

Chapter 471: Is Your Whip Ready?

"I have an announcement to make." Old Master Lu stood up, his back was straight and his legs were as agile as ever. Aside from his greying hair, he did not seem like he was aging at all. Of course, another thing that grew on him was his aura of ruthlessness.

Lu Jin listened without a word.

Lu Yi listened, also not talking.

The Old Master was used to dictate the Lu family. Although he said that it was an announcement, the matter was actually fixed. None of the others had the right to say no, including Lu Jin.

"I am taking Xinyuan as my granddaughter. She will have a portion of Lu family's assets in the future."

The expressions of those present were diverse. The Miao family members smiled with satisfaction as Miao Xinyuan lowered her head. Nobody knew what was in her mind. She was taught in her reformation of almost six months and it changed her. Besides, she was sacked and this was almost the most shameful thing in her life as she was born like a princess.

"Adopted," Ye Shuyun said coldly.

Lu Jin laughed.

"Lu Jin, were you picked up from a pile of trash which nobody wanted?"

Lu Jin continued laughing. His laugh sounded more like he was crying.

He did not have any opinion on Old Master Lu's decision in taking Miao Xinyuan as his granddaughter. He can accept her if he wants. He can give her the Lu family's assets if he wants. It is not like my family wants to spend their lives using the assets.

If they got the assets, they would use them to improve their life. Without the assets, they would not starve.

They had their own salaries and their own assets. Without these, they still had a son and a daughter-in-law who was a good earner. They had never really set an eye on the Lu family's assets before.

Lu Qin's smile was cold.

Another one who came to steal their food.

Old Master Lu looked at Lu Jin and said, "Since Xinyuan is my granddaughter, she is also your daughter now."

Lu Jin used to obey Old Master's words but that was in the past. His mindset changed a lot after he returned from Serene City. That moment, he knew that if he was dead, the ones who would suffer the most would be Ye Shuyun and Lu Yi. No one else would have cared, just like the present.

Old Master Lu did not ask him anything. It was even possible that he did not know that he almost died when he was in Serene City since he was making him to accept another daughter at that moment. Yan Huan was the one who saved his life. In fact, she saved his whole family.

Yan Huan was their daughter-in-law, and also their daughter. They already had a daughter so they would not need another one. Furthermore, taking in a daughter like Miao Xinyuan would be troubling for them.

“Lu Jin, do you understand me?”

Old Master Lu’s tone was calm but it was clear that he was demanding.

“Adopted.”

Ye Shuyun repeated coldly.

Her meaning was clear. You decide for yourself. If the woman is here, I will move out with Lu Yi and live with our daughter in law. She would rather leave the Lu family’s house than face the woman that almost caused her son to die every day.

She could be strong when facing the strong. She could take any injustice in and compromise with anything, Miao Xinyuan aside.

Lu Jin raised his face, “Father, you are the one who is taking her in. Does this have anything to do with me?”

Old Master Lu’s expression changed instantly due to his words. The smiles on the three members of the Miao family froze. Miao Xinyuan kept her head low, her thoughts unclear.

“Lu Jin, what do you mean by that?”

Old Master Lu felt like the longer he lived, the more backwards he went. His grandson did not listen to him, and now his son is refusing to listen to him too. What’s the use of raising this son then?

“I don’t mean anything,” Lu Jin who was standing upright walked step by step towards his father. Even though he was relying heavily on his family and he could live or die as he commanded, he was filial, but he was not stupid.

“Father, I have only one son.”

Old Master Lu was already pulling a long face.

“So...” Lu Jin glanced at Miao Xinyuan once and then her parents, “I will not object if you want to take Miao Xinyuan as your granddaughter. My family will not say anything too. However, I will not acknowledge her as my daughter. This is because...” Sarcasm flickered in his eyes.

“I will not acknowledge a woman that almost caused my son to die as my daughter. Father, don’t you think that you’re making it difficult for me?”

“You don’t treat your grandson well, but I do. Even if I was adopted by you, I have autonomous rights.”

What the hell are you talking about! Old Master Lu slammed the table. He only wanted to compensate Miao Xinyuan as he had been dealing with her family for generations. With Miao Xinyuan's current condition, plus her family came all the way, he was only giving them a way out. Is he wrong for that?

What do you mean by adopted? Who said that about Lu Jin? Also, about the accident, was that Miao Xinyuan's fault? It was his grandson's fault and it was Lu Yi who caused her to be admitted into the hospital.

Lu Jin glanced over his watch. Sorry, I have something to do, I got to go. Lu Yi did not want to stay at the house either and he wanted to go home to spend time with Yan Huan. Furthermore, Old Master Lu could decide on a matter like this on his own. It wouldn't matter even if he wanted to give the whole Lu family's assets to others.

"Lu Yi," Old Master Lu called out Lu Yi's name.

Before he could speak, Lu Yi interrupted him, "Grandfather, is your whip ready?"

Old Master Lu almost choked on Lu Yi's words.

"Heh..." Miao Xinyuan's father laughed coldly, "Old Master Lu, I think that we can disregard the matter about recognising Xinyuan as a relative. The Miao family is not thick-skinned and we will not force the Lu family to do anything. However, about my daughter, the Lu family have to take responsibility for it. My daughter almost died in a car crash after she came to your house. Now, whose responsibility is this?"

Miao Xinyuan's mother curled her lips in dissatisfaction. The Lu family is a powerful family with a big family business, we can't step on their tails. We have to swallow this disfavour by ourselves.

"What do you want then?" A clear voice was heard from the door. The voice was soft but tension could be heard in the risen voice and this alarmed the others.

The door opened and a young woman walked in. She walked slowly as almost everyone's gazes were fixed on her. She was in a pink long dress and stilettos of the same colour. She had many jewelry on her, an enormous diamond on her neck. With her wavy hair, she walked in step by step like a star walking on a red carpet.

Pretty, she was very pretty. Her beauty was the kind which would get acknowledged by everyone regardless of gender. Also, her aura of not giving a damn about anybody was very strong. Like a queen, she walked with a slow pace on her heels which were 10 centimeters tall.

Chapter 472: A Scandal They Couldn't Afford

She then stood herself beside Lu Yi.

"Good afternoon, Grandpa," greeted Yan Huan politely.

"Hmph," snorted Old Master Lu, thick with contempt. "Whores have no love and actors have no loyalty." The words came out of his mouth as smooth as butter.

Lu Jin and his family took offense to that.

“Well said,” said Yan Huan, glancing at Lu Qin and back to Old Master Lu. “Whores have no love and actors have no loyalty. A perfect description for Lu Second Young Master, no? Oh, and let’s not forget the great lady of the Su Family, Chief of Staff Qi’s daughter, and Boss Zhang’s son...”

Old Master Lu’s face darkened as she went on.

Whores have no love and actors have no loyalty. It was Old Master Lu and Qin Xiaoyue’s catchphrase during her previous life, but wasn’t Lu Qin an actor? And wasn’t Su Muran one too?

If that’s the case, why was it always directed at her? Was she the only actor? Then what were the others? Artists?

“Why are you here?” asked Lu Yi. He frowned when he saw her high heels, knowing that her feet were still injured.

