

Sweet Wife 551

## Chapter 551: The Gift

“Yes.” Yan Huan walked toward Lu Yi and lay down in front of him, looking at the scroll that Lu Yi was opening. As a matter of fact, she did not understand a word written, this was the essence of Chinese calligraphy. It was much more wonderful than any language in the world, complex and highly varied. No other writings in the world could be the same as Chinese characters; each writer had a specific style, a specific spirit, and a specific artistic conception.

“Shen Junru will be passing away next year.” Yan Huan let out a soft sigh. Life is unpredictable, humans are destined to die since the day they are born; the same was true for Mr Shen Junru. He had lived for 98 years and went through two different centuries.

He was considered lucky in his lifetime; having lots of children as well as grandchildren, and constantly immersed himself in refining his books and calligraphy. He had experienced what was regarded as a celestial state from the deepest part of his heart. It was said that he could die without regrets, and of course, the work he left behind would remain forever.

Yan Huan had picked up almost all of Mr Shen’s proudest artworks that was produced in recent years.

By next year, their values would start to increase, and the value growth would be rapid. Dad did not have any hobbies in particular, giving him calligraphies as gifts was what he liked most.

Only you would be this sensitive to details, Lu Yi looked at her face quietly. He placed the scroll down, stood up, pulled Yan Huan’s hand and walked into the bedroom.

Yan Huan could not help but notice that her face was flushing, erm, is he going to...

“What nonsense are you thinking about?” At a single glance, Lu Yi knew that the little lady’s imagination has run wild. There was a hint of teasing in his tone, as though he was mocking her intentionally. Yan Huan pinched his waist, but it was as hard as a stone.

She recalled that night: the sweat on his body, sexy and strong. Her entire body felt the touch of his flexed muscles, such good figure would just make others jealous.

That is enough, stop thinking, she shook her head. It felt like all the blood from her body was surging to her face. She was already a woman in her thirties, but right now, why was she acting like an innocent little girl.

She knew that Lu Yi was aware of her embarrassment, but he was pretending as if he did not notice anything. Fine, if he pretended, Yan Huan would just pretend as well.

Lu Yi opened the drawer, took out a cow leather paper bag and placed it on Yan Huan’s hands.

“Take a look.”

Yan Huan held the cow leather paper bag and sat on the bed. She opened it, at the very moment she opened the bag, she let out a cry of shock and stood up.

“Isn’t this that piece of land?”

“Yes.” Lu Yi caressed the top her head, pampering her as though he was pampering a child.

“The members of the Su Family gave it up?” Yan Huan thought that she would not be able to get her hands on it. Unexpectedly, it ended up in her possession.

“It wasn’t up to them to refuse.” Lu Yi had plotted it meticulously. As long as Yan Huan liked that piece of land, he would help her in getting it; as long as he had evidence against the Su Family, he will get back the land for Yan Huan, no matter what it took.

“What is the use of this land?”

Lu Yi had been curious all along as to why did Yan Huan want to own this piece of land, and if it was true that there was something fishy in it.

“It is extremely useful.” Yan Huan opened the document and pointed at that piece of land, “Currently, it is not an eye-catching place, and no one is paying attention to it, but soon, it will turn into the second highest paying industrial area in Sea City. Besides, it has already attracted a few foreign investments, so in the future, its development will be shockingly fast. Of course, in time, this land would be very expensive. The Su family had gotten the airport construction rights from the Ye family in their last generation, and afterwards, they used this piece of land to build a large building with dozens of storeys, which made their forces even more powerful.”

In the end, Su Muran used that large building as her own office. At that time, Yan Huan was nothing compared to Su Muran. She the Su Family behind her back, whereas Yan Huan had no one. So it was unquestionable that Su Muran walked all over her.

The world was meant to be this cruel. If you could not learn, then you could only die when your turn is up.

Somehow in this lifetime, this piece of land had fallen into Yan Huan’s hands. After earning enough money, she would build Linlang Entertainment here, standing tall under the nose of Su family. Day by day, Su family would be envious of her, but there would be nothing they could do about it.

On the other hand, Lu Yi had never expected for his woman to plan something like this. He knew that the piece of land might be useful, but it was out of his expectation that it could be used in such a way. He could also imagine how furious would the members of the Su family would be, to the point that they might vomit a litre of blood out of anger if they knew what he had compensated them.

During New Year’s Eve, Lu Yi brought Yan Huan back to the Lu family. The small garden that the Lu family was currently staying was parted into two equal halves. In short, Ye Shuyun and Lu Jin had been living quite well this year due to the absence of Lu Qin’s family, and they no longer have to take care of Qin Xiaoyue’s allergies or dislikes.

In the past, not even one green leafy plant could be seen at home, but now, Ye Shuyun has planted plenty of flowers, and most of them were rare species. The couple would water the flowers, grow the plants, and apply fertilisers when they are free, their lives were seemingly pleasant.

Ye Shuyun was the happiest when Yan Huan arrived, the New Year’s Eve dinner was all prepared since much earlier. Although her son and daughter-in-law came back quite frequently, but it was New Year after all, not comparable to usual days.

Lu Yi had a big box in his arms. He placed the box on the floor.

“Dad, Huanhuan gave you this.”

Yan Huan then placed an exquisite case in front of Ye Shuyun.

“Mom, this is for you.”

Ye Shuyun took it immediately. She knew that whatever Yan Huan bought for her must be something good. She hugged the case hurriedly and began to open the present, while Lu Jin walked around the big box for quite a while but still could not manage to guess what was inside the box. Even if it was Chinese calligraphy, there was no need for such a big box.

Those calligraphies were all antique, not some sort of big cabbages, they were impossible to come in such a big box. Not to mention that Yan Huan would never give them any cheap things. The gifts from Yan Huan were exceptionally tasteful, that was why he had deep curiosity with the things in the box.

So why not open it?

He wanted to think about it for a little longer.

After pondering for some time, he could not wait any further, he quickly squatted down and grabbed the box himself. Indeed, as the box opened, it was filled with calligraphies.

They were blank in order for him to splash ink on the spot, but it seemed like he has not reached such an artistic level.

Lu Jin wanted to, but he felt that this was something his father would do. He took out a scroll and opened it, and as soon as he saw the signature on the scroll, his mind went blank for a moment.

### **Chapter 552: A Silly With Lots Of Money**

They were the works of Mr. Shen Junru.

Again, he took out one more scroll from the box and saw that it was still Mr. Shen Junru’s artwork. In fact, they were all works of Mr. Shen Junru. Lu Jin had always been keen on the work of Shen Junru but he himself did not collect them. Moreover, these scrolls were obviously Shen Junru’s recent works. Hurriedly, he took all the scrolls into his study.

On the other hand, Ye Shuyun had gotten a set of red jade accessories just in time to match the new clothes that she had bought this year. Both of them were quite satisfied with the gifts from their daughter-in-law.

When visiting Old Master Lu on the first day of Chinese New Year, Ye Shuyun specifically wore her new red cheongsam and spoke to Lu Jin purposefully, “Lu Jin, take a look at my attire, what do you think? This set of jewelry Huanhuan gave me matches my cheongsam quite well, right?”

“Hmm... not bad.” Lu Jin knew that Ye Shuyun wanted to show off so he just let her be.

