He remembered. He definitely did. Otherwise, he wouldn't treat Yan Huan like this. This was the past Lu Yi, the real Lu Yi, the Lu Yi that loved Yan Huan with all he had, the Lu Yi that would sooner give up his life than lose Yan Huan.

Even if he lost her, he would search tirelessly until he finds her again, and protect her until the end of his days.

Lu Yi retracted his hand and turned to face He Yibin.

"Yes," he nodded. "I regained my memories."

"When?" asked He Yibin, relieved. That's good. That's good.

"After that car accident," replied Lu Yi. He stood up, walked to the window, and drew the curtains to block off the light. "When I woke up, I remembered everything."

But some things were too late to be changed.

One of those things being his divorce with Yan Huan.

Divorcing wasn't hard; all he had to do was sign his name. What was hard was getting back together. When they signed the agreement, they had lost more than their couple title. The divorce was a knife that left their hearts wounded and bleeding.

When Yan Huan opened her eyes again, she couldn't tell what time it was.

"What time is it?" she asked, rubbing her eyes, reluctant to get up.

Lu Yi walked up to her and moved her hand away.

"Don't rub your eyes with your dirty hands."

"They itch," simpered Yan Huan, pouting.

"They'll stop itching if I blow at them," said Lu Yi. He bent down and blew into her eyes. The brief wind made her eyelashes flutter and took away some of the discomfort.

She leaned her head against Lu Yi.

"Sleepy. I want to sleep more."

“Sleep more, then,” said Lu Yi, stroking her hair gently. He remained in his position.

It was normal for her to feel sleepy, since the medicines He Yibin had prescribed for her were known to induce drowsiness. Let her sleep.

Lu Yi lifted his wrist to consult his watch. It was 10 AM. He was feeling sleepy too—he hadn’t caught a wink throughout the entire night.

Forget it, he shall sleep too.

He shed off his jacket and laid down beside her. It had been a long time since they were in such close contact. They could hear each other’s breath, feel each other’s warmth.

Sleep well, he thought as he hugged her tighter. Her measured breaths made him realize she was sound asleep.

He shut his eyes. Perhaps it was the weariness, or perhaps it was the sense of return, but he slept without dreaming.

His eyes snapped open suddenly. He looked to the window. The blinding bright light had breached the dense curtains.

He adjusted himself slightly to block off the light with his back.

When he looked down, he saw his woman still sleeping quietly at his chest. He could tell from her measured breath that she hadn’t woken.

After an interminable amount of time, Yan Huan woke up and tried to rub her eyes. A hand forestalled her.

“Don’t rub your eyes.”

Her eyes were still groggy from sleep.

“They hurt, though,” she said, her discomfort plain to see.

### **Chapter 823: That Person**

“Let me check.” Lu Yi checked her eyes carefully. Her eyes were swollen.

“I’ll get a towel and give you a warm compress,” Lu Yi said as he got up and walked to the toilet. Soon, he came out with a warm towel in his hand. He folded it properly before placing it on Yan Huan’s eyes.

The heat from the towel warmed Yan Huan’s cheeks slightly. Although it was not unbearable, it was not that comfortable either.

“My face hurts,” she whined.

“Just endure it for a little bit more,” Lu Yi held her hand tightly. “Your eyes are swollen because you have been crying for a long time. There’s no instant cure for this. You will recover as long as you take a good rest and refrain from rubbing your eyes.”

Yan Huan laid there quietly. She then swiped her hand across the bed, seemingly looking for something.

“What are you looking for?” Lu Yi asked and searched along with her.

“Cellphone.” Yan Huan wanted her phone.

“Your eyes are swollen. Why do you still want to look at your phone?” Lu Yi tucked her hands below the quilt as he continued to search for her cellphone.

“I’m not going to look at my phone, but you are.” If Yan Huan’s eyes were not covered by the warm towel right now, she might be rolling her eyes at him.

Eventually, Lu Yi found Yan Huan’s cellphone. He pulled over Yan Huan’s finger and pressed it on the cellphone to unlock it. It was unlocked via fingerprint recognition.

“There are a few photos inside for you to look at. It is also for the sake of mentally preparing you so you will not be cuckolded.”

Lu Yi frowned. His fingers were a little itchy; he had the urge to strangle someone right now.

He located the photo gallery and scrolled downwards. Yan Huan did not keep many photos in her cellphone. Thus, he saw what she wanted him to see at a glance. He realized that there were a few distinct photos; they were photos of naked people.

Lu Qin and Sun Yuhan were in it.

He had warned her many times. If Sun Yuhan chose not to listen to his advice, that would be her own problem. It would be none of his business.

“Why are you not mad?”

Yan Huan removed the towel that was covering her eyes. Her eyes were still swollen, but she felt a lot better now.

“Why do I need to be mad?” Lu Yi threw the question back at Yan Huan.

“Why are you not mad? Your girl is cheating on you!” said Yan Huan sarcastically. It was all because of the term ‘your girl’.

“It is her own business.” Lu Yi gazed at Yan Huan’s eyes with his lips opened slightly. His words were uttered with great conviction, “I have yet to get my revenge on you. There are so many ways to divorce, yet you still chose to do it in this manner. Do you think that it is alright to tarnish your own reputation?”

Yan Huan sat up and threw the towel at Lu Yi’s face.

“I’m fine with tarnishing my own reputation. Anyway, I am already a widow.”

She put on her shoes. No matter what memories Lu Yi had regained, Yan Huan was not a doormat. She would not easily accept his apology and forgive him as it was. The women in the books who were willing to do everything, including giving up their lives for the men who simply said “I love you”, were stupid.

She rubbed her eyes again. As she turned around, she realized that the man was staring at her unblinkingly. His thin lips were slightly tensed. However, there were still remnants of a faint smile in his eyes.

Yan Huan was just like a deflated ball. She kicked away the pair of male slippers on the ground, which flew into the living room.

“You are getting more and more quick-tempered nowadays.”

Lu Yi’s voice could be heard from behind.

Yan Huan turned around and tidied up her clothes. She then spoke solemnly.

