

### Chapter 141: Don't You Really Know About It?

"Senior, don't you really know about it?" Yan Boxuan drew back his sword, he was different from when his first came to the Green Mountain. Now he was more comfortable and mature. Qing Yao was once the apple of everyone's eye but she was too far behind to catch up with his skills.

"What do I know?" Qing Yao smiled bitterly, she was a beloved daughter since childhood. However, it could also be said that she was kept locked inside the magnificent fairyland.

Everything that happened outside had nothing to do with her and she knew nothing about it.

Yan Boxuan bit his lips coldly and ironically.

"Senior, I once told you the purpose of coming here was to find out the murderer who killed my parents, but now, I've found out."

"My father?" Qing Yao lowered her head with her father's head in her arms. "Did My father kill your parents? It couldn't be, that's impossible." She shook her head and beneath her slightly drooping eyelashes, her trembling lips were displaying an unbearable bitterness. Perhaps it had stirred her deeply, perhaps she knew something about it, but she just couldn't believe it.

"He wanted to get my Cultivating Bead."

Yan Boxuan touched between his eyebrows, and a bead formed from his brows and fell into his palm. It was the Cultivating Bead, his family heirloom which he swallowed carelessly before.

At that moment, Master Qingshan felt the spirit of the Cultivating Bead. He had looked everywhere, but couldn't find it and thus he had killed Yan Boxuan's parents. All he wanted was to get the Cultivating Bead and that was why he accepted him as an apprentice without teaching him any magic arts.

Master Qingshan deserved more than death, and he took his revenge at the opportune moment.

"Senior, I will let you go." Yan Boxuan didn't want to kill Qing Yao. After all, Qing Yao had led him to step by step to become an immortal when he was in Qingshan Sect. She begged for mercy on his behalf and treated him when he was punished severely by Master Qingshan.

Master Qingshan killed his parents, but Qing Yao saved his life.

Thus, they had already settled their grudge.

He turned around, and his clothes fluttered in the breeze and the Cultivating Bead revolved around him.

Qing Yao rose to her feet. She lowered her head and her lips raised in a sudden, chilling smile, then raging flames rose over the ground. After the fire, everything would be gone.

Her father, the one who loved her the most was gone, so she would be alone hereafter. She had nothing and it was because of Yan Boxuan.

The feelings and love were annihilated by her hatred at the moment.

She raised her sword, and the fierce winds streaked across her clothes.

“Watch out!” A voice sounded suddenly and the sword thrust into someone’s body.

“Yuexin...” Yan Boxuan turned around suddenly and he saw Guan Yuexin was standing in front of him, the sword piercing her body.

Yan Boxuan wielded his sword and the spirit brushed Qing Yao’s hair before it fell on her shoulder. Her body fell heavily on the ground like a kite on a still day.

“I’m fine.” Guan Yuexin held Yan Boxuan’s hand tightly. She said that she was fine, but blood kept flowing from her mouth. “Sister Qing Yao is not to blame, she didn’t mean it, please don’t kill her. She did nothing wrong... it was Master Qingshan’s fault.”

### **Chapter 142: From Good To Evil**

“Yuexin.” Yan Boxuan put his arms around Guan Yuexin and hugged her tightly. It was a heartbreaking sight, one that moved everyone watching on the set to tears.

“I’m taking you with me. Don’t worry. I’ll save you. I won’t let you die.”

He lifted Guan Yuexin and carried her bridal-style as he left on his flying sword.

Peach blossoms fluttered to the ground as a familiar laugh began to ring out. The camera followed the petals as they fell, eventually landing on the gravely injured woman lying on the ground.

At that moment, her eyes were wide and unfocused. There was an empty void within her, and they ached terribly.

Her eyes remained wide open as tears streamed from her eyes. The cold wind seemed to pierce into her bones.

“Cut!” yelled the director. He felt his eyes sting, and had to keep from sniffing. The take had been absolutely perfect. In fact, it had blown all his expectations out of the water.

