

Chapter 151: She Wasn't Good Enough

"We've got money," Yi Ling said as she kissed the card in her hand. Twenty thousand dollars was a lot of money for them.

Yan Huan lowered her head and gently patted Little Bean's head with her fingers. Little Bean lay down in her master's arms quietly, she was feeling too lazy to even meow.

There was no time to rest and they were already on their way to the studio.

Taking off her shoes, Yan Huan put her legs on the seat of the car. She couldn't help thinking of the meeting in the morning, she had no idea whether it was their ill-fated relationship or something else.

The car was moving fast but smooth, she thought for a while then drifted off. When she woke up, she was completely out of it and didn't know what she had thought about.

It was almost noon when they arrived.

Yan Huan went to the studio with Little Bean in her arms, she wanted to know how the shooting was going on. She could learn from others by inspecting their acting.

During her absence, the shooting was making good progress. Wen Dongni already left the studio; since she had offended Liang Chen, she would have to make a detour in the future when Liang Chen appeared. As for Ding Ming, he left the studio as well. Otherwise, Yan Huan would make him play a buffoon every day.

Due to Journey to Fairyland having a high rating, everyone in the studio was full of energy and raised their spirits to make sure they did their best in each shot.

They were shooting the scene where Yan Boxuan jumps off the Dark Cliff to save Guan Yuexin. The Dark Cliff was regarded as a place you couldn't survive no matter how capable you were.

However, Yan Boxuan was the male leading actor and thus, he would not die but encounter adventures. This was the pattern that dramas followed: the villain, Qing Yao, would also not die while at the cliff.

It was also the end of Yan Huan's scenes.

She calculated the dates and, unless something unexpected happened, the next day would be filming for her scene. The day was Saturday and Journey to Fairyland had broadcasted four episodes. Journey to Fairyland only broadcasted four episodes in a week in the past few weeks, but their ratings rose steadily and advanced victoriously. According to the ratings, Journey to Fairyland showed promise of being the champion of ratings in the current year.

Yan Huan found herself a place to sit down. Sitting in the studio, she watched the rival show between Liang Chen and Qi Haolin. Although she was very confident in her acting, she found that Liang Chen's acting was also excellent indeed. If someone replaced her to play the role of Guan Yuexin, the drama might not achieve such good results.

The ability of an actor to fully become a character was very important: if you misinterpreted a character, you would change the feeling, and Liang Chen was capable of doing this.

She sighed gently.

She wasn't good enough. If she didn't have the experiences of two lifetimes and hadn't undergone a long process of acting training in her previous life, she might not have been able to perform with Liang Chen. She may be strong in will but with nothing to back it up.

Suddenly, Yan Huan heard a voice that gave her a start. "Hi little cutie pie."

Chapter 152: Stay Tuned

She looked up, and was startled to see that Liang Chen had walked over without her noticing, and was now standing right next to her. Liang Chen's face was so close now Yan Huan could see the thick layer of makeup on her face. The makeup disguised her real age, but it also made her face look slightly unnatural.

The woman was beautiful, but she could not stop the onward march of time.

"Is this your cat?"

Liang Chen lifted Little Bean from Yan Huan's arms. Little Bean meowed once, and then obediently settled in Liang Chen's arms, too lazy to move.

"Yup, this is my cat, Little Bean," said Yan Huan as she toyed with Little Bean's tail.

Liang Chen was also a cat person. She gently caressed Little Bean's fluffy head. "Why don't you let me have Little Bean for a few days? I could use a cat to get rid of the unruly mice infesting my place right now."

"Let's go catch those rats! What do you say?" Liang Chen squeezed Little Bean's fleshy paws. Before Yan Huan could reply, Liang Chen had already sauntered off with Little Bean in her arms.

Yan Huan had wanted to tell Liang Chen that Little Bean was a terrible prey: the cat was simply too lazy and timid to catch mice. But she thought better of it, and instead sent Little Bean's cat food and litter box over to Liang Chen's place.

That evening, Liang Chen snapped photos of herself and Little Bean. She promptly uploaded the photos to her Weibo.

Her caption read: "I'm sleeping with a handsome stud today." She was referring to Little Bean.

"But Little Bean is female!" Yi Ling had been browsing Liang Chen's Weibo while eating. In her indignation at Little Bean being mistaken for a boy, she lost her grip on her spoon, and it clattered onto the table. She immediately regretted not giving her food and her full, undivided attention; she was still in the middle of her meal, and now she had wasted a spoonful of her food.

