

Sweet Wife 771

Chapter 771: She Had Returned

Yan Huan finally convinced herself. However, she was still troubled by what had happened. How could someone have taken over her room, her Yiyi and her future peaceful life?

At last, Ye Shuyun put down her cellphone after what seemed like half a day. However, her condition seemed to grow worse. She was all wobbly and light-headed as she walked.

“Huanhuan, you have returned...” she said with difficulty.

Madam Lei shot a glance at Yi Ling.

Yi Ling kicked the edge of the cabinet forcefully. Great, just great. Now, things have gotten even more complicated. Yi Ling had already asked Lei Qingyi to talk to Lu Yi more than once, asking him to move Sun Yuhan away, just in case of Yan Huan’s sudden homecoming.

Yesterday, Lei Qingyi had stated explicitly that he was doing Lu Yi’s job. Since it was Lu Yi who had caused Sun Yuhan’s leg injury, with his conscience, he could never ask Su Yuhan to leave.

In any case, it was about time. Once her leg heals, Sun Yuhan would definitely have to leave the Lu Family’s residence. She would never be allowed to stay there permanently. Should both women run into each other, it would be as disastrous as Mars colliding with the Earth.

Both of them would be extremely insistent of fighting each other to death.

Of course, this was not the biggest problem. Even if 10 or more women came to stay in the Lu Family’s residence, it would not have mattered. However, Sun Yuhan was Lu Yi’s woman. She had relations with Lu Yi, and it was Lu Yi who brought her back.

Before they were able to come to terms with the news of Lu Yi still being alive, they had to digest another shocking news, that Lu Yi now wanted to marry another woman.

As bystanders, they were unable to accept this news. How would Yan Huan even react?

Madam Lei quickly had the housekeeper take over caring for Little Lei as she prepared to leave immediately.

At the same time, Yi Ling had given Lei Qingyi a call, asking him to come home at once.

Right now, things had just devolved from bad to worse. In comparison with the news of Lu Yi still being alive, this matter was a lot harder to settle.

“What?” Lei Qingyi gasped aloud and immediately leaped to his feet. “Did you say that Yan Huan had returned?”

Once Lei Qingyi hung up the phone, he fell heavily into his chair. The chair shook, as if it about to be crushed under Lei Qingyi’s weight.

Lei Qingyi picked up the phone again and dialed Lu Yi’s number.

Lu Yi was swamped with work concerning the procuratorate. He had only completed a fraction of his tasks, his fingers swiftly typing away on the keyboard when his phone rang beside him. He picked up his mobile phone with one hand while his other hand continued to type.

“Lu Yi, you should go home now.”

“Huh?” Lu Yi furrowed his eyebrows. “Did something happen?”

“Yes, everything would unravel soon.”

Lei Qingyi pinched his brows, “Yan Huan ran into your mistress. They are about to confront one another.”

All of a sudden, Lu Yi felt his heart began to race.

“You mean Yan Huan is back?”

“Yes, she is back.” Lei Qingyi tugged at his own hair. This matter was way too terrifying. What’s with her sudden ambush, just returning home without telling anybody, not even Yi Ling. We never got a chance to prepare ourselves! Moreover, Yan Huan came back and immediately caught her red-handed. Now, no matter what we try to do, there was simply no way to keep this under wraps anymore.

Although this whole thing was a complicated mess to begin with.

Lu Yi’s fingers shuddered slightly on the computer keyboard. He then shut down the computer and stood up from his chair.

At the Lu Family’s residence, the housekeeper waited for some time, not knowing what to do in this situation. To call the police, this woman might actually be part of the Lu Family, seeing that she has the key to the house. But to not call the police, it was definitely strange for a stranger to simply barge into the residence, not to mention that she went straight to Lu Yi’s room.

As for Lu Yi’s room, typically, she had never dared to enter. Lu Yi even cleaned his room by himself. This woman would not ransack the room, would she? Yet, after standing outside for ages, she did not hear any noise coming from within. She did not know what to do, being newly recruited. She did not know everyone from the household.

If something went missing from the residence, she would not be able to compensate for it even if she sold herself off. She had also heard that Lu Jin’s study was filled with priceless antiques. In fact, Ye Shuyun would clean the study room by herself. The Lu Family was extremely wealthy, therefore custom-made locks were used on the door and alarm devices were installed inside the study. She would not be able to pay up should anything went missing.

“What are you doing standing here?” Sun Yuhan wheeled her wheelchair out of her room. The moment she came out, she saw the housekeeper standing in front of Lu Yi’s room, stunned. What is she thinking? Is she daydreaming?

“Miss Sun, we have a problem.”

The housekeeper instantly ran over to Sun Yuhan when she saw her.

“Someone came into the house, and this person had been inside Mr. Lu’s room for almost half an hour.”

“What did you say?” Sun Yuhan did not hear the housekeeper clearly. To be precise, Sun Yuhan was slightly skeptical of her words.

“Someone had been in Lu Yi’s room for half an hour.” But on regular days, even she dared not simply enter Lu Yi’s room. Why would there be someone in the room? More importantly, how dare somebody enter his room?

Moreover, the door leading to his room was locked. How could anyone enter without the key?

“Was it a man or a woman?”

She immediately asked. Her heart started to pound rapidly as cold sweat formed on her forehead. It can’t be that that person had returned.

“A woman.” the housekeeper answered hastily. “ It was a woman.”

“A woman, you say? Was she very beautiful?” Sun Yuhan asked. Although she could already guess the answer.

“Yes,” the housekeeper nodded again. “ Very beautiful, she was extremely beautiful.” The housekeeper had never seen a woman with such ravishing beauty visit the mansion. The woman was approximately twenty-five or twenty-six years old. She was not only beautiful but also possessed an elegant demeanor, even her clothes were exquisite.

“She is back...” Sun Yuhan pushed her wheelchair. Her fingers were clenched into tight fists. Suddenly, her fingers emitted a soft crack sound, as if she had broken them from all that clenching.

That woman has returned, she has come back?

She pushed her wheelchair into the living room. At that very moment, Sun Yuhan was nervous, panicked and upset.

Why did that woman return? Why couldn’t she just die out there? Sun Yuhan thought about the possibility of losing all her happiness that she had fought so hard to obtain. But how could she compete against that woman?

Her beauty, fame, and money could never compare to Yan Huan’s. Yan Huan was a real princess, as for her, she was merely garbage.

The door opened with a clicking sound and Yan Huan walked out from the room. She also saw Sun Yuhan, who was wheelchair-bound.

Oh, it’s her.

Yan Huan remembered this face vividly since this was not the first time she saw her.

This woman who had snatched the dress away from her at the boutique, who had hit her with a stone. This world was far too small. Yan Huan just had to run into this woman on the day she decided to return home. Yan Huan disliked the woman in front of her, not because of anything, but rather how this woman never apologized even after hitting her with a stone.

Chapter 772: They All Lied to Her

She walked past Sun Yuhan and the nanny, and plopped herself down on the sofa, waiting for the others to arrive.

