

Sweet Wife 731

Chapter 731: Impromptu Trip

The next day, the International Film Awards were still trending online, but Yan Huan had already taken off with Luo Lin. They had wanted to shop around for some souvenirs to bring back home. Yan Huan decided to get some local jewellery for Ye Shuyun, Madam Lei and the others. Since every woman loves jewellery, this gift could not possibly go wrong.

As for Lu Jin and Old Master Lu, they would receive a set of exotic glass ornaments each. The craftsmanship of the ornaments was stunning, with an exorbitant price tag to match. She did not play favorites – except for superficial differences in color and design, everything else was the same.

Even the servants at home would get some new clothes respectively. Not a single person in their household would be neglected. Aunt Gu, who was Yan Huan's housekeeper, would receive double the amount of gifts, as she had played a major role in taking care of Yan Huan over the past few years. Every day, she would boil herbal soup for Yan Huan without fail. Even when Yan Huan went away to film at a forest, Aunt Gu had also went along with her for a year. Not one complaint was heard throughout that year, even when she did not get to return to her hometown.

Yan Huan knew about the condition back at Aunt Gu's home. Her son was preparing to get married, so their entire family had been saving up to buy a new house for him. Therefore, when she went back, Yan Huan shall gift an entire estate to Aunt Gu. She truly deserved the gift.

The packages were wrapped securely and then delivered back home by a courier service. As for Yan Huan and the others, they had to stay here for a few more days for interviews and press conferences with the media.

Luo Lin had been worrying that Yan Huan would not carry herself well, as she did not care about the fame at all. Although it was true that she was already famous before this.

Within a year, she had signed contracts with three popular international brands to be their brand ambassador. Not only that, for two out of the three, it was their first time working with an Asian to promote their products. It was difficult to deny that Yan Huan was photogenic. Every advertisement that she filmed left people in awe. If it was done by a different person, it might not have the same effect.

If you were attracted to her features, then you were on the way to being attracted by the products, be it chocolate, coffee or perfume.

In the advertisements, Yan Huan behaved very naturally, like she was unaware of the camera. In fact, it looked like she was actually enjoying the products. Hence, the advertisements had a unique flavor to them, which was an aspect that no one could recreate easily.

However, right now, Luo Lin was worried about Yan Huan's carefree personality. If she accidentally blurted out something that she was not supposed to, then her fame would be a double edged sword. If she had embarrassed herself locally, then it was already bad enough, but if she messed up on an international stage, then she would be too ashamed to even return home.

Fortunately, Yan Huan still knew what to say and what not to say. If she did not know what to say, then she would smile. Smiling is a universal language anyway. No matter what kind of difficult or imposing

questions were thrown her way, she could answer them perfectly and with no room for further argument.

This had Luo Lin confused. All this time she had thought that Yan Huan was socially inept. In reality, it was the opposite. Yan Huan was like a cunning little fox, but she had kept that intellect under wraps as she did not want anyone else to know about it. Her mind spun quickly, sifting between thoughts and ideas and connecting them in the blink of an eye. Sometimes, she could not even keep up with her own thoughts.

Maybe being around Lu Yi for so long had rubbed off on her, as she had become calmer and wiser over the years. However, she had also learned to stop wearing her heart on her sleeve.

“Are you sure that you want to return by yourself?” asked Luo Lin. “Why not go back with us?”

“Yes, I want to go back alone. It’s not like I don’t recognize the way back,” Yan Huan answered as she packed her belongings into a leather case. “You guys are too conspicuous a target, I want some peace and quiet to myself.”

“You know that peace and quiet is a pipe dream for you right?” Luo Lin jibed. She wanted Yan Huan to accept reality. “When you got that Best Actress Award, your life is already destined to be as far away from peace and quiet as possible.”

“But I could still rest for the time being, trust me,” Yan Huan assured as she patted Luo Lin on the shoulder. “Even if I’m the best actress in the world, I would still be forgotten one day. To forget is human.”

Luo Lin shrugged. She had to admit that this was true.

“So, are you going into hiding?”

“No,” Yan Huan replied as she closed her leather case, pressing on it a few times to make sure that it stayed closed. “I only want some peace.”

Luo Lin rolled her eyes and got ready to hit the sack. Anyway, her flight was tomorrow. She did not have the time and energy to cajole Yan Huan into coming with them, as no one could change that stubborn woman’s mind. Except for a certain Lu Yi, but he was not around to do that anymore.

Yan Huan picked up her leather case. Alright, it was not too heavy. She could carry it around herself.

“I’m leaving,” she called as she waved at Luo Lin.

“Go,” Luo Lin waved back sluggishly. They were not going back together anyway. Let Yan Huan go wherever she wanted to.

Yan Huan put on her sunglasses and pulled her hat down slightly. Then, she picked up her luggage and left the room. She hailed a cab, went to the airport and ordered a milk tea by herself. She started to sip mouthfuls of milk tea while sitting at the airport.

Nobody knew that she was Yan Huan. Nobody would believe that she was the Yan Huan who had just won the best leading actress award at the International Film Awards. At that moment, she sat alone in the airport with her simple leather case, not a single assistant by her side.

She looked at her phone while enjoying her milk tea. An invisible barrier was erected between her and the rest of the world. Everyone else was busy with their own matters while she minded her own business.

Only when the announcement for passengers to board the plane was broadcast, did she get up and carry her suitcase over to the boarding gate. She passed her passport and ticket to an attendant for inspection. Of course, the attendant recognized Yan Huan, but did not call her out publicly. Perhaps the attendant had crossed paths with way too many celebrities before. Even though Yan Huan was well-known, there were still many other celebrities who were more famous than her.

That was why her current status still did not amount to much. People would not scream in excitement upon meeting her.

After all, this was an airport in a foreign country.

She put her sunglasses back on and boarded the plane.

Soon enough, the plane took off. Finally, she was out of this strange country, on her way back to her motherland.

She pulled out her plane ticket and held it up to read. The destination printed on the ticket was not Sea City, but instead a small city. She had chosen that city randomly as her destination.

Xunhe. A quaint little city by the sea.

This was it. There was no need to change her destination.

Even now, Luo Lin was under the impression that Yan Huan had gone back to Sea City before them. Who would have known that she had never actually planned to return to Sea City this early. If she did, she would have been pestered to film this and that.

Hence, Yan Huan had decided to embark on an impromptu trip. Let herself be selfish for once.

She was not sure how long the plane remained in the sky before it touched down on the ground. However, this was just a layover airport, not her final destination. After that, she had to go through another layover before reaching the city of Xunhe, after approximately three days.

Yan Huan did not stay in a hotel. Instead, she rented a clean and quiet apartment through an agent. The location was great but it was not overcrowded with people. The apartment came with a complete selection of furniture and equipment, encompassing everything that she could need. The apartment was a stone's throw away from a supermarket and several convenience stores. There were also public bicycles available for rent, and of course a bus station nearby.

For all these reasons, she settled down there for her vacation.