Yi Ling wondered whether to share the Weibo post. She thought about it long and hard, and finally pressed the "Share" button. The star of the post was not Liang Chen, or Yan Huan, but Little Bean: a cat that was lucky enough to be hugged by an A-list, internationally renowned super star such as Liang

Chen. Not only that, Little Bean would also be sharing the bed with Liang Chen—he was truly the luckiest cat in the world.

It was the weekend. The clock struck nine o'clock in the evening; a short ad played on all the major TV stations: "Up next, Journey to Fairyland! Stay tuned!"

Yan Boxuan tossed his carrying pole to the ground and sat heavily on a nearby patch of grass. He was frustrated: why had the sect master accepted him as a disciple, and then refused to teach him any of the magic arts? All his sect brothers were busy cultivating and practicing the magic arts, but Yan Boxuan had been instructed to work on menial tasks such as fetching water from the well, growing vegetables, doing the laundry, and cleaning the latrines. He wondered if he would be stuck doing mundane work for the rest of his days. He was never going to be able to get off the mountain and avenge the deaths of his parents at this rate.

At that moment, a flying sword flew into view. There was someone standing on it.

Yan Boxuan looked enviously at the flying sword. He wondered how long it would take for him to learn the art of zipping across the sky on a flying sword.

The sword was heading straight for him.

His envy instantly turned into panicked terror. He hastily stepped backwards, but lost his balance and fell on his behind with a loud thump.

A girl dressed in white leapt from the flying sword to stand before him. It was Qing Yao.

"Senior Sister..."

Yan Boxuan stood up quickly, brushing the dust out of his clothes. Suddenly, a thought occurred to him, and he took a hasty step backwards. He seemed to be afraid that the unpredictable girl standing before him would strip him naked again without warning.

"You were in the middle of fetching water?" Qing Yao asked.

"Yeah." Yan Boxuan smiled sheepishly.

"I see..." Qing Yao looked him over. Yan Boxuan broke out in a cold sweat at the way she seemed to be appraising him.

Chapter 153: Interesting

He was overthinking it. Qing Yao didn't do anything to him, she read a spell and a sword appeared at her feet. She jumped on the sword and rose to the sky in a flash. Just at this moment, something dropped to the ground.

"Senior, you dropped something."

Yan Boxuan ran quickly to catch up with the object in his hand, but Qing Yao had gone too far. He couldn't catch up with her as she flew into the sky.

He sat down and he was pleasantly surprised when he peered at the thing in his hand.

“This is...”

“Gee! Getaway to Qingshan Sect,” a voice said, causing him to drop the object as someone appeared in front of him.

“Miss Guan!” Yan Boxuan was stunned and couldn’t react for a long time.

“Don’t be so excited.” Guan Yuexin pointed at the side. “Sit down.”

She sat down and began talking. Guan Yuexin wasn’t surprised that Yan Boxuan was here. She helped him at the beginning, but she still never thought Yan Boxuan would really get to Green Mountain. However, here he was, on track to be an odd-job man but not a disciple.

She knew that Yan Boxuan wanted to avenge his parents and thus, she patted her chest and spoke eloquently.

“Don’t worry, I’ll teach you if the master doesn’t want to.”

As for the identity of Guan Yuexin, he knew it afterwards that she was the daughter of the famous Guan family of immortals. No wonder she knew the road to Green Mountain, she was a frequent visitor.

A few days later, Qing Yao thought of the little junior and wondered what he was doing. Had he already started learning or was he still just cutting firewood and watering the flowers? She sat beside the water and cupped her cheek in her hands, looking at Yan Boxuan through the water mirror.

“Oh, he’s practising.” She smiled suddenly, and her beautiful smile almost gave off a rich, warm scent. It was unforgettable.

Sometimes, a person would smile with fragrance.

The water mirror wobbled and another figure joined, which made the image crowded.

The water mirror suddenly broke with a crash, Qing Yao closed her eyes and fell backwards. When the water mirror had appeared again, her eyelashes closed gently with unspeakable loneliness.

“Interesting.” Yi Ling wished to continue watching. She was at the studio at that time but the scenes she had just watched would be edited with a green screen in post production, so the full effect wasn’t there yet.

She was annoyed and felt empty and meaningless after watching, as if someone was scratching her heart, it was itchy and tingling.

