

Chapter 101: Casting Couch

She was acting now, of course.

She acted the part of a nervous, inexperienced actress. It was entirely convincing.

Yan Lixiong was beginning to feel anxious. Beads of cold sweat stood on his brow as he wondered why the woman before him was being such a strait-laced prude. This was an incredible opportunity for her—was she foolish enough to let it slip through her fingers?

He had to convince her to take his offer. How was he supposed to have his way with her otherwise?

Just then, Yi Ling's voice sounded from outside. "Huanhuan, what are you doing in there? We have to go."

Yan Huan let out a sigh of relief. She had run out of ideas on how to deal with the disgusting pig before her, and thanked her lucky stars for Yi Ling's timely intervention.

"Sorry, Mr. Yan, my manager is looking for me." Without warning, she bowed deeply to Yan Lixiong, who automatically took a step backward to make room. Yan Huan then deftly slipped past him and out the door.

Yan Lixiong quickly turned around and said to Yan Huan, "Ms. Yan, I'll be waiting for your good news."

He refused to believe that Yan Huan had passed on such a lucrative opportunity. In his mind, she was just a timid, demure young lady who had not quite figured out what he could offer her. She would look for him once she realized what she was missing out on.

Yes, she'll definitely come looking for me, he told himself.

He had used this exact same method to have his way with many actresses and celebrities over the years. Each and every one of them had eventually been "persuaded" by him.

It was a win-win situation for everyone involved, after all.

He was convinced that Yan Huan would come around, eventually.

Yan Lixiong suddenly realized something: he had forgotten to give Yan Huan his name card or contact details. How was she going to contact him once she was ready?

But he quickly realized that that was not going to be a problem. He was a famous big-shot; anyone in the production crew would be able to tell Yan Huan how to find him.

He rubbed his belly as he thought of Yan Huan's exquisite young body: she was like a flower that had just come into bloom. He felt the flames of desire shoot through his entire body, and was vaguely annoyed that he would not be able to "taste" her that day.

But he could afford to wait. He was willing to wait for her, even if it took her one or two years to come around. She would still be young and attractive then.

Outside, Yan Huan grabbed Yi Ling's hand and quickly walked to the side of the road without saying anything. In the next moment she had already hailed a taxi, bundled Yi Ling inside, and then scooted in after her. Yan Huan's face was deathly pale; she was afraid that the disgusting pig would run after her and try to stop her from leaving.

She had never met that Yan Fatso before this, but she had heard enough rumors to know what he was like. He was perverted, conceited, and narcissistic. The women he fancied usually took him up on his offer— not because he was in any way charming or appealing, but because the things he offered in return were hard to resist. Everyone in the industry would leap at the opportunity to become famous overnight. It would take considerable will power for no-name actresses who did not have money, connections, experience, or acting skills to walk away from the offer of instant stardom.

She had not expected to receive such “casting couch” offers before she made a name for herself in the industry. She had received a fair number of such offers in her previous life, but by that time she was already a popular actress, and she had turned them all down.

It had happened earlier than expected this time around. She had somehow attracted unwanted attention, despite still being a no-name actress.

“What's wrong, Huanhuan?” asked Yi Ling tentatively, as soon as they reached the safety of their apartment. She had noticed that something seemed off about Yan Huan, but had not dared to ask her what was wrong during the ride home.

Chapter 102: Don't Eat Yourself To Death

“Nothing,” Yan Huan shook her head and smiled at Yi Ling. She could handle it just fine as long as she did not promise to play the first female lead, and she had no direct interest in him. She didn't even know if Yan Lixiong could do anything against her, anyhow.

“Really?” Yi Ling still didn't believe her. Yan Huan definitely had something on her mind, but she couldn't pry anything out of her, she was tight-lipped with her secret. They were not as close as they used to be.

Yi Ling was upset, and she sighed to herself. Huanhuan has grown up and wants to live her own life.

When she was thinking about her own feelings, she did not realize Huanhuan was worried as well. The road would be very hard, and it would be harder than her previous life.

After all, in her previous life she was already quite popular now since she took the play.

In this life, though, she had nothing. If Yan Lixiong tried to pull something on her, she would be in danger.

