

Sweet Wife in My Arms

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Chapter 15: Youth Is Everything

No one thought of her as anything more than someone to balance the numbers.

“You, yes, you,” the director searched around and pointed his finger at Yan Huan. He didn’t even remember her name.

Yan Huan pointed at herself. Is the director talking to me?

“Yes, you. What’s your name again?” Only then did the director remember that he had never even learnt her name. Was it because he never asked or that he’d forgot? It didn’t really matter, though. Either way, he didn’t know.

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“My name is Yan Huan, Sir.” Yan Huan grinned, not offended at all. She had been the diligent, down-to-earth type even when she was famous, let alone then.

“Right, Yan Huan,” the director repeated.

“Alright,” he grabbed someone next to him and said, “Go get her ready. Makeup and costumes. It’s her part soon.”

Yan Huan was soon brought to a dressing room where stood a man in his thirties. He was chewing an obscure stalk of grass with a slight frown, projecting a hipster style.

Girly as it might seem, he still managed to keep an air of masculinity.

“Mr. Yue, this is Yan Huan. She’s playing the little golden silkworm,” said the one who brought Yan Huan to the make-up artist. “The director said to have her powdered up,”

The make-up artist raised his head to examine Yan Huan.

He pursed his lips, “No need. Even just flour would be enough for a face like this.”

Yan Huan shyly touched her face and didn’t utter a word, standing still. She was like a quiet, well behaved kid that was hard to dislike.

She knew Yue Ran; as a matter of fact, he would end up being a good friend of hers despite his typical sharp tongue. He had a unique perception of women's beauty. It was a shame they hadn't become friends by then yet, she almost called out his name. Luckily she was able to refrain herself before blurting out.

It was a surprise for her to see Yue Ran there. She was still wearing the make-up hastily done by an unknown artist for the stunt double part. Well, to be fair, they only needed her back and her figure, not her face.

"Come over," Yue Ran crooked his finger, beckoning her as if she were a little puppy. One might feel insulted by that, but not Yan Huan. They were too close, for one, and Yan Huan herself had grown more mature and less impulsive from last life's lessons.

Yue Ran lifted Yan Huan's chin with his fingers. "Well," he said, touching his own face. "You do have a camera-ready face. How can it be so small?" He compared his hand to her face.

"Even smaller than Yu Chen's."

You'd expect people to be flattered or disoriented when they were mentioned in the same breath as someone so celebrated, but Yan Huan just politely chuckled and let the compliment brush off without saying anything back.

"Good material. Youth is everything." Yue Ran kept mouthing appreciation while measuring Yan Huan facial features with a brow pencil. Yan Huan had heard a lot of similar compliments in her last life, many of which came from Yue Ran himself.