

# **His Genius Wife Is A Superstar**

## **#Chapter 1 - The Woman In White - Read His Genius Wife Is A Superstar Chapter 1 - The Woman In White**

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The smell of blood, gunpowder and death filled the air. The numerous helicopters sounded like beating drums announcing the execution of criminals. Shouts and screams blended with gunshots. Smoke rose in the night sky like an evil phantom about to swallow the moon and the stars.

Inside the mansion, a young woman wearing a white dress watched this scene from hell. She stood in the dark, sweeping her emerald eyes across all the carnage below her. Moonlight reflected on her golden hair.

She looked otherworldly, like a fairy watching mortals kill each other while she remained detached and pure.

Unfortunately, she was not an immortal. She was fated to die this night.

She closed her eyes and sighed. She took one last look at the nightmare playing outside, turned around, and walked towards the grand piano in the room.

The five bodyguards protecting her also shifted with her movement, but otherwise remained silent and invisible.

She knew that this night would be her last. She didn't know whether her older brother, father, and mother were still alive. Perhaps they were killed already. From what she saw outside, the enemies planned to annihilate all of them.

With her great hearing, she heard the enemies finally invading the mansion. The gunshots rang louder as they drew nearer.

Her five bodyguards tensed and stepped closer towards her. Their murderous eyes locked at the door.

Gently, she sat in front of the piano. It would be her end soon. The least she could do was play music to accompany the souls of the killed this night as they left this world. Taking a deep breath, her fingers danced on the keyboard.

Beethoven's "*Für Elise*" started seeping through the sounds of murder in the air.

*Bang!*

The door to the room crashed open. The bodyguards immediately started trading shots with the soldiers and police.

The smell of blood and sweat grew stronger, but the beautiful young woman in white played the piano as if nothing was happening around her. Even when two bullets pierced her left shoulder and right hip, she still continued playing without missing a beat.

The music complemented the sounds of carnage to the point that the soldiers and police listening felt goosebumps. The contrast between the music and the violence almost felt mystical.

The five bodyguards fought to protect their lady without any regard to their own lives. They were trained to be emotionless assassins from a young age. They killed a few, but the enemies grossly outnumbered them.

Finally, the last of the bodyguards died.

"Hands in the air!" shouted a police officer.

The beautiful woman in white ignored him, closing her eyes and swaying as she continued to play the piano.

The soldiers and the police officers had their guns raised and locked on to the beautiful woman playing as if she was the only person in the world. Her pristine white dress was now dyed dark red, as blood continuously flowed from her wounds.

Everyone in the room was mesmerized by her otherworldly beauty and elegance.

What a pity.

A soldier gritted his teeth. "We have orders. Fire!"

The woman smiled softly before bullets barraged her back. Her blood showered up in the air like rose petals and then splashed on the ground like raindrops.

The music abruptly stopped.

Her body slumped over the piano, banging against the keyboard and producing a discordant tune. Her emerald eyes swiftly drained of life, yet they were still beautiful.

She slid to the floor and fell hard.

"At last, I'm free." Her voice was a soft whisper.

Then she breathed her last.

*Chapter 2 - Waking Up In Another Body*

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Tired. So tired.

It felt like she was walking for an eternity through a dark and desolate tunnel. She wanted to stop, but for some reason she kept on walking towards the small speck of light far away in the distance.

Her throat felt dry and rough, burning with extreme thirst.

Water.

She needed water. Maybe she could drink when she reached the end of the tunnel.

And so she kept on walking and walking and walking.

Water. The thought of water relieving her parched throat kept her going.

She didn't know how long she walked. Days, months, years...maybe even decades, perhaps even centuries.

She didn't know. She just wanted water.

Finally, the light grew larger and brighter.

Almost there.

Then she was bathed in pure, white light.

Finally.

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*At a big, private hospital.*

She opened her eyes and felt almost blinded by a soft, dim light. It took a few moments before her eyes adjusted.

