

Chapter 811: Starting To Loathe

“Really?” Yan Huan asked as she pinched her face. She felt that she had gained weight since she was becoming chubbier, but fortunately, it did not look obvious.

“Huanhuan, that woman has already left.” Ye Shuyun had been waiting so long to tell her this. Maybe there was an underlying meaning to her words, but Yan Huan did understand what she meant.

However, some things were already impossible.

For instance, the things that were not mentioned by Ye Shuyun or the others.

Anyway, Yan Huan was not curious about why Sun Yuhan left. After all, she herself had been in such a situation. Not many women can escape Lu Qin if he was interested in them.

If Lu Qin had put in effort to charm Sun Yuhan, it would not be difficult for him to get her.

She just smiled instead of saying anything, choosing to remain silent.

Ye Shuyun moved her lips, but she ended up sighing.

She was not sure if these two kids could be together again. But she felt that the road ahead was murky indeed.

“Do you ever think about it?” Old Master Lu asked Yan Huan.

“Think about what?” Yan Huan was hugging Little Bean and playing with its paws. Little Bean had grown into a big fat cat, thus it should be called Old Bean instead of Little Bean right now. Nevertheless, it was still adorable.

“Don’t play dumb!” Old Master Lu rolled his eyes. “You should know what I’m talking about.”

“If you are asking about that matter...” Yan Huan tweaked Little Bean’s sharp ears again. “Then I can only apologize.”

“Not every separated couple could let bygones be bygones and get back together. Others might decide to go through the struggle of coming together again, but I’d rather choose to forget about him.”

She lowered her head and picked up Little Bean before walking away. Deep inside her heart, where no one could see, there existed a barren desert instead of a lush garden.

There was no new life nor any hope in there.

She put down Little Bean and laid on her bed. Her fingers gripped a corner of the blanket.

So what if that woman had left? He was still not her Lu Yi. There was no need to get along with him anymore.

Lu Yi returned home from work and had just arrived when he saw a person standing at the doorway, as if she were waiting for someone. The ‘someone’ could only be him.

He walked toward her and stood in front of that person. He looked down at her with a stony face.

“What are you doing here?” His voice was flat, and his eyes were terrifyingly cold.

She had taken 10 million yuan from him. He had given her all he could. She was the one who wanted to exchange his promise with 10 million yuan. Lu Yi’s promise was worth that much.

Did she really think that by just saying a word or two, mountains of money would just fall from the sky, so much that she might die from being buried in money?

Sun Yuhan licked her dry lips. At this moment, she was sweating involuntarily, drenching her shirt. However, she refused to admit that she was actually afraid of this man. But upon recalling what Lu Qin had asked her to do, she could not retreat, but she had to do it.

“I...” She found herself speechless. It was hard for her to even make a sound.

“I need you to... I need...” Still, she could not voice it out. Need, need, need, what do I need?

“I need some of your blood.”

Lu Yi’s lips curled into a cold smile. “Did Lu Qin send you?”

Sun Yuhan’s face turned pale. She ducked out of Lu Yi’s sight. She did not dare to, and neither could she say the word ‘yes’. And indeed, it was Lu Qin who asked her to do so, but Lu Qin did not tell her the reason.

Lu Yi pulled out his house keys and was about to unlock the front door. Suddenly, Sun Yuhan clutched his sleeves.

“Lu Yi, you owe me this.”

Lu Yi slowly lowered the keys in his hand.

He owed her? Huh? What did he owe her?

“You have to give it to me.” Sun Yuhan’s hand was stuck on Lu Yi’s shirt like a leech. Lu Qin said that she was the only one who could persuade Lu Yi, as Lu Yi had owed her his life. This was Lu Yi’s character, he did not like to be indebted to anyone. If he did, he would certainly pay it back. Therefore, Lu Yi would agree no matter what she requested, including drawing his blood.

Lu Yi extricated his sleeve from Sun Yuhan’s hand.

Sun Yuhan said that he owed her, but both of them knew the truth.

Sun Yuhan looked up with a blinding smile on her lips, “I thought you were a self-righteous person, but in reality, you are just a hypocrite who goes back on your own words.”

Lu Yi had never admitted that he was a gentleman, but he was far from being a hypocrite. He turned around and reached out to open the door. He felt like it was unnecessary to talk to her.

“Lu Yi, you have to follow me to the hospital today,” Sun Yuhan insisted as she tugged at Lu Yi’s sleeve again. “If you are willing to follow me to the hospital today, I would break off our relationship cleanly. If I look for you again, I would be cursed to live a poor and miserable life! And I will suffer a painful death!”

Swearing such a poisonous oath was probably the most unbearable thing for Sun Yuhan to do. She would rather die than go back to her former life, when she was still renting a ten square feet rental room, and had to eat near the toilet.

“Call it even, you promise?” Lu Yi turned around and stowed his keys back into his pocket.

“Yes,” Sun Yuhan gritted her teeth as she nodded.

“Yes, I swear to god.”

Lu Yi did not care much about her oath. Men’s promises were untrustworthy, so were women’s.

He turned around and walked toward his car while Sun Yuhan ran promptly to catch up with him.

“Lu Yi! Where are you going?” she cried out to him as she ran.

“The hospital,” Lu Yi replied curtly as he opened the car door and got into the car.

Sun Yuhan ran over immediately. She opened the car door and got into the car boldly, without asking whether he was willing to send her or not. Lu Yi was reserved and tolerant. Of course, there were many things that no one would know if he did not voice it. For instance, his eyes were obviously loathing Sun Yuhan, but she did not realize it. She had been staying with Lu Yi for two years, but she did not realize that Lu Yi’s ‘unhappy’ mood had turned into ‘loathing’ when she got into his car. Fortunately for her, this was Lu Yi. If he were Lei Qingyi, he would have kicked her out of the car without question.

Lu Yi knew what Lu Qin wanted, but his methods of getting it was rather shameless. Cheating on a woman to save another woman, was he doing the right thing or was he just immoral?

His blood type was the same as Su Muran’s. Su Muran’s current condition could only be cured with a bone marrow transplantation. Yan Huan had told him that the Su family did come to ask for his help when Su Muran got sick in her previous lifetime, and he had agreed. Nevertheless, it was unfortunate that his bone marrow was totally incompatible with her, although their blood types were similar.

Chapter 812: He Wasn’t Compatible

Yan Huan’s bone marrow was a much better match. It wasn’t completely compatible, but still usable. Since Yan Huan was pregnant at that time, the child became Lu Qin and Su Muran’s only hope. Lu Qin was willing to kill his own child for his ambitions and future, but karma prevailed in the end.

Su Muran received the life of the children, but that didn’t prolong her life by much.

If that’s what Lu Qin was after...

He will investigate the matter and make them give up on the idea. He won’t let them lay a single finger on Yan Huan, or her child... though they would never have one in this life.

As for Su Muran’s life, what did that have to do with him?

Sun Yuhan watched him closely after they reached the hospital, as though she was afraid that he would make a bolt for the door. The look in her eyes changed whenever he stopped walking.