“Huanhuan, your acting is excellent,” Yi Ling said as she ran over and hugged Yan Huan. “Your acting is getting better, you’re awesome and you didn’t lose out to Liang Chen. I couldn’t imagine someone replacing you to play the role of Qing Yao.”

Yan Huan’s head tilted to one side, her hair on her shoulder hung down and curled smoothly.

Chapter 154: The Death Of Qing Yao

In Yan Huan’s previous life, Journey to Fairyland had not been as exciting as the current rendition of it. Back then, the spotlight had been on Liang Chen, and Liang Chen only—Wen Dongni’s Qing Yao had

failed to capture the hearts of the audience, and Yan Huan now knew that it was probably because Liang Chen had deliberately out-acted her in every scene.

Yan Huan guessed that Wen Dongni had also stepped on Liang Chen's toes in her previous life with her egoistic behavior, and Liang Chen had retaliated by piling on the pressure in every scene, causing Wen Dongni to lose her nerve and fumble in her role as Qing Yao. That was the most probable explanation, as Wen Dongni was actually a competent actress, and should have been able to give a passable performance under normal circumstances.

That night, Yan Huan slept soundly. She felt refreshed after resting for a day, and wished Liang Chen had not taken Little Bean with her. Little Bean's meows would have made her temporary quarters feel a lot more like home. No, Yan Huan corrected herself, that apartment isn't our home either—once I have the money, I'll buy a house for myself and Yi Ling, and we'll finally have a home to call our own.

The next morning, she left for the film set at the break of dawn; she had to arrive early as it would take several hours just to get her makeup done.

The weather was now very cold. Most of the production staff were wearing winter coats, but Yan Huan had to take her coat off every now and then for the makeup check. It was not a pleasant experience. Some of her scenes required her to show her arms and legs, and she always felt like a frozen popsicle afterwards.

Principal production progressed at a brisk pace; several days later, it was already time to shoot the final scenes for the show.

Standing atop his flying sword, Yan Boxuan raised his sword and pierced Qing Yao with it. Qing Yao collapsed, going into a free fall with outstretched arms—very few actors were capable of performing this stunt without a professional double because it was highly dangerous: there was always the risk of falling incorrectly and hitting their head against the floor. Director Jin had asked Yan Huan if she needed a double, but Yan Huan had said no. She was a professional stunt double herself, and would perform her stunts on her own.

Qing Yao opened her eyes. Red flowers bloomed in her vision—all she could see was a hazy, bloody fog.

She saw her past self. She was a little girl, hanging onto her father's hand as they stood among beautiful flowers.

"Daddy, can we be fairies?" The little child asked Master Qingshan in her childish voice.

Master Qingshan knelt before his daughter and gently stroked her tiny face. "Yes, of course. As long as our little Yaoyao stays on her path and dedicates herself to cultivating, she'll turn into a fairy one day."

"I'll do that! One day, I'll become a fairy just like you, Daddy." The little girl nodded confidently. She held onto her father's large, capable hand as they walked into the distance.

Qing Yao knew that she would never be able to become a fairy now. Not in this life.

"Father, tell me, did I make a mistake?"

Her red lips parted and closed as she posed the question to both herself and her father, Master Qingshan. But there was no one left in the world who could answer her question.

She waited serenely for death to take her. The blue sky above her reflected in her open eyes. She could smell the sweet fragrance of flowers.

She had had so much time, and she had wasted all of it.

Suddenly, she smiled. She closed her eyes, and a single tear rolled down her cheek.

That was the end. That was Qing Yao's lonely, tragic death.

She deserved her fate, but everyone who saw her then could not help feeling an inexplicable pang of sorrow for her.

Perhaps the saying was true, after all: pity and hatred went hand in hand.

Yan Huan saw a profound connection between herself and Qing Yao. Qing Yao had lost everything, and so had Yan Huan in her previous life. They had both done despicable things in their lives, but they had also been the pitiful victims of fate.

They were entirely alone and helpless in the world. They did not have a place to call home, or relatives to rely on. They had nothing, and for them death was a welcome relief.

Chapter 155: Returning Home

She thought of the pain and fear when she was bleeding freely that night, she was in tears.

Director Jin was so moved by the scene he didn't end it for a long time.

"Cut!" he finally shouted.

Everything was at a standstill. They had been stuck in the cycle of the drama but it was time to get back to reality.

Yan Huan sat up, she could feel she had a backache, it seemed that she bumped her back on the ground.

"Are you alright?" The production crew supported her carefully. "Did you get hurt?"

