

### Chapter 661: A Female Ghost Instead of A Human

“Comrade police, brother police, I really did not commit any crime,” Huang Mao kept begging for mercy, and appeared to be good-for-nothing as his tears and snot kept streaming down his face.

“Keep your mouth shut,” Lei Qingyi interrupted Huang Mao. “So annoying.”

Huang Mao covered his mouth immediately and dared not simply talk anymore.

“I’ll ask you one question. You are only allowed to speak the truth, do you understand?”

Huang Mao nodded at once. He got the message already. He will speak frankly, he will definitely speak frankly.

“Do not give me any fake information, otherwise I’m going to break your neck,” Lei Qingyi threatened him fiercely.

Huang Mao nodded again, he would not dare lie even a word now.

Lei Qingyi lifted Huang Mao and tossed him onto a chair beside him. He was irritated as he needed to squat.

“Tell me, last night did you see a pretty looking woman with long hair, walking alone barefoot?”

Huang Mao quickly shook his head.

“Talk.” Lei Qingyi did not want to see facial expressions. He wanted to listen instead of having to look.

Huang Mao quickly moved his hand away and asked carefully, “Police comrade, actually do you want me to talk or not, I thought you asked me to shut up just now?”

Lei Qingyi squeezed his eyes shut and breathed in deeply, afraid that he would lose his temper and beat this man to death right then and there. He had seen stupid people before, but had not seen one with such stupidity in so long. He suddenly realized that there was no one on earth who could be the dumbest; people were only dumber and dumber.

Huang Mao possibly realized that Lei Qingyi’s current mood was not that good, so he dared not speak more and quickly shook both of his hands, “Brother police, we really did not commit any crime this time. Although we had done so in the past, but last night we really didn’t do anything. The rain was too heavy, only ghosts would go out on the street.”

“How about before the rain?” Lei Qingyi grinded his teeth forcefully.

“Before the rain.” Huang Mao shook his head again.

“Comrade police, I did not do any bad things before the rain as well. We were just wandering on the streets and we did not see anyone walking alone too.”

“Really?” Lei Qingyi still doubted Huang Mao’s words.

"It's true." Huang Mao moved his fingers above his head and raised four of them, "Comrade police, we really did not come across any woman who was alone, especially someone with long hair, barefoot and pretty looking. If I lied about any of that, I would never be able to get out of here forever."

Lei Qingyi was a bit disappointed, but he felt fortunate at the same time.

Although he was disappointed for not getting any information about Yan Huan, he was fine as long as Yan Huan did not experience such a matter or was harmed in such a way.

As Lei Qingyi was about to leave, he heard Huang Mao mumbling to himself.

"Comrade police, we, we did not meet any long-haired woman, but we saw a female ghost."

Lei Qingyi retreated his leg which was almost out the door. He then turned around and squinted his eyes, "Repeat what you said, a female ghost?"

"Yes, a female ghost." When Huang Mao mentioned the female ghost, he was still scared and almost in tears.

"We saw a female ghost last night, a real one."

"What did she look like?" Lei Qingyi took one step forward, lifted Huang Mao and made him stand on the chair to avoid the pain in his neck for looking downward like looking at a child.

As Huang Mao stood on the chair, he was almost as tall as Lu Yi so he got braver. But of course, he was also eager to tell someone about the ghost.

"Police comrade, let me tell you, we really saw a ghost, a female ghost. Her face was very pale and her hair was this long," he even moved his hand to show the length. "She wasn't wearing any shoes. She was bare-footed, but her legs were not walking. She was floating instead, and she probably died in the hospital, so she was still wearing the hospital gown. We followed her, but guess where we were led to? We were led to the cemetery, the one nearby the Sea River. She actually went there, you wouldn't know but I was so scared that I pissed my pants..."

He was about to add a few more sentences to the story, but suddenly there was a gust of wind blowing across his face. He touched his face feeling confused, why is there suddenly wind blowing in here?

He did not overthink and took a few steps forward, then there was a loud thump. He fell from the chair and once again his face landed on the ground first.

He lifted his face and his nose was bleeding again.

"Mummy, I want my mummy, I need to find my mummy..."

By then, Lei Qingyi was already in his car, with both of his hands gripping the steering wheel tightly.

He already knew, he knew where Yan Huan went. It was Lu Yi's grave, it must be Lu Yi's grave.

It was still raining, but he drove extremely fast. Because in his heart, he was getting more and more worried. He wanted to drive even faster, only if he could drive faster than that.

His car went straight into Sea City's cemetery grounds. He went out of his car and without an umbrella, strode toward Lu Yi's grave. A few seconds later, he started running as he felt that walking was too slow.

His feet landed heavily on the puddles of rainwater and they splashed. In the air, the splashes separated into water droplets again with a swish.

Listening to this sound, it was unexpectedly good.

What sound was this?

What exactly was this sound, was it the sound of splashing water?

No, it was the sound of a broken heart.

It was also the most sorrowful sound in the world.

When Lei Qingyi reached his destination, with his first glance, he saw the woman who was already wet by the rain, but was still hugging Lu Yi's grave. How long had she been here, was she here for the entire night?

He walked over, squatted down and carefully laid his hand onto the forehead of the woman who was as wet as a fish.

It was very hot, she was having a fever.

He held her up immediately, but Yan Huan's hands were still clinging tight to the gravestone, as if she would never let go of it even if she was dead. Lei Qingyi tried to loosen up a little, took off his jacket and covered Yan Huan with it. He then used more strength to pull her hands away from the tombstone, only to see that her fingernails were broken and there was a scar on her forehead, though the blood was already washed away by the rain. Was she really trying to get herself killed?

Only then he managed to hold her up, but before he left, he turned his head around.

"Lu Yi, if you are still seeing this, please let her live. I know you will, you gave her hope to live, so I know you would not bear to see her die too."

"You know what, this time, I do believe. I believe that somehow you are still here with us, protecting her. If those people had not mistakenly took Yan Huan as a ghost, I can't imagine what could have happened to her."

This time she is fine, luckily.

"Don't you worry, I'll take good care of her."

### **Chapter 662: She Did It To Herself**

"Even if you weren't around anymore, Yi Ling and I will treat her as our younger sister and take care of her for the rest of our lives. And even if we aren't around anymore, Little Lei will. If Little Lei dares mistreat her, I will break his legs myself."

He took another glance at Lu Yi's black-and-white photo and felt an irrepressible sadness. Yan Huan didn't seem like she could handle being there for a second longer either.

Before this, Lei Qingyi never thought he would one day feel such suffocating pain.

Once again, he brought Yan Huan back to the hospital. He Yibin put everything aside and rushed over immediately when he learned that she had been found.

He was taken aback when he saw the state of Yan Huan. "My goodness. What happened?"

Lei Qingyi laid her down carefully. "Forget about that. Do something about her. She might have a fever."

He Yibin went over quickly and felt Yan Huan's forehead. The situation was much more dire than he had imagined, he knew from the burning temperature. He immediately directed the nurses to change her out of her sodden clothes and administer IV fluids, while he treated her physical wounds and ran several check-ups on her. If her fever went on for too long, it might develop into pneumonia.

Seeing there was nothing he could do, Lei Qingyi walked to the door so as to not block the way. Since he couldn't help, he didn't want to make things worse.

