

Chapter 301: Foolish Girl

Just like him and Fang Zhu.

It was her, he told himself. He had decided on her in this lifetime.

Of course, Yan Huan had no idea of Lu Yi's decision. She played around with her phone by her side and until now, she was still a little confused. She thought that she would need to take a long time to convince him, but he ended up agreeing so easily. He didn't ask anything or went out to find anything. He didn't care which movie she wanted to invest in and had agreed.

Wasn't he afraid that she would suck him dry?

However, this unconditional trust that he had given her left a sour feeling in her heart.

Lu Yi, do you think I would have been where I was in my past life if I had met you then?

Before long, Yan Huan heard a message from her phone. She opened it and it was a transfer message. She had a good \$50 million.

She blinked before pouting, "Lu Yi, aren't you afraid I will waste this money?"

She took out another \$30 million herself to make up \$80 million. The funds were there and the day before the movie was about to be filmed, some big corporations were looking to investing in it. However, the movie no longer lacked investment and Yan Huan had gotten a share of it first. It was going to be a double victory for both her and Lu Yi.

When Lu Yi returned home, he carried a fat cat back with him.

Yan Huan needed to film this movie for a long time and she had thrown Little Bean to him again. Even though he had decided it was going to be her, she was still young and if she wanted to film, she could do so. He would wait for her.

As for how long he would need to wait, that was undecided.

Ye Shuyun carried Little Bean from his arm before scratching his head. "I want to see how you can eat my fishes next time. The fish tanks are sealed. No matter how hard your head is, you wouldn't be able to smash the glass."

When Little Bean saw the fish in the fish tank, he jumped on her leg and leaped towards the top of the fish tank. However, a cat is still a cat. He might have remembered eating some delicious fish here but he couldn't grab any fish out this time no matter how hard he tried.

"Meow..."

He opened his teary eyes, giving off an incredibly pitiful look.

Ye Shuyun was delighted upon seeing this.

A cat is still a cat, she couldn't possibly fight with him, could she?

It was at this moment she thought of something.

“I heard you transferred some money to a personal account?” Lu Yi had tens of millions in his private account and this was only one of them. She had quite a lot herself too as well as some left by Grandad Lu to his grandsons. Those could only be taken out when his grandsons had families.

Lu Yi’s position wasn’t too low but he didn’t care much about this usually. This was mainly because he was an attorney and was always cautious. He moved about on the low and wouldn’t do something unrealistic.

Even his clothes, he bought a few suits a year. He had a few attorney suits that he dressed in and that was the outfit he was most commonly in.

Lu Yi didn’t use money in many places, but he had others invest them for him. He would collect the money every year. Only this time, it was weird. He lost tens of millions in his account overnight, what did he use them for?

This was her son’s money and she didn’t care too much. She just wanted to ask.

“I invested it,” Lu Yi grabbed Little Bean who had run over. He didn’t lie to Ye Shuyun but he didn’t clarify what he invested the money on either.

Ye Shuyun didn’t ask upon hearing this. She took over Little Bean from her son as she and the cat lazed on the sofa. They spent a boring afternoon together watching television.

As the main investor and the main lead, Yan Huan had already packed her luggage and herself and stayed near the set. The movie started filming without much ceremony and Director Huang just treated everyone to a meal before filming commenced the next day. They drove to a far away village and prepared to film there. Of course, they found quite a few extras to make this comedy as realistic as possible.

As she had experience filming a comedic role previously, Yan Huan’s understanding of Flower had surpassed the limits that she had set for herself previously. She had been getting herself into the role the past few days and she had a generic idea of how Flower was as a character and she knew how to act.

After she did her make-up, her lips were cracked, and her face was black with soot. The goddess of her time had become a village girl. Even as a village girl, she still looked quite pretty.

The story started from here.

The first scene started filming and Flower ran out of the house holding onto her head. Her mother was holding a whip in her hand preparing to beat her. She had a petty look on her face as she jumped here and there. She had taken a few lashings.

Each time she took a beating, she looked like a chicken. It left like one laughing with tears.

Yan Huan didn’t care about her image at all. She was a beauty but she was now acting foolish, thoroughly foolish.

Someone asked, “Mother Flower, why are you beating Flower?”

Mother Flower scrunched her face and cried. She asked herself why she had such a hard life to give birth to someone dumb; someone who only knew how to eat. A pig could be fed and sold for its meat but she had to give birth to a foolish and dumb girl. She took a basket of eggs from the house and out of nowhere, wanted to try to let them hatch. The entire basket of eggs were destroyed because of her.

Flower wasn't happy at all.

"Mum, if you hadn't beat me, would the eggs have been crushed? If the chicken in our house had laid eggs that would hatch, I wouldn't have placed them into the stove. Was I wrong?"

"You are still talking? Still talking?" Mother Flower was so angry that she started running around beating Flower in the courtyard with her whip.

Flower wasn't clever and was a little dumb. Everyone in the village knew this. No, everyone outside the village knew this too. She was almost 20 and was almost an old lady already but she hadn't found a man yet.

Mother Flower stayed at home and cried every day, saying that she had given birth to her enemy.

After that, Flower's brother had to go to school but as the family didn't have much money, Mother Flower had to think hard to find ways to earn money. She ended up placing her money onto Flower.

How was Flower willing to? Why must she be sold for her brother to go to school. What was more, she was to be sold to a man whose wife had passed away. If she married into that family, would she still be able to survive?

She wouldn't marry at all cost. In the end, Mother Flower locked her up and wanted her to marry no matter what. Flower was desperate and had scratched deep marks into the door.

Chapter 302: Drank Detergent

But the marriage plans were scrapped with the return of Tong Ye, the daughter of the neighbor's aunt's second son-in-law's brother. Tong Ye worked in the city, and she convinced Qinghua's mother that instead of marrying Qinghua off, it would make more financial sense to let Qinghua go with her to the city and work there: she would be able to feed herself, buy nice clothes, and make enough money to support the family.

Qinghua's mother thought about it, and decided that Tong Ye had a point: it was better to get money every month than to sell Qinghua for a fixed amount of money. She called off the marriage and made plans to send her daughter to the city to make money.

Qinghua wept loudly when it was time to go, but she was not crying over the thought of being separated from her mother and brother. She was crying because she knew that she was still being sold like cattle. She turned away from her family, and the look of bitterness on her face went unnoticed.

Everyone knew that farm girls were only good for selling. They belonged to their husbands once they married, after all.

As soon as they wrapped up the scene, Yan Huan hurried to a new set, one that had been set up inside a train carriage they had rented. A few scenes would be filmed inside the train, and they had hired enough

background extras to fill the entire carriage. This was why it was important to have investors—with enough money, anything was possible.

The production crew set up cameras inside the train carriage, and began to shoot the train interior scenes.

Tong Ye not only had a classy name, she was also pretty and stylish: her outfit consisted of a leather coat over a black dress, paired with knee-high boots. Qinghua stared enviously at her, wishing she could swap clothes with her.

Qinghua was wearing a faded floral blouse that had been patched in places, and a pair of trousers that had served her faithfully for many years. The shoes on her feet had been sewn together by her, but they were of poor quality and could barely pass as shoes.

It was meal time, and everyone on the train began to eat the food they had brought with them. Qinghua watched enviously as some of the passengers ate instant noodles; to her, instant noodles were a luxury only the rich could afford. The only store in her village sold instant noodles, but they were exceedingly expensive. They sold for a dollar a pack, and one dollar was enough to buy six buns. In her family, only her brother had the privilege of eating instant noodles: he was the Xiang family's precious heir, after all.

