

Sweet Wife in My Arms

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Chapter 18: Excellence

A crack appeared on the eggshell and kept widening. Finally, with a crackling, the egg was split down the middle, and the organism inside it was a... little girl, with tightly-closed eyes.

The girl's long eyelashes trembled slightly. It was probably because she wasn't accustomed to the sudden bright light.

She moved her arms and legs, yawning, and took a deeper stretch, revealing her supple, slim waist. It was a glamorous picture, like a dream. Especially the girl, a satisfactory sigh slipping out of her lips...

Faintly, but contentedly.

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The director let her keep going, his arm hanging in the air as ready gesture to signal "cut."

Is she really some inexperienced new actress? He asked himself, enthralled.

The young girl in the egg slowly opened her eyes. Against the setting sun, her eyelashes gilded with pearl luster. As she opened her eyes completely, the reflections of the two people standing in front of her appeared in the clear pupils.

The girl tilted her head curiously. Then her eyes fell upon Qin Xiaoyu.

Suddenly, she stood up from the eggshell. Before others could respond, she took Qin Xiaoyu in her arms, then buried her face in her bosom.

"Mom..."

"Cut. OK, this take is good," the director yelled. This scene was shot perfectly. Especially Yan Huan's acting, it was expressive and vivid. Although the little golden

silkworm didn't have too many lines, she used her body language, her eyes, and everything she had to bring it into life, giving a soul the originally neglected character.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Yu," Yan Huan fiddled with her hair in embarrassment. It was just acting, nonetheless, still a bit out of line to bury her into another woman's breast.

"It's fine," Yu Chen tightened the cloth on her chest, feeling weird and a bit embarrassed. To be fair, she was aware of the scene from the script and so was she prepared, but it didn't mean she favored it. She could only blame it on the show. Not like she could snap at Yan Huan anyway—the bad press could bury her career.

Yan Huan walked over. Yi Ling handed her a cup of water and pinched her cheeks.

"Huanhuan, have you been secretly practicing a lot?" she asked, winking. "I was worried that you would play the role as an idiot, but turns out, not at all!"

Yan Huan smiled, raising the cup. Her slightly drooping eyelashes showed her loneliness.

Actually, it was not bad to be an idiot sometimes.

Being too clever and calculative might one day lead to her own falling.

In her last life, she calculated everything but forgot that someone else was after her as well.

After a rest, she was needed in the next scene and that was it for the day. There were not many scenes for the little golden silkworm as most of the work was completed by animation.

She leaned back to rest her head against the wall behind her, her long, dense lashes shimmering in the sunset glow.

At the moment, Yi Ling didn't want to disturb her.