“This is what menopause does to people.”

Lu Yi was speechless.

Yan Huan made sure that her clothes were in order before walking out. She took the lift down and walked outside alone. The sky was gloomy. She paused and raised her head, noticing that it was already drizzling.

The rain under this weather was not that cold. However, it still felt cold as the rain fell on her. She wrapped herself up tightly in her clothes and continued to walk with her head down, until the rain seemed to have stopped. She paused in her steps and raised her head. She realized that there was an umbrella above her head.

She knew who was holding that umbrella, without a sense of doubt.

She did not speak a word. She kept moving forward instead. Meanwhile, the person behind her continued to follow her. The umbrella was still held above her head. The rain started to get heavier; some raindrops fell onto her face. The raindrops on the ground looked as if they were dancing; the rain creating a mud splatter. The petrichor was accompanied by a gush of cold air.

There were ripples at places where the rain dropped.

She walked to a mall to take shelter from the rain. However, she noticed that the man was still holding the umbrella as he stood in the rain. He had been standing behind her all along.

Yan Huan walked up the steps and stood there without saying a word. Meanwhile, the rain was getting heavier. It almost turned into a downpour in the end. She could still sense the chill of the rain, splashing on her even though she was sheltered.

As for that man, he stood upright all this while, without even moving a single inch.

The distance between them right now was not merely a few steps away; it seemed to be greater and further than that.

It was still raining, and the people on the streets were dwindling. The breeze smelled like petrichor; it felt cold and desolate. The sky gradually became darker.

The street lights lit up, casting bright pools of light under the fine drizzle. There were cars passing along the street. Many pedestrians seemed to be drenched from the rainwater which was occasionally splashed up by the cars. Yan Huan held her handphone in front of her. Actually, she was not even taking a picture of anything; she was merely recording a video of how the rain turned from a mere drizzle into a heavy downpour. At this moment, it had almost turned into a torrential rain.



Once again, she tugged her coat tighter around herself and walked away.

Meanwhile, that man stepped forward at the same time and held the umbrella above her head.

Yan Huan raised her head and looked at the umbrella above her. All of a sudden, tears started to well up in her eyes.

That person, do you still remember the man who was holding the umbrella?

That person, do you still remember that woman who was completely drenched in the rain?

However, things had changed over time. In fact, so many years had passed.

She turned around and lowered her head. She stepped on the puddles from time to time, creating one hole after another.

She had come out for a stroll. However, when it was time to go home, she did not know where to go.

Yes, where should she go? Although she had a net worth of over 100 million, she did not even have her own personal space. Thus, she made up her mind. She would clean up her personal space tomorrow. However, it was currently occupied by Yi Ling's junk.

She stepped into the water again. There were many puddles on the ground, too many to be avoided.

Her shoes were soaked; so were her socks.

As for where she should go, it seemed like she had nowhere to go. The only place that she could go was Lu Yi's. She did not even bring her identity card along with her; thus, she could not check-in at a hotel. Furthermore, her clothes were completely drenched. She did not even have any spare clothes to change into.

#### **Chapter 824: I Want the Living and Breathing You**

"Achoo!" She stopped and sneezed.

A warm hand reached over.

"Stop fooling around. It's time to go home."

It was an ordinary line, said in a way that suggested they just had a small quarrel. Only it wasn't a quarrel, but a divorce.

"Achoo!" she sneezed again. The coldness was sinking in.

"Let's go," he said, holding her hand tightly. His palms were as dry and warm as before.

Frankly speaking, wasn't a living, breathing person way better than a cold tombstone?

Yan Huan sneaked a peek at his chiseled chin. The look on his face was as hard and aloof as always. Indeed, he wasn't warm or soft enough, but that was who he was, a man with an icy face and a tender heart.

He never changed.

If so, who changed?

Was it her? Was it time?

Or did everything change after all?

Lu Yi opened the door, took out some clothes from the closet, and passed them to Yan Huan.

“Go take a shower. I’ll make you some ginger soup,” he said.

Yan Huan looked like a drowned rat, and Lu Yi not much better. He gave her a little push.

“Go.”

Hugging the clothes, Yan Huan threw him a last glance before heading to the bathroom. Everything there smelled like him. Feelings that should have died came to life again, and the cause of that was none other the living Lu Yi.

As hot water rushed to fill the tub, Yan Huan huddled up and began crying softly.

What should she do? She couldn’t give him up in the end, despite knowing that she would only condemn him to a childless life.

Even so, she couldn’t bear to part with him. What should she do? What was the right choice here?

She stepped out of the bathroom and slipped into a pair of clothes she had bought and brought here a long time ago; she wasn’t a picky dresser, and would wear anything that was comfortable and pleased her eyes.

Lu Yi emerged from the kitchen with a bowl of soup in his hand. Hot steam billowed from the bowl.

“Drink it,” said Lu Yi, setting the bowl before her.

Yan Huan took a whiff, immediately recognizing the sharp tang of ginger. Her body was strange; whenever she caught the flu, a bowl of ginger soup would fix her right up. The soup never fails to make her sweat, and she wouldn’t even have to take medication afterward.

In the past few years, she had caught many colds, but not taken many medicines. Most of the time, she would recover after a bowl of ginger soup and a good sleep.

Lu Yi took a dryer, beckoned her to sit, and began drying her hair.

Yan Huan blew at the soup and began draining it. Warmness permeated her body as soon as the soup hit her belly. There was a unique spiciness in the raw ginger, but consuming the soup had made her warm and comfortable.

She placed the bowl down after finishing its content, then turned and looked at Lu Yi. His clothes were still wet, his palms still dry.

He reached over, brushed the corner of Yan Huan’s eye with a finger, and smiled at her.

Wetness condensed at Yan Huan’s drooping lashes, forming into droplets and rolling off her cheeks.

Suddenly, she threw herself around Lu Yi's waist, unconcerned about his draggled clothes. Through the sodden clothes, she felt his warmth, the warmth that was all too familiar to her. Nothing had changed, really.

