

Chapter 131: How Is Your Relationship Getting On?

"Next time, please pay attention." Fang Zhu hung up the phone once she finished speaking.

Lu Yi leaned against the bedframe and continued to watch the television. "This scene is quite elegant." He seldom set a high value on a television program.

Lei Qingyi put his food on the table and sat down.

"How about you and the old nun?" he asked through a mouthful of rice.

The old nun he mentioned was none other than Fang Zhu; he had never seen a woman without a single hair out of place, was it possible that she applied hair gel secretly?

Lu Yi looked up at him with stiff features and expression.

"Alright, I won't talk about it," Lei Qingyi shrugged his shoulders and picked up the spoon to continue eating. But he couldn't help speaking again soon after, he would suffocate to death if anyone didn't let him open his mouth while he ate.

"Can I ask you something?" He looked tentatively at his best friend who looked like a stone in front of him. He knew Lu Yi's temper very well, don't forget, they were good friends that grew up wearing the same pants. Yes, they were brothers in terms of kinship, very close family members.

"Yes." Lu Yi's lifestyle was like an old man, it wasn't surprising that he wasn't romantic. But Fang Zhu wasn't much better...

It was true that they were quite the pair. A pure-hearted monk and a voluntary nun, they could live together quite well. He still felt something strange.

"Tell me the truth," Lei Qingyi emphasized. "You're like a brother to me, don't keep any secrets."

"Yes." Lu Yi murmured assent and continued to eat his food. He didn't even look at his phone or at the newspaper on the table, he just ate his food quietly. He looked like a quiet, handsome man. No, maybe a quiet, handsome brick.

"How is your relationship getting on?" Lei Qingyi asked straightforwardly as he fed himself another mouthful of rice. He hoped to receive a straightforward answer in response.

"Why do you want to know?" Lu Yi asked in reply.

"There's a lot I want to know about," Lei Qingyi said in cheeky response. He wanted to know about Lu Yi's sex life, was it the same as his temper- lacking passion? "Do you have sex with her?" Lei Qingyi asked instead. They were both mature adults in a romantic relationship, if nothing happened between them wouldn't that be weird?

"No." Lu Yi didn't even lift his head.

"You haven't had sex yet?" Lei Qingyi was not surprised, honestly. If it actually happened, he would feel that the world had gone mad.

“Kissed?” He asked again.

“No.”

“Hug?”

“No.”

Lei Qingyi dropped his chopsticks on the table. Then he grabbed his hair, “Don’t tell me that you haven’t even held hands?”

“We haven’t.” Lu Yi’s answer nearly made Lei Qingyi collapse.

“Oh my god!” He covered his face with his hands. “Lu Yi, did you get yourself a girlfriend or a teacher?”

Lu Yi frowned, he doesn’t know?

“I can’t make sense of you.” Lei Qingyi lifted his bowl and ate a big mouthful of rice. “Oh, by the way, did you watch Journey to Fairyland? It’s pretty good.” Lei Qingyi couldn’t help but change the subject so suddenly, it popped into his head and he couldn’t stop himself from bringing it up. They had been this way since they were young: one was quiet and another was active. One couldn’t speak anything for a long time and another kept talking as if afraid of indigestion.

“Yan Huan looked stunning in the ancient costume, my mother has become her loyal fan. If the person that you saved really was Yan Huan, how nice would it be if I could get her autograph? My mother sure would love me after that...”

“Does your mother not love you now? Are you two enemies?” Lu Yi raised his face and asked drily.

Lei Qingyi had to let out a loud hiccup before he could answer. “Not enemies, but we might be soon. Because I still haven’t got a girlfriend.” Lei Qingyi paused, then shuddered as he said “But if my girlfriend is the same as yours... in that case, I’d rather find a boyfriend.”

Lu Yi ate slowly, his movements extremely relaxed, but he looked good like that. He looked like a noble prince.

His formal mannerisms kept strangers and acquaintances away.

“I’ll go and get some more rice,” Lei Qingyi said. He picked up his bowl and added some rice. It wasn’t enough for him, though. Since he was almost twice as large as most other people, he needed double the amount of food, too.

Lu Yi put down his chopsticks and reached out for his phone. When his finger slid on the phone, he took the time to surf Weibo. She gained some followers today, Yan Huan seems to be popular...

“Fighting,” he said, his lips arched into a half-curved smile.

“Huanhuan, fighting,” Yi Ling hugged Yan Huan. “You’re doing great, I’m so proud of you.”

Yan Huan clenched her hand into a fist at Yi Ling. “Yes, fighting.”

The trial broadcast of Journey to Fairyland came to a perfect ending. Though only two episodes had been broadcasted, with the beautiful images, the good-looking actors, and the magical effects, the

drama had become popular in all the film and TV circles. The actors who appeared on screen had seen great increase in their popularity, especially the new actress, Yan Huan, who was now widely known in every household.

As there was a good start, during the next shooting everyone was invigorated and deliberate about their work.

Ding Ming played the role of a cook on Green Mountain in the drama. Though he was just a so-called cook, he was daring and lecherous and interested in the master's daughter, Qing Yao.

Cook Ding squeezed his eyes shut, his mouth watered whenever he saw the lady in white come over.

"Miss Qing Yao." He hastened to step forward, and Yan Huan turned and exuded an aura of iciness when she looked at him. She was cold and arrogant, as if she placed herself above all other things on earth.

Cook Ding stumbled and fell flat on his face.

"Cut!" The director frowned, the shooting had been going smoothly recently, especially Yan Huan's scenes, and it had been a long time since she hadn't been able to shoot in a single take.

Chapter 132: Live Observation

"What's the matter with you?" Director Jin asked Ding Ming angrily. "Did I ask you to fall over? I just want you to act like a lecherous pervert. You want to ad-lib, fine, but that isn't the way to do it."

The shot had been set up perfectly; it was supposed to be an aesthetically pleasing shot, but Ding Ming had ruined it all by falling over dramatically, like a complete buffoon. Director Jin wondered whether Ding Ming was trying to sabotage his show with terrible, over-the-top acting.

"Sorry, Director. I won't do it again." Ding Ming quickly got to his feet. He rubbed his aching kneecaps. He had tried his best to act well, but Yan Huan's frosty attitude had terrified him.

They redid the scene from the top. Yan Huan walked over to Ding Ming, her expression as cool and placid as a wintry lake. Her face glowed with ethereal energy as her sleeves fluttered in the wind.

This was an immortal fairy. A beautiful, perfect girl who was pure and innocent.

Cook Ding stopped what he was doing. His eyes disappeared into lusty slits as he ogled the girl. Suddenly, she turned to face him, and he quickly lowered his head.

Qing Yao walked over.

"Did a man come by here?" she asked. Her eyes narrowed, her extraordinarily long eyelashes almost touching her cheeks.

Cook Ding looked up. This was the first time he was able to look at Qing Yao up-close. But the icy look in her eyes pierced him like needles, and he had to take an involuntary step backwards. He lost his balance, and his arms began to flail.

"Careful!" Yan Huan reached out to grab him, but her hand closed around his belt instead. She did not know herself whether she had intended to do it, but it did not matter. In the next second...

Cook Ding had only stumbled backwards; he had not actually been in danger of falling over this time. But Yan Huan had grabbed him by the belt, and in the next second his trousers had pooled in a heap around his ankles. The belt had been the only thing keeping his loose, baggy costume together; without it, his trousers simply would not stay up.