Qi Haolin and Liang Chen had turned in a spectacular performance, but there had been something different about Yan Huan’s performance. There was a quality to it that touched the souls of everyone watching; it lingered in the heart, like an echo that reverberated around an empty chamber.

Most newcomers would have quaked and lost their nerve before the incredible acting by veteran actors such as Liang Chen and Qi Haolin, but Yan Huan had stood her ground and put on a performance that was on par with Liang Chen’s.

Yan Huan sat up from the ground. She rubbed her shoulder—she had injured it during her fall just now.

It took her a moment before she was ready to get on her feet. Once she was up, she gingerly moved her shoulder to test how it felt.

“Are you okay?” Qi Haolin asked anxiously. He realized now that he had accidentally pushed her a little too hard.

“I’m fine.” Yan Huan rotated her arm to prove it. She smiled at Qi Haolin.

Qi Haolin tousled her hair. He thought of her as an adorable little sister. “That was a wonderful performance. You’ve improved.”

“Thank you.” Yan Huan looked shyly at the tips of her toes. It was true, her acting had improved. She was now an even better actress than she had been in her previous life, and she knew why: she was channeling her previous experiences into the character and show.

She was Qing Yao. Qing Yao was her.

Qing Yao had lost everything. The same thing had happened to Yan Huan in her previous life. Yan Huan felt a profound connection with Qing Yao because of that; in fact, the character was virtually an extension of herself.

They had reached the turning point for Qing Yao in the show. Yan Huan would have to change the way she portrayed Qing Yao from here on—the carefree girl would now turn to the dark side, driven by hatred.

The new Qing Yao would be consumed by thoughts of avenging her father and her sect, which had been wiped out. She would turn violent, ruthless, and cruel. She would transform into a heartless creature who no longer had any sympathy for anyone.

Before this turning point, she had lived a happy, carefree life. Now, she would turn her back on the path of righteousness and willingly dance with the devils for the rest of her days.

Her ultimate fate in the show was to lose to Yan Boxuan in a battle between good and evil. He would kill her with a single blow, and then her body would be ripped to shreds and devoured by a legion of demons. There would be nothing left of her in the end, not even her soul. It was a terrible fate, but one that Qing Yao deserved.

Yan Huan had to portray two different sides to Qing Yao in Journey to Fairyland, and take both characterizations to the extreme. She would be lovable and endearing when she was good, but once she turned evil, she would have to be despicable and universally reviled.

The director and Yan Huan spent a lot of time going over Qing Yao’s psychological changes after turning to the dark side.

Yan Huan knew that she needed some time to understand the new Qing Yao and bring her to life. It was easy enough to play a villain who later became good after a change of heart, but it was not so easy to do the reverse. She would have to flip the audience’s impressions of Qing Yao and make them feel like spitting in her face whenever they thought of her or saw her on-screen. It was going to be a challenge; anyone who could pull it off would earn their badge as a true actress.

Even after returning to her apartment, Yan Huan continued to review her lines in the script. In her mind’s eye, she tried to imagine a Qing Yao who subconsciously held on to a sliver of goodness deep within her, even as she lashed out viciously at the world.

### **Chapter 143: Too Cold**

“How did you hurt yourself so badly?” Yi Ling saw the bruises on Yan Huan’s shoulder and didn’t know what to do. How could it be so serious? “Do you want to go to the hospital?”

“It may be the constitution problem. Actually, it doesn’t even hurt much.” Yan Huan moved her arms, but it hurt so badly she couldn’t help but furrow her brows.

It’s really hurt. Luckily, I shoot the drama in ancient costumes. Otherwise, you’d be able to see it when I wear short sleeves.

She pretended it was nothing and continued to read the script and memorize her lines. She was in pain and on the verge of crying but held her tears back.

At night, she went into the bathroom and stripped off her clothes when Yi Ling fell asleep. Looking at her shoulder, she saw it was badly bruised.

She put on her clothes and came out of the bathroom, then picked up the script. She thought a lot about how to put on the play well.

The woman was dressed in black and had black hair down to her waist. A black Datura flower was painted on her forehead and she had coquettish makeup and red lips. At that moment, she gently stirred the pool barefoot.