She sat up, lying awake almost the whole night. Fortunately, she had no activities for Love and Tribulations recently as it was in post-production. Any promotions for the drama would be attended by the leading roles, they had nothing to do with her. Thus she could stay at home without seeing anybody or doing anything. Even the chore of buying food was given to Yi Ling.

However, she still couldn't escape the feeling of being targeted.

There seemed to be an invisible net that had already rushed over to her in the dark.

“Huanhuan, Huanhuan...” Yi Ling gave Yan Huan a push. “What time is it? Why are you still sleeping?”

She touched Yan Huan’s forehead, it was a bit hot.

“Huanhuan, oh God, you have a fever, didn’t you cover yourself up yesterday?”

Yan Huan opened her eyes. She had a slight headache. Touching her head, she felt a bit hot and weak all over, she didn’t want to get up. Once again, she buried her face in the quilt and tried to go back to sleep for a while.

“Sit up and take medicine, we’ll go to hospital later if you still don’t feel any better.”

Yi Ling had a lot of pills, but she didn’t know which one was best. She rummaged for a long time and finally got one that would work for Yan Huan. She poured a glass of water and told Yan Huan to take it.

After taking the pills, Yan Huan realized she had had them before, and they were used to cure diarrhea. She sighed. Yiyi, please tell me, will you die of hunger if you live alone? I have no idea what kind of man you should find in the future.

She narrowed her eyes slightly, she seemed to be in a trance after the pills. She wasn’t feeling well but at least she could fall asleep and her temperature had slowly come down.

Yi Ling sat by her side for a long while, not daring to go out, she even ran quickly to use the bathroom. She was afraid Yan Huan would die in bed. Why hasn’t her fever broken yet? she mused, touching Yan Huan’s forehead from time to time.

“They’re not expired, are they?” She wondered aloud, quickly taking the medicine from the table. As she looked at the box, her eyes widened as big as an ox.

For diarrhea.

“Gosh!” She grabbed her hair and broke out in a cold sweat. “Is she getting sick because of these?”

Chapter 103: Do I Look like a Guy?

“Huanhuan, are you okay?” She shook Yan Huan, worried that she had accidentally poisoned Yan Huan by giving her the wrong pills.

“Yeah...” Yan Huan opened her eyes, but was too tired to get up.

“Are you really okay?” Yi Ling asked timidly. “You took the wrong meds.”

Yan Huan smiled wryly. Well... you gave them to me. She decided against saying that aloud, though.

“Don’t worry. I’m fine. It’s just a cold, there’s nothing to worry about.”

Yi Ling breathed a sigh of relief when she heard that. Yan Huan seemed to be in better spirits now, but Yi Ling knew she could not take things for granted. “Wait here, I’ll go get some proper cold medicine for you.”

With that, Yi Ling jumped to her feet and grabbed her jacket from the sofa in the living room. She dashed out of the apartment, took the lift downstairs, and then ran to the nearby pharmacy. She

thanked her lucky stars that there was a pharmacy nearby; she would not have known where to get medicine for Yan Huan at this late hour otherwise.

She hurried into the pharmacy and hunted high and low for cold medicine. When she finally found some, she stared at the large selection of medication, at a loss as to which one to buy. The few store attendants in the pharmacy were all too busy to attend to her.

She was not a doctor. How was she supposed to know which one to get?

Yi Ling thought aloud to herself, "Which one should I get for colds and fevers?"

"This one?" She chose one of the medicines at random, but returned it to the shelf as soon as she saw the long list of warnings printed on the packaging. How was that even safe to eat?

"How about this one?" She picked a different box, but set it down again. None of them seemed right. She considered buying all of them, but she did not want Huanhuan to die of a toxic overdose from all the different meds.

"Take this one." Suddenly, a large hand reached over and selected a box from the shelf. Yi Ling's eyes traveled from the large hand to the extremely hairy arm, and then upwards to the muscular chest. She wondered if she was, in fact, standing in the presence of an orangutan.

She lifted her face to look up at the man, but he was so tall she could not see his face. She angled her head further backwards, and kept going until she was sure her neck would snap. Finally, she saw the man's face.

Wow, it's a gorilla. Like, for real.