“Just to check on things,” said Yan Huan, standing with perfect posture. She had walked on the red carpet before, and knew the perfect way to sit, stand, and talk. Right now, her presence was dominating. She was the queen here.

Right. She turned to the Miao couple.

“Greetings,” she said politely. The smile on her face sweetened.

There was no way for the Miao couple to not know who Yan Huan was; she was the well-loved Best Actress of The Year, the most popular artist of the year, the selfless woman who saved many lives and donated a ton of money afterward. And how much did the Miao Family donate?

No one dared to badmouth Yan Huan now, or they must be prepared to face her fans’ wrath. Know that she was someone who had appeared on the CCTV channel; who would dare to provoke someone with her status?

Fans nowadays were scary, especially the brain-dead ones. If the Miao Family laid a finger on her, who knows what her fans might do?

“Mhm...” Yan Huan was still smiling, her lips curving slightly on her delicate face. Her looks were hardly rivaled, enough to bring many to shame.

“If I heard correctly, did Mr. Miao accuse my husband of causing the car crash?”

“Isn’t it the truth?” asked Mr. Miao. He had been through many things in his life, and age had given him wisdom.

“Oh? Have you not told them about it yet?” Yan Huan asked Lu Yi. “Why bother protecting her reputation when they are here dragging you through the mud? Dad can’t afford to lose face here, and neither can you. Of course,” she lifted a few strands of her well-cared-for hair. “Neither can I.”

Face was something everyone wanted, but it seems like Lu Yi’s kind gesture of leaving them some face was repaid with vengeance instead.

Lu Yi pursed his lips. “It’s all in the past now. I don’t like digging up old matters.”

“It doesn’t seem like they would agree with that. Oh, but look what I have here...” said Yan Huan as she unlocked her phone. “A copy of the footage from the crashed car’s inbuilt camera. Would anyone care for a look?”

“Still, my phone is kinda small, so how about we switch to a projector instead? Oh well, that would take too long to prepare, so let’s just make do with what we have.”

She opened her phone and showed it to Lu Jin and Ye Shuyun.

Once the phone opened, they heard the screeching of tires and a woman’s scream. Miao Xinyuan’s scream.

Lu Jin’s face darkened as he watched further. This was the first time they knew the truth. Before this, all they knew was that Lu Jin went to the hospital because of Miao Xinyuan, but didn’t know what exactly went down before the crash. What they saw was worse than what they imagined.

Yan Huan then walked to the Miao couple and proffered her phone.

“I’m not watching,” said Mr. Miao, his face dark with suppressed anger. He knew that whatever was on that footage wasn’t good news. He might regret it if he watched.

But, was it their choice? Of course not, heh...

Yan Huan held the phone before them.

“In that case, you can listen to it instead.”

Your daughter was the one who insisted on driving, nearly crashed into someone, and stepped on the brakes anyhow. Had Lu Yi not been there, you would be childless by now.

After that, she walked up to Miao Xinyuan.

“Need help jogging your memory, Miss Miao?”

Miao Xinyuan looked up, her face distorted by malignance.

Yan Huan was still smiling.

“Go on, hit me. Do it,” her face turned icy. “I dare you. Hit me once and my husband will hit you ten times.”

Pa! Miao Xinyuan slapped Yan Huan across her face. Covering her face, Yan Huan turned to smile at the Miao couple.

“Congratulations on raising an unreasonable woman, Mr. and Mrs. Miao.”

The Miao couple’s faces were dark with shame.

Lu Yi clenched his fist, trying hard to hold back. He knew that Yan Huan was agile. Had it not been intentional, no one could have slapped her that easily.

Yan Huan’s acting skills were first-class. She made a call next.

“Hey, Sister Luo. Get me a lawyer. I’m calling the police.”

Her words drained the color from the Miao couple's faces. Let's not forget that Miao Xinyuan had just been released on parole. If she were to be thrown into prison again, it wouldn't be that easy to extricate her.

Not only that, the person she hit was Yan Huan.

They can't afford to be caught up in a scandal like this.

"Old Master Lu, how about..."

Mr. Miao could only swallow his pride for now. He couldn't let his daughter go to prison again no matter what. If that happened, her reputation would be completely destroyed, along with her entire life. The Miao Family didn't have that much face to lose.

Even he himself hated Miao Xinyuan now. Why didn't she tell them about what happened before the crash? Was she banking on Lu Yi to keep it a secret for the rest of his life? Thanks to her, they have now shot themselves in the foot.

And what can Old Master Lu say? He had never been set up and pressurized this hard in his entire life. They had really done it this time...

"You guys go back first," Old Master Lu told Lu Jin. This was clearly said in favor of the Miao Family, not wanting the situation to escalate.

That was when Ye Shuyun flared up. She walked towards them. Women from the Ye Family had always been fierce. Her tempers might have improved after her marriage, but that didn't mean she lacked the Ye Family's ferocity.

Even though she didn't have the Ye Family's blood, that was where she grew up in.

She grabbed Yan Huan, sheathed her behind herself, and slapped Miao Xinyuan. "This one's for my son." Before everyone could react, she slapped her again. "This one's for my daughter-in-law, and this one..." She pushed Miao Xinyuan down, mounted her, and slapped her over and over again.

Chapter 473: Ferocious

Miao Xinyuan was a good combatant to begin with. But at that moment, when Yan Huan said that she was going to sue her and report her to the police, she was suddenly stunned. So, she kept on taking Ye Shuyun's punches and blows. Even now, she still could not react. Moreover, Ye Shuyun was no simple person. The Ye family was bandits generations ago, thus, none of them were physically untrained. When Ye Shuyun was young, she was also a ferocious fighter.

Ye Shuyun got on top of Miao Xinyuan, slapping across her face directly, almost knocking her out. And all this time, she was still scolding her.

"I don't know which wh*re gave birth to you, bi*ch, even if my son wants to marry a man, it would be better than marrying someone as ugly as you, pighead. You're some girl without beauty and figure, yet you find yourself a goddess? You want to be my daughter? Pooh! If I really gave birth to a shameless daughter like you, I'll strangle you to death! Our Lu Yi is from a good family. Only a blind would marry you!"

Lu Jin facepalmed, "Oh my god, how many years have gone by already?"

The harder Ye Shuyun hit, the harsher the words that came from her mouth, insulting not only the daughter, but her mother as well.

"Pull them apart, pull them apart, Miao!" The wife shouted, tugging at Miao Xinyuan's father's sleeves while asking for help from the people around. But everyone around here belonged to the Lu family. Old Master Lu was almost shocked silly at the sight. Lu Qin and his mother naturally did not care about them. Moreover, it was better for them if she was beaten to death. This girl from somewhere unknown seemed to seek after Lu's inheritance. For sure, they did not want their inheritance to be divided for another person. Now, there was this girl that suddenly appeared, which of course made them even more unhappy.

Of course, Lu Yi and Lu Jin were behind Ye Shuyun's back. When Lu Jin saw that it was almost going overboard, he went forward and pulled Ye Shuyun back.

"Alright, stop it."