Xiang Qinghua's mouth watered. She swallowed heavily as she listened to the passengers around her slurp their noodles. She silently swore to herself that she would earn enough money to eat three packs of instant noodles for every meal. She would be so rich she would eat only the noodles and dump the soup. In fact, she would be so rich she would dump the noodles without a second's hesitation if she could not finish them.

She was busy fantasizing about her future when she suddenly remembered something. Her face split into a goofy grin.

She rooted around in her bag, and found the tiny bottle she had been looking for.

The bottle had come from the city. Everyone drank from large bowls back in the village, but apparently the city folks drank from bottles so tiny they could only be held between the thumb and forefinger. Qinghua could only assume that the city folks took elegant sips from the bottle for a taste of the minuscule amount of liquid inside.

Tong Ye had told her that it was popular among the city kids.

She had distributed the bottles to the village children, claiming that all the city kids had one. She had given one to Qinghua's brother as compensation for taking Qinghua away. Qinghua's brother had guarded his bottle zealously, squirrelling it away in one of his hiding spots, but Qinghua had found it and secretly taken it with her.

Everyone was busy eating rice out of their lunch boxes. Qinghua did not have rice to eat, or even instant noodles; all she had were dry buns from home, but she was reluctant to eat them now. She would be traveling on the train for one more day, and had to make sure that the buns would last her the entire journey.

She decided to show off; she would drink from the small bottle, and fool everyone around her into thinking that she was filthy rich.

She fished the bottle out of her bag, and then tried to look nonchalant as she deliberately held it up for everyone to see. When she was sure everyone had caught sight of it, she lifted it to her lips and took a sip.

Glurg! A large bubble emerged from her mouth.

The taste was not at all pleasant. In fact, it tasted disgusting. She wondered whether the city folks had unusual tastes.

“Auntie, why are you drinking bubble water?” a little girl asked curiously.

Bubble water? Qinghua opened her mouth to ask, but before she could say a single word bubbles drifted out of her mouth again. A few children saw the bubbles and began to chase after them, delighted.

“Auntie, keep blowing those bubbles.” The little girl shuffled over to Qinghua and tugged insistently on her sleeves.

Qinghua felt like crying. She opened her mouth to say that she was most definitely not blowing bubbles—only to fill the carriage with a long stream of bubbles. She looked for all the world like a cartoon fish.

She hid in a corner and sullenly ate her dry buns. She knew now that the “city drink” was not actually a drink—it was a toy, meant to be played with. To put it simply, the bottle had been full of detergent, and she had drunk it. She began to wonder if it was poisonous.

Her concerns proved to be unfounded: she rode the train for a day and a night, and lived to tell the tale.

It took about five days to finish shooting the scenes in the train. The scene with the bubbles was a nightmare for Yan Huan; she did not actually drink the bubble water, but the air around her was thick with the sharp scent of soap nonetheless. It irritated her sinuses.

When she finally left the train set for good, she felt as though she had turned into a large piece of soap.

That evening, she returned to her lodgings, on the verge of a mental breakdown. The scent of soap was everywhere: in the air, and even in her food. Luo Lin and Yi Ling’s hearts ached for Yan Huan’s predicament, but they could not do anything for her.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang.

Yi Ling opened the door. Her eyes grew wide as saucers; she tiptoed to look over the shoulder of the man before her to see if the other man had also come with him.

“He’s unloading some stuff from the car. He’s brought a lot of gifts for you,” Lu Yi said to Yi Ling as he walked past her with He Yibin at his heels.

He Yibin nodded politely to Luo Lin and Yi Ling. He was also on the verge of a mental breakdown, but he did not show it; he had been about to go to bed when Lu Yi virtually kidnapped him and forced him to come along. He was a doctor, yes, but he did not remember ever signing up for impromptu trips to the middle of nowhere.

Yan Huan was in her room when she heard what sounded like Lu Yi's voice coming from the living room. She could hardly believe her ears—this place was a two-day drive from Sea City, to say nothing of the winding, treacherous mountain roads.

She opened the door. She was right: it was Lu Yi, and he had brought He Yibin with him.

"Give her a check-up," Lu Yi said to He Yibin.

He Yibin gave a resigned shrug as he walked over to Yan Huan to give her a health check-up. Yan Huan, for her part, did not protest—she sat obediently in her chair and waited patiently for the doctor to finish inspecting her.

"Don't worry, it's nothing. Just a bit of inflammation in your sinuses, that's all," He Yibin said after he was done. He gave her some medicine: it was only a few pills, but they would be enough to cure her.

"He dragged me here. I had no say in the matter, really." The doctor chuckled genially as he stretched. "Well, all I had to do was sit in the car so I didn't really mind."

Lu Yi poured a glass of water and placed it in front of Yan Huan.

Yan Huan took the glass, swallowed the pill, and washed it down. She lifted her face to look at Lu Yi: his face was still as inscrutable as always, but the slight crease in his brow indicated that he did not approve of her reckless ways.

Chapter 303: Sold 2

It wasn't long before Yi Ling and Lei Qingyi came over. Yi Ling carried a bunch of food and they were all from Lei Qingyi. She was incredibly happy as she went around saying which one was good. This led to Lei Qingyi grinning from ear to ear.

Yan Huan didn't manage to talk much to Lu Yi before he had to leave. This was because they had to leave this place before night descended. If not, if they went down the mountain road, they would need to wait until tomorrow morning. If they went back tomorrow morning, Lu Yi's weekend would be wasted. After driving for a whole night, he wouldn't have much time to sleep. He wouldn't get much rest here too.

Yan Huan went to the balcony. Outside, the lights from the city shone and it brought about a feeling of warmth and peace.

She scrunched herself into a ball and sat on the chair like this as she started reflecting on her life.

It did feel good to have someone caring for her.

Suddenly, she smiled. She waved away her fatigue from the past few days as her troubled heart started to settle. Perhaps she had left for too long or she had left some people behind for a while.

She took out her phone and placed it by her ear.

"Lu Yi, it's me."

"Yes?" The man on the other end replied simply. However, one could tell that he was in a decent mood.

Yan Huan's red lips moved closer to the receiver, almost as if she was whispering into someone's ear.

"I miss you."

Lu Yi suddenly stopped the car, scaring the other two people inside.

"What's wrong?" Lei Qingyi was about to sit up but he forgot that he was in a car. With a loud bang, his head hit squarely the roof of the car. He was incredibly tall and he could only suck it up. In fact, this car was modified before. If he was sitting in a normal car, his head would have dented the roof.

"Nothing, a dog went by." Lu Yi lied with a red face. He started driving again and there was the laughter of a lady from the Bluetooth headset he was wearing.

Yan Huan hung up to not disturb Lu Yi from driving. She closed her eyes and listened to the sound of her rocking chair. Bit by bit, as time passed, she felt something that she had never experienced in her past life.

It was a peaceful feeling.

The next day, Yan Huan felt much better mentally. Yi Ling happily carried a bunch of stuff to set. She planned to eat those when there was nothing to do. Luo Lin couldn't understand how someone with a small stature like Yi Ling was able to stuff so much food. She really wanted to know what the difference between her structure and Yi Ling's was

How could a skinny woman like her eat so much?