Qin Xiaoyue’s eyes were comparable to a viper as she glared ferociously at the huge gems and precious stones hanging from Ye Shuyun’s neck, ears, and fingers. They have such a money-making daughter-in-

law, but what did she have? A money-making son? But how much could her son earn? She didn't even know the ranking of her son at the moment.

"If only you married Yan Huan, that would have been so much better."

Once again, she told her son enviously.

Imagine her son getting married to Yan Huan, those jewels and money would not have been theirs. The Lu family was rich, but the money was firmly in the grasp of the Old Master. Furthermore, the first wife had nothing, the only things they had were orphans and a widow. Even the house that they were staying in now was not theirs.

"Mom, what is the point of saying such nonsense?" The most annoying thing for Lu Qin was Qin Xiaoyue bringing up Yan Huan for no reason. What was the bloody point of bringing her up?

"Aren't you very close to that Su Muran? You should marry her and bring her home." Since Qin Xiaoyue had joined the Lu family, she had continuously compared herself with Ye Shuyun. In terms of children, of them had given birth to boys. When they were younger, Lu Yi had a dull character and did not talk much whereas Lu Qin was very clever and knew how to sweet talk others. Therefore, the teachers and the students in the school had liked Lu Qin better.

However, Lu Yi was very different. He had a boring personality and was inarticulate.

After that, at only seven years old, Lu Yi was thrown to the Lei family to study ancient martial arts with Lei Qingyi while Lu Qin continued his role as a jaunty handsome boy in the school.

In time, Lu Yi's skills got better as Lu Qin got famous in the school, turning from a handsome 'youth' to a handsome 'prince'. Almost half of the girls in the school had looked up to him as an idol.

On the other hand, Lu Yi's presence was about as non-existent as a stuffed gourd. From middle school to high school until university, Lu Qin had worn a smile on his face and had gone through the school with a breeze. Meanwhile, Qin Xiaoyue had scoffed at Lu Yi every single day, telling him how handsome and how favored her son was, and that Lu Yi was the most ordinary and foolish boy to date.

At first, Ye Shuyun merely listened without taking it seriously, but the more she heard it, the more vexed she became. The entire reason that Ye Shuyun kept introducing girls to Lu Yi once he got a job was because she was worried Lu Yi would not be able to get a wife in the future.

Lu Qin was indeed handsome but his intelligence was rather limited. How intelligent could Qin Xiaoyue's child be? Of course, Lu Yi himself had not been very outstanding himself at the time, but gradually, Lu Yi had begun to show his astonishing gift in Mathematics. He was quite sensitive to numbers and his perspectives were unique. He could identify any single mistake from a long essay, even if it was only an error in punctuation.

It was his gift that had caught the Procuratorate's fancy when he was still in the university. As a result, he went straight into the Procuratorate right after graduating from university. Within a year, he had become an outstanding prosecutor in Sea City. Furthermore, the way he worked was just like his character, no flaw could be found in his plan. All of the cases that went through him were very successful.

As such, Lu Yi became a name that invoked fear. There was no one who was not scared of him. If he wanted to catch you, there was no way he could not. This was due to his way of thinking and his train of thought.

In comparison, Lu Qin was much more mediocre. From adolescence to maturity, he only knew how to take advantage of using his handsome face but had never learned to accomplish anything. Moreover, Lu Jing's business had caused the loss of his house eventually, so Lu Yi had no choice but to let this stepbrother stay in his house. However, Lu Jing died in an accident a few years later, leaving Lu Qin and his mother behind.

What happened next was that Lu Yi, whom everyone thought would always stay single, married Yan Huan, the people's best actress whereas Lu Qin was still single. After all, his career had just started, it was impossible for him to get married so soon. In addition, he had not found himself a suitable girlfriend, or to put it in other words, he was afraid to get married. However, if he could marry someone just like Yan Huan in her past life, that would be the best.

A silly with lots of money.

Of course, the current Su Muran was not a bad choice either, but she was not Yan Huan after all and it was unlikely that she would give up everything she had earned through the years for a single Lu Qin.

It would be hard, quite hard, very hard indeed for Lu Qin to seize something from Su Muran.

Lu Yi did not allow Yan Huan to go over there since he did not want Yan Huan to be on the receiving end of other people's eye rolls, even if they were from Lu Yuanyang.

Old Master Lu's already had a poor facial expression at the sight of Lu Qin's family and it became even worse once he saw Lu Jin's family.

"I heard that you obtained almost 30 scrolls of Shen Junru's artwork, is that true?"

The Old Master Lu lifted his eyelids to ask Lu Jin.

"Yes, dad." Lu Jin nodded. He admitted those were his most prized possessions.

"How many scrolls are there?" Old Master Lu asked again.

"Erm..." Lu Jin had counted them just now one by one. "There are 32 scrolls altogether. Among them, 20 scrolls are calligraphies and 12 scrolls are drawings. All of them were gifted by my daughter-in-law."

That many? Old Master Lu had heard from the security guard but did not notice it earlier. Once he heard that they were gifted by Yan Huan, he rolled his eyes immediately.

"Dad, if you like it I could send you a few scrolls within the next few days." Lu Jin was preparing to part from his babies.

"Forget it. Anyway, that Shen Junru is still alive, I could get as many of his scrolls as I want." Old Master Lu would never accept gifts from that woman. She had led his most outstanding grandson astray. She was an actress, a bit\*h and he would never acknowledge her.

Once Old Master Lu said this, Lu Jin heaved a sigh of relief.

## Chapter 553: Little Lei Was Born

If Old Master Lu really wanted calligraphy, which one should he give? Actually, he was reluctant to give any one of them.

It was good that the Old Master Lu said that he did not want it already. Now, he could keep it all for himself. Even if Old Master Lu wanted it in the future, he would not give it to him anymore.

Of course, Old Master Lu could still remember this matter and specifically ordered the security guard to find Shen Junru as a mean to try his luck in getting several of his calligraphies. The Old Master Lu's son had some of the calligraphy, so how could he not have them? After all, he only wanted a collection of approximately 10 to 20 calligraphies.

Old Master Lu had the personality of getting things done swiftly so he did not bother if it was Chinese New Year. The security guard was still sent to look for Shen Junru. Consequently, Old Master Lu almost blew up hearing the news.

The calligraphies of Shen Junru in these recent years were all purchased by a mysterious figure, and now he had already retired from drawing. Even he himself only had a few calligraphies left, and the remaining calligraphies were meant to be given to his children as a memory, so he would not be selling them out. Not to mention 10 or 20 calligraphies, even one also he would not sell it

Moreover, he was sick now. Even if he wished to draw again, he might not be able to hold the brush properly.

As for 'When the Song Ends', it was broadcasted on the first day of Chinese New Year and the ratings were sky-high. It was regarded as the TV series with the highest ratings among other TV series. Releasing two episodes per day with the insertion of advertisements in between was just nice as this TV series was greatly favored by the public.

Perhaps people liked a theme as such.

During the last few episodes, Su Muran's popularity seemed to be rising a little. Of course, Yan Huan was not surprised by this. In her previous life, Su Muran became China's first-line actress because of 'When the Song Ends'. Her acting skills also began to develop since then.

The fact of her becoming a first-line actress was something that would happen sooner or later. After all, with such a huge Su Family behind her back, regardless of what happened, she would surely become a first-line actress. However, it was uncertain if it would be a smooth sail for her. Therefore, others would have to keep their eyes wide open to anticipate the outcomes.