Yi Ling was momentarily paralyzed by the sight of the man before her. How was he so tall and big? What had he been weaned on as a baby? She was only 160 centimeters tall, but this man here was easily 180— no, 190 centimeters tall.

"You should get this one, son. It'll work for both colds and fevers. Best of all, it won't make you drowsy." The large man grinned down at Yi Ling. "It works great for colds and fevers, believe me."

Flames of outrage burned in Yi Ling's eyes when she heard him call her "son."

Her hand shot out and she snatched the medicine from the large oaf before her, then stomped viciously on his foot before making her way to the cashier.

Poor Lei Qingyi was completely dumbfounded by this turn of events. He lifted his foot to shake the pain off. That young boy sure has a temper, he thought to himself. But he could not for the life of him figure out what he had said or done to annoy the boy— he had only given him some friendly advice about which meds to buy. Surely it was better to have his input than to accidentally poison the sick patient, whoever it was?

It did not take long for Yi Ling to return to her apartment. She was still furious about the encounter in the pharmacy.

"I know I have short hair, and I'm flat as a washing board, but I'm still a woman, aren't I? Do I look like a guy?" She thrust her face towards Yan Huan. "Huanhuan, look at me— do I look like a man to you?"

Yan Huan was holding a glass of water with both hands, slowly drinking it in small sips.

She looked up at Yi Ling. Yi Ling was, in Yan Huan's opinion, a very beautiful woman. She leaned towards "dashing" and "handsome" instead of "pretty," and she had a flat chest, true, but she was still very obviously a woman.

Chapter 104: Answer Or Not

Yi Ling was a good person. Sometimes she was a bit unrealistic, but she was a gentlewoman with strong values. What irritated Yi Ling most was when she was treated as a man and told she was flat-chested.

It seemed that Yi Ling had blacklisted the big guy she had mentioned.

Yi Ling felt much better after complaining for a long time, and suddenly she moved closer to Yan Huan and looked at her chest.

"Huanhuan, what's your secret? Why are yours so big?"

Yan Huan quickly covered her chest with her hands, in case Yi Ling wanted to look more or even touch them. She was a normal woman with strong values.

"Why are looking at me like that?" Yi Ling pursed her lips. "We have showered together before, you know."

"Yeah, but when we were kids."

Yan Huan turned away and continued to drink water.

Yi Ling lowered her head, lifted up her clothes, and looked at her breasts, depressed. I am quite attractive actually, though my boobs are small I have pectoral muscles. But even so, I am not a man, I am a woman!

When she came out, she secretly took a few of Yan Huan's dresses and tried them on. Only girls wear dresses, who would dare say that I'm a man if I'm wearing this in the future?

But the size of Yan Huan's clothes was too small to fit in Yi Ling's big frame. Unconvinced, Yi Ling continued to force herself into the garment until it burst.

The dress was torn.

She hung it back in the closet quietly. Luckily, Yan Huan doesn't know.

She heard Yan Huan's voice when she tiptoed out of her room.

"If you want to wear a dress, just buy one. Mine don't fit you."

"Who said I wanted to wear dresses? I just want to help you wash them..." Yi Ling got red in the face but didn't admit her true motives. She slammed the door and banged her head against the wall.

Yan Huan walked over, boiled herself some water, then sat on the sofa and drank it.

She had a bad headache and did not feel well. But she felt much better after taking medicine, she wouldn't tell Yi Ling about this in case she was worried and drove her mad.

Actually, Yi Ling was nice. Though she was bold and uninhibited and not feminine, it could not be denied that she was definitely a woman at heart. Ding Ming, that man was not a good match for Yi Ling.

If she remembered correctly, Yi Ling would meet that bad guy, Ding Ming, soon. She was unable to stop Yi Ling in her previous life, and she ignored her due to her personal affairs. In the end, Yi Ling ended her own life.

“Ding Ming...” She touched her finger lightly against the glass in her hand, and her red lips were lifted with something that couldn’t be read easily. “In this life, you’d better not cross me again, otherwise I will make you live worse than your previous life.”

Suddenly, her phone rang.

It was almost ten o’clock in the evening, who could be calling her? She took out her phone and put it in front of her. It was an unknown number.

To answer or not... she hesitated for a moment, her fingers trembling as she finally answered the phone.