Cook Ding stood on the set, his tiny black briefs and naked legs exposed for everyone to see. There was a noticeable bulge in the front of his briefs—he was evidently having a reaction.

Yan Huan quickly let go of the belt. She rubbed her arms and turned away, pretending not to have seen anything. Nobody noticed the icy cold look in her eyes, or the fact that she was now filled with complete and utter disgust.

Ding Ming's face had turned bright red. He quickly pulled up his trousers and tightened his belt. He had embarrassed himself in front of all these people. It was so humiliating he felt like killing himself.

It had happened too quickly for Director Jin to yell cut. The camera caught every second of it.

“Delete the footage, all of it!” Director Jin wiped the sweat from his face. “You there...” He pointed at Ding Ming. “Do you even know how to act? If you have no idea what you’re doing, get your ass off my set! How can you mess up such a simple scene? Whose shoes did you lick to get on my show, huh?”

The corners of Ding Ming's mouth twitched helplessly. He did not know what to say.

He did not dare make any more mistakes in the next retake. Yan Huan, for her part, had also decided to let him off for now; she did not want to redo the same scene over and over again just for the sake of punishing him. It would not be fair to the production crew, who was already getting annoyed with Ding Ming.

They took a break from shooting around noon. Yan Huan went to the washroom, where she heard a strange noise: it sounded very much like a man moaning.

Her cheeks grew warm. She briefly considered the possibility of the man moaning in pain because she had accidentally knocked something over and injured him, but dismissed the idea as she listened to the low, breathless moans. She was surprised that someone was brave enough to do “it” here, on a movie set during a shoot.

She was about to leave when a particularly loud moan caught her attention. The voice sounded familiar.

Ding Ming?

She frowned, and immediately did a U-turn back into the washroom. She stealthily moved towards the source of all the moaning, and hid behind a corner as she peeked around it. The sight floored her: Ding Ming was jerking himself off as he gazed lustily at the photo in his hand. His face was as red as a lobster, and his features twisted into a nauseating look of pure perversion. Yan Huan's gaze moved to the photo in his hand: who was his unlucky prey? Was it Liang Chen?

She froze when she saw who was in the photo. Her expression darkened, and she had to keep from throwing up. It was one of the photos Yi Ling had posted on her Weibo. It was, in other words, a photo of her, Yan Huan.

She clamped a hand over her mouth and ran out of the washroom. Ding Ming was too engrossed in his act to notice her; if he had seen her, he would probably suffer from erectile dysfunction for the rest of his life from the sheer embarrassment of it all.

“Huanhuan, I don’t actually need to go to the washroom.” Yi Ling was on her phone, managing Yan Huan’s Weibo. She had made sure to keep her water intake to a minimum that day because she did not want to have to keep going to the washroom, especially when the time could be better spent on managing Yan Huan’s Weibo instead.

Yan Huan’s follower count was increasing at a frightening pace. Yi Ling had to keep a close eye on the Weibo page to make sure there were no negative comments on it. She did not want Yan Huan to feel sad over nasty comments by trolls, not when she was just starting out on her journey to stardom.

“You’ve been sitting in that chair for too long. C’mon, you have to get up and move those legs anyway.” Yan Huan forcefully pulled Yi Ling with her by the arm. She had to get Yi Ling to the washroom before that disgusting man finished. She hoped he had enough stamina in him to put on a good show for Yi Ling.

Yan Huan felt a little guilty at the thought of subjecting Yi Ling to such a revolting sight, but she could not let this rare opportunity slip by. Besides, this was also a great sacrifice for Yan Huan: she was going to defile her eyes a second time, for Yi Ling’s sake. Yan Huan vowed to kill herself if Yi Ling still ended up with that pig this time around.

Disgust was not always a bad thing. The right amount of disgust would help keep Yi Ling away from that scumbag, for example.

Yan Huan pulled Yi Ling, who was still distractedly checking her phone, towards the secluded area in the washroom. Yan Huan heard the moans again, and her lips curved into a small smile, even as revulsion flared in her eyes.

Yi Ling had sharp ears; she had been looking at her phone, but her head shot up as soon as she heard the faint moaning. She froze for a few seconds.

“Let’s go.” She quickly grabbed Yan Huan’s arm and tried to leave. It was obvious that a couple was getting it on nearby; she did not want to accidentally walk in on them and make things horribly awkward.

Yi Ling was somewhat annoyed at the audacity of the couple, however—how could they do it in public? Had they not considered how embarrassing it would be for them if someone saw? How would they be able to live with themselves then?

But Yan Huan continued walking towards the moans with easy, confident strides.

“Huanhuan,” Yi Ling said in a hushed voice as she clamped a hand over Yan Huan’s mouth. “What are you up to?”

“Live observation,” said Yan Huan nonchalantly, her expression entirely dead-pan. “This is a good chance for me to see what it’s like. I may have to take on roles with kissing scenes or even bed scenes in the future. I’ll have to find out myself, eventually, so I think we shouldn’t pass on this opportunity to see someone else in action, live.”

Yi Ling gritted her teeth; if that was what Yan Huan wanted, so be it. She kept a protective hand on Yan Huan's wrist as she carefully moved towards the source of the moaning.

She had been expecting a couple doing the horizontal tango, but no, it was a man in the middle of a solo act. He had a photo in his hand, and Yi Ling's sharp eyes recognized the person in it at once.

Chapter 133: She Wanted to Vomit

All of a sudden, Yi Ling's face turned red, she reached out and pointed ahead and Yan Huan quickly covered her mouth and dragged her away.

Yi Ling stretched her leg out and kicked the air in front of her when Yan Huan released her hand.

Fuck you! The nerve! You... you... how can you do such disgraceful things! "What's his name? Huanhuan, what's his name again?" Yi Ling was so angry that she totally forgot his name, but no matter what he was called, the guy was a synonym for disgust in her mind. She never saw such a disgusting thing, he even dared to use Huanhuan's photo.

"His name is Ding Ming." Although Yan Huan was also in a dark mood, she remembered it. She kicked the stone beside her foot. Though she had brought Yi Ling to watch a play, she felt like vomiting now.

"Yes, that's him." Yi Ling clenched her teeth, she remembered his name and the disgusting scene, perhaps she wouldn't be able to forget it for the rest of her life.

It was a disgusting sight to see, she swayed her head and felt nauseated in a short while.

"I'm gonna vomit." Yi Ling quickly covered her mouth and went to throw up.

Yan Huan leaned her head against the wall, a breeze blowing in her eyes; it was cold and refreshing.

And the past had cooled off.

After a short while, the makeup artist came over to help her with makeup, she would put on a rival show with the first female lead, Guan Yuexin in the next act, she was nervous as the first female lead was the superstar in movies and thus it was quite stressful. She was afraid the veteran actor would put pressure on her and that would be a disaster for a new actor.

It has to be said that Liang Chen is good in acting. While Yan Huan relied on her experiences in a previous life and adapted herself well, Liang Chen was a skilful actress.

If the first female lead wasn't Liang Chen, Yan Huan knew that her performance would surpass any of the leading actresses.

Liang Chen was different, though, her acting was impressive and fit the character, she was never held back by Yan Huan's performance and she had her own good-looking style. Moreover, people had a very high opinion of her. Thus, she was absolutely an actress with many strengths.

Yan Huan came over when she was done. Liang Chen has always been a cold fish, but she smiled at her at the moment.

"Keep going."

Yan Huan was stunned for a moment; she seemed to be understood.