That's when he remembered he should make a call home. The ones at home needed to know about this.

"It's me, Lingling."

Head dipped low, Yi Ling's tears trickled down her face endlessly at realizing it was Lei Qingyi. "How is it? Still no news?"

"No," said Lei Qingyi drily. "We found her." He turned to look at the Yan Huan, who had an IV drip above her. "She's at the hospital now. She's quite weak now from being under the rain, but don't worry, she'll be fine."

"You mean it?" Yi Ling sat up straight. "You found her? You really found her, right? Thank..." She clamped a hand over her mouth, laughing and crying at the same time.

"I mean it. It's nothing severe. She'll be alright."

"Thank goodness," finished Yi Ling. She suddenly covered her face with her hands, nearly unable to deal with the rush of happiness and sadness.

"Did you hear that, Shuyun?" asked Lu Jin, putting a hand on Ye Shuyun's shoulder.

"Huanhuan's alright! She's alright. She's in the hospital now."

A hint of vitality went back into Ye Shuyun's dull eyes. "She's alright now..."

"Yes, she's alright now," said Lu Jin as he caressed his wife's shoulders. "How could anything happen to her? Lu Yi had traded his life for her. How could he let anything happen to her? Lu Yi will watch over her. He will."

As he spoke, he felt a coolness traveling down his face. When no one was watching, he wiped the tears away.

When Ye Shuyun and the others got to the hospital, Yan Huan was asleep. To be precise, she hadn't woken up since Lei Qingyi brought her to the hospital.

“Her fever has gone down,” said He Yibin softly, putting a finger to his lips. “Keep your volume down. She’s not in a coma, just asleep. Let her sleep. It will help her recover. Surprises might still occur at this stage.”

They all knew what He Yibin meant by ‘surprise’, so they dared not overstay. Too many people meant noise and bad ventilation.

Everyone—the entire Lei Family except for Little Lei, who was placed under the care of his aunt, the Lu couple, and Ye Xinyu, who came in a rush—was present in He Yibin’s office.

“Where did you find her?” asked Yi Ling. “Is she hurt anywhere?” Every question made her heart skip a beat. She would wail on the spot if Lei Qingyi told her Yan Huan was assaulted.

“She’s fine. Relax,” said Lei Qingyi consolingly.

“What happened to her forehead then? It’s swelling and bleeding,” pressed Yi Ling. “Was it from a fall?”

“She got it from...” Lei Qingyi didn’t know how to tell her when he remembered the state he found Yan Huan in.

“Speak,” said Yi Ling, her voice growing shriller as she tugged hard at his sleeve.

Lei Qingyi closed his eyes and drew a deep breath. “The wounds...” he paused. “She did it to herself.”

“Did it to herself? How?”

Yi Ling yanked at Lei Qingyi’s sleeves again, crying as she did so. “Tell me! Where did she go? How did she get these wounds? Was she trying to kill herself?”

“She got it from knocking her head against Lu Yi’s tombstone.”

Lei Qingyi placed his hands on Yi Ling’s shoulders and pressed down. “She went to see Lu Yi. I don’t know how she got the information, but she seemed to know where Lu Yi was buried, so she went to look for him. I found her at Lu Yi’s grave.”

Lu Jin squeezed Ye Shuyun’s hand tightly. A glance was exchanged between them. They saw the irrepressible pain in each other’s eyes. Why would something like this happen? Why were the heavens so cruel to them?

Such a good son. Gone. Such a good couple. Broken.

Yi Ling kept sniffing. She tasted the saltiness of her tears when she raised up her head. “Tell me, Qingyi. How could I return a Lu Yi to Huanhuan? I was the one who killed Lu Yi, and I’m the one who put Huanhuan through so much pain.”

Lei Qingyi patted her shoulders without saying anything as her guilt deepened.

Yet there was nothing he could do to help her. Perhaps the only person that could help her now was Yan Huan. If Yan Huan forgave her, perhaps she wouldn’t blame herself so much. If.

Meanwhile, Yan Huan was lying flatly on the hospital bed, her pitifully skinny arm and bruised fingers outside the sheets. The veins on the back of her hand were showing visibly. A cold liquid flowed from the IV drip into her tiny blood vessels, where it blended with her blood and traveled across her body.

In truth, she had already contacted pneumonia. However, considering that she had been in the rain for an entire night in the weak state she was in, this was as good as things could have gotten. At least she was still alive.

### **Chapter 663: Neither Eating Nor Drinking**

“Cough...”

Yan Huan kept on coughing and she was losing her voice. Although she had been taking injections all this while, but that did not ease her persistent coughing which was painful to even listen to. Everyone was worried that the cough might injure her throat.

“Come Huanhuan, drink some loquat snow pear soup. I made it just for you. You will feel a lot better after you drink it.”

Yi Ling took the spoon and placed it in front of Yan Huan. However, Yan Huan remained still. She was staring at the wall in front of her with nothing but blankness.

Yi Ling held the spoonful of soup closer to her mouth but she refused to take a sip. Suddenly, Yi Ling accidentally jiggled her fingers, causing the soup to spill on Yan Huan’s clothes. Even so, she did not budge an inch as if she had lost her soul, neither eating nor drinking anything at all.

“Huanhuan! I beg you. Could you please just take a sip?”

Once again, Yi Ling ladled out some snow pear soup but she could no longer hide her feelings anymore. As she was trying to pass the spoonful of soup to Yan Huan, she placed the spoon back into the bowl immediately. Afterwards, she turned away and covered her mouth. Unexpectedly, she burst into tears like an isolated beast licking its wound helplessly at the corner.

She took the spoon again and placed it in front of Yan Huan. She wanted to force herself to smile in front of her but she failed regardless how hard she tried. Crying was the only thing that she wanted to do now, but what was the point of crying? Would that make Yan Huan start eating?

When she was forced to wake up from sleep, she would not eat or drink anything.

Now that she was awake, she refused to eat or drink anything at all.

Was she trying to starve herself to death?

The door was pushed open and Ye Shuyun walked in.

“Auntie...” Yi Ling quickly put the bowl down and suddenly broke into tears upon seeing Ye Shuyun.

“Still not eating?” Just by a glance of the bowl on the table, Ye Shuyun knew that Yan Huan refused to eat again. She sat down and placed her hand on Yan Huan’s forehead. She could feel that her body temperature was slightly lower than that of ordinary people and in addition to that, she had not been

eating and drinking for a long period of time. If this situation remained unchanged, Yan Huan would definitely starve herself to death.

“She refused to eat.” Yi Ling took the bowl once again. The entire bowl of soup still remained untouched. Actually, it was fine if she chose not to eat anything but at least they should convince her to drink something even though it was only a sip.

Ye Shuyun touched the bowl in Yi Ling’s hand and she realized that the soup had turned cold.

“Yi Ling. I think you should heat the soup up. It’s already cold.”

“Alright.” Yi Ling took the bowl and walked toward the kitchen. However, as she walked to the entrance, she stopped and turned back at Yan Huan with her bloodshot eyes. She then shook her head and gently shut the door.

She walked blindly for half a day and at the end of the day, she had no idea what she was supposed to do with the bowl in her hand.

“Heat the soup up. Yes! Heat the soup up. The soup is cold and it needs to be heated up in the hospital kitchen.”