*'Where am I?'*

Confused, she looked around the tasteful, hotel-like room. She didn't recognize the place. Then she noticed the sound of slow, constant beeping beside her. She turned her

head towards the sound and was surprised that her head felt heavy. In fact, her entire body felt heavy. She couldn't move.

*'What's going on?'*

With great effort, she finally turned her head a little and saw that it was a machine making the beeping noise. She then realized that she was hooked to it and a lot of other medical apparatuses as well. It dawned on her that she was at a hospital and by the looks of it, her condition was rather serious.

"W-wa...ter..." She tried speaking but only a dry whisper came out of her cracked lips.

Nobody was around. She already felt exhausted. Her eyes started to droop, but she fought against the unconsciousness threatening to overcome her.

After waiting for who knew how long, the door finally opened and a nurse strode in.

"You're awake!" The nurse was shocked when she saw the patient's open eyes. She immediately pressed a button to call for a doctor.

*'Hm? Chinese?'*

"How are you feeling?" the nurse asked and began checking her.

"W-wa-wa...ter..." she croaked in Mandarin.

Fortunately, the nurse understood her. "You want to drink water? Wait a moment, Miss. We'll have to wait for the doctor and ask him whether it's okay for you to drink. Oh, he's here!"

The door opened and a middle-aged doctor entered followed by three others wearing the same white lab coats. They looked like doctors too, but younger.

"Hello. Can you hear me? My name is Dr. Ching. How are you feeling?" The lead doctor pressed his stethoscope on several parts of her chest as he asked questions.

"She asked for water," the nurse told him.

"That's good. Let her drink via straw if she's able. If not, use drops or melt an ice cube on her lips."

The team of doctors began examining her, while the nurse left to get water.

Finally, the nurse returned with water in a papercup and a straw.

At first, she couldn't suck from the straw. Her mouth muscles felt weak. Only after a few tries was she able to get the water flowing but felt exhausted after just a few sips.

However, the feeling of water flowing down her dry throat felt so heavenly that her eyes pricked. She blinked the tears away, not allowing them to fall. It was almost unbelievable that she was getting so emotional over a few sips of water.

"Do you know your name?" Dr. Ching asked.

"My name..." She was about to say her name, but memories suddenly rushed in her mind.

She gasped, utterly confused by these foreign memories. What was happening?

She looked sideways and saw locks of black hair from her head on the pillow.

Black hair? Where was her blonde hair? Did someone colour her hair while she was unconscious?

Her heart palpitated as an impossible thought entered her mind with the onslaught of the unknown memories.

The doctors were alarmed at the sudden spike of her heart rate. The beeping frequency on the machine increased.

"M-mirror...give me..."

The doctors and the nurse looked at each other.

Dr. Ching faced the girl with a reassuring expression and said, "Calm down. Are you tired? Are you feeling pain anywhere?"

"Pl-please...mirror."

Dr. Ching hesitated and looked at his patient for a few more seconds before nodding at the nurse. The nurse left. When she returned, she brought a mirror and held it in front of the pale girl lying on the bed.

When the girl saw her face, her eyes didn't recognize it. Where was her blonde hair? Her green eyes? The face in front of her was clearly not her own.

The straight, black hair and the dark brown phoenix eyes gave away the face's Asian background.

The machine hooked to her beeped more quickly, worrying the doctors. The nurse took the mirror away as the pale girl closed her eyes to digest what she just experienced.

The face of a stranger on the mirror matched the ones from the rush of memories she experienced just a few moments ago. She opened her eyes in disbelief.

*'Impossible! This can't be. Am I dreaming?'*

Unbelievable. But how could she explain what was happening to her now?

She woke up in another person's body.

The shock was too much, especially since she felt so weak at the moment.

Her eyes closed and she succumbed to the familiar darkness.