The nanny's hands tugged at her own clothes. She realized that the pretty woman was the owner of the house by looking at Sun Yuhan's reaction. Right now, Sun Yuhan dare not even let out a fart, much less chase the woman out. What could she do then? She was only a nanny, hired to look after a patient.

The two of them sat on the sofa and wheelchair respectively, studying each other. They seemed to know each other, but they also seemed to not know each other. Neither of them moved an inch away from their territories.

Soon, they heard knocking at the door. Yan Huan opened her eyes, feeling absurdly tired for some reason. It had been like this ever since Lu Yi passed away.

A crowd had gathered outside; Ye Shuyun, Madam Lei, Yi Ling, and even Lei Qingyi, who rushed there from work.

"I don't have enough souvenirs for all of you," chuckled Yan Huan, feeling light. But none of them had smiles on their faces. Rather, they looked as though someone had just ransacked their houses.

"Huanhuan..." Ye Shuyun didn't know how to face her, or how to explain it to her. Her return was so sudden it took all of them by surprise.

Yi Ling quickly walked to Yan Huan and took her by the elbow.

"Come, let's go to my place. My Little Lei has missed you so much," she said with affected cheer and a strained smile.

But Yan Huan peeled away her hand gently and sat down without a word.

"Huanhuan..." Yi Ling was getting anxious. In the past, Yan Huan would have complied at once if she brought up Little Lei.

Was Little Lei not enough to convince her?

Yan Huan stood up and walked to Yi Ling, her eyes staring straight into hers.

"We grew up together, Yiyi."

Yi Ling stiffened. Color faded out of her cheeks. She knew what Yan Huan meant. She also knew she already knew that they were hiding something from her.

Yan Huan turned around, in the direction of where Sun Yuhan was. She pointed a finger at her.

"I want to know who she is and why she's here."

Her finger marked Sun Yuhan like a dagger.

Who is she, and what was she doing in her house? Don't try to tell her that she's one of the Lu Family's relatives. She had spent two lifetimes in the Lu Family; she knew all of their relatives.

So spare her the lies. She would never buy it for even a second.

“She’s...”

Go on. Who is she?

No one had the courage to give her an answer.

It felt as though time had stopped, and even their breath felt cold in the icy atmosphere.

“Answer me, Yiyi,” demanded Yan Huan. Is that how it is? Not even her childhood friend could give her the truth?

Yi Ling’s lips touched and parted. She wanted to cover her face and hide in a place where no one could see her, or anywhere away from there. She didn’t want to deceive Yan Huan, but she saw no other way out.

Even so, how long can lies last?

“Mom...” Yan Huan turned to Ye Shuyun. “May I know who lived in my room and stole my belongings?” She couldn’t smile or cry. She didn’t even have the strength to lift a finger.

All she wanted to know was what had happened in the days when she wasn’t around, when they didn’t want her to be around.

Ye Shuyun opened her mouth, but nothing came out in the end. All of them remained silent.

That was when they heard a noise at the door. A man walked in. Everything about him was familiar; his height, his build, his long, uniform-clad legs, his cotton fragrance.

Yan Huan’s clenched her fingers at her sides, her nails digging deep into her palms and leaving little crescent marks that nearly exposed her bones.

The pain made her calm.

The calmness made her stay.

She clenched her teeth, but couldn’t stop herself from shaking.

“Lu Yi...” a voice called out. But it wasn’t hers.

Sun Yuhan hastily steered herself towards her. In her panic, she stood up, but lost her balance and fell forward. Lu Yi supported her instinctively.

Sun Yuhan huddled up close to him, her eyes fearful and worried. What they didn’t notice was the slight smirk on her face.

Yan Huan stood still, looking at the man and woman.

She was calmer than what anyone could have expected, because no one knew where she was and what she had gone through in the past few months.

Sun Yuhan. The woman who was knocked down by Lin Shanshan. And the man who had the same blood type as her. To think she had given him her blood...

Who was this man anyway?

Lu Yi who had returned from the dead.

Heh... she wanted to cry, but laughed instead.

So they all lied. Every one of them.

She was abandoned and betrayed once again.

“Huanhuan...”

Yi Ling was getting very worried. Yan Huan’s drooping eyelids felt incredibly heavy. She turned to look at the embracing couple, a scene that made her regret her very existence.

If she had reborn just to get betrayed a second time, she would rather have died for real.

She looked up, breathing softly and slowly, trying her best to collect herself and keep her shattering heart in place.

“Huanhuan,” Yi Ling quickly stood up. “It’s not what you think it is.”

She grasped Yan Huan’s shoulders, but Yan Huan peeled her hand away. Her fingers were ice-cold.

“Lu Yi doesn’t remember the past anymore,” explained Yi Ling clumsily.

“He doesn’t remember?” Yan Huan’s finger twitched.

“If he doesn’t remember, how did he get here? How does he remember to take his laptop and go to work? Can a person who doesn’t remember anything find his own way home?” Can he? Can he? Can he? Somebody tell her, please.

Chapter 773: You Should Stop Being Lu Yi

Yi Ling’s red lips moved, but she had nothing to say.

Yan Huan closed, and opened her eyes. She felt as if her heart was weighed down by heavy objects.

“What you’re trying to say is that he remembered everything but me?”

“Well, he doesn’t remember me either,” Yi Ling answered in an instinctive manner. However, she instantly realized something, and she wanted to smack her own mouth.

Yan Huan was powerless to face these things. Her eyes were fixed on the people in front of her. All of their facial expressions ranged from worry, guilt, and fear.

If that was the case, everyone had known about this, and accepted everything wholeheartedly. What they could not accept might actually be her.

If only Lu Yi and Yan Huan had died together, then none of them would be tangled in this mess. They would not have to be so afraid, thinking of every way possible to keep her in the dark.

Saying that he could not remember her was such an excellent reason. Just because he could not remember, could he possibly deny all the things that happened in the past?

Lu Yi came back to life, and remembered everyone, yet Yan Huan was the exception.

She turned around, and walked toward the man as if he was a stranger. He was Lu Yi from the Lu Family, but he was not her husband. Her husband was gone, and had been dead for two years.

“You have forgotten who I am?”

Yan Huan raised her face. In her seemingly composed eyes, it was already filled with desolation.

Lu Yi pursed his thin lips tightly into a straight line.

“Yes,” he nodded as he answered. Lu Yi couldn’t deny it. He had really forgotten who Yan Huan was. Although his heart felt like something was squeezing it tightly, making him confused and suffocated, what he had expressed still showed that he had no impression of her.

“Who is she?” Yan Huan extended her hand, and pointed at Sun Yuhan who was sitting on a wheelchair. Despite knowing the answer already, Yan Huan still wanted to hear it from Lu Yi.

“My name is Sun Yuhan,” Sun Yuhan answered immediately, and her fingers were clutching onto the edge of Lu Yi’s shirt. “Lu Yi had promised to marry me. When I first met him, he was already in this state. Also...” she paused, and opened her mouth again.

“Miss, may I know who you are? I’ve never seen or heard about you before.” Her mouth uttered this, but she had been plotting schemes in her heart all along.