"I'm fine." Yan Huan shook her head, perhaps she had hypoglycaemia so she felt a bit dizzy after she had bumped her back and head.

"Yan Huan," Qi Haolin hurried to come over. "Did you get hurt?" He was worried about her as he saw her fall on the ground heavily, "Are you sure you are alright?"

"Don't worry, I'm fine." Yan Huan waved her hand and smiled with her eyes curved like the crescent moon. It seemed that she didn't get hurt or feel any pain, but Qi Hao was still worried. Finally, he patted her shoulder. "Well, forget it."

Yan Huan got what he meant and just smiled without saying a word.

But she put her hand on her waist and sighed gently before saying, "You guys have to get on well together and since there is nothing more with me, I can go home now."

Qi Haolin snorted with laughter, "Yeah, you're free now, we may need another half month." The story of Journey to Fairyland would not end with the death of Qing Yao. Qing Yao was dead but the evil spirits in

her body could still enter others. Yan Boxuan hadn't completed his mission and he still had to fight several battles. But, it was none of her concern. She could rest at home and wait for her company's arrangement.

Liang Chen stood at the side and wondered what she was thinking about.

Yan Huan met her eyes and noticed something in her arms.

Ah, that should be....

Yan Huan took Little Bean from Liang Chen's arms. Little Bean loved her master the most, she meowed and licked her master's fingers when she saw her. Her little tummy was round and thus, you could see that she was well fed.

"Are you leaving now?" Liang Chen came out in pyjamas. She had just had a bath and her hair hung down her waist loosely. Her skin was much better compared to the other women who were in their thirties. She was thirty-two but looked much younger, time had treated her well as she still managed to play a 16-year-old girl in the drama.

"Yes, I'm leaving in a short while." Yan Huan never thought to stay here any longer, she wanted to go home early as even a shack that was her own was better than a mansion that belonged to somebody else.

Liang Chen reached out her hand, "I hope we still have a chance to work together."

Yan Huan shook her hand but felt a bit embarrassed. She explained, "You may need to wash your hands again because I'm still holding Little Bean."

"It's nothing." Liang Chen caressed Little Bean's head. "We just took a shower, didn't we? We're not dirty, we're clean," she cooed in the direction of the little cat.

"Senior..." Yan Huan opened her mouth suddenly and called Liang Chen.

She always called her senior, but not sister. It seemed that Liang Chen preferred this formality. As Yan Huan mentioned, she didn't like people to address her as sister, either. She was only thirty-two years old.

Chapter 156: Defense Mechanism

"Yes, what is it?" Liang Chen withdrew her hand and fluffed her hair. Her tone was slightly cooler now; she was clearly not as friendly as she had been previously.

Yan Huan took hold of Little Bean's paw and waved it at Liang Chen.

"Senior, if you like him, you should tell him. He'll never know how you feel about him if you don't put it into words. And I can tell that he has feelings for you, too."

Yan Huan had recalled certain memories from her previous life. Previously, Liang Chen had retired from showbiz at the age of 35, for no apparent reason. Around the same time, there had been gossip about Qi Haolin getting together with a different woman. Qi Haolin had eventually broken up with his rumored girlfriend, but had stayed single after that. Before her untimely demise, Yan Huan had heard that Qi

Haolin had started doing drugs, effectively ruining his life and reputation. And he had never gotten together with another woman. As for Liang Chen, she had not appeared in public again after quitting the industry.

There was a kind of easygoing understanding between Liang Chen and Qi Haolin, a kind of natural chemistry, and Yan Huan knew there had to be something to it. She was sure that Qi Haolin had feelings for Liang Chen that went beyond simple respect for his senior at his agency.

As for Liang Chen, well, only another woman would be able to understand what she was feeling inside. And Yan Huan was a woman.

She understood perfectly: women sometimes kept their distance from the men they liked to protect themselves from. It was a defense mechanism; they could not help staying away, even though deep down they wanted only to be with the person they loved.

Liang Chen was momentarily stunned to hear Yan Huan's advice. Suddenly, she laughed, and pulled Yan Huan into a hug. "Thank you, my dear little sister."

The words "little sister" made Yan Huan feel a little shy and embarrassed. Physically, she was 20, but mentally she was actually not much younger than Liang Chen. She did not know what lay ahead in Liang Chen and Qi Haolin's future; the entertainment industry was, by nature, full of smoke and mirrors. It was difficult to differentiate truth from fiction in showbiz, but she knew that the truth, once found, had to be cherished.