Little Lei which was supposed to be born on the first day of Chinese New Year was still in his or her mother's belly, refused to come out. It had already passed the expected date of confinement, but the doctor informed them that both the baby and adult were in good condition. If they opted for a natural birth, they would need to wait for a little longer. Yi Ling wanted to undergo a natural birth. Who would wish to have a scar on the belly for no better reason?

Of course, one would choose to deliver naturally if possible as it was better for the baby and the adult.

Yan Huan laid down on Lu Yi's lap while watching the television. Finally, it was her turn to appear.

As expected, once the queen portrayed by Yan Huan appeared on the screen, the sound of sighing echoed through the atmosphere.

The reason was that the scenes of the queen seemed to be limited in the trailer. Hence, some could not tell that Yan Huan actually played the role of a queen. They thought the queen was a cameo to show face, but apparently, the scenes of the queen would not be less.

“Stunning,” Lu Yi praised Yan Huan. He had to admit that the queen portrayed by Yan Huan really amazed him when she first appeared. The unleashed aura of grace and luxury proved her as a high-class woman, not to forget, her expressions, gestures and even every movement of hers was almost impeccable.

Compared to the female lead, Su Muran with the appearance of the queen, her performance seemed to be less natural and poised.

First of all, her eyes expression were not on point, her acting skills were not up to par, and most importantly, she was less gorgeous than Yan Huan. It was a complete crush all the way to the bottom.

The comments on the Internet were also a highlight.

“This is the first time I have seen such a noble queen and such a rural... palace maid.”

“The first time I have the urge, hoping that the emperor will get rid of the rural female lead. The look of this queen is too remarkable, too irresistible. Not sure why the emperor likes someone from the rural area. Don’t tell me the Great Qing Dynasty also prefers the original and natural form.”

“Perhaps this is the aura of the female lead. I reckon that the male lead can only cry, and ends up fainting in the toilet.”

“I feel that Su Muran’s acting skills have improved tremendously. Her performance this time is brilliant, magnificent and angelic.”

“I feel so too. Su Muran acts very well.”

“Are those two comments above made by the Internet Water Armies? Such a shameless act of having the ability to talk nonsense.”

“What to do? No one can fight their invincible ability in acting shamelessly. Everyone is aware of that.”

“Hehe... +1 for the comment above.”

“Hehe... +2.”

Hehe... Comments below please keep track of the formation, +10086.”

As for the Internet Water Army, this was not the first time Su Muran had done such a thing. What was the point of boasting about oneself? After all, actions spoke louder than words.

Even the Internet Water Army with a high reputation was not able to resist the sparkling eyes of the public.

If this TV series did not have the presence of the famous Yan Huan with good acting skills and physical appearance, then Su Muran would definitely rise to stardom since not everyone was lucky enough to have a background like hers.

If it was not for Yan Huan portraying as the queen in 'When the Song Ends', then the attention would perhaps be focused more on Su Muran. Unfortunately, more than half of her much-needed attention had shifted to Yan Huan.

Yan Huan, the impressive and elegant queen corresponded with the original work. She was perfect in almost every aspect. Of course, her attractiveness was also at its peak, causing many people to side her more than others.

Although the aura of the female and male leads existed, deep in their hearts, they could not help but to favor the queen more.

In this drama, there was an adequate amount of comedy scenes. To one's surprise, all the funny and emotional scenes involved the queen which was also known as Yan Huan.

She could be pleasing to the eye, hateful, hideous, adorable or acting silly at times

The portrayal of the queen was indeed a great success. As a result, more than half of the audience sided the queen more to the extent where many of them left comments, revealing the urge, hoping that the queen could make Qing Jun suffer to death.

Some even said that the other character was merely a homewrecker, but still insisted on winning over the legitimate wife. Who does she think she is?

However, the dance performed by Su Muran in approximately 30 episodes or so amazed the audience for it was too astounding. Besides, the difficulty level was high. Some audiences who initially disliked her started to become her fans due to the remarkable dance.

Yan Huan brushed off this matter with a smile, not making a further explanation. She treated that as her act as a stunt double.

Moreover, she did not have much time to bother about this matter, admitting to the fact that she was the one who performed the dance. She could not find the purpose of doing it because the most important thing to her now was to anticipate the arrival of Little Lei who was about to leave his or her mother's belly.

Yi Ling's labor was induced during the Spring Lantern Festival. She was in labor for four hours and finally gave birth to a baby boy of more than seven pounds. The baby was similar to Lei Qingyi for having long limbs. His tiny face suppressed into bright red as he cried. His voice was the loudest in the entire hospital.

#### **Chapter 554: Why Not Have Your Own?**

Mr. Lei and Madame Lei fell in love as they looked at him swinging his tiny arms and legs powerfully. Even the manly Mr. Lei teared up. He refused to let go of his grandson once he had him in his arms, not even giving Madame Lei a chance to hold him. Seething, Madame Lei kept stomping on his foot, but dared not be too loud in fear of scaring the baby.

Little Lei was loud and vigorous. According to the doctor, his physique was incredibly good and there wasn't a single thing wrong with his health. He ate normally, slept normally, shat normally, and moved around all day.

It was the same for Yi Ling, whose regenerative abilities were way above the average person. Soon, she too ate, slept, and shat normally like her son.

Yan Huan squeezed Little Lei's cheeks. Is this what a child's skin feels like? It was so tender she worried that she would tear it.

Beside her, Lei Qingyi was rubbing his hands anxiously, ready to pick her up and toss her aside at any second. How dare this weird woman squeeze his Little Lei's cheeks? Not even he dared to do so. He wasn't going to risk hurting his son with his clumsy hands.

But this Yan Huan... just kept pinching and squeezing and rubbing and kissing Little Lei's tiny face.

It took Lei Qingyi everything to not hit her.

How could she? How could a woman be shameless enough to molest a baby so?

There was something cute about Little Lei's good-natured and healthy appearance. His eyes were still closed, and he would howl whenever he got hungry or peed himself. Still, it was easy to tell that he resembled Yi Ling more, which meant that they wouldn't have to worry about his future looks. As long as he didn't grow up to be a giant like Lei Qingyi, he should have no problems getting a wife in the future.

"If you like kids so much, why not have your own?" said Lei Qingyi, running out of patience as he snatched the baby from Yan Huan and held him himself. Now no one can take his son away from him.

Yan Huan stiffened. She lowered her head and felt a tingling sensation at her nose.

Lu Yi placed a hand on her shoulders and gave her a gentle squeeze.

Yan Huan looked up and smiled at him, but anyone could have seen the sadness that flitted across her eyes.

"Don't say stupid stuff!" chided Yi Ling as she picked up an apple from the table and threw it at Lei Qingyi. She regretted the decision immediately. What if it hit her son?

However, she clearly underestimated Lei Qingyi's reflexes. The apple fell to the ground as Lei Qingyi dodged swiftly.

Yi Ling stood up and took Little Lei from Lei Qingyi. She wasn't about to let her son get hurt by his clumsiness.

"You don't know how much my Huanhuan had gone through to get to where she is right now! She may have gotten Best Actress in China, but she won't rest until she gets Best Actress internationally! Plus, she's only 24! It's fine as long as she gives birth before 28."

"But Lu Yi's already 30," muttered Lei Qingyi.

“I’m not in a hurry,” said Lu Yi, throwing Lei Qingyi a cool glance. This wasn’t a topic he relished. “Also, what makes you think I desperately want a child?”