On the other hand, Yan Huan had fallen asleep again while closing her eyes in the ward. Ye Shuyun covered her well in the blanket and held her hand. At this moment, the hand that she was holding was covered with wounds without any single patch of flawless skin, not even the back of her hand. Her body could no longer withstand any injection, not to mention giving her a nutrient injection.

That was why she had to eat and recover on her own will.

Ye Shuyun caressed Yan Huan’s hair in a gentle manner. Her fingers were as warm as Lu Yi’s.

“When Lu Yi was born, he seldom cried.” She was talking about his son, not knowing whether Yan Huan was listening or not.

“When he was two years old, he barely ate as well. Lei Qingyi and him were about the same age but Lei Qingyi had started to talk at that time. He could even call daddy and mummy. However, not for Lu Yi. No matter how we teased, forced, or threatened him, neither would he cry nor call daddy and mummy. Your dad and I were worried that Lu Yi was mute at that time. Therefore, we took him for check-ups at a few hospitals but all the results had shown that everything was normal. Perhaps it was the child himself who was slow-witted, causing him to have a hard time to learn how to talk.”

“Your dad and I had accepted the fact that our son was nowhere near smart. But regardless of how stupid he was, that didn’t change the fact that he was still our child.”

“Although Lu Yi was not so smart, he was very healthy and he would seldom fall sick. Everything was fine apart from the fact that he could barely talk and cry. When Lu Yi turned three years old, he did not talk much either but no matter how slow-witted a child is, he still has to go to school. You can’t stop him from going to school just because he is slow-witted, right? That would make him even more stupid.”

“So your dad and I ended up sending him to kindergarten as well. That time I was worried that this stupid child of mine would be bullied by his peers. And guess what?” Ye Shuyun smiled as she thought of

her son during his childhood. That time he was still a little child cradled in her arms. She wiped her tears and continued her story.

“One day when I was sending him to kindergarten, the teacher called us over, saying that Lu Yi had beaten somebody up.”

“By the time I saw Lu Yi, he was still holding Lei Qingyi’s hand. Lei Qingyi was a skinny boy back then, contrary to his current tall and sturdy figure. Lei Qingyi was like a tiny bean sprout when he was three years old.”

“I remember asking Lu Yi why he was in a fight.”

“I didn’t expect my stupid son to answer me. Surprisingly, he took a glance at me and answered me in a clear and distinct manner. He told me that there was somebody who bullied his little brother and that’s why he chose to fight back.”

“That was the first time I heard him talking so much at once.”

“When we were back home, I asked him. I asked him when did he learn to talk so much but he told me that he had forgotten. Anyway, he already knew how to respond when Lei Qingyi started to talk. Then I asked again why he chose not to speak a single word previously even though he had learned how. Well, he said he did not feel like saying anything that time.”

Ye Shuyun was smiling as she talked but at the same time, there were tears between her smiles.

She wiped away her tears and placed her hand on Yan Huan’s face once again, “Lu Yi knew how to protect others since he was young. That was how he used to be. Though he was inclined to keep his thoughts to himself, he knew exactly what he had to do. Since he is no longer here, you are all we have. Although you are our daughter-in-law, we still treat you as our own daughter.”

“So Huanhuan. Please do me a favour and live a full life, for Lu Yi.”

“Knock knock...” A knocking sound came from the other side of the door. Ye Shuyun wiped her tears in a hurry before standing up to reach for the door. It was then that she missed the sight of a teardrop rolling down from the corner of Yan Huan’s eye and went traceless upon soaking into the pillow, like it never happened.

As Ye Shuyun opened the door, Yi Ling walked in with the bowl of soup in her hands. However, as she came in and saw Yan Huan sleeping, she felt that the soup was getting heavier in her hands.

### **Chapter 664: Soup Only**

She might have heated the soup again for nothing.

Ye Shuyun sighed and pushed the soup towards Yi Ling. “You should drink it. By the time she wakes up, the soup won’t be good anymore. I’ll get the nanny to make a new pot.”

“I don’t have the appetite for it,” said Yi Ling as she put the bowl down. How could she be drinking and eating like a normal person when Huanhuan hasn’t touch any food or water for so long? That wasn’t something she could do.



“Drink it. Don’t let it go to waste,” said Ye Shuyun, giving her a pat on the shoulders. She then returned to the side of the bed and guarded Yan Huan silently. At least Yan Huan was still alive, someone she could still protect and worry over. Otherwise, she would really have gone crazy.

The nanny returned to the hospital at noon, with an insulated lunch box in hand.

“I made chicken soup this time. Boiled it for 4 hours. It’s nutritious, the perfect food for patients.”

Ye Shuyun scooped out some soup into a little bowl. The soup gave off a thick aroma as soon as it left its container.

It was tasty, fresh, and nutritious.

Ye Shuyun sat down before Yan Huan, holding the bowl of soup in her hands, and scooped up a spoonful of it to cool it with her breath. She then fed it to Yan Huan.

“Here, Huanhuan, drink up.”

Yan Huan remained motionless, until Ye Shuyun’s hand began to feel sore. It would be good even if she drank a single spoon. She figured she had to consult He Yibin. What should they do if she refuses to eat? They might have to inject her before she starves herself to death. But there wasn’t even anywhere left to stick the needle in, except for her head and feet.

As the door shut softly, Yan Huan felt a sadness creeping into her heart.

Ripples formed in her lifeless eyes, like the surface of a lake at the fondling of wind.

“You have to drink your soup properly,” he used to say as he caressed her cheeks.

“I will. I promise.”

“You have to eat properly too,” he said.

“I will. I promise.”

“Have to drink soup properly” she murmured softly.

Slowly, she reached out and grabbed the bowl of soup, her hand so feeble it seemed as if she would drop the bowl at any time. She brought the bowl to her lips and took a sip.

Her tears began falling into the bowl. One drop, two, three, and they kept falling. She couldn’t tell if the bitterness she was tasting was from her tears or the soup itself.

What should she do? She had lost her sense of taste.

The hospital door opened before He Yibin shut it again, as soon as he took a step inside.

“What’s wrong?” asked Ye Shuyun.

He Yibin pulled her to the side.

“She’s drinking her soup,” he whispered.

“Really?” Ye Shuyun immediately tried to take a look herself, but He Yibin managed to stop her in time.

“It’s better if we leave her to it, Aunty. Why not we try leaving the food on the table for her to eat at her own pace? Perhaps what she needs now isn’t our consolations and concern, but time for her wounds to recover by themselves. There’s nothing any of us can do to help her.”

Is that how it was? Ye Shuyun didn’t know if he was right, but she had no choice but to trust him. As long as Yan Huan can eat and no longer needs medication, she can bring her back home. Things would be better if she was at home, where they were all there to accompany her. Home was the safest place, the best place for healing.

When Ye Shuyun stepped inside again, Yan Huan had fallen asleep once more. She padded to her and picked up the bowl, nearly crying out loud when she saw the empty bowl.

It was good that she drank her soup. That meant that she could eat too.

Heeding He Yibin’s advice, she began leaving the nanny’s soup on the table instead of forcing her to drink it.

Yan Huan always finished her soup, as He Yibin had predicted, regardless of how much she was given. According to him, Yan Huan’s stomach was still weak, so she oily and meaty food was no go. Soup that could be easily digested and fruit will serve for now.