She shook her head as she continued looking at Yan Huan film. The progress of this film was going along well and Yan Huan's acting had improved again since filming Game Lake. Especially while filming a comedic scene, her serious yet dazed expression left one loving and hating it.

She was exactly what she acted and she might have been a part of the character herself too. If not, she couldn't have filmed so many legendary shows.

Flower was sold by Dan Ye, who was from the same village, to a hairdresser. It was only after staying there for a few days did she know that Dan Ye had tricked her. The women here were all dressed scantily and one could tell immediately that they weren't any virtuous woman.

Of course, her mum called her dumb every day but one must know that even though she looked a little dazed at times, she wasn't stupid at all. She didn't talk to them and didn't hang with them. She carried her bag as she looked at the amount of dust on the floor. The women pouted upon seeing her.

"Can she be our sister? With those looks?"

Flower continued to smile in a daze.

She then received a pile of clothes for her to wash.

She started her washing days here. Of course, she got very dirty because of this and after every piece that she washed, she thought to herself how little cloth these clothes were and whether anyone could wear them. The people in this city were weird. They had to make normal clothes revealing, short or

sleeveless. They were worse than her clothes back at home. Even though her clothes had holes, they weren't revealing, but people in the city love those clothes.

On this day, she was carrying a big bag of clothes to wash again. She looked as she walked before feeling for something on herself. Luckily she was smart and had stolen her identification card out. If not, she would have been trapped by those people. But even with an identification card, she had no money.

What was most important now was to leave here first. She placed the clothes in a pail before pouting and running to the road that she had found earlier. She snuck into a pipe and continued crawling out.

Hmph, when she returned home, she must tell the whole village that Dan Ye wasn't a good person. She had thrown every woman in the village into the fire. This time, there were a few women that had followed her here from the same village. But she had no idea where they were, she only knew she was here. That's right, she was here now.

She changed into another set of clothes in the pipe before cutting her hair. She burst into tears while cutting her hair but she was afraid she would be caught.

With her obvious braid, anyone would have recognised her. When she crawled out, her head looks as if it had been chewed by a dog. It was dark outside and she looked like a thief running along the small road. She followed the road and hid here and there for a few days. When she had a clearer view, she was slinging a bag over herself. Her clothes were smelly and dirty and her hair was like a chicken nest. She hadn't washed it in a very long time.

She was living decently like this, the people here loved to throw away stuff and she had picked up many things, even a wallet. She returned it but the other person didn't even give her a word of thanks. At this thought, she pouted, she might as well have taken out some money to spend on herself.

She carried her bag on her shoulders as she prepared to go to work.

By working, she meant taking things that people didn't want like bottles and bringing them to sell at a waste collector. She used the money to buy some things to eat. In any case, she wouldn't eat anything from the rubbish bin. She was a human and not a dog, she was very insistent on this. At the end of the day, she could earn a few dollars which she used to buy the cheapest thing to eat for a few days.

Chapter 304: Found An Uncle

She quickly discovered that the big cities had earned their reputations as money-making machines. Back in her village, she could work an entire year and end up with less than a dollar for her efforts, but here in the city, she could earn several dollars a day just by picking up garbage. She saved the money she earned; she would take the money home, so that her brother would be able to go to school. She was disappointed in her family, but at the end of the day, her mother and brother were still her family.

She knew that her mother did not love her as much as her brother, but she also knew that it was because they were poor. If they had money, her mother would love her just as much.

She cast those thoughts aside. She could not go home for the time being, so she decided to make the most of her situation and try to earn as much money as possible. Earning money was easy, here in the city.

Yan Huan lowered the sack on her shoulder to the floor. She got out her phone, took a selfie, and sent it to Lu Yi.

She added a caption under the photo of her fluffing her hair and laughing: “How do I look?”

Lu Yi got out his phone and swiped to see the new message: it was a photo of a young beggar with a charming, goofy smile. He took a closer look and was surprised to see that it was actually Yan Huan.

He shook his head. “What on earth is she doing?” But he pressed the “Like” button on the photo all the same—she was still Yan Huan, and he did not care what she looked like.

Yan Huan tossed her phone to Yi Ling; her 10-minute break was up, and it was time to shoot the next scene. She was on a roll, and her energy and enthusiasm had spread to the whole production team—they were all in top form and raring to go.

This was why Yi Ling often remarked that Yan Huan was truly a force of nature when she was on top of her game.

The next scene began with Qinghua selling the second batch of bottles she had picked up from the streets; she had collected quite a number of them as she was a diligent and efficient worker. She also found a necklace that looked like it was made of real gold. She considered turning it over to the police, but she could not bring herself to part with it. Instead, she wore it around her neck and kept it hidden under her thick layer of winter clothes. She planned on giving it to her mother when she finally made her way home; she wanted her mother to look pretty in nice jewelry.

It had been some time since she escaped, but Tong Ye and her partners-in-crime had not come looking for her. Qinghua guessed that that meant she was in the clear, but she kept her guard up all the same. It was better to be safe than sorry, after all.

That night, Qinghua was on her way back to her hiding place to sleep when she tripped over something on the ground and fell flat on her face.

“Who tripped me?!” She struggled to her feet and turned to look behind her. To her great surprise, she saw a human-shaped figure lying on the ground.

She was too kind.

She was too soft-hearted.

She dragged the man to her “lodgings”—which was just a fancy way of describing the tiny hole in the wall she was living in. Inside, she had stored her belongings, which consisted of her bedroll and the buns she had just bought. She was smart enough to keep her money on herself at all times, however.

She had intended to wait for the man to wake up, and then throw him out once she was sure he was all right.

But things didn’t go as planned—when the man finally woke up, she discovered that he was an idiot. Not only that, he devoured all the buns she bought with her savings. When she saw what he had done, she sat on the floor and cried into her shabby bag.

It had been three days’ worth of food, and she had lost it all to this ravenous wolf.

The half-wit had gone to sleep right after eating, and had even had the audacity to let out a long burp in his sleep.

After that, Qinghua made several attempts to move elsewhere. She no longer wanted anything to do with the man; she could not afford to feed someone who could eat three days' worth of food in one go. But she could not bring herself to do it—her conscience brought her back every time she tried to ditch him and move on.

She sighed in resignation.

Together with the nameless, dull-witted man—whom she had taken to calling “Uncle” because he seemed a lot older than her—Qinghua began their itinerant life together, moving from place to place to get Uncle safely back home. Uncle suffered from amnesia, but he remembered in which direction his house was located.

He could point in the direction of where he wanted to go, but aside from that he was more or less mentally incapable of taking care of himself.

That was how a resilient and tough-as-nails woman and an addle-brained Uncle whose face was obscured with facial hair began their journey home. They fed themselves by selling the bottles and other junk they picked up throughout their journey; it was a difficult life, but they did not go hungry or thirsty.

One day, Qinghua left Uncle in their temporary lodgings for the day as she went out to make her fortune—which was just a fancy way of saying “collecting and selling bottles for a pittance.”

She was busy picking up bottles when she heard what sounded like the wailing of a young child.

The wailing was so loud and tragic she wondered whether someone was beating their child. Curious, she traced the wailing back to its origin, and saw a child sitting on the ground, crying loudly. A man was standing next to the child, but he did not seem bothered by the child's incessant crying. He was on the phone.

Qinghua overheard him say: “Don't worry, I have a quality ‘product’ this time—only four years old, doesn't know a thing beyond crying for ‘papa’ and ‘mama.’ Not a bad looking either, so you better find someone willing to shell out the big dough.”