“Thank you, I’ll do my best.” Yan Huan gripped her fingers tightly, she had been worried about their rivalry as she was afraid that Liang Chen might hold her back. She wasn’t scared but she had nothing at all and her career got off to a difficult start so she couldn’t make a mistake. One of Liang Chen’s fingers alone was enough to get her out of the entertainment circle.

Liang Chen was friendly with her, so Yan Huan knew that, at the very least, she wouldn’t make things difficult for her.

“You’ll enjoy acting with her,” Qi Haolin said to Liang Chen when no one was around. “It’ll be fun.”

“I’ll wait and see, you speak highly of her, are you interested in her?” Liang Chen raised her eyebrows and covered her mouth. Her eyes were very beautiful and she didn’t look like a woman who was already 32.

A woman rarely lived with graces like Liang Chen.

She looked 18 years old when she was at the age of 18.

She looked 18 years old when she was at the age of 20.

And she was 32 years old now, but she still looked like she was 18 years old.

It wasn’t easy for a woman to retain a young girl’s essence.

Qi Haolin coughed and looked at Liang Chen with an indescribable expression. “I’m 27 years old and she’s only 20...”

“Are you afraid of having a relationship with a younger woman?” Liang Chen covered her mouth and continued laughing.

“Aren’t you afraid?” Qi Haolin asked her in reply.

“What am I afraid of?” Liang Chen blew on her fingers. “I could get together with someone younger than me. Maybe my future husband is going to sit for the college entrance examination next year.”

Qi Haolin smiled and rose to his feet, then he adjusted the ancient costume he was wearing. “Alright, get ready. Time’s up.”

Liang Chen stood behind Qi Haolin, and her eyes met Yan Huan’s.

Yan Huan winked at her.

Liang Chen made a wry face and Yan Huan was stunned for a moment.

“The younger generation is so adorable, just like you.” Liang Chen laughed, she was obviously teasing Qi Haolin. Qi Haolin suddenly turned his head and looked back, and Liang Chen’s heart skipped a beat due to his handsome features.

Well, really! Why are you trying to look cool in front of me?

When the director shouted “Action!”, her smile faded away and the expression in her eyes changed; she became a poor young wife in a single moment.

She looked at Qi Haolin with tearful eyes, like an abandoned puppy, she looked so pitiful.

Qing Yao drew back her sword and stood on the ground, she turned her face and squinted her eyes.

“Guan Yuexin, why are you here?”

Guan Yuexin stuck out her tongue and walked towards her.

“Sister Qing Yao, your skills have greatly improved.”

Qing Yao ignored her and her eyes fell on Yan Boxuan. At that moment her pupils were filled with the figure of the man.

“Junior, we’ll go together so that we can take care of each other.”

“Sorry to have bothered you.” Yan Boxuan cupped his hand in obeisance to Qing Yao.

Guan Yuexin pulled Qing Yao by the sleeve with a pitiable look.

“Senior, can you take sister Yuexin with us?” Yan Boxuan was very grateful for the help.

Qing Yao gripped her hand tightly and forced a smile.

“Alright,” she agreed.

Nobody noticed the trace of disappointment that flashed across her face. As she raised her face up and strode out from behind Yan Boxuan, she was haughty and hid in her clothes.

At night they stayed in the cave. Qing Yao went out to get them some food, she was the most skilful among the three of them. Guan Yuexin was lazy and never practised her skills. She was apt to learn but so far she was only about average and thus, she couldn’t even ride on the things that Yan Boxuan flew.

Chapter 134: Completely Gressed Out

Inside the cave, Yan Boxuan and Guan Yuexin were engaged in idle banter, just as they had done during their first meeting.

“Sister Qing Yao still looks so stern and scary.” Guan Yuexin wrinkled her nose.

Yan Boxuan reached out and tousled Guan Yuexin’s hair. “She’s actually a very nice person. She’s been looking out for me from the day I reached the top of the mountain. I bet she’s just annoyed at you for not taking things seriously—you’re too playful and cheeky.”

“Who, me?” Guan Yuexin resented that: she was a good girl. When had she ever been playful and cheeky? And besides, the path of cultivation was incredibly boring. What a waste of life!

“Hmm, I seem to recall a certain someone pretending to be a demon and scaring me in the middle of the night. Who was that, I wonder?” Yan Boxuan had swiftly poked a hole in Guan Yuexin’s defense. He was only doing it to tease her, however; the young lady really was unpredictable and cheeky, and he did not blame everyone else for not knowing how to handle her.

The two of them were clearly comfortable with each other.

A bonfire. Laughter. Vague hints of budding romance.

The camera zoomed out. The director watched his monitor in stunned silence: Qing Yao was standing outside the cave, a hand upon the stony cave wall. She was viciously ripping out pieces of broken stone from the wall.

Her actions were full of explosive anger, but her cheeks were wet with tears.

The tears dropped ceaselessly from the corners of her eyes. She lifted her face; the expression on it was still proud and arrogant.

Everyone on the set had been watching the man and woman in the cave with their full, undivided attention because of the relaxing atmosphere they created together. Their frank, easy banter made everyone feel warm and fuzzy inside. But as soon as the camera zoomed out, that sweet feeling of simple happiness was immediately underlined with deep, inexplicable pain.

It felt like getting pricked all over with a fine needle. It was both uncomfortable and painful.

“Cut!” The director yelled at just the right moment.

There were still tears in Yan Huan’s eyes. She saw everyone looking at her, and flushed with embarrassment.

“Oh my, you’re a shy one, aren’t you?” said Liang Chen as she walked over to Yan Huan; a moment ago she had been an innocent, naive girl, but now she sounded more like a suave millionaire trying to put the moves on a nice, homely girl. She reached out and pinched Yan Huan’s cheek, marveling at the lack of make-up on her face. “Ah, youth! What lovely cheeks you have!”

“My dear girl, I’m impressed. You slip in and out of character as easily as putting on a jacket. Best of all, your crying scenes are extremely realistic.” Liang Chen was generous and sincere with her praise for Yan Huan. Everyone knew that crying scenes were the most difficult to pull off; not everyone was able to start crying at the drop of a hat. It was the true test of an actor. The worst kinds were, of course, actors who could not cry on command, and actors who could cry, but looked incredibly fake while doing it.

Liang Chen was impressed that Yan Huan could pull it off at her young age.

“Keep up the good work,” she said encouragingly to Yan Huan. Right after that, she walked off to look for her manager.

Yan Huan touched her cheek. She let out a small sigh of relief; Liang Chen was actively helping her, and Yan Huan was grateful to her for that. She knew that her journey to stardom would be extremely difficult if the superstar had decided to sabotage her instead.

She had nothing but gratitude for the older actress. She wished she knew what had happened to Liang Chen in her previous life; all Yan Huan knew was that she had eventually replaced Liang Chen, and then Su Muran had replaced Yan Huan after that. By then, Liang Chen had faded out of showbiz, forgotten by the masses. Yan Huan had been 26 years old at the time, and Liang Chen had been nearly 38.

That was around the time Su Muran reached peak popularity. Yan Huan had died before she could find out what happened to Su Muran after that, but she guessed that Su Muran, too, had succumbed to the cruelty of time. She would grow old, lose her popularity, and be forgotten.

Yan Huan let out a soft sigh. That was just the way the world worked—humans were hard-wired to forget.

She walked over to Yi Ling and sat beside her. The production crew would be handing out their lunch boxes in a moment; nobody dared complain about the lunch boxes because Liang Chen, the superstar, would also be getting the exact same lunch box, and she had not uttered a single word of complaint about it.

