

Sweet Wife in My Arms

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Chapter 11: Yan Huan, Fighting!

She had meant to call her sister for a long time. At first, she was coy. Then she got buried by endless events and happenings that made them drift apart. The old intimacy was lost while their lives became all about work, just like many celebrities and their agents. She never had the chance to call Yi Ling her sister, until it was too late when her beloved threw herself off the 25th floor. Gone, the last person that truly cared for her.

Yi Ling felt tears pooling in her eyes. She shoved her away good-naturedly and pinched Yan Huan's face, "Where did you learn this? Got me so emotional. Or are you using your sister to get into your role?"

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"Alright," she stood up. "I'll wash the dishes." She cleaned the table and went to the kitchen.

"By the way, Huanhuan, how come you suddenly cook so well?"

"Practice makes perfect." Yan Huan dipped her head to hide the rising emotion that showed under her drooping eyelashes. After Yi Ling had ended her own life, every time Yan Huan thought of her, she'd cook noodles, one bowl for herself and one for Yi Ling, until she could finally accept the fact that she was gone, just like her mother.

That's how her cooking had improved so much. Also, when she first married Lu, she wanted to be a good wife and a good mother and therefore had hired a chef to teach her one on one. It took her four years to become a decent daughter-in-law on their terms, and to make Lu Qin a rising movie star. It also took her that long to be able to see through that man.

Too bad she had met a scumbag instead of her true love.

She strolled into their little bathroom, took off her clothes, and examined her abdomen—smooth, fair, without any scarring. Touching it, she could still feel the pangs of torture from her last life. In the mirror was her face, glowing with youth at the age of twenty. It was the blossoming age for a woman, when naturally beautiful even without any makeup.

She was once applauded as being born to be a movie star. She had a palm-sized face that presented very well under cameras, and her skin condition was extraordinarily good and was kept at the same fair level even when at an older age of 26. Only when she was starved to lose too much weight did she lose that glow.

'4" in height, she was not too tall nor too short among her peers, and it made it easy for her to couple up with any actor. She also boasted a slim, well-proportioned body, some would say she's eight heads tall, the ideal standard, and that she would look good from any angle and in any outfit.

Skimming her face, she leaned closer to press her forehead against the mirror and stared into her own reflection.

Yan Huan, fighting. This time you will stand at the top of the mountain and look down at those who had bullied you, hurt you, and lied to you. You will take back your pride.

Tears dropped from under her fluttering eyelashes.

Yes, fighting,

Yan Huan.

She changed her clothes and went to the set with Yi Ling the next day. It was a stunt double part for Yu Chen that Yi Ling got for her. Yi Ling had clear principles as her agent, she would rather take a dangerous part than a promiscuous one, which Yan Huan was most grateful for. Under her protection, Yan Huan was able to keep an untainted reputation until Yi Ling chose to end her life. It was only too late for her to realize how important that was when later she was looked down upon by the Lus for her disgrace.