

## Sweet Wife in My Arms

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#### *Chapter 10: My Sister*

As Yan Huan became more popular and famous, she edged the playboy out of the industry. She also utilized her network to make him live worse than a beggar. But that didn't help her.

Yi Ling died. She would not be here again.

She had lost her mother, and then her sister. At last she lost herself.

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But now, luckily, Yi Ling was still here. She was alive. And she had not met the playboy yet. Of course, Yan Huan would not allow that playboy to have the chance to get close to Yi Ling this time.

If that man dared to make a move on Yi Ling again, Yan Huan swore she would kill him.

Yan Huan brought out a bowl from the kitchen. It was still a bowl of noodles. She had a bad appetite so didn't want to eat too much. She rarely ate much, too, not because she was on a diet, but she was born this way as many would envy. Some people put on weight easily and naturally, even though they just drink water. But she was different, she always kept her weight in a range. Until she was 26 years old, she was still around 44.5 kilograms, with a weight change within .5 kg.

She ate mouthful by mouthful. Her droopy eyelashes left a light shadow on her cheeks.

"Huanhuan, do you still want to take any stunt-double?" Yi Ling asked, picking up the bowl and taking a sip of the soup. "Godmother is gone, and we have enough money just for the two of us. Do you still need to? It will be very dangerous."

"It fine. I'll take it."

Yan Huan gripped the chopsticks in her hand. She remembered this stunt was for a show about a supernatural, chivalrous world. The heroine of the play, Yu Chen, became a top star after as Yan Huan knew from her previous life. And there were many challenging scenes that required actors to fight in midair with hanging wires. However, Yu Chen never did any stunt herself. Not because she wanted to be a poser, but because she had slight acrophobia. The show didn't receive many positive review,

though, and neither was she able to get much press as a stunt-double. Only after she became celebrated were the old stunt stories revealed, which won her more fans.

And her acting skills were accumulated when she was a stuntwoman. But now, she had not been acting for over four years. She didn't know if she was rusty, if she had the talent as an actress, or if she could assume the role quickly and easily.

At this stage when she didn't have much experience, she accepted all jobs that came her way no matter what. On the one hand, she could really use the money; on other hand, she needed to grow up as soon as possible.

"Aren't you hard-working?" Yi Ling reached out and pinched Yan Huan's cheeks. "To be honest," she rested her chin on one hand, "There's no reason for you not to make a splash with a face like that."

Yan Huan smiled, her eyes shining subtly.

In another life she was bad-tempered and entirely lashed out on Yi Ling after her mother passed away. Sometimes, she didn't like the jobs Yi Ling found for her for they were either extras or stunts. But what she didn't know was that even these undesired jobs had to be begged for by Yi Ling.

Only your family would give you complete indulgence; only your family would put up with your unreasonably bad temper; only your family would smile at you with no judgment when you were acting out.

"Actually, I don't want you to do this," Yi Ling said, depressed. "It was all my fault. I can't get a good role for you."

Yan Huan put down her chopsticks and rested her head on Yi Ling's shoulder. "It's OK, baby steps. I believe I will be a superstar one day, right? My sister?"