“Now that you mention it,” said Lei Qingyi, eyes twitching. “I never expected you to get married in the first place, not to mention having a child. I guess you are right. It’s strange enough for you to get married this young, and if you have a child now, I wouldn’t even know who you are anymore! It would only be normal, too normal actually, for you to have a child at around 35.”

Yan Huan gripped Lu Yi’s hand tightly. Lu Yi corresponded with a gentle squeeze and a reassuring smile.

At night, Yan Huan huddled up beneath her blanket. The image of her all huddled up on a 2-meter bed was somewhat pitiful, like an abandoned pet who received no love.

Lu Yi walked over, sat down beside her, and placed a hand on her head to gently smoothen her hair.

“Still thinking about it?”

“No,” said Yan Huan, turning around and shaking her head. She grabbed his head and pressed it against her face.

“Can we adopt a child, hubby? We can treat him as our own.”

“Sure,” smiled Lu Yi, brushing his finger pads against her face gently. His dark pupils never revealed what was on his mind. He had hidden his inner thoughts too well.

However, the better he hid it, the more painful it would be when the truth is exposed.

Yan Huan rubbed her face against Lu Yi’s large hand and shut her eyes. Life is never perfect. This was enough for her. After the 15th, she would have to advertise for ‘Zhu Xiaoye’.

This was the first drama series Linlang Entertainment had invested in, so she had to run all over the place for all kinds of advertising events. The drama was set to release in March, around a month from now. ‘When The Song Ends’ would already have ended and lost some popularity by then. That would be the best time for a new drama to air; it was the period for ‘Zhu Xiaoye’ to shine. Lu Yi had arranged it to be this way. Some other films that were supposed to air in the same month were pushed back to April and May.

Yan Huan only knew now how different things can be when you have strong connections behind you. In her previous life, she was naive. She thought that luck decided everything, oblivious to the secret support from Lu Yi. Had he not helped her, she would have become washed-up before she knew it, and none of the fame and accomplishments later on would have been hers. Lu Yi had always helped her, but she ended up returning evil for good and did things she could not bring herself to admit.

Lu Yi heard Lu Jin calling his name right as he walked into the house.

“What’s wrong, Dad?” asked Lu Yi when he saw Lu Jin’s complicated expression. He couldn’t say why, but he had an ominous feeling. Could it be that Lu Jin wanted a grandson after seeing Little Lei?

And who wouldn’t? For an old person, nothing would be more welcomed than grandchildren, but Lu Jin and Ye Shuyun never said anything out of consideration for Yan Huan’s age. Her occupation didn’t make things any easier, so they merely waited for things to take its natural course.

Once Lu Jin saw Lu Yi, he dragged him by the sleeve to his study, where the most prominent decorations were Wu Daozi's authentic work in the glass display and Shen Junru's paintings that covered the entire wall.

### **Chapter 555: A Long Lost Aunt**

"Lu Yi, look at these." Lu Jin pointed at the calligraphy paintings hanging on the wall.

"Were these expensive when Huanhuan bought them?"

He asked Lu Yi. He did not have much feelings for money, just that this really scared him.

"Huanhuan said they weren't expensive." Lu Yi recalled that Yan Huan had told him about the origins of those paintings, "They were sold at a cheap price by the nephew of Old Mister Shen, hundreds of yuan each. He sold at more or less 10,000 yuan for these 32 pieces in total."

Lu Jin's eyes twitched.

"Do you have any idea how much Old Mister Shen's works are worth now?"

Lu Yi shook his head. He was not interested in these so he did not know. Nevertheless, Yan Huan once said that Old Mister Shen's paintings were collected not long after he died, and the price was extraordinarily high. He did not check out how many paintings were actually sold, though.

If Lu Jin could live to this moment in the last life, he would give up everything to buy the paintings, regardless how expensive they would be, but sadly he had died in an earthquake.

Lu Yi did not go through all those so he could only imagine. But what was behind his imagination was a truth he could not bear.

"Haha..." Lu Jin laughed in an absolute cocky manner, pointing at the paintings on the wall.

"Old Shen just won the highest achievement in the art field. It was the highest honor, and one of his paintings had been bought at a high price by a local businessman. He didn't have many paintings; he had a weird personality and would destroy a finished painting whenever he felt that it wasn't perfect. There weren't many paintings circulating in the world, at most around 40 pieces that he was satisfied with. Now everyone is going nuts searching for his remaining 40 over works. Old Mister Shen sent five of them to the national art department and only had three of them with him, as for the remaining 30 over pieces, they disappeared without a trace."

"But, look," Lu Jin looked around his study room again, "Who would have thought that the paintings Old Mister Shen were most satisfied with are here at my place?"

"These are now priceless, you can't buy it even if you wanted to."

Lu Yi did not know much about this at all. Lu Jin liked them but Lu Yi thought they were ordinary. Unlike Lu Jin, Lu Yi would not put in effort to seek famous artwork by his favorite artist nor would he buy it at any price, not to mention if it would cost him his entire fortune.

Lu Yi just wouldn't do it.

“Isn’t grandfather looking for these as well?” Lu Yi reminded Lu Jin. If the old master wanted it, how could he not give them to him?

“Grandfather said he didn’t want them.” Lu Jin did not want to give away even one piece. These were his precious collections. He did not have any hobbies except for collecting famous artworks, largely because of the heavy influence of his ancestors. Of course, Old Master Lu was the same.

Everything could be negotiated between father and son, but only on this, he was stingy.

Lu Yi shut the study room door. Wasn’t he just trying to show off his gallery of artwork? Now that this was the situation, when Old Mister Shen dies, the price of these works will be inestimable. Will Lu Jin be guarding his paintings restlessly at day and sleeplessly at night?

Ye Shuyun was watching television outside. She watched mostly films that casted Yan Huan and loved watching them since a long time ago, but the actress had limited energy and time so it was not possible for her to appear on the screen everyday. Yan Huan had lesser works in the past two years as she had arranged an empty schedule for a year, but her popularity only soared without declining.

Especially in the film *When The Song Ends* directed by Yan Hua who casted her, her acting skills surprised everyone. Ye Shuyun found it enjoyable but she thought that Yan Huan’s parts were too less, and she was not comfortable with that.

To her, that Su Muran should give Yan Huan her parts.

Her Huanhuan played her role well, whether it was her expression or her eyes, they were perfect.

As for Su Muran, anyone with eyes would be able to see.

Of course, Ye Shuyun could only give her a sarcastic laugh.

Anyhow, Su Muran’s dance was odd to her. She thought it was peculiar, but she could not point out what was wrong if she was asked to do so. It’s just a feeling, yep, the feeling, the feeling isn’t right.

“Lu Yi, see, Su Muran doesn’t have much skills in acting, but this time her scenes are quite good,” she spoke the truth without any prejudice. Good was good and bad was bad. There was nothing to lie about, she was not a hypocrite who would lie to herself and others.

“The dance is great.” Ye Shuyun rewatched it. She had rewatched it many times and thought that this episode was filmed the best. It had the most views online and the highest reputation with the comments all praises.

“Yeah, it’s not bad.” Lu Yi sat down and flashed his eyes to the television, but he seemed to see something else via the television. The actress was indeed a dancer since young, and she had a solid foundation.

“The dance is similar to your aunt’s.” Ye Shuyun sighed, “Your aunt was a gifted dancer back then, even international dancers were in favor of her. They said the proportion of her limbs was great and she was very flexible. I remember that she was always the champion in the dance competition in school. If she was still here, she might have become a famous international dancer.”