At the same time, a man also appeared. When she turned around, he was awestruck by her beauty and his pupils went slack and he could not get himself away from her.

She exuded a seductive aura and could drive people to madness with it, but he knew that and was still willing to seek his own doom. Even if he should die beneath a peony flower, he would still be charming as a ghost.

The woman walked over barefoot and it seemed that the black Datura flowers were growing beside her feet. The man couldn’t move himself when she reached him, even when he realized she was not a fairy but a witch.

“Who are you?” the man asked, obviously obsessed with the woman, his eyes filled with her figure. They looked dull and glassy.

The woman opened her lips and put her hand on the man’s neck.

“Demon Lord, Qing Yao...”

As soon as she stopped speaking, the man’s neck was twisted by a beautiful hand and, with a crack, he died on the spot, his eyes widened and his expression frozen.

The woman closed her eyes and took in his soul for self-cultivation. She stood up and laughed scornfully like the demons in hell. She was Demon Lord Qing Yao. She killed people without blinking an eye, she would kill anyone without bother. She had no humanity or feelings as she wasn’t a human originally.

“Cut!” Director Jin shouted, before asking Yan Huan to come over. Yan Huan relaxed a little and dared not wipe the sweat on her forehead away as she was afraid that it would smudge her make-up. It was already winter after a few months of shooting.

It was too cold in winter and it made her skin crawl. She shivered with cold, her hands and feet already having gone numb due to the thin clothes she had to wear. Her legs were bare and she even had to be barefoot in the recent scenes.

She came over when she finished shooting and Yi Ling quickly draped a coat around her shoulders.

Yan Huan wrapped herself with the coat tightly and blew out, her breath seen in the frigid air.

It was too cold.

#### **Chapter 144: Just Kill Her**

She got out her script again and began to leaf through it. Qing Yao was now an antagonist, and Yan Huan had given her best shot at bringing the new Qing Yao to life after combining the pointers she had received from Director Jin with her own understanding of the character.

Director Jin had not criticized her performance, which meant that it was probably good enough. But Yan Huan still felt that there was something missing. She had to find out what it was, and make up for it.

When she returned to her apartment, she asked Yi Ling to help her practice her scenes.

Yi Ling obligingly let Yan Huan use her as a glorified prop. Yan Huan practiced for hours, but still felt that there was something not quite right about her portrayal of Qing Yao. Something was missing, but she did not know what.

Yi Ling rubbed her chin thoughtfully. "If you ask me, I think you need to be more seductive."

Yi Ling swayed her hips to emphasize her point. "Qing Yao isn't supposed to be a pure, innocent fairy in these scenes, but a devilish temptress. Every frown, smile, and gesture by her has to ooze with dangerous sex appeal. Kind of like your Hong Yao, you know? Her aura should be ominous and forbidding, not noble and righteous. But you're still giving off those 'lovely fairy' vibes."

"You think so?" Yan Hua seated herself. She mentally reviewed her performance, and discovered that Yi Ling was right.

She pinched Yi Ling's cheeks in delight. That was exactly it! She knew what was wrong now.

Qing Yao had gone over to the dark side, which meant that she was now fundamentally a different person. She was a fallen fairy—a devil.

The next day, Director Jin was surprised to see the change in the way Yan Huan carried herself. She now dominated every scene: like the black mandala flower painted between her eyebrows, her every look and gesture—her entire being, in fact—seemed to emanate a sultry yet ominous quality.

She was enveloped in an aura of death and destruction.

The murderous aura around Qing Yao intensified as she continued her killing spree. Everyone had deserted her. She was all alone. There was no turning back.

She caught and killed all of her former sect brothers who had allied with Yan Boxuan. She killed them ruthlessly, by thrusting her hand into their hearts like a bloodthirsty demon.

A man dressed entirely in black ran into the room and knelt before Qing Yao.

"Master, I caught a woman."

Qing Yao raised her head. She was lying on an arhat bed that had been placed next to a pool of water. Her legs hung from the edge of the bed, her bare feet kicking idly at the water—a habit she had retained from earlier, happier days.