Since all of you are pretending to be clueless, then I can be part of the game as well. I’m not the one to blame for this, and I’m not going to do anything. The one who had wronged me were all of you.

“Who am I?” Yan Huan walked forward, and bent down all of a sudden. She looked directly at Sun Yuhan’s face, and Sun Yuhan’s thoughts couldn’t be hidden away from her eyes. She was a veteran actress, hence she could clearly discern if someone was acting or not.

“Did you call him Lu Yi?” Yan Huan continued to interrogate Sun Yuhan, and each and every word of her question was clear.

Sun Yuhan remained speechless for a long time. It was unclear if she was terrified or confused by Yan Huan’s questions.

“Your name is Lu Yi?” Yan Huan turned around to the direction where Lu Yi was standing.

“Yes,” Lu Yi nodded..

“Prosecutor Lu?” Yan Huan asked again.

“Yes.” Lu Yi extended his hand. However, his hand was never lifted from the beginning to the end.

“This was all my fault.”

Lu Yi was confused. He was the reason why the two women got in such a stalemate, especially Yan Huan. He should not have been so intimate, and gotten into an engagement with another woman, even if he could not remember his wife.

However, it seemed that Yan Huan had completely misunderstood.

At this moment, her ears were filled with repetitive echoes of Lu Yi saying that it was his fault.

“Your fault?” Yan Huan chuckled all of a sudden as she had finally understood. She stood up straight, and opened her mouth slightly. The words that came out of it busted Sun Yuhan’s ears, crushing her heart, thoughts, and all sorts of schemes.

“Ms. Sun, could it be that you didn’t know?” she smiled. The smile on Yan Huan’s face was as beautiful as a blooming flower. It exuded fragrance, and was the kind of flower that would remain stunning even as time passed by.

Sun Yuhan blinked her eyes. What was it that she didn’t know about?

“You really don’t know, do you?” Yan Huan let out another laugh. However, who could ever understand the pain that she was withstanding.

“If he was Lu Yi...” she stared at Sun Yuhan’s eyes. Sun Yuhan could not avoid Yan Huan’s stare even if she tried to.

“Then, he is a married man, who had a military marriage, and you asked him to marry you?” She extended her hand, and gently patted Sun Yuhan’s face, “Will you be able to bear the sanction imposed on you by the law or the attack of my fans?”

Yan Huan was serious. It would not be easy for Lu Yi to marry Sun Yuhan. Sun Yuhan had naively simplified the entire matter. Lu Yi was no ordinary man, and Sun Yuhan was just like her past self, who wanted to marry into the Lu Family. Unfortunately, she was Lu Yi’s official wife, Mrs. Lu. Her marriage was protected by the law, and she was protected by many fans. As long as Lu Yi was Lu Yi, there was no way he could marry Sun Yuhan.

Sun Yuhan’s face went pale suddenly. Yan Huan had stabbed her with the reality that she didn’t want to face, mention and admit.

Yan Huan stood up, and turned around. What she was left with were the cautious Ye Shuyun and the others, and their constant apologies. However, why would she want their apologies?

“Huanhuan, where are you going?”

Yi Ling held onto Yan Huan’s arms immediately.

“I’m going home.” Yan Huan pushed Yi Ling’s hand aside. She was going home, her own home.

“Huanhuan, mom will go back with you,” Ye Shuyun pulled Yan Huan’s hand. “Let’s go back together, I don’t have such a son like him.”

Yan Huan’s drooping eyelashes started to feel heavy.

She let out a smile, but the smile seemed a little tired.

“Let’s go,” Ye Shuyun pulled Yan Huan along, and prepared to leave. She would rather be anywhere else but here. Looking at these sickening people, especially Sun Yuhan with her deceitful actions, had made her lose her appetite. In her entire life, she had seen all kinds of people, and women with different motives. She was not fooled by Sun Yuhan’s lame acting skills.

Sun Yuhan's arrival had thrown the Lu family into chaos. If Lu Yi insisted on protecting her, he could do it himself, as long as the entire Lu Family was not dragged into the mess.

Lei Qingyi walked over, and lightly patted Lu Yi's shoulders.

"You should decide on your own. If you want to marry..." he lowered his head, pointing to Sun Yuhan, "...her, you should stop being Lu Yi."

Chapter 774: Unable to Distinguish Between Right and Wrong

What he said was right; Yan Huan wasn't forgiving when it came to such things.

Yi Ling rushed to him and grabbed him by the sleeves. Don't waste your breath on such a person.

"Jerk. Bitch."

"Jerk" was directed to Lu Yi, and "bitch" the woman with the surname of Sun.

Lei Qingyi felt a good deal of sympathy toward Lu Yi; the man had never made any mistakes in his entire life, whether it was work or studies. Even in life, he was disciplined and virtuous. Who would have thought he would be labeled as a jerk one day?

Even after everyone left, Sun Yuhan still clutched tightly onto Lu Yi's sleeves.

"Lu Yi..." she muttered, her lips trembling. "Are you really married? But you told me you were single...." Her eyes were red. She was so wobbly it felt as if she might fall at any moment.

Lu Yi put his hands around the wheelchair handle and began pushing it.

"I'll take you to rest."

He said and explained nothing. The truth laid there before their eyes, and it was what it was.

Only, he had not expected it to be exposed this soon. What could he hope to explain now? He had no explanations to offer to Yan Huan and Sun Yuhan.

"You said you would marry me, Lu Yi," said Sun Yuhan. Suddenly, she turned around and clutched Lu Yi's elbow, her fingers sinking into his arms. Lu Yi did not budge an inch.

Finally, when Sun Yuhan was on the verge of an anxiety breakdown, Lu Yi peeled her hand away, pulled the fur blanket up to her legs, and continued pushing her.

He brought Sun Yuhan to her room, shut the door, and hunkered down before her.

"Yuhan..." he called.

Sun Yuhan's heart let out a shriek. She didn't want to listen to what he has to say. Stop. Stop.

"I'm sorry." The words were a crushing blow to her. "I can make it up to you in any other way, but I can't marry you. I have my own responsibilities," he was responsible for the Lu Family and Yan Huan. Yes, he had forgotten certain things, but he couldn't reject the fact that Yan Huan was his wife.

"Lu Yi..." croaked Sun Yuhan. Suddenly, she lurched forward, and before Lu Yi could react she was on the ground. There was a loud crack, the sound of something breaking.

Cradling her legs, Sun Yuhan began to wail.

The impact shattered the cast around her legs and exposed her unhealed flesh. Her forehead was awash with cold sweat from the pain, as were her clothes. Colors, which weren't ample to begin with, faded rapidly from her cheeks.

Lu Yi quickly took her in his arms and dashed out of the room.

It took some time for the remaining nanny in the house to take in the events that had just transpired. So much drama in a wealthy family.

Ye Shuyun carefully pulled the blanket to fully cover Yan Huan, who had fallen into a fitful sleep. She was stubborn, just like they had expected. It made Ye Shuyun's heart ache to see her like that. She had truly begun to see her as a daughter, and what her "daughter-in-law" had done made her feel awful.

