

CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU

Chapter 3: His Sacrifice

“Jiang Yao! Damn! You’re out of your mind!” Wen Xuehui was so agitated and shocked that she cursed at her best friend. She wasn’t cold-blooded, but at a time like this, as she watched the soil getting slippery and starting to slide off the slope, she was unwilling to sacrifice three lives in order to save the guard.

“Xuehui, he is Lu Xingzhi! He is my husband!” Jiang Yao’s tears rolled down her cheeks like a broken pearl necklace. “Lu Xingzhi! Lu Xingzhi! Can you hear me? I’m coming for you! Please stay alive!”

At this moment, Jiang Yao finally realized the genuine feeling of fear. She was afraid that Lu Xingzhi’s life would end at this very moment. She was afraid that she would lose the husband she had avoided for many years.

Have you ever thought about how agile and strong a person could be?

You could survive without legs, you could survive without arms, and you could survive without half of your stomach and liver.

On the other hand, have you ever thought about how fragile a person could be?

In the blink of an eye, a living person has become a black and white portrait on the altar.

Just like that, he died.

This was the fragility of life, the weak and feeble life.

“Jiang Yao, I’m so sorry for your loss. He’s gone now, he’ll never come back.” Wen Xuehui sobbed as she embraced Jiang Yao, who hadn’t spoken a word for several days. She was so heartbroken to see the latter in such a state but she didn’t know how to comfort her.

That day, she recoiled in shock as she heard Jiang Yao screaming the man's name and his status—her husband. She was so caught in surprise to the point of losing her sense of rationality and joined Jiang Yao and the comrade to start digging the mounds with their bare hands. If it weren't for the comrades who had arrived in time to pull them away, the three of them would have been buried beneath the mounds that had fallen down a few seconds later.

After the rain subsided, the guards cleared the muddy landslides and found the body of Jiang Yao's husband. On the very same night, the landslides took the lives of a guard, an old man, and two children.

Wen Xuehui figured she would bury this painful memory deep in her mind and never look back. The stormy night that was illuminated by thunder and lightning, the howling of the villages echoing across the car, and Jiang Yao's pale face when she looked back at her.

"Ma'am, these are the captain's belongings." The young comrade passed Lu Xingzhi's belongings over to Jiang Yao, his eyes blood-red. "In the box are the captain's medals, some certificates, and whatnot, and this is his uniform. I'm so sorry..."

Jiang Yao gazed at the box filled with Lu Xingzhi's possessions, his remnants. Her trembling fingers opened the old wooden box at the top of the items. "When did he transfer to your unit?"

"Almost two years ago," the young comrade said. "The captain was transferred shortly after you came to the village to be a volunteer doctor."

"So, he was already there when I went to your base to assist your team doctor. I see. At that time, were you all aware of our relationship?" Jiang Yao clutched her chest in pain. The pain was indescribable—it felt like a virus that was gradually consuming her body's perception system. "No wonder you always called me sister-in-law whenever you saw me."

She had naively thought then that 'sister-in-law' was just a collective term for married women.

It was only now that she realized how close Lu Xingzhi was to her. She was providing her assistance in his base while he was hiding from her.

She knew that he must be afraid that she would once again avoid him and leave this small village should she have found him here.