After a blood test and a series of check-ups, Lu Yi left the place in large strides. What happens to Sun Yuhan from there had nothing to do with him.

Lu Qin showed up a while after Lu Yi left.

“See? I did it!” said Sun Yuhan, jutting her chin out at Lu Qin smugly.

“I knew you won’t disappoint me. You are the smartest girl in the world,” purred Lu Qin as he embraced her. The scorn in his voice went past Sun Yuhan unnoticed.

Dumbass, he thought with disdain.

“What do you need his blood for anyway?” asked Sun Yuhan. Until now, she did not understand why Lu Qin needed his brother’s blood. Could it be...they weren’t brothers at all?

“I have my reasons, of course,” said Lu Qin, brushing a finger across Sun Yuhan’s face. “Good girl. You have worked hard, so go on home and get some rest. I will go to you when I’m done with my matters.”

“Okay,” said Sun Yuhan reluctantly. “You have to come, okay?”

“Of course...” Lu Qin gave her face a gentle pat. I’ll be there soon... He gave her a look, a look that sapped away her strength and made her shudder.

At the very moment she turned away, Lu Qin’s smiles turned into annoyance.

Nowadays, everyone was rubbing Su Muran the wrong way, especially Zhu Meina, loitering about her in good health. A sick person would never direct their hate towards themselves; that was reserved for healthy people. Why did it have to be her? Why her?

Day-to-day, Zhu Meina went out with her makeup carefully done, and returned with many stuff in her hands. Who knew if they were spoils of her shopping ventures or gifts from others?

“It must feel good to spend money that doesn’t belong to you, huh? You disgusting leech,” said Su Muran sharply. At this point, no makeup could hide the paleness of her face. Blood diseases were nearly impossible to cure, and to make matters worse Su Muran had a rare blood type.

Her parents weren’t young either, and they couldn’t just pop out a baby to supply her with bone marrow.

The existence of the healthy Zhu Meina was a thorn in Su Muran’s heart. Despite being cousins, their blood types weren’t compatible, much less their bone marrows.

Zhu Meina was used to Su Muran’s occasional taunts by now. She wasn’t provoked, however. Why bother getting angry at someone who was on the verge of dying?

“Why are you sitting out here, Ranran? Please go and get some rest! That will help speed up your recovery,” she said with a convincing amount of concern. To Su Muran, however, it sounded as though she was cursing her to die faster.

“Scram!” Su Muran grabbed a vase from the table beside her and flung it out...or tried to, but the vase slipped from her strengthless hands and shattered into a hundred pieces. The vase hit herself on its descent, as opposed to her initial plan of hitting Zhu Meina.

Zhu Xianglan rushed out at the sound of Su Muran crying.

“Mom, Mom...” she wrapped her arms around Zhu Xianglan and began wailing. “Make her leave! Make her leave! I don’t want to see her here!”

Zhu Xianglan glared at Zhu Meina as she consoled Su Muran.

“Leave at once, Meina. I don’t want you anywhere near Ranran.”

“Yes, Mom,” obliged Zhu Meina. She took her clothes and left with a pout. Why am I to blame when she’s the one who’s being overly sensitive, she thought indignantly. Might as well spend the time you use to blame me to rest more. What do I have to do with your illness?

And so what if you are the heiress to the Su Family? You became sick just like everyone else. And soon you’ll die, just like everyone else.

Soon, Lu Qin returned with a dreadful look on his face.

“How did it go? Is Lu Yi compatible?” asked Zhu Xianglan anxiously. The Sea City was a large place, and at first, they didn’t believe they would have trouble finding a donor with compatible bone marrows. As it turned out, Su Muran’s exceedingly rare blood type had made her illness even trickier than expected.

Lu Yi had the same blood as her; if his bone marrows were compatible, they would do anything to make him save Su Muran.

A shame it wasn’t.

Lu Qin shook his head. “The results are out.”

“He’s...not?” asked Zhu Xianglan. Her head buzzed, and the world went black before her for a second. She would have keeled over had she not caught the sofa in time.

His bone marrows weren’t compatible? Was that how it was?

Lu Qin laid down the report onto the table.

“Their HLA doesn’t match at all. He’s incompatible.”

And what did they expect? Even between relatives, bone marrow compatibility has been known to be low, much less strangers with no blood ties.

“What do we do now?” Zhu Xianglan was on the verge of a breakdown. Her daughter was only 27, a woman who was at the peak of her career. How did a healthy woman like her contract such a disease out of nowhere? She was the sole heiress to the Su Family.

“The doctor has said there’s a higher chance for her relatives to have compatible bone marrows,” said Lu Qin with difficulty. When the test results came out, he was feeling even worse than Zhu Xianglan, though it wasn’t because of a fervent devotion to Su Muran; he knew Su Qingdong well enough to know that the man wouldn’t hesitate to kick him out of the family once Su Muran is out of the picture. He could tell that he had been wary of him ever since their first meeting.

That's why Su Muran cannot die. At least not now, not before he can find another woman that could help him realize his ambitions.

Chapter 813: You Can Give Birth To Another Child

There was a higher chance for a family member to be compatible. Zhu Xianglan wanted to cry upon hearing this.

Su Muran was their only daughter, how could she have any siblings? All of them had gone to be screened immediately, but none of them were compatible as Su Muran had a very rare blood type.

What should they do? When all was said and done, what could they do?

Not to mention that they were talking about it here because they dared not let Su Muran know about this. They were worried that she would become pessimistic, which would worsen her condition. Now, she depended on the monthly blood transfusion to stay alive. However, it was not a long-term solution, as she might be infected by other diseases during the blood transfusion. Additionally, transfusion could only be carried out if there was enough blood in the hospital, but her blood type was rare.

At this moment, the door of one of the wards upstairs swung open briefly, before it was closed.

Immediate family and relatives.

Su Muran stood up and walked to the window. She then pulled the curtain aside forcefully and saw Zhu Meina, who was getting into a luxury car in branded clothes and high heels.

"Immediate family, relatives?"

She whispered these words and pressed her face onto the cold glass window.

"Immediate family..."

Out of a sudden, she smiled. Yes, immediate family. If only she had a younger sister or a younger brother.

"Mom, if only I had a younger sibling," sighed Su Muran while leaning on Zhu Xianglan's shoulder, which made Zhu Xianglan's eyes grow bitter.

"But you're the only one Mommy has. You don't have any brothers or sisters."

"You can give birth to another baby," Su Muran said, as if giving birth to a child was as easy as drinking water. Yeah, just give birth to another one.

"Give birth, how?" Zhu Xianglan thought of her age. How could she give birth again, as she was already in her fifties? This had come to her mind at first when Su Muran had just gotten sick. There were people who gave birth to children in their 50s, right? She would give birth to another child if she could do so. To save her daughter's life, she was willing to do anything. However, the doctor told her that she had already reached menopause, and her reproductive organs were senescent. Even though she was willing, it was impossible for an old clam like her to produce a pearl.

"Mom, if you can't, there is still somebody else who can, right?"