“I’ll go get the food. You stay here and rest,” said Yi Ling as she covered Yan Huan with the large coat she had left nearby. Yan Huan’s costume was made of thin, sheer fabric that fluttered in the wind in a dreamy, mystical manner. But it was nearly winter now, and the weather was very cold—cold enough, in fact, for their breaths to mist in the air.

Yi Ling jogged to the lunch queue to get the lunch boxes provided by the production crew. The lunch boxes were filled to the brim with food, but not one of the actors dared to finish the entire box. They had to watch their weight and figures; it was okay to lose weight, but it would be a disaster if they put on weight and could no longer fit in their costumes.

“Here, take these.” Ding Ming held out two lunch boxes to Yi Ling.

Yi Ling immediately felt sick to the stomach when she saw that hand. She had to stop herself from puking right then and there. She hastily grabbed two lunch boxes from someone else and ran off.

Ding Ming gaped after her, his outstretched hands arrested in mid-air. He felt hurt. He touched his face: was he really that ugly? What was with all the disgusted reactions to his face recently?

Yi Ling ran all the way back to Yan Huan and placed a lunch box in her hands. She said angrily, “I saw that disgusting man just now. He used that filthy hand of his to hand me a lunch box! It’s so gross, he’s basically contaminating everything he touches. Eww!”

She was disgusted. Repulsed. Completely grossed out.

Yan Huan was certain that Yi Ling now hated Ding Ming’s guts. How could she not, after witnessing such a disgusting scene? Even if Ding Ming crossed paths with Yi Ling again in the future, she was sure that Yi Ling would never give him the time of day. He was now forever branded as a vile pervert in Yi Ling’s mind, and this was a label he would not be able to change, no matter how hard he tried. The only way to undo it would be to go back in time, but that was simply not possible.

Yan Huan was not particularly fond of meat. She picked out the meat from her lunch box and gave them to Yi Ling, who accepted them gratefully. The two women found a secluded spot and ate their lunch boxes in peace.

It was time to shoot the next scene, which took place inside a tomb. The production team did not know it yet, but the suspenseful writing here would later receive wide-spread praise among the show’s audience. The set was empty save for a green screen background; there would be a lot of complicated CGI added to the scene in post-production, but right now the actors had to use their own imaginations.

The extensive use of CGI spared the production team from having to look for suitable real-life locations to film in, but without a physical set around them, the actors were forced to rely on their instincts to interact convincingly with their surroundings.

It was not easy to shoot a scene entirely in green screen, but Liang Chen was an experienced actress and could deal with any situation. Qi Haolin, too, had been improving rapidly as an actor. Not only that, he had worked with Liang Chen many times, which meant that they had excellent chemistry together.

Yan Huan was not particularly worried about her own performance. She had a vivid imagination, as well as her experience from her previous life to draw on.

All the scenes involving the three of them were therefore completed quickly, using only the minimum number of takes. Best of all, Yan Huan and Liang Chen performed all of their own stunts, saving the production a lot of time and money.

Chapter 135: Couldn't Catch Up the Lines

Yan Huan was comfortable with dancing and she could do some of the movements in martial arts. She seldom made bloopers, she was very conscientious about every step, and the director was pleased with her performance.

So it was unavoidable that she got herself bruised all over by jumping up and down.

"Shall I take a picture of you?" Yi Ling took her phone out with the intention of snapping some photos of Yan Huan's bruises to show her dedication to her fans.

"No." Yan Huan held the pillow in her arms and lay down.

"Why?" Yi Ling sat down. "This is a good chance. Am I supposed to hit you with a brick if you want to take the photo in the future?"

"I just don't want to." Yan Huan closed her eyes and relaxed.

"This is part of my job, just like the eco-warriors have to brave the scorching sun, electricians have to risk their lives, and waiters have to bow unctuously. This is my job, I make a living by acting, it is common to get injuries and I don't want the others to think that I am pretentious or pandering for attention. I need to prove that I am tough."

"Alright." Yi Ling respected Yan Huan and felt that she was right, so instead she lifted the quilt and tucked her in, then she sat down and checked Yan Huan's Weibo.

She doesn't let me take a photo of her bruises, but what about her face?

Huanhuan was extremely beautiful without makeup. Yi Ling moved closer to her and took a photo with a click, then she posted it to Weibo.

Yan Huan slept soundly in the photo, her skin was extremely good though she was bare faced. There were dark circles under her eyes, presumably, she was exhausted.

The fans had a heated discussion in a short while.

The comments were about how it made their heart ache to see her exhausted.

And her skin was so good, she was a real beauty without any makeup or filter.

The next day, Yan Huan took her phone and she discovered that Yi Ling took her photo secretly again when she unlocked her phone. But, Yi Ling had a good eye, though it was sneak-snap, she took it well.

“You should change your profession to become a photographer,” Yan Huan joked.

“This has nothing to do with me.” Yi Ling shrugged her shoulders, Huanhuan is so beautiful, I couldn’t take an ugly photo even if I tried.

Yan Huan adjusted her clothes, she wasn’t very comfortable with being praised. When people gave her compliment she felt nothing at all. She was just born the way she was, her parents had given her these good looks but she had to prove herself in other ways still.

She could reach happiness if she took the right path in life. If she took the wrong path... well, it wouldn’t matter to her but she might implicate others.

She rose to her feet, it was time to go.

She opened the door and walked into the dressing room when she heard someone snort. She turned around and saw Wen Dongni, who already changed into her clothes. Yan Huan remembered that she played the role of a seductive woman in this drama, but she only appeared in a few episodes.

She felt that the character was suitable for Wen Dongni, she had the true qualities to play a seductive woman. But Wen Dongni was really an eyesore to her, and it was more likely that if she raised her hands it would be to slap her rather than give her a hug, after all, Yan Huan had taken parts in two dramas from her.

Wen Dongni wouldn’t take long to rise to fame if Yan Huan didn’t exist in this life. However, everyone has to seize their own chances. Yan Huan didn’t feel that she had stolen something, it wasn’t her fault and it could only be said that Wen Dongni wasn’t as skillful as others.

At first, Wen Dongni would put on a show with Liang Chen but not Yan Huan.

A rivalry with Liang Chen... Wen Dongni thought about it to herself. Though Liang Chen had already achieved the award of best actress, things could change...

Wen Dongni thought about it and deliberately moved a step forward when facing the camera, thus blocking half of the body of Liang Chen.

Positioning was very important to an actor in every shot.

You would be out of the camera shot if you stood too far, but if you stood closer and just right to the position, you might block the leading actress. Though you couldn’t steal her scenes completely, you could put yourself at the center of attention.

Wen Dongni was smart, but she had forgotten who the person behind the camera was.

“Cut!” The director was displeased and he shouted at Wen Dongni. “Wen Dongni, can’t you even position yourself correctly? You’re blocking Liang Chen!”

Wen Dongni's face turned red and she quickly stepped back. Liang Chen was smiling and a trace of irony flashed across her eyes.

It had been a while since someone tried to steal her spotlight.

What is her name? Wen Dongni, hm, what nerve she has! I like it.

"That's all right." Liang Chen waved her hand and smiled beautifully.

Wen Dongni felt pleased secretly as she thought Liang Chen was being very obliging. This didn't mean, however, that Wen Dongni would give up, after all, Liang Chen said it was fine and Wen Dongni would hate herself if she didn't take the opportunities given to steal the show.