Chapter 732: Winner in Life

She spent the first few days exploring, riding on a bike and shopping for groceries. Before long, she was familiar with all the routes in the neighborhood.

From her briefcase she retrieved her clothes, which were a little too warm for the weather. The days were starting to get warmer, and it was clear that she was falling behind the seasons. She better get some new clothes soon. She didn't know how long she would stay here, but she had no intention to leave as of now. Perhaps she'll stay for a long time, who knows?

The small apartment was quiet, even at night, with good security to boot. In this area, there were many double-storied apartments like this one, each boasting a space of 80 square meters. Each individual apartment came with a thick, anti-theft door, installed with two different security systems. Within the vicinity, green plants could be seen thriving here and there. In this day and age, such a place could very well be considered a luxury apartment.

Therefore, there was little traffic and people, very much like the apartment she had with Lu Yi. On normal workdays, she hardly ran into anyone at all.

She warmed a glass of milk, sat down on the sofa, and turned the television on. News of her triumph at the Awards Ceremony could still be found on some channels. On the other hand, news related to Su Muran had died down a little, perhaps due to shame. She switched the channel. This time, she was greeted by Lin Lang's newest drama, a war film set in the 1900s. The entire cast had been made up of rookie actors.

Clasping a bolster, she laid down on the sofa. This time, she didn't nitpick about the acting and watched every episode like a normal viewer.

Not bad, she thought as she tossed the bolster aside, yawning. She felt like sleeping, but didn't feel like moving.

The television was still on, but she didn't seem to care. She could decide what to do after she wakes up, she thought as she dozed off.

At around 5 AM, she woke up, dragged herself to the large, soft bed, and continued her sleep.

The sun rose up in the morning, as life returned to the earth. The weather was good, for once. That had, however, reminded Yan Huan that her clothes were all out of season. After rifling through her suitcase, she found a thin woolen sweater and a short skirt that gave her a casual, relaxed look. Others had often told her that she had a good fashion sense.

Not bad, I guess. After all those times Yue Ran had nitpicked on her sense of fashion, she could no longer pick a bad combination even if she wanted to.

She picked up a small bag, then put on a hat and a pair of black-framed glasses. She examined herself in the mirror, and decided that no one would likely to recognize her.

She slung the bag on her back, and rented a shared bike on the way.

Xun River City was one of the richer cities, enabled by its close proximity to the river. It also served as an important transport hub for the country, perhaps not as important as Sea City, but still significant. Here, the transport, food, and technology industry were all very advanced. Despite being somewhat of a commercial city, shopping malls were accessible and ubiquitous.

She drew up short and looked up at the megamall. There was a large advertising screen on both the left and right sides of the mall, as well as one on the back.

Coincidentally, one of them was playing her perfume commercial, and the other her coffee commercial, both set on repeat.

She touched her face. Am I so famous?

Her shoelaces loosened after a few steps, so she had to bend down to tie them. A man walked past her. She paid him little heed, though she couldn't help but notice how clean his shoes were.

Xun River City was a great place, but for one bad point.

The wind that coursed through the city was strong and dusty. Sometimes, she would return with a layer of dirt on her shoes after a short walk, only realizing then that her image must have been ruined.

She looked up when she was done tying her shoelaces. The commercial was still being played in the distance, a close-up scene of her features.

"What a beautiful woman," she praised herself shamelessly.

A beautiful widow, that is.

She looked down and pressed her hat lower. That's when she glimpsed the speckless shoes again. She looked up and studied the silhouette of the man. A tall man, with a good figure, and a woman with her arms around his.

The ones who display their affections publicly breaks up quickly, she thought sourly.

She strode into the mall to buy herself some clothes. Her wardrobe was completely out of anything she could wear in that weather. There was a limit to how much she could make do, and she couldn't possibly wander around in a woolen sweater when others were already baring their arms and legs.

It's okay, she told herself. Young people feel hot because they are too hot-tempered.

She wasn't young anymore. She was an old woman now, and she could deal with a little heat.

Outside, the woman with her arm curled around the man's stopped. She shaded her eyes with her hand, dazzled by the strong light from the advertisement screens.

"Yan Huan, huh..." she mused.

A winner in life, the best actress in the world, with a face and body that inspired jealousy. She looked down at her flat chest. When would her chest become like Yan Huan's? When would the pair of Xiaolongbaos evolve into big meat buns?

"Do you think she's pretty?" she asked the man.

The man narrowed his black pupils and looked ahead distractedly.

"Yes, very," he said. His voice was pleasant, with the consistency of a cello, the rich tang of red wine, and the calmness of time. It was a voice that made others feel safe.

He stood with a hand in his pocket, his body leaning slightly. But his feet were glued to the ground, giving off an impression that he would never fall.

The woman curled her lips. "It's all cosmetics. That's the truth of celebrities. I bet she looks like a different person beneath the makeup," she said sourly.

Then, tightening her arms, she said, "Let's go home. I'm hungry, so cook me some noodles."

"Okay," said the man, turning away. In the large screen behind him, the woman with a mug in her hand looked into the distance with blank, dull eyes.

Chapter 733: The Precious Ring

What was she looking at? What was she remembering? And what was she thinking about?

"Do you have my identity card?" the man asked the woman beside him all of a sudden.

The woman's facial expression changed, and she rolled her eyes. "It's almost done, but it's just a temporary one. You didn't tell me who you are. If you want to find out about your past, you should recall it yourself."

The man pursed his lips. The long moment of silence that followed was hollow, with no sign of any emotion.

"How much do you know about me?" he asked again.

"Not much." The woman shook her head. "I've told you before that we knew each other through the Internet. You came to meet me, but there was a flood on that day. You got injured as you saved me, and you happened to have injured your head. So, you've forgotten your past, but you don't need to worry."

The woman continued to comfort him, "Didn't the doctor say that this is just temporary? You'll remember everything after a while."

"What if I can't remember anything for the rest of my life?" The man frowned even harder. If he failed to remember anything, then he would have to live in confusion for the rest of his life.

"Even if you can't remember anything, I would still remain by your side," the woman promised as she leaned her head on the man's shoulder.

However, the woman was a little discouraged when she continued, "We don't have much money left, and I'm a foreigner here. We might have to get another job tomorrow, or else we might have to starve."

The man reached into his pocket, took out something, and stuffed it into the woman's hand. "I don't remember my past, so I have no idea what I am good at. These few days were all thanks to you. Don't worry, I won't let you support me forever. I'll try to find a job, so that it won't be so hard on you anymore."

The man paused, and rested his hand on her hair. He caressed it gently, but he frowned all of a sudden. It didn't use to be this kind of feeling. However, in front of him, the eyes of the woman smiled at him, bright and innocent.

He should not be suspecting anything. Ever since he woke up, she was the one who took care of him. She said that he got injured trying to save her, so she had an obligation to take care of him. However, that's quite another matter.

If it was not for him, she would probably not exist in this world anymore.