"Pooh!" Ye Shuyun ignored her image and spat a mouthful of saliva onto Miao Xinyun's fresh face.

Yan Huan blinked.

Gosh, how fierce. She walked over, and intentionally or unintentionally stepped on Miao Xinyuan's finger with her heels.

"Ouch!" Miao Xinyuan screamed and sat up, covering her own fingers. Her entire face was swollen up.

Madam Miao rushed over quickly in tears and hugged her daughter, lamenting how useless Mr Miao was.

But what could he do. He just hoped that his family could leave the Lu's house as soon as possible and never come back again. He felt like they were a bunch of crazies, every one of them. God granddaughter? I don't even want to be a godfather.

He dragged his wife and daughter, taking them away from here.

Yan Huan looked away, half of her face was still swollen.

"You can run from a monk, but not from the temple. See you at the police station."

"Sure," Lu Yi touched Yan Huan's face gently. "You don't have to get a lawyer, just see me at the prosecutor's office."

"You beat my daughter badly and you still want to report to the authorities? Is there justice in this world?" Madam Miao screamed hysterically.

Ye Shuyun rolled her sleeves and raised her chin at Madam Miao, "I can do worse. Your daughter is ugly, thanks to how ugly you are. Even my son is prettier than your daughter. I want my grandchildren to be beautiful, not ugly, or I will lose face before others."

Madam Miao was so agitated that her blood rushed to her head. She pointed at Ye Shuyun, but could not say a word.

Ye Shuyun tidied up her shirt, and now she looked like a noblewoman again.

“What do you want?”

Mr Miao turned around and asked Lu Jin, “General Lu, we are all soldiers. No matter what my daughter did, she has paid her price, and your wife has even gave her a beating, isn’t that enough.”

“That’s your own problem,” Lu Jin squinted. He did not feel like his son and Ye Shuyun had done anything wrong, they were right in the first place.

Living in this world, one must prioritize themselves over others.

Lu Yi lifted Yan Huan’s face, no one could see the things hidden in his dark pupils. Enough? No, how would that be enough, even a lifetime wouldn’t be enough.

“Does it hurt?” He asked Yan Huan, “Why did you let her slap you? Why would you do something that harm yourself.”

“Ouch,” Yan Huan pouted. “I don’t care, I will definitely sue her. Mom can have her own revenge, but I haven’t have mine yet.”

“What do you want?” Mr Miao asked Yan Huan, “As long as you will let my daughter go.”

“Hmm...” Yan Huan played with her own fingers, “I heard that you have a genuine Wu Daozi’s painting, right?”

Mr Miao’s lips twitched. Lu Jin also thought of something, and his palm turned sweaty.

This was a cruel move, an absolutely savage move. She dared to asked for a national treasure!

But Yan Huan’s smile was still innocent, as if she did not feel the pain of the cut she made on other’s heart. Well, she was not the one hurting. She liked to find pleasure in other’s pain. It was Miao Xinyuan’s fault for aiming for her husband. She had missed Lu Yi once for a lifetime. Now that they were finally married, how could she allow someone else to covet her husband?

She would make anyone who eyed her husband remember this pain.

Actually, she heard that the Miao’s had Wu Daozi’s genuine painting from someone else. She even forgot who said it. But she knew another painting of his was auctioned at a sky-high price. She knew that the painting was the Miao’s heirloom. Now she wanted to know if he wanted to keep his painting, or to save his daughter.

After a long pause, Mr Miao looked up. He felt like blood was gushing out of his heart. He clenched his teeth, the pain was almost unbearable.

“Okay, I promise you, I will send the painting here tomorrow. Can we leave now?”

“Please,” Yan Huan’s smile was bright as always. Only when the Miao’s had left, she pouted again.

“Can you stop pinching my face, it’s so swollen already!” She pointed at the half which was slapped.

“Wasn’t it a steal? I exchanged half of my face for her entire swollen face, and also a Wu Daozi’s

painting! Hmm, what do you think, Dad? Take the painting as a compensation for you and Mom's moral damages. Both of you were shocked because of them, after all."

Chapter 474: Nowhere's Safe

"Exactly," said Ye Shuyun, feeling good after the beatdown. She hadn't felt this good in a while now. I ought to do this more often, she thought to herself.

Lu Jin wiped some sweat off his forehead.

"Can I really have it? The work of Wu Daozi?" he asked, still in disbelief. His life would be complete if he had that. Even if he couldn't have it, he would have been satisfied with a look or a touch.

"Of course it's for you, Dad. It's not like any of us has a taste for such things. Personally, I prefer money."

"Let's go back first," said Lu Jin, getting a little carried away in his moment of elation. "I'll have to find a place to store it. How about... No, it might not be safe at home. Should we buy a safe? Wait, no. Even a safe might not be safe enough. I need somewhere safer."

Lu Jin kept mumbling to himself on where to store his newly-acquired treasure.

Ye Shuyun rolled her eyes. He spoke of his mansion filled with entry-pass demanding sentries as though it was some kind of ghetto.

They barely even remembered Old Master Lu's existence when they left.

Lu Jin's mind was fixed on Wu Daozi's work, while Ye Shuyun pretended not to notice Old Master Lu who was still waiting for an explanation.

Yan Huan never liked the old man, so she walked off on her own. As for Lu Jin, he chose to follow his parents. He didn't mean any disrespect, but his grandfather was too domineering. He needed to reflect and be taught a lesson. Just because he was old, it didn't mean he was always right. Everyone views the world differently, and so rarely do two views coincide.

He needed to look and think deeper into matters.

Old Master Lu watched them as they left without a goodbye.

He wanted Wu Daozi's work too!

"Look at them, father! They are so rude towards you!" said Qin Xiaoyue accusingly, pouting.

"You shut your mouth!" bellowed Old Master Lu. "Blabbermouth."

Qin Xiaoyue pulled a long face, cursing 'old nuisance' in her heart.

"I know what you are thinking inside," said Old Master Lu. He had been through all kinds of things and seen all sorts of people, and reading Qin Xiaoyue's mind wasn't hard.

"Worse than an actor," he snorted. "Damn troublemakers."

"Leave! Get lost! All of you. Embarrassments."

His insult was targeted at both Qin Xiaoyue and Lu Jin.

He knew what was going on in Lu Qin's mind too. Not even a semblance of the Ye Family's pride in him. Not only did he become an actor, but he also stood there and took their insult like a wuss.

Old Master Lu stood up and returned to his room, leaving the two out there standing.

"Look at your grandpa! Always so biased against us," said Qin Xiaoyue, so angry she was nearly at a loss of words.

"He has always been this way, Mom," Lu Qin smiled coldly. "Hasn't he always taken Uncle's side? Don't go thinking that anything's changed just because he hit Lu Yi. He hit Lu Yi because he loved him too much. Mark my words, if I had been the one who married Yan Huan, he wouldn't have batted an eye."

"So why didn't you marry her?" Yan Huan getting married to Lu Yi had left her vexed and envious. If she had married Lu Qin, Qin Xiaoyue could have gotten anything she wanted, given how good she was at making money. The only problem was her embarrassing husband-stealing looks.