"My clothes are wet," said Lu Yi as he stroked her hair gently. It had been too long since she showed him any affection.

Yan Huan sniffed and buried her face within his chest, listening to the pounding of his heart.

Can you hear it? My heart is beating.

Can you hear it? I'm still alive.

Can you hear it? I will still be here for a long time.

Lu Yi couldn't hear what she was mumbling, but he caught one line.

"Rather than a cold tombstone, I want to hold you while you are living and breathing."

Suddenly, he felt a tingling sensation at his nose. Emotions surged through him, tearing a hole at the corner of his eyes, making it dry and painful.

A thin ray of sunlight slanted through the window, illuminating the king-sized bed. A lavender teddy bear sat at one end of the bed, smiling innocently. A lump moved beneath the soft covers. The figure pulled the covers to one side. The sun irritated her eyes, so she shifted uncomfortably until her head and feet swapped places. A tender white foot stretched out and rubbed itself against the bedsheet. Her soft, curled toes looked like crystalline grapes. A pretty woman always has pretty feet, as the saying goes, but will the owner of this pair of feet live up to the saying?

A large hand reached over and grabbed the small foot. Her dainty foot was around the same size as the man's hand.

The large hand then proceeded to stuff the foot back into the covers. The light spilling through the windows was getting stronger. No wonder she had to rotate herself to get some sleep.

The man stood up, walked to the windows, and closed the curtains, cutting out a part of the light from outside.

The woman nestling in the covers appreciated that, her pretty lips curving slightly. She was clutching the covers, her sleepiness intense, her smooth dark hair streaming down her shoulders like seaweed. In the center of those lustrous black hair was an exquisite face. The saying was right after all.

27 wasn't a young age, but she still looked like she was 20. Her porcelain skin that was interspersed with blushes seemed as though it might break at a touch. The gods had favored her. Time gave most age and wrinkles, but its gift to her was exquisite beauty.

Then again, 27 was a young age too. She was three years away from hitting 30, and nine from 36. If she liked, she could still play the role of young girls, like what Liang Chen used to do. Liang Chen had been playing schoolgirls at the age of 32.

"Sign this, Huanhuan," said Lu Yi as he set down a stack of documents before her.

## Chapter 825: Marriage Application

Yan Huan opened her heavy eyes.

She accepted the pen and signed her name on it. She did not ask Lu Yi what she had signed. She was sure that based on Lu Yi's character, he would definitely not sell her off.

Once again, Lu Yi pulled her hands out of the quilt. Then, he pulled her finger over and pressed it on something.

"What did you let me sign?" Yan Huan asked in a daze. Although she was not completely awake, she still had some rationality. She was not a fool. Even if she was not as smart as Lu Yi, she was not too dumb herself.

"Marriage application."

Lu Yi kept the documents and tucked her in. He was prepared to get it certified later.

The members of the Lu family never had the thought of divorcing. Even if he had gone through the divorce, he would marry her again. He sat down and picked up a pillow. Then, he slid the pillow properly behind her to prevent her from having a stiff neck when she wakes up tomorrow.

Yan Huan curled up into herself, but she could still sense the man's presence next to her; just like before. It still made her feel relieved and calm.

So, after running in circles, they finally got back together again.

She had lived for two lives. Perhaps this was what she had actually wanted to pursue. She wanted to catch up with his pace, his shadow. She would follow his shadows; she would go wherever he went.

They got together because of love.

It was also because of love that they had to separate.

If they could get together once more because of love, why not?

Yan Huan was a woman who was easily appeased, but she also had an aggressive side. Meanwhile, Lu Yi was extremely fortunate that she did not get into a dead end because of this matter. Or else, she really did not know how to pull herself out from the dead end.

After all, Yan Huan was too stubborn.

When Lu Yi came home, Yan Huan was already busy in the kitchen. At this moment, she was making dumplings in her cartoon apron. The dumplings were shrimp-flavored. They were Lu Yi's favorite; it was hers too.

Upon recalling the dumplings' taste, Lu Yi could not help but to swallow his saliva.

He kept the documents in a safe in his house. This time, nobody else could force them to divorce, even Yan Huan or himself.

He walked into the kitchen and washed his hands. He then made dumplings together with Yan Huan.

“Your cooking skills are better than before.” Yan Huan could sense that. Lu Yi had known how to cook in the past, but it was nothing astounding. He made sure that the food was cooked, but the taste of the food ranged from being delicious to unpalatable. In other words, it was merely edible and filling. However, it did not look appetizing.

However, presently, his cooking skills had improved. In fact, he could be considered skillful. For instance, wrapping dumplings. The dumplings that he made in the past were disfigured. He could win fights against gangsters, beat up scoundrels and catch thieves; but he could not wrap dumplings well.

Maybe he did not exert his strength properly. Every dumpling he made was not delicious and it would disintegrate upon cooking. However, his technique had improved. The dumplings that he wrapped looked nice.

“Yeah, I have been making dumplings in River Xun.”

Lu Yi was not willing to elaborate about his life in River Xun. Meanwhile, Yan Huan would pout every time he mentioned the term ‘River Xun’. “Making dumplings for another woman? She must be quite influential.”

Lu Yi reached out to stroke her head. He explained, “At that time, I just woke up and was in a complete muddle. Then, I was clear-headed but I could not recall anything. I also did not know that what can I do. I didn’t even have an identity certificate. So, I could only get a meager salary by doing odd-jobs.”

“And...” He tucked her messy hair behind her ears. “Don’t worry. Nothing happened between Sun Yuhan and me, from the beginning to the end.” This was what he felt most thankful for. Whether or not he regained his memory, he had been keeping a safe distance between him and Sun Yuhan. The boundary between them had always been cautiously maintained with great respect; he had never crossed the line. Even if he had promised to marry Sun Yuhan, nothing had ever happened between them.

“After that, we had an accident on that day...” he spoke. He was explaining to Yan Huan instead of bringing up the past. He knew that Yan Huan would have a chip on her shoulder if he did not explain himself properly. This matter would become a barrier between them. Even after a long time, when they both thought that they had forgotten about it, the matter would still exist; whether they liked it or not.