The person on the other end of the line said something in response, to which the man nodded vigorously. He hung up, slipped the phone in his pocket, and carried the child to a public toilet.

Qinghua chewed nervously on the back of her hand as she debated whether to save the child.

She wanted to walk away as it was none of her business, but she imagined herself in the parents' shoes and realized that losing her own child would break her heart. And besides, the man was clearly a trafficker. Human traffickers were despicable scum.

Qinghua put down her sack of bottles and stealthily followed after them. She hid at the entrance as she watched the man warn the child not to move from the spot; he threatened to beat the child if his orders were not followed.

The frightened, teary-eyed child stood rooted to the spot, too scared to move.

Satisfied, the man entered the cubicle and shut the door.

Qinghua dashed into the toilet. She grabbed the child with one hand and covered the child's mouth with the other. There was no one else around to see what she had done; she grabbed the child and ran back to her hiding place, abandoning her sack of bottles.

"What's this?" Uncle reached out and poked the child's tiny face.

The child was not afraid of Uncle. The tiny tot tugged on Uncle's beard curiously, as though it were a toy.

Qinghua's heart ached for the child. She bought bread and eggs for the child to eat.

The hungry child immediately devoured the food. Uncle swallowed heavily as he watched the child eat; despite his muddled brain, he knew better than to steal food from a child.

Qinghua took out a bun and broke it in half. She gave the bigger piece to Uncle, and ate the smaller piece.

Qinghua felt like crying. They were tight on money, and she had abandoned the bottles she had collected that day to save the child, which meant that she would not be earning anything that day. She had had to dip into her meagre savings just to buy food for the child.

But when she saw the tiny child, she knew that it had been worth it. That night, they huddled together in their lonely hiding place for warmth; they did not have pillows, so Qinghua slept on Uncle's thigh, while the child slept on hers.

The next morning, Qinghua woke up bright and early. She left the child in Uncle's care and hit the streets in search of bottles and information on the child's parents. She kept her eyes and ears open for any news of missing children.

But her efforts were in vain. She asked around, but no one had heard of a missing child. She did not dare attract too much attention with her questions, either, because she was afraid that the kidnapper was still around, looking for an opportunity to steal the child again. She decided to call it a day; before heading back, however, she shelled out her hard-earned money to buy milk and bread for the child.

Chapter 305: Phone Can Earn Money

Another day passed like this and the next day, she and Uncle carried the child to find a policeman.

Before they even reached the station, they heard a loud sound. "She is mine, she is mine. I have found the human trafficker, I have found him!"

Before Flower could react, a bunch of people came running over and snatched the child away from her arms. She didn't even have the time to explain anything when she started getting beat by the rest.

Uncle was shocked too, but he instinctively covered her body with his. All the rods and baton landed on his back. A man picked up a brick and threw it onto his head. Blood spurted out from the wound but there were still people who weren't satisfied.

The child was crying, Flower was crying. Everyone around them was shouting and scolding and it didn't take very long for the police to arrive. Flower and Uncle had a swollen face with wounds covering their entire bodies.

After understanding the situation, the people who had beaten them all hung their heads down in shame.

They were scolded by the police too for beating them up without even understanding the situation. Would a human trafficker bring a child around so brazenly on the streets?

How were they going to solve the situation now? Flower was someone who would definitely seek revenge and before anyone had time to react, she wiped her face and picked up the brick on the floor. She turned around and smashed it into the head of the man who had used it.

Blood flowed out of his head and he lost consciousness.

Flower's face was shabby as she burst into a smile. However at the same time, two streaks of tears flowed down from her face.

Uncle touched his own head. There was blood at the back but the brick smashing into his head wasn't in vain. At the very least, it seemed as if he was clearer now.

He touched Flower's head as she laughed at him in a daze.

"Stupid," Uncle used his sleeve to wipe his dirty face. He felt much clearer, but he still had no idea who he was. But indeed, he was no longer dumb.

They no longer needed compensation from others. Flower had given the man a good beating.

"Uncle, do you think I am too stupid? We could have received a good sum of money as compensation. But it is all gone because of a brick."

Uncle rubbed Flower's face.

"Not dumb, it is good to release your anger. Getting hit isn't something bad."

"Uncle you are really good at comforting people," Flower was crying. However all of a sudden, she thought of something. She stopped and used her hands to pinch Uncle's cheeks.

"Uncle, you seem to have become smart again?"

"That hit made me smart." Uncle touched the bruise at the back of his head, it still hurt.

"Then Uncle, knock me too. See if you can make me smarter?" Flower envied smart people. They could earn money incredibly quickly. As for her and Uncle, they scrimped and saved but everything was gone after feeding the children for a few days and getting Uncle's injury checked out.

"You are already very smart." Uncle rubbed Flower's head. "Let's go, let's make some money." He smiled. He had a row of white teeth and Flower would always say that despite being poor, he still had his pride. They were poor but he insisted on brushing his teeth every day, ensuring they stayed white. He would force her to brush her teeth along with him too.

Flower thought that Uncle wanted her to pick up bottles with her again. But it wasn't. He made her take out all her money and she did. She gave him all the money that she had earned the past few months.

Uncle bought a pile of items and brought her along to open a stall. They managed to earn back whatever money they had put in in the first day itself. She had no idea how he did it but he was able to sell everything he wanted to sell. When they earned some money, he used it to buy a phone. She felt a pinch in her heart and she couldn't get a good night sleep for a few days after. She barely had time to touch the cash and it was gone in a blink of an eye.

With his new phone, Uncle stopped caring about anything else. He played with his phone the whole day and left Flower to search for bottles on her own. She had let go of it either way and was fine with spending it. She would earn them back next time.

She started off with nothing to begin with. She could earn a lot in the past and she would be able to earn it back.

She laughed and went about picking bottles happily. She came back with food for Uncle and didn't feel that he was a burden at all.

A few days later, Uncle dragged her to buy some clothes and tidied her hair. She looked at herself in the mirror. Her messy hair had been cut short and neat and she was dressed in fresh clothes. Uncle was clean too and looked way better. Only then did she realise that he wasn't an uncle at all. He was at most thirty, or rather, twenty plus.

He had so much money all of a sudden and they didn't have to stay outside anymore. They could sleep in a motel with a bed and he said he was playing with something called stocks. Flower had no idea what that meant.

In any case, they could make money from the phone.

This was the first time that Flower knew that one could make money from a phone. It wasn't a waste of money.

Yan Huan stopped smiling as she stood up and gave a lazy stretch. It wasn't easy and Flower had finally changed from a weirdo into someone normal. At this point of time, it was almost the end of filming for Uncle.

It had already been three months since she entered the cast and time had really passed quickly. Another year had passed and she was almost 22. She had been reborn when she was 20 and almost 2 years had passed since then.

Soon, she was about to reach the point she had left off in her previous life. This life, she will stand firmer and further.

Not long ago, the cast of Game Lake had told her that they had gotten a broadcast timing already and it would start showing next month. Yanhua's *The Return of the Condor Heroes* would be showing at the same time. Was Su Muran trying to push her down?

Whatever, she didn't have many thoughts about this.

Game Lake was a small production while The Return of the Condor Heroes was a huge one. She wouldn't be able to win it. Money has its uses at the end of the day and it is better if she wasn't able to win it. At night, she was so exhausted that she didn't want to move. But it seemed as if she had forgotten something, but she couldn't remember what it was. She was thinking if she had become dumb from all the filming and wasn't able to remember things at that moment. Only when she was half-asleep did she feel as if a warmth was on her forehead, just like her mother's hand at that time.