Women were always jealous of prettier women. She looked down at Yan Huan, but she liked her money. If possible, she would have wanted her as a daughter-in-law, since that would be equivalent to marrying a bank. That would increase their importance in the Lu Family by folds.

And she wouldn't need to pinch pennies all the time.

The words rankled.

Yeah, how good would that be? Yan Huan's money and connections would all have been his. And Wu Daozi's work! It's priceless, for god's sake.

Plus, with Yan Huan's current status in the acting industry, he could have gotten any role he wanted. Even getting Best Actor seemed plausible in a few years' time. At present, he couldn't even get one good film. His career was at a standstill.

If not for the Lu Family, who knows where he'll be right now.

If he married Yan Huan, everything that belonged to her would become his.

If he married Yan Huan, he'll have access to both her money and connections.

He'll have everything, the Lu Family, all he ever wanted.

However, the fact was he didn't marry Yan Huan. She was his cousin-in-law, not his wife.

Lu Yi first sent Lu Jin and Ye Shuyun to the Lu house, then drove Yan Huan to his home.

Lu Jin began scanning around once he stepped into the house, feeling unsafe no matter where he looked.

"Don't you feel unsafe here, Shuyun?"

This was the first time in dozens of years Lu Jin felt his home unsafe, yet he could not quite put a finger on what made him feel that way.

Ye Shuyun, a cat lying beside her foot, was folding the clothes that had already been washed by the nanny.

She looked up from her chores.

“Nothing’s safe about this place.”

“What makes you say that?” asked Lu Jin, pondering over where to hide Wu Daozi’s painting.

“Do you think you are the only one staying here?” said Ye Shuyun, rising. She carried the clothes in her chest, preparing to put them into the closet. Lu Jin still didn’t get what she meant.

“What do you mean?” asked Lu Jin blankly.

“Don’t forget your brother’s family shares the same roof as us,” reminded Ye Shuyun.

Lu Qin wasn’t someone worth trusting, and Qin Xiaoyue had always been stealing her stuff. Ye Shuyun had stored the jewelry given by Yan Huan at her place since they were too expensive to be put at home. Her things often went missing, but she tried her best to put up with it and not tell anyone.

It wasn’t baseless suspicion either—she once found out about Qin Xiaoyue selling one of her rings. Still, she didn’t blow her cover because they were all from the Lu Family, and she took pity on the widow and son. Now she understood why there was the saying ‘Pitiful people tend to be equally abominable’.

Chapter 475: Still Quite Pretty

When Lu Jin was in a precarious condition at Serene City, Qin Xiaoyue’s expression of pretentious caring and sardonic face pierced Ye Shuyun every day. She was crying, but Qin was laughing, saying terrible things in her face. She said she was feeling down as well, that they were both widows.

But she never believed that her husband died. How could he? And so, she hated Qin Xiaoyue from then onward. And even until today, she could not forgive her.

Thankfully, Lu Jin came back. She was not widowed, or else how could she live on?

“Careful,” Ye Shuyun would not point out the thief, but being careful could make a journey last longer. “We can’t lose this painting. It was exchanged with our son’s life, after all. If the Miao’s was not feeling guilty, and was caught red-handed by us, you think they would hand this to us? This painting is as precious as life itself. Who would give that out willingly?”

Yan Huan could ask for it because it was under that circumstances, or else, even if the Miao’s were massacred, no one would be able to get that Wu Daozi painting.

Lu Jin understood that Ye Shuyun wanted him to be wary of Qin Xiaoyue and her son. He himself knew that Lu Qin was not a sincere person as well. Although he thought Lu Qin would not have the guts to steal the painting, he was still worried.

A rabbit, when pressured, will even bite a person, not to mention Lu Qin who was not a rabbit, but a wolf, a vicious wolf with white eyes.

He did not care before, because he had nothing to lose in the house. But now, he had a Wu Daozi painting and his Ouyang Xiu calligraphy. Not to mention being stolen, even if someone else touched them, he would feel uncomfortable. If he lost it, it would be like losing his life.

“I need to think,” Lu Jin felt his head was going to explode.

“Should we move?” Lu Jin asked Ye Shuyun. They had a few houses elsewhere; they could stay in any one of them.

“Why should we?” Ye Shuyun opened the cabinet and put in some clothes. Lu Jin followed her tightly behind, walking to wherever she was going to.

“Even if you move, you won’t have guards to stop the thieves.” Ye Shuyun was referring to the guards outside. The guards would only guard this house, not anywhere else. Moreover, she was used to staying here, thus, she was unwilling to move.

“On top of that,” Ye Shuyun felt like he was being naive, “If we moved, won’t second brother’s family make a mess here? Even if you can accept that, I can’t,” Every single grass and branch here was taken care of by her. This was where she poured her sweat and blood, this was her home.

Moreover, why did she have to move? This property was Lu Jin’s, not Lu Qin’s.

Lu Jin pouted for a moment.

True, they could not move. But they could not possibly chase Qin Xiaoyue and her son out, he could not do something as cruel as that.

“Lemme think,” Lu Jin walked out, sat down, and was immersed in his thoughts on where to put the Wu Daozi.

The housekeeper passed an egg to Lu Yi, “Rub with this, it will heal well.”

“Thanks, aunty,” Lu Yi took the egg, squatted down before Yan Huan, and put the egg on her face.

“Ouch!” Yan Huan jerked back a little. Can’t you be gentler?

Lu Yi raised an eyebrow, but did not stop his hand.

Looking at his ice-cold eyes, Yan Huan knew that she was wrong. So she guiltily and quietly played with her fingers.

Looking at her puppy-like eyes, Lu Yi’s rage dissipated.

He peeled the egg, and took out the yolk, separating it into two from the middle. He put one half into his own mouth, and dangled the other before Yan Huan.

“No,” Yan Huan felt disgusted.

“Yes,” Lu Yi was intentional.

“Eww, no!” I don’t want to eat that.

“Eat it,” Lu Yi squinted both his eyes, sending out a threatening stare.

Yan Huan was forced to swallow half an egg yolk. Only Lu Yi could make Yan Huan compromise like this in the whole world. Of course, only Yan Huan could make Lu Yi powerless.

Yan Huan tried hard to swallow the yolk, but she felt a little disgusted. She slapped her chest when she felt as though the yolk was stuck.

Lu Yi poured a cup of water, and put it down in front of her.

Yan Huan quickly took the cup and gulped down the water, but she still felt horrible.

She pouted her lips, as if Lu Yi bullied her. She looked straight at Lu Yi, but Lu Yi did not even bother her.

He stood up, and walked to the sofa. Then, he took his laptop and put it on his lap, about to start working.

Yan Huan touched her own face, and pain seared through her, almost causing her to scream. She had really become more squeamish and delicate. When she was a body double, she was also hit more than once or twice. And it was for real, no pulling punches and no playing with angles. But her swell was not as bad.

Or maybe Miao Xinyuan used her inner qi or she lathered poison on her palm. How else would the swelling be this bad? She ran into the bathroom, and looked at her face in the mirror for a long time.

Seems okay? It's not that bad. But her skin was thin, so it seemed more swollen.

