

Sweet Wife in My Arms

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Chapter 8: Yan Huan At That Time

The door opened and a woman with short hair came in. Although her hair was so short that it could stand straight up, although her actions were rough, although she was flat-chested, it was not difficult to tell that she was a female.

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“Ah, I’m exhausted,” she flopped onto the small old sofa and then kicked her shoes off without considering the smell of her feet. She couldn’t smell it herself, anyways.

Yan Huan stepped out of the kitchen, holding a bowl of homemade noodless. But at the sight of the woman she blinked and was shocked for a while, the mist of her tears hidden.

“Yiyi...” she whispered. The woman with short hair stood up suddenly and took the bowl from Yan Huan’s hand.

“Huanhuan, very nice of you to prepare instant noodles for me. I’m starving.”

“Eh?” As she moved the bowl closer to herself, Yi Ling’s eyes widened unexpectedly as if she just saw something unconceivable. “Huanhuan, you can cook? Is it even edible?”

Yan Huan bit her fingernails. Despite the ordeal she and her mother had been through in her early ages, she was not a handy person. In those years after her mother’s death, she had learned to at least take care of herself, but the dishes she cooked were just edible enough to keep one from food poisoning, and not delicious at any rate.

“Oh god damn it, just give it to me. it’s better than nothing,” Yi Ling sat down and gobbled down the bowl of noodless. Surprised, her eyes sparkled at the first bite. “Wow, not bad at all. Huanhuan, since when can you cook such delicious noodles?”

“I’m glad you like it,” Yan Huan turned around and went back to the kitchen. Then she lit the gas oven, boiled water, and cooked a pot of noodles once again, her actions just like a robot. When she removed the lid the steam rushing out almost burnt her eyes. She rubbed them promptly, and then put the noodles into the pot.

Sometimes she wondered why her new life couldn’t be set back a few more years before when her mother was still alive, when she had a mother to love her and care for

her. Although she was a child from a single-parent family, she had a mother who loved her so much that she had never needed to cook herself. Despite a tight family budget, her mother had invariably provided her with a decent life with food on her plate and clothes to keep her warm. Compared to other kids, she grew up without lacking anything.

She served the noodles in a bowl and added a poached egg. Her sight was still blurred, as if she was looking through mist, by tears swirling in her eyes. No, not tears, for she would not cry.

But now that she thought about it, what could she do even if she could go back to two years earlier. Her mother would still be sick, sick of a disease that could not be cured. The doctor said the disease was given by Yan Huan's birth, and it had only grown worse after. It was a miracle that her mother had lived until she did. Yan Huan knew that it was only for one's tenacity as a mother, who was worried about the daughter and didn't want to leave her alone in this world unattended, that her mother was able to hold up until she grew into an adult. Only till then did her mother reluctantly yield to her fate.

Yan Huan was just 17 years old then, still a student. Because of her pretty appearance, she was admitted into an institute of art, which was also what her mother was most proud of her whole life. She gave birth to a beautiful daughter, and no matter how difficult life was, she would provide for her daughter's education. Yan Huan was very mature, too, by working part-time to make for her tuition. Only when into the later stage of her mother's sickness did she acquire the knowledge about it that she had been kept from. Teeth clenched, she took as many jobs as she could, doing dangerous stunts as other people's double, hustling from multifarious shooting sites playing extras, in order to earn more money to cure her mother.