Would they be able to get together? She did not know. That would depend on fate.

Would their love last forever? She did not know that either. That would depend on how committed they were to making it last.

Yan Huan hurried back to her apartment in Sea City, with Little Bean in her arms. Little Bean obediently nestled her tiny, fluffy head against her owner's chest the entire journey, and did not make a fuss. Yi Ling had fed Little Bean with a ham sausage beforehand, knowing that the lazy cat usually went to sleep after eating her fill.

Two chauffeurs had to take turns driving, as it was a 5-hour car ride to get back to Sea City from the movie set. They would reach home before dark. Yan Huan did not mind the long journey; she only wanted to get home as soon as possible.

When they finally arrived, Yi Ling opened the door and kicked her shoes to the side. She stretched herself, and flopped onto the sofa. "At last! There's just no place like home!"

Yan Huan set Little Bean on the floor. Little Bean automatically jumped onto the sofa, nestled herself against Yi Ling's hand, and went to sleep.

Yi Ling stroked Little Bean's tiny ears. She did not feel like getting up either.

Yan Huan took no notice of them. She had to go to sleep; she was exhausted.

She fell asleep almost as soon as her head hit the pillow. It was not a restful sleep, however; she drifted in and out of sleep the entire night. At last, when she found herself unable to go back to sleep again, she decided it was time to get up. It was the next morning.

She got up and changed out of her pajamas. She walked into the living room, and saw Little Bean curled up in her cat nest. The apartment was warm and comfortable, thanks to the heater beside Little Bean's cat nest.

Yan Huan went to the window. She opened the curtains, and had to shield her eyes at the brilliant expanse of white.

It had snowed during the night. She leaned her face against the window and watched her warm breath mist upon the frosty glass.

Chapter 157: It's Snowing

Putting on her scarf and hat, she went out to buy breakfast. She had overslept the previous night, so she didn't know whether Yi Ling was the same as her as they hadn't eaten anything since they came back.

She wrapped herself tightly in warm clothes, then she went out and put the scarf down on her neck. She looked up at electronic sign indicating which floor the elevator was on, it seemed that it had stopped at level twenty-something. She was impatient and thus she went down two flights of stairs. The elevator moved when she was coming down, so she stood waiting in front of the elevator again. At the same time, there was a man standing beside her.

She was stunned for a moment and stole a glance at the man in uniform. He lowered his head and looked down at her, the coldness crept over his eyebrows that were frowned tightly.

Yan Huan might have been afraid in the past, but she wasn't afraid anymore as they didn't have a benefit-based relationship, she didn't offend him, and they were strangers.

What a coincidence! She met him again.

She would not admit that she was just thinking about whether she would run into him.

The elevator reached their level, she walked in and so did the man. She stood at the corner and stole a glance at him from time to time, but she averted her eyes quickly.

The man strode forward when the elevator doors opened.

For the moment, cold wind was blowing and she felt a bit chilly.

When she came out, the ground was covered in pure white snow, the snowflakes were falling down from the sky. It was white, cold, and clean. She reached out and a snowflake fell on fingers. She peered at the hexagonal snowflakes and they gradually melted between her fingers. There were only a few people who lived in the community and thus, the roads were deep in snow.

She had worn low-heeled shoes today, so the snow was too deep and might get her feet wet.

She hesitated, considering whether to go up and change her shoes, but it seemed that she didn't know where her shoes were. She had been working outside for several months and hadn't got her winter clothes ready yet.

Until she saw the footprints in the snow that the man had made, and she realized she could walk in the imprints to keep dry.

The footprints were big enough to fit hers inside. As long as she stepped carefully, she wouldn't tread on the snow itself. She thought it would be better if he was taking the same path as her.

So that she could step on his footprints and walk forward step by step.

Lu Yi suddenly stopped and looked back, the woman who was wrapped in layers like a rice dumpling stepped on the footprints carefully as if she was afraid of the snow. Then he realized that she wore low-heeled shoes and he could see her ankle.

Don't you know that the weather is cold now?

He couldn't figure out why women were thinly clad in the winter. You should take care of your health, else you might catch a cold. He put his briefcase under his arm and stood in place. The snow fell on his shoulder from time to time and soon he was covered with white snow.