She was on the verge of tears. She missed her mother.

Chapter 306: She Wants You To Be Happy

She thought: if this is a dream, then I don't want to wake up. But it was too late—she was already awake.

She had already dreamt an entire lifetime's worth of dreams. She had had enough. She no longer wanted to dream.

Beautiful dreams inevitably led to disappointments in real life, while nightmares bred fear and pessimism. It was better not to dream at all.

She opened her eyes and saw Lu Yi standing before her, watching her calmly. There was a hint of fatigue in his eyes; he did not smile, but the air around him was warm and pleasant.

"You're here." Yan Huan sat up. Her voice was hoarse, and her nose throbbed.

"Why are you crying?" Lu Yi wiped her tears away with his fingers. "What did you see in your dreams?"

Yan Huan bit her lip. She wanted to smile reassuringly, but she could not bring herself to do it. Left alone, she was an iron lady, strong and impervious, but the moment someone tried to comfort her, her façade crumbled away.

She reached out and circled her arms around Lu Yi's neck as she buried her face into his shoulder.

"I miss my mom."

Lu Yi had not expected that; he found himself momentarily at a loss for words, but he quickly recollected himself. He gently patted Yan Huan on the shoulder.

"You're 22 now. Twenty-two years ago, your mother brought you into the world, and we'll always remember her for that. I'm sure she doesn't want you to be sad and miserable. She wants you to be happy."

"I know." Yan Huan sniffled as her tears spread across the fabric of Lu Yi's impeccably clean shirt. She had failed to be happy in her previous life; she had not been a good person, and she had made many mistakes. No one had loved her. She had let both her mother and Lu Yi down—she could have saved him when he had been in need of blood, but she had refused to do so.

Lu Yi did not say anything. He merely wrapped his arms around her and comforted her with his presence. After a while, he gently pulled away from her and dried the tears on her face with his sleeve. "All right, that's enough crying. It's your birthday today, everyone's here to help you celebrate. We'll

have a wonderful birthday party so your mother will know that we're all doing well. We're happy, we'll continue to be happy, and we won't ever forget her."

Yan Huan blinked. Her eyes, cleansed by her tears, shone brighter than usual.

It suddenly dawned on her that it was her birthday—her 22nd birthday. How could it have slipped her mind? She knew that she had forgotten something lately, and it had turned out to be her own birthday!

"Go clean up. It's cake time." Lu Yi wiped her face with his sleeve again. His heart ached for the young woman: she had struggled for so long, and without anyone to support her. It could not have been easy.

But he knew that Yan Huan was tough. He did not give her sympathy, because she did not need it.

Instead, he gave her what she really wanted: his help when she needed it. He had vowed to help her climb to the top of showbiz, and his oath was eternally binding. He would protect her until his dying day.

Yan Huan went to the bathroom. She touched her face: it was a youthful face, free of wrinkles. She was 22 years old, a flower that had just started to bloom. These were the best years of her life.

In her previous life, she had not aged well. She had looked ten years older when she was in her twenties. Back then, time had not been kind to her: it had left wrinkles on her face and a jaded, cynical look in her eyes.

She turned on the faucet and splashed a handful of cold water on her face.

"Yan Huan, we won't look back. This is our second chance at life. We'll choose a different path this time. We won't make the same mistakes again."

"We have to let Mom know that we're okay. We have to show her that we'll live happily ever after."

When she emerged into the living room, she saw that everyone had come to help her celebrate her birthday: Yi Ling, Luo Lin, Lu Yi, Lei Qingyi, and even Little Bean.

"Time to cut the cake."

Yi Ling placed the plastic knife before Yan Huan. "Come on, cut the cake, quick. I can't wait to eat it! We've been so poor for so long we've never had proper cakes, or even ice-cream. Oh, how I miss the taste of butter!"

It was not a huge party by any means, but Yan Huan could not have been happier. All the people who mattered to her were there.

She cut the cake, and handed out large slices of the cake to everyone. Even Little Bean had a share. It was the first time the cat had gotten to eat cake, and she ate so greedily she ended up with cream all over her furry face.

Both Yi Ling and Lei Qingyi had a sweet tooth; between the two of them, they devoured most of the cake.

Everyone had a good time at the party. But Lu Yi and Lei Qingyi had to return to Sea City that very night, as they had to report to work the next day. Fortunately for them, Yan Huan's current lodgings were

closer to Sea City than the previous place up in the mountains; they would be able to arrive at Sea City before dawn.

The two men took Little Bean with them when they left. Yan Huan felt guilty about it; she knew she had been a negligent owner. She had raised Little Bean, but Lu Yi was the one actively taking care of the cat now.

Yan Huan was still groggy and sleepy when she awoke the next morning. She had gone to bed late the previous night, and she did not feel rested. She wanted to go back to sleep, but Yi Ling insisted that she get up.

There was a box on the table.

It was a present from Lu Yi. She had not opened it yet.

She lifted the box from the table and hugged it to her chest. What was inside? What could it be? Her heart fluttered in excitement.

She unwrapped the box carefully, in case whatever lay inside was fragile—like crystal jewelry, for instance. She entertained the thought for a second, and then just as quickly cast it aside. She knew Lu Yi was not the romantic type.

She lifted the top of the box, and saw that Lu Yi had bought a lady's watch for her. She was relieved and happy that she had guessed correctly: Lu Yi would never buy frivolous, showy items like necklaces and earrings.

Yan Huan lifted the watch out of the box and strapped it around her wrist. It was a beautiful watch, but she would not be able to wear it while filming.

She was afraid she would lose the watch, so she carefully placed it in the drawer. A moment later, she changed her mind and took it out again: even the drawer was unsafe, and she did not want to risk forgetting about it and leaving it behind when it was time to go home.

She hid the watch in the innermost section of her suitcase instead.

Satisfied that the watch was now safe, she hurried to the studio to get a head start on her makeup. It was going to be a long day: everyone was working double-time now to wrap up the shoot as quickly as possible. If everything went according to schedule, she would be able to go home in two weeks.

When she arrived at the studio, Yan Huan cheerfully greeted everyone on the set. She did not try to be cool and aloof, as she had been in her previous life. She was still in her early twenties, and her career had only just begun; she had to be nice to the people around her if she wanted them to be nice to her, too. As the saying went: "What goes around, comes around."

She had learned her lesson the hard way in her previous life.

Once was enough. She was not so stupid as to make the same mistakes again.

"Action!"

Qinghua sat in the car with a puzzled look on her face.

“Uncle, is this our car?” She felt the interior of the car—it was real enough, but she found it difficult to believe that Uncle had earned so much money just by trading on the “socks market.” They had so much money now she no longer had to collect bottles; they could now afford proper rooms and beds to sleep on, new clothes, and now, even a car to drive around in. They did not have to continue their journey home on foot anymore.

Chapter 307: Unbeatable

“Yep, I have earned it back.” Uncle had a sense of pride. He had earned this himself, from his own two hands. This was his success.

“But, Uncle, can you drive a car?”

Flower tilted her head to ask him. He turned around and nodded.

“I do.”

“Oh...” Flower understood. “But how do you know?”

“I have no idea,” Uncle still couldn’t remember the past but some things stuck with him deeply. They were etched in his mind and they were his memories, his instincts. He knew how to drive a car instinctively and he didn’t need to learn it.

