

Sweet Wife in My Arms

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Chapter 20: Acting

Mu Qingchen paused, then he opened the door and stepped out. When he came out, he found that the little golden silkworm who was hiding outside was eavesdropping. It was too late for her to escape.

“She is going to die. Aren’t you going to see her?”

Mu Qingchen sneered, with boundless resentment in his black eyes. “She would not be like this if it weren’t because of you. It was all your fault, you foolish thing. You are going to kill her.”

His thin lips moved slightly to utter the merciless words like those. One had to admit that Tan Hai collected his popularity for a reason. He was handsome and talented. The hatred, resentment, and incapability were all thoroughly expressed. Everyone on the set was so moved at his acting that they could feel their anger in the little golden silkworm corresponding with his.

Then, the lens turned, and the little golden silkworm silently lowered her head because of the accusation. All the people there were concentrated on Tan Hai’s performance, sharing the fury against the insufferable pest, the little golden silkworm.

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At this time, the camera zoomed in.

“Lower!” the director blurted. The camera lowered to shoot the beautiful hands of the little golden silkworm. She clasped them together and suddenly, with a drip-drop, a tear fell onto the back of her hand, then another drip-drop.

The little golden silkworm pulled her chin to her chest, tears dropping from her face.

Her long, trembling lashes were almost dripping.

She didn’t say or do anything, or make any movement, but used her minimal body language to show all her uneasiness, guilt, and sadness.

The door creaked open and the little golden silkworm entered the room. She fixed her eyes on Qin Xiaoyu carefully, wet lashes hanging over her misty eyes in an adorable way. She was still a kid, not grown up yet, actually. Although her existence had been for thousands of years, or even more than ten thousand years, she was still at a young age if counting the birthday as the day her shell was broken.

She didn't understand many things, nor did she know that humans could die.

She wanted to step forward, but she didn't dare to. She just stood still, and when she planned to move, a hand caught her from behind and took her away suddenly.

She clasped her hands but chose to gradually relaxed them in the end...

Until the very last moment, her face cracked with a broad smile. The smile, even while a tear dropped from her eyes, made them look clear and pure.

"Mom..." Suddenly, she opened her red lips...

What the audience could hear was just her "Mom"...

Her yearning for her mom.

Her love for her mom.

Her affection for her mom.

And her apology to her mom.

"Really amazing!" the director touched his face. Why am I crying? A man, crying! He wiped his tears secretly, afraid of being discovered and ridiculed by others.

However, he was really being paranoid, because the cameraman by his side was sniffing, too, and fitfully wiped his tears with a handkerchief.

Only till this moment did he understand the kind of tears that were expressed with a smile.

1 But even as she smiled, she was in pain.