She took out her phone and made a call to Lu Yi.

"Come to your old place, Lu Yi. Huanhuan's here. Come quickly. Huanhuan is a reasonable child. If you explain it to her properly, she'll understand, and even forgive you."

"I can't, Mom," said Lu Yi. He was standing outside the ER room, where Sun Yuhan had been brought into a few moments ago. He was well aware that this was the best time to explain himself, a chance that was as fleeting as it was precious.

But he really couldn't leave.

"Why not?" demanded Ye Shuyun, her voice raised an octave. She hushed her voice when she remembered that Yan Huan was still asleep. "If you don't get here right now, don't ever call me Mom again. Go with that woman, and you won't be Lu Yi anymore."

Lu Yi looked up, at the shut operation room door and the glowing sign.

"Mom, Yuhan's in the middle of an operation now. I can't leave."

"You would abandon Huanhuan and I for that woman?" asked Ye Shuyun, angry and spiteful. "When did you become like this, Lu Yi? What happened to the you that knew the difference between right and wrong?"

Lu Yi took the scoldings silently, but there wasn't much he could say to appease her.

Perhaps he really couldn't tell the difference between right and wrong anymore.

Still, he knew what was more important at hand. Everything must wait until Sun Yuhan's operation comes to an end.

Ye Shuyun laid down her phone. It was all she could do to not smash it. The child had never given her any cause to worry in the past, but why did he become so problematic these days? She then made a call to Lu Jin to complain about Lu Yi, her anger swelling as she went on.

"What on earth is he thinking? I asked him to come over and explain himself, and all he told me was he couldn't leave. Could he really have fallen for that woman? If so, what becomes of Huanhuan? Are we really going to let Lu Yi marry that woman?"

“Over my dead body!” Lu Jin was practically shouting. “We don’t have that much face to lose.”

“This is our son we are talking about, not your ego.”

Ye Shuyun had to move the phone away from her ears. “Looks like you weren’t adopted after all. You are becoming more and more like your Dad.”

Lu Jin: ...

As the two of them discussed the matter covertly, Yan Huan was huddled up in a defensive posture that came instinctively to her, her eyes open.

At the hospital. Sun Yuhan’s operation took an entire five hours. For five hours Lu Yi waiting, his back leaning against the wall. Occasionally, he felt chills.

Until the ER room light went off and the surgeon emerged.

“How was it?” he asked as he rushed up to him.

The surgeon took off his mask. His face was weary, a face that belonged to none other than He Yibin.

“Went alright,” said He Yibin, stretching his neck. His shoulders ached from the soreness. He felt as though the five hours operation had cost him half his life.

Chapter 775: Yan Huan Cheated

“Her leg is completely fine now, but she should be careful from now on. If she falls again, no one can save her.”

“And also...” He Yibin eyed Lu Yi up and down.

“Lu Yi, don’t cross the line.”

Lu Yi pursed his thin lips. He knew exactly what He Yibin was saying.

It was just that he could not divert his attention to other places.

Having too many women is indeed not a good thing, He Yibin thought, I really don’t know how those two-timers can live a prosperous life, being all lovey-dovey with a woman as they flatter another.

“This must be because they’re all jerks...” he muttered under his breath.

Lu Yi’s pace came to a halt. Was He Yibin referring to him?

“Mom, I’m heading out,” Yan Huan finished dressing herself, and draped her scarf around her neck. Her hand was already on the door, and she was ready to head out.

Although Ye Shuyun was anxious, she could not keep Yan Huan grounded at home for the entire day. The longer Yan Huan stayed in, the more restless she would become with the silence at home. It would be better for her to go out for a stroll.

As soon as Yan Huan came out of the house, her face was buffeted by the cold wind. She covered her face as it was stinging in pain.

Her fingers had become swollen in the past few days, just like ten little carrots in winter.

Once again, she made sure that her scarf was wrapped properly, but she inhaled a breath of cold air. Almost instantly, she felt that her lungs were choked by the chilly air.

She stepped into a flower shop empty-handed, but walked out with a bouquet of fresh flowers in her arms.

She strolled down the street, like a wandering spirit who did not know where it was going. Her footsteps came to a halt in front of a cemetery, and she felt a sharp stabbing pain in her heart.

She walked into the cemetery. Beneath each tomb was a dessicated corpse that had turned to dust. The deceased had ceased to exist, and only their souls remained in the hearts of their families. They would perhaps be permanently forgotten after some time.

She found her favourite spot. Whenever she missed him in the past, she would sit here all day in silence. Who could possibly tell her if what she did in the past was all a joke.

How could someone who was not dead hear her?

Yes, he was not dead. He even got himself another woman.

She put the flowers down, but stood there without stepping forward.

The death certificate had been revoked. The tomb had already been emptied, and perhaps it would not be long before another person fill in the spot. Thereafter, the person would perish alongside with everything he owned in the world.

She stood in front of the tomb, feeling as if she had been abandoned by everyone, just like her previous life. She wasn't even left with thoughts that she could reminisce about.

All of a sudden, she turned around, the hem of her clothes lightly brushing against the bouquet of flowers, leaving a faint scent on her body. The scent of flowers diminished as she left.

She handed over the notes and coins for a cup of milk tea. Then, she strolled around as she sipped on her milk tea, and she found herself stopping at the entrance of a hospital, completely unintentionally. She stepped inside, and sat on a chair in the waiting room as she sipped on her milk tea. Her eyes looked in front of her calmly, but no one knew who or what she was waiting for.

She remained that way until a man rushed by. He was holding something in his hands, and all of his attention was on it. Yan Huan stood up, and unconsciously trailed behind the man.

She walked as he walked, and she stopped as he stopped.

Perhaps he was rushing, so he was not aware of his silent follower at that moment.

That was until he entered a ward.

Yan Huan held her milk tea by her lips. It had turned cold. The former warmth and sweetness were nowhere to be found, and what was left was just the bitterness of the tea that filled her taste buds.

She looked inside through the window on the door, and saw the man speaking to a woman inside. Although his brow was furrowed slightly, but he was very patient.

He had really forgotten. He really wasn't him anymore.

All of a sudden, Yan Huan lowered her head, a trail of tears trickling down both cheeks. She kept her head low, and out of the corner of her eyes, her gaze fell on the strangers in front. Then, she turned away, and left the place.

When she reached home, Ye Shuyun did not dare to ask where she went to.

"Mom, I'm fine," she walked toward Ye Shuyun with her hands reaching out like a kid, and she rested her head on Ye Shuyun's shoulders. "I remember whenever I used to have a bad day, I would search for you just like this. Although you may not be strong, but you're always my greatest, and safest support."

Ye Shuyun's heart ached all of a sudden. She caressed Yan Huan's hair, "I've loved you ever since I laid my eyes on you for the first time. I can still remember competing with Madam Lei to have you as my daughter. No matter Lu Yi is here or not, you'll always be our daughter."

Yan Huan felt as if there was a hole in her heart. It was throbbing with pain.

The pain was cold and shivering.

"Mom, I'm so sorry." She hugged Ye Shuyun tightly. The word 'mom' was as if she was calling her real mother, but her mother was not there anymore. She would never have her real mother again, right?

