

Sweet Wife in My Arms

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Chapter 6: Secret

“Mom, suppose that Yan Huan goes crazy and kills Lu Yi. Will grandpa still accept her as his granddaughter-in-law?”

“You want Lu Yi dead?”

“Mom, don’t you want it, too? It’s enough to have one heir, me, for the Lu Family. Lu Shuyun oppressed you almost all your life, and her son me growing up. It’s either him or me in this world.” “Mom, don’t worry. I have already done the planning. Only a fool would waste such a good opportunity to kill two birds with one stone. After taking care of these two problems we would finally be able to sleep sound at night.”

The conversation between the mother and son fitfully passed through and rang in Yan Huan’s ears. She had always known that Lu Qin and the rest of the Lu Family loathed each other, but it had never occurred to her that he would be capable of such brutality. They wanted to kill Lu Yi and use her as a scapegoat.

How could she be so blind and fall in love with such a wolf in sheep’s clothing? Cold-blooded was not even close a word to describe him.

He was not a human. He’s an animal, a devil.

That night, there seemed to be a red moon in the sky, hell-like bloody moonlight cutting through the darkness. The house was uniquely quiet, and she knew why—Lu Qin had sent everyone else out by means of various excuses to make way for his killing plan.

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Yan Huan came around the corner. Sweat stood out on her forehead as she covered her belly with a hand covered with visible blood.

Thanks to the stunts she did while she was an actress, she climbed across the stairs and, steeling her heart, jumped down. The second she landed on the floor, she shrank her body and tumbled forward as a buffer. The series of movements resulted in a pang in her abdomen so severe that she almost gasped. At this moment footsteps of someone going downstairs sounded, so she stood up from the floor. Feeling something hot and wet in her hand, she looked down and saw her hand covered in blood.

Her eyelashes fluttered, and then she ran forward.

She tapped on the door lightly. Luckily, it was not locked.

She gasped on the pain from her belly when she took a step forward.

“Lu Yi,” Yan Huan covered the wound on her belly with one hand while shaking the man with the other.

“Lu Yi...” she kept shaking but there was no sign that he would awaken. At this time, the door creaked, and she even heard the voice of Lu Qin.

“The door was locked.”

Soon afterwards there were sounds from the door again. It sounded like they were trying to open it.

Yan Huan trembled with in her hand the phone she found on the table that belonged to Lu Yi. She tried calling the police, but the line was always busy. To keep calm as much as possible she snapped a hand over her mouth to refrain from mouthing any sound. Finally, she was able to find a name on Lu Yi's phone, Lei Qingyi. Lei Qingyi it is, then. I don't have more time.

She pressed the dial key, yet the second it rang she heard the doorknob turning.

At the moment she had two options. One, crawl under the bed. No one would know she was here. But after that, she would be framed to be responsible for Lu Yi's death and treated as a criminal who fled from justice. She didn't think she could bear it.

She didn't anyone, and she would never admit to something she hadn't done.

That left her with the other option.

...

She turned around with a sudden sting in the heart even more unbearable than that from the wound on her lower abdomen.

She yanked the sheet and tucked herself in, wrapping her arms around the man who was still asleep. It was her first time to be so close to him. His body was very warm, different from his expressionless face and his grim persona. She used to be scared of him, but at that instant, the smell of him calmed her, even if her ensuing death was the price for all this.

The outer door creaked open, and it followed the patter of footsteps.

Soon the footsteps gathered round the bed with ragged, strained breaths issuing from two people. Yan Huan squeezed Lu Yi's pajamas. The warmth of the man almost burnt her skin.

Would they be scared if she made a movement or sound? But she didn't dare to do so. She was afraid that Lu Qin would go the full nine yards and kill them both.

The sheet was lifted on one corner. A hand snuck in and touched her back. It was a warm hand but felt like it was as cold as a poisonous snake and the creeping death.

Then she felt a stabbing followed by a pang in her back. She uttered a silent grunt and clenched her teeth, biting on the already bloodless lips. She widened her eyes on the second stab, tears dropping from her long, tassel-like eyelashes. She bit herself so hard that her lips bled, but she never made a single sound.

The knife was stabbed into her body once again. Her body began to numb after past the initial spasm. She lowered her eyes, eyelashes fluttering, and could no longer felt pain.

Suddenly she heard someone yapping angrily from outside. "Lu Yi, you son of a gun, what the hell are you doing this late?" The knife in Lu Qin's hand plopped to the ground. Rattled, he covered the victim with the sheet and ran away. In the meantime, she couldn't hold it any longer and thus closed her eyes...