Su Muran sat up straight and held Zhu Xianglan's hands tightly.

"Mom, you wouldn't want me to die, right? You will save my life, right?"

"Of course I will save you." How could Zhu Xianglan not want to save her only daughter? She would not let her daughter die, even if it cost her own life.

"Then, please ask Daddy to give birth to a younger brother or younger sister for me." Su Muran's red lips looked pale. She did not have any makeup on right now, and she looked as pale as a ghost. The words that came out of her mouth were also as gloomy as an evil demon.

Zhu Xianglan was stunned. She felt her heart turn cold. The chill almost caused her to shiver, and she gritted her teeth hard.

Zhu Meina stopped at the entrance of the procuratorate and hid herself by the side, waiting, watching, and thinking.

When she saw that person coming out from inside, it seemed like he did not change at all, even after all these years. Only his manner has changed, becoming more calm and mature compared to before.

There was a kind of man who was just like poison. Even after knowing that you would die after approaching them, you still could not bear to be apart from them, and could not leave them even after they had gotten married; even if knowing that it would be impossible for you and him to be together.

Although Zhu Meina was vain and superficial, but she was indeed a woman with lasting affection. Although there were many men orbiting around her, she had never ceased to be faithful to Lu Yi, even after so many years.

She fixed her hair before taking out a little mirror to check her face. She then stood up and pretended as if their encounter was by chance to approach him. Wasn't he divorced? Isn't he single now? She has grown up in these years. She had taken night classes and learned how to cook. She had learned a lot, so he would notice her now, right?

She raised her head. Maybe I could have a word with him if I pretend that we met by chance.

Hello there, what a coincidence.

Do you recognize me?

So you're here, too.

She had imagined that conversation many times and had thought about how it would go. Until the corner of their sleeves touched each other in the air for two seconds, or maybe one second. They then separated immediately and became strangers again

"You..."

She was just about to speak, but the man had marched off. The corner of his sleeve stirred up a cold and indifferent breeze.

She froze in place. Looking at his back, she wanted to cry.

Zhu Meina went back to the Su family, but avoided Su Muran. Recently, Su Muran was behaving like a madwoman. She would look at everyone with hatred in her eyes, especially her. But she had nothing to do with Su Muran's illness.

There were many healthy people all around the world, would she hate all of them?

She peeked carefully into the living room from outside. Seeing that no one was there, she sighed in relief. Encountering that madwoman Su Muran would be the worst, she behaved as if everyone owed her something. Would she be happy only when everyone had caught her illness?

She left her handbag inside her room before coming out to get a drink. She was still trying to avoid being seen by Su Muran, so that she would not be bullied by her.

There was a glass of orange juice on the table, it was her favorite drink.

She walked toward it quickly, and picked it up. She then walked upstairs while drinking the juice.

She wanted to browse her phone for a while, but she suddenly felt dizzy and sleepy.

She set the glass on the table and shook her head. She was so drowsy that she ended up falling asleep right away.

"Dad, over here," Su Muran helped Su Qingdong inside the room. He stank of wine. Bang! She closed the door, and pressed her ear to the door. Only when she heard the bedroom noises inside, did she walk down the stairs in satisfaction.

Zhu Xianglan gritted her teeth tightly on the sofa. It was obvious that she was crying just now. She seemed to be bottling in her emotions while staring at the staircase with rancor.

"Mom..." Su Muran called out to her.

Zhu Xianglan finally relaxed her shoulders and gave her a bitter smile. "It's done?"

"Hm, it's done," Su Muran answered as she sat down, her face was as pale as a ghost. She would be going for a blood transfusion tomorrow. Tch, she truly had enough of this life.

Zhu Xianglan stood up and walked to her bedroom before slamming the door.

No woman could tolerate her husband standing too close to another woman, let alone having a sexual relationship. Especially when that 'another woman' was her niece.

Chapter 814: Photograph

To Zhu Xianglan, this was the greatest insult and humiliation in her life.

What happened in the Su House stayed within its walls. The unthinkable matters that happened within the Su House were beyond an outsider's wildest dreams.

"Are you talking about this?" inquired Lei Qingyi as he placed a large box before Yi Ling.

Yi Ling had the urge to hit him when she saw the box.

"I asked you to take the bag! Does this look like a bag to you?" she yelled, pointing at the wooden box. "Is there something wrong with your eyes? This is a box, for god's sake! Can you not tell between a box and a bag?"

"It was stored inside a bag, though," argued Lei Qingyi feebly.

Yi Ling glared at him and made it look as if he was strangling him.

"You are a helpless idiot, Lei Qingyi."

Lei Qingyi rubbed his head.

"Heh..." he laughed dryly.

"What do we do with this?" he asked, pointing at the wooden box. "Do I put it back?"

"Do whatever you want with it," said Yi Ling dismissively. She wasn't putting much thought into it, and it had been way too long, so for a moment, she did not recall the box's contents.

Just as Lei Qingyi was about to toss it back onto the shelf, something aroused his curiosity.

He recalled vaguely that the box was something Yi Ling treasured.

"Can I see what's inside the box?" he ventured. He wondered what was inside. Could it be trinkets from Yi Ling's childhood? He was getting really curious now. Maybe there were heaps of Yi Ling's childhood photos inside.

"Go ahead! Don't bother me. I'm busy."

Occupied, Yi Ling waved him off without listening properly.

Lei Qingyi sunk into the sofa with the box in his arms. He inspected it for a while... and realized that it was locked.

"Hey..." he wanted to ask where the key was.

"Buzz off. I'm busy," she cut him off before he could finish.

Fine then, thought Lei Qingyi, I'll just have to do it myself.

He gave the tiny lock a squeeze. Oh. It was just an ordinary lock. He could break it easily.

The lock gave way after a few squeezes.

Tossing the lock aside, he opened the box and emptied out its contents—an old box.

He opened it. There was a teardrop-shaped jade pendant within. He wasn't a connoisseur of jade, but he found it pretty. It didn't look like costume jewelry to him. She must have held onto it for a while already, he thought, so why hadn't she mentioned anything about it? Could it be a keepsake from her real parents? Did it contain some sort of clue for her to find them?

He placed the jade pendant back into the box and rifled out an envelope. His hand slipped, and the contents of the envelope fell to the table. Photographs. Lots of them.

He picked one up. "Huh? This person looks familiar. Have I seen her before?"

"She looked a little like... Yan Huan," he mused. In truth, she was prettier and more independent version of Yan Huan. She appeared to be gentle, like a docile lady of noble birth.

Yan Huan was different. She could get even more stubborn than a man at times.

He picked up another photograph. This one was of a woman cradling a little girl. The little girl was chewing her fingers. She was a pretty little thing, with large eyes and a dainty face.

"Huh? How did you get this picture?" Yi Ling snatched it from his hands. "Where did all this come from?"

Yi Ling sat down and inspected the photos. These were photos of Madam Yan!

"She's beautiful, isn't she? Huanhuan inherited her beauty from her," she said, pointing to the woman in the picture.