Ye Shuyun did not know what to say to Yan Huan's apology. She could neither reply nor respond. All she knew was that her Yan Huan was just like a child right now. She was alone, and very lonely, but she would never let herself be pitiful. Her sadness flowed in her blood, just like her unyielding stubbornness from her past life.

After a few days, a sudden news bombarded almost half of the entertainment industry.

All major websites were plastered with news of the best actress, Yan Huan, and the singer Song Xihua, having a romantic dinner and spending the night together.

If this had happened in the past, everyone would probably brush it off. After all, it had been two years since Yan Huan's husband passed away. No woman would be devoted to someone dead for a lifetime.

The divorce rate nowadays was over the roof. Getting divorced was possible even if the partner was still alive, hence not to mention if the partner was dead. Moreover, the fans had become more open-minded now, but with a condition that the idol could not be tainted by scandals. Otherwise, they would start losing fans, and they might be driven out of the entertainment industry by their own fans, just like many other celebrities in the past.

Chapter 776: She Didn't Care about Her Reputation

Under such circumstances, neither Yan Huan nor Song Xihua's fans would be unforgiving toward their new relationship.

But that was in the past, before Lu Yi had returned. Though the news was not yet public, Lu Yi's return to the Procuratorate had not gone unnoticed. As of now, no one knew how he came back, where and what he had been doing for the past two years, or who he was with. Neither was there anyone bold enough to make sensational headlines at the cost of Prosecutor Lu's reputation. However, it was unmistakable that Prosecutor Lu had returned.

That made what Yan Huan did outright cheating.

Immediately, her popularity hit rock-bottom. A married woman having an affair with another man behind her husband's back — even fans could not oversee such a blot.

The more famous an actor was, the more they needed to watch their conduct and maintain a clean reputation. Otherwise, what propelled them to fame will become their demise. Yan Huan's manager and company issued no clarifications, allowing the fans to freely launch tirades against her online.

On the other hand, Prosecutor Lu went to work as normal, blissfully unaware of the pictures of Yan Huan and Song Xihua's tryst circulating online, and his new title as a cuckold.

"Are you okay with this?" asked Song Xihua.

"Are you not?" asked Yan Huan in return. In her hand was a mug of warm milk tea that thawed her fingers and sweetened her tongue.

"Answer me," said Song Xihua. He didn't like going back and forth with her like that. "I would have been happy in the past, but what you are doing now is walking down a path of destruction."

"I'm leaving acting behind me, so it doesn't matter to me," said Yan Huan, her hands tightening around the mug. "If it's troubling you, I can issue a clarification."

Yan Huan's reputation was already tarnished, but she didn't wish to drag others down with her.

"You should know my feelings by now," said Song Xihua, holding his cup up, his eyes fixed on Yan Huan. "I will be here for you, even if you lose everything."

Yan Huan smiled, taking in his earnest look with her clear eyes.

The newspapers went pa! as Luo Lin flung them before Yan Huan.

"Do you want me to die, Yan Huan?"

"You don't look very dead to me," said Yan Huan lazily, slouched against the sofa. She was tired and yearned for a nap. Can't she get some peace around here?

"Do you know what you are doing?" Luo Lin yelled into her face.

"It wasn't my fault," said Yan Huan, opening her eyes. "I can't fathom how they managed to take such suggestive pictures, but don't worry, I'll be more careful in the future."

"More careful? That's not the issue here!" This was the first time Luo Lin was this grumpy. Any actor in this world, regardless of their gender and popularity, is willing to go to any lengths to protect their reputation. Yan Huan, on the other hand, seemed dead-set on ruining it all. Yan Huan could not have

achieved so much with her acting skills alone; her good reputation had played a major role too. She used to have the purest name in the industry, but all that had gone down the drain.

"I will release a clarifying statement right away," announced Luo Lin. She had already decided on doing so, but before that she needed Yan Huan's consent. And Yan Huan wasn't being very cooperative.

She's dead-set on making a cuckold out of Lu Yi, wasn't she?

"Clarify? What for?" Yan Huan sat up and leaned against the sofa bonelessly. "He had found another woman and lived with her for two years. Why can't I find another man? Aren't you a firm advocator for gender equality?"

"How is that related?" Luo Lin pulled a chair close and sat down. "If there's really something going on between you and Song Xihua, you would be cheating. It might not be so bad for him, since he doesn't have a strong family background. In fact, he might gain a surge of popularity and attention for his new drama. But what do you get out of it? A divorce? Don't forget that you have a military marriage. If the fault is on you when you divorce, you will not only be condemned by society, but also disappoint your fans."

Yan Huan closed her eyes again, her dense eyebrows quivering gently. To Luo Lin, she gave neither further replies nor her consent. What was there to clarify?

The matter soon snowballed out of control. There were already people demanding Yan Huan to leave the industry, calling her ungrateful and licentious. She was despised by both her own fans and Song Xihua's fans; the whole world had turned into her enemy.

Even so, she made no replies.

Sun Yuhan scrolled through the recent news of the entertainment industry on her phone. Yan Huan and Song Xihua's affair had become the talk of the town. The more the matter escalated, the happier she was. Best if they divorce. It was true that she couldn't disrupt a military marriage, but they couldn't pin it on her if they divorced on their own.

Over the days, the news had improved her mood greatly. Though she had to undergo another surgery, it all turned out to be worth it. Lu Yi was spending all his time with her now, and that left him with no time to care about anything else, including Yan Huan.

Naturally, her jovial mood had helped speed up her recovery too.

A noise came from the door outside. She quickly put her phone away and sat down obediently. She knew it was better for Lu Yi to know last. By the time the whole world knew about it, the Lu Family wouldn't be able to contain the news even if they had a mind to protect Yan Huan.

Lu Yi walked in. He knew that Sun Yuhan was hiding something from her, but he didn't intend on calling her out for it.

He placed the food he bought on the table and scooped them into bowls for her.

"You are ready to be discharged," said Lu Yi coolly. He was becoming more and more like Lu Yi from the past, and that was a huge blow to Sun Yuhan. She could not, and never will understand the man Lu Yi used to be.

He wasn't cold, but his aloofness could drive any woman who liked him insane. Unless they were like Fang Zhu, who bore an equally indifferent attitude towards him. That was the only way to survive as Lu Yi's girlfriend.

Chapter 777: The Reason

Otherwise, the more a woman wanted, the larger her disappointment would be.

"I'm not leaving," Sun Yuhan turned her head away and refused to accept the bowl placed in front of her. If she left the hospital, would he still come and keep her company? Of course not, Lu Yi had a job. He was usually extremely busy at work. Furthermore, with a nanny at home, there was no need for him to return home daily.

As for her leg, she wished that it would never recover.

She felt that she might lose something once she recovered.

Lu Yi set the bowl down on the table and pulled a chair over to sit down.

"It is impossible for you to remain in the hospital forever. If you do not want to stay at my house, I can arrange for you to stay somewhere else."