“Sun Yuhan pushed me away,” he continued as he continued to wrap the dumplings. “Her legs suffered from a severe bone fracture. The doctor even said that she might have to amputate her legs. All of this happened because of me. After consulting a few orthopaedic specialists, she had to undergo a surgery on her legs. As for the outcome of the surgery, it could be good, or she might still require to go through an amputation.”

“Sun Yuhan refused to go through the surgery. She could not bear with the fact that she might have to amputate her legs. She wanted me to promise her that, if she agreed to do this surgery, I have to...”

“Marry her?” Yan Huan answered for him. Although Yan Huan felt that the act of cornering someone into marriage was very disgraceful, she could understand the thought process of a woman who was desperately clutching onto her one and only saving grace. Naturally, she would not want to let go of it.

“Yes.” Lu Yi put a dumpling on the plate. “My memory had not fully recovered yet, so I agreed. After all, there was a direct link between the injuries on Sun Yuhan’s legs and me.”

Yan Huan made a dumpling and put hers beside Lu Yi's before comparing them.

Lu Yi did make a good dumpling. She had suffered for the past two years, so did Lu Yi. He, as a prosecutor, was an extremely influential figure in Sea City. Unexpectedly, he had to become a house-husband for two years.

If this news were to be exposed to the public, nobody would believe it. However, everything was fine; it was really fine.

He was still here. He was still alive.

She turned around to start the stove and waited for the water to boil.

Meanwhile, her body was suddenly wrapped into a warm embrace from behind.

Yan Huan held his big hands that were wrapped around her waist tightly and pulled herself closer to him.

"Actually, I'm not that angry. After all..." She pinched Lu Yi's fingers. I am very grateful to God. "You are now standing right in front of me. You are alive. What's that got to do with the things that happened throughout these two years?"

"Thank you," Lu Yi rested his chin on Yan Huan's shoulder and breathed in her scent. She had a breathtaking appearance, but she truly had an aggressive character.

Yan Huan lifted the pot lid and put the dumplings inside one by one. She then waited for them to be cooked.

### **Chapter 826: Something's Off**

In truth, she found herself a little bored. If she were a novel protagonist, she would've given him absolute hell. Instead, she forgave him without any revenge or violence.

She really couldn't bear to part with him, though. She wanted the living Lu Yi, not the lifeless tombstone. She was tired of the line:

The furthest distance in the world is not the distance between opposite sides of the world. It is that you don't know that I love you when I stand in front of you.

It was a beautiful, heart-rending phrase; but Yan Huan didn't want to be heartbroken anymore.

Weren't things fine as they were? Plus, there had never been any betrayal between them.

"What's on your mind?" asked Lu Yi, taking the ladle from her hand and stirring the pot's contents with it. Dumplings swam to the surface of the frothing pot. Shrimp dumplings have a short cook time; they are ready almost as soon as you dump them into the boiling water.

"Nothing?" Yan Huan scrambled for a plate and held it so that Lu Yi can transfer the ingot-like dumplings. They looked great, none of them broken.

So Lu Yi hadn't been doing nothing in Xun River in those years. At the very least, he had learned to cook, an essential criterion for a good man. (Other criteria include: being presentable on formal occasions, and the ability to fight off hoodlums.)

Lu Yi had achieved all of them. His only imperfection was his hardened face, and his unapproachability.

Together, they managed to annihilate a whole plate of dumplings. Lu Yi ate a lot; he had always been a huge fan of Yan Huan's dumplings, and it had been two years since he last tasted them. Yan Huan ate a lot too; she had no plans of acting in the near future, so she didn't have to count calories and fuss over her figure anymore. Plus, she was still fairly skinny, so it was necessary for her to eat more.

Yan Huan woke up in the middle of the night, not knowing what time it was. It had been awhile since she slept well.

She threw herself around Lu Yi's waist, burrowing her face into his chest. This was becoming a habit to her; she had grown accustomed to his body temperature.

Lu Yi stroked her hair gently. "Why aren't you sleeping?"

"I can't sleep," said Yan Huan, pressing her face against his heart, listening to the beating of his heart. His heartbeat was measured, powerful, and unceasing.

"Be on your guard for the next few days," said Lu Yi, holding her tighter. He was afraid. Afraid that something would happen to her again, especially with her approaching her 28th birthday. He remembered her mentioning she died at 28 during her previous life.

This life was different from that, he knew. Everyone's fate had been changed; Yi Ling, him, his father, and Yan Huan herself. Even so, he couldn't help but worry. His dangerous eyes narrowed. It seemed peaceful now, but before every storm was a deceiving calm.

"What's wrong?" Yan Huan looked up. "Did something happen?"

Lu Yi sat up, beckoned her to sit on his lap, then cupped her face and pressed their foreheads together.

"Don't go anywhere for a few days. Lu Qin has gotten his hands on my blood. I'm afraid that they would try to target you."

"Your blood is useless to him," frowned Yan Huan. "Su Muran has the same blood type as you, but your bone marrows are incompatible."

She knew that. Lu Qin had gone to Lu Yi for help in her past life, but there was nothing Lu Yi could do to save her.

"That's what makes me most scared. They might set their eyes on you," crooned Lu Yi, gently raising her face to face him. There hadn't been much color on her face lately; mostly because she had given too much blood to Lu Yi. It would take years before she recovered fully.

She had no more blood to give, and donating bone marrow was completely out of the question.

Lu Yi remembered the nefarious things Lu Qin had done to her in her previous life and had the impulse to skin his brother alive. She was pregnant when Lu Qin bled her dry.

In the end, he even tore her tummy open and removed her child by force, a child who was merely six months old. If I have a child, a daughter, thought Lu Yi, I will love her with all I have.

“What do they have to do with me?” asked Yan Huan, leaning her head against Lu Yi’s shoulder. She had transferred all her burdens to Lu Yi. Yes, she wasn’t afraid. She wasn’t related to Su Muran in any way, so why should she care whether she died or not?