There wouldn't be motivation without a reason, and of course, no one would treat you well without a reason. As she said, they got to know each other through the internet, and had been chatting for some time. Hence, it seemed like they knew each other really well, but they were strangers in reality. After all, they had not spent much time together.

Well, he should think about what he could do.

He's a man, not a boy toy. He should not rely on a woman to support him.

Even if he had to work himself to the bone, he would rather earn a living himself instead of living off her support. He should not do that, and he could not.

The woman had been clenching her fist tightly, and she loosened her fingers only when there was no one there. A ring was lying right in her palm. It had a very nice luster, and an extremely big sapphire on top of it. Most women would not be able to refuse gemstones. Although they would not know if it was real or counterfeit, women's love for jewelry could never be questioned.

Suddenly, a dazzling ray of light shone into her eyes from above. She quickly closed her fist tightly, and raised her head. On the big screen, she saw Yan Huan, the international actress.

At this moment, Yan Huan had already entered the mall. The class of the place was pretty decent, and the clothes were all of large international brands, not losing out at all to those in the Sea City.

She chose a few sets of clothes for herself, and tried them on. After a while, she went to pay for the bill. The clothes were not too expensive, but they were very comfortable on her.

When she was paying for the clothes, the cashier gazed at her face for a long time.

"Miss, you really look like Yan Huan."

"Do I?" Yan Huan touched her face, and smiled as if she wasn't lying. "A lot of people tell me so."

"Both of you look really similar," the cashier nodded again. "I really like her. She's pretty, and has made our country proud. Moreover, she always keeps a low profile, and never involve herself in any scandals."

Yan Huan just smiled. She believed that those who actually brought glory to the country were the athletes. When the National Anthem was sung, and the national flag was raised in the Olympics, every single citizen would remember those glorious moments.

As for her, to be honest, she was just an actress. Hence, those words that Old Master Lu would always say were actually fairly accurate after she gave it some thought.

As for her low profile and having no scandals, what scandal could she have? She was just a widow.

She handed her card over, and waited for the cashier to process it. Her eyelashes hung low to conceal her worries.

“Done,” the cashier declared as she returned the card to Yan Huan.

Yan Huan accepted it and left with the clothes. She had nothing left to buy but she wanted to walk around. If she got hungry after walking, she could then buy some food, and there would be no need to cook upon reaching home.

At this moment, the man and woman just now had gone into a jewelry shop.

The woman took out the ring hesitantly. It was given by the man, but now she was told to sell it off. Their lives had actually reached a bottleneck now. They were only renting a room of less than 10 square feet, and they had to eat, and sleep under a roof. She wouldn't mind if she was alone as this was how she had lived in the past. However, now that there was a man, it always felt inconvenient.

Although she wanted to make it more comfortable, the man did not seem pleased.

He was not a fussy person, but in some matters, he would be rather stubborn.

The staff of the jewelry shop picked up the ring, and asked the professional in their shop to evaluate it.

It was made of pure platinum and encrusted with diamonds, and the ring was still relatively new. Perhaps it was bought recently. However, it was undeniably very valuable. The staff valued it at around one million and two hundred thousand yuan.

The woman was stunned.

“What did you say? How much is this worth?”

“One million and two hundred thousand yuan, miss,” the staff of the jewelry shop answered again. “Of course, this is just a rough estimation. The price would have been higher if you've kept the receipt of the ring. The sapphire is rare, and we have verified that this is a real diamond. However, we would need a higher-end machine to evaluate its purity, which we do not have. Of course...” the staff continued.

“You can choose to sell it, or you can choose not to.”

“Yes, yes, of course I'm selling it.”

Chapter 734: Buying A House

What sort of ring was worth 1.2 million? She had expected it to fetch 5-6k at most, which was enough to last them for a long time.

Receiving over 20 times the money she had hoped for had put her in great shock. She turned back and looked at the man, whose thoughts were unknown to her. His height alone made him stand out from the other men, and there was class in his every movement.

The woman bit her lips. She had not wanted to sell the ring since it was one of the man's few possessions. He had a watch too, but it had stopped working after prolonged exposure to water. When she brought it to the repair shop, the owner told her that the reparation cost would cost a few thousands, so she just brought it home and left it sitting around. Afterward, she had thrown it out after mistaking it as trash.

She tried looking for it, but to no avail. The man never blamed her for it, though.

She turned around again. Gritting her teeth, she decided to sell it. What other options did she have? They were living in a tiny apartment, and she was already two months behind on rent. If she failed to pay her rent in the next month, they would no doubt be evicted. On the other hand, her company had still not paid her for her past few months of work. If she doesn't do something soon, they would end up starving on the streets. There was always the option of becoming a waste collector, but...

I ought to kill myself for being such a failure, she thought.

No, I would never become a waste collector, she decided.

Think about it, 1.2 million was a huge amount of money. Her monthly pay was a measly 1.5k, and even that had often been late. Even if she worked her whole life, she wouldn't be able to make 1.2 million.

With this money, they could buy a second-hand house, with around 500k to spare, using which she could buy a shop and become a lady boss. She could even buy a second shop and rent it out! That would make her a landlady!

It's a necessary evil, she decided in the end.

"Please sign here, Miss," the staff slipped a receipt before the woman. She took a pen and wrote down three, rather unsightly, words.

Sun Yuhan.

That was her name.

Once the 1.2 million had been credited to her account, she did not even want to go back to her rented apartment anymore.

She walked to the man and tugged his sleeves.

"Jiu Yue."

The man turned around, responding to the name. He had lost his memories, and according to her, Jiu Yue had been his online ID, so he stuck with the name.

"Did you sell it?" asked the man, straightening and looking down.

"Yes, I did," replied Sun Yuhan, still giddy from the sudden acquisition of 1.2 million dollars. "I sold it for 1.2 million, Jiu Yue! You never told me you were this rich. A 1.2 million ring, for goodness's sake. You must have been from a rich family, right?"

Sun Yuhan wound her arm around the man's once again. She doesn't care anymore. He was her man now, a gift from the heavens. No one was allowed to touch him, and she would fight whomever that tries.

"I don't remember," said the man, though he didn't look very confused. If he couldn't remember, then so be it. He would eventually get his memories back someday. That was his philosophy.

It wasn't an illness after all, so there wasn't a point in seeing a doctor either.

"Let's buy a new house together, alright?"

“Okay,” agreed the man. He seconded the notion. The place they were currently residing had its fair share of inconveniences; even showering and going to the toilet were unpleasant experiences.

In a shared toilet, things would have been fine if everyone had the decency to flush after use, but there were always inconsiderate people who refused to. That’s why the smell was always horrible when he went in.

With him by her side, Sun Yuhan went straight to a property agent. Poor as she was, she always paid close attention to property news, dreaming about what kind of house she would purchase if she had the money. However, loans didn’t come easy since she wasn’t a local, and had no guarantors or a stable income. A house was, simply, financially beyond her.

Still, she had the freedom of window-shopping, even if she couldn’t afford it.

That’s why she knew where the best properties were, houses they could move in without renovation.