Sun Yuhan shivered. There was an awkward feeling that she was being seen through. She had to admit that she could not accept the Lu family nor did she like their house. She did not want Lu Yi to know about her feelings, yet he had figured it out anyway.

She reached out to accept the bowl and ate the rice in it absentmindedly. She felt like she was sipping some unknown poison, a few more mouthfuls might cause her death.

"I'll help you get discharged in a while. Where do you want to stay?" Lu Yi asked Sun Yuhan again. Since she was recovered, why remain in the hospital? He Yibin had urged her to leave several times.

"I understand." Sun Yuhan answered softly, but she did not raise her head.

By afternoon, the discharge procedure was complete. Lu Yi helped Sun Yuhan pack up and by nightfall, they were already at the Lu family's house.

When the door opened, Sun Yuhan felt an unexplainable surge of stress press down on her, although there was no one inside. No, apart from Yan Huan; Ye Shuyun and Lu Jin had their own places to stay. Nobody wanted to come back here.

Sun Yuhan clenched her fingers around a corner of her shirt. When she finally loosened her grip, her clothes were wrinkled. No matter what happened, she would not admit defeat. Even if none of the Lu family members accepted or liked her.

After helping her settle in, Lu Yi took out his laptop and went into his room. This was his private space. He was not going to allow anyone in here, including Sun Yuhan.

However, when he switched on his laptop, something skittered across his mind.

He opened up a hidden folder on his laptop, which contained hundreds of photos. They were all photos from recent years, documenting the growth, success and maturity of a certain woman.

Some were a result of his involvement and some were not.

It was not certain what he saw, but his lips curled up all of a sudden. In contrast to his ice-cold demeanour when facing others, there was a soft and gentle feeling in his heart, like the falling of a feather as it brushed against him lightly.

Now he finally understood why he married her before, even though he could not recall it and had eventually forgotten her. In his heart, there was still a space that he could not locate, which did not belong to him.

He leaned back and pinched the space between his brows. It had been hectic at work lately, so he had no time to himself at all, as he had to visit the hospital daily to take care of Sun Yuhuan. He had spent several restless days and sleepless nights in front of his laptop. He had been so busy that he had no time to tune in to the recent news.

Opening up the news site online, he sat down comfortably and started browsing through it. However one of the headlines made him sit up abruptly.

Movie Queen Yan Huan had been spotted in an extramarital affair with Song Xihua, and the two had been living together for quite a while. Apart from that, there were a few photos attached to the article. Although the pictures were sneakily taken, both of their faces could be seen clearly.

The trending news across the internet right now was regarding Yan Huan's affair. An actress who was known to be virtuous and gossip-free could be destroyed completely by this affair. Of course, no one was to blame for this. After all, Lu Yi's resurrection was the catalyst.

Nonetheless, irregardless of Lu Yi's two-year absence, the news was already out and Yan Huan's cheating was now a fact.

Lu Yi switched off his computer. Now he finally understood why those people from the procuratorate were giving him odd looks that held unknown meanings. They were either sympathetic or they were laughing at him behind his back. He felt like a specimen in a museum, like someone had put horns on his head.

He walked over to the window, drew the curtains and just stood there.

Just like an oak tree, he stood firm and tough.

He had never allowed a single flaw to remain in his work, that was how his character was. Even though he had been absent for two years, every single thing that happened in the procuratorate did not escape his eyes. However, his personal life was a mess.

This was probably his first time being in such a dilemma.

Before the rest of his memories came back, he did not know how to face her. This wife he had wed and had deeply loved. The gap in his memory and the lost memories were all hurtful to her.

He thought they would eventually meet after some time, but it was unexpected that they would encounter each other under such circumstances.

Yan Huan had no idea who was outside, but she knew that it was someone familiar who knew to visit here. This was not a publicly known place. Otherwise, those reporters who wanted to dig into her 'affair' and make headlines would have been all over her by now.

As she opened the door, the sight of the man standing outside caused some light refractions in her eyes that eventually transformed into a calmness.

She turned, walked toward the couch and sat down. One must say that she was indeed a very good actress, as she could easily disguise herself as someone that was not her. She could have many personalities, but only few could see through her.

No wonder Old Master Lu had always said that all prostitutes are heartless, just like how all performers are deceitful.

That old man must be very happy now as his words had finally come true.

Lu Yi stood outside for quite some time before he stepped into the house. With his long legs and big footsteps, he only took a few steps to face Yan Huan on the couch.

"I want to know the reason."

He stared at the woman in front of him. She was ravishing with a delicate and stunning face. Men were after all sensual creatures, this he would never deny. Gorgeous women were a sight for sore eyes and would attract all kinds of men.

Lu Yi had to admit that this was true.

"Reason?" Yan Huan was like a stranger to Lu Yi at this point.

Chapter 778: Sorry to Who?

"Why, you ask. Don't you know that a woman has her needs too, Mr. Lu? You have your needs, and so do I," she said pointedly. She would not believe it if he told her they did nothing but chat innocently beneath their sheets for two years.

Lu Yi frowned. He didn't want to explain anything.

Yan Huan leaned against one end of the sofa and propped her chin up on one elbow, her movements languid like a cat.

"But it's good that you are here, Mr. Lu. I have something to tell you too, you see, and this saves me the time to go looking for you."

"Go on," said Lu Yi with a calm that was so profound that Yan Huan could not read his thoughts. It was almost as if they were strangers. The thought made Yan Huan want to laugh.

Perhaps that was good in its own way.

"As you know, we are bound by a military marriage," she began. She turned the ring around her finger gently, her gaze stopping at Lu Yi's fingers. His ring was gone.

Lu Yi clutched his ring finger tightly, from where a vague pain stemmed and spread all the way to his heart.

Yan Huan smiled, a smile that no man could resist. She melted into the sofa. Suddenly, she felt a sharp pain at her tummy.

She was laughing so hard her tummy hurt.

Life was all about laughing, isn't it? What good was crying?

"I'm hoping that..." she looked up, and within her eyes, the twinkle died. "Mr. Lu would grant me a favor."

"A favor?" Lu Yi did not understand. "What do you mean?"

Yan Huan's lips parted gently and let out a few words.

"I want... a divorce."

"A divorce?" Lu Yi's fingers on the table clenched hard. "Because I don't remember you anymore?"

"You think too much, Mr. Lu," Yan Huan got up, walked to Lu Yi, and placed a hand on his shoulder. "I don't love you anymore, Mr. Lu. I want to move on to a new life. You have a new life too, don't you, Mr. Lu? Didn't you promise me that you would give me anything I asked for?"

"A divorce is all that I want now. It's not too much to ask for, is it?"

She ran her fingers gently across Lu Yi's face. I don't want a man who had been used by another woman.

Lu Yi pushed her hand away. When their hands touched, they both felt a scorching pain in their hearts.

Yan Huan snorted softly and returned to her position. Just say yes already, Mr. Lu. Yan Huan pulled a drawer open and found a packet of cigarettes from within. She drew one out from the box and lit it, then pulled on it.

She was a nicotine addict in her past life. In this life she had abstained from it, until now. Still, she remembered the feeling of smoking. Women who smoke are sexy, but, as often as not, seedy at the same time.