Ye Shuyun and the nanny had to scratch their head for a method to make the soup more nutritious. They tried throwing fruit juice, milk, grains, and whatever good stuff they could think of into the soup so that she could recover faster.

When He Yibin announced that she was ready to eat solid food, she and the nanny carefully prepared a table of dishes, in the hope she would eat more.

That’s when she realized Yan Huan didn’t consume anything, apart from her soup.

Left with no choice, Ye Shuyun and the nanny had to continue making soup, in which they added whatever nutritious stuff they could think of. Yan Huan never seemed to mind the taste, finishing whatever she was given as long as it was soup, without so much as frowning even at the eighth bowl.

Realizing that, Ye Shuyun had to bear her heart and put nutrition before taste.

And so, after a few days, she realized Yan Huan was looking a lot better than before. The best way to nurse one’s health wasn’t through medication, but proper nutrition from healthy grains.

How can anyone be unhealthy with three proper meals a day?

But Yan Huan’s behavior didn’t change. She was unconvivial and taciturn, like how Lu Yi did when he was little, according to Ye Shuyun. Just like that, she took care of her like how she once took care of Lu Yi, treating her like a growing child.

Ye Shuyun trusted that this child would one day grow up and step out of her shadows too.

“Say ah,” said He Yibin as he shone a small torchlight into Yan Huan’s throat.

Yan Huan obliged.

Later, the nurse arrived, carefully peel up Yan Huan's sleeves to conduct a blood test. If she passed the inspection this time, she could be discharged.

Yan Huan was impassive even as the needle went into her vessels. There had never been much life in her eyes. She was like a beautiful statue, lifeless and emotionless.

The results that soon came out proved that she was fine.

Ye Shuyun heaved a sigh of relief. She could finally bring her home.

### **Chapter 665: But You Didn't Come Back**

"Huanhuan, we're going home." Ye Shuyun stroked the top of Yan Huan's head like she was treating a child.

"Come on, let's go home with mummy."

Yan Huan stood up and she was brought to the car by Ye Shuyun. She was just like a puppet, following blindly on anyone's order. However, the more she behaved this way, the more she made others worry and feel bad. She was a living person after all and she had her own thoughts and feelings.

However, her current situation was unbearable.

One was gone and the other one turned into this.

This was the Lu family's biggest catastrophe and also an unrecoverable disaster.

Ye Shuyun and the nursemaid were walking closely beside Yan Huan every step of the way until they went home. When they stepped into the Lu family's house, Little Bean walked over to her out of habit and started meowing upon seeing her.

Yan Huan stopped and looked down. Even though she was looking at the direction of the cat, she did not seem to notice the cat down at her feet. She lifted her leg and she had almost stepped on Little Bean.

Luckily, Little Bean was quick-witted. It immediately dodged away from its master's feet but the little thing felt disappointed when it saw such response from her. It was quite pitiful.

Its master did not care about it anymore and this made it felt guilty.

Little Bean walked to its bed and licked its claws with its heart full of disappointment. However, it was still keeping an eye on its owner but sadly, its owner had never cared about it since the beginning.

"We're back!" Lu Jin stood up and walked toward Yan Huan while reaching out his hand and patted her head, "It's good that you're back. Everything is well. Everything is all good now."

Neither of them have a son currently and they would take Yan Huan as their last hope. Perhaps in the future, she won't be a daughter-in-law anymore, but a daughter.

Yan Huan drooped her eyelids. She did not say a single word and yet the giant hand that was placed on her head was just so familiar. It was like Lu Yi patting her head, but it wasn't Lu Yi.

Ye Shuyun was standing closely next to Lu Jin. It was just like what she once said, the Yan Huan now was exactly like a wooden puppet, totally emotionless. No matter how you talked to her, in the end, she would not return you the favour.

Lu Jin patted Yu Shuyun's shoulder and comforted her, saying that everything would be alright. There was still time and she would definitely recover one day.

Ye Shuyun nodded. Yes, she would recover one day, and one day, even though their son would be forgotten by everyone else, but as a mother, she would never forget her own son.

Ye Shuyun tucked Yan Huan in and waited until she fell asleep before going out. She wanted to discuss what to cook for dinner with her maid. It was not actually an issue for them on what to eat but Yan Huan would only drink soup.

Of course, throughout these days, she knew that once Yan Huan went to sleep, under normal circumstances, she would not wake up and therefore, she would not have to worry about leaving her alone here.

Additionally, this was her home after all and not outdoors. Thus, she would never get lost again.

Unexpectedly, when Ye Shuyun left, Yan Huan opened her eyes while slowly getting out of her bed. She then sat there for half a day before placing both feet on the floor. She wasn't wearing shoes.

She walked toward a nearby cabinet and reached out for a photo frame that was sitting on top. She placed the photo frame before her and gently touched it.

Inside the photo frame, was her and Lu Yi. She was leaning over Lu Yi's shoulder while smiling into the camera. One could tell from her eyes how happy and blessed she was.

For someone who would rarely smile, Lu Yi's lips were bent into a grin. The slight smile of his was enough to prove that he was actually as happy she was in the picture.

She placed the photo frame into her embrace and walked to the bed. She laid by the bedside for a while and then pulled the blanket over before falling asleep with her hands holding on to the photo frame.

The photo frame was ice cold, as if it had taken away the warmth off her skin. She placed the photo frame on her chest where it was closest to her heart. By using the temperature of her heart, she warmed up the photo frame.

She then closed her eyes and just breathed quietly. After this, she would just be living like a walking corpse.

Have you ever heard the sound of a heart breaking?

Yep, it was just like this.

It was undoubtedly the most beautiful yet most brutal sound in the world. A person's world was completely destroyed just like that, leaving nothing but desolation.

There was no more color; no more sound.

All there was left was silence, and deep inside that, was the sound of a heart beating.

Ye Shuyun carefully opened the door and walked over with the nursemaid behind her holding a bowl of soup.

“Be careful. Don’t spill the soup.”

The nursemaid nodded. She placed the soup on the tabletop. Actually, this isn’t a plain and simple soup anymore. A lot of ingredients and nutrients had been added inside. It was starchy and muddled.

But there was no other choice because they could not allow her to only drink soup, for even though she would not die from drinking it, it would turn her into a ghost. Yan Huan had always been skinny and recently she was almost as thin as a paper. Her weight was not even 70kg.

“Madam, we should figure a way out. It’s not good for her to stay this way.”

“I know.” Ye Shuyun turned back and glanced at Yan Huan. However, this was all they could do at the moment. At least she was still willing to eat even though she only ate little by little.

“I think we should give her some space.” Ye Shuyun opened the door once again to leave the room with the nursemaid. However, they didn’t actually leave as they left a gap on the door while hiding outside to see if Yan Huan would drink the soup.

She would only feel relieved if she were to finish the soup. If Yan Huan was unable to absorb enough nutrients, then she would have to drink more often. Normal human being would have three meals per day to meet ones’ physiological needs. She believed that she could fill her up with more nutrients through drinking soup eight times per day.

She and the nursemaid were like thieves, doing the same thing every day.

As people said, parents will always care about their children, and this was precisely what was going on.

Inside the room, Yan Huan was still hugging the photo frame in her arms. She placed the photo frame on the table and lifted the bowl. It didn’t matter what was in the bowl. Even if it was medicine, she would drink it all up without leaving a drop. It was a shame that there wouldn’t be any poison in this world for her to drink and no one would feed her poison either. It would be great if the soup was poisonous because she would then be able to meet Lu Yi again.