She rested her cheek against her hand, and shut her eyes again briefly. She turned her head to the side, displaying her stunningly beautiful profile to the man before her. Her every move was filled with bewitching sultriness, but she did not know it herself.

“A woman?” Qing Yao opened her eyes, but made no attempt to get up. “So? Just kill her. Why are you reporting this to me?”

“Master, the woman says she came here to see you. I think she called herself... Guan... Guan something?” The underling scratched his face in confusion. He had forgotten the name.

“Oh, Guan Yuexin?” Qing Yao finally sat up. She placed her feet gingerly on the ground and walked out the door with slow, leisurely steps.

On her feet were black mandala flowers that appeared to pulse ominously. She had devoured many souls and absorbed the spiritual energy cultivated by her victims; this was a violation of the natural balance, which meant there was only one fate waiting for her—death.

Yes, only death.

Suddenly, she lifted her face to the sky and laughed.

#### **Chapter 145: All Gone**

She was not afraid of death.

In the prison, Guan Yuexin held her legs tightly. Her face was stained with ashes and mud, her normally clean hair was messy.

Suddenly the door opened and someone came in and lifted her up.

Guan Yuexin struggled desperately, but her power had been stunted and thus, she was weaker than a normal person.

Bang! She was thrown to the ground, which made her head spin. She raised her face and was stunned when she saw the woman sitting in front of her. She rose to her feet and moved forward.

“Sister Qing Yao...”

“How dare you say the Demon Lord’s name.” A hand slapped her across the face.

“Sister Qing Yao...” Guan Yuexin’s red lips trembled, and she raised a shaking arm, a straw grasshopper in her palm. “Sister Qing Yao, please stop it. You have killed so many people. It’s enough.”

“Enough?” Qing Yao suddenly opened her eyes which were filled with the evil spirit. “What do you call ‘enough’?” Suddenly, she moved to stand in front of Guan Yuexin, “You fell in love, but what about me? My family was ruined. You killed my family to enforce justice, but why it is an intolerable injustice to kill you?”

Qing Yao said nothing in return, only laughing wildly with both arms stretched out.

“Since the world treats me unfairly, I’ll just do the same. No matter who they are, I will kill whoever stands in my way.”

Looking at Qing Yao who went mad, Guan Yuexin shook her head and cried. She knew that her former sister Qingyao had died. She had already died. The present Qing Yao was not a human and had no humanity.

Her fingers suddenly felt pain; the straw grasshopper burned her.

Qing Yao shot a glance at Guan Yuexin who kneeled down on the ground. She threw up her hands and sat on her throne.

“Someone please come.” Her red lips curved upwards and smiled charmingly. “Take her to the Dark Cliff. Let’s see what Yan Boxuan does next, does he want his world or Guan Yuexin’s life?”

Moving her fingers, her red lips curved upward all along and she never took a glance at Guan Yuexin. However, at the moment when the camera moved away, it caught a shot of a drop of water on her finger.

It was what she had as a human being, but she abandoned it after she became a demon.

Love, tear, sadness and life.

“Master, Guan Yuexin has been taken to the Dark Cliff.”

“Master, Yan Boxuan fell into the depth of the Dark Cliff with Guan Yuexin, and it’s all over.”

“Master, the men already got together and intend to send a punitive expedition against us.”

Qing Yao’s black eyes turned red in a flash when she heard the men’s voices. She licked her red lips, food is coming.

“Cut!” Director Jin shouted. “We’re done with shooting for today, everyone can rest.”

Yan Huan stretched lazily, she felt tired. But they had achieved a lot today, and the number of scenes they completed was unprecedented. Presumably, they could wrap up the job within a month at this rate.

## **Chapter 146: You’ve Grown**

In the next few days, she was offered the opportunity to make a trip back to Sea City to shoot a commercial. She had become increasingly popular with the success of Journey to Fairyland, and her agency had brokered a commercial for her that would net her tens of thousands of yuan after they had taken their cut.