Looking at such a scene, Yan Huan felt that Wen Dongni was really stupid.

Wasn't she popular enough in the entertainment circle? Everyone knows of her temper but how could she know nothing of this? She was a smiling tiger, the more she smiled happily, the more sinister ideas were set in her mind.

If you don't do stupid things, they won't come back and bite you in the ass. It was quite true.

Wen Dongni laughed secretly, she never cared about the position and stood in front of Liang Chen. But others kept their mouth shut as Liang Chen didn't say anything.

Liang Chen adjusted her clothing and fluffed her hair. Then a smile crept around on her face and she became Guan Yuexin again.

Artless, adorable, intelligent, and also a trace of evil.

"Eh, who are you?" Guan Yuexin suddenly moved forward and leaped up with a big stride, then she stood in front of Wen Dongni.

Wen Dongni was stunned for a moment, that's not what the script says, she thought to herself frantically. She hastened to speak- to say anything- but Guan Yuexin moved closer so that her face was right in front of her.

"Why do you look different with me?"

Wen Dongni opened her mouth.

Guan Yuexin seemed to notice something, and she turned her nose up from time to time, sniffing the air. "Why are you giving off such an odd smell? It smells bad."

Wen Dongni was dumbfounded and couldn't catch up the lines. She finally reacted and started to speak her lines, but Guan Yuexin stood up straight suddenly and clapped her hands together with a smile.

"I see. You are a fox, but do foxes look like this? Everyone said fox spirits are beautiful, but why are you so ugly?"

Cold sweat kept rolling from Wen Dongni's brow, she was completely taken aback.

"Cut!" Director Jin shouted. "Wen Dongni, what's wrong with you?"

Chapter 136: Pressure Acting

“Director, I...” Wen Dongni was feeling aggrieved: how was this her fault? “That’s not what the script says. Those lines don’t exist.” She had spent several days committing the script to memory, and was absolutely sure that none of the lines Liang Chen had sprung on her just now was in it.

“She knows how to ad-lib, so why can’t you? What, do you need every single syllable spelled out for you in the script? We’ve had a few ad-libs ever since we started filming, and everyone else had no problems adapting to the new lines. Why can’t you do it? What’s wrong with you?”

“I...” Wen Dongni’s red cheeks burnt with humiliation. She wished the ground would open up and swallow her whole.

“Action!” Director Jin signaled to the cameraman. In his opinion, there was nothing wrong with Liang Chen’s performance; she was a fantastic actress, and he already knew she was the type to ad-lib her lines. The first time she had done it, Yan Huan had immediately followed her lead, and the resulting take had been miles better than what had been written on the script. So why was Wen Dongni having so much difficulty now? Wen Dongni had far more acting experience under her belt, compared to Yan Huan, who had only been a stunt double before this. But Yan Huan had had no problems whatsoever rolling with Liang Chen’s impromptu lines.

That could only mean one thing: Wen Dongni, a veteran actress who had already been in the industry for several years, was actually a terrible actress who could not out-act a stunt double.

“Cut! Wen Dongni, did you even try to memorize your lines?”

“Cut! Wen Dongni, you’re supposed to be a seductive fox spirit, not a foolish pig spirit. Where’s your brain?”

“Cut! Cut! Cut!”

Wen Dongni’s clothes were now drenched with sweat, but the director could not care less. He ordered her to redo her scenes, over and over again, until he got the take he wanted.

Director Jin grabbed a paper fan and began fanning himself vigorously with it.

He was extremely annoyed. He was very close to kicking Wen Dongni off the set for tainting his show with her horrendous acting skills.

Liang Chen put on her coat and sat serenely in a corner as she watched the director roast Wen Dongni yet again.

The industry veterans immediately knew what was going on.

Liang Chen was intentionally turning up the heat on Wen Dongni during their scenes together, a practice known in the industry as “pressure acting.” Liang Chen’s performance had overwhelmed Wen Dongni, causing her to forget how to act. This was the difference between a superstar and a run-of-the-mill actor.

This was why Liang Chen was a superstar, while Wen Dongni was still a no-name actress.

Yan Huan had been confident in her own acting skills; in her previous life, she had made her way to the top and earned her Best Actress awards through hard work and persistence. She had not taken the easy way out.

But after seeing Liang Chen's performance—as well as the way she had ruthlessly dominated Wen Dongni in her scenes—Yan Huan now knew that she had been a little too complacent in her confidence. There would always be someone better at acting than her, and one of them was Liang Chen. Yan Huan was no match for the superstar in terms of acting skills.

She was grateful that Liang Chen was being so friendly and cooperative with her. She did not know if she would be able to withstand the pressure if the superstar had decided to snub her instead.

It was obvious to everyone that Liang Chen had no issues whatsoever with Yan Huan. The two actresses enjoyed working together, and completed all their scenes quickly, without any major hiccups.

Everyone else on the set was shivering from the cold weather, but Director Jin was still fanning himself with fierce intensity—he needed it because his blood was boiling with anger.

“Yan Huan, we'll put this scene on hold and shoot your next scene first.”

“Okay.” Yan Huan got to her feet and removed her coat, instantly feeling the cold, biting wind on her skin. She rubbed her arms and let out a long breath.

The set was really, really cold.

Yan Huan raised her hand and gave the wire team the OK sign. Swish! In the next instant, she was hovering in mid-air, but she showed no signs of fear or anxiety. She was able to perform her own wire stunts thanks to her previous experience as a stunt double; this was a huge advantage for her as many shows required some degree of wire work, but did not have the budget to hire stunt doubles for no-name actors.

They were now shooting the scene in which Qing Yao met Hu Jiuniang—the fox spirit played by Wen Dongni—for the first time. The two would then battle for a day and a night, with the fox spirit running away after sustaining serious injuries. It would be an epic fight scene—if Wen Dongni was able to pull her weight and give a competent performance.

Yan Huan lifted her sword. She was ready. She hung from her wire harness with perfect nonchalance, as though it were the most natural thing in the world. She had been trained as a dancer, and was able to pull off difficult moves such as bending over backwards and dropping into a yoga wheel pose. She was waiting for Wen Dongni to get ready.

“Director, don't I get a stunt double?” Wen Dongni suddenly realized, a little too late, that the wire team had put her into a wire harness. She balked at the thought of being lifted into mid-air: she was a delicate, fragile flower who had always used stunt doubles for her wire stunts. She was also afraid of heights.

Director Jin was momentarily stunned: he had completely forgotten that Wen Dongni could not do her own stunts. Liang Chen and Yan Huan had expertly performed all their own wire stunts, which had not only saved the production a lot of time but also allowed the cinematographer to do away with unnatural

camera angles that were usually necessary to hide the stunt doubles' faces. The two actresses had completed their stunts like true professionals.

But not everyone could be like Liang Chen and Yan Huan. Wen Dongni, for one, was deathly afraid of wire harnesses. Not only that, she was simply not nimble or flexible enough to pull off some of the more difficult stunts.

"Just give it a try," Director Jin rubbed his temples. "If you can't do it, we'll use a double." He had zero expectations for Wen Dongni. He had not forgotten the way she had thrown a tantrum on his set a while back; he had only allowed her to join his new production because Planner Chen had recommended her, and also because Wen Dongni had personally apologized for acting like a diva. Personally, he would rather not have hired her at all: her looks and acting skills could only be described as "mediocre," and she was evidently more trouble than she was worth.

But he had resigned himself to his fate. Every production had its share of difficulties.