Hmm, still quite pretty. She mumbled to herself, either joking to herself, or trying to make herself feel better.

Then she was reminded of the disgusting egg yolk she just had.

When she walked out, she saw that the housekeeper had laid down all the dishes on the table.

Lu Yi was still on the sofa, laptop on his lap, his fingers flying quickly across the keyboard. She walked over, bent down, and looked at Lu Yi's screen. She was greeted by a flurry of English characters, which made her dizzy.

Lu Yi used his hand to raise her chin, to prevent her from "eating" his laptop.

Finally, he closed his laptop and put it aside. Then he stood up, and looked straight at Yan Huan with her swollen face.

Yan Huan blinked a few times, keeping her innocent face. Thankfully, she had a pretty face, or else she would look terrible. Lu Yi squinted his eyes again; it did not feel like a kind look. Some said he had a naturally murderous face— it was true.

What an overwhelming murderous intent.

"Eat," Lu Yi's voice had a tinge of helplessness. His bony fingers tucked her messy hair behind her ears, and dragged her to the dining table. That helplessness made him sigh.

He thought he would age quickly. As for Yan Huan, she would probably age gracefully.

Chapter 476: Carrying A Bomb

Lu Yi never mentioned anything about Yan Huan's face after that. On that night, he showed little restraint. He was never one to restrain himself from such pleasures, despite his cold and aloof appearance, a result of his repressive nature. Yan Huan had the truth of it. He just had a resting bitch face.

Of course, he could have been taking revenge.

In the morning, Lu Yi left refreshed and invigorated. His vacation was nearly at its end, and Yan Huan had to go back to work too, now that she was fine.

They often say relationships makes one less motivated, but he didn't balk at the thought of going back to work. It felt normal to him. Perhaps that was why he was unromantic.

Still, Yan Huan's view was even more unorthodox.

According to her, parting makes the heart grow fonder.

No amount of love can withstand the trial of time if the couple is always together. Everyone needs their own lives and connections, and cutting others off to make room for one's spouse is foolish.

In a way, they were a match made in heaven.

Even though they didn't share the exact same ideology, similarities could be drawn from both. Plus, they both had some plans which they kept secret from others.

After Lu Yi went to work, Yan Huan took out her phone and called Luo Lin.

"Are you sure you want this one?" asked Luo Lin doubtfully. "Why bother taking a secondary lead role when there are better offers available?"

"I like challengers and beating up husband stealers," said Yan Huan, smiling brightly and clenching her bandaged hand. Her bright smile might have sent a chill down someone's spine.

"You are so wilful," complained Luo Lin, picking out a contract from a pile of documents. What a wilful best actress. The average actor couldn't even afford to be this wilful; it was usually the director that picks the actors, not the other way round. And she even forwent a female lead role for a secondary lead one, a role that would surely draw hate and disgust. Of course, a role like that was right up Yan Huan's alley.

At the same time, it provided a challenging aspect, which she believed Yan Huan liked.

Nowadays, if Yan Huan wanted a role, she needn't even ask. Her popularity had been sky-high ever since the Serene City earthquake. The problem now was that she didn't take any drama offers and only took advertisement and endorsement ones. As her manager, Luo Lin had to be responsible.

She knew that it was about time for Yan Huan to return to public view and shoot another movie. After all, she had been away from the big screens for almost a year. She might be forgotten if she takes her time.

Still, the drama at hand was a quality one, and Luo Lin saw most things eye to eye with Yan Huan. She was very shrewd when it came to such things.

Of course, she didn't know the story behind Yan Huan's shrewdness had something to do with her experiences from her previous life, where she gained knowledge of which films were going to make it big, and how far it would go. From there, she merely used her resources to secure herself a suitable role and gain popularity through these films and dramas.

The good films she never missed, and it would be an added bonus if it's a film that could make her enemies feel uncomfortable.

Her smile sweetened, but somehow it felt colder than before.

What's this called again, she thought, don't blame me for being superior if you are nothing.

I kinda miss you, Su Muran. What about you? Missing me? I'm sure you'll be glad to see me, right, my archnemesis?

Yan Huan poured a glass of milk for herself, and just as she was about to drink it, she heard knocking at the door.

When she opened the door, it was none other than the Lu Jin couple.

"What brings you here, Mom and Dad?" said Yan Huan, quickly stepping aside to admit the couple.

Lu Jin was carrying something in his chest, and you would think that it was a timed bomb that could blow up at any time from the way he was acting.

"Come on already!" yelled Ye Shuyun. "Relax, no one's going to steal your Wu Daozi painting. It's yours, and no one will take it away from you. You are freaking out too much! Even when you were driving, you were worrying about someone tailing you and stealing your painting away."

"What do you know?" said Lu Jin, putting down the item he was hugging.

"Do you know the value of this painting?"

"How much could it be?" questioned Ye Shuyun, looking at it up and down. "It's just a painting! A scroll of paper! Plus, didn't you say that it's against the law to own a national treasure like this? If you couldn't even sell it, isn't it worthless?"

Lu Jin felt as if he had been playing music to a cow and asking for its opinions at the end of it.

"Huanhuan, let me store this here first," said Lu Jin, carefully putting the painting on the table. Earlier this morning, Lu Jin refused to take his hands off the painting when the Miao Family had reluctantly sent it over.

This was his only hobby, and he liked this painting so much so that he didn't feel safe putting it anywhere. After much consideration, he didn't leave it at his son's house.

They have already sent it over?

Yan Huan walked towards it and took the painting. Lu Jin's eyes began twitching.

"Be gentle now, don't tear it. It's authentic."

"Relax, Dad, I will try my very best not to damage your painting," said Yan Huan. She opened the outermost box, in which there was indeed a scrolled painting that looked fairly ancient. It was a priceless treasure indeed.

Lu Jin was on the tip of his toes even when Yan Huan had not opened the box. Had she done that, he would be sweating bullets.

She put the lid back onto the box, a gesture that made Lu Jin visibly relieved.

She took the box, stored it in an innermost shelf, and locked it so that it wouldn't go anywhere. It's not like it could get lost in the first place, but the extra level of security would definitely help Lu Jin sleep better at night.

"Dad, this is only a temporary solution. A collectible is meant to be admired by the collector himself and viewed at his pleasure."

That was what Lu Jin was stressing over.

"Your Dad wanted to move, but I objected," said Ye Shuyun, sitting down. "I'm not moving anywhere. It's my home, so why should I move?"

Of course, they shouldn't move. That house originally belonged to Lu Jin. Back then, the old master gave one house to each son, but Lu Qin's father had sold his due to various reasons. When his family had nowhere else to go, Lu Jin had to take them in and shared half his house with them, since Old Master Lu preferred his peace over his family.

Chapter 477: Just Separate Them

It was impossible to ask Lu Qin and his mother to move. Even Lu Jin would not do that. Lu Jin was not a merciless person. But if none of them move, how secure would it be?

Even if no one would steal it, Lu Jin would still feel uncomfortable.

"Well, the house is so huge. Why don't you just separate it into half?" Yan Huan asked, as if it was unintentional. Actually it was not her idea but Lu Qin's. Lu Qin wanted the house from the start, but it was under his uncle's name, so it would not be his, unless Lu Jin's family completely perished.