Tens of thousands of yuan! Yan Huan found the situation ironic. In her previous life, her net worth had already been in the billions by the time she won her Best Actress award. Tens of thousands of yuan would have been a paltry sum to the old Yan Huan; only the richest companies had been able to afford the astronomical sum she commanded for each commercial back then. The brand that had offered the commercial job to her now was lucky; soon enough, her rates would skyrocket along with her

popularity, and all the other companies would be kicking themselves for not having thought of asking her to shoot a commercial for them sooner.

After wrapping up her scenes for the day, she took a taxi back to Sea City. She would return to the movie set by plane after completing the shoot for the commercial, and continue filming Journey to Fairyland.

She took the taxi all the way to her agency. She had only been to the actual office building a handful of times, because she had signed with them during an especially busy phase: she had just finished shooting Love and Tribulations then, and had almost immediately started working on Journey to Fairyland after that. Her agency had asked her to prioritize her work on Journey to Fairyland, as it was Director Jin's "big TV show" of the year, and they knew that the show would be a major boost to her career. The agency genuinely cared about their artists; they were not the type to work their actors and actresses to death just for the extra revenue.

This was therefore the first time she had visited the company in a long while. She was dressed simply, and looked a little disheveled from her long journey because she had made a beeline for her agency without first changing her clothes. She would have preferred to rest at home for a day to recharge her batteries before showing up at the office, but her tight schedule did not allow it.

"Hey, isn't that Yan Huan?" someone whispered as they pointed at Yan Huan.

"Yup, that's her alright. She's crazy popular these days."

"I thought she was one of those girls who are only pretty because of all the makeup, but wow, her real makeup-free face is gorgeous! The company hit the jackpot when they signed her."

Yan Huan and Yi Ling walked into Manager Li Changqing's office. Yan Huan checked the time: good, they had arrived right on time.

She would be filming a commercial for a famous shampoo brand. Several employees from the shampoo company were also in the manager's office; they saw Yan Huan, and were delighted to see that she was every bit as beautiful as her photos had made her out to be. They had wanted to shoot the commercial immediately, but Yan Huan asked for it to be delayed to the next morning as she was still exhausted from her trip back to the city.

"Thank you, Manager Li," Yan Huan shook hands with Li Changqing. Her easygoing confidence set her apart from the other newcomers in the entertainment industry; she was obviously someone who was accustomed to taking the macro view, instead of getting caught up in the petty details.

"Keep up the good work." Li Changqing was impressed with Yan Huan. He knew that a confident, self-assured actress like her would go far.

Yan Huan smiled. After that, she returned to her apartment with Yi Ling.

On the way home, Yan Huan made a detour to the pet boarding center to pick up Little Bean. She had decided to take Little Bean with her for her remaining scenes for Journey to Fairyland. The production team did not actually allow pets on the set, but she was now on friendly terms with most of the team, and they had agreed to let her bring Little Bean with her to the set.



Yan Huan gazed fondly at Little Bean as Yi Ling hugged the cat. Yan Huan had missed Little Bean badly, and could not wait to hug her as well.

“You’ve grown.” Yan Huan took Little Bean into her arms and looked carefully at her fluffy, adorable feline face, taking in every new detail.

Little Bean had gained weight—it seemed that the pet boarding center had not been stingy with food and water. They had taken good care of their little darling.

“She’s not just bigger now—she’s fatter, too.” Yi Ling rubbed Little Bean’s tiny pink nose. “I’ll pack the cat litter and everything else we’ll need once we get home. It just doesn’t feel right without her.”

### **Chapter 147: What Do You Think?**

Yan Huan held Little Bean in her arms again. The car had arrived at the community where they lived. There were still not many people living there. She got out of the car and put a pair of sunglasses on her nose. Perhaps starting from now she might get used to it and pay attention to her privacy.

She walked to the elevator with Little Bean in her arms. The elevator doors opened, and it wasn’t just the two of them. Not only was there another person, there were many other people there.

However, she frowned as she had a familiar feeling. She looked up and her eyes met a pair of cold and black eyes. She quickly lowered her head and pushed her sunglasses upwards.