Chapter 105: Tender Juicy Meat

She placed the phone next to her ear, and then raised the glass to her lips.

“Hi, yes, Yan Huan speaking.” Only a handful of people knew her private number; she assumed this was a call from either the production crew or her agency.

When she heard the voice on the other end of the line, however, she involuntarily tightened her grip on the glass in her hand, her knuckles turning white from the pressure.

“Ms. Yan, how are you? Remember me?”

The corners of Yan Huan’s mouth lifted into a dry, humorless smile. She set the glass down and began to tap on it gingerly with a finger.

She pretended to be completely clueless. “I’m sorry, but who are you?”

“Oh dear, you’re very forgetful, aren’t you, Ms. Yan?” Yan Lixiong was lying on his sofa, rubbing his belly as he thought of Yan Huan— her snow-white skin, her unbelievably slender waist, and her beautiful, ethereal face. Lust surged through his entire body; he needed badly to release all the pent-up desires within him.

Yan Huan had left him hanging for many days now. He wanted to know what was going on: was she taking him up on his offer, or not?

“Ms. Yan, it’s me, Director Yan. Don’t you remember?” He made sure to emphasize his job title this time. “I told you that I have a lead female role for you, remember? We’ll be making casting decisions very soon, and I think you deserve the lead role. I’m not kidding. You’ll be the talk of the entire country if you take this role. You’ll be a superstar, and you’ll never want for anything, ever again. Ms. Yan, this is a very rare opportunity. If you pass on it now, you’ll definitely regret it in the future.”

Yan Huan picked up her glass and drank from it as she listened to Yan Lixiong toot his own horn. She rolled her eyes— if becoming an A-list actress was as easy as he claimed, showbiz would be overrun with superstars by now.

“Ms. Yan, how about it? When can we meet again to discuss the finer details?” asked Yan Lixiong arrogantly. He was confident that every no-name, newbie actress in the industry would take him up on his offer to propel them to stardom overnight. No one could escape him once he had his sights set on them.

Yan Huan was a tender, juicy piece of meat, and he had been drooling over her for a very long time. He loved it when actresses played hard to get; the challenge made the eventual conquest all the more rewarding.

Right now, he was completely smitten with Yan Huan, something which had never happened with all his other prey. He wondered if it was because Yan Huan was being such a tease: she had hooked him like a fish but refused to reel him in. He was dying of impatience. At first, he had planned on nothing more than a brief fling with her, but now, it did not seem likely that he would tire of her in the foreseeable future. In that case, he would give her a leg up in the industry and speed her journey to stardom. It was a win-win situation for both of them, wasn't it?

Yan Huan's wry smile became increasingly frosty as she listened to Yan Lixiong unabashedly sing his own praises on the other end of the line.

“Ms. Yan, have you decided yet? We can meet first and talk it over. There's room for negotiation.”

“I'm actually a little busy lately. I'm so sorry, Director Yan, but I won't have the time to join your production. I have something important to deal with.”

She lifted the glass to her eyes. She stared through the glass at the view opposite her: it was strange how just a piece of glass was enough to distort reality.

“You have something important to deal with? And what might that be?” Yan Lixiong's expression darkened. No-name actresses who didn't know their place annoyed him. He had practically spelt it out for her!

“Ms. Yan, this is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. A brilliant future awaits you— don't let it slip away.

Chapter 106: Beauty Behaving Like A Man

“I have something to do at home,” Yan Huan rose to her feet and walked to her room. “It's a private matter. I'm sorry, Mr. Yan, and I appreciate your kindness, but I cannot accept your invitation.”

Yan Lixiong received a mild rebuff but he was so angry he almost threw his phone. So, you won't yield to persuasion nor to coercion? Fine, he sneered, we'll see who wins in the end.

“Yan Huan, you will beg me on your knees one day. You're willing to give up such a good chance to rise to fame? You want to be famous without taking shortcuts by yourself? I'll see how you manage that.”

Yan Huan pulled the quilt over herself and lied down with her hand behind her head. Sure enough this was a path beset with difficulties, one that she had to look out for on every step. Even the slightest carelessness could cause her death.

Wolf ahead, be careful.