“See.” She placed her soup on the table,

“I did follow your orders. I promised you that I would drink my soup and I did it, didn’t I? I’ve been good, right? You promised me that you would come back if I listened to your words.”

“But you didn’t come back.”

She picked up the photo frame again and continued hugging it.

She then turned over and lay down once again. Sometimes, being asleep was better than staying awake. Once you have fallen asleep, you won’t feel anything, and even if you die in your sleep, it would just be the end of your life.

### **Chapter 666: Hyperactive Little Lei**

Then again, she couldn’t bear to just fall asleep like that.

She pressed the photo frame tightly against her chest.

“I know I’ll dream of you, because you are always in my dreams. The only place I can see you now is in my dreams, but it always ends before I could even grab onto the corner of your clothes.”

She huddled up. I might be able to grab it someday.

She shut her eyes, and soon the room was soon filled with the sound of her gentle breathing. Despite being asleep, her eyebrows were knitted tightly together.

Was it physical pain, or mental? Was it sadness, or bittersweet memories?

Perhaps many people want to know the answer.

Was she dreaming? What kind of dream was it?

Some dreams are colorful, some grey, and some colourless.

What was her dream?

A nightmare?

She confined herself to her own room, as she did in the hospital, never taking a step outside. She’ll drink a lot of soup every day, and as every day passed she got a little better.

Even so, she remained as skinny as before. All that soup she drank didn’t manage to let her gain any weight. Her chicken-feet-like hands were getting thinner, and the veins on the back of her hands showed clearly. Still, it was good that the swelling from numerous injections had faded away.

“Say hi to your aunt,” prompted Yi Ling, giving little Lei a shove.

Little Lei bit his fingers and turned back to look at Yi Ling.

“Mama? Aunty isn’t smiling.”

Yi Ling squat down and rubbed his head. “Aunty’s ill. Go give aunty a kiss, Little Lei. Aunty loves you the most.”

Little Lei hesitated, then waddled forward and crawled onto the bed, sitting himself opposite Yan Huan.

“Aunty...” he reached out and tugged at Yan Huan’s sleeves.

Yan Huan looked up, and the sizable child appeared in her empty eyes. Suddenly, she raised her hand... Yi Ling held her breath, afraid that Yan Huan might push Little Lei away.

But she thought wrong. Yan Huan didn’t do anything to Little Lei. Her outstretched arm dangled in the air, then fell gently on Little Lei’s head.

Little Lei grinned.

He crawled forward on his tiny limbs, huddled up against Yan Huan, and looped his hands around her neck, and kissed her on the cheeks.

“Why did you stop visiting Leilei, Aunty? Leilei misses Aunty.”

Yan Huan's eyelids drooped down, blocking out all the light from her eyes. Everything stemmed from quietness, and ended in calmness.

Without realizing it herself, she gave Little Lei a light pat on the shoulders. Apart from that she did nothing.

Sensing Yan Huan's weariness, Yi Ling walked forward and plucked Little Lei off her. Little Lei was confused as she brought him out of the room.

"Mama, why isn't Aunty talking to Leilei? Did Leilei do something wrong?"

"That's not it," said Yi Ling, giving him a peck on the cheeks. "Aunty's just sick. When she gets better, she'll be able to know when Leilei visits her."

"Then Leilei will wait until Aunty gets better," said Little Lei. He loved his aunt dearly, the nice-smelling aunt who always bought him tasty snacks and interesting toys.

"Mama..." Little Lei glanced around for a while, then hauled at Yi Ling's hair.

"What is it, dear?" She pinched his cheeks. "Haven't I told you not to pull Mama's hair? Did you forget again?"

"Okay. It's Leilei's bad," apologized Little Lei as he retracted his meaty hands. "I'm sorry, Mama."

That was how he had been educated. When a child of the Lei family does something wrong, they will first admit, then apologize and make up for it.

He reached out and tried to spruce up his mother's hair, but he wasn't a hairdresser and only managed to pull some of her hair off.

Yi Ling quickly pulled his hand away. His hands were so soft it made people want to take a bite.

Little Lei scanned his surroundings again, then tugged at Yi Ling's sleeves. He had learned not to tug at his mother's hair.

"Mama, where's Uncle?"

That gave Yi Ling pause. Instinctively, she looked towards Yan Huan, who was asleep with her back facing her. She probably didn't hear what Little Lei said.

Uncle was how Little Lei called Lu Yi.

Both Yan Huan and Lu Yi were very good to little Lei, and had been a part of his toddlerhood. Lu Yi didn't smile much, but he never showed a child a cold face.

Children were the best at sensing whether someone liked them or treated them well. They were sensitive in that way. That was how Little Lei came to realize that Yan Huan and Lu Yi were the people that treated him best. His father beats him up sometimes, but never when Uncle was around.

However, he was too young to know that the uncle who always carried him and taught him the Three Character Classic was no longer alive. By the time he grows up, he might not even remember how his uncle looked, or if he ever existed.

To prevent Little Lei from saying something unnecessary again, Yi Ling removed him from the room.

It was always good to have a child at home. Children were a solace to the elderly. Sadly, Lu Yi and Yan Huan never had one. There would be no one to inherit the Lu Family. As for Lu Qin...heh. Lu Jin would never treat that niece of his as his own son. He would rather not have an heir than to have one as heartless as Lu Qin. Lu Jin wasn't blind to his callousness.

Plus, who dared call them childless? They still had Yan Huan, didn't they?

Yi Ling and Lei Qingyi planned to give birth to a second child to foster at the Lu house. That was the only consolation they could think of.

The door creaked open, from which a small shadow entered the room.

Thump, thump, thump. He scuttled, kicked off his shoes, and climbed onto the bed.

"Aunty, aunty..."

### **Chapter 667: She Was Injured Again**

The little boy extended his fair and tiny hand to pull off the blanket that was covering Yan Huan. "Can aunt tell Little Lei a story?"

Little Lei climbed onto the bed before he lay on top of the blanket.

"Aunt, tell Little Lei a story please."

Little Lei loved to listen to the many tales Yan Huan told him. Every time Yan Huan told him a story, he would repeat the same story to his grandparents, who would then praise him. Besides, it had been a long time since Yan Huan had told him a story.

Yan Huan opened her eyes and stared at Little Lei who was lying on top of her stubbornly. His limbs acted like the tentacles of the octopus and trapped her underneath her blanket.

Then, she reached out to ruffle Little Lei's hair. Yan Huan's lips parted, but the words died in her throat. She did not know how to put it into words, or more precisely, she did not know how to speak at all.

Little Lei put on a grin. Yan Huan was always his favorite aunt. Therefore, he snuck into the bed before he gleefully rolled underneath the blanket.

Yan Huan grabbed the blanket tight to provide him an enclosed space as she was worried that he would fall off the bed.

After Little Lei had a little fun, he was worn out and refused to move anymore. He reached out to touch Yan Huan. Realizing Yan Huan was hiding something in her embrace, he carefully took it over from Yan Huan.

He sat up and tilted his head curiously.

"Aunt, why is uncle in the picture?" He pointed at the photo that was nicely framed.