Wen Dongni was about to say something, but before she could do so she was abruptly hoisted up into the air. A split-second later her frantic screams resounded through the set.

Yan Huan inwardly sighed as she adjusted her hair. Punishing a weak, silly woman like Wen Dongni gave her no sense of satisfaction.

To no one's surprise, a body double had to be called in to perform Wen Dongni's stunts. All Wen Dongni had to do was show her face to the camera, and let the cameraman and editor weave the shots together to make it look like she was doing her own stunts. Both the cameraman and the post-production team were extremely good at their job, but no one could deny that Wen Dongni had wasted a lot of their time and money. Yan Huan, too, was a victim of Wen Dongni's incompetence: she had been left dangling from a wire harness in mid-air for almost half an hour as she waited for Wen Dongni to get her act together.

Yan Huan was, once again, thoroughly annoyed and disgusted with Wen Dongni.

Qing Yao pointed the sword in her hand at Hu Jiuniang, a fox spirit who lived on the blood and essence of men. The fox spirit was cloaked in an aura of blood, hatred, and the countless lives she had taken.

Qing Yao had originally planned to kill Hu Jiuniang, but was now hesitating because she knew the fox spirit had been cultivating for a hundred years. This was an impressive feat, as the path of cultivation was a lot more difficult for spirits and animals than it was for humans.

"Immortal fairy, please don't kill me." Hu Jiuniang's body was soaked with blood. Her expression was one of pure terror. "Please, don't kill me. I've been cultivating for the last hundred years. I'll give you all the powers I've gained. I'll be your slave! I'll do anything you want me to! Please, spare me!"

Chapter 137: A Terrible Teammate

She trembled with fear, as she was afraid Qing Yao would stab her to death with her sword.

Qing Yao drew back her weapon and narrowed her eyes, even her hair looking slick and sharp in the moment.

Wen Dongni forgot her lines, she wanted to open her mouth but she didn't know how to remedy the situation. Yan Huan hadn't changed her expression, she was waiting for her to react, but apparently she wasn't capable.

"Cut!" Director Jin banged on the desk, "Miss Wen, what are you thinking about? How can you forget your lines at this moment? We didn't prepare for you for so long and..." Director Jin stood up, he felt irritable and his hair stood on end with anger. "Do you know how to cry? Can you shed the tears? If you can't, please put some drops in your eyes, how can there be a crying scene without shedding at least a few tears?"

Wen Dongni blushed with shame. How can I cry in front of the woman who always opposes me? And I can't break out into tears at a moment's notice, how can I cry now?

Qing Yao's scene with the fox spirit had been shooting viciously all afternoon but still wasn't finished. Director Jin was famous for his strictness and precision; he would not allow a single mistake, especially a big, careless one.

The more the director scolded her, the more Wen Dongni got anxious and performed worse. In the end, Liang Chen got the fidgets.

"Director Jin, I'll leave first and come tomorrow. She wasted my time."

Liang Chen's agent was also put into a foul mood from the long afternoon. "Director Jin, please tell us in advance if you have such a situation next time. Liang Chen has several ads to shoot, if we have the time, perhaps she could have already finished a few of them and we wouldn't have to stand here like a fool."

"I'm sorry, this is an unexpected difficulty," Director Jin hastened to explain. "We'll finish it soon."

His clothes were drenched with sweat as he couldn't achieve the desired results, but actually, Yan Huan was the one who worked the hardest. She had to wield the sword and speak her lines ceaselessly, she still had to put on the play with Wen Dongni. Her hand ached after they redid the scene this many times, she'd probably be too sore to life even a cup tomorrow.

However, she endured it in the end. She at least had to finish the scene, otherwise, the progress might need to be put off if they had to postpone the shooting until the next day. It made no difference whether other dramas would be delayed or not, but with Journey to Fairyland, both the shooting and broadcasting were running at the same time, so they needed to stick to a strict schedule.

Finally, they finished the shooting. Wen Dongni rolled her eyes and fainted when Director Jin shouted "cut" for the last time.

Yi Ling quickly supported Yan Huan and sat her down, then wrapped her with a coat.

"How do you feel?" She was worried about Yan Huan as she looked quite pale. Wen Dongni fell into a swoon because of her anger at Director Jin. Yan Huan didn't look well either, after all, she had been standing working hard all day.

"I'm fine." Yan Huan breathed gently and rubbed her wrist. She would have to apply a hot compress on her wrist when they got home.

It was the first time she saw an actor pass out, not because of sunstroke, exhaustion, or sickness, but because of the pressure from the director.

After a break, Yan Huan and Qi Haolin reshot several scenes due to Wen Dongni's mistakes the first time around. She was exhausted when she went back home.

Her arm ached so badly she almost couldn't lift it up, she didn't even want to move her fingers.

She didn't eat the food that Yi Ling bought for her because she fell asleep so soundly no one could wake her up.

She had a good sleep and didn't awake until the next day so she could regain her strength.

When she arrived at the studio, the crew told her that someone treated them lunch boxes.

"Who?" Yan Huan asked Yi Ling, she didn't know about it but she figured Yi Ling must have known. Who is the generous person that treated us for lunch? Even if it's just lunch boxes, it still costs a lot of money and what I need most is money.

"It's Wen Dongni." Yi Ling whispered and touched her fingers. "Huanhuan, should we eat it?"

"Yes, why not? The food was delivered to our mouth, so why wouldn't we eat it? It would be silly if we didn't." Yan Huan adjusted her clothes and started the day with getting her makeup done.

However, she was surprised that Wen Dongni had been smart enough to know to buy popular support.

After she was done with makeup, Yan Huan got ready for the next shooting. Wen Dongni wasn't as arrogant as before when she met her, but there wasn't any warmth when her eyes fell on her, and there was even a trace of hatred in her eyes.

Yan Huan didn't care whether she was hated by another, as there would be a lot of people who hated her in the future.

She had been offended by Wen Dongni and even apologized to her, she knew that, so why should she do that?

Wen Dongni did become smarter, she didn't drop the ball in the shooting, though her performance wasn't excellent, either, generally, she wasn't a bad actress. At least she was much better than the previous day, and she was able to catch up with lines, perhaps she didn't sleep at night.

Wen Dongni didn't have many scenes as a supporting role, they were scattered but there was always a few scenes with her. It wasn't outstanding but about average.

Yan Huan remembered that Wen Dongni's performance was also average when she played the role of Qing Yao, but due to the good script and good shooting, she could take advantage of the drama.

In Yan Huan's opinion, Hu Jiuniang was quite a good supporting role, as she had a lot of scenes and lines in the drama. If the actress could play her well, the character would leave a deep impression on audiences. However, it was such a pity that Wen Dongni didn't put more effort into her role, thus she didn't fit the character very well.

That day after they had finished their scenes and Yan Huan was going back with Yi Ling, they met Liang Chen.

Chapter 138: Make Me A Bowl Of Noodles

“Senior Liang.”

Yan Huan was surprised to see Liang Chen; the superstar was usually quick to leave the set in her chauffeured car. Why was she still here? Was she actually waiting for her?

Liang Chen’s cherry lips curved into a small smile. She flicked a lock of her wavy hair over her shoulder. “I heard that you know how to cook?”

“A little.” Yan Huan blinked, feeling a little lost.

Had Liang Chen been waiting for her? Really?

“Is your cooking delicious?” asked Liang Chen.