The pain in her head came in waves, she was suffering with her brows furrowed. She was in too much pain, and the day was breaking when she finally opened her eyes.

She touched her forehead, and realized her temperature had gone down. Was her fever gone?

She grabbed the medicine and took two.

And when she came out, she found that Yi Ling was wearing a dress with her feet propped up on the table, so she could clearly see up her skirt.

Yi Ling hurriedly put her feet down and pressed her dress to her legs when she saw Yan Huan. She seemed quite embarrassed, as if afraid Yan Huan would laugh at her.

Yan Huan went into the kitchen and got a glass of milk. Then she sat on the sofa and sipped it, ignoring Yi Ling all dressed up.

After all, there was no difference in her before and after.

Yi Ling let out a sigh of relief, glad that Yan Huan hadn't laughed at her, otherwise she might have torn off the dress and never put one on again. I can't figure out why women like to wear dresses, it's so easy to expose yourself.

She squinted her eyes and looked at Yan Huan, who was wearing simple pajamas. But after living a comfortable life for years, she exuded an aura of good temperent and calm in her every move.

She looked elegant and noble in her behaviour, she sat with her legs together without a gap, surely she wouldn't expose herself. How are we are both women yet so different?

Yan Huan was definitely a woman in external figure and mannerisms, while Yi Ling looked like a man in every way.

"Would you like some?" Yan Huan pushed her milk forward. "I just had a few sips."

"No," said Yi Ling. She got up and went back to her room. When she came out, she had changed clothes into her style again. She must have been irritated by the big guy.

I am not a prince even if I wear a robe. I better not try on the dresses so I don't make people laugh their heads off, thought Yi Ling miserably. And anyways, she had to wear pants as she couldn't sit properly like Yan Huan.

She sat down and crossed her legs, this feels so good, I can sit however I like without being afraid of flashing anyone.

Oh yes, now she remembered. She took a pile of materials and put them in front of Yan Huan.

Chapter 107: First Public Appearance

"These are the details for the promotional events for Love and Tribulations, I got them from Director Jin. You'll be making two public appearances for the show, the rest of the promotional events won't involve us. Love and Tribulations is scheduled to air next March, but Director Jin will be conducting open

auditions for his new show, Journey to Fairyland, next month. If you get a role in it, we'll probably be busy for a while."

Yan Huan picked up the documents and began reading them carefully, line by line. The documents were very clear about what was required of her in public appearances: she would show up, give a brief account of what it was like to work on the show, and then let the reporters take a few photos of her. That was it.

There were a few other meet-and-greet sessions with the principle actors, but she was quite sure that these events were only for the male and female leads. She was only playing a minor supporting role; it would be very unlikely for the production crew to ask her to participate in those.

But she did not complain. She was happy enough just to be able to appear before a room of reporters. She was a no-name actress who had just started out; she would take all the exposure she could get.

Yan Huan opened her closet and picked out a knee-length dress from her modest selection of clothes. The dress was a little plain, not quite the type of clothing to be worn to a dressy event. Yan Huan was still woefully light on funds at the moment; she barely had enough money to feed herself, let alone buy expensive clothes. She would have to put together a respectable outfit from the meager options in her wardrobe.

She thought about it, then selected a pastel pink shawl and a pair of black stilettos. She looked herself over with a critical eye in the full-length mirror; she was not entirely satisfied with her outfit, but it would have to do.

She did not have her own personal makeup artist, which meant that she would have to do her own makeup and hair. She applied a light layer of makeup, just enough to complement her youthful beauty and flawless skin. She avoided heavy makeup as she knew it would spoil her good looks and rob her of her natural charm.

Everyone had their own natural charm, but it was easy to lose sight of it. Once it was gone, it would be incredibly difficult to find again.

She had no intention whatsoever of stealing the limelight from the female lead. It made more sense for her to dress simply as she was supposed to be little more than a background prop for this event.

She gathered her hair and twisted it into a bun on top of her head. She swept the bangs away from her forehead; Yue Ran had previously told her that she had a pretty forehead, and had advised her to show it off whenever possible. She had kept her forehead hidden behind her bangs in her previous life, too insecure to display it for all the world to see. It was, in retrospect, an entirely silly thing to do.