Yan Huan was once again overwhelmed by the deep sorrow. If she had a choice, she would freeze time and of course, her life. At the very least, she would still be with Lu Yi as of now.



She did not want to be separated from him, dead and alive.

She did not know how to carry on with her life.

She had no idea if she would live the rest of her life like this, alive but almost lifeless.

A loud and abrupt crack resonated across the room. She felt as though her heart was broken into pieces, and followed by that was an unbearable pain that swamped her mercilessly.

Little Lei looked at his own hand before he stared at the shattered pieces of glass on the floor. His eyes brimmed with tears as he pouted, trying hard to suppress his urge to cry.

Yan Huan's eyes misted over. She could no longer see anything clearly other than the broken pieces that lay quietly on the floor. Just like the glasses, her heart was broken into pieces. This seemed like a sign that was telling her that it was impossible to fix the fragmented glass pieces, not to mention her severed heart.

Little Lei knew that he had caused Yan Huan trouble. He quickly climbed to the edge of the bed and tried to pick up the damaged picture frame. He innocently compared the fragmented glass to the clay his mom bought for him, thinking that it would be fixed once he kneaded them together and uncle would continue to stay obediently within the photo frame once again.

Just as he extended his tiny hand, his chubby body fell from the bed. Yan Huan hurriedly reached out, trying to catch the little boy.

Meanwhile, Yi Ling did not notice that her son was missing as she was too engrossed in the conversation with Ye Shuyun. She failed to realize that Little Lei was no longer playing next to her until she heard her son's anguished cry. Instantly, she broke out in cold sweat. Similarly, Ye Shuyun was perplexed too.

The boy's crying came from Yan Huan's room. Has Yan Huan done something to my boy?

Yi Ling and Ye Shuyun quickly left their seats and ran toward Yan Huan's room. The moment they opened the door, the smell of blood hit their nose.

Then, they saw the shattered glass pieces that were all over the floor before they finally noticed Yan Huan who was lying on the floor with Little Lei crying in her arms.

Panicking, Yi Ling ran over to carry her son away from Yan Huan, or, more precisely, snatched her son away from Yan Huan. She was so worried about Little Lei to the extent that she did not realize her actions brought so much pain to Yan Huan. Yan Huan's forehead was now covered with cold sweat as she was writhing in agony.

In his mom's arms, Little Lei was still in a crying fit when he tried to mumble and tell the story about how he broke the photo frame and hurt his uncle.

"Huanhuan..." Ye Shuyun was dumbstruck and Yi Ling alike. None of them knew how to react as they watched the blood flow out of the wounds on Yan Huan's body that was lying on top of a floor of broken glasses.

"Send someone here! Quick! "

Ye Shuyun yelled. Before long, Lu Jin, together with the helpers, entered the room. They were all stunned by the scene before them as well.

“For now, you shall bring Little Lei away,” Lu Jin said to Yi Ling, “He’s still young and I don’t want him to be traumatized.”

Yi Ling stared at Yan Huan for a long while, but she was apparently incapable to help. With no other option, she exited the room and, with her quivering fingers, dialed Lei Qingyi’s number to ask for his aid.

“Qingyi, come here now. Something happened to Huanhuan.”

Once she hung up, she sunk into the sofa with Little Lei lying in her arms. Little Lei was exhausted from the crying fit. He rested his tiny head on his mother’s shoulder with his red nose sniffled occasionally.

In the room, Ye Shuyun intended to walk to Yan Huan’s side but was stopped by Lu Jin. “You shouldn’t go near her as you will possibly hurt her again. I will call Yibin over.”

Obediently, Ye Shuyun stood still without taking another step forward. Anxious, tears welled up in her eyes. However, she did not know how to help Yan Huan other than staring at Yan Huan helplessly.

“Let’s clean up the place first,” Lu Jin ordered the helpers. They cleared the glass bits on the ground but were all afraid to touch Yan Huan. With her current injuries, she was already vulnerable. Even the slightest touch could possibly hurt her further.

Yan Huan lay silently on the floor, as though she was immune to the pain.

“Huanhuan, Huanhuan...” Ye Shuyun was close to kneeling on the floor as she held onto Yan Huan’s hand. “Talk to me. Are you okay? Where did you get hurt? Is it painful?”

Yan Huan opened her eyes and gently clutched Ye Shuyun’s hand. With this brief action, Ye Shuyun began to sob uncontrollably.

What should we do? She has just recovered. Why does she have to go through all this pain again? This child has suffered enough. She only recovered not long ago but she is injured again.

After a short while, He Yibin arrived alongside Lei Qingyi as they bumped into each other on their way here.

Without much talk, He Yibin dashed toward Yan Huan’s room. The smell of blood wafted through the room. Just like how Lu Jin described to him, Yan Huan was still lying on the ground and the floor was covered with blood. He was certain that she was harmed by shards of glass. However, he was unsure about how badly she was hurt. If she was only superficially injured, she would only have to suffer the pain for a few days. But, if her other organs were hurt, the restorative procedure would be more complex as she was unable to undergo any major surgery at this moment. Otherwise, she would either die during the surgery or fail to survive the recuperation period. This was absolute damage to her post-traumatic mind and soul.

### **Chapter 668: Good Intentions, Bad Deeds**

“Get in here, Lei Qingyi,” he thundered. Was this the right time to be wishy-washy?

Lei Qingyi quickly ran inside, his expression as shocked as the others. Wasn't that Yan Huan?

"What happened to her?"

"Go ask your son," replied He Yibin coldly. "Everyone should know how naughty and hyperactive a child can get, so why didn't you keep him in check? He broke the photo-frame and nearly fell onto the bits of broken glass. Had Yan Huan not saved him, he would have turned into a porcupine by now. You wouldn't even be able to cry if that happened."

"Do Lu Yi and his wife owe you and the Lei Family?" said He Yibin, rather unkindly. But you can't fault him for being angry and shocked; Yan Huan had been getting better, but now she was in this state all over again. Lu Yi had just passed away recently. Must Yan Huan be next?

The Lu Family had been torn apart, and Yan Huan was all they had left. Can't they be left to a peaceful life? Why must people still bring trouble to them? Hadn't they suffered enough?

Lei Qingyi flushed under He Yibin's lambasting, but dared not talk back.

He Yibin tried his best to calm down, before squatting down and carefully lifting Yan Huan's head up. What he feared the most was to find glass shards in her head or organ, since those would only spell trouble. If that happened, even he would be at a loss of what to do.

He checked her carefully, his fingers cautiously scouring through Yan Huan's scalp. It gave him a sense of relief as he went on with the task. When he was done with the examination, he heaved a sigh of relief. Thankfully, the scalp had not been damaged.

Next was the other parts of her body. He ordered Lei Qingyi to lift Yan Huan up, and the nanny to clean up the glass shards on the floor. When the nanny swept the photograph away along with the shards, Yan Huan tried to reach out and salvage it, but all she grasped was boundless darkness.

Her back was wounded. He Yibin carefully plucked out the glass shards with a pincer, four pieces in total; at her shoulder, back, waist, and arm. Luckily, the shards were small and the wounds were shallow. Her organ was not at risk. The wounds were merely physical.

Yan Huan wasn't under anesthesia when He Yibin removed the glass shards. She did not scream, but her muscles tensed up at every touch. She was all bones, like a skeleton. The wounds might have been less severe if she was a little plumper. But she wasn't, so she had to bear with the pain. She would have to sleep on her stomach for a long time to come.