"Yes," agreed Lei Qingyi wholehearted. She was very, very beautiful. The apple had not fallen far from the tree after all.

Yi Ling began browsing through the pictures. They were all pictures of Madam Yan and Yan Huan. A photo documented each and every of Yan Huan's childhood birthdays. But where had all these come from?

"Where did you get this?" she demanded.

"From that box," admitted Lei Qingyi, pointing to the box.

That was when Yi Ling remembered. She quietly kept all the photos. "Madam Yan had prepared this for Huanhuan. She had told me to only view its contents when Huanhuan runs out of options."

She gave Lei Qingyi a look. "Thanks to you, I have broken my promise."

She scrambled to stuff the photographs back into the envelope. The letter remained unread inside. Lastly, she placed the jade pendant back inside. She had seen that before. It was a keepsake from Madam Yan, so it belonged to Yan Huan now. She had no business to touch it without permission.

Lei Qingyi felt wronged. He had asked her for permission, hadn't he?

He pondered. "Yan Huan's mother told you to open the envelope when Yan Huan runs out of options, but that doesn't seem like a possibility with Yan Huan's current stature."

"True that," said Yi Ling. She wasn't the least bit worried about Yan Huan's current state. "My Huanhuan is rich, famous, and owns her own company. Worse comes to worst, she still has me. With me, she'll never run out of options."

"What do we do with these, then?" asked Lei Qingyi, pointing to the photographs. "At the very least, you should give them to Yan Huan as a souvenir. They are her mother's last gift to her. Are you planning to let these things rot inside here?"

Yi Ling's movements slowed down. She pondered. What Lei Qingyi said made sense. She had already broken her promise anyway, so wasn't it about time to let these photographs return to their rightful owner?

Madam Yan forbade Yan Huan from marking her tombstone with a photograph, and Yan Huan probably didn't have many photographs of her mother either.

She kept the things back into the box, and passed it to Lei Qingyi.

"Give this to Huanhuan for me. I'll be busy for the next few days."

"Got it! It'll reach her hands safe and sound," said Lei Qingyi. Neither of them noticed one of the photographs falling off the table and slipping underneath the sofa.

Chapter 815: Not Talking To A Two-Timer

At night, Lei Qingyi initially planned to send the photos to Yan Huan. But in the end, he noticed that the box was quite old and was not presentable. Wasn't the packaging the most important now? It would be better for him to pack it up. He walked into a bakery and bought a cake. He ate the cake and put the photos in the box. Hmm, perfect!

He put the box onto Lu Yi's car and called him. "Lu Yi, my dear Lingling asked me to pass you something. She said that it belongs Yan Huan. Please remember to pass it to her."

"Okay, I got it," Lu Yi noted it down on the other end of the phone, while his fingers were still flying across the keyboard without pausing.

"Okay, I've nailed it." Lei Qingyi clapped his hands and just left.

When Lu Yi came out after work, his path was blocked by a woman.

"Lu Yi, please give me a ride."

Sun Yuhan reached out her hand to stop Lu Yi, giving him a look that said I wouldn't leave if you won't let me get into your car.

Lu Yi stopped there and took out his car keys. He opened the car door and Sun Yuhan climbed into his car immediately. Of course, she did not feel like she was being shameless.

There was a car right before her, why would she not take advantage of a free ride?

Anyway, she firmly believed that Lu Yi had owed her from the start till the end. She had forgotten that she has severed ties with him several times. She had requested 10 million yuan on the first time, and Lu Yi's blood on the second.

She was just like a vampire, sucking Lu Yi's blood from time to time.

"Pull over, please!" she cried out loud. She picked up the cake that she had bought and got down from the car.

While Lu Yi drove to Old Master Lu's Classical Garden, he noticed a small box laying in his car.

It should be a cake, Lu Yi concluded after a glance.

It was days away from Yan Huan's birthday, why would Yi Ling send this to Yan Huan? Yan Huan did not like cream to begin with, as cream has a high calorific value, so she would gain weight easily after eating it. She would only take a few bites of it on her birthday every year, but she would not even bat an eye at those cakes on any other day.

However, he would just bring it over, since it was given by Yi Ling.

Yan Huan was sitting on the sofa while reading a book. She looked spirited. It was not surprising that one would become healthier after staying in this place with marvelous scenery. Moreover, drinking this soup everyday would not fatten her, but instead it did improve her health by quite a bit, compared to before.

Lu Yi walked over and put the box in his hand on the table. Yan Huan turned her face away. "I don't want it."

"It's from Yi Ling."

Lu Yi sighed lightly. Why would she do this every time? Does she hate me so much?

Yan Huan threw the book in her hand aside and held the box in both hands. She walked into her room and closed the door with a loud bang.

"There's nothing wrong for a young couple to argue sometimes. Everything will be okay after having a row," the housekeeper said with a smile when she came out.

Lu Yi sighed lightly deep inside his heart, without explaining anything.

He and Yan Huan were not arguing, but going through a divorce.

He picked up the book that Yan Huan had thrown aside. 100,000 Whys?

When did she start to read this? Maybe it was a very thought-provoking book, or perhaps the book was simple and readable. He put the book in front of him and flipped through it, ignoring the childishness of the book.

As for Yan Huan, she had already taken the box into her room. She opened it and saw a pink cake inside, as expected.

When did Yi Ling have this kind of disgusting taste? Did she not know that Yan Huan despised the color pink the most? Pink is for young maidens, but she was an aunty now, an old aunty.

Nevertheless, she still picked up the necessary cutlery and took a bite.

It was quite sweet and creamy, but it was delicious. She took another bite before she stopped wanting any more.

At this moment, her cellphone rang. She reached for it and took a look at the screen, noticing that it was a call from Yi Ling. So, she put the cellphone near her ear.

"Did you receive my present?" Yi Ling asked through the phone.

"Yes, I've received it," Yan Huan replied as she took another bite.

"Aren't you surprised?" Yi Ling was a bit puzzled. Didn't the contents inside surprise her, or excite her?

“Why am I supposed to be surprised? It’s delicious, thanks,” Yan Huan bit the fork and stopped. It was too sweet, but she appreciated Lingling’s gift, as she had eaten a big piece of the cake.

Delicious? Why would the thing be delicious? Yi Ling did not understand what she was referring to. Perhaps Yan Huan was eating something else, so she did not think too much about it.

After all, she had passed all the things to her, so she had accomplished what Yan Huan’s mother entrusted her to do. She was told to pass it to Yan Huan only when Yan Huan had no way out. And now, it really did seem that she was at a dead end.

She was divorced and was involved in many scandals. Although her name had been cleared, but she could not fully regain her reputation and her acting career had suffered unprecedented damage as a result.

Although this might not be the worst period for her, but I do hope that she won’t suffer any more in the future, Yi Ling consoled herself. I didn’t do anything wrong, did I? Hopefully not, so that she would not turn into a big fat pig for breaking her oath.

Yan Huan cut the cake into pieces and brought it out.

She gave a big piece of cake to the guards and housekeeper, and a small piece of cake to Old Master Lu.