*Chapter 3 - Iris Long*

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"Do you remember your name?" Dr. Ching asked his patient when she woke up the next day.

"My name is Iris Long. How long was I in coma?" Unlike her panic from yesterday, she was calm as she spoke with the doctor.

"A little over one year," he answered.

"I see."

She let the doctors fuss around her. She had no choice but to accept the fact that she woke up in another person's body. She knew that she already died, so she should consider this second life a second chance to live the life she always wanted, the life that she could never hope to live in her past life.

She was no different from a prisoner during her past life. She was always guarded, forced to learn knowledge and skills she had no interest in, and not allowed to leave the estate or meet others.

A caged bird.

That was what she was before. But now she had the chance to finally spread her wings and soar as high as she wanted.

Freedom.

This was what she always craved for. Even if it meant living as another person, she would willingly accept this new life.

Evelina was dead. She died at 25 years old that bloody night.

Now she woke up as 19-year old Iris Long, a wild pop singer and party girl.

A year ago, Iris Long was driving alone after leaving a party at a club, when she realized too late that her brakes stopped working. She lost control and crashed into a building, immediately wrecking her newly bought sports car. Her injuries were so serious that she went into coma with only life support machines preventing her total death.

The original Iris Long died with the car crash, but her body was saved. Now another soul filled it and the new owner intended to live a fulfilling life of freedom and independence.

"When can I get out of here?" Evelina, now Iris, asked Dr. Ching. She couldn't wait to start living this new life.

"Don't rush. We still need to examine and monitor you to make sure that there are no complications. When you're well enough, you need to undergo physiotherapy and rehabilitation to recover as much of your previous strength and mobility."

She sighed. She was about to ask more questions when the door suddenly opened and a strong oud fragrance wafted inside the room.

Iris wrinkled her nose and turned to see a heavily made-up woman with perfectly coiffed hair, wearing a gorgeous long red dress and diamond-encrusted ultra-high heels.

Wei Lan strutted and pushed aside the doctors before leaning over her daughter for air kisses on both cheeks.

"Ooooh, my poor daughter!!! Mother is sooooo happy that you're finally awake!!! Mother has been sooooo worried about you!!!"

Wei Lan took out a delicately embroidered handkerchief from her designer purse and wiped nonexistent tears.

Iris breathed through her mouth. The woman's perfume was too strong!

Based on the original Iris' memories, she wasn't close to this mother. In fact, she wasn't close to any members of her family.

Wei Lan, a former struggling model, only married Long Tengfei for his money and status. When their marriage ended, her mother made sure to use her daughter to squeeze a ridiculous amount of alimony and child support from her ex-husband.

Not even a month after their separation, her mother already had a string of lovers who were, of course, as rich as her ex. As a result, the Longs absolutely hated and looked down on Wei Lan and her daughter, Iris.

Wei Lan pushed her daughter into show business from a very young age. Iris started out as a child TV commercial model and then became a teen pop singer.

Although Long Tengfei felt ashamed of this daughter of his, she still had the blood of the Longs flowing inside her veins. Knowing his ex-wife's greed, Long Tengfei hired a financial manager for his daughter to protect her earnings from both Wei Lan and herself.

This didn't sit well with Wei Lan, but she couldn't do anything so she vented her resentment to her own daughter which resulted on their strained and shallow mother-daughter relationship.

The father-daughter relationship wasn't any better either. Long Tengfei did this for his daughter's own good, but Iris was immature and didn't appreciate it. She thought that her father was punishing her by not giving her full access to her allowance and her own earnings. Wei Lan didn't help the situation by badmouthing her ex to their daughter.

Iris felt unloved by her family, so she did everything for more fame. She performed provocative songs, attended wild parties, ingratiated herself with famous people, and a lot of other ridiculous antics to get their attention.

She naively thought that more fame equalled to more love from the people. Yes, she had fans as an entertainer. They liked her songs and her beauty, but not necessarily liked her as a person.