“Do you still remember your aunt?” Ye Shuyun tapped on her son’s shoulder and asked.

“You grew up in your aunt’s arms back then, and insisted on calling her ‘sister’. Your aunt said if she were to give birth to a daughter, she’d marry her to you. You agreed with seriousness and said you would definitely marry the little sister aunt gave birth to, because she would be as beautiful as your aunt.”

Lu Yi shook his head. He really did not have many memories because he was too young. As he grew up, he forgot even more. He only remembered faintly that he had an aunt who treated him very well. She loved to buy socks for him, and most of them were white. She even washed his socks for him. He did not have an impression of this aunt because she went missing when he was four. Grandmother wept everyday because of her disappearance, nearly went blind as she cried too much, and died unhappily. Grandfather did not mention anything about aunt at all, even now it was still a taboo to mention aunt Ye Rongrong.

He could not remember his aunt, let alone Ye Xinzong. When aunt went missing, Ye Xinyu was not even born yet.

### **Chapter 556: I Don’t Want A Kid Yet**

“How did she go missing?”asked Lu Yi. He rarely inquired about her, but the mention of her brought the question to mind. How could a normal person, who wasn’t disabled in any way, go missing just like that? There hadn’t been any news at all ever since she went missing, and that was with the powerful Ye Family searching all over for her. The Lei Family, who were in charge of the national security agency, extended their hands to the effort too, yet years of searching proved futile. It was as though she had vanished from this world. Even now, she hasn’t been found yet.

If she was alive, she should’ve already been found, and if she wasn’t, there should have been a body. Yet there was nothing of Ye Rongrong. No one knows if she is still alive.

Like Ye Jianguo, Ye Shuyun never got over the loss of that sister of hers.

“I don’t know either,” said Ye Shuyun. “All I knew was your aunt was taciturn a few days before going missing. She wouldn’t answer any questions either. I had planned to give her a talk. You know, girls can have a lot going on in their minds on that age.”

But her younger sister went missing before she had the chance to counsel her. No one was alarmed at first, thinking that she might’ve gone on a vacation, but she didn’t return on the second morning.

That set everyone on a panic. She was only a young girl, and who knew what could have prevented her from coming home? Everyone was worried that something had happened to her, but no one had expected her to never be found again.

Even until now, Ye Shuyun dared not recall her. Did she run into trouble? What had she gone through? Is she still alive?

“I wish your aunt was still here.”

Ye Shuyun sighed. She picked up the remote and rewatched the dancing episode.

“Putting other things aside, Su Muran is unexpectedly good at dancing.”

“Do you really think the person dancing is Su Muran, Mom?” asked Lu Yi. Why did everyone assume that Su Muran was the dancer? Couldn’t she have used a body double?

“Who, if not her? She didn’t deny it when the question was posted to her either. That’s equivalent to saying yes.”

“Is that so?” asked Lu Yi. Could there really be such a rule in the acting industry?

“Yes,” nodded Ye Shuyun. “Not denying it is the same as admitting it was her.”

“That’s funny,” said Lu Yi, his lips curving into a cold arc. “Cause she wasn’t the one who danced.”

“What?” said Ye Shuyun, tossing away the remote control. “It wasn’t her?”

“Exactly,” said Lu Yi. He picked up the remote controller from the sofa and reverted to the dance scene. She didn’t deny it, but she didn’t dare admit it either. She wasn’t the one dancing.

“In that case, who was the dancer then?” asked Ye Shuyun unhappily, feeling as though she had been cheated. In fact, she did get cheated.

“A body double,” said Lu Yi, handing the remote back to her and rising. He planned to return to his room for a rest. There was no cause to go home with Yan Huan away from home advertising.

Once again he had turned into a “wife-gazing rock”. Hopefully, she would return before he actually turns into a rock.

“Oh, by the way,” said Ye Shuyun.

Lu Yi stopped walking. “What is it?”

He had a hand on the staircase railing and a foot on the steps, all ready to go up. Ever since the house was split into two, he moved upstairs where it was quieter.

Ye Shuyun was aware that she shouldn’t be asking certain things, but she couldn’t hold it in any longer.

“When are you and Huanhuan going to have a child? Any plans so far? Your second aunt already has Little Lei now.”

“We aren’t in a hurry, Mom. Give us a few more years.”

Lu Yi’s knuckles whitened around the railing.

“I don’t want a kid yet, Mom. You know, I just got married, and I want to enjoy the couple life for now.”

“And who says you can’t? I’ll look after the child for you. You guys can do what you want! It would be as if you didn’t have a child!” said Ye Shuyun desperately. She wanted a grandson badly, especially after seeing the plump Little Lei. Lu Jin was assigned back to the Sea City, but all he did everyday was stare at his lifeless paintings and artworks like an idiot.

She, on the other hand, was losing all her brain cells through watching television. If they had a grandson, they would’ve all the time in the world to look after him. Lu Yi and Yan Huan didn’t have to do a thing. He could continue to be his prosecutor while she could continue to be a star. She didn’t care about that. She just wanted a grandson.

“I’m not ready for a kid yet,” said Lu Yi, straightening his back as he ascended the stairs. He heard Ye Shuyun sigh, but she gave no further arguments.

Until now, he hasn’t even thought about how to tell them that he couldn’t give them a grandson.

He was afraid they couldn’t take the impact.

Yes, he was the one who couldn’t have a child.

His fault, and his alone.

After entering his room, he took out his laptop from his bag and placed it on his lap. He switched it on and began researching.

Soon, he clicked on the link to a video. It was no other than the dance footage from the drama. Everyone believed that Su Muran was the dancer, and even Su Muran herself might have started to believe that, but that wasn’t the truth. There was a body double. He was a person who valued and restored truth. Putting the laptop aside onto the table, he stood up and walked out with the laptop still on. On the screen of the computer, the dance went on, but it wasn’t the cut from the drama. In this version, there wasn’t any traces of editing. A dancer in red turned around. It was no other than Yan Huan, her hair smoothly cascading to her waist, a teardrop-shaped gem embedded on her forehead. Her outfit was the exact same as Su Muran did in the drama.

A replica, even.

When Lu Yi went home, he had a glass of milk in his hand. He had grown accustomed to drinking two cups of milk a day; he might not even be able to sleep without it.

Putting the cup aside, he sat up and continued researching on the laptop.

Sparing a hand, he held the cup and sipped at the milk.

Sitting with his legs crossed, he watched calmly and nonchalantly, as though he wasn’t thinking about anything apart from the taste of the milk.

Then he shut his laptop and held up his phone. It was time to sleep.

### **Chapter 557: Su Muran Did Not Perform The Dance Herself**

He used his phone to dial a video call.

The call was answered and Yan Huan waved to him.

“Did you drink the milk?”

Lu Yi smiled tenderly, just like ice melting in early spring, chilly and warm yet refreshing. He turned his phone the other way round, filming the glass on the table and the laptop which was already shut.

“Yes, of course, I did,”

He drank two glasses a day for nearly a year. If he did not drink it, he would feel uneasy.

Yan Huan kissed her phone as if she was kissing Lu Yi's face, then she turned her face. Lu Yi was still not used to it, but he brushed an airy kiss anyway.

He would not have dreamt of himself doing something so childish back then, but he actually did it now and was not tired of it.