There was another reason she had kept her bangs: Lu Qin had told her that he liked long bangs. It was not until much later that she finally realized that Lu Qin did not actually like long bangs, per se. He liked Su Muran, who just so happened to have long bangs.

After she was done dressing up, Yan Huan quickly made her way to the venue for the press conference with Yi Ling in tow. It was the first press conference for the principal actors of Love and Tribulations. There had been a steady increase in promotional activity for the show over the last several weeks as it was scheduled to go on air very soon.

Yan Huan stood among the other actors. She was not very tall, but her high heels elevated her to a respectable height. Whenever a camera was pointed her way, she immediately gave her best, most natural smile. There was a tiny flicker of girl-next-door modesty in her eyes, but otherwise it was obvious to everyone that she was entirely at ease on stage.

Yi Ling, on the other hand, was a bundle of nerves. This was her lovely Huanhuan's first big moment, the first time she was appearing before so many reporters. She knew her Huanhuan was so beautiful she could appear on stage with a large cabbage on her head and still look drop-dead gorgeous, nevertheless, Yi Ling was still afraid that some of the reporters would take unflattering photos of Yan Huan with their sloppy photography skills.

Yi Ling was so nervous her palms were drenched in sweat; she clutched at her clothes, wiping her sweaty hands on them every so often.

Chapter 108: Public Appearance

Again, Yan Huan stood quietly as a light was brought to her. Though she wasn't the lead actress, she was shining bright like a celebrity star.

She was too perfect, Yi Ling almost wanted to scream. She didn't know how the others were feeling, but she was beaming with pride.

She pursed her lips; all of the reporters were interviewing Su Qiao, why weren't they asking Huanhuan as well? They could ask her about the character she had played, how she felt about her performance, what her understanding of the character is, her favourite food and drinks, and so on.

"What's wrong?" Yan Huan noticed that Yi Ling wasn't happy afterwards.

"Doesn't matter," Yi Ling said. "You're wearing high heels, but did they even take your picture?"

Yan Huan was stunned for a moment. "I think so, but it doesn't matter whether they photographed me or not, doesn't change the fact that I performed well, right?"

"Let's just go."

Yan Huan rubbed her feet, it wasn't easy to wear high heels, but it was a necessity as a professional actress. In her last life, she had to run in heels, nevermind just standing around.

Yi Ling put a pair of flat shoes on the ground while no one was looking. "Here, change it."

"Thank you." Yan Huan changed her shoes hurriedly, though she looked shorter with the new shoes she was still beautiful. When she turned around, however, she felt that someone was glaring at her.

She looked around but she couldn't find the source.

"What are you looking at?" Yi Ling looked around, holding several things, but there was nothing there.

"Nothing. Maybe I'm overthinking it."

Yan Huan smoothed her hair and followed Yi Ling to walk out, but she didn't see the man that kept staring at her back with his gloomy and cold eyes until the moment she was walking out.

The light fell on him at that moment, his shadow solidly dark. The man was very fat, a big fat man who weighed nearly a hundred kilograms.

Yan Huan was reading a book at home when she heard Yi Ling's scream.

"Huanhuan, the photos are out, you look amazing!"

Yan Huan put down the book, grabbed her phone, and checked out the photos. She knew that in this era of highly developed social networks, anything could spread across the country within just a few seconds.

The phone screen was filled with news about Love and Tribulations, and Su Qiao took up half of it. It was understandable as she was the first female lead.

But to Yan Huan's surprise, she also got a close-up.

She was turned half around, smiling at the camera with her eyes curved into half moons.

The headline below was even more bombastic.

"New face, true goddess, beauty in Love and tribulations, new actress strongly recommended by Director Jin Hailiang."

Yan Huan.

Following her simple name was several exclamation points.

Chapter 109: I Want to Follow Her

The promotional events for Love and Tribulations had given her a modest boost in popularity. She was not exactly famous, but a lot of people were now aware of Yan Huan and remembered her name.

"Huanhuan, your follower count has gone up!" Yi Ling rushed into the room and gave Yan Huan an excited hug. "Look at all these followers on your Weibo account! There's a few hundred new followers today, and I'm sure they'll keep on increasing! Look at this, look!"