Not like Su Muran cared about her in her previous life. She may have reincarnated, but make no mistake—she wasn’t Mother Mary. Don’t take her for a saint.

She wasn’t any of that. She didn’t even think of herself as a good person.

She closed her eyes. Trepidation flooded her. She hoped that her feelings were wrong.

The large warm hand patted her back gently, dissipating the worries that had spawned out of nowhere.

Her long lashes quivered. Soon, her breath turned measured.

Lu Yi carefully rearranged the cover, then reached for his laptop. He began researching about Thalassemias.

Since the start, something had struck him as odd.

Near-perfect bone marrow compatibility was rare even among kin... Weren’t there too many coincidences? Su Muran and Yan Huan weren’t related in any way, yet they had matching blood-types and nearly perfect bone marrow compatibility. Yan Huan’s child, the child’s umbilical cord blood ... those were even more compatible with Su Muran. No wonder Lu Qin would go to such lengths to acquire the child’s umbilical cord blood.

None of these was logical. Yes, there are many people in this world who have compatible bone marrows despite not being related in any way, but for them to both have the exceedingly rare Rh-negative AB blood...

That was almost hard to believe. Yet, his research yielded nothing.

Even after enlisting Lei Qingyi’s help, he found out nothing.

Yan Huan was just a child from a common family, with zero ties to the Su Family.

Those were the facts he dug up, yet he felt as though there was something more to it.

### **Chapter 827: A Nationwide Disgrace**

He pinched his glabella and massaged his temples gently with his fingers. He then put his notebook aside before he lowered his head to have a look at the lady who was in a deep sleep.

She was always quiet when she fell asleep, she had always been like that.

He dimmed the lamp next to the bed and laid down on the bed next to her. Then, he reached out and hugged her gently. They could feel each other’s warmth; and each other’s breaths.

Then, he closed his eyes too and gradually fell asleep.



Perhaps he and Yan Huan were the same. It had been a while since they were able to sleep peacefully.

When Yan Huan opened her eyes, it was already dawn. She reached out to her side to feel the remnants of his warmth on the bed. It was still slightly warm. Evidently, Lu Yi had just left not long ago. There was a note beside the pillow.

Lu Yi still had the same habits as before. He used to leave notes instead of sending messages or contacting her via WeChat.

“I’m off to work now. Breakfast is ready. Heat it up yourself before eating it.”

Yan Huan hugged the blanket, happy that the blanket was still filled with his scent. This was real, he was back. Her Lu Yi had come back. She did not care about the past, neither would she talk about it anymore.

If she was given a chance to choose again, her choice would always be the same.

She walked out of the room. There was a covered plate of food on the table. She touched the plate, realizing that it was still warm. She sat down and removed the cover from the plate. She then started to eat it with chopsticks.

It was a dish from River Xun, but it had the taste of local cuisines. Perhaps it was because Lu Yi had lived there for two years; thus, the dishes that he cooked now carried the taste from that place.

She had actually eaten the dishes from River Xun for quite a while and it suited her taste. This seemed great. She did not have to go to River Xun now as she could enjoy authentic River Xun dishes in the comfort of her own home; especially since there was a chef at home who could make authentic tasting River Xun dishes.

She did not eat much. However, she ate her breakfast respectfully and finished the whole plate. She changed her clothes and decided to go back to the Classical Garden. She was not sure whether Old Master Lu would kill her for not going back home for a few days.

She bundled herself up with a coat. She looked thin and frail. Even if she wore loose clothing, she still looked pitifully thin and seemed rather vulnerable.

This was why people always said that skinny people looked better in clothes. This was because they would not look fat and swollen even when they wore thick layers of clothing during winter.

She took out her phone and took a selfie of herself in front of the mirror. As a matter of fact, the best actress, Miss Yan still had the elegance from her younger days. Her beauty was comparable to the young actresses.

Besides, she was not really that old, right?

She posed cutely in front of the mirror and sent it to Lu Yi.

At this moment, Lu Yi was listening to his secretary’s report. His phone chimed consequently. He took out his phone and gestured for his secretary to pause for a minute, who immediately stopped speaking. His eyes were trying hard to glimpse at Lu Yi’s phone screen. Based on the situation from the past,

Prosecutor Lu would never return any messages when he was working. This was an exception. Whose message could it be? Was it a woman? Could it possibly be a woman?

Lu Yi stood up all of a sudden, startling his secretary who almost fell backward. Lu Yi had no choice but to reach out to grab his collar and dust off his clothes. "If you are hungry, go and grab some food, I bet you must be starving."

The secretary was taken aback.

Prosecutor, if you want to go out, you can just say so. There is no point for you to drop hints like this. He had no choice but to leave hesitantly. Meanwhile, Lu Yi leaned against the table, and held the phone out in front of him.

He unlocked the phone, and a photo popped up in his messages.

It was from Yan Huan.

Undoubtedly, she was truly deserving of the 'best actress' title. Even though she was wearing a simple coat, she wore it with great style. As a conclusion, she was just simply gorgeous.

"How is it?" Yan Huan sent him a message again.

"Hmm." Lu Yi replied with a single word.

"What does 'Hmm' mean?" Yan Huan glared at her phone. She fixed her hair, and put on a hat as she was ready to go out.

"Nothing?" Lu Yi smiled. The corner of his mouth curled up, "You look better naked."

Yan Huan was stunned, her pale cheeks blushing immediately.

She threw her phone into her bag hastily and shut the door.

She was driving for a short while before she bumped into someone whom she had not met for a long time.

Sun Yuhan? Where is she going?

Yan Huan frowned. Sun Yuhan was walking right ahead. She was dressed in branded items from top to toe; her hair was also dyed in this season's trendiest color. She looked more fashionable than before, and of course, she looked prettier.

However, why is she not with Lu Qin? Why is she headed toward the direction of the Ye family?

Perhaps she had figured it out. Yan Huan let out a sigh of relief. She once again tidied up her hair, and continue to drive her car.

Of course, she did not let the matter of Sun Yuhan get to her since it was something that could ruin her mood. She would not do that. In fact, she was absolutely not interested in any matters relating to Lu Qin.