She wasn't born to live. She was born to suffer.

Yi Ling rushed over as soon as they came out from the room.

"How is she?"

He Yibin didn't even want to speak to her. He had nothing to say to such a stupid woman. Yan Huan had to suffer because she couldn't keep an eye on her own son, giving him a chance to disturb a patient. Yan Huan couldn't even take care of herself at the moment, yet she protected a senseless child. She was truly a superwoman.

Yi Ling saw the dislike and blame in He Yibin's eyes. She hung her head in shame.

“Pass me the child,” He Yibin extended his arms. Even if he disliked Yi Ling, he couldn’t make himself dislike the child.

Yi Ling held her son tighter, reluctant to hand him over.

“If you don’t pass me the child, how can I check if he’s injured somewhere?”

Resisting the temptation to shout at her, He Yibin took Little Lei from her arms. Little Lei was asleep, his nose bright red from crying. It made He Yibin’s heart ache a little. The poor child had to go through this because of his stupid mother.

He did a thorough examination of the child. Thankfully, he wasn’t injured anywhere.

“He’s fine. Just shocked. Don’t bring him over again,” said He Yibin as he dressed Little Lei up. Yi Ling reached out to take her son back, but He Yibin avoided her and passed the child to Lei Qingyi instead. He didn’t want to hand him over to his dumb mother.

Yi Ling retracted her hand awkwardly.

“Don’t take it to heart. That’s just how he is,” consoled Lei Qingyi as he carried his son in one arm.

Yes, that was just how he was. He pitied the weak, and Yan Huan belonged to that category at the moment. Yi Ling, on the other hand, was an utter fool. Who would go to the river under such heavy rain, when water levels were on the rise? She even had the audacity to drag someone along to the danger zone when others were actively steering clear of the area.

And what good came out of it? Lu Yi lost his life. Yan Huan became a cripple. A family was destroyed. And what did she do next? She brought her son over, as if she had not hurt Yan Huan enough. What was she trying to do? Remind Yan Huan that she had no son?

“She only did it out of goodwill,” explained Yan Huan.

“Doing bad things out of goodwill is equally unforgivable,” said He Yibin meanly.

“Enough of this, He Yibin,” complained Lei Qingyi, irritated. “Do you have to give us this kind of attitude every day? No one wanted this to happen. It was an accident. An accident, that’s all it was.”

“Yes, an accident. But are you the one suffering the consequence?” He Yibin turned and walked off to check on the patient. They were still the happy family they were, but the Lu Family had already been broken to pieces. As if that wasn’t enough, she had to bring her son over. Yes, out of goodwill it was, but what did she hope to achieve? To show off? To hit them where it hurt the most?

They may not have noticed, but He Yibin was a doctor. He had noticed the pain and sadness in the Lu couple’s eyes when they looked at Little Lei.

After the old couple lost their only son, Yan Huan in her sorry state was all they had. The Lu Family did not need sympathy. What they needed was peace. That’s how he saw it. Some wounds cannot be cured by medication, and can only heal with time.

Give them time. And during that time, give them peace.

**Chapter 669: She Was Looking For The Photo**

Yan Huan lay on the bed, not moving an inch. She made no sound, neither complaining nor crying about the pain she was suffering. She was no different from a vegetable, except that she was breathing and occasionally opening her eyes. Other than that, everyone was somehow affected by her sense of despair.

He Yibin took a seat. After a while, he felt a little thirsty, hence he poured himself a glass of water and drank it.

Abruptly, water spurted out of his mouth.

With a loud bang, he swung the door open and left the room.

“Oh, no! Yan Huan is gone.”

When the others heard his exclamation, they immediately left their seats. Without considering further, Yi Ling placed her son on the sofa. At this moment, she was too occupied to care about her son.

He Yibin did not comment on her reaction. At least, she was showing some conscience and concern toward Yan Huan’s well-being.

“I will go out and find her.” At that instant, Lei Qingyi suspected that Yan Huan had gone to Lu Yi’s cemetery again. Moreover, it had not been a long time since Yan Huan went missing. Logically speaking, she should not have gone far yet.

However, when he arrived at the door, he abruptly stopped in his tracks.

“She hasn’t left the house.”

Lei Qingyi turned to look at them as he made the statement.

The few of them had been sitting in the living room all this while. It was impossible for them to not notice an adult as big as Yan Huan if she left the house via the main door. They would have noticed something unusual even if a small mouse passed by them. They were neither blind nor deaf. How could a living person walk right past them without them realizing it?

Yan Huan was still here.

“Maybe she went to the bathroom?” Yi Ling whispered. However, she quickly shut her mouth and remained quiet when she saw He Yibin staring at her.

“Why are you still here?” He Yibin had never met a woman as stupid as Yi Ling. In his eyes, Yi Ling was an extremely hideous woman now. For him, her nose was crooked, her eyes were unsightly, even her hair appeared disgusting.

Her appearance, her voice, and every action of hers annoyed He Yibin. For He Yibin, she should not even be breathing. Lei Qingyi glared at He Yibin menacingly.

“That’s too much.”

He Yibin scorned at Lei Qingyi’s words. He did nothing wrong. He was upset and he definitely had his right to vent his anger.

Nonetheless, Yi Ling was guilty as well. It was her fault for bringing Little Lei here. She had a good intention but things turned out to be different from her expectation.

Yi Ling gently pulled Lei Qingyi's sleeve. She reckoned that it was not the best time for a quarrel as it was more important to search for Yan Huan at this moment.

Then, she dashed off to Yan Huan's room and swung the bathroom door opened. No one was there. She refused to give up and continued to search for the other bathrooms but to no avail.

"I didn't see her." She returned to Lei Qingyi's side and nervously clutched her fingers around Lei Qingyi's sleeve, "Do you want to go over there and have a look?"

"But, Yan Huan hasn't left this house." The cemetery was the first place that came across Lei Qingyi's mind. However, they were all gathered in the living room and the main door was the only way out in this house. Unless Yan Huan was invisible, otherwise it was rather illogical for them not to have noticed her.

"Maybe we were too occupied to notice as she walked past us?" Yi Ling was determined to go out and search for Yan Huan. They could possibly be too engrossed with their conversation and were oblivious to their surroundings.

"Fine, I'll go there to look for her." Lei Qingyi had no other option and was prepared to head to the cemetery. After all, Yi Ling might be right and he might be able to find Yan Huan there.

When Lei Qingyi was about to leave the house, the helper of Lu's residence ran toward him at a hurried pace. She seemed to be extremely anxious.

"Sir, madam. Miss has somehow gotten into the room."

The helper gestured at the room as she found it difficult to explain the situation.

Upon hearing that, Ye Shuyun quickly ran toward the room the helper was pointed at. The others tagged along right behind her.

When they arrived in that room, they saw that Yan Huan was searching through the dustbins. However, they had no idea what she was looking for. She searched through the dustbins one after another.

Realizing that she could not find what she was looking for, she stood up to look for more dustbins persistently.

"You shouldn't touch this." The helper quickly ran over and blocked in front of Yan Huan as the dustbin was full of broken glasses.

However, Yan Huan reached out and then pushed the helper away. She walked toward the dustbin and poured out everything in the dustbin. All this while, her gaze was fixed on the dirtied photo.