Old master Lu opened his eyes widely. It was such a little piece. It was just a little bit of cream with a small piece of fruit.

“Are you feeding a chicken?”

Old Master Lu was gritting his teeth when he said this. Why did everyone get a big piece of cake but what he got was just as big as his fingernail?

“You have diabetes, so you shouldn’t eat too many sweets.”

Yan Huan glanced at the bit of cake in Old Master Lu’s hand. If she did not care for his pride, she would not have given him any.

She considered herself generous to let him eat this much. Otherwise, she would just let him watch without tasting it.

Old Master Lu gazed at everyone, but they were all busy digging into their own cakes. None of them gave him a single drop of attention.

Lu Yi’s hands were empty, and there was nothing in front of him. So, he was the most discriminated in the house.

Old Master Lu felt better when he noticed that there was nothing in his grandson’s hands. Yan Huan then walked to the farm and squatted down to weed the field.

“You are doing great,” Lu Yi commented as he walked over and rolled up his sleeves. His weeded very quickly, so it was obvious that he had done this before.

Yan Huan did not want to talk to him, as she did not want to talk to a two-timer.

Chapter 816: Don't Ask Why

"Do you have to be like this, Huanhuan?"

Lu Yi frowned and reached out, trying to adjust Yan Huan's hair, but ended up smearing mud on it instead. A pile of mud fell from her hair as she lowered her head. She bristled. Was this man intentionally smearing mud on her?!

Bending over, she grabbed a fistful of mud and tried to hurl it at Lu Yi's expensive suit. Instead, she lost her balance and plunged into the freshly-watered soil.

Pa! She crashed into the mud. Lu Yi quickly went to give her a hand, but it was too late. The damage was already done; she was a pitiful thing plastered in mud.

The mud on her clothes smeared onto Lu Yi's as he helped her up.

When the two of them returned, Old Master Lu's eyes were as wide as a bull's.

"Aren't you two too old to be playing with mud?"

Yan Huan glanced at her draggled clothes, then turned and gave Lu Yi a sharp look. Suddenly, she reached over and smeared his face with the mud on her hands.

Revenge was a dish best served cold.

Old Master Lu shook his head and ordered the security officer to push him out.

"Youngsters these days, playing with mud out of all the things they could do... Back in my days, we used to do that too, but those were hard days. Why play with mud with all the gadgets they have these days?"

Yan Huan didn't even dare go into the house with her mud-caked clothes, in fear that she would dirty the floor. Thankfully, Old Master Lu preferred marble tiles to wooden ones, else she would be committing a sin here. It took forever to clean up wooden floorings.

When she emerged again, she was all clean and fresh, but with a sullen look on her face. There weren't any clothes available for Lu Yi, so he slipped into one of Old Master Lu's martial art suits. Lu Yi was the kind of person that made everything look good on him. He could don a rough sack and rock it all the same.

His rolled-up sleeves exposed his knotted arms. He wasn't excessively muscular, but there was a masculine beauty to his well-defined muscles.

Yan Huan was munching on a slice of cake when she walked out of her room.

Lu Yi looked up at her.

"Don't eat too much."

Yan Huan ate more and faster.

What made him think he could tell her what to do? Who was he to her, even?

Lu Yi stood up, walked into the kitchen, and came out with two glasses of milk. He placed one cup before her.

Yan Huan stared at the glass of milk, then looked up and studied the man before her grimly.

“What do you see?” Lu Yi raised a cup to his lips and took a gulp. It was a familiar, nostalgic place. He had been drinking milk on a nearly-daily-basis ever since he got together with Yan Huan.

He didn’t like it at the start, but the habit grew on him and he was stuck with it before he knew it.

Yan Huan raised the cup to her lips and began drinking.

Oh, so you remember now. So what? You were still a cheating jerk.

Lu Yi drank another mouthful of milk, his dark eyes fixed on Yan Huan.

“I didn’t betray you.”

“Like hell I’ll believe you.”

Yan Huan began mimicking his movements. Whenever he drank, she drank.

“I never wanted the divorce either.”

“Like hell I’ll believe you.”

“You were the one who wanted it.”

Yan Huan plunked her glass on the table.

“I’m a public figure, for your information. Are you asking me to put up a show by being on the receiving end of the divorce?” she retorted. “I would rather be the one who divorced you. Keep in mind that I am the one who dumped you, not the other way round.”

“Was it really for that?” Lu Yi knew Yan Huan better than to buy that. It would have made sense if she had killed him, and then herself.

She wasn’t someone who would sacrifice herself for the happiness of others, not after a life of cowardice. In this life, she would have the last laugh even as she draws her last breath. She wouldn’t ruin her own reputation just to divorce him and then gets caught cheating.

Yan Huan cheating on him was something he would never believe.

“What was the real reason?” pressed Lu Yi. Yan Huan clearly wasn’t keen on

giving him an answer. She stood up with a glass of milk in her hand, and turned around when Lu Yi did the same.

“Stop following me, or I’ll sue you.”

That was the most empty yet most effective threat. She returned to her own room and slammed the door shut, locking herself in.

She gently set the glass onto the table, then turned and plunged into the soft bed. She clasped the blankets.

“What’s the point of asking? What good is there in you knowing about it?”

“I’m the one who can’t have a child...”

She curled up into a tight ball, but didn’t cry. She didn’t want to. She wanted to laugh, no matter how hard things get. She wanted to spend this life laughing.

The wind began gusting outside. New leaves sprouted from the bare branches, fluttering frailly in the wind but holding on.

Such was life, and such was growth.

A corner of the curtain was lifted by the wind, the blue flower printing on it seemingly blooming.

Can you hear the sound of a flower blooming?

A flower blooming in the wind, its fragrance wafting through the air.

It was almost 11 PM when Sun Yuhan reached home. She had gotten used to her lavish lifestyle; not like she would run out of money anyways. With ten million in her account, she could simply be living on the bank interest. Plus, she had Lu Qin.

Once Su Muran dies, Lu Qin would belong to her. She didn’t know what kind of condition Su Muran had, but it didn’t seem to be something she would be recovering from it.

She was drunk and wobbly.

Right, her cake... How could she have forgotten about it? She walked to the table to find her cake. There it is. But she realized something was off once she grabbed hold of the bag.

She belched.

Chapter 817: The Hidden Secret

It was definitely not her cake as her cake was not as light as this object. It was so light-weight as though it was only filled with a few pieces of paper. If so, where did she leave the cake? She was a bit muddled right now as she started to lose consciousness as a result of being drunk.

Oh, how could she forget that there was a similar packaging box in Lu Yi’s car? She had taken a purposeful glance at it at that time but she still ended up getting the wrong package. However, there was such a big difference between their weights. She was wondering what she was thinking about during that time, resulting in her taking the wrong package by mistake.

She pushed the box forward. She was not delighted as she had no cake to eat. Lu Qin was accompanying his dying wife now and she had no one to accompany her. Therefore, she was not content at all, but instead, she was in utter frustration.