She felt a little nervous, however. She had her eyes on this particular house for a while already; it was well-situated, close to the cities, and highly-convenient. She wondered if someone might have beaten her to it. What was she to do if that happened?

She heaved a sigh of relief when the property agent company informed her that the house was still available.

The house required full-payment, a condition that made many potential buyers balk. 400k was no small amount for an average family, after all. And for her, someone who hadn’t received her pay in months and had an extra mouth to feed, even calling it a dream was too much. Fantasy would have been a better word.

When the property agent had brought them to the site, Sun Yuhan found the house exactly like how she saw it on the web. It looked a little newer, in fact.

She couldn’t have been more satisfied with it.

The house, with two rooms and one living room, was fully furnished with air-conditioning, a refrigerator, a television, beds, and wardrobes. They could move in right after a bit of cleaning.

The house was very new too. According to the property agent, the house had been renovated less than half a year ago, and all the furniture had been newly bought. The owner of the house had relocated to another place for work, not long after he settled in. And thence, the house was very clean.

They didn’t really have to buy anything, since the original owner had installed everything that would make life comfortable. He had renovated the house for inhabitation in the first place, not for sale.

As a result, there was really nothing they needed to buy. The toilet was nearly unused, and speckless.

The range hood and cabinets in the kitchen were new as well, some with their protective film still intact.

The more she saw, the more pleased Sun Yuhan was with the house. She had been following it for a long time, so it couldn’t have been bad, but what she saw exceeded her expectations.

“What do you think about this place, Jiu Yue?”

Chapter 735: Getting A Laptop

She asked the man who had remained silent ever since he came in. However, men were all like this. If the situation allowed him to remain silent, he would not open his mouth; but if you asked, he would definitely answer.

“Not bad.” The man simply scanned through the details, and had no opinion. The house had two rooms and a living room with two bathrooms attached. He would be fine as long as the bathrooms were clean.

As the man had already agreed, Sun Yuhan was very satisfied. Hence, she handed over the full payment, which was four hundred and twenty thousand yuan. This amount used to be such an enormous figure for her in the past, but not anymore. She still had more than eight hundred thousand yuan left in her hands, and could afford two more units. She had also made up her mind to view more units, and purchase two units to rent them out.

This way, they would have passive income each month, and wouldn’t need to worry about going hungry.

She made the payment and completed the procedures in one sitting. Sun Yuhan smiled for a long time as she held the title deed in her hands. She had gotten a house. Oh god, she finally owned a house.

“Oh yeah, Jiu Yue.” She held up the title deed and waved it at the man who had been standing in front of the window.

“Should we add your name to this?” She flipped open the title deed, and there was only her name on it. How could she forget about this? In the beginning, she had went through the registration for the title deed in excitement, but she had forgotten that this money came from Jiu Yue, who sold off his own ring. The fact that there was only her name written on the title deed made her feel guilty. Besides, of course they were going to live together after this. After she figured out a way to get an identity card for Jiu Yue, they could get married and after their marriage, this house would belong to the both of them.

In fact, she hoped that he could never recall his past as that would be the best. Then, he would be hers for the rest of their lives.

The man turned around, and gazed at the excited woman. He could remember everything from the unfamiliarity at first, to her voice, and her face now.

“I have no name, so nothing could be added on top. Let’s see how it goes in the future.”

Sun Yuhan blinked her eyes as she had forgotten about this. Jiu Yue was called Jiu Yue, but he still had no family name or an exact name. He didn’t even have an identity card, and couldn’t do a lot of things such as buying a train ticket. Even if there was a lot of money in his savings account, the bank would not acknowledge him. Now that he neither had an identity card nor his memories, he couldn’t recall anything. Hence, there would not be much difference in whether his account had money or not.

“Let’s move into our new house,” Sun Yuhan did not want to grapple with this problem, as not only would Jiu Yue suffer, she would as well.

In fact, she was thinking to just forget about it, and let it be. After some time, there must be a way for them to get an appropriate identity card. They could figure it out slowly. Who would believe that a person alive could have no identity card?

“Let’s go,” Sun Yuhan stepped forward and linked her arm with the man’s arm, getting ready to move.

“Mmm.” Perhaps Jiu Yue was going to say something, but eventually he did not. He got pulled outside by Sun Yuhan to move their belongings from their old house. Although there wasn’t much, she was reluctant to part with them.

Next, she had to pay for the rental. Now that she had the money, such a small amount wasn’t a problem for her.

After paying a few hundred for the rental, they went back with a few huge bags. They brought all the utensils from the old house as the new house had everything but utensils. By chance, they could then buy something on the way back to cook a meal.

They put down their luggage, and rolled up their sleeves to clean up the house.

Afterwards, Sun Yuhan stood hopefully at one of the bedroom’s doorway as Jiu Yue opened the door. However, he went in and closed the door immediately. In fact, she had wanted to sleep together with him. When they were still in the small house, she slept on the bed, and he slept on the floor. He had never tried to do anything to her. She was wondering if he was being a gentleman or he never had any intimate thoughts about her. However, they were a couple, so it would be natural if something happened, right? In fact, it would be weird if nothing happened.

Or perhaps she wasn’t appealing enough.

She sighed lightly, and decided to put it aside first. Anyhow, this man would belong to her one day.

She opened the door and collapsed on the soft bed. It was so comfortable, warm, and soft. She had never stayed in such a good house, or slept on such a soft bed before. She no longer had to worry about the toilet clogging, or the stink of the toilet spreading everywhere, attracting flies into the house during summer. For such a cramped space, the rental was so expensive. If the owner got mad and chased her out one day, the only option she had would be to beg for food in the streets.

Again, she took out the debit card, and smiled like a fool. There were eight hundred thousand yuan left inside. She planned to do some market research soon, buy two houses, and rent them out.

She planned for her future, and made sure that everything was well arranged, including her own marriage.

She took her handphone and searched for suitable houses online. After she spent the eight hundred thousand yuan, she would have three houses in her hands, and become a landlady.

While in the other room, Jiu Yue pillowed his head on his arm and stared at the ceiling blankly. It was as if he could finally relax as there was not much of a problem with the new house. After cleaning it thoroughly, not even a single trace of dust was left, but he was still a person with no past.

He moved his fingers to his hair. There really wasn’t any memories of the past. There was nothing, no name, no identity, or even age. His life was all empty.

And he never went through any regular health checkups anymore.

After all, he couldn't ask Sun Yuhan, who lived in a room of just ten square feet, to pay for his medical screenings. He decided to not worry about it as he neither had any sickness or pain right now.

The only thing he had on him was that ring. He could tell how he used to be. Although he couldn't recall, but he could tell that his standard of living was very high, and he rather cared for his quality of life.

However, the ring was the only thing that he could use to find his real identity, and it was now sold.

He wanted to go to hospital for treatment, but he had no money right now. It was also hard for him to ask Sun Yuhan for money even though they had obtained the money by selling off his ring.