He wanted half of the house, but it depended on Lu Jin's willingness. In her previous life, Lu Yi did not agree. In this life, Yan Huan felt that using half of the house to trade for a peace of mind was worth it.

Moreover, even if it were split, it would not belong to Lu Qin.

They would just be living in separate spaces.

"Separate?"

Ye Shuyun kept on repeating the word.

"Yeah, separate then. Lu Jin, let's do it when we get back. We don't need that much space anyway. Lu Qin has grown up too. He has to marry someday. Do you still want his family to stay with his uncle? Even if we split the house, we have never lived on their side anyway. After that, you can safely hang your Wu Daozi, Ouyang Xiu, and your other junk, can't you?"

Hearing this, Lu Jin felt that it was justifiable. Just separate it then. But he was reluctant to give away half of his house to Lu Qin.

Ye Shuyun hummed unhappily in her heart. It was such a steal for the second brother's family.

But there was no other way since she wanted to keep face. She still remembered the disgusting, jeering faces of Lu Qin and his mother when Lu Jin was in trouble.

Yan Huan now felt that her mother-in-law was no softie. But, she remembered that in her previous life, Ye Shuyun kneeled down before Yan Huan and begged her to save Lu Yi, but she did not, and she felt guilty about that.

She remembered what she owed others and what others owed her.

When Lu Yi came back at night, Yan Huan sat at the corner of the bed, examining a drawing.

Lu Yi put down his own things, walked over, and sat down. He took over the painting in Yan Huan's hands, "Oh, Wu Daozi's. The Miaos sent this over?"

"Yep. I didn't expect them to really give it up. I feel like I'm digging their hearts."

"This is what you dug up," Lu Yi rolled up the painting scroll, "Keep it well."

Yan Huan took that as Lu Yi's compliment to her. She then put her head on Lu Yi's lap. "Dad sent it here for safekeeping. He said that it wasn't safe in the house. I didn't even dare to open it in front of him."

"Why?" Lu Yi took up the painting to prevent Yan Huan from squashing it underneath her butt. His Dad would go crazy if that happened.

"Why else?" Yan Huan was bending her own fingers, "Your Dad was like holding a ticking time bomb. He even wiped the table before he put it down. I just wanted to take a look. But when I opened the box, your Dad's face looked like I was digging his flesh and drinking his blood. He almost wanted to snatch it from me. So I could only take it out after he has left. But it was just a dull painting. Is this really a national treasure?"

Lu Yi put the painting aside. The painting was processed so that it was isolated from air, preserving it through time, preventing discoloration.

"Art is priceless. Just like this painting, it is the wisdom of our ancestors, the essence of our five thousand years of history. You can't eat or drink it, but it is precious."

Yan Huan touched her own face, but Lu Yi's thick hair on his thighs poked her face. She plucked a hair and Lu Yi frowned in pain.

It was her fault, but she blamed it on him. What an illogical girl.

"Mom and Dad want to build a wall," Yan Huan caressed Lu Yi's legs softly, as if apologizing for what she did.

She was talking about the wall, but she was also poking his leg; it was quite tingly, and enticing.

"Separating the house into two parts, giving Lu Qin a part, and we'll never have to see them again," Yan Huan stood up uncomfortably, and sat back down, then she leaned onto Lu Yi's arms. At least there were not much hair there. But his muscles were pretty hard so it was not comfortable.

This man trained his body into a bundle of muscle as hard as bricks.

Lu Yi was quite aroused by Yan Huan's actions, and his body was reacting well. He expertly put his hands into her clothes and grabbed her soft lump.

"It feels... bigger, but the hand feels is as nice as always."

Yan Huan caught his hand. She was talking about serious matters, but the boiling hand softened her entire body. She wanted him to be rougher, to be stronger.

She felt like she had turned naughty, very naughty.

"I haven't eaten yet..." Yan Huan moaned, her two fair legs were touching each other from time to time. She was aroused too. They had been rather harmonious in bed.

Sometimes it might happen several times in a night. Husband and wife were the closest person to begin with, and the touch of the body combined their soul into one.

"Later," Lu Yi's breathing had also changed. He was like an arrow on the bowstring that was about to let loose.

"When is later?" Yan Huan's face was red, her heart was beating fast, her voice was almost a moan.

"We'll see," Lu Yi stopped her. He had to focus on his job now.

The delivery guy outside put his hands around his head, as if he had lost his will to live.

Why is he here again? He had been waiting at the door while carrying the take-out for a long time.

Knock knock, he knocked again. Dude, can you open the door?

The door creaked open. It was still the man in white bathing robes. The delivery guy was envious of his body. Look at that chest, and that arm. Someone like this was bound to have a six-pack. Only someone who trained regularly could have such a good body. He was also a little scared of this man. Taking a punch from him would be no laughing joke.

"Umm, your take-out," he carried both bags carefully with shaking hands.

Chapter 478: Movie Time

The food to be delivered was as heavy as it was expensive.

Who is this rich guy? wondered the delivery boy. The few hundreds the man spent on dinner was enough to feed him for a month.

The man took the bag from him and slammed the door shut.

The delivery boy rubbed his nose. What a temper.

Lu Yi took out the dishes, set them on the table, then took out the rice and did the same.

"Time to eat, Huanhuan," he called.

Yan Huan walked out bare-footed. There was a special charm to her right now, and her narrowed eyes were very seductive.

Of course, Lu Qin had never discovered her beauty in her previous life. Lu Yi, on the other hand, owned a complete Yan Huan.

Yan Huan walked out, spruced up her hair, then reached out and looped her arm around Lu Yi's waist. Her waist still felt sore, but she was content.

Very content.

"Time to eat," said Lu Yi, stroking her head gently with his angular hands. His throat dried up at the remembrance of those passionate moments they shared recently. He then remembered about Yan Huan being reincarnated, and how she belonged to Lu Qin in her previous life and not him. That made him want to kill someone.

This was his woman, a woman whose body and soul were perfectly compatible with his own. No one is allowed to take her away from her.

He rubbed Yan Huan's face, which was nearly sinking into his fingers.

"I'm hungry," mumbled Yan Huan. The slight hoarseness in her voice made it even sexier, and her coquettishness made it impossible for any man to resist. Luckily, she only showed this side to Lu Yi. At most times, best actress Yan was cold and aloof, the kind of woman which you can admire but not touch.

"Come eat," said Lu Yi, planting a kiss on her forehead. In his chest, his woman was like a little girl, her dense lashes drooping over her tiny, porcelain face. She was little indeed, only a mere 24 while he was nearly 30.

He took Yan Huan's hand, helped her to her seat, and passed her a pair of chopsticks.

"There's so much food," said Yan Huan, bringing some food into her mouth with her chopsticks. She loved food from this store since they were good and authentic, despite being a little expensive. Of course, that only applied to commoners. She had no lack of money, and not the least of intentions to go hard on her belly.

Lu Yi busied himself with the task of monitoring her to eat, so he himself didn't eat much. Yan Huan had clearly been starving, evident in the way she pigged out without any consideration for her image. She didn't put on much weight even after Lu Yi "sloped" her like a pig for months anyway.