She then stood up in a hangover manner and strode toward the bedside, she sprawled across the floor, falling wide asleep until the next morning. She was much sober now but she had a painful migraine due

to a hangover. She sat up with the unpleasant smell of liquor. Back then, she was able to sleep outside the restroom, but now, she could not even bear the slightest sense of odor.

She went to the bathroom to take a luxurious bubble bath before she would go for facial treatment and then for a hairdo. At this moment in time, she felt as though she had been living in vain back then.

A woman should lead a life as such, isn't?

She blew dry her hair as she walked over to search for something. She ended up fixing her gaze at the cake box being placed on top of the table.

Was this the cake she purchased yesterday? No, she recalled that she had mistaken it when she got a ride from Lu Yi. Hence, this belonged to Lu Yi while her cake was still with Lu Yi.

Why did he not realize that his belongings were taken wrongly? Was he waiting for her to send it back to him or was it something which was not precious so he wanted to use it as an exchange for a cake?

She sat down and thrust the towel aside. She lifted up the cake box and threw it into the rubbish bin nearby. But after a moment, a thought flashed through her mind and eventually, she picked it up from the rubbish bin. She tossed it onto the table and opened it out of curiosity.

It was a wooden case and its weight was not light, however, it was still lighter than her cake.

Along with a snap, the wooden case was opened. It looked rather worn out, regardless of its exterior or interior, seemingly it was an antique.

A huge envelope was laid in the box with something in it. She fetched it out and shook it, it was as though something was kept inside. She threw all the things onto the floor and a collection of photos fell from the envelope.

It was a young lady. She picked up the photos. The lady was lovely and she looked as if she was in her 20s although her clothes appeared to be out of date. Then, she took out another photo and this photo looked slightly older. She was carrying a beautiful baby girl in her hands. The baby girl's eyes and eyebrows were similar to the lady. Based on the lady's appearance, the baby girl would definitely be a natural beauty when she was fully grown.

That being said, the world was so unfair. She was hideous since young and sometimes she had been thinking if she was abandoned by her parents due to her ugliness. As such, they dumped her in the orphanage to let her run her course.

Other kids could get their adoption family but nobody wanted to adopt her. After all the trouble, she hardly found someone to adopt her but she was still abandoned in the end. She had never enjoyed three meals per day ever since she had left the orphanage. Till now, she was still ugly.

If she was half the look of the woman in the photo, then she would not have to live such a miserable life.

Only a few photos – from a young lady to hugging a baby in her arms until she attended school. It appeared as though a photo was taken once a year. To Sun Yuhan's surprise, she could trace the presence of Yan Huan in the photos.

Once again, she took a photo and put it in front of her. Indeed, it really looked like Yan Huan.

She threw the photos onto the table with hatred. Then, she took out the envelope, it seemed like there was something inside, something miniature yet heavy.

She opened the envelope and placed the thing on her palm. It was a tiny teardrop-shaped jade pendant; it looked pretty good according to the quality. If it was in the past, she would definitely cherish it but it was different now, she did not bother much at all as she had money now. She could get anything she wanted, no matter if it was gold or diamonds, not to mention that she had a liking for gold more than jade.

This jade pendant was quite ancient-like. She threw the jade pendant aside as she despised this inconspicuous old item. Besides, there was a piece of letter-like paper being thrown out together with the envelope. She took it over, realizing that it was folded properly with quite a number of words being written in it. As expected, it was a letter.

She opened the letter without any concern.

She did not feel wrong at all to read someone else's letter. After all, things were in her hand right now so what if she had read it.

Huanhuan, I'm your mother.

This sentence had further confirmed Sun Yuhan's thought earlier. She conjectured that it was Yan Huan's, and as expected, she had inherited such a gorgeous look from her parents.

She continued reading.

"When you received this letter, I might not be alive anymore. Actually, I wish that you would not receive this letter forever and could live a peaceful yet simple life."

"I have told Lingling to pass you this letter when you came to a dead end. Perhaps this could help you but it might let you be apart from a quiet life and turn your world upside down. But do you know that I don't want you to find out about this for you have to bear with it and make a choice after you've known it? So, I hope that you would never have to know about this."

"When you were still young, you've been asking me where your father is but I've never told you."

"Actually my surname is 'Ye' instead of 'Yan'. You still have other close relatives. You have a grandfather, grandmother, an uncle and an aunt, other than me."

"As for your father, he is still alive but I don't want you to identify him. He is not a good man and I'm worried if he were to express his false love for you, and eventually use you as a tool. So daughter, if possible, I hope you would not recognize him. If you really did, I wouldn't stop you. At this moment, I've already gone. However, you have to be careful as somebody may harbor evil intentions."

"Mom somehow believes that he would not treat you sincerely."

"In fact, the story began long ago, even when you were still not born yet. I used to be a naive student just like you, thinking that I would go on my simple and smooth sailing life and get married to the right person with well-matched family background, just like your grandmother..."

Chapter 818: Deceit

It was a long letter, and Sun Yuhan's shock was increasing as she read on. By the time she reached the last word, she was astounded beyond belief.

Yan Huan was that man's daughter.

Her eyes were bulging, the letter quivering gently in her hands.

Yan Huan's mother didn't have a surname of Yan; she was Ye Rong, Ye Jianguo's daughter and Ye Chuji's sister, a woman born in a scholarly and wealthy family. Currently, the Ye Family was one of the most notable families across the entire Sea City.

As a girl, Ye Rong was doted upon. If she was still alive, she would definitely have been married to a wealthy, or at least powerful, family. A commoner wouldn't have been able to marry the scion of the Ye Family.

The Ye and Su Family appeared to have a neutral relationship on the surface, but beneath that laid a long-standing feud. This was something both families were well-aware of, but the two families maintained outward neutrality. Beyond that, there wasn't much interaction between them.

Ye Rong was only a college student at that time, but she was already famous throughout her campus for her good looks and impressive family background. Her existence had garnered the attention of many young males, but she was shy by nature and interacted little with her male contemporaries.

At that time, Su Qingdong was two years further into college. He too had a good family background, and he spoke good English on top of that, earning him the nickname of "Prince".

A prince is meant to be with a princess, and their families were of equal footings.

Those had all happened twenty years ago, and Sun Yuhan from today could not have comprehended the type of lives people led back then. During that era, people were simpler, purer, and devoid of schemes and plots.

Ye Rong was only a young girl, inexperienced with the ways of the world, a stranger to love. She was clean and pure like a blank sheet of paper, yet composed at the same time.

That changed ever since her encounter with Su Qingdong.

He was handsome and refined, famous throughout the campus for his academic achievements.

Beauty drew heroes, and women loved talented men. It was the same for the young Ye Rong. There were times when her heart fluttered and had butterflies in the stomach. The cause of that was none other than the man named Su Qingdong.

However, she knew inwardly that there would never be a marriage between the two rival families, so she buried her feelings deep inside her heart, and only confided them to one good friend — Zhu Xianglan.

But some things are unavoidable — like looks, and feelings. Su Qingdong was a lady's man, and he could tell at a glance which woman harbored feelings towards him. How could the naïve Ye Rong be his match? In a few days, she had fallen head over heels for him.