That's why most men tend to keep their distance from female smokers.

"Your answer?" asked Yan Huan as she took another puff. "You should know who I am, and my reputation isn't the best as of late. I'm sure you wouldn't want to get involved with me and have more of your history dug up by the media."

That was a threat, Lu Yi knew.

He stood up, turned around, and walked off without a word.

The door closed with a click. Amid the cigarette smoke, Yan Huan took another puff of her cigarette. Her eyes were misty.

"I know you'll say yes..." she muttered. A sharp pain called upon her lower abdomen intermittently.

When Ye Shuyun came over again, she did not know how to face Yan Huan.

Yan Huan sat at the same spot with a cigarette between her fingers. Cigarette butts piled the ashtray; no one knew how many sticks she had run through already. The room was filled with the smell of tobacco.

“What are you doing, Huanhuan?!” Ye Shuyun rushed up to her, snatched the cigarette away, and disposed of it in the ashtray.

“Mom,” Yan Huan blinked. Like a child, she huddled up against her. “Lu Yi came over today.”

Ye Shuyun felt helplessly sad.

“I asked him for a favor...a divorce. But he didn’t give it to me.”

Her voice was soft, but her words were heavy on Ye Shuyun’s heart.

“Have it you thought it through, Huanhuan?”

“Yes...” Yan Huan looked up. “I’ve told you before, haven’t I? He was with me during my journey of self-discovery. He’s very good to me, and during those days I gave him my promise.”

“Lu Yi is honoring his promises, and I’m honoring mine. Isn’t that for the best?”

“He will remember someday,” said Ye Shuyun. She always believed her son would regain his memories someday, for no other reason than him being her son. She knew, for she was the one who had brought him to this world.

He wasn’t someone who would bow down to destiny. Even if he couldn’t remember, he would do his best to regain his past memories. He wouldn’t just let his past self fade into the labyrinth of time.

“But I can’t wait any longer,” said Yan Huan, looking up into her eyes. “My reputation is already tarnished, Mom.”

Ye Shuyun dissolved into tears. She didn’t blame Yan Huan, truly. This wasn’t her fault. It was their fault and Lu Yi’s fault. They never gave her the treatment she deserved, and Lu Yi had let her down. Forgotten all about her.

Yan Huan waited for her answer. All Ye Shuyun wanted to do was to delay, to think it through, to say no.

But in the end, she said yes, in a crying voice.

“You are Mom’s daughter, even if you get a divorce with Lu Yi. You will always be my daughter, I promise.”

Yan Huan smiled, a satisfied smile that had a little smugness in it. But Ye Shuyun wasn’t angry at all. She knew that Yan Huan was using her, but she remembered everything in the past. No amount of wrongdoings or bad decisions could undo what she did for the Lu Family.

They owed their lives to her.

After Ye Shuyun left, Yan Huan was alone again. She drew another cigarette from the carton and began another one. A coughing fit suddenly overcame her. She huddled up and began crying.

“I’m sorry...”

Another apology. Who was it directed towards? Was it herself? Was it Ye Shuyun, whom she had used? Or was it someone else?

Knock, knock. Ye Shuyun rapped on her son’s door.

Chapter 779: Waiting For Time And Death

The door opened quickly. Lu Yi was standing at the door with an expression that was as rigid as his outfit. This was the Lu Yi that was married a few years ago. The past him had returned, but the happiest him remained dead.

“Mom...” Lu Yi called after Ye Shuyun.

“I have something to say to you.” Ye Shuyun sighed gently and walked in. This time, her emotions were calm. This time, she would not be angry. This time, she had resigned to her fate.

Lu Yi closed the door. Sun Yuhan sat outside on her wheelchair, observing everything.

She pushed herself away, took out her mobile phone and browsed today’s news.

Cracks have appeared in Movie Queen Yan Huan and Prosecutor Lu’s relationship, they are alleged to be in the midst of a divorce.

Great, they should get divorced. They should do so immediately, why not? After the divorce Lu Yi would be able to marry me. He promised, didn’t he?

Inside Lu Yi’s room, Ye Shuyun walked to the front of his desk and lifted that photo frame once again. The photo was evidently the same, but she felt that the two people within have been torn apart. What remained of them was just a tattered past.

She left the framed photo facing down on the table and walked toward him.

Once she sat down, she waved Lu Yi over. “Come here son, I have something to say.”

Lu Yi walked over and crouched down in front of Ye Shuyun.

Ye Shuyun’s heart ached for her son, but she wanted to smack him even more. She wanted to punish him for his ungratefulness and his cruelty, but she knew very clearly that it was not Lu Yi’s fault. He had forgotten everything; but how could he forget Huanhuan of all things?

“Lu Yi.” She placed her hand on her son’s shoulders.

“You and Huanhuan should get a divorce.”

Lu Yi pursed his lips tightly and remained silent.

“Let her do whatever she likes. You owe her that much,” Ye Shuyun spoke again. “She has found the life she wants. Son, let her be. I know you, you are not a disloyal man. You are just waiting for your memories to return. You may have the time to wait, but that is not the case for Huanhuan. She is a public figure, do you know what all this gossip will do to her future?”

Lu Yi remained silent. He wanted to ask Ye Shuyun, did it have to end this way? But he could not say his mind. If he could not even remember who she was, what right did he have to question this ending?

“Alright.” He nodded his head lightly. However, the moment that word left his mouth, he felt like his heart was being ripped open. There was a raw tearing pain throbbing through him.

This person must be buried in his memories, but he still could not remember anything. History and memories may be empty in him, but he was sure that his soul had remembered.

However, once he said that word, everything was over.

Alright, he answered.

Alright, he agreed.

Alright, he was willing.

Not long after, Yan Huan received her divorce agreement. She retrieved a box of cigarettes and took one out. With trembling hands, she picked up her lighter and lit it, taking one puff after the other. Even after the smoke had drifted away, her eyes remained hazy.

Freedom, she was finally free.

Lu Yi was still the same. She did not need to go over personally, as he had sent the divorce agreement over. She was an unattached person again. She placed her cigarette near her lips, the red gloss reflecting off her trembling hand.

Their relationship was shattered. No one mentioned anything about affairs or other matters. Now that everything was public, they could never be together again in this lifetime. She looked the same as the photograph. Few could look as pretty as her on an identity card. The heavens had given her a decent physical appearance, but even with her pretty face, she had to go through a divorce.

She put down the divorce agreement and started smoking again. She had gotten addicted to smoking recently. She would not drink, as alcohol was too harmful to her health. She had nothing except her body now. She had to live well and continue living.

Song Xihua could no longer stand her. He snatched away the cigarette in Yan Huan’s hand.

“If you want to die, this is not the way. You might as well jump into the Sea River.”

“Did I say that I want to die?” Yan Huan lifted her eyes briefly. Her red lips were still soft. She retrieved another cigarette from the box and lit it again.

“Okay, no more snatching.” She exhaled a mouthful of smoke. The present her was elegant, gorgeous but unworldly.