Yan Huan had been sitting on the bed with her legs crossed, waiting for Lu Yi's call. She was worried he might be too busy, so she did not call him.

"We have to go to many places to promote this time, so I bought a lot of things along the way. They're all local specialties, so remember to bring them to mum and dad."

"I know." Lu Yi placed his phone on the desk and prepared for a bath. He took off his shirt, exposing sturdy, clear muscles on his upper body. He had a great body and his V-lines were extremely attractive.

"I'm going to shower." Lu Yi turned his body, swiping the phone screen as though he was caressing Yan Huan's face, then turned and pulled open the bathroom door. The splashing sound of running water could be heard.

"Can see but can't touch," Yan Huan pursed her lips, lying on the blanket and gnawed its corners. There was only her alone in the hotel. They were there to promote the film and although the agenda was arranged by the company, the conditions were much better than during the shooting.

She stared at the phone without looking away, but as she stared she became sleepy. Rubbing her eyes, she laid flat on the pillow, and eventually fell asleep.

When Lu Yi was done bathing and came out, he saw that Yan Huan had already fallen asleep, her tiny face sticking to the blanket, seemingly in a deep sleep.

He ended the video call on his phone and redialled.

Suddenly, Yan Huan was woken up by a burst of music and sat up.

She hurriedly scooped up her phone and placed it by her ear, her voice hoarse, rubbing her eyes. So tired.

"Have you showered?" Lu Yi asked Yan Huan.

"Mhm," Yan Huan laid down again. She had taken a bath a long time ago and was about to sleep.

"Be obedient and go to sleep, tuck in."

Lu Yi instructed again, "Don't look at your phone anymore, alright?"

"Mhm, I know," Yan Huan yawned. She was indeed tired, even her eyesight was blurry.

"Goodnight, dear husband." she laid down, bidding goodnight.

"Mhm, goodnight," Lu Yi waited for Yan Huan to hang up once he had said that.

Not long after, the sound of phone call disconnection was heard. Only then Lu Yi laid down, pulled up his blanket and murmured another 'Goodnight'.

The night passed in such serenity.

Yan Huan woke up at 6:00 in the morning. She changed into her sports attire, about to jog outside. Then, she recalled she was staying in a hotel; there was no place for her to jog. If she went out, Luo Lin would be unhappy.

Fine then. She better stayed in the room. She grabbed her phone, sat down and looked through it.

She came across the latest entertainment news. She often took notice of these because she was an insider. The entertainment news was not exactly true all the time.

You can't take it too seriously, but if you want to know the trend of the entertainment circle, you have to get it from here.

Some will get even more famous.

Some will be wanting to get famous.

Some are just infamous.

It turned out that Su Muran was not the dancer for the amazing dance in *When the Song Ends*.

Yan Huan was stunned for a second. How was this leaked? She tapped open this news. A video was published, the raw footage with crew members alongside, followed by a photo that revealed her face.

Although the video was not very clear, it was still clear that the actual actress who danced was not Su Muran, but Yan Huan.

Su Muran did not reveal that she employed a stunt double on purpose back then because she wanted to make a comeback with this dance.

Indeed, the dance added merits to her, at least this time she was not completely suppressed. She still had her own eye-catching points that were up to the rest to find out on their own.

However, those once eye-catching points of hers now gave her a nice hard blow on the face.

Yan Huan was really tempted to ask, Does your face hurt, Miss Su?

On the other hand, Su Muran's side was in chaos.

"Who asked you to publish that footage?" Su Muran was so enraged that she wanted to kill the video editor in front of her. "Didn't I tell you not to leak any unprocessed footage? What, do you think my words are like a fart? Who asked you to leak it? Are you aware that you'll kill me?"

This time her face was slapped so hard that it was swollen and painful. If it persisted, her reputation would be worse and no one would like her anymore. It would be increasingly difficult for her to make a comeback in the future.

It had been fine. Though her acting skills were mediocre, she was not that bad, but because of this footage, she felt that all her efforts were wasted.

D\*mb, st\*pid, what an oafish.

However, the video editor was innocent.

He did not do anything; he really did not.

“Miss Su, I didn’t publish this.”

“You didn’t publish this? Did a ghost publish it then?” Su Muran turned her body around, her ear-piercing voice was like needles, prickling the editor’s eardrum. The voice was like a high-pitched noise that made others feel uncomfortable.

“It really wasn’t me,” The video editor wanted to cry, but there were no tears to shed. How nuts or dumb or stupid were he to publish footage like this, especially after Su Muran had warned him?

Su Muran was so furious that she wanted to beat him up, but what was that going to help at all? Her reply at that time was vague; besides, no response came from Yan Huan, so she was confident and pretended that she had danced it. She was supposed to dance anyway. If it had not been her foot’s injury, that Yan lady would not even get the chance.

She seemed to have forgotten the reason behind her injury. It was not an accident, but an incident she staged on purpose.

This era was a knowledge-based era. Now that the footage had been leaked and made known to the Internet, no matter how many mouths she wanted to stuff up, she could not shut them all.

#### **Chapter 558: Do you want a song from Daddy?**

And so, it wasn’t going to end well this time.

Yes, it wouldn’t affect her much in her way to stardom, but her reputation was without doubt damaged. The more Yan Huan was presented positively, the worse her reputation would get.

“Here. All of these were bought for Little Lei,” said Lu Yi, setting down the things from his hands onto the table.

“Did Huanhuan buy them?” asked Yi Ling. She passed Little Lei to Lu Yi so she could go through the things brought by him. Most of the items were local specialties, and there were also clothing like handmade tiger caps and shoes.

Handmade products are usually comfortable to wear and harmless to a child’s tender skin.

“Yes. She asked me to bring them over,” said Lu Yi. He gave Little Lei’s cheeks a little squeeze. Little Lei was looking stronger and kinder by the day. He was much better looking than his Dad, but one could tell by the look of his limbs that he would grow up to be tall. Plus, most of the members from the Lei Family weren’t short. Mr. Lei was 185cm, and Lei Qingyi, even taller, at 190cm. There was simply no way for Little Lei to be shorter than 180cm, unless some sort of genetic mutation occurred. Still, the possibility of that was close to none. Kids from the Lei Family usually shared their father’s height, and hopefully Little Lei doesn’t overgrow and shoot up to 2 meters.

“Speaking of, have you heard anything about the leaked dance footage?” asked Yi Ling. Even though she wasn’t Yan Huan’s manager anymore, she caught up with every single update about her ever since she was feeling strong enough to use the computer.

Just because she didn't interfere didn't mean that she wasn't concerned.

"It was your work, wasn't it?" asked Lei Qingyi, snatching his son back from Lu Yi's cradling. Nowadays he didn't trust anyone enough to let them hold his son.

"It was," admitted Lu Yi, sitting down. He was looking as icy as ever.

"You did it?" asked Yi Ling, pointing at Lu Yi. So it was him after all? "Was the raw footage from Huanhuan?"

"No," replied Lu Yi.

"Then how did you get it?" pressed Yi Ling. Yan Huan having the footage was the only possibility Yi Ling could think of. Otherwise, how could it have leaked?

Lei Qingyi chuckled. "Do you think that Prosecutor Lu doesn't have any tricks up his sleeves when dealing with cases? Everyone needs some tricks of their own since certain things have to be done the dirty way."

"Isn't that right, Little Lei?" asked Lei Qingyi, giving his son's tiny finger a little squeeze. He was a doting father. Every time he thought about this soft little fella being his son, he would giggle stupidly in his dreams.