They kept their relationship a secret, and were always fearful of being discovered. That was especially so for Ye Rong, whose family had already found her a match. The two pertinent families never made the news official, but they were ready to announce it once Ye Rong graduates from college. It's not hard to imagine the pain, the inner conflict, and the pressure Ye Rong suffered during that time.

She thought that maybe if they worked hard together, a reconciliation between the two families might have been possible, and that maybe they could be together one day. One day, when she went to look for Su Qingdong, she overheard a conversation between him and another person. The voice belonged to a woman, a woman she was very familiar with.

It sounded like... Zhu Xianglan.

"You couldn't have really fallen for her, right?" asked Zhu Xianglan, stroking her tummy as she stared straight into Su Qingdong's eyes.

"You are not being serious, are you?" asked Su Qingdong, putting on a tough front with an impassive face. "You should know why I approached her. I don't even like her. I was just curious to see what was so different about the noble lady of the Ye Family. Turns out, she fell for me just like the others. Like you," said Su Qingdong. He was young and vain, and his pride wouldn't allow him to admit to liking Ye Rong. Ye Rong was pretty, good-natured, and fiercely loyal; every quality a man could ask for. It was a shame that she was from the Ye Family.

But his ego forbade him from confessing his true feelings, not even before Su Ancheng.

"What about me, then?" asked Zhu Xianglan. She stood up and huddled against Su Qingdong. "I'm your girlfriend, but I have to stand there and watch the two of you playing couple. Have you thought about my feelings?"

"Jealous, are we?" Su Qingdong suddenly drew closer to Zhu Xianglan's ear. His hot breath sapped the strength out of her.

Then came the bestial noises of intercourse.

It was hard to stand, and a little gross.

What happened next was simple, even for a naïve girl like Ye Rong.

When she got back home that day, she got struck down by a serious illness, an event that deeply shocked the people around her.

In her misery, she spoke gibberish which no one understood.

When she appeared at school again, she stopped paying any heed to Su Qingdong.

That was something Su Qingdong couldn't accept. He demanded a reason, but Ye Rong gave nothing. On one fateful day, the disgruntled Su Qingdong, under the influence of alcohol, took her by force.

When Ye Rong got home, she didn't tell anyone about it. Soon, she heard about Su Qingdong and Zhu Xianglan's engagement. The talk all across campus was that it was a shotgun marriage triggered by Zhu Xianglan's pregnancy.

The Zhu Family made a scene at the campus, and the Su Family had no choice but to comply. They didn't have the face to lose, and didn't want to be at the center of all the rumors and condemnations. In the end, Su Qingdong married Zhu Xianglan — Su Muran's mother.

Ye Rong cried, wallowed in self-pity, and went through hell. Her best friend and lover had betrayed her at the same time, but that wasn't the worst part; she was pregnant. She couldn't accept it, but at the same time there was nothing she could do about it. It broke her. Her child was two months younger than Zhu Xianglan, which meant that the two of them had gotten together before he even approached her. They had been deceiving her all along.

Chapter 819: A Fearless Decision

She was reluctant to part with her child and parents, but she knew that if Ye family members realized the presence of this child, the only consequence was to abort it forcefully.

This was her child, she could not bear the thought of leaving her. Thus, she left with her child and distanced herself from the Su family and the Ye family. This was all done for the sake of preventing the incompatible condition between the two families.

She loved Su Qingdong, but it was expressed in another way. However, she did not expect that she would never meet everyone again after she left.

Until later, she wandered around and lastly, she managed to encounter an amiable married couple. Their daughter was kidnapped and lost so Ye Rong stayed with them and turned into their daughter.

She had changed her surname into 'Yan'. They had taken good care of her and never asked about the father of her baby. They had always treated her like their own daughter. It was not long before she gave birth to a daughter and named her 'Yan Huan'. However, she was shameful to meet the members of the Ye family so she never told Yan Huan about her life experience. She was not willing to let others know that she was actually Ye Rong even after she passed away.

Sun Yuhan placed her bottom on the sofa and she had almost finished reading the letter in her hand up until that point.

The content was nothing else but the family background of Yan Huan. It was written if Yan Huan had come to a dead-end, she could seek help from the Ye family by looking for her grandfather, Ye Jianguo, and his uncle, Ye Chuji. However, she should never think of looking for the Su family for help as this was her last way out. After all, she did not want her daughter to be involved in the grudge between the Ye family and Su family.

However, she did not expect that her daughter was not found by the members of the Su family but was in fact, killed in their hands. Perhaps, it was fate. Of course, this was a matter of the past life. In the previous life, Yi Ling died young and Yan Huan's mystery family background was burned together with Yi Ling's body, including this incident.

Yan Huan never knew that this was the mystery of her family background. As for the Ye family, it collapsed as a result of being set up by the Su family. Perhaps some of the things were meant to happen, for instance, the relationship between Yan Huan and Su Muran.

Both of them were enemies but also sisters. No wonder Yan Huan's bone marrow could save Su Muran's life, and the umbilical cord of her child was even more suitable.

However, all these were long forgotten and buried in the dust of ashes.

If Yan Huan was not reborn, no one else would happen to know about this, including Sun Yuhan.

The letter in her hands drifted to the ground. Sun Yuhan picked it up and crumpled it up.

As she was about to tear it off, she hesitated her decision, thinking if she should keep it. No, she shook her head. This should definitely not be kept. She picked up the letter and crumpled it up before tearing it off. She then threw it into the rubbish bin. As for the photos, she tore them off as well.

However, she did not know how to handle this situation now. If Lu Yi had lost such an important thing, he would surely look for it. What she did not understand was why Lu Yi did not even speak a word until now.

She fished out the pendant and placed it into the drawer. In regards to the other photos, she wanted to tear them off originally but she changed her mind in the end. She locked them together inside the drawer.

Several days had gone by and she had yet to leave her house. Even so, Lu Yi did not send anyone over. Could it be that these things are not important anymore? Or have they forgotten about this?

Impossible, Sun Yuhan did not believe that he would forget about such a thing.

There were things that one could forget, but not other things unless Lu Yi totally had no idea of the thing being left in his car.

She took out her cell phone and could not help but to dial his number.

"What's the matter?" When the call was connected, Lu Yi spoke coldly, making Sun Yuhan felt unbearable. He had been saying that he would marry her, but now he acted this way. All of these were because of that bi*ch Yan Huan.

"Nothing." Sun Yuhan pretended to relax. "I've left something in your car, have you ever seen that?"

"Aren't you holding your things all the while?"

Lu Yi spoke indifferently. Although he could not recall exactly, Sun Yuhan had been looking after her belongings very carefully and she had been protecting her own belongings extremely well since young. It was impossible for her to lose her belongings and benefit others.

"Oh, I see. Maybe I have made a mistake." Sun Yuhan clenched her fingers. "I saw a cake in your car at that moment, that packaging was from Zen Bakery, right? I didn't know you favor that too."