What she did not know was that Sun Yuhan was indeed heading to the Ye family. Evidently, the person whom she was looking for was indeed from the Ye family.

Yan Huan parked her car at the gate of the Classical Garden. She then went in.

Old Master Lu saw her coming. He opened his eyes lazily as he asked, "Where have you been?"

"Where...? I did not go anywhere." Yan Huan lied to him. Evidently, she was shameless enough to lie without blinking, or even faintly flushed.

She was too ashamed to tell him that, I stayed with your grandson and did whatever couples do. She was a prideful person; and she was willing to hide her marriage with Lu Yi once again. If someone were to find out about it, she would feel as if she was a nationwide disgrace.

"Hmph..." Old Master Lu stood up and ignored Yan Huan. However, when he turned around again, he pointed at the shoes on his feet. "Get me a few pairs of these, I have no more shoes to wear."

Yan Huan lowered her head and stared at Old Master Lu's shoes. It still looked brand new. It did not look like it needed to be changed. In addition, he had two pairs of it. How could it be that he had no more shoes to wear? It was obvious that he wanted to hoard it, but this was not food.

"Did you hear me?" Old Master Lu seemed to be embarrassed as his lies had been revealed. He immediately raised his voice; he was in complete anger. It looked as if he would explode anytime now and yell at anyone in his sight.

"I hear you," Yan Huan replied nonchalantly. She then turned around and was ready to go back to her room.

### **Chapter 828: A Long Lost... Relative?**

Old Master Lu spruced himself up before heading out to show off in front of his friends.

Yan Huan found her phone and dialed a number.

"Aunty Qin? It's me, Yan Huan. The old man at my house loves the shoes you made for him. Is it possible for you to rush out a few more pairs?"

"Got it, thank you. I'll pick them up in a few days' time."

Yan Huan kept her phone, turned around, and saw Old Master Lu peeking at her with an unerasable smile on his face. When he saw her looking at him, he quickly made a long face and departed with the security officer.

"Why did he give me that look? It wasn't as if I was mocking him or anything," wondered Yan Huan in puzzlement.

The old man was getting harder and harder to please, she thought.

The Ye House was looking completely different than before. In the past few years, no one could deny that the Ye Family had garnered the most wealth and developed the fastest.

The Ye Family's stature in the entire Sea City was creeping up steadily.

The Ye Family that was on the verge of bankruptcy a few years ago had amassed immense wealth from the airport and seaport, and paid off its debts in full. Not only that, they had new ventures in the Sea

City, including an amusement park, a wetland park, and Fragrant Mountain Villa, a property located in one of the wealthier areas of Sea City.

These projects had been initiated by the Ye Family, and would become the foundation of their success in the distant future.

The Ye Family would become so famous one day that no Sea City citizen wouldn't have heard about them.

Ye Chuji studied the young girl before him at length, but failed to spot any features that struck him as familiar.

"Are you sure you are connected to our family?" he asked gravely, his eyes narrowing. "Tread carefully now, young lady. There will be grave consequences if we find out that you are lying."

She claimed to be his sister's daughter, which was a good start per se, since that was the person they had been searching for years. If she proved to be a fraud, however... then don't blame him for not being merciful.

This hadn't been the first time someone had tried to wriggle their way into the family. Not even the first hundredth time, in fact. They were hopeful at first, but great hopes bred greater disappointment, and eventually despair.

"I'm a cautious person by nature," smiled Sun Yuhan. She had self-hypnotized herself a thousand times, reciting her script over and over again, and yet she couldn't help but feel a little nervous. Her hands at her side loosened and tightened. In the end, she had to wipe her hands on her clothes to get rid of the sweat.

"Is that so?" Ye Chuji had been a businessman for years, and like most of his counterparts, he was skeptical. In fact, he was very skeptical about this Sun Yuhan.

As he examined her, his doubts grew.

"Yes," nodded Sun Yuhan. She closed her eyes and exhaled softly. She was much calmer when she made eye contact with the canny Ye Chuji again.

It wasn't a human she was facing, nor Lu Yi's uncle, nor the man who could shake the entire Sea City's economy with a stomp of his feet; he was her uncle, her kin.

"You said you are my sister's daughter," said Ye Chuji, looking her up and down. "But you don't look like her at all."

"Neither does Ye Xinyu look like you," said Sun Yuhan. She was prepared for that line. She wasn't her daughter in the first place, so it would be strange if she actually did look like her.

Touché, thought Ye Chuji. Some children do not resemble their parents, that is so. Ye Xinyu was a split image of his dead wife, but didn't look anything like him.

If Sun Yuhan inherited her looks from her dad... he wouldn't want to comment on his sister's taste.

It wasn't not that Sun Yuhan wasn't pretty, or ugly as sin. In truth, she wasn't ugly at all, especially after blowing loads of money on improving her appearance.

There are no ugly women, only lazy ones.

The problem was — Ye Rong was insanely beautiful. That was especially so during the period when she had gone missing. She was in the spring of her life, a woman's most beautiful and tender age. To Ye Chuji, his sister was the most beautiful woman on earth, a woman whom no man could hope to match. When putting the two in comparison, it was no wonder that he would find Sun Yuhan plain.

"It's not your first day in Sea City. If you are my sister's daughter, why wait until now to come to us?" asked Ye Chuji, a staple question in his interrogations.

How could he not know about Sun Yuhan and Lu Yi's affair? This was a nuisance that infuriated Ye Shuyun so much that she refused to go home. Even Lu Jin had hidden in the army to avoid her.

Ye Chuji didn't hold any fondness towards her.

It wasn't her fault, but everyone could be prone to biases.

Being a supporter of Yan Huan, it stood to reason that he would be biased towards Sun Yuhan.

She dipped her head and looked down, staring at her toes and plucking at her fingers.

"I didn't know about it in the past. All I knew was my step-parents treated me badly because I wasn't one of their own, or because I was ugly and stupid. They loved my sister, but never me."

"It was only recently when I chanced upon some clues that revealed my true birth."