"The dirty way?" Yi Ling didn't quite get it. "Like what?"

Lei Qingyi, cradling his son carefully, gave Lu Yi a kick on the leg.

"This guy's a genius in mathematics and an expert in computers. Had the Procuratorate not scouted him, he would probably be working in the IT segment. In fact, he's actually a hacker."

Lu Yi denied nothing. He was a hacker. He just didn't infiltrate the privacy of others for sport. He was only after the useful information stored in their computers.

"My goodness!" Yi Ling rubbed her eyes. "I can't believe that the great Prosecutor Lu is actually a hacker."

"What's there to not believe?" asked Lei Qingyi as he gently held his son. "He's really skilled, so taking out something from another's computer is a walk in the park to him."

Yi Ling nodded profusely. She had always looked up to hackers. To her, they were mysterious. Mysterious and scary.

To think that the great Prosecutor Lu was a hacker himself.

Simply unbelievable.

Little Lei, nestled in Lei Qingyi's arms, suddenly began wailing loudly. According to Mdm. Lei, Little Lei was as loud as Lei Qingyi when he was little. Lucky for them, the area they lived in was fairly unpopulated, or they would've been receiving mountains of complaints with Little Lei shrilling and squalling all day long.

"Stop crying, sweetie. Do you want a song from Daddy?"

Lei Qingyi cleared his throat and poised to sing.

Yi Ling rolled her eyes, doubting that his lullabies would be any good.

Opening his mouth wide, Lei Qingyi began to sing,

“As the great river flows East, the stars gaze at the Big Dipper! (Theme song from Water Margin)”

Yi Ling: “...”

Little Lei primed up his mouth to show that he didn't enjoy the song.

“Let's try another one then.”

“Ah, ah, ah, ah, oh! Ah, ah, ah, ah, oh eh! Ah de di, ah de dao, ah de da di ti de dao! Ah de di, ah de ti da dao...”

Yi Ling gave him a swift kick and took Little Lei back into her arms.

Gaping, Little Lei suddenly clenched his fists and began wailing like crazy.

Lei Qingyi's eyes twitched. He thought he had sung quite well.

“Idiot!” said Lu Yi, standing up while putting a hand in his pocket. He was going to visit his parents next to bring them some souvenirs from Yan Huan. She kept sending those to him these days. According to her, she would buy whatever that seemed interesting to her, even dough figurines.

Dough figurines were one of the quintessences of Chinese culture, but it was also a dying art that'd likely cease to exist in a few dozen years. Gone from this world, entirely.

Many other things in the Chinese culture are disappearing, and once gone, could never be found again.

To that, Lu Yi could only sigh.

That was the price for rapidly advancing technology. Was it worth it? No one knows.

Lu Yi brought two crateful of souvenirs to his parents. When Qin Xiaoyue saw his car, she knew at once that Lu Yi had come bearing gifts.

“Always giving and giving. That's not how you spend money,” she complained bitterly.

In truth, how they spent their money had nothing to do with her. She was only the fox that called the grapes sour.

Well then, she thought, let's just wait and see who's going to get the last laugh when my Lu Qin marries the loaded Lady Su.

Lu Jin was at home for once, and Ye Shuyun as well. Initially, she was going to do facial treatment with her friends, but that was before Lu Yi told her about Yan Huan's souvenirs. The couple had stayed at home just to wait for her presents to arrive.

There was always something special about the things Yan Huan sent them. It was usually interesting baubles for Ye Shuyun, and less-known antiques and painting scrolls—acquired through the knowledge

from her previous life—for Lu Jin. Sometimes that came in large quantities, sometimes little, and at times none at all.

### **Chapter 559: A New Nanny**

Lu Jin's collection expanded so much that he could already set up a small-scale museum.

Unsurprisingly, Lu Yi brought Ye Shuyun a large box of interesting gizmos that seemed to be local specialties, like jewelry, scarves, and handbags. However, he only gave one item to Lu Jin which was a flower vase from unknown sources, protected by a wooden box.

Lu Jin fetched the vase, hugging it to himself without letting others see. The rest might not know all about it, but he felt that it originated from the Yuan dynasty. He must get someone to evaluate it; besides, his years of experience of studying artifacts told him that the vase should be authentic.

Ye Shuyun was busy going through her gifts happily. Both of them received so many gifts recently until their hands felt sore.

"Madam," The house nanny walked over, tweaking the corners of her shirt, wanting to speak, but was too embarrassed to do so.

"Yes, what's wrong, Xiao Hong? Do you have anything to tell me?" Ye Shuyun asked the nanny gently. She liked this hardworking young woman who was simpleminded and did things earnestly. Thanks to her, Ye Shuyun did not have to clean up the entire house by herself and fall sick out of fatigue.

"Madam, I..." Xiao Hong clutched her shirt. "There is something going on in my house, I don't think I can continue working."

"Oh..." Ye Shuyun was not surprised. The young girl was already in her twenties, and it was about time for her to get married.

"Are your parents urging you to get married?" Smiling, Ye Shuyun asked Xiao Hong.

"Yes." Xiao Hong was rather embarrassed. She had been engaged and she was now all grown up. She wanted to stay at the Lu family for they had treated her well, never haughtily ordering her around. During any festival, she was still getting paid, and Ye Shuyun even invested in some insurance for her, telling her that she could claim the money when she had reached the age.

If it was possible, she did not want to go back, as a family so fine like them was not easy to encounter, even when others asked for it. Among all the other girls who came out to work from her village, she had the best job and was paid the most. These past few years, the wages she was paid for working in the Ye Family could build her family a double-story house. Once she went back, it was difficult for her to return.

Ye Shuyun felt that it was a pity, but she could not possibly hold back the young woman, not letting her go. Nevertheless, she had to get another nanny, or else all the chores would pile on her.

The sooner we get a nanny, the better it is. If not, a house this large is going to accumulate dust.

Ye Shuyun definitely was not someone who could do house chores. Her heart just could not quiet down, and she would break things carelessly. Lu Jin had had enough and forbade her from touching anything in the house, especially the antiques in his study room.

A few days later, the housekeeping company sent a new nanny, saying that she was very suitable for the Lu Family. She had a lot of experience working for large families, so she was good at handling house chores and knew how to act around people.

When she arrived, Ye Shuyun was not that impressed as she was too solemn. Ye Shuyun still preferred the grinning Xiao Hong. She did not smile much but gave in after some contemplation.

Ye Shuyun decided not to change anymore since the housekeeping company guaranteed a multiple of times that she was absolutely compatible. She did not know when she could find a perfect one if she kept changing. What if she could not get the perfect one before Xiao Hong left, was she, the clumsy housekeeper, supposed to do all those chores?

Therefore, the new nanny stayed, taking over Xiao Hong's chores. After a few days of training, Ye Shuyun had to admit that although the new nanny's look was not too pleasing to the eye, she did things neatly, without talking much.

Ye Shuyun also felt she should not be too picky. A nanny was not her daughter-in-law anyway, why should she be so choosy? Moreover, she did not even pick her daughter-in-law herself.

If her son was not married, she would agree to any woman that her son agreed to marry, even if the woman was unsightly.

Ye Shuyun was reluctant to see Xiao Hong leave, so she paid her three months' wages, considering it as a dowry for Xiao Hong. Xiao Hong was crying when she left because she was also reluctant to leave. Both of them had been together for several years – humans had feelings even for a cat or a dog, let alone for another human.