How come I’ve run into him again?

She hugged Little Bean tightly and remained silent and pretended to be dumb, waiting for the elevator to go up.

Ding! The elevator doors opened, the man walked past her and a blast of wind blew on her face. It brought her an inexplicable familiarity.

“That man has a strong personality,” Yi Ling stood on tiptoe and made frivolous remarks about him. “He was so handsome. It’s such a waste that he didn’t become an actor. By the way, what is his job? He has a perfect figure, but he’s not one of us, is he?”

“No.” Yan Huan pursed her lips. He despised their entertainment circle and held her in contempt. Her existence was the shame of the Lu family and might also be his.

“What does he do for work, do you know?” Yi Ling moved closer to Yan Huan, giving in fully to her gossipy personality. Although she looked like a man, in fact, she was a girl and loved to gossip.

“He’s a prosecutor,” Yan Huan spat out the words coldly. “He’s the youngest prosecutor in Sea City, from the Lu family.”

Yi Ling didn’t have a feeling at first, but her eyes widened suddenly when she heard that name. “The Lu family? Is it possible that he’s from that Lu family? They...” She raised her hand up to her height. “I heard that they have huge connections, is it that Lu family?”

There was only one Lu family in Sea City.

“What do you think?” Yan Huan asked her in reply.

At the same time, the elevator doors opened. Yan Huan walked out with Little Bean in her arms and could hear Yi Ling's sigh. "Well, we have no chance. The Lu family has high requirements and they won't accept people from a poor background like us."

Yan Huan stopped for a moment without saying a word.

Yes, they won't accept people like us. She had seen this so much in her previous life. But she deserved it, as she didn't preserve her purity. Filming those types of dramas was a stain in her life. Even if she didn't film any of those dramas in the future, she would still be maligned and back stabbed by people from time to time because of her reputation.

She walked faster at the thought, not forgetting that she was isolated and helpless when she was in the Lu family. They looked at her in disgust as if she was garbage with lots of flies around it.

Her mind was tumultuous whenever she thought about that man.

And that had only been regarding Lu Yi. What would happen if she met Lu Qin? Would she go insane?

### **Chapter 148: No Longer Young**

"Huanhuan, why are you walking so fast?"

Yi Ling had to run to keep up. This was the first time she had seen Yan Huan walk so quickly—and in high heels, too.

As soon as they entered their apartment, Yan Huan set Little Bean down. They had requested for a room cleaning service to clean up their apartment while they were away to save time: their schedule was extremely tight, and they would have had to give up their precious sleep just to dust off their furniture otherwise. Yan Huan had previously suffered through those miserable, sleepless days, and her experience had taught her what to do to make the most of her time, and get a good night's sleep.

Yi Ling flopped onto the sofa. "Huanhuan, what are we having for dinner?" She rubbed her stomach. "I'm starving."

"What do you feel like eating?" Yan Huan had picked up Little Bean again and was now using the cat's tiny paw to bat at Yi Ling's head. She was feeling a little hungry, but she was nowhere near "starving," as Yi Ling had put it.

"I want to eat the lunch boxes they give out on the set," said Yi Ling. It was a ridiculous request.

Yan Huan: "..."

That evening, Yan Huan put on a hat, a scarf, and a pair of non-prescription glasses. She wrapped herself securely in the scarf, making sure that the lower half of her face was obscured.

"You still look drop-dead gorgeous, you know." Yi Ling pinched Yan Huan's cheek. "You only have your mother to blame—it's her fault you turned out so pretty!"

Yan Huan blinked. She was sure that her disguise was good enough.

She did not know exactly how popular she was now, but she had put on a disguise anyway. It was better to be safe than sorry.

“We’ll be going now.” Yi Ling patted Little Bean on her tiny head. Little Bean looked up at Yi Ling, and then went back to sleep in her cat nest.

Yi Ling grabbed Little Bean’s fleshy paws and rubbed them. Finally satisfied, she went out with Yan Huan to get dinner.

They stepped outside into a biting wind. It was very cold.