Yi Ling joyfully showed her phone to Yan Huan: sure enough, her once-desolate Weibo was now flooded with comments. Many of Yi Ling's old posts had also been shared.

From user I'm_Really_A_Cabbage: "My goddess! You're my new goddess, I'm so in love with your face. Why are you so beautiful, my lovely goddess?"

Small_Stool: "How did I not know about this Weibo? I really liked the Little Golden Silkworm, I wish she wasn't killed off so quickly. Well, biw I know where to find you. Give me a kiss, my goddess, I finally found your fanclub."

YellowPolkaDot: "I was a huge fan of Little Golden Silkworm, and now I'm officially one of your followers. You'd make an excellent wife, by the way. All the photos of your cooking look delicious. I'd die and go to heaven if I could just have a taste..."

Simpleton: "I stumbled here by accident. I wasn't your fan before this, but now I've decided to follow you."

CallMeXiaoMing: "Oh my god, that cat is sooooo kyoot. I'm just here for the cat, really."

Luoluo.Lanlan: “Well, I’m here for the drop-dead gorgeous woman. I’m a follower now, everyone else get in line!”

“Huanhuan, look at all these people calling you their goddess! My efforts have paid off!” Yi Ling had to wipe her eyes away. Her smile grew wider with every new follower on Yan Huan’s Weibo.

There had not been a single follower on their Weibo account before this, but now their follower count had increased by a few hundred in a single day. Yan Huan’s popularity had not just taken off, it had virtually skyrocketed into the stratosphere.

Yi Ling had taken a lot of candid photos of Yan Huan without her knowledge; photos of her asleep, photos of her feeding the cat, photos of her cooking in the kitchen, photos of her reading... each and every photo was elegant and tasteful. Yi Ling was a tomboy, but she had a good eye for beauty.

The photos had all been taken with her phone, but they were of high quality. She made sure to update the Weibo daily with either a new photo of Yan Huan or their cat, Little Bean.

Little Bean had blossomed into a plump, beautiful cat with clear, pretty eyes. She was a lazy cat, but her lazy indifference only added to her adorable charm.

Every time someone began following Yan Huan’s Weibo, they were treated to a large collection of her photos. They were candid photos of her natural, makeup-free face as she went about her daily life.

She was already breathtakingly beautiful without any makeup on. Many of her followers found it difficult to imagine how much more beautiful she would look like when she was more made up.

At that very moment, over in the Lu residence, Ye Shuyun was on her computer. She had been glued to it ever since her son had taught her how to use the internet; she spent her time chatting with other people online, playing games, and other such “young and hip” activities.

“Son, Son! Come over here and help me set up an account.”

She was calling for Lu Yi, who had just returned home.

Lu Yi clutched at his hair in frustration. He had not slept in over 24 hours. But he resigned himself to his fate; he walked over to Ye Shuyun and seated himself beside her.

“What is it, Mom?”

“Help me set up a Weibo account, I want to be able to find her on Weibo at any time of the day. Oh, I just remembered, a young lady told me there’s something you can do on Weibo, what was it again? Stalk? Hound? Oh, I remember now! I want to follow her, yes, that’s it, follow.”

Ye Shuyun pointed at a photo on her computer screen. “My Little Golden Silkworm finally showed herself again! I’ve been waiting for ages for news about her. It looks like she’s going to be in a new TV show, I think it’s called Love and Tribulations. I have to watch it. I’ll sacrifice my beauty sleep if I have to!”

Chapter 110: The Entertainment Industry will Never be Clean

“By the way, help me to register. I heard your aunt say she made a Weibo account and followed my favourite little golden silkworm. Hurry up, I can’t lose to your aunt.”

Ye Shuyun stopped talking to look over at her son, who was looking at the pictures on the computer with narrowed eyes. She didn’t know what he could possibly be thinking.

“Well, isn’t she beautiful?” Ye Shuyun prompted, knocking on the table. “I like her, look, she has pure eyes.”

Pure eyes? Lu Yi laughed in his head.

There was not a single clean person with pure eyes in the entertainment circle; those who seemingly looked clean couldn’t conceal their dark souls forever. However, he also couldn’t help looking at the pictures on the computer that his mother had chosen to zoom in on.

