

## Sweet Wife in My Arms

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*Chapter 7: She's Reborn*

Yan Huan opened her eyes to find herself in a dim room. She sat up, exhaled softly, and turned on a shabby light to illuminate the 10-square-metre space. The room was barely decorated, the paint peeling on the white walls.

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She curled her legs up and rested her head on her knees. A while later, she rose to look around the room. It had been a long time since she was last in here, this little room she and her mom used to live in. She was back, as if time had stopped at that moment, but she knew that, really, she had exhausted her whole life.

It was like a myth, that she was reborn, and she would never believe it if she didn't go through it herself.

But what had happened in her last life, yes, last life, she had no idea. She just knew that...

She was dead.

And she was certain that Lu Qin would not live his any easier. The way she died was too suspicious after all, and Lu Yi, smart as he was, would look into it without doubt.

Even till now, she was still reluctant to believe that she was back. She should be back, back to her 20s when she had just stepped into her career in showbiz, brave and resolute.

Except that the only part a nobody like her could get were small supporting roles or ensemble, sometimes not even paid with enough money to feed herself. People think that being an actor is a blessing, with all the fame. Not so much—working around the clock no matter how bad the weather is; barely making ends meet; showing up like a star and yet dwelling in a shabby house like this in real life, eating fast food. And worse, those like her who didn't have fame or background could practically starve to death.

She looked down at her fair feet. At that age, her whole body was brimming with youth and energy without the need for makeup, even her toes looked perfect. But youth was about all she had. Already used to the extravagant life where everything, from dressing to eating, was taken care of by the help, she almost forgot how to live a life by herself.

For a moment, she thought about leaving the vanity fair, being a normal, ordinary person, but she couldn't. She had gone through too much in her last life, and suffered too much.

Gently caressing her face, she thought, why not. She had the beauty and the acting skills, why not do it again? She would reach the top of the mountain and look down from there at the suffering Lu Qin and Su Muran brought upon themselves.

She rested her hand on her stomach, where there was no scar and no pain. Right, she forgot that she had rebooted her life. She was only twenty and not famous yet. But she would be. Since eighteen she had been taking parts and roles. They were not big names, but they would constitute the firm foundation for her every step toward the peak, higher than her last life.

Again she lied down. She had lost count of the nights she woke up like this, still terrified by the dream which replayed the cold knife plunging into her body, over and over again, cutting her skin, stirring her flesh, draining her blood. She tried to feel safer by curling up against her own chest, tears sliding down her face.