However, he could not speak up. He did not plan to ask for much, a few thousand would be enough. He wanted to buy a laptop as he noticed that he had quite a talent for numbers when he watched the business and finance shows recently. Perhaps he could try to do some stock speculation. Although he had no memories, but he was not dumb.

Chapter 736: Going Through Tough Times

Buy low, sell high. There wasn't a risk of loss as long as he knew what he was doing, unless the market was very unstable, which he observed to not be the case as of late. It was the perfect time to make money, he believed. He took out some notes —his predictions on the stock prices—he had scribbled down recently, which had all proved to be correct. That was what gave him the idea too.

The only problem was that he was broke. He couldn't afford a computer, or a smartphone that would give him access to the internet.

Sun Yuhan had gone to work on that day, while Jiu Yue idled at home.

He grabbed the key and headed out, but stood rooted to the ground when he reached the busy streets, where people milled about and cars zoomed past him. He did not know where to go.

The place was big, and foreign to him.

He stepped out and moved along with the crowd, until a large digital mall loomed before him.

He wanted to check out some laptops, but... He felt his empty pockets.

The weather was beautiful; otherwise, a recluse like him would not have gone outside. He was a complete hikikomori now, completely cut off from the world. That was one of the reasons why he needed a laptop; he needed information.

There were three floors in the digital mall; shops on the first floor mainly sold electronic devices. Yan Huan was on the first floor, going from one shop to the next, hunting for a laptop. She valued design over functionality.

She went into a brand store at random.

It was a famous brand in China, she remembered Lu Yi telling her. The laptops they produced had stable performance and excellent specs, so she planned on getting one there.

She entered the store, and picked out a red laptop. She didn't know if it was good, but it had a light and clean design. She stood there and tried the laptop intently, oblivious to a man that was looking at her laptop thoughtfully.

"I'll take this one, I guess," said Yan Huan, pointing to the laptop she tried out. She could sense the growing impatience in the staff's eyes. Lu Yi had told her that this brand had great after-sales service, making it perfect for a computer illiterate like her.

She didn't know if that was true, but she did not have a lot of kind words for their customer service.

They were all looking at her with long faces, as if she was a thief.

Her words took the staff aback; it was rare to actually meet someone so rich and stupid that they don't even bother asking for prices. He quickly took the computer and began introducing its merits and functions.

Yan Huan curled her lips surreptitiously. How enthusiastic, for someone who was rolling eyes at her earlier.

The staff babbled on, before moving off to pack the laptop up. Bored, Yan Huan sat on a chair, taking in everything in the shop. A man with his back facing her caught her eyes. He had a broad back, and his fingers on the laptop were pretty and bony. And large, too. He was tapping on the keyboard rapidly, with speed and familiarity that reminded her of Lu Yi.

Yan Huan rested her arms on the table, as though reminiscing.

His hand had brought back memories of a person she used to know.

"Your laptop is ready, Miss," said the staff, handing her the laptop on both hands. "If there are any problems with your laptop, feel free to bring it to us anytime, or call us at our hotline. We are always ready to attend you during office hours."

Such good attitude, thought Yan Huan. Guess Lu Yi was right after all. The after-sales service with good, though the same could not be said about the sales department.

Pushing her black-framed glasses up, she took her newly-purchased laptop and made for the door. Before she left, she couldn't help but give the man one last glance. His fingers were still on the keyboard. The way he tapped at Lu Yi looked exactly like Lu Yi.

But it couldn't be him.

No matter how much he resembled him, he couldn't have been Lu Yi.

Lu Yi was dead, and that was that.

What she saw was only a fake.

Just as she turned and was about to leave, she heard the male staff talking again, his voice as gruff as a wolf, whereas it had been as gentle as a lady a few minutes back.

"Excuse me, Sir, but how long are you intending to stay here? This is an electronics store, not an internet café. You have been tapping away at our keyboards since this morning, and enough is enough. Please try

to stand in our shoes, we are the ones that have to pay if you damage the computer. If you are planning on buying it, please be decisive and get on with it already, like the lady just now. If you are a paying customer, I will treat you like God, but if you are not intending to buy it, I regret to tell you that we are not an internet café, and I'm afraid you'll have to leave."

The staff was getting increasing impolite and hostile.

But then again, he did have a point. This was a shop, not an internet café. If you pay for an item, you could play with it for all you like, but don't expect others to tolerate your meddling if you aren't paying.

It's like buying clothes. If you try out every piece of clothing at a store without purchasing a single one, you should know that they are cursing you beneath their smiles.

The root cause of the staff's impatience wasn't her, but that man, Yan Huan realized.

But she thought about his fingers again, the way he tapped at the keyboard. She glanced at him again. His back was still facing her, and he had been silent the whole time as the staff berated him. His clothes were clearly of low-quality, as were his worn-out shoes.

He must be going through some hard times, she supposed.

To Yan Huan, it didn't matter whether he was putting on an act or not. She liked his fingers, and she was thankful for his being there, for it had reminded her of Lu Yi.

She turned around and walked to the staff.

"How much is that laptop he's looking at?"

"It's the same as yours," said the staff quickly. "Is there a problem, Miss? Do you want to exchange for a different model?"

"No," said Yan Huan, handing him her credit card. "He's my friend. We came here together, but he was so focused on the laptop that he forgot about my existence. It was the same for you. His money is with me."

Chapter 737: Rich But Ignorant

"Are you going to buy this?"

The salesperson asked carefully. These were all expensive high-end models.

"Yes, I'm buying this."

Yan Huan nodded her head. Her memory was lingering on his figure, his fingers, and his speed of typing on the keyboard.

The salesperson accepted Yan Huan's card and swiped it. After the transaction was done, Yan Huan regained possession of her card, turned around, and left. The salesperson immediately pulled her colleague over to her and whispered, "The customer just now was so pretty."

"Right?" The other salesperson agreed.

"I noticed it the second she came in. Also, she looks extremely like Yan Huan."

Jiu Yue reluctantly moved his sight away from the laptop, and there was helplessness in his eyes. He was very satisfied with the features and the general feel of this laptop. Obviously, the price was costly as well, costing around ten thousand yuan.

Mentioning ten thousand yuan, he did not even have a thousand yuan now. As for the internet cafe, he did not like to go there, and it would be impossible for him to go everyday. Aside from the distance of the internet cafe from his house, the risk factor itself was very high.

Therefore, he wanted to have his own laptop, but he was penniless, and until now, he had no idea how to earn any money. His most valuable items were the ring and the watch.

The watch was worth rubbish, and the ring was sold long ago. The money was not with him, and he was also too embarrassed to ask for it.

The words of the salesperson just now hurt his feelings badly, but he could not blame her as she was just speaking the truth. He acknowledged that he went with the intention to use the laptop furtively, so he neither refuted nor opposed.

As he was just about to leave, a salesperson stopped him.

“Sir, please wait a moment, you haven’t taken your laptop.” After the salesperson finished her sentence, she handed a package over to him.

“Sir, this is your laptop, you may check it over for any defects.”