But he had no ID with him, he had no idea who he was. It seems like he wasn’t allowed to drive.

He will wait until he was checked out. Anyway, they were going by the secluded path and it was unlikely that they would meet anyone.

This was the first time Flower was sitting in a car. She was excited by everything and was smiling at everything. However, it didn’t take long for her smile to disappear. She was fine sitting in a car at the start but after a while, her butt started to hurt.

Flower was in pain and was almost on the verge of a breakdown. She’d rather walk right now than take a car. After a few days, they could no longer drive because the further they drove, the closer they were on the main road. Someone would check their driving license.

Uncle turned around, “Flower.”

“Yes?” Flower lifted her head like a pitiful cat. She looked innocent and cute at the same time.

“Flower, you need to learn to drive.”

“No,” Flower’s face slumped. “Teach me how to play stocks, at least I can earn money like this. I don’t want to learn how to drive, I don’t want my butt to suffer.”

Uncle extended his hand and comforted the kitten that was about to explode.

Between the two of them, they only had Flower’s ID to allow them to make a bank card, open an account, stay at hotels and buy a car. If not, the two of them could only pick up bottles to sell.

They had no choice now, only someone with an ID could get a driving license. If not, they could forget about driving.

Flower's was in tears but she followed him to learn to drive at the end of the day. However, there were a few times when she mistook the accelerator as the brake and it left other drivers breaking out in cold sweat. Many of them thought it was the end for them.

At the end of the day, Uncle had no choice but to accept the fact that Flower was bad at driving. He had tried many times and even though he couldn't remember who he was, driving came instinctively for him.

As for Flower, it was a disaster for her.

She couldn't even differentiate between the brake and the accelerator and no matter how many times he repeated the statement, she still seemed incredibly lost. At the end of the day, he had no choice but to buy himself a wig. When he put it on and came out, he had transformed from an uncle to an auntie. He took out Flower's ID and placed it in front of him.

"Looks like?"

To be honest, Flower's ID picture looked pretty ugly, like a man. She looked ruffled in the picture and nothing like the Flower in front of him right now. Hence, the photo on her ID was the most realistic yet deceitful at the same time.

Flower looked at her own ID before looking at Uncle.

She nodded violently. Uncle had become Flower as they continued driving to look for a home.

After the end of this scene, it was night time already. Yan Huan wanted to return earlier today as it was the first broadcast of Game Lake. She wanted to see if it would be a success. To be honest, she had high hopes for this show, but she had no idea if it would enjoy similarly good ratings as it did in her previous life.

9pm came and the show started showing. She didn't have much feelings filming the show in front of a green screen, but the visual effects left a shine in one's eyes. A drama that jumps from modern to ancient times was something fresh and even though the costumes weren't big budget, they were incredibly exquisite. They had the element of fashion to it yet had the warmth and reservations of the past.

Luo Lin gave it a decent rating, it had potential.

Yi Ling also felt that Yan Huan's performance was decent.

Yan Huan gave herself a decent rating too. Her acting was on point and after all, this was her first comedy show.

"That's right, I almost forgot, The Return of the Condor Heroes starts its broadcast today too. Is this on purpose, showing on the same day as us?"

Yan Huan believed it was on purpose too.

Of course, Su Muran did it on purpose.

The Return of the Condor Heroes was a huge production and many of the actors were famous A-listers. Just having them alone was enough to carry the entire show.

Luo Lin took out her computer and turned it on, looking for information on The Return of the Condor Heroes. Indeed it was showing on the same day. However, the show was directed by a big director and it was showing on many TV channels. It was on national TV and even on some cable channels. It was showing both on the Internet and TV at the same time.

A huge production was a huge production indeed. Having such grandeur, it managed to reach to the top of the rankings in less than a day. Of course at this time, Su Muran's Xiaolongnu hadn't appeared yet.

Game Lake's performance wasn't exceptional either but it already had something to show for itself. Of course, it had good reviews in every area and this was a good start. Yan Huan had no intentions of comparing it with The Return of the Condor Heroes. What could she compete with?

Experience?

Cast?

Actor's experience?

Grandeur?

They couldn't win in anything. So what could she compete against? Hence she'd rather not compete. That's right, actually there was something that they could compete: reputation. Yan Huan had quite a good reputation, but she wasn't anxious. She was waiting for what was coming up.

Su Muran threw away the controller in her hand. The Return of the Condor Heroes's popularity was increasing steadily and was the at the top at most TV stations now. She had surpassed Yan Huan's Game Lake by leaps and bounds.

If this continued, she would become famous in no time.

Yan Huan didn't take the shows viewership ratings to heart. Of course, since she didn't take it to heart, she didn't care who was first. If she lost, this proved that she had much to make up for. She wanted to continue honing her acting and to improve upon her attitude.

She placed all her energy and efforts onto The Uncle and the Flower and every morning after waking up, she would do her make-up and film her scenes. She would only go back when the sun had set and by that time of the day, she would barely have any energy to lift a finger. How could she have the time to think about anything else? She basically fell asleep right away.

Outside, Luo Lin and Yi Ling were watching the TV and their laptop respectively. They were researching on the latest viewership ratings.

Game Lake's viewership ratings climbed higher day by day. It was already at second place just under The Return of the Condor Heroes. Yi Ling turned and said to Luo Lin, "I still think Game Lake is better. The theme of the show is fresh and the content has flesh and blood. Of course, Huanhuan is the best."

Chapter 308: Nosedive

Yi Ling spoke of Yan Huan with pride in her voice. She was like a proud mother hen who would peck at anyone who dared say anything negative about Yan Huan to death.

But Yi Ling had merely stated the truth. Luo Lin had to nod in wholehearted agreement: Yan Huan's acting was impeccable. She had absolute confidence in Yan Huan's performance; her only concern now was whether they would be able to surpass *The Legend of the Condor Heroes*.

Condor Heroes, with its massive budget and high production values, was the talk of the town right now. Luo Lin could not help wondering whether Yan Huan would have been better off if she had chosen to remain in the *Condor Heroes* project instead. But that was all in the past now, and there was no point dwelling on "what ifs."

She crossed her arms. Well, she consoled herself, at least we're second. If we can hold on to second place for the viewer ratings, that'll be good enough.

Condor Heroes had remained in the top spot for the viewer ratings since its debut. Unfortunately, the streak ended when *Little Dragon Girl* showed up and nearly blinded all the viewers.

Luo Lin's jaw dropped when she saw *Little Dragon Girl*. Then she burst into laughter.

As it turned out, all it took was one wrong ingredient to spoil the entire broth.

In the original novel, *Little Dragon Girl* was described as thus:

"A hand, as delicate as white jade, parted the curtain. In walked a young girl, draped in a white dress that floated gently like mist about her. She looked to be perhaps 16 or 17 years old; aside from her jet-black hair, everything on her was white as snow. Her features were exquisite, but she seemed abnormally pale due to the lack of color in her skin... The young girl was beautiful and elegant, so much so that no one could look at her without being dazzled by her beauty. But there was a certain frostiness to her; she was as fair as snow, but also as cold as ice. It was difficult to tell whether she was happy, angry, or sad. Those who saw her were inevitably struck by a profound fear: Was this girl standing before them made of crystal, or perhaps snow? Was she human, demon, or perhaps an immortal fairy?"

But Su Muran's *Little Dragon Girl* did not fit the description at all. She wore a white dress, but that was where the similarities ended. Even with the help of the makeup team, she looked like an awkward, unsophisticated country bumpkin.