They were both bloated by the time they finished all five dishes.

Lu Yi cleared the trash from the table and packed them into a bag, preparing to throw it on the way out. He changed into a new set of clothes and helped Yan Huan put on her hat. "Wanna go on a walk?"

Truth be told, she didn't. It was freezing outside.

"It will help you digest that heavy meal," said Lu Yi. He was a practitioner of ancient martial arts, which was all about finding the right time, location and balance between Yin and Yang, so he naturally developed his own methods of healthy living. He didn't follow these methods strictly, but most of the time he did.

He took Yan Huan's hand and led her out after throwing out the trash. Walking hand in hand on the street, they seemed just like a normal couple. It wasn't that late yet, so there were still many people on the street—mostly couples madly in love.

Did it seem like they weren't madly in love?

Lu Yi stopped to help Yan Huan button up.

"Are you cold?" he said, cupping his large palms around Yan Huan's face and feeling her temperature. Thankfully, her face was warm and smooth.

Yan Huan shook her head. How could she be cold when she was bundled up like a bear?

Lu Yi gripped her hand tight and stuffed it into his pockets, warming her with his body temperature.

They kept walking as the street lamp elongated their shadows. Perhaps this was what happiness felt like.

No honeyed words and only heartwarming happiness.

I maintained my best self in the hopes of encountering you. Even if we didn't meet in one lifetime, we will eventually cross paths in the next. She had hoped that they met neither too early nor too late.

Thankfully, you were there waiting as I rushed to you.

"Wanna watch a movie?" suggest Yan Huan, pointing to a cinema nearby. They might as well watch a movie since they happened to stroll pass here.

"Sure," said Lu Yi, leading her into the cinema. There weren't many people inside, potentially because of the less-than-satisfactory quality of the films currently being aired. The better films were usually released during festive times, so it was only expected for the films to be average. Still, there could be surprises.

"Which one do you want to watch?" asked Lu Yi. Watching movies wasn't a hobby of his. In fact, he had never seen one before. He always considered sitting for one to two hours a sheer waste of time.

But Yan Huan was the one who wanted to watch it, and that changes things. If she wanted to watch it, he will accompany her.

"How about... that one," said Yan Huan, pointing to an artistic film starred by Ye Yimeng, who Yan Huan knew and worked with once. However, that was the only time. During the past years, Ye Yimeng had been living methodically, taking on films, advertisements, charity events and reality television programs alike.

Her popularity never got too high, but it was enough to put her on the B-list.

Yan Huan used to be an extra, but now she was an A-list actor who had set box office records and shot to staggering fame. In time, if she gets a suitable film, she might even make Best Actress in the world.

Lu Yi browsed through the summary of the Ye Yimeng's artistic film. The next showing was 15 minutes later.

Lu Yi got two tickets, a box of popcorn, and two cups of drinks.

Yan Huan grabbed a handful of popcorn and munched on them. These snacks were allowed in the cinema anyway. For every popcorn she ate, she hand-fed one to Lu Yi. Bored, she unlocked her phone and asked Lu Yi to help her play. With her intelligence, she felt she was bettering off acting than trying to break those high scores.

A woman walked in and sat down beside her, but she didn't pay much attention to that. It wasn't as if she owned the chairs in the cinema anyway.

"Why do I have to watch this?" complained a man unhappily. "I wanted to watch a war film."

Chapter 479: Your Wife

"I want to watch the artistic one," the woman said. Her voice was flat and sounded awkward, "There's nothing much in those films. You have to learn to see the substance of society. This type of art reflects our existence in life. It is something we do not realize. People nowadays are becoming more and more fickle."

"I want to watch the war film," the man said, without consideration.

"But the artistic film will be memorable and spark your deep thoughts."

She sounded like a teacher patiently teaching her student.

The man was visibly angered. He stood up, took out some money, bought a bucket of popcorn, and a cup of coke. With a bang, he slammed them on the table.

Yan Huan was shocked.

"You shouldn't eat this. There a lot of chemical additives in it. And you'll get osteoporosis if you drink too much coke..." Her blabbering would not stop. Even Yan Huan wanted to stuff her mouth with popcorn to shut her up, not to mention the man beside her.

Can't you stop talking, be quiet, and stop lecturing?

Yan Huan turned her face sideways, a mist covered her smiling eyes before it vanished without a trace.

Oh, I know her.

She tugged at Lu Yi's clothes. He was still playing the game for her. Yan Huan was born to suffer for keeping appearances. She wanted to be a high scorer despite being terrible at the game.

She was tortured badly by others in the game, and every time that happens, she needs Lu Yi to help her find her confidence. Lu Yi, as a top math student, was dominating the game. But with his personality, he would not play games. It was all for Yan Huan. And so, the top student became a phone addict.

"What's up?" Lu Yi looked up.

Yan Huan pointed at the couple, then whispered beside Lu Yi.

"She's your wife in the previous lifetime."

Lu Yi frowned. With a glance, he caught Fang Zhu in his sight. She did not change one bit. She was still wearing the same shirt. Does she really only have a set of clothing? Or all her outfits are the same?

Moreover, her head had an unappealing shape. Unlike someone like Yan Huan, even if she were bald, she would still look pretty. But Fang Zhu's skinny face, tall cheeks, with her hair all tied to the back created a look that made him feel uncomfortable.

Lu Yi calmly retracted his gaze, and saw Yan Huan smiling, but there were some jealousy in her eyes.

Was she still annoyed that he married Fang Zhu in the previous life?

His bony fingers traced the little lady's hat. He stopped noticing Fang Zhu, and Fang Zhu was no longer in his eyes.

Yan Huan picked up the coke and sipped, her eyes surveying the surroundings. Surprisingly, she found a poster of 'The Uncle and the Flower' at the corner.

She was wearing a small flora dress, her face was dark but her cheeks were red, a classic Tibetan red. Her hair was tied in two messy pigtails. Her eyes were dull, so she did not seem too smart, but someone optimistic and active. The kind of girl that would climb back up smiling after a fall.

Someone that would make people smile.

"It's still here?"

She hugged Lu Yi's waist, her chin rested on top of his shoulder.

Lu Yi looked at the silly girl. She was quite cute, someone that others would laugh at, but lovable because of how down-to-earth she was.

"That's a good photo."

"Of course," Yan Huan was like a proud peacock.

"I'm so pretty, just like Cabbage, we're pretty girls."

"Don't get conceited," Lu Yi pinched her delicate nose, but he affirmed Yan Huan's words. Some might be narcissistic, but Yan Huan was absolutely confident. She was truly a beauty that conformed to the public's beauty standards. Or else this promotional poster would not be here for about a year.

It topped the box office last year, a miracle among small budget films, and it rose Yan Huan to stardom.

Fang Zhu's ears twitched, and she looked to her side. She saw a man in a black windbreaker, long limbs, and seemed full of righteousness; her heart felt like it was being oppressed by something.

With a shout, she stood up. This surprised the man sitting beside her.

"What are you doing?" The man took a piece of popcorn and ate it.