Lu Yi brought some stuff when he came over again.

Opening the door and setting his foot in, he saw an expressionless middle-aged woman standing not far away. Her eyebrows and eyes were thin and long, looking mean.

"You're back, son." Ye Shuyun hurried to him, carrying the boxes on the floor. It was easy to recognize as the red one was hers, and the one without color was Lu Jin's. She could just distinguish it. She shook the box. What could be inside? Seems like there is a lot of stuff.

Another large box. Ye Shuyun had been receiving presents so much that her hands were shaking, but she was excited every time and she loved them. Regardless of what was inside, as long as the gifts were from Yan Huan, she loved them all.

Lu Yi's gaze stopped at the sight of the middle-aged woman, his black eyes squinted for a moment.

"Oh, I've forgotten again," Ye Shuyun pointed at the middle-aged woman who had been standing with poise.

"This is our new nanny. Xiao Hong went back to get married and won't be coming back again. Her name is Mei Zhi, around my age, just call her Aunt Mei."

"Alright," Lu Yi nodded, but he did not like the new nanny, not knowing why. Her looks were rather mean, and the way she scanned people was not too pleasing either.

Especially the moment she saw him, this Mei Zhi seemed to wear a disdain expression. Did she think he was some delivery personnel just because he was carrying two boxes?

When she got to know he was Lu Yi, that split second she became respectful. That was why he did not like Mei Zhi, at least not people whose gazes were obviously impure.

Nevertheless, as long as Ye Shuyun did not dislike her, he could still spare this woman called Mei Zhi. He was not staying in the house that often anyway.

With a bang, the door was opened and Lu Jin who was wearing a soldier uniform walked in.

“Aren’t you still at work?”

Ye Shuyun asked Lu Jin, “Why did you come back?”

Lu Jin lifted the box on the ground. “Came back to check out my collection.”

Ye Shuyun pursed her lips. “How did you know this is your collection? Maybe it’s food and beverages.”

### **Chapter 560: Where Does She Find All These?**

“Heh-heh. I don’t think so. Huanhuan knows what I like, so she wouldn’t send any of those,” laughed Lu Jin. He wore a smile a lot more often these days. He was always no-nonsense before strangers, and a strict leader to his troops. When it came to family, however, he had been increasingly amiable over the years. Now, he would grin like an idiot whenever anyone talked of his collection-filled study.

“Come with me, Lu Yi,” said Lu Jin, turning to Lu Yi with the crate in his hands. It was simply perfect that he had come, since he needed to talk to him about some things.

Mei Zhi took a step back, her head dipped the whole time. When Lu Yi walked away, however, she studied him with a hint of hostility.

Suddenly, Lu Yi turned around, his cold eyes meeting Mei Zhi’s.

Taken aback, Mei Zhi quickly looked away and behaved herself.

Lu Jin opened the door and carried the crate into the room. It wasn’t very heavy. He wondered what was in it. He made Lu Yi shut the door before laying the crate on the table and unboxing it.

Inside was a blue tea set very much similar to Old Master Lu’s, but even finer. Since his outbursts, all that remained of Old Master Lu’s set was the kettle, which he treasured to no ends.

Yet this set was clearly of superior quality, and had prettier patterns. Lu Jin picked up a cup and examined it under the light. Light passed through the delicate cup. It felt more like an ornament than a utensil. Of course, Lu Jin didn’t have as much time as to stare at it all day. He was coarser than Old Master Lu, but that didn’t affect his appreciation and liking toward antiques.

“This,” said Lu Jin, pointing to a Yuan-dynasty vase on a shelf. “I got someone to appraise it, and guess what? It’s authentic, from the early Yuan-dynasty. There’s only a handful of others in the entire world that can match its pristine condition. How does Huanhuan find treasures like this all the time? And now this...” Lu Jin liked the tea set very much.

“Even the old man’s treasured set isn’t this fine.” Back when Old Master Lu had the full set, Lu Jin had always been envious, but never dared to ask for it knowing that it was the old man’s favorite. His heart shattered when he learned of his father smashing the cups.

“No idea,” said Lu Yi, picking up a tea cup. “Maybe she just had a hunch you would like these containers.” Of course, he wasn’t going to say that it was because Yan Huan had spent her previous life in the Lu Family, under the same roof as the antique-loving Old Master Lu. She had clearly done her homework, which gave rise to many opportunities of laying her hands first on antiques no one knew about.

That was why she could bring these antiques back every time. In fact, she might’ve even gone on some trips just to retrieve these antiques.

Walking out, he took out his phone and rang Yan Huan. She should be free since it was lunchtime.

Yan Huan was picking up her rice grain by grain when she received the video-call. Pressing accept, she set her phone aside and continued eating.

“Is that even enough?” frowned Lu Yi. “What are you doing? Eating? Or counting rice?”

“It isn’t very tasty,” argued Yan Huan. She didn’t have much of an appetite. Might be because she just arrived and wasn’t used to the environment.

“Even so, you must eat,” said Lu Yi, holding the phone closer to his eyes. “Eat properly, and don’t play with your food.” He narrowed his eyes threateningly.

Yan Huan picked up her chopstick and began eating begrudgingly. She knew Lu Yi was soft on her, and would do anything for her and give anything to her. He would never stop her from doing the things she wanted either.

He was not Lu Qin; Lu Qin had stepped on her to advance, but Lu Yi was there to support her so that she could walk an easier and more comfortable path.

However, one thing he wouldn’t budge on was making her eat her meals properly. He didn’t force her to eat meat, but made her eat three proper meals every day. She was way too skinny. Apart from the lumps of flesh on her chest and butt, her body was pretty much skin and bones.

Yan Huan wanted to get plumper too. Her current stickman-figure was perfect for the screen, but Luo Lin had told her that she would look nicer with more meat on her legs, which looked like a pair of matches at the moment.

Lu Yi didn’t like that, and neither did Luo Lin.

Yan Huan ate obediently, making herself swallow the rice she didn’t enjoy much. She wasn’t too picky aside from avoiding meat, thankfully.

“Speaking of which, where did you get the tea set you gave Dad?” asked Lu Yi, after having made sure there was no one beside him.

“I came here just to buy that.”

Yan Huan remembered that tea set very well. It belonged to Old Master Lu, but one of the cups broke during a small accident. Of course, he was the one who broke it, and not anyone else.

Lu Qin had gone to great lengths to get his hands on that tea set.

The initial owner of tea set sold it cheaply, and the buyer immediately resold it for around 80 million RMB. In the end, Lu Qin gritted his teeth and outbided everyone at the auction, so that he could gift it to Old Master Lu.

That was the point where Old Master Lu began to like Lu Qin, going so far as to granting him access to the resources of the Lu Family. That was what gave Lu Qin the confidence to act as boldly as he did, since he wasn't afraid of anyone other than Lu Qin. Nor was he afraid of Yan Huan dying, for he saw her as an overused stepping stone rather than a person. He would've done her in himself had she not had some value left in her.

In this life, Yan Huan knew about the tea set and bought it off the initial owner first. Of course, the price she offered was thrice the amount of the person who had bought it during her previous life.

Even though the owner of the tea set still got the short end of the stick, a few millions was still a better deal than a six-digit offer.

Of course, that was all she could remember. She couldn't hope to remember every single detail, after all.