“It’s okay, I think.” Yan Huan did not know whether her cooking was delicious, but she guessed that it was probably tasty enough—Yi Ling, who used to be addicted to eating out, now preferred to eat Yan Huan’s home cooking. That had to count for something, right?

“Do you know how to make spinach noodles?” asked Liang Chen.

Yan Huan nodded. “Yes, I can make that.”

“Excellent.” Liang Chen walked over to Yan Huan, grabbed her by the arm, and tugged her towards the door. Yi Ling followed after them, bewildered.

“Senior Liang?”

“What is it?” Liang Chen replied, but did not wait to hear the rest. Instead, she bundled Yan Huan and Yi Ling into her car. “Make me a bowl of noodles. I’ve already sent my assistant to the store to get the spinach.”

“Okay.” Yan Huan did not mind the sudden request. It was just a bowl of noodles. Easy-peasy.

Liang Chen got into the car after Yi Ling and Yan Huan. The chauffeur started the car, and drove the women to Liang Chen’s impressive house.

Yan Huan had never been to Liang Chen’s house before this. It was a clean, quiet two-storey building that looked out upon a small but well-tended flower garden. Yan Huan and Yi Ling’s small apartment seemed tiny in comparison, but then again Yan Huan was nothing compared to Liang Chen. Liang Chen was a superstar.

Yan Huan had barely stepped across the threshold when Liang Chen steered her into the kitchen. Liang Chen’s assistant had already bought the spinach and the seasonings, and laid them out on the kitchen table.

Yan Huan had to keep from laughing: it seemed that the rich and influential could get away with anything. She vowed to work her way to the top and enjoy a life like Liang Chen's, a carefree life where she could do whatever she wanted, whenever she wanted.

Yan Huan's goal in life was to make a ton of money, buy a large mansion, and make sure Yi Ling married a good man instead of that scumbag this time around.

She washed the spinach, and began to make the noodles.

Soon after, bowls of steaming hot noodles appeared on the table, the emerald green noodles artfully decorated with omelette slices, black fungus, and red pepper. Yan Huan, Yi Ling, Liang Chen, Liang Chen's assistant, and Liang Chen's manager all had a bowl each.

Liang Chen snapped a photo of the bowls of spinach noodles, like any other girl-next-door. After that, she picked up her bowl and dug into the noodles without further ado. She froze for a few seconds after her first bite, and then quickly wolfed down the rest of her noodles.

Yan Huan had to intervene when she saw Liang Chen unabashedly steal the noodles from her assistant's bowl. "Uh, there's more in the pot."

"Wonderful. I'll be having those for breakfast tomorrow."

Liang Chen happily ate her noodles, relishing every bite. She did not say anything for the rest of the meal.

When they were done eating, Liang Chen stopped Yan Huan when she tried to clean up, and got her assistant to wash the bowls instead.

"Why do you always call me 'senior,' Yan Huan?" asked Liang Chen.

All the younger actresses either called her "Ms. Liang Chen" or "Elder Sister" once they got to know her. Yan Huan was the only one who persisted in calling her "Senior."

"I don't want to call you 'elder sister.' It makes you sound so old." Yan Huan did not like calling anyone 'Elder Sister.' She called the older women in showbiz 'Madam,' but never called anyone 'Elder Sister.'

Liang Chen burst into delighted laughter. She patted Yan Huan on the shoulder and said, "You can always talk to me if you need help. Oh, let's take a photo before I forget."

Liang Chen whipped out her phone and immediately took a selfie with Yan Huan. The two women were so photogenic they did not have to put on make-up or check their hair beforehand. They did not even have to pose.

And yet, they both looked divine in the resulting photo.

Liang Chen immediately posted their photo to her Weibo, along with a photo she had taken earlier of the appetizing bowls of spinach noodles.

Yan Huan was completely bewildered by everything that had just happened. Later, when they left Liang Chen's house, Yi Ling finally told her what she had heard from Liang Chen's manager: it was Liang Chen's mother's death anniversary that day.

Back when she was still alive, Liang Chen's mother always prepared delicious spinach noodles for her daughter whenever she returned to her maternal home. A few years ago, Liang Chen's mother had gone to the store to buy spinach after hearing from her daughter that she would be visiting her that day. She had gotten involved in a car accident, and had died on the spot with a bundle of spinach clenched tightly in her hand.

Today was Liang Chen's mother's death anniversary. Liang Chen had been scrolling through Yan Huan's Weibo when she saw that Yan Huan knew how to cook. She had made the impromptu decision to get Yan Huan to make noodles for her after seeing the photo of delicious-looking noodles on her Weibo.

And she had found the right person. Yan Huan was not only an excellent cook, she made the best noodles.

Yan Huan felt sad after listening to the story behind the spinach noodles. She was reminded of her own mother, who, like Liang Chen's mother, had died several years ago. Coincidentally, Yan Huan's mother had cooked noodles for her daughter, too, back when she was still alive.

Yan Huan wished her mother was still with her. She missed her mother's love.

She looked up at the sky. In that instant, she was filled with profound sorrow. Her grief expanded outwards to encompass the entirety of her previous life, as well as the journey she had just embarked upon in her new life.

A child without a mother was like a lonely leaf drifting in the wind .

Yi Ling immediately shared Liang Chen's Weibo post. She was not the only one to do so; Liang Chen's own fans and a number of other stars had shared the post too. Liang Chen had been in showbiz for over a decade, and was friends with more than half the celebrities in the industry. Yi Ling knew this was a huge opportunity for Yan Huan to get her name out there, and she seized it without hesitation.

In their photo, Liang Chen and Yan Huan both looked absolutely gorgeous. Liang Chen exuded the charms of a mature woman, while Yan Huan was the very picture of youth. They were both equally beautiful, even without make-up. The photo of the two beautiful women was accompanied by a photo of several pretty bowls of spinach noodles.

"The young, lovely lady made me spinach noodles, and they taste exactly like how my mother used to make them. She's a great cook! Whoever marries her in the future will be in for a treat. It's too bad I'm not a man, I'd take her as my wife in a heartbeat."

Within a few minutes, the Weibo post had already been shared over ten thousand times.

Luoluo Lanlan: "Two drop-dead gorgeous women in the same photo! They're so beautiful I feel like crying. My lovely Huanhuan is such a good cook. I'd give anything to be able to get a taste of her spinach noodles!"

Yan Huan Is My Goddess: "Check out my username."

Yan Huan Is My Idol: "Ditto. Check out my username."

Yan Huan Is My Daughter-in-Law: "Ditto. Check out my username."

Chapter 139: A Scary Senior

Yan Huan had a positive image since she appeared in the public's eye. Although many things about her and her past had been dug up by fans, there was no negative news. She didn't lose her aura to Liang Chen and she had excellent femininity, even Liang Chen praised her for her talent and beauty.

A busy week later, the hard times for those who had awaited Journey to Fairyland were finally over.

Finally, those who binge-viewed the drama were sat in front of the television or computer without eating and drinking and got ready to watch.

At the same time, Lu Yi was holding a cup of milk tea in the office room, a laptop was placed on his desk. He didn't go back home, but sat in front of the laptop like others, in fact, he had been waiting for a long time.

He took another sip of the milk tea, his lips seemed to lift slightly when the familiar melody played, and his rare smile made an appearance.

Yan Boxuan felt that all of his bones were dislocated, and suddenly his chest was cold as if someone was taking off his clothes. He opened his eyes abruptly and widened them, then he quickly shot out and took his clothes with his heart constricted.

"What.... What... what are you doing?"