"Washroom," Fang Zhu blurted out, and rushed to the washroom.

Yan Huan stood up at the same time.

"Are you alright?" Lu Yi held her hand tightly.

"Washroom," Yan Huan drank too much, and the movie was about to start, so she wanted to avoid walking out during the movie, as that would be troublesome.

“Be careful,” Lu Yi held her finger. He was afraid that someone might recognize her, as some fans these days were crazy.

“I will be fine,” Yan Huan pushed her black framed glasses on her face. She wore a hoodie sweater, and a thin organza skirt. A pair of brown sheepskin boots wrapped around her legs. She looked very ladylike, coupled with her gorgeous body, she was like a born model. Her silhouette looked very slender and pretty.

“Dude, that’s your girlfriend?” The man with Fang Zhu stuffed popcorn into his mouth while asking Lu Yi. But when he saw Lu Yi’s face and manner, he felt dejected.

He was not looking too shabby, but compared to the man in front of him, it was heaven and earth.

“My wife,” Lu Yi continued playing the game on his phone.

“Heh...” the man laughed dryly. “Man, we’re both men, but why are our lives so different? That...” He pointed at Fang Zhu who just came in, “She was introduced to me by the family, our families are quite close. Which means I have to marry her, got it?” The man straightened his back and wiped his face. He had finally found somebody to voice out his sufferings.

“Do you know what kind of suffering I have to go through? Men are visual creatures. If you see a hot girl every day, that’s soothing to the eyes and mind. But if you have to look at an ugly one all day, that’s gonna hurt ya eyes.”

“Which man wouldn’t like a pretty girl, a gentle girl, someone warm in your embrace? But mine, tsk...” The man laughed, the meaning hidden in the lines.

“She’s just like a nun, wearing the same clothes every day. Lecturing me every day like a teacher, ‘You can’t do this, you can’t do that’,” As he spoke, he continued to throw one after another popcorn into his mouth, chewing them loudly.

Chapter 480: Big Breast Birdbrain

“Who can do it with a boring woman like her? I can’t even get it to stand with her lying there like a dead fish. You reckon you can do better than me, brother?”

Lu Yi froze.

Now that his hands stopped moving, the cartoon avatar within the phone kept running forward until it died from an enemy attack.

He remembered Yan Huan telling him that he and Fang Zhu’s relationship was respectful but icy. They bore no children.

He shook his head, sympathizing with the whiny man before him.

He saw himself from his previous life in that man.

The man gazed at the ceiling and sighed.

“My life is ruined.”

Lu Yi tapped 'revive', and the cartoon avatar came back to life, stood up again and raced forth.

So was mine, he thought, during my previous life.

Inside the toilet, Yan Huan twisted the tap open and put her hands below the sink. There were still wounds on them, but they were mostly scabbing and healing.

The wounds didn't look very pretty, but her thin but not bony hands were shapely with long fingers and white, tender skin.

The tap beside was also turned on, a pair of hands extending below it, its fingers fat and short and unadorned.

Yan Huan was more observant of such things than most people. She had taken meticulous care of her fingers, had an exquisite diamond ring on one of them, and a thin, beautiful bracelet of unknown material around her wrist. She looked up. In the mirror, she saw herself, youthful and exuberant, and also a harridan.

"You know, you can try going for a different style for once," she advised kindly. Men were sensory creatures. There's nothing wrong for a woman to have substance and intellect, but those weren't enough to satisfy a man. What a man wants to see is beauty.

Fang Zhu looked up and saw Yan Huan in her glamour, not just because of her clothes but also her face, innocent air, and an hourglass body.

Fang Zhu pursed her moldy-looking lips, pale and unsightly from the lack of lipsticks.

Yan Huan took out her makeup-kit and applied a layer of foundation to get rid of the oily look. Her skin was naturally good, so she only needed a bit of foundation. She then added some blush. Lastly, she smeared some lipstick to the area below her thumb, dipped it in water, and used it as a secondary layer of blush. This will give her a healthy glow.

Then, she kept the lipstick in her bag and walked out.

Women should treat themselves well. Women ought to dress up for the man they like.

Fang Zhu wasn't actually that bad. Education just made her dull and dreary. Yan Huan didn't actually hate Fang Zhu like she hated Su Muran. Even though Fang Zhu had looked down on her, it was her fault for being too stupid and conceited.

Plus, she was a teeny-bit apologetic. Had she not been reborn, Lu Yi and Fang Zhi would have gone down the same road. It might not have been the best path, but it was the one that was meant to happen until she came along.

If Fang Zhu takes her advice, something might change. Otherwise, with her disposition, nothing will change no matter whom she marries. She would never be able to attain love from a respectful, icy marriage.

Love sweet, but it also can be sour, bitter, or even painful. But humans need love. Lots of them.

A woman who has never experienced love is pitiful.

Yan Huan walked over and sat down beside Lu Yi, then rested on his leg and watched him play the game. The phone was still on his laps. Yan Huan had bought the newest model to play games. Skills aside, she had to at least have the best equipment.

Yan Huan felt defeated when she saw the familiarity in the way Lu Yi played.

“You play exactly like how I play, but why do I always die here?”

“Too dumb,” said Lu Yi lightly.

Yan Huan stared. Still looking down, Lu Yi squeezed her cheeks.

“Don’t worry about it, nothing wrong with being a big boobed birdbrain.”

“...”

Fang Zhu’s eyes twitched at their flirty behavior. Lu Yi had never treated her that way, and neither could she replicate what Yan Huan was doing. Showering a man with hugs and kisses was against her teachings. In fact, it went against her understanding of this world. She wasn’t Yan Huan. She couldn’t do it. What would it be like if she was the one lying on a man’s lap?

What would it look like?

Have you ever seen an old nun showering a man with hugs and kisses?

No, right?

It’s not possible, right?

Right?

Troubled, she straightened herself, her teeth hurting from the clenching. The man beside her looked at her, then at the beautiful woman with a great figure and sweet voice on Lu Yi’s lap. He cried internally.

Comparison breeds pain.

Even though the pain was what made him compare in the first place.

Plus, why was this guy’s girlfriend so familiar-looking? He pondered over that for a while but couldn’t remember who it was. Maybe she was a star look-alike, but he couldn’t put his fingers on who it was.

A radio announcement came, saying that the ticket-cutting for their movie had begun. Lu Yi kept the phone and gave the popcorn to Yan Huan, carrying the two cups of drinks.

When their tickets were being cut, the ticket-cutter stared at Yan Huan’s face for a long while. Yan Huan looked down and busied herself with the popcorn.

Lu Yi held her hand tightly as the two walked into the auditorium.

It was a 2D artistic film with a small audience. Yan Huan roughly counted 7. A dismal number.

This little? As an actress herself, she realized that she would be very sad if this was her film. In this life, everything had been aligned for her.

Therefore, even though she didn't film many movies, they all turned out to be blockbusters, one of which earning first place in box office income of that year. None of her films were this unpopular.

She sneaked a peek at the woman beside her. How cliché is it for Fang Zhu to be seated right beside her?

What a dreadful coincidence. Couldn't she watch a movie in peace?