Yan Huan breathed into her hands to warm them. She wondered where all the time had gone. It had been spring. Before her 20th birthday, when she had first awakened to her second chance in life. Now, it was already winter, and her 20th birthday had come and gone. She was going to be 21 next.

She adjusted her scarf again, and followed behind Yi Ling on their quest to find something to eat.

“Let’s eat here.” Yan Huan pointed at a restaurant: it was a dumpling shop that was somewhat famous in the neighborhood. The restaurant was popular because they were generous with the dumpling fillings: the meat used for the dumplings were juicy without being greasy, and lean without being dry. They were also very pretty to look at.

The restaurant was one of the more expensive joints because of their emphasis on quality, but Yan Huan did not mind. She was not particularly hungry and would not be eating much, anyway.

Yi Ling ordered two plates of dumplings: one meat, and one vegetarian. As the two women waited to be served, Yi Ling whipped out her phone and began browsing Yan Huan’s Weibo for the umpteenth time. She had to check in constantly; it was a habit that was now deeply ingrained in her.

The follower count had increased again. Yi Ling was now staring at her phone with a gaze so intense she looked as though she were about to shoot lasers from her eyes. The follower count had increased without fail every time she checked the Weibo; in fact, the counter was rolling at a frightening pace.

Yan Huan did not look at her phone. She tried to keep her phone-browsing time to a minimum as she was afraid that it would affect her eyesight; it would be extremely inconvenient for her if she ended up having to wear prescription glasses or contact lenses. She propped her elbows on the table and closed her eyes to rest them. Suddenly, she heard the diners at the table next to her begin to chatter excitedly.

“Are you all watching Journey to Fairyland?” Several young ladies had started an animated discussion on the show. Yan Huan thought of them as “young ladies” without realizing that she was also supposed to be a young lady herself. In fact, she could walk into a college campus and fit right in. Inside, however, she was nearly 30, almost ten years older than her outward appearance. Mentally and spiritually, she was much, much older than the group of young girls chattering beside her.

#### **Chapter 149: There’s Someone Who Likes Her**

The young girls continued their discussion.

“I love Yan Boxuan. He’s so handsome.”

If their idols heard their conversation they might even be hurt by the blunt judgment.

“I like Liang Chen, she’s worthy of the title of movie star, she played well in the role of a 16-year-old girl even she’s now 32.”

“I like Si Nanchong. I love his smile. He’s my husband, neither one of you can take him away from me.”

Yan Huan felt slightly abandoned. Just as she expected, there wasn’t anyone who liked her.

Just then, another voice chimed in. “Qing Yao’s acting is quite good. The first time she appeared on the TV, she was so beautiful that I got a nosebleed and was totally stunned.”

“Yeah, her acting is excellent,” the other one nodded. “I have my favorite idol already but I’m willing to become her fan as well. She looks so gorgeous in the role of Qing Yao. Every time she appeared on the TV I want to watch her several times.”

“Yeah.” The rest of them chimed in with agreement.

They all thought the same thing, which proved that Yan Huan had really performed well as Qing Yao.

Yan Huan’s face, which hidden under the scarf, was as bright as spring blossoms.

Everyone was fond of flattery and liked to hear good words about themselves.

The food was served. Yi Ling quickly brought the big bowl close to them and passed chopsticks to Yan Huan. She picked up a dumpling and ate it. “I haven’t eaten dumplings for a long time, but I still think that the dumplings you make are the best.”

Yan Huan picked up a dumpling and took a bite. The dumpling wrapper was thin, it was vegetarian but it tasted good. Actually, her mother made the best dumplings but she wouldn’t get the chance to eat them again in her life.

She ate the dumpling bite by bite, her eyes brimming with tears.

Yi Ling had a good appetite, and she had finished two-thirds of the dumplings in the big bowl while Yan Huan just ate one-third. But no matter, they had always been like that.

“Let’s go.” Yi Ling rose to her feet and rubbed her abdomen. “Ah, I’m so full and satisfied.” There was no greater happiness than having a full stomach to Yi Ling.

Yan Huan rose to her feet, but her scarf slipped off which revealed her delicate, makeup-free face.