"Don't move." Qing Yao looked up at him, her delicate features unique like a matchless beauty. She slightly lowered her eyelashes and the bright light shone on her cheek as if dancing across her face.

Under the light and shade, Yan Boxuan could hardly believe his eyes.

"Are you a fairy?"

"No." Qing Yao applied ointment for Yan Boxuan. She stood up and moved closer, but she gave him a start, so she explained, "I am the immortal, here is the Green Mountain. Master said that you are our junior from now on."

"Oh yes, the people who live at the foot of the mountain, they look all the same as you? What's the difference between you and us?" She stared curiously at Yan Boxuan, then she moved and touched his chin.

"Can I take your clothes off?"

Yan Boxuan shook his head and his teeth trembled. "No, you can't."

"But I want to know what the difference between you and us is." She spoke outrageous words but her eyes looked calm and clear without any obscenity.

"We are the same, we look all the same." Yan Boxuan held his clothes tightly in his arms like a young married woman who had been abused. He was afraid the woman would strip off his clothes and do something immoral to him.

Qing Yao blinked her eyes.

“I’ll just take a glance.”

Yan Boxuan shook his head.

“No.”

Qing Yao raised her hand, and Yan Boxuan opened his mouth to say something but found that he couldn’t move any part of his body except his eyeballs.

Qing Yao moved closer and reached out to untie his clothes. This was the first time Yan Boxuan met such a woman.

There was no one who would strip off a man’s clothes without reason, yet Qing Yao did it easily. He felt like weeping but had no tears. He wanted to bang himself on the tree, as it was better to die rather than be humiliated by a woman.

Soon, Qing Yao stripped off all of his clothes without any feeling. Luckily, she left him a fig leaf to cover between his legs.

Qing Yao rose to her feet then stepped back a pace. She cupped her cheek in her hands, her delicate features beautiful like an illusion. There was a naked man in her pupils, but her eyes were still clear.

It turned out that there was no difference between him and the men in the sect.

She turned around and the poor guy remained seated inside. Soon after, a man walked in and he couldn’t help but pat his forehead when he saw Yan Boxuan.

“Little junior, are you alright?” He walked over and laid a hand on Yan Boxuan’s shoulder. Finally, Yan Boxuan was able to move, and his face was dark and red at the moment. He was naked and his forehead was oozing sweat, he felt like he almost wanted to commit suicide because of the humiliation.

Yan Boxuan quickly took his clothes and put them on, his face was still red and livid as if this was the biggest shame in his life that his clothes had been stripped off by a woman and he nearly lost his virginity.

The man laughed suddenly. “Little junior, don’t put on such an expression. Qing Yao is Master’s daughter, she never goes down the mountain so she always thinks that the men down there are different than us. Actually, she bore you no malice.”

“I know.” Yan Boxuan bowed with his hands clasped in front of himself. “Thank you, Senior.” He could call the being “Senior” as he did see an immortal when he was in a coma, thus the immortal would accept him as his apprentice. He knew that the woman didn’t mean it but he still felt that he had been insulted. After all, he had been naked in front of her.

“My name is Si Nanchong, and you?” The man in front of Yan Boxuan was still smiling kindly.

“Yan Boxuan.” Yan Boxuan felt rather embarrassed to say his name, he already put on his clothes but he still felt like he was naked and a little out of sorts.

He got a lot of information about Green Mountain from Si Nanchong: Green Mountain was a fair place that produced outstanding people and was surrounded by hills. There was a mountain range which was the supernatural power of the Green Mountain.

The current Master of Green Mountain was Master Hua, and Qing Yao was his daughter, and, as Si Nanchong had said earlier, Qing Yao was born and raised here. She never went down before but she liked to see the world through the water mirror.

It had been almost a century since an outsider came to the Green Mountain, which was why Qing Yao was curious about Yan Boxuan as she wanted to know the difference between the men on the mountain and below the mountain. She didn't mean anything else.

Yan Boxuan had learnt from the master since then, but he couldn't figure out one thing, which was why Green Mountain would never accept outsiders. According to Guan Yuexin, as long as one climbed up the steps, they could become a citizen of Green Mountain. He was an outsider and didn't climb up the steps, but here he was.

Chapter 140: Why

He could not figure it out. He had asked Si Nanchong about it, but Si Nanchong did not know either, and had instead suggested that Yan Boxuan ask the master himself. This amounted to a dead-end for Yan Boxuan; he was too far down the hierarchy to be able to meet the master in person.

Qing Yao, on the other hand, was constantly visiting him and asking him to tell her what it was like below the mountain.

Yan Boxuan harbored a grudge against her for stripping him naked against his will, but he was eventually persuaded by her sincere curiosity. He set his petty grievances aside and began to regale her with tales of the mortal realm, to which Qing Yao listened with vicarious pleasure. She sat above him on the steps, her clear eyes fixed upon the far distance. Her hair brushed against her shoulder as it swayed in the gentle wind. The expression on her face was one of unspoken longing.

Freeze frame.

The viewers sitting before the TV finally snapped back to reality—two episodes had zipped by, just like that. And the show had ended just when it was getting good. The adorably naive expression on Qing Yao's face had melted the hearts of everyone: the men, the women, the elderly, and the young.

Her other iconic moment in the day's episodes was the scene in which she stripped Yan Boxuan naked. All the viewers had howled with laughter at the dead-pan, innocent look on her face as she methodically outraged Yan Boxuan's modesty, as though it were the most natural thing in the world. Her nonchalant naivete in that particular scene was extremely endearing.

The viewer ratings for Journey to Fairyland had shot to the top of the rankings after only two episodes. Its spot at the top was well-deserved, as the ratings never dipped below 5%,

Yan Huan had been a new, relatively unknown face before the show aired. Within the span of four episodes, however, her popularity rocketed into the stratosphere.

Lu Yi shut the lid on his laptop. He checked the time, remembered Fang Zhu's instructions, and got out his phone. He was required to call her every night, without fail, even if their phone conversations consisted solely of:

"Hello."

"It's me."

"Oh."

That usually marked the end of their phone conversations.

The line connected.

"It's me," Lu Yi said impassively, his voice devoid of all emotion. He did not even miss her. Most other couples could not bear to be apart for more than a day, but Lu Yi and Fang Zhu could go a month without seeing each other and still not miss one another.

"Don't call me for the next few days." Fang Zhu was working on a research. "I'm busy."

Lu Yi set the phone down. He did not mind. It made no real difference to him whether he was going out with Fang Zhu or not. In fact, he felt relieved to not have to remember to call her every day, for however long she was busy. Calling her felt like a chore to him.

He opened his laptop once more and began working. He had a lot of work to do, but he was in good spirits—he had tomorrow's episodes of Journey to Fairyland to look forward to.

He was surprised by this. He had not expected to actually look forward to a TV show, of all things.

"Action!" Director Jin shouted.

Yan Huan had already slipped into character. She stared blankly at her father's body; it lay on the ground, already stiff from death. A vast, empty void had opened up within her. Her clothes fluttered in the wind, but she remained entirely motionless.

After a long moment, her lips finally trembled. She looked up at the man before her as a large tear rolled down her cheek.

"Why?" Her voice was hoarse, but calm. She did not give in to hysteria. She did not yell, scream, or attempt to go for his throat. She merely asked for a reason in her hoarse, gravelly voice—a voice that sounded close to breaking.

"Why did you kill my father? Why did you destroy Qingshan Sect? Why are you doing this to me?"