She was beautiful, but she lacked *Little Dragon Girl*'s ethereal grace. Worst of all, she could not act her way out of a paper bag.

Luo Lin smacked herself on the forehead. She finally understood why Yan Huan had refused to participate in the *Condor Heroes* project: Su Muran's *Little Dragon Girl* was enough to wreck the entire show.

As soon as *Little Dragon Girl* showed up, all the viewers who had been tuning in on their TVs and computers almost wet themselves at the shocking sight. The expressionless face, the lifeless eyes—Su Muran had tried her best to appear cold and aloof, but the viewers saw only a brick, and not an ice cube.

Pffffffft! Madame Lei had just taken a sip from her drink when she spat it out.

She jabbed a finger at the TV. “Little Dragon Girl looks mentally handicapped. Who’s the actress? She isn’t even pretty, she must have an ego the size of a galaxy to think she can play a beauty like Little Dragon Girl. They should have given the role to our daughter!”

“I told you not to watch this show, but you wouldn’t listen,” said Ye Shuyun as she gently stroked the fat cat in her arms. “Don’t you recognize the actress? It’s that girl from the Su family.”

“Which girl?” Madame Lei could not recall. “Which Su family girl are you referring to?”

“Who else?” Ye Shuyun had a good memory, and knew exactly who she was talking about. “Don’t you remember that one time when our children played together—many years ago—and your boy Qingyi ended up getting punished by his father because of that Su brat? He received such a vicious spanking he was bedridden for a few days. His bottom almost doubled in size!”

“Oh, the one from the Su family!” Madame Lei finally remembered.

She had disliked Su Muran from the day she had caused her poor baby boy to be spanked for something he had not done. Lei Qingyi had grown into a tall, strapping man—at 1.9 meters, he was as tall as most professional basketball players—but that did not change the fact that he had been a sickly child when he was much younger. Back then, he had been sick more often than not, and Madame Lei had almost died of anxiety and concern for her poor baby boy.

Her husband had given her poor son the worst beating of his childhood because of Su Muran’s accusations—accusations that had turned out to be completely false. Madame Lei had learned of the true story from her son: Lei Qingyi had not pushed Su Muran; the girl had tripped on her own. Madame Lei knew her son was an obedient, honest boy who would never lie, and from that moment on she had harbored a grudge against Su Muran.

“Change the channel, quick.” Madame Lei did not want to spend another second looking at Su Muran’s face. It reminded her of the undeserved spanking her poor son had received, all those years ago.

“Let’s watch Game Lake instead.”

Ye Shuyun did not object. She had lost all interest in Condor Heroes as soon as Little Dragon Girl appeared. Su Muran had single-handedly destroyed the show.

Unlike the shocking Little Dragon Girl reveal in Condor Heroes that had effectively ruined the show, the story for Game Lake was slowly but surely picking up steam. Every episode was more interesting than the last, and all the characters were properly fleshed out. It was clear to everyone that the production team—from the director to the cast—was fully committed to making a quality show.

The show had therefore earned widespread praise from its viewers. The plot was well-written and captivating; viewers quickly found themselves addicted to the story.

Condor Heroes had gotten off to a good start, but it lost its momentum and began its downward spiral as soon as Little Dragon Girl made her shocking appearance.

Su Muran’s acting was not completely horrible; it was obvious that her acting had improved since her acting debut in Beauty. But it took three things to be a good actor: natural talent, time, and experience.

Su Muran was not an idiot, but she was not a natural-born actress, and therefore could not be said to be particularly talented. She was still young, however, and had received formal training; with enough time, she would be able to become a famous actress. Unfortunately, she had been too greedy, and had wanted to take the shortcut to fame by taking on the difficult role of Little Dragon Girl. The Legend of the Condor Heroes had been remade countless times, and many of the roles in the show already had what were widely regarded to be “definitive” portrayals by other actors and actresses. Su Muran had enormous shoes to fill; she had to surpass all the actresses who had played Little Dragon Girl before her. Otherwise, what was the point in remaking Condor Heroes for the umpteenth time?

But Su Muran’s inflated sense of ego had led her to believe that no role was too difficult for her. She had therefore chosen a role that was completely beyond her mediocre acting ability to bring to life.

Little Dragon Girl.

She turned what should have been a lovely, ethereal Little Dragon Girl into Vapid Dragon Girl. It was a high quality show, with fantastic cinematography, amazing post-production visual effects, and a stellar supporting cast—but none of that could withstand the destructive force that was Su Muran’s Vapid Dragon Girl. It was obvious to all the viewers that she had gotten the part through her backdoor connections; her acting skills were average at best, and yet she had been cast in the main role, while all the better actresses had been shoved into supporting roles.

In Condor Heroes, the supporting actresses were all homely Plain Janes. This was a deliberate decision on the part of the showrunners to accentuate Su Muran’s “otherworldly beauty”—a flower was a lot more beautiful when surrounded by cow dung.

But even the prettiest flower was worthless if no one appreciated it.

All the viewers agreed that Su Muran’s Little Dragon Girl was the worst character in the show, by far. She had single-handedly destroyed the image of Little Dragon Girl. Condor Heroes slid from its top spot in the viewer ratings to second, and then further downwards in an uncontrollable nosedive. Su Muran tried to salvage the situation by participating in talk shows and shooting more ads for the show, but it was too little, too late.

Chapter 309: Flower Returns Home

It was only a few days but it had fallen off the top of the ratings. On the other hand, Game Lake was enjoying more and more viewers. Together with the outstanding performance by the various actors, its ratings have increased and it was currently at the top. It was increasing steadily and it had the potential to be a breakthrough show.

More importantly, the show had brought about a wave of 3D gaming and had a positive trend among the public.

“Huanhuan, they want you to be the spokesperson of a game,” Yi Ling ran over happily. This was a good opportunity to see how everyone likes to play. By becoming a spokesperson of a game, it was easier to hold onto fans. Moreover, a games spokesperson was something new and Yan Huan would be ahead of the rest by grasping this rare opportunity.

Yan Huan didn't have much objections to this; it was much easier than filming an advertisement. Moreover, as the spokesperson of a game with hundreds of millions of players, it could restore her fame and glory. Why would she be upset about it?

The Uncle and the Flower was almost at the end and they were close to wrapping up in a few days time. After wrapping up, she could go back to film it. Of course, Li Changqing had gotten quite a few other advertisement deals for her and were waiting for her to return to film them. With all of these, she might be busy until the end of the year. Hence, they would be able to spend the New Year at home this year.

This was the last part of The Uncle and the Flower. It was a wrap after this.

Outside a quiet village, a patch of bayberry grew. The land here was the most suitable to grow them and across the mountains and fields were bayberry trees. However, nobody thought of selling them as the mountain road was hard to cross and the road wasn't linked. Many times, the bayberry here went to feed the pigs. The village was named after bayberry because of this. Bayberry Village was a poor village through and through. Anyone who could leave this village never returned.

As for Flower's family.

Even though Flower's mother was biased, Flower was a baby that had spent 10 months in her womb. She raised her through thick and thin and was a piece of meat off her body.

How could she not feel the pain if the meat went missing?

Danye had returned back so many times, which time did she not bring something home for the family? She had brought clothes for her mother to wear and even sent back a golden necklace a few days ago for her mother.

Flower's mother felt a pinch in her heart at this thought. She was envious.