Chapter 158: Dilemma

Lu Yi watched Yan Huan pick her way through the snow with great difficulty. Finally, she reached the gate of the community, where she stopped—it looked like she was trying to decide whether to continue onward or turn back. Lu Yi was headed north, towards his office, but Yan Huan appeared to be headed south, where the breakfast food stalls were located. He knew about the food stalls; the food sold there were inexpensive, yet delicious. In fact, some of them tasted better than even the larger restaurants.

He lifted his foot to take another step in the direction of his workplace, but suddenly changed his mind. On second thought, he thought to himself, maybe I should get something to eat instead.

Yan Huan was faced with a dilemma: should she turn back, or forge on? If she turned back now, she would be returning to her apartment empty-handed, which meant she would have walked in the freezing cold for nothing. And she and Yi Ling would have to go without breakfast that morning, because she didn't have the time to restock the food supply in the pantry. But if she forged on to buy breakfast, her shoes would be dripping wet from the snow by the time she returned to her apartment.

She bit her lip. Just as she had made up her mind to step into the snow, she saw Lu Yi walk towards her. He continued past her without looking at her, leaving a long line of large footprints behind him.

Her heart leapt with joy. What a stroke of good luck!

She stepped onto the trail of large footprints. Her shoes remained clear of the snow.

Lu Yi stopped in front of a food stall. He appeared to be buying breakfast, too.

She quickly followed after him and bought two bags of buns, plus two bowls of porridge. She looked up at the sky: the snow was still falling. A few snowflakes fell into her eyes—she felt their icy coolness melt over her vision.

She lifted the bag, turned around, and happily retraced the large footprints to her apartment. She was in a good mood.

Lu Yi had bought a steamed bun as well. He bit into it as he watched Yan Huan's retreating back. Suddenly, the corners of his mouth lifted into an uncharacteristic smile. He moved away from the stall in long, easy strides.

He did not have to drive to his office as it was located nearby, about a 20-minute walk away. In fact, he had not started his car in a long while—he preferred to walk if he did not have to hurry.

Back in Yan Huan's apartment, Yi Ling dug into her steamed buns. She said, in between bites, "The agency still hasn't brokered new jobs for you lately, but that's because they're waiting to get better rates for you as your popularity increases. You should take this opportunity to rest and recharge. By the way, I found a number of promising movie projects. Here, take a look. They're mostly supporting roles, unfortunately—it'll take a while before we get offers for the primary and secondary female leads."

Yan Huan took a steamed bun and ate it slowly. Little Bean lay on her lap, too lazy to move.

The movies were slated to go into principal production over the next several months. Yan Huan would have to audition for a role if she was interested in any of them.

Yan Huan leafed through the scripts.

There was a casual Wuxia movie, a melodrama, and a period piece.

Yan Huan remembered the three movies from her previous life. The casual Wuxia movie and the period piece were both by famous directors, but most of the roles open for casting were the minor supporting roles. The "biggest" role on the table was the tertiary female lead.

The title for the melodrama project was *Divorced*. It told the tale of how two wide-eyed, innocent college students met and fell madly in love with each other. Their college romance had its share of ups and downs, but a timer hung over their relationship.

"Let's break up once we graduate. How many college sweethearts actually end up staying together forever?"

The story tracked the male and female leads over the years, beginning with their tempestuous college romance as they strove to overcome every difficulty thrown their way. Their college years tested their youth and their love for each other, and they passed with flying colors.

Chapter 159: A Dark Horse

After they graduated from university, the woman gave up her job and kept her boyfriend company to build their career in a strange place. They rented a small house of a few square metres and sometimes they just ate pickles with steamed buns for a meal.

The man began to show his ability with his wisdom and partner's assistance. He had his own company and house and wore the suit and drove the car of a wealthy man within five years. However, he fell into the common fault of man.

Beggars' bags were bottomless.

He began to seek extramarital affairs and mix with other women. In the end, he had a shady relationship with his secretary and the woman caught him in the act of adultery. He was spoiled by these women and blinded by wealth and position. Thus, he forgot the one who went through thick and thin with him had lost her youth and years because of him.

The woman argued this with him but the man slapped her which made her fall on the ground. The ground was covered with the blood of the woman.

The woman was pregnant but then she had a miscarriage.

The man did not examine his words and deeds but went one step further to mix with other women.

The woman didn't shout at the top of her voice and go into hysterics. She did nothing but divorce the man calmly without taking his anything.

She packed her things and went back to her hometown. In her hometown, she met another man who was her classmate at that time.

"Why are you here?" she asked.