She intended to pick up the photo but the helper was too afraid to let her touch it.

"Miss Yan, please stay back and let me do it." The helper immediately squatted down and carefully picked the photo out of the pile of fragmented glass pieces. The moment the helper found the photo, she instantly knew what Yan Huan had been looking for. It was no other than the photo she had accidentally lost previously.

However, the photo was all ripped into two and was stained with blood. It was torn right between where Lu Yi and Yan Huan stood in the picture as though someone was determined to separate the two of them.

Yan Huan received the photo from the helper and held it close to her chest. She knelt on the ground, resembling a tiny and abandoned pet.

As the picture laid in her arms, she sobbed silently.

Yet, her tears were full of anguish and agony.

“Go and get Lu Yi’s photo album,” Lu Jin told Ye Shuyun in a muffled tone.

“Alright,” Ye Shuyun rushed to her room. She opened her cabinet and found a big photo album. Lu Yi was not too fond of taking photos. She took all of these photos of Lu Yi secretly. There were photos of Lu Yi as a newborn, toddling around, attending kindergarten, elementary school, middle school, high school, and university. After he eventually began to join the workforce, there were no more photos of him as Lu Yi loathed to take photos of himself.

Carrying the photo album, she squatted before Yan Huan.

She then opened the album and said, “Huanhuan, look. These are Lu Yi’s pictures. There are many of his photos here.”

Stunned, Yan Huan stared at the man in the photos, who seemed to look much younger and boyish. She extended her hands to take the album over and hugged it tight before she slowly stood up and she walked toward her room.

She closed the door behind her and climbed onto the big bed. She flipped the album, one page at a time, as she studied every picture earnestly.

Ye Shuyun entered the room and sat by her side. She patiently explained the stories behind every picture. Surprisingly, she was able to vividly remember the tales behind every photo, even how and where the photos were taken.

The helper brought in a bowl of soup and placed it in front of Yan Huan.

“Miss, this bowl of soup is for you.”

Yan Huan raised her head, lifted the bowl and drank the soup obediently.

Ye Shuyun and the helper heaved a sigh of relief. Luckily, she is willing to drink it.

### **Chapter 670: She Wants to Die Pretty**

Yan Huan laid down on her stomach, clutching the album tightly in her arms. She had taken to sleeping like that ever since her back was injured.

That’s right, go to sleep. Ye Shuyun brushed her hair gently, and only left when Yan Huan was sound asleep. She soon came back, however, driven by a feeling of uneasiness.

“Please go back, Madam. I’ll take care of her,” assured the nanny. She moved her luggage into Yan Huan’s room and laid down a sleeping mat, in order to take care of her.

“Thank you for your hard work,” said Ye Shuyun, taking another worried glance at Yan Huan. Finally, she heaved a sigh and returned to her bedroom.

“When will such misery come to an end?” asked Ye Shuyun as she leaned her head against Lu Jin’s shoulder. “Sometimes, I think to myself that maybe it would have been better if she went along with him. How can I bear to see her like this? How can I keep her away from him? I am Lu Yi’s mother, but now it feels as if I was his stepmom.”

Lu Jin patted her on the shoulder. “We love our son, but we have a duty to protect the person whom Lu Yi cherished and protected. We will take care of the girl. Our son had given her the gift of life, so we have to fulfill his last wishes, right?”

“Right,” said Ye Shuyun, her hand closed around his. This was something they had agreed on. They had to carry it through, no matter how difficult it was.

The darkness that obscured one’s fingers seemed everlasting.

Yan Huan opened her eyes and sat up. The nanny was still asleep. With the album in her arms, she walked to the balcony, and browsed through the photographs under the dim light.

She sat down, her back against the balcony, and ran her fingers across every photograph. A smile came onto her face. Dim light fell on her, accentuating her frailness.

She pressed her face against the album. That was the only way to make herself feel that Lu Yi was close. So close, yet so far.

At first light, the nanny jolted awake and found Yan Huan missing when she took a glance at her bed.

“Ah!” she cried. “Oh no, Miss Yan has gone missing again.”

She rolled off her bed and scrambled to the door.

When she had brought everyone to the room, however, they found the missing person sleeping silently, as though she had never left.

The nanny looked at Yan Huan and rubbed her eyes. Was she seeing things? But she could have sworn there wasn’t anyone just now. Could it have been a dream?

Ye Shuyun heaved a sigh of relief. Thank goodness it was a false alarm. Too many things had been happening lately. If this went on, her nerves wouldn’t be able to handle it.

“I’ll get you some medicine. You should sleep more,” Lu Jin said to Ye Shuyun. The medicine he was referring to were sleeping pills He Yibin had prepared just for her. They worked like normal sleeping pills, but the high-quality ingredients made it harmless to the body, even when consumed regularly.

“Okay,” said Ye Shuyun, barely holding it together. She rubbed her forehead, feeling as if she might lose her marbles at any time.



As Lu Jin supported Ye Shuyun back to her room, the nanny stood on the spot, wide-eyed and confused. Yan Huan was sound asleep, and had not even turned in her sleep. Could it really have been my imagination?

Knowing that it was 4 AM, she decided she should sleep again. She was embarrassed by the ruckus she had stirred.

Sleep came quickly. What the nanny didn't know was Yan Huan's eyes had been open all along. She flipped the album open and buried her face within, almost feverishly.

In her mourning, she had lost track of time.

She began to treat the album like an actual person; she ate with it, slept with it, and eventually even talked to it.

Ye Shuyun's anxiety grew as she watched her.

What is she to do? Yan Huan would go crazy if left to her own devices.

Despite having regained consciousness, she had turned into an unfeeling zombie, who spoke to no one apart from the album. To Yan Huan, the album mattered more than her life. She would stand at the same spot and stare at anyone who touched or took the album.

Left with no choice, Ye Shuyun had to summon He Yibin again.

He Yibin did a thorough check on her, but found nothing wrong. The problem wasn't her body, but her mind. Physically, she was there, but her heart was somewhere else.

Her heart had gone away with Lu Yi the moment he left.

There was nothing He Yibin could do about that, so they had to seek a psychiatrist.

But Yan Huan refused to see a psychiatrist when he came. She still clutched onto the album, ate with it, slept with it, and said nothing to anyone. The one solace Ye Shuyun had was that Yan Huan ate her meals, or rather, drank them.

Yan Huan's eyes opened again. Clutching onto the album tightly, she sat up and stepped onto the ground. Wearing no shoes, she opened the door and walked out like a phantom.

Step by step, she ascended the staircase. By the time she stopped, she was already on the balcony of the fifth floor. The cold October wind blustered against her thin clothing. She kept walking, until she reached the side of the balcony, and sat down. She pressed her face against the album again.

"I'm sorry, Lu Yi. I have tried my best to live, but why should I live when the pain is so inconsolable? If I have to live like this, I would rather die."

The wind ruffled her hair, so strong it blinded her for a second. She looked down at the lampposts that stood against the cold wind, illuminating each other with their own light.

Even the lampposts were in pairs. Yan Huan was alone. Too alone to go on.

She could probably end it all if she jumped here.

Was it really high enough, though? It should serve. Yi Ling had jumped from the 25th floor during her past life, and had become a messy lump of flesh by the time she was found. She didn't want to die in such an ugly state. She wanted to die pretty.