She quickly wrapped her scarf around herself again and went out with Yi Ling.

Crash! The girls dropped their chopsticks on the table.

“Am I mistaken? Isn’t that Yan Huan? She was sitting just one meter away from us this whole time!”

“No... that can’t be right...” the other one said, unsure.

“No, that’s her, that’s Yan Huan,” the other girl repeated, getting up to run after Yan Huan. She wanted her idol to sign her autograph and take a picture with her.

At the same time, Yan Huan and Yi Ling had already gotten into a taxi and rushed back to their apartment.

It was almost ten o'clock when they reached their home, Yan Huan nearly fell asleep in the car. She didn't even play with Little Bean since she was so tired. Little Bean stayed under her master's feet but her master ignored her.

### **Chapter 150: Still So Tiny**

Little Bean stared at her owners with large, misty, sorrowful eyes. It was a sight that would make anyone melt into a puddle. Yi Ling knew a viral opportunity when she saw one, and she immediately snapped a few photos of Little Bean to upload to Yan Huan's Weibo.

She edited the photos before uploading. She added a ribbon to Little Bean's tiny head, and a speech bubble that said:

"Mommy is too tired to take care of me."

It was so adorable everyone who saw the photos almost died of cuteness overload.

As for Yan Huan, she slept soundly until the next morning. She woke up bright and early, feeling refreshed, and disguised herself again with a scarf, a hat and a pair of rimless glasses before heading out. But as fate would have it, she bumped into Lu Yi on his way to work as she was going down in the elevator.

He was dressed smartly in his uniform. He stood like a military man; everything about him, even his facial features, seemed tough and angular. He did not smile. His face seemed perpetually frozen, to match his personality.

He was like a frozen brick. Anyone who crossed him ran the risk of having their skull smashed in.

Yan Huan turned towards a corner of the elevator to avoid him.

But Lu Yi had seen through her disguise and recognized her as soon as he stepped inside.

Lu Yi did not know that his stern, wooden face scared everyone: children, men, and women alike.

Ding! The doors of the elevator opened, and they walked out, one after the other. Lu Yi was a fast walker, but Yan Huan deliberately lagged behind. The distance between them grew, until finally, she lost sight of Lu Yi entirely.

Yan Huan abruptly stopped walking. She felt aggrieved and hurt in some way, but could not explain why.

When she walked out the building entrance, however, she saw that Lu Yi was still standing by the doors. She could not tell what he was waiting for—he was just standing there, like a pillar or a pine tree.

The shadow from his tall, strapping figure fell across her. He seemed sturdy enough to shelter her from the wind and rain.

In the next instant, all the unhappiness within her had transformed into bubbly joy. She tightened her scarf around her as she happily walked past him to buy breakfast for herself and Yi Ling. They would eat, work, and then go home to rest. It was going to be another fruitful day.

She did not see the inexplicable look of helplessness and resignation in Lu Yi's eyes as he watched her retreating back.

“Still so tiny...” he muttered to himself. He checked the time on his watch, and finally uprooted himself from the entrance.

Yan Huan bought two bags of buns and two bowls of soybean pudding. When she returned to the apartment building, Lu Yi had already left. She swung her bags of food merrily: Okay, time to go home and dig in.

When she arrived at her apartment, Yi Ling had just woken up. She had not washed her face, brushed her teeth, or smoothed her messy bed hair, but she was already on her phone. She gave an unladylike yawn every now and then.

Yan Huan removed the buns from the bag. She did not have to say anything; Yi Ling immediately recognized the aroma of the buns, and quickly dashed into the bathroom to wash her face and brush her teeth. When she was done, she hurried out to dig into her breakfast.

Around nine o'clock, they reported to Yuelun Entertainment again. Yi Ling walked behind Yan Huan, dressed in a black suit. Her hair was spiked up, and she looked very much like a strong, capable bodyguard who would not hesitate to get into a brawl.

The commercial shoot lasted half the day. The production team was very pleased with Yan Huan's performance, and immediately debited the pay they had agreed upon to her credit card.