Ye Chuji was listening. Some things could not be fabricated with a silver tongue. Sun Yuhan wasn't lying about her background, he knew; they had dug up her antecedents on her first day in the Lu Family.

"My mother had left me a keepsake and a letter," said Sun Yuhan earnestly, looking up. She rummaged in her pocket and produced an object wrapped in a piece of cloth.

"Here it is. I cannot display the letter, however, because Mother has instructed me not to. There are some things in the letter that's best left... unknown," said Sun Yuhan as she straightened herself.

Ye Chuji kept his eyes on her as he picked up the object on the table.

When he unwrapped the cloth, his face changed colors, and his fingers trembled. Without a doubt, this belonged to Rongrong. Their mother had given it to her. It was her favorite accessory in her younger days. There should be a marking on it somewhere.

### **Chapter 829: A Bad Premonition**

He picked up the jade pendant with trembling fingers. The jade looked a little worn and its design could not be considered as in-trend. However, its purity had remained as time passed by. It was ancient and unadorned but a little heavy.

The word 'Lu' was imprinted at the corner of the jade pendant. Before it was engraved, that corner of the pendant was missing, making this jade pendant one of its kind. When his sister disappeared back then, the jade pendant had went missing as well.

"Where is the letter?" Ye Chuji suppressed his raging emotions as he clenched the jade pendant tightly. It seemed as if he had mentally broken down at that split second.

"Letter?" Sun Yuhan lowered her head down and smiled helplessly, "Mother told me to burn the letter after reading it. She did not want anyone else to know about the personal backgrounds which was written inside. I respect her, and I believe you do as well, right?"

Ye Chuji squinted his eyes and ran his gaze over Sun Yuhan's body for some time, like a blade cutting through her enclosed chest before taking out the heart from within to examine its genuinity.

Sun Yuhan smiled and placed her hand behind her head. She had some hair on her hand when she withdrew her hand. She put those strands of hair on the table.

"My mum once said that she left some hair in the house. You can use these to conduct a DNA test with the ones at home."

She stood up after she finished talking. She did not plan to get the jade pendant back from Ye Chuji's hands as she knew that it would be hers some time in the future. She could feel the terrifying penetrating power of Ye Chuji behind her as she walked out. She was drenched in cold sweat.

Still, she straightened her back because things were going as planned.

Sacrifice was inevitable for her to become somebody. Besides, she had nothing to lose anyway. So, why not take a shot? Perhaps, she could win. Meanwhile, her identity now was not sufficient to support her ever growing ambitions.

Ye Chuji held the jade pendant in his hand to the point that it almost melted into his palm.

He picked up the hair on the table. Actually, he could almost be certain that Sun Yuhan would most probably be his younger sister, Ye Rong's daughter. When his younger sister was born, a master once said that Ye Rong had a bad fate. Although she was born in an affluent family, she would wander about in a desperate plight. The solution they had was to keep some of his sister's hair at home so that her unfortunate fate could be suppressed.

However, they were wrong. How could they determine a person's whereabouts with some hair? Ye Rong disappeared in the end and they had no news about her until now.

They had been looking for her for more than 20 years without giving up. Certainly, they had found many people who pretended to be her. They had nothing to trace her down. However, the main reason why they could identify whether the person they found was an imposter was all because of her hair that was left at home.

None of them had ever imagined that this hair that was supposed to suppress her unfortunate fate became their biggest hope in searching for her.

He stood up and slipped the jade pendant into his pocket. Then, he picked up the hair on the table for a DNA verification.

Actually, he had the feeling that there was no need for further examination.

If Sun Yuhan was bold enough to come forward and let him examine it, she would have sufficient confidence and reasoning to support it.

Nevertheless, he needed the truth and proof of evidence.

Yan Huan flipped her hair in front of the mirror, wondering if she would be bald on a part of her head. She was almost bald when she was filming 'Before the Beginning' but luckily that part of her scalp healed and her hair grew back too; or else, she would really turn bald.

She wondered who was that person who had absolutely no sense of decorum. He pulled on her hair so hard that she did not know how many of them were plucked off; it was as if her scalp was about to be ripped off her head.

Lu Yi saw Yan Huan looking at her scalp in front of the mirror when he entered the room. He suddenly looked serious as an unknown thought appeared in his head.

He walked forward and pulled her toward him. Then, he flicked her hair as he said, "I told you not to simply touch it, why wouldn't you listen?" He took the medicine on the table and applied it on Yan Huan's scalp carefully. She actually had a pretty bad laceration on her scalp. Her hair around the injury was supposed to be cut off, so that the medicine could be applied properly.

However, he knew that it was impossible for her to cut her hair. She cherished them so much. He knew that she had not washed her hair for days because of the wound.

She could still endure not washing her hair for days, but it was impossible for her to cut off her precious hair.

Yan Huan could still feel the sting from her scalp, which meant that the wound had not healed yet.

"Why is it healing so slowly?" She could not help but grumble.

"You call this slow?" Lu Yi lowered his head and pinched her face.

"It has not even been two days. How fast do you want it to be, hmm? Humans need some time to heal. So, it is best that you stay here and not go anywhere in the meantime."

Yan Huan touched her hair and went back to the bed. However, she then turned around and walked toward Lu Yi. She hugged his waist and pleaded, "Can you sleep with me? I am a little scared."

"What's wrong?" Lu Yi lowered his head and looked into her eyes. He could not explain it, but she seemed anxious.

"I don't know," Yan Huan shook her head. "I always feel like something is about to happen."

Lu Yi caressed her hair; his thick brows furrowed deeply. The first person he could think of was Su Muran, and...

Lu Qin.

Actually, Yan Huan was not the only one who was worried. He was worried too, since she was almost turning 28 years old. She did not make it past 28 alive in her first lifetime.

It was going to be alright. Lu Yi patted her shoulder lightly, consoling her as he looked afar with a sharp and cold gaze.

In the meantime, in the Su Family, no one knew what happened on the inside. Only the sound of rustling trees could be heard from outside the window, creating no tune or melody.

