

Sweet Wife in My Arms

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Chapter 12: The Wire in Midair

Actually, it had been a while since she had last been to a shooting set. In the past, this was her battlefield, her second home, the place she became a star. Once again, she felt a surge of emotion, blood boiling in her veins, at the first step onto set. She decided, clenching her fist at the side of her body, to perform as perfectly as possible, although she was just a double.

“Double! Where is the double?” the director rolled up his script and seemed a little impatient. The most difficult part of the scene involved the hanging wire. These martial stunts were usually done by men, but with Yu Chen’s slimness, a man as her double would be easily recognized. The director was a stickler for perfection, so he needed a stuntwoman. But this wire scene was shot at around 20 meters above ground, a height very few stuntwomen could do.

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“Here, Sir,” Yan Huan rushed over just like an ordinary green hand, shy, scared and worried about possible unsatisfactory performance.

The director scanned her up and down, “You sure?”

“Yes,” Yan Huan nodded. “I have done it before several times. No problem at all.” She grinned, her bright smile lighting up her already enchanting appearance.

“Kind of a waste for that pretty face,” the director murmured to himself. He could tell the girl was a super star material. After all, she had what it takes, but, unfortunately, she had not been dealt a good hang.

“Good?” a technician fixed the wire onto Yan Huan’s waist and asked her about the tension.

“Yes, it’s fine,” Yan Huan took a deep breath, closing her eyes. When she opened them again, she smiled brightly, like sunlight illuminating the room. The technician was a bit surprised at how eased she looked, since most actresses and stuntwomen were afraid of being hung by wire in midair. Not one of them did not seem nervous and fearful. How could she still be able to smile? And he found his answer soon enough.

For a second, Yan Huan was hung at 20 meters in the air, where she needed to finish a series of martial moves. With a sword in her hand, she emanated an air of menace with

her dagger eyes, though not necessarily required for a double. Instead of a murderous look or intention, it was all sharpness. Seeing her fly and do back bends in the air, one would think her limber waist seemed to be without a bone. She was well grounded in dancing because she had been trained in it since she was a little girl. She had not had such a feeling for a long time, the feeling of being weightless when hung in the air. She didn't know how others would feel about it, but she knew she liked it, enjoyed it.

When she landed, beads of moisture had stood out on her forehead. She did a great job, though. Despite the initial rustiness, she managed to get the hang of it gradually. For a scene of this difficulty, her performance was impeccable, so much as that even some professional stunt actors might not be able to pull it off.

"Excellent," the director was very pleased with her performance. He also appreciated her manner. Unlike other substitutes who liked to take selfies and post on social media, she had barely taken her smartphone out thus far.

"Thank you, Director," Yan Huan smiled in modesty, her face overflowed with youth and glow. There were glimmers of light on her cheeks, which made her silky-smooth skin shine pearlescent. She was a natural beauty.

She found a place to sit down, took out a water bottle she brought herself, and started to drink. The working meal would be distributed later, then she could have lunch.

"What should we do, Director?" one of the staff stormed over. "We just learnt that Yu Shasha left for a role at another set!"