The salesperson played the package on the table, and helped him open it.

“My laptop?”

Jiu Yue frowned in confusion. When did he buy the laptop? He did not have a single cent on him. If he wanted to rob a bank, he could only do it now.

“Yes, this is yours. Your friend had already paid for you. She said you left your wallet with her.”

Both of the salespeople showed a very good attitude now compared to when they were mocking him just now. Their tone of voice and choice of words were much better.

“Who?” Jiu Yue had no idea where this friend, who unexpectedly gave him a laptop, came from.

“It was the lady who wore a red dress just now. She bought the same model as you, but she chose pink, and yours is silver. You have the same model, but different colors.”

“The payment is done. This is the warranty card, invoice and receipt. Please check, and tell me if there are any problems.”

The salesperson explained diligently, as if he had become a godlike figure after he paid. The amount of time he spent typing on the keyboard would not matter, as long as he paid for it in the end. This laptop had a price of around ten thousand yuan, and that lady just paid directly without bargaining. She was a rich woman indeed, ignorant and rich.

Was it her?

Jiu Yue did have some impression of that woman. There really was a lady in a red dress beside him. Judging from her skill, she wasn't someone who knew laptops well. Perhaps she could only use it casually, and switch it on and off. She also ignored the specifications and properties, instead she had bought it just for its attractive appearance.

"May I know if she paid by cash or card?" Jiu Yue asked the salesperson.

"By card," the salesperson answered.

"May I have a look at the receipt?" Jiu Yue asked in an aloof tone, and did not give the laptop an extra glance. He did not feel grateful or blessed as he did not have the mood to. He just wanted to find out who bought him a laptop. It cost ten thousand yuan, and she actually bought it for a stranger, whom she had neither spoken to nor met before.

"One moment, please," the salesperson produced the receipt from the counter immediately.

Lu Yi accepted it. There was only a string of censored card numbers, and a sharp-looking signature on it, Lu Yi.

Lu Yi, it was a man's name.

He was sure that he did not know that person, and was also sure that he had never met that lady before.

At last, he took the laptop back with him, as he could not leave it at the shop since the payment had already been made. However, it would be difficult for him to find the lady who had paid for him as he would need to investigate through the bank. It would be impossible for the bank to disclose personal information to an unrelated party without a valid reason.

Moreover, he could only remember the numbers on top, including the numbers at the front, the back, and the hidden middle numbers, as well as the name Lu Yi.

He returned home and left the laptop on a table. Then, he went out to do some grocery shopping to cook dinner. Soon, Sun Yuhan would be back. Both of them took turns to prepare three meals per day, but he did it most of the time. After all, he did not work, while Sun Yuhan was busy sometimes. Most of the time, not to say eat, she did not even have the strength to lift her fingers.

Jiu Yue had also discovered his other skill, which was cooking. His cooking was decent and edible, gradually improving over time.

He pulled out the drawer. There was some money inside, and all of it was for grocery shopping. He had never taken any extra cent, and would always put back the change.

He bought some vegetables and noodles. After putting on an apron, he busied himself in the kitchen. Just as the noodles were ready to be served, Sun Yuhan returned home from work.

She collapsed on the sofa. She was starving, and had been so busy for the entire morning that she did not even want to lift her fingers.

She just wanted to have a good rest, and a bowl of rice to sate her hunger.

Jiu Yue served the two bowls of noodles. One was for her, and the other one was for himself.

Sun Yuhan pulled the bowl over to herself right away, and began to slurp them up with the aid of her chopsticks. She could not help but inhale the noodles as the taste and the seasoning were just perfect. It would not lose to any of the noodle stores outside.

Hence, her favorite would definitely be the noodles cooked by Jiu Yue. He was such a great man that could excel at home, and out of home. Moreover, he was tall and good-looking. Although he had lost his memories, and forgot who he was, these external qualities were more than enough to appeal to her. In addition, she had already acknowledged Jiu Yue as hers now that their life had improved.

Anyway, he was here to meet her. They had known each other on the internet for three years, and they had become a couple naturally.

No one could separate them, no one, not anyone else.

Jiu Yue picked up the empty bowls and went into the kitchen. He dumped the bowls underneath the faucet and began to wash them. At this moment, a feminine body snuggled close to him.

Chapter 738: He's Good at Making Money

She hugged him tighter.

Jiu Yue pursed his lips slightly. He could smell the smell of dishwashing liquid, and the sweat on Sun Yuhan, who hasn't showered yet. There was a strange smell coming from her. Lu Yi had never thought himself a clean freak, especially after living in the small apartment that had an assortment of weird smells. At this moment, however, he learned something else about himself; he was very sensitive to smells.

He knew what smelt good and clean, and what didn't.

But he did not push her away. Even as she wrapped herself around him, he was unflustered, his mind like still water.

He couldn't, if they were in a relationship.

If he had been there to see her.

If he had lost his memories trying to save her.

Sun Yuhan lingered a little longer, clutching tightly to Jiu Yue. She liked his light cotton fragrance, which did not get in the way of his manliness. She liked his knotted muscles. This was the man given to her by God, to make amends for making her suffer the first half of her life in loneliness. She knew how much envy she would draw if she brought him home.

And now she had her own house too. Houses, in fact. There were two other apartments awaiting her viewing. She had been busy these days, not working, but hunting for a new house. If she picked the right house, she could get more than 3k a month by collecting rent alone. By then, she wouldn't even have to work. Her current work was exhausting and demanding, leaving her little time to even sleep. Not just that, the pay was bad too. She could be earning more by collecting a month's worth of rent.

And so she went out happily, in search of a good apartment. She had made all of these decisions by herself, knowing that Jiu Yue wasn't likely to have any objections. She was trying to make more money, after all. There was no worse way of handling money than by saving it in the bank.

After Sun Yuhan left, Jiu Yue got up and smoothed out his shirt, his face so calm that it made him look expressionless. Walking into his room, he took out the laptop and switched it on.

He logged into the stock market interface. He had no identification, so he had to use Sun Yuhan's. Sun Yuhan had an unused bank card, which she left lying around the house and nearly got mistaken as trash by him. When he returned it to Sun Yuhan, she told him that it was an empty card which she had no use for.

With that card, he opened an account in the stock market. He had no capital, and he wasn't going to use Sun Yuhan's money, so he loaned 10k from a loan shark website he found online. As with any other loan sharks, the interests were staggering, and if he wasn't careful they would soon snowball and crush him.

He searched for the stocks he wanted on the stock market.

Once he found them, he bought them without hesitation. These were safe stocks with steady growth, and he foresaw no surprises.

He invested the entirety of his funds into it.

In the afternoon, the stock had stopped rising in value, by which time he had already made 2k. He rinsed and repeated on the next day, and his capitals were starting to increase exponentially. The interest from the loan shark was high, but not as high as the rate at which his funds were increasing.

10k grew into 20k, and 20k to 30k. He was good at memorizing numbers, and fast, too. The numbers become a part of him once he engraved them in his head. The numbers talked to him, telling him which stocks would rise and which would fall. His intuitions were seldom wrong.