Flower's mother had no expectations for her foolish and incompetent daughter to bring back a necklace. She was fine so long as Flower didn't starve.

But why hasn't she returned home?

This day, she forked out some time to wait at the village entrance again.

She had asked Danye a few times why Flower hadn't returned. Danye said that Flower despised the poor village and wasn't willing to return. But even if she didn't want to return, she should have sent her a letter. Even though the family didn't treat her well, they were still a family at the end of the day.

Flower's mother only regretted it now. She shouldn't have sold Flower to that widower for her son. But whatever she says now is useless. Her daughter was out making money and refused to return home. She didn't want this family nor her mother anymore.

Danye was walking around the different households again, she wanted to find another lady who would go with her to work. All the girls in the village hadn't been to school and didn't have much culture. They could read a few words and were probably at the standard of a primary school kid. The only thing they could do in the village was to get married early and have a child. Now, Danye was back looking bright with gifts to give. She would bring around her stack of cash around to give her mother. Everyone said that Danye's mother was fortunate to have a good daughter like Danye. She would be able to enjoy life

with her daughter in the future. Their family had come from poverty too but were able to build a two-storey bungalow now. They had a television, washing machine and fridge etc. They were a big family in Bayberry village now.

Others who see how much she made wanted their daughter to follow Danye too. When they made enough money, they could build a house for the family and save some money for dowry too.

Danye was going around picking a few ladies. The youngest was only 14 years old. She didn't want someone too young too as they wouldn't even have an ID, how would they buy a train ticket? Danye had no choice but to think of a plan since the family had pleaded. She would see if she could get rid of her when they were on the train.

After all, the outside world was like paradise to those from the village, it was a different world.

As Danye was about to leave after choosing the people, Flower's mother was still waiting outside the village. She wanted to know if her daughter had returned or not.

In a daze, she seemed to see a car driving towards her from afar.

Before long, the elegant black sedan stopped outside the village entrance. As the village was too small, the car wasn't able to drive in. Everyone in the village came out; this was the first time that they have seen a car like this. Many of them wanted to give it a touch, to see if the car was hot or cold.

The door opened and a well-dressed man stepped out from the car. He took a look at the poor village before opening the door. A pretty young lady stepped out.

She was dressed cleanly, looking prim and proper. She was much better looking than Danye.

Flower's mother was thinking to herself, why does this lady look like Flower?

"Mum..." Flower recognised her mother at once. This word left her mother in a huge shock. After taking a closer look, she realised it was indeed Flower.

"Flower, my daughter."

The mother and daughter hugged and burst into tears. When everyone saw that it was Flower, they were shocked. Could it be that she struck gold and drove back in a car?

Flower returned to her house with her mother. Of course there was that man and it seems that he was Flower's man. Was that her mother's son-in-law?

Danye had no idea that Flower had returned. She had already kept her stuff and was preparing to leave with the ladies in the village. She was thinking to herself that she would be able to make tens of thousands of dollars by selling them away. Such a business was a quick deal and she didn't think that she was doing anything wrong. She brought them out of this poor ditch to earn money, wasn't she saving them?

However just as Danye brought the few ladies out with their stuff, she saw the car parked in front of the village. She was in shock. Where was this car from? She had seen stuff in this world and this car must be at least a few hundred thousand dollars. She had no idea whose family had such a rich relative and she wanted to take a look but dropped the idea. So long as it was someone from the village, she would know

who it is at the end of the day. Besides, she was the most fashionable lady in this village, was she afraid of knowing someone rich?

Chapter 310: Karma

“Liu Tongye! Stop right there!”

Tongye stopped walking and turned to look behind her. A smelly shoe flew towards her and smacked her right in the face. Before she could react, a large figure barreled towards her and began to beat the living daylights out of her..

Tongye screamed as the blows rained upon her. Her mother, hearing her screams, quickly armed her husband and her sons with shovels and clubs. They ran out of their house to see what was going on—they were the richest family in the village now, and they could not imagine who would dare hurt their daughter, Liu Tongye.

When they emerged from their house, they saw Tongye pressed against the ground, her face swollen and bruised. Beside her was a group of young ladies, wide-eyed and frightened.

Mrs. Liu’s jaw dropped when she saw the person beating her daughter—it was Qinghua’s mother, Mrs. Xiang.

“Mrs. Xiang, what do you think you’re doing?” Mrs. Liu shouted shrilly.

Mrs. Xiang drew herself to her full height. She gave Liu Tongye one last vicious kick, and then sat heavily on the ground. She pounded her thighs as she wailed, “Oh my god, what have I done?! How could I have sent my darling daughter to that horrible place?!”

“Liu Dazhu! Your entire family ought to be struck by lightning! Your daughter Tongye is a heartless demon, and so are you and the rest of your family! Your Tongye sold my darling daughter to a brothel! My Qinghua refused to prostitute herself, so she escaped and worked her way back home. How many of our precious daughters has your family ruined? Well?”

Liu Tongye’s family was stunned to hear Mrs. Xiang’s loud accusations. The entire village was just as shocked: What was going on? Suddenly, a woman detached herself from the crowd of onlookers and quickly pulled her daughter away, her face white with fear.

The woman was frightened, but she was also angry and resentful. If Liu Tongye had taken her daughter away, she would never have been able to see her daughter again. She shot Tongye a disdainful glare—so Tongye was a prostitute! That explained her revealing clothes. She did not care what Tongye did for a living, but she could not forgive her for selling the other village girls into prostitution as well.

The parents of the girls who had yet to be taken away by Tongye were relieved. The parents of the girls who had already gone with Tongye, however, were distraught—they began to yell at the Liu family, demanding that their daughters be returned to them. If the Liu family did not return their daughters, they would take the case to the city and sue the entire Liu family.

Qinghua helped her mother to her feet, and then brushed the dirt off of her.

For the first time in her life, she was grateful to have her mother with her. Her mother loved her brother better, but she was still her mother. Mrs. Xiang loved her children, and she would not stand aside and let an outsider discipline her children, much less bully them.

The “son-in-law” Qinghua presented to her mother was actually Uncle; he had regained his memories, and now remembered who he was. He came from a wealthy family—how wealthy, exactly, Qinghua did not know, but then again she did not really care. Uncle had told her he was grateful to her for sticking with him at the lowest point of his life, and he wanted her to stay with him for the rest of their lives. Qinghua had liked the idea, and that was that.

Uncle gazed at the plum trees that grew all over the mountain. His eyes flashed as a thought occurred to him.

A few years later, Plum Village had become famous for their plums. Uncle had spent a lot of money repairing the roads and building a factory for his plum business. The factory was staffed by the local villagers, who helped in the manufacture of plum juice and plum wine. Now that everyone had a guaranteed source of income, the entire village prospered. The girls that Tongye had kidnapped over the years were found and brought back to the village, where everyone respectfully avoided talking about the girls’ sordid past. The girls were not to blame, after all—as long as they turned over a new leaf, there was nothing for them to be ashamed of.

But there were all kinds of people in the world, and some of them refused to see the error of their ways—like Tongye, for example.

Tongye was still working her “job.” She was rich, but she had brought dishonor to her family. Her parents were so ashamed of her they could no longer look anyone in the face.

The mountain plums were ripe again. It was going to be another bumper year.

And that was how the story ended.

It was a warp. They had finished principal photography for the movie.

Yan Huan treated the production team to dinner. They had been her “family,” so to speak, over the course of the production, but now it was time for everyone to go home. Before they parted ways, however, Yan Huan said something to