"It's none of your business."

Lu Yi did not want to further his conversation with Sun Yuhan. They had clearly done all the math and now they did not owe each other anything.

Along with a toot sound, he hung up the phone and the beeping sound indicating disconnection could be heard.

Sun Yuhan put her cell phone down and opened up the drawer. She took out the teardrop pendant again. It looked a little bit old but it must be once an exquisite item 20 years ago. She could imagine how rich and influential the Ye family was in the old days. Of course, the Ye family was still rich and influential nowadays.

They were the first to own a private airport nationwide – even Su family was not part of it.

The Ye family...

She curled her hair and made a fearless decision covertly.

She could either choose to lead an ordinary life with 10 million dollars or possess a rich and influential family background so that she would not be worse than Yan Huan and Su Muran. With that, Lu Qin would then marry her. If she succeeded, she would become a life winner.

She stood up and placed the jade pendant into the drawer gently. She locked it and then opened her wardrobe to look for her most ordinary pair of clothes. She dressed herself up as a woman from the countryside.

Yan Huan would run a few laps along the mountain road every morning to breath in the fresh air. As such, this had lifted up her spirit for the rest of the day.

By the time she returned, her body was drenched with sweat after running a long distance. However, she felt more relaxed in doing so. Now, she had the urge to come over every day to run for about an hour if not she might feel uncomfortable.

Indeed, that statement was certainly true.

Exercising was the meaning of life.

She carried a towel to wipe her face. The red blush revealed on her cheeks made her look extremely healthy. But after a moment, the color drained from her face. However, she believed that she would get better soon as long as she soldiered on it.

Chapter 820: Torn Scalp

She wiped at her sweat as she walked, paying no heed to a person that was walking towards her. The person had their heads dipped low, which made it hard to tell their gender, but they were walking at a considerably fast pace.

She wasn't in private property and it wasn't strange for someone else to be there, so she paid little attention until the person rammed right into her.

She felt a sharp pain at her scalp before she could say anything. It felt as though something was tearing at her scalp.

She reached out, touched her hair, and realized something had caught it.

“Stay still,” she said as she untangled her hair. She managed to extricate herself before long, though her scalp was still aching.

As she was about to say something, she realized that the person had ran off.

“Geez, not even an apology?” she complained as she massaged her scalp. It hurt really badly. The person must have pulled off a good amount of her hair.

Unbeknownst to her, the person who was wrapped in layers of clothes stopped at an empty place and opened their fist, revealing a lock of hair.

Yan Huan was stroking her head as she entered the Classical Garden.

A hand reached over and grabbed a hold of her arm. She tried to bat it away, but that only made her captor tighten his grip. She didn't have to look to know who it was. The familiar fragrance could only have come from Lu Yi.

“What happened?” he asked. He was a lot taller than her, so he noticed her bleeding scalp the moment he looked down.

“It got caught when someone bumped into me,” said Yan Huan without putting much thought into it. Driven by pain, she touched her scalp again.

“Stop touching it. Your scalp's bleeding,” he said.

Lu Yi pulled her down by the hand and pushed her onto the sofa. Yan Huan tried to wrench herself free, but Lu Yi's firm grip made it impossible to move.

“Stop throwing a tantrum. I'm going to apply some ointment to your scalp.”

Lu Yi pressed her down on the sofa, retrieved a first-aid box, and began working on her scalp.

It hurt so much when the ointment touched her wound Yan Huan almost cried.

“The pain will go away in awhile,” assured Lu Yi. A stone-hearted man he was, emptying the entire vial onto Yan Huan's wounds without any clemency.

Yan Huan felt a strong urge to share her pain, and soon her nails were digging deep into Lu Yi's arms. Lu Yi kept going, apparently impervious to the pain, not making so much as a grunt.

Yan Huan loosened her claws when Lu Yi set down the ointment bottle.

“Are you not mad at me anymore?” asked Lu Yi, hunkering down before her. He always knew Yan Huan was stubborn, but the extent of her stubbornness still surprised him.

How long has she stayed mad at him already?

“What are you talking about?” said Yan Huan. She tugged at her hair. Her scalp still felt uncomfortable, but she wasn't foolish enough to aggravate the wound further by touching it. She would have to avoid water too, she realized, and she wouldn't be able to run the following day. She would have to inspect it thoroughly through a mirror later.

“You know what I’m talking about,” said Lu Yi, pulling her hand down. Yan Huan tried to wrench free, but in the end she realized it would only hurt herself if she did that, considering how tight Lu Yi’s grip was.

“Does you make you feel good about yourself to bully a widow?” she asked, looking up. Her tongue was as poisonous as the old Lei Qingyi.

“Am I dead to you?” asked Lu Yi, raising an eyebrow. He wasn’t in the least bit angry, of course.

“Aren’t you?” Yan Huan’s eyelashes drooped. Her husband even had a gravestone. She wrested her arm from his hold again. “He would never have forgotten about me. Neither would he team up with others to bully me.”

She thought about how good Lu Yi used to treat her; even amidst a flood, he didn’t hesitate to trade his life for a chance for her to live. The thought made her sad. How could this man be her Lu Yi? This jerk who had forgotten all about her and tried to marry another woman?

“I’m sorry...” said Lu Yi, stroking her hair.

I forgot. I couldn’t remember. None of these excuses could justify his actions.

“I’m not a jerk, though,” he said. He hated the word, a word Yan Huan had associated with his name. “So could you stop calling me a jerk in the future, Miss Yan?”

“If the shoe fits, wear it,” snorted Yan Huan. She stood up and raced to her room. To her, Lu Yi was very much a jerk.

Lu Yi rose and shook his head lightly. She hadn’t changed at all. He could never win her in an argument.

Yan Huan shut the door and examined her wound through a mirror. Carefully, she parted her hair, and almost immediately she winced from the pain.

Looking at the gash, it wasn’t a small wound either. She wondered just how much hair the stranger had ripped off her. Looks like she would do well to abolish any thoughts of having a shower on that night.

Knock, knock. Someone was at the door.

She opened the door, and tried to close it when she identified her visitor, but the man barred the door with his hand.

Yan Huan let go and sat back down on her bed.

“What on earth do you want from me? We’re divorced, remember?” She had enough of Lu Yi. They weren’t husband and wife anymore, but strangers who had nothing to do with each other. Why must he show up before her day after day?

She tried to touch her hair again, but Lu Yi stopped her.

“Stay still. You are injured,” he said as he stood up. He leaned forward and carefully spread her hair apart with his bony fingers. The pain made Yan Huan want to bite someone.

“Lu Yi...!” she kicked him hard. “Are you doing this on purpose?”

Forgetting she was sitting on the bed, she lost her balance and lurched back into the soft bed and covers. The impact would have robbed her of her wits had she crashed into the ground instead.

Instinctively, Lu Yi cushioned his hand at the back of her head. His hand hit the pillow first, followed by Yan Huan's head. If that had been the floor, Lu Yi's hand would have taken the brunt of the impact instead.

With him on top and her below, they found themselves in a lewd position.