By the time his funds grew to 50k, he repaid all his loans, which had grown to 20k from the 10k he borrowed.

Now, he had 30k left to work with.

30k turned into 60k, and 60k into 100k, then into 200k. Soon, he had a few hundred thousand RMB in his account. He had gone from a penniless loan-shark borrower to someone with nearly a million in his account. Even now, his money was still increasing by folds. Still, he was aware of the risks of the stock market. He wasn't always victorious. A tiny mistake had cost him half a million, and it took him nearly half a month to work his way back up. However, the stock market didn't have a positive outlook lately. It was no longer a good time to invest. He shut his laptop, took off his headphones, and decided to put an end to his investing career.

"I bought two other apartments," ventured Sun Yuhan, looking up. She was afraid to find unhappiness on his face, afraid that he would blame her for wasting money.

"Do what you want, it's your money," he said as he ate his meal. It was a simple meal, but he had gotten used to the taste. He still couldn't remember who he used to be or what he liked to eat, but what he did know was that he wasn't a shabby cook.

Sun Yuhan heaved a sigh of relief. "I'm not going to work from now on."

"Sure," said Jiu Yue, impassive. She could choose to work or not; they didn't have to rely on her salary anymore.

"Here, for you," said Jiu Yue, handing her the bank card.

"Isn't this my bank card?" she observed, tossing it aside. "It was my first bank card, but it's pretty much useless now. I have already switched over to another bank. This is just an empty card."

"There's 500k inside," said Jiu Yue indifferently, concentrated on his meal.

"Oh, I see," said Sun Yuhan perfunctorily. She didn't really catch what he was saying. She had 1.2 million before she spent them on real estate, and 50 to 60k remaining now. It was still a good deal of money, but she couldn't help but worry at times.

Wait, what? Her eyes suddenly widened, her chopsticks falling out of her hands.

She snatched the card from the table, her eyes on the verge of popping out. Her hand felt heavy, so heavy that it made breathing a chore. Her heart was pounding madly.

"Did you just say there's 500k inside?" she asked with uncertainty. Did she just hear him saying that there's 500k in the card?

"Yes, exactly 500k," he affirmed. He was still eating his meal expressionlessly. He had a good appetite, and in everything he did, he showed evidence of good breeding.

Chapter 739: Some Clothes Only Look Good On Certain People

"Why is there five hundred thousand yuan here?" Sun Yuhan felt as if she was hit by fortune. How could an empty bank card gain an extra five hundred thousand yuan all of a sudden? There must be a reason.

"It's my earnings from stock speculation. There's still another five hundred thousand yuan in my bank account."

Lu Yi spoke apathetically, as if that five hundred thousand yuan was just five yuan. Even though he did not really have Midas' touch, but that five hundred thousand yuan was honestly an easy profit for him.

Sun Yuhan was still doubtful. This is impossible. It can't be true, right?

He had earned five hundred thousand yuan over just several days. Would it increase to five million, or even fifty million yuan after this? Just think about how many houses she can buy with the money.

"Then could you invest in more stocks?" She held Jiu Yue's hands tightly. "Let's buy a few more houses."

Lu Yi frowned slightly. It was not that he despised money, but there were always risks in stock market investment. There was no guarantee that they would gain profit every single time. It was like earning one million from ten thousand, followed by a deficit of five hundred thousand, starting all over again after that, and earning five hundred thousand at last. Moreover, the market was fairly volatile lately, so he did not take any further risks.

If he relied solely on this to get rich, he was afraid that he might suffer a crushing loss.

“It’s been a bear market recently.” He removed Sun Yuhang’s hands gently, and continued to eat. They had spent nearly an hour on this meal, so the dishes had already gone cold.

“Then just invest again when the market is better,” Sun Yuhang said promptly. She reached for her bag, preparing to check if there really was five hundred thousand yuan in the card.

At first, she was worried about what she should do as she only had fifty thousand yuan left. But all of a sudden, she had another five hundred thousand yuan. To be specific, it was one million as Jiu Yue still had five hundred thousand in his account. Hence, even if she spent all the money on her hands, there would still be five hundred thousand yuan saved up for future use.

Not to mention that there were already four houses under her name.

She could buy anything that she wanted to. Yes, she wanted to shop for pretty clothes to dress herself up. She also wanted to style her hair, to buy classy cosmetics, and expensive jewelry.

She went to the bank hastily, but it was not open yet. She could only sit outside and wait. In fact, there were still butterflies in her stomach as she was very nervous.

What if there was no money? What if the transaction had not been processed yet? What if Jiu Yue was playing a trick on her?

After the long and torturous wait, the bank finally opened its doors. She took out her card and checked the balance in her account. The result came out right after, and there really was five hundred thousand yuan in it.

She took back the card, and still felt light-headed even as she came out of the bank.

Yan Huan returned to the grand mall again to buy something. She walked into a shop, and began to browse through their clothing selection. She went through them one by one, and took out her favorites to try them on later.

In the end, just as her hand brushed a dress, another hand reached out and snatched it hastily away from her.

Yan Huan blinked. She raised her head, and saw that a tanned, skinny lady had already started to gauge the fitting of the dress on her body. She shot Yan Huan a dirty look, and continued to admire the dress for a really long time.

Perhaps women would always treat those who were prettier and younger than them with envy and jealousy.

Yan Huan continued to shuffle through the clothes on the rack, and pulled out a red dress from the middle.

In fact, she did not really like to wear red, but she wanted to look like fire in this season.

She walked into the fitting room and tried on the clothes. When she walked out, the salesperson who was standing at the side was stunned.

“You have such a beautiful figure, and your skin is so fair. This dress compliments you perfectly.”

It was rather hard to wear it without looking like a clown as the color was very bright. The slim-fit design would also expose all the flaws of those who did not have a good figure.

Women with a slender figure would look even prettier in it, while those with poorer figures would look the opposite.

A woman strutted out and came to stand beside Yan Huan. She was the one who had snatched Yan Huan's dress away just now. Yan Huan was actually wearing the same dress as her, albeit in a different color.

The one on Yan Huan was red, while the other woman was wearing one that was sapphire blue. Regardless of the color, both would need someone fair to pull it off nicely. Otherwise, it would look terrible.

Yan Huan glanced at the woman beside her through the corners of her eyes. She had already put on the sapphire blue dress, but she was not tall enough, and had yellowish skin. Her hair was also not styled, and her skin was in bad condition.

Hence, Yan Huan could only use the word ugly to describe her.

However, she might just be really confident in herself, and Yan Huan had never been one to stick her nose in someone else's business.

"You really do look like Yan Huan," another salesperson sighed in admiration.

"Yes, many people have said so," Yan Huan replied with a reserved smile. She was wearing a pair of black rimmed glasses and a pair of flats, so perhaps she had a softer aura compared to when she was on screen. Now, she seemed just like a college student.

No one knew that she was already an old woman.