To someone who was passionate about it, it was music. The same wails and howls might just be a mere breeze of wind for someone who could not care less about it.

The door outside creaked open.

There was not a tiny bit of light in the room. The people who came in were familiar with the structure of the room. They then opened the door with a bang.

### **Chapter 830: Little Brother**

The woman curled up in bed with her hair unkempt, craned her head to the other side out of instinct. Using her hands to block out the light, her eyes that had not seen light for a long time momentarily could not get accustomed to the dim light rays.

She slowly uncovered her eyes when they grew accustomed to the light. When she saw who was standing at the door, her poker face twisted into that of abhorrence through gritted teeth. Her crooked face was as pale as a sheet of paper, her colorless lips moving as though she was speaking, only visible but not audible.

The person standing at the door was not anyone else but Su Muran. She walked toward her, looking down on the woman who was almost half dead. Her gaze lowered, stopping at the woman's stomach, where a slight curvature could be observed.

"My older cousin..." Her red lips parted slightly, spitting out words that were flirtatiously eerie. This very moment her face was paler than Zhu Meina's, so pale that it did not carry any hint of color.

"You must remember to give birth to my little brother safely. Otherwise, you, your father and the rest of the Zhu family...I will kill all of you...Should I die, all of you will be buried with me."

She reached out her hand and Zhu Meina could not help but flinch to avoid her hand. However, she could not suppress the hatred in her pair of eyes as she glared at Su Muran, nor the hopelessness in her reddish eyeballs.

With a loud bang, the door that kept the prisoner here was shut. She clenched onto the blanket draped over her body, wanting to hit her stomach, hoping to miscarry the bastard of her unfortunate doing.

This child, ha, this child, how can I want him? How can I even give birth to him?

She would never ever forget the moment when she saw Su Qingdong laying beside her when she woke up. The feeling of being hysterically despair was threatening to burst out of her – herself and her uncle, and also the child in her womb.



The reason for giving birth to this child was none other than to save Su Muran.

“Ha, ha...” she laughed. She laughed so hard that her eyes hurt and stung, so hard that her heart ached. She was like a dog, a pig. Should they want her dead, she would have to die; should they make her give birth, give birth she would have to. Had she known it earlier, she would rather die of poverty back at her old home than to set foot into the Su family. She clutched onto her swollen belly as she clenched her teeth, biting her lip so hard until it hurt and bled.

She really wanted to kill the baby, even though it was her own flesh and blood.

However, she knew very well that Su Muran had gone insane, but so has Zhu Meina. Su Muran was desperate to survive and would do anything to live on. Without this child, there would still be the second, the third to come.

She could not bear to do it again with Su Qingdong, then give birth to another child. Slowly, she released her hand, hugging her head and wailed mournfully.

Zhu Xianglan outside heard her wailing, feeling displeased as well as disgusted. Su Qingdong, whose footsteps constantly sounded here, anticipated the child in Zhu Meina’s womb. Even though he would rather kill himself after what had happened, he was the one most excited about the birth of his child.

Men were total hypocrites. Once, he said that he loved Ye Rong, but in the end, he married her and he never abstained himself for the sake of Ye Rong. He still did whatever he wanted, which resulted in the birth of Su Muran.

What he said contradicted what he would do behind everyone’s back. Every day he dealt with matters regarding that b\*tch and the bastard.

She laughed coldly. The child could come to this world, but that did not mean that he could live on. After all, his sole use was to donate his bone marrow to her daughter.

It seemed she had forgotten that the woman inside there was not just anyone but her niece, her blood-related niece.

Faraway, a wind grazed by as a patch of green field emerged, leaves budding on tree branches as they stretched their bodies. The days started getting warmer as another season passed.

Too many things happened last year, just like a dream, where some were good while others were bad.

Lu Yi had just stopped his car when he received a call.

“Yes, is that so? Alright, I got it. I’m on my way.”

He brought his car to a turn in another direction, and that direction was toward the Ye family’s home.

When he arrived, Ye Shuyun and Lu Jin were already there. All members of the Ye family had come together, even Ye Xinyu came back. He still had a pretty face, along with his smile and a deep set of dimples. No matter how he saw it, he looked more like his cousin sister than his brother.

“It’s been years. Why haven’t you put on muscles yet?” Lu Yi looked up and down at Ye Xinyu who had been dragged into the deep forest to train by Ye Chuji, but he still did not gain muscles, nor was he tanned. He still looked effeminate.

Ye Xinyu’s face fell, “I have been eating more than usual now but to no avail, what can I do?” This was his bloodshed tears.

He wished to be muscular and tanner like his elder cousin brother. He wanted to have a chiseled jaw or like Brother Qingyi that bear of a person’s body frame, but he was born to be a beauty.

Sister Luo had mentioned that he would fit well in the entertainment industry. His looks were popular among young girls, not to mention with great resources like Linlang and help from his aunt, he would no doubt become a star in the entertainment industry in a short span of time. Despite all that, he did not dare do so. Should he become an actor, his father and grandfather would literally break his leg.

Men of Ye family were powerful figures as they had authority over Sea City. To become an entertainer was something he did not even dare to think of.

“Xinyu, come here,” Ye Shuyun’s gaze fell on her nephew as she smiled and stretched out her arms. Lately, her life has been too wonderful. Not only did her son come back, but everything at home was also like before now, and she could manage a smile. As to what happened before this, forgetting about those matters would lead them to a happy ending.

Ye Xinyu did a small run over to her and hugged Ye Shuyun. He lifted his face, “Aunty...” He shamelessly behaved coquettishly.

“My dad’s been torturing me. Look, I’ve even gotten thinner. Tell me whether I was adopted, nobody seems to care or love me.”

Ye Shuyun pinched Ye Xinyu’s face, “Don’t say things like that. You are Ye family’s child. You and your youngest aunt look alike.”

“I feel like I look like sister-in-law more,” Ye Xinyu had never seen his youngest aunt before, not even photos of her. The family was scared of upsetting their grandfather, thus he had no idea what his youngest aunt looked like.