"Because here is your hometown." The man smiled kindly.

Sometimes, you might forget some memory inadvertently. However, the memory you had forgotten might be the most important thing in your life which you would never encounter again.

Sometimes, things might not turn out the way you thought.

The woman married that man later on. They lived a comfortable and peaceful life, they gave birth to a child and had their own house. Moreover, they had successful careers.

The woman met her ex-husband at a reunion.

The man was much older and had a lot of white hairs on his head. He was in his thirties, but he looked like he was fifty. Looking at the woman, the man swallowed back the words on the tip of his tongue. His eyes looked dull and he felt regretful.

He suffered from an illness and travelled around seeking treatment without running his business. A few years later, his company had gone bankrupt, he had nothing, and the other women weren't around anymore.

At that time, he had nothing. He had no house, no car and even his health was poor. But his ex-wife had ridden on the crest of success and her steady husband was holding their daughter in his arms.

Perhaps you couldn't get the best thing, but what you had lost was much more precious.

To be honest, Divorced was not the best among the three films and it was more of a realistic film. A literary film wasn't very popular generally, it seemed that the swordsmen film and costume film were more popular. Moreover, those types of films would have higher box office numbers than the literary film.

However, Yan Huan preferred to play in the literary films as they had only a small investment and she would get the role of first female lead easily. But the main thing was she knew that the film had become a dark horse at the end which became a box office hit worth five hundred million.

Chapter 160: On Her Way to Stardom

Box office earnings aside, what she urgently needed right now was a really good film to boost her portfolio. She needed one to secure her footing in the entertainment industry and show everyone that she meant business.

“This one.” She placed the script for *Divorced* before Yi Ling.

“This one?” Yi Ling frowned as she stuffed the remaining half of her bun into her mouth.

“Huanhuan, this movie doesn’t have anyone famous working on it. Why don’t you choose from the other two movies? You won’t get to be the female lead in those movies, but you should be able to get the secondary or tertiary roles. I have faith in your acting skills, I know you can do it. I mean, you held your ground against Liang Chen, so I’m sure you’ll be able to pull off spectacular performances in these movies, too. In fact, I have a good feeling about this one here.” She picked up one of the scripts.

“I think *Sword God* looks like a good movie, I have a feeling it’ll do well.”

Yi Ling was genuinely enthusiastic about the movie she had chosen; she had already had her heart set on it when she received the three scripts from the agency. It was a big budget movie by Song Hongsheng, a movie director with a solid reputation within the industry. His movies were always a hit, and he was known to be picky with his actors: he only cast famous A-listers in his movies.

Yan Huan had only been offered the opportunity to audition for these movies because *Journey to Fairyland* had given her a huge boost in popularity. If it had not been for that show, nobody would give Yan Huan the time of day.

“No, I want this one.” Yan Huan was not interested in playing the supporting role to other famous superstars. Any other newbie actor would have jumped at the chance to observe veteran actors in action and learn from them, but Yan Huan was already a veteran herself. Besides, not every famous star was as open-minded and easygoing as Liang Chen; they were much more likely to resent talented newcomers than assist them. Also, Yan Huan knew that there was no guarantee that she would be able to get the secondary or tertiary roles, despite what Yi Ling had said; it was just as likely that she would end up being a background actor, and she was already sick and tired of being just another throwaway extra.

She would rather participate in *Divorced* than be a glorified background actor in the other movies. She liked the script, and she knew for a fact that the story and the director’s cinematic style would end up impressing both the critics and the masses.

“You’re taking this one? Really?”

Yi Ling’s frowned so deeply her eyebrows almost joined into a unibrow. “Huanhuan, are you absolutely sure about this?”

“Yup. This one.” Yan Huan did not even take a second look at the other scripts. Yi Ling knew then that Yan Huan had made up her mind; well, if that was what she wanted, so be it.

Yi Ling had initially felt that the other two movies were a lot more promising than the melodrama project, but after thinking about it, she realized that they were probably about equal.

After all, Yan Huan would only be able to get a minor supporting role in the other two movies. For the small budget *Divorced*, however, she was famous enough now to be the female lead for it, no questions asked.

A minor role in a big budget production, or the female lead in a small movie.

Which was better?

Yi Ling concluded that they presented the same opportunities. Yan Huan needed a solid movie credit under her belt, and they were not in a position to be choosy.

Yi Ling removed the scripts for the other two movies from the table, leaving the script for *Divorced* behind. She would have to contact the production team for *Divorced* to ask them whether they needed Yan Huan to audition for the role.