“If you take this away, I will have another. Can you confiscate all the cigarettes in the world?” Yan Huan took another smoke, enjoying the exchange between the smoke and the air in her lungs. Lu Yi always smelled clean. He never smelled of cigarettes or alcohol.

And now, she could smell that she no longer had the scent of fresh natural cotton. She had given up on herself, or she could no longer care.

She had lived two lifetimes now. Even if she had to die now, she no longer had regrets.

“What, why are you still here?” Yan Huan exhaled once again, her eyes squinting as she looked at him with hazy eyes. “I’m divorced now. Your manager may begin to clear your name.”

“You know that I don’t want this. I am not so despicable.” Song Xihua sat facing Yan Huan. “I do not need such popularity, I do not need fame.”

“I know.” Yan Huan retrieved yet another cigarette. She wanted to taint her fingers and her scent with it. “That was why I looked for you and not others back then. I know we are friends.”

This made Song Xihua’s heart ache even more.

“You knew what I was thinking?”

“I was married.”

“I know.”

“I am now divorced.” Yan Huan exhaled the smoke lightly. “I want to spend the rest of my life in solitude, without the involvement of any man.”

“Including me?” Song Xihua laughed miserably. Perhaps he had known this from the start, he had understood. But even then, he wanted to try. Maybe there was a possibility, just maybe. But it seemed that he was wrong yet again.

Yan Huan snuffed out the cigarette in her hand. The emotions flowing through her eyes seemed to be shrouded by a cloud of mist.

“Including me?” Song Xihua asked once again.

“Yeah...” Yan Huan answered lightly. “You included, and him.”

She wanted to be alone. She wanted to be in silence.

She was not going to think of anyone, or love anyone.

She was just waiting for time and death.

I have always wondered if my memory was living at the end of this long street, while the death of my life cycle was at the other end of the street.

I am always hiding between dreams and seasons, listening to the flowers and the dark nights singing of nightmares, of splendors, and of the place where memories came from.

Chapter 780: The Actress that Smokes and Drinks

In the darkness I wander aimlessly, lamenting about the sorrows of my life with a soft voice.

She had no idea what she was singing, or chanting. This was the first time Song Xihua saw Yan Huan crying like this, and it was not something he will forget. The despair that comes with a woman’s tears was enough to make anyone want to throttle themselves.

Perhaps death would bring away the pain, the sorrows, the chains.

But life is precious, and thence we must live on until the day we must die.

On the internet, Yan Huan's name began appearing with increasing frequency. She had always a frequent resident of the top ten trending topics, but recently she had simply been hogging the headlines.

Yan Huan Finalizes Divorce with Lu Yi. Are Song Xihua and Yan Huan officially getting together?

Still, the news didn't do much to salvage Yan Huan's besmirched reputation. On the contrary, it made matters worse. All of Yan Huan's sponsors were pulling out. Previously, there had been world-famous brands queueing up to contract her as an ambassador, but the cheating incident had damaged her positive image beyond repair.

But it was different for Song Xihua. His reputation took little damage, and the incident only served to make him more well-known. His agency had also released a statement saying that Yan Huan was just a widow when they got together.

Yes, she was a widow when Lu Yi died, but now that he had revived, she would have to shoulder all the sins by herself.

Sins that were enough to end her acting career.

The Internet was in a shit storm. She was famous for all the wrong reasons. Was she the one at fault? In truth, no. But she was the one to suffer all the condemnations in the end.

Perhaps there's nothing wrong with a woman pursuing true love, but she was in the wrong for getting together with another man after her husband had returned, before they had gotten a divorce.

Yan Huan shut herself at home, refusing to see anyone or answer any calls. The online condemnations, the judgmental eyes, none of that mattered anymore, for she doesn't know what she doesn't see.

What she didn't know was, the widespread rumors about her vanished in a night, as though someone was behind it. Her name was erased from the internet.

Knock, knock. Someone was at the door. She looked up before dozing off again.

The knocking lasted for a while, before silence took over. Then came the sound of locks being turned.

The door creaked open.

Yan Huan laid on the sofa, pretending to be dead. She doesn't see. She doesn't move. She doesn't wake. She was too lazy to bat an eye, even if the intruder was a human trafficker here to kidnap her.

She dozed off again. That's good. Keep sleeping. If she was lucky, she might even die in her sleep. Even if she weren't that lucky, she could end up forgetting about many things by the time she wakes up again.

She jolted awake when a bucket of water splashed down on her face.

Her face, hair, and clothes were all drenched. She shuddered and sat up, sober as a judge.

Even an alcoholic would regain their sobriety when splashed with a bucket of cold water on a winter day.

“Look at yourself!” The voice was so booming that it threatened to blow her roof off.

Yan Huan looked up at the ceiling, which seemed to be trembling. She sat up and searched for a rag to wipe the water off the sofa.

The sofa was expensive. Now that she didn't act anymore, she would best be wise with her money or she will go broke.

When she returned, everything on the table was gone.

Where's her cigarette and lighter?

She dipped her head and prodded the trash bin with her foot. Everything was there, swimming within the waterlogged trash bin. What were these people trying to do? Flood her house?

“Why are you here?” asked Yan Huan as she began to work on her sofa. She didn't seem to mind that she was drenched from head to toe. If she didn't care, why should others care?

“I go where I please, and you best remember that,” said Old Master Lu, studying her. “You look more hideous than a ghost.”

“Agreed.”

Yan Huan didn't care about others calling her ugly. She had never been pretty either, had she?

“Go, Xiao Song,” he slammed the armrest. “What are you standing there for?”

The security officer quickly took the rag from Yan Huan's hand. “Please go get changed, Miss Yan. You would catch a cold in this weather.”

He felt pretty awkward saying that, considering he was the one who splashed water on her. God knows how much he didn't want to be here.

Yan Huan tugged at her clothes and wrung out the water from her sleeves. She then turned around to go get changed. Despite her horrible lifestyle, she didn't intend on getting sick. The only one that suffers when she falls sick would be herself.

The house was all cleaned up by the time she came out with a fresh set of clothes. Even the waterlogged trash bin had been removed. The windows were open. Fresh air rushed in to replace the reek of tobacco.

“Look at yourself,” Old Master Lu curled his lips. He did not like what he was seeing one bit.

“Yeah, I'm looking. What about me?” retorted Yan Huan. She scratched her hair. It was shorter than before. Oh, she remembered now. She had accidentally torched her hair when she was lighting a cigarette. The solution she came up with was to snip off a large portion of her hair. Not like she, or anyone, cares about her hairstyle anyway. No one even saw it until now. Most importantly, she liked her hair short. It was simple and neat, and she didn't have to wash her hair as often.

“It's hideous,” remarked Old Master Lu. “A girl smoking. Who taught you that?”

“No one,” said Yan Huan, sitting down. She opened a drawer. There were no cigarettes inside. She looked up, only to see Old Master Lu’s slanted eyes and long face.

She closed the drawer again. Even if there were cigarettes, the old man would likely chop off her hands before she can reach for another one.

The only thing Old Master Lu hated more than an actress was an actress that drinks and smokes.