She handed over her card. The clothes racked up a total of around 2,000 yuan, but she paid without blinking.

Right after she made her payment, the tanned, skinny woman walked toward her and got ready to pay.

"Your total would be 2,580 yuan," the cashier spoke with a bright smile.

"What? 2,580 yuan?" Sun Yuhan could not believe what she heard. "Why is it so expensive?"

It was worth nearly three months of her salary. The clothes were not edible, and were made up of just a few pieces of cloth. There were other shops that would sell apparel for a few hundred yuan, but it was almost 3,000 yuan here.

The cashier remained smiling and maintained a good attitude. The selling point of a franchise would be the quality of the service, aside from the clothes.

"Miss, here are your clothes." Another salesperson handed over the bagged clothes to Yan Huan, who accepted it with a nod of thanks.

Her delicate facial features looked radiant and enchanting, an aura of elegance permeating her every move. It was something that came from within, which was not something that could be compared with mere clothing or external appearance.

She had been alive for so long, and had gone through all sorts of ups and downs. It was as if her heart was cruising through a plateau, neither going up nor down. It just remained level and flat.

Without knowing why, Sun Yuhan did not like the woman beside her. Perhaps she was so pretty that she could not help but grumble in her heart: I wonder who's her sugar daddy, since she looks so slutty.

Women should be down to earth, just like her. She even bought a house and everything with her own effort. Of course, it was not that she could not afford the clothes.

She handed over her card, but to be honest, she was slightly distressed by it.

It was almost 3,000 yuan, which was three months of her salary in the past.

Chapter 740: An Honest Man

That was how unjust the world was. There were people raking in millions every year, while someone like her struggle to keep themselves warm and fed.

When she came out of the mall, she glimpsed a woman on a shared bike, her wavy hair flowing in the wind. She was on the phone, and there was a sapphire ring nestled around her ring finger. It seemed to be of the same model as Jiu Yue's 1.2 million ring. Even the phone she was using was of the latest model.

Why not ask your sugar daddy to drive you home? she thought sourly, curling her lips.

For once, she decided to splurge on a cab. Once she slid into the passenger's seat, she saw the woman on the bike again, riding past her. The breeze mussed up her hair, exposing her angelic face.

Who did she remind her of? Sun Yuhan pondered for a while, but couldn't quite put her finger on it. Wait, didn't the person at the clothes shop mention that she looked like Yan Huan?

But how could it be? Yan Huan was the best actress in the world, a winner in life. How could the loafer she just saw be compared to her?

Jiu Yue had the dishes ready by the time she got back.

She went into her room and changed into her new clothes, wondering if she could surprise Jiu Yue. The clothes were expensive for a good reason, for it did make her look rather classy. It was a pity that she was in slippers. She thought about slipping into high heels, but decided against it when logic prevailed.

Hopping into the kitchen, she spun before Jiu Yue.

"What do you think, Jiu Yue? Am I pretty?"

Jiu Yue turned around and glanced at her.

"Blue doesn't go well with your dark skin."

He was an honest man. Always had been. What he said was the truth, but that didn't make it hurt any less. It was a crushing blow to her new-found vanity.

Vexed, she confined herself to her room and refused to come out.

Jiu Yue brought out the dishes, removed his apron, and walked to Sun Yuhan's bedroom door. He knocked.

"The food's ready, Yuhan."

Sun Yuhan was still throwing a tantrum inside the room. She found a pair of scissors and thought about cutting the clothes to shreds. Then she remembered that it had cost her 3k, which instantly made her dismiss any plans of ravaging it.

What she cuts wouldn't just be clothes, but also her own money!

Jiu Yue knocked on the door again. "It's time to eat."

He stood there for a long time, and sighed when she refused to come out.

Sometimes, he realized, you can't just go ahead and tell the truth.

He turned, sat down at the table, and picked up his chopsticks; but he wasn't keen on eating.

The door opened with a bang. Sun Yuhan walked out, sat down, and began eating while ignoring Jiu Yue. Suddenly, with his bowl in his hand, Jiu Yue began studying her with a serious look.

Sun Yuhan's heart tightened. Under his intent gaze, her heart raced, and her face flushed.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" she asked, prodding at the rice with her chopsticks while averting her eyes.

"You know, you might look prettier if you dye your hair," he offered. He left some stuff unrepeated, like how the blue clothes really did not suit her.

Sun Yuhan ran her hands through her hair.

She had never taken special care of her hair, or dyed it. Whenever it grew out, she took the trouble of shortening it herself.

"Only if you come with me," she said, prodding at the rice again.

"Okay," said Jiu Yue. He was playing the yes-man, perhaps after realizing he had hurt her with his careless speech.

That appeased Sun Yuhan. As she ate, she thought about what kind of hairstyle she should be getting. Maybe she could get the same one as the Yan Huan lookalike who bought the same dress as her today. Her hair didn't look bad.

When they were about to head out, however, they found the sky dusking and overcast. Even the wind felt humid.

Jiu Yue gazed at the moonless sky.

“Let’s go,” Sun Yuhan took his arm. “What are you standing here for?”

“I’ll go get an umbrella,” said Jiu Yue, remembering about the rain alert he had heard from the weather forecast. It wouldn’t hurt to be prepared, he thought. He went into his room, grabbed an umbrella, and set off with Sun Yuhan.

They ended up at a large salon, staffed by young, handsome guys in their twenties. They were all clean and well-groomed, without rocking any hairstyles too shocking to the eye.

Once Sun Yuhan sat down on the chair, someone washed her hair, while someone else massaged her shoulders. At first, the over-the-top services made her a little uncomfortable, but soon she found herself enjoying it.

Jiu Yue sat on the sofa outside, irritated by the smell of shampoo and the drumming of dyers.

Suddenly, he heard the pitter-patter of rain. His hands tightened around the umbrella he was holding. As he had expected, it had begun to rain. A heavy rain, too.

The sound of rain swelled, and raindrops followed the wind where it went. In the intensifying rain, the light from various sources wavered.

The barber said something to Sun Yuhan, which provoked a chuckle. Her hair was in curls, and she was sitting below a machine that had weird antennas all over it. It was a weird sight. To a woman, it might seem normal; to a man, it was weird, creepy, and incomprehensible.

There are some things men would never understand; like why women go through the hassle of straightening their hair and curling them back, then repeating the same process over and over again, as though it would give them insomnia if they skipped the ritual. Black hair was pretty, yet they had to dye it into the colors of the rainbow. Wasn’t that strange?

On the same note, there were things women could never understand about men; like how they could stand watching soccer for the entire day, and why they never bother to haggle.

Come to think about it, men and women have entirely different ways of viewing the same world.

The rain was still falling, and the number of pedestrians had decreased greatly. On the empty street, all that remained were the lampposts on both sides of the street that illuminated the road leading to god knows where.

At times, a car would zoom past, sometimes gently, and sometimes obnoxiously, stirring up dirty water and giving the pedestrians a free shower. Resigned, the drenched pedestrians could only dip their heads and mutter a curse.