Journey to Fairyland was still showing on TV; as there were only four episodes a week, the story unfolded slowly, keeping audiences on the edges of their seats and hungering for more. The show was still No. 1 in the viewer ratings, outranking the no. 2 show by a large margin.

Liang Chen's and Qi Haolin's popularity increased with each episode, but Yan Huan was the real talk of the town.

She was just a newcomer to showbiz, but she had earned her current popularity; she was gorgeous, and had incredible acting skills. Many young men and women were hopelessly enamored with her; in the latest episode, Yan Boxuan and Guan Yuexin had flirted with each other in a cave, leaving Qing Yao devastated. Her inner despair stabbed the viewers in the heart; secret crushes were supposed to be beautiful, but behind the romantic facade there was always untold misery and pain.

Outside the cave, Qing Yao clawed furiously at the stone wall, gouging it again and again. The pain and misery in her heart was evident from the way her fingers attacked the wall.

The viewers who related to Qing Yao were just as devastated.

"Dammit Yan Boxuan! I don't like you anymore!" A woman flung the plush doll in her hand to the floor.

"Beautiful secret crush my ass! Stop making her cry, Boxuan!"

Another woman wept openly before her TV as she emptied the box of facial tissues on her table, one facial tissue at a time. Yan Huan had masterfully captured the pain and despair of unrequited love; the viewers could not help sympathizing with Qing Yao.

Someone captured a still frame of Qing Yao from the scene, and turned it into a chat sticker, complete with speech balloon:

"I'm crying inside, but I'm not going to tell you about it."

It was the perfect, meme-worthy caption for it.

Yan Huan's popularity received yet another boost. But not everyone liked the idea of Qing Yao being a rival for Yan Boxuan's love, and a portion of the audience quickly split into Team Guan Yuexin and Team Qing Yao.

As the saying went: “Different strokes for different folks.”

From that day on, Liang Chen’s Guan Yuexin and Yan Huan’s Qing Yao became the subject of many debates among viewers.

One was a showbiz veteran, an award-winning actress who had been a household name for a very long time. The other was a newcomer, a flower that had just blossomed—and yet they were already being compared with one another.

The viewers were only comparing their acting skills, not their looks or anything else.

The fact that the viewers actually considered her a worthy rival to Liang Chen was already a huge win for Yan Huan. It did not matter who they ultimately thought was the better actress; the important thing was that the viewers had acknowledged that she was a good actress, good enough to be included in a match-up with Liang Chen.

Her popularity continued to soar. There was a significant spike in her popularity when Qing Yao turned to the dark side; her makeup, her long dark dress, and the black mandala flower on her face reflected her transformation from a fairy into a demon. It was a 180 degree transformation, and the viewers were pleasantly surprised to see that Yan Huan had pulled it off flawlessly.

In the meantime, Yan Huan’s Weibo exploded with comments.

I’m Really A Cabbage: “It breaks my heart to see my sweet goddess like that. I’m sure she didn’t mean to turn evil. She only did it because her sect was destroyed and her father died a horrible death. She may have turned evil, but deep down, there’s still some good left in her.”

Innocent Auntie: “My daughter is so beautiful.”

Fake Innocent Auntie: “Stop saying she’s your daughter! She’s MY daughter, okay?! I won’t stop loving my daughter, not even if she turns evil.”

Call Me Cabbage: “Everyone should Follow my lovely goddess.”

I Am A Cabbage: “+1”

A Cabbage: “+2. The rest of you below me, get in line.”

Yan Huan’s Weibo now had a solid following. She had a “Cabbage Army,” a legion of fans who claimed that their brains had turned into cabbage because of their overwhelming love for Yan Huan. The army rapidly increased in size; many people who initially only had a passing interest in Yan Huan began to follow her Weibo, and then eventually turned into her die-hard fan.

The biggest factor contributing to Yan Huan’s meteoric rise in popularity was her inspirational life story: she had started working at an early age to pay for her mother’s medical fees, and had never shied away from the physically demanding jobs. She had started as a stunt double, and had taken every tumble and scrape from her dangerous stunts without complaint. She was 21 years old now, no longer a child, but no one could deny that she had been a very brave young girl when she first started working to feed her family at the tender age of 15.

It was only natural for a life such as hers to inspire feelings of sympathy.

Yan Huan was not yet a household name, but she was well on her way to stardom.