In the picture, the young lady was wearing light makeup and a simple dress, but her profiled bust looked natural and pure.

Yes, she was clean.

But he didn’t know when her unblemished soul would get fouled.

At the time, he didn’t realize that he was overthinking and paying much attention to the woman, Yan Huan.

In the end, he registered an account for Ye Shuyun to be Yan Huan’s fan. He had never been anyone’s fan, he had a rigorous private life and there was nothing but work in his existence. Thus, no women approached him as he seemed so cold and rigid. He was not romantic or gentle and he didn’t talk much, but it didn’t matter, he never asked anyone to like him.

The relationship between man and woman in the world: it was good if both of you suited each other, but you might also part if you didn’t get along well, no one could force it.

He had a girlfriend before, but their relationship had ended in few days. But, having had dated her at all he was normal in others’ eyes. Without an ex, Ye Shuyun might weep her eyes out as she had given birth to and raised such an odd son. She might have been afraid her son was gay.

Obviously, she didn’t have to worry about that now. Lu Yi just loved to work more than he loved woman. His sexuality was normal. Of course, Ye Shuyun wasn’t in a hurry, as long as he got married before he was thirty. She would arrange for him if he didn’t.

It also didn’t matter who he married, as long as she was a woman and able to give birth to a child, she didn’t care whether he liked her or not.

Lu Yi didn’t know that his mother already had a plan for him. He sat down, and signed up an account for her to be an adoring fan.

Once Ye Shuyun got it, she pulled her son away and sat down to admire her idol.

Lu Yi shook his head helplessly, rubbing his injured shoulder and heading to his bedroom. He just hoped that his mother would let him get a good sleep this time.

He was so tired because he didn't get a wink of sleep for two nights due to the investigation of a case.

However, he sat up again after he had been resting for just a short while. He leaned on the soft pillow and reached for his phone, the screen's blue rays shining on his face. His features appeared clearly under the light but it also softened his look.

He must be out of his mind as he unexpectedly typed the words "Yan Huan."

He clicked on her Weibo.

If his mother hadn't been reading this earlier, he probably wouldn't have even thought about reading someone else's news feed.

It was simple, but he could see her Weibo was managed attentively. The account was just registered but there were a lot of pictures of Yan Huan, and also a cat.

It was easy to see the private life of the woman, and what kind of person she was from the pictures.

He browsed through the page with his lips closed, but they arched slightly unconsciously, he seemed to be smiling with a softness that came out of nowhere.

So she did the cooking, and kept a cat. So she looked clean without make-up rather than heavily made-up, and the look suited her.

She was young, around twenty, why did she enter such a place?

He wasn't disgusted by the entertainment circle, he just felt that it was filled with all kinds of complexity. After all, there were a lot of people who were in the circle that had engaged him to handle cases, the people in that industry were dyed in a variety of colors, and they had also lost their hearts.

There were many paths to follow in this world, but it was that path that he disliked the most.

The next morning, he went to work as usual. When he was sitting in his office chair, something came to mind. He picked up the phone and made a call.

"Xiao Chen, help me to get someone's information."

The man on the other end agreed very quickly, but when Lu Yi was about to hang up the phone, he stopped.

Lu Yi frowned.

"Wait a moment."

"Yes, Mister Lu?" Xiao Chen on the phone had put his finger on the top of the computer, he was already ready to start.

Lu Yi gently knocked his forefinger on the table.

One, two, three.....

He gave himself only three seconds to hesitate and make a decision.

To choose not to know, or hesitate to know.

“Just check it out.” He heaved a sigh when he put down the telephone, took the document, and read through it. He was waiting for the results, he hoped he wouldn’t regret his decision.

He knew he wouldn’t regret whatever he did, however, as he didn’t give himself a chance to regret. He was meticulous enough to make someone afraid, and wanted to beat him as he was too fussy. He would calculate all aspects of a situation well and wouldn’t let any mistakes slip by.

He was an outstanding student in the mathematics major, but he turned out to be a prosecutor instead of a scientist or a mathematician. Perhaps he had the right temperament for such a tedious work: he was upright, unfeeling, and had a naturally murderous face.

He remembered what Lei Qingyi had commented about his face.

The children cried when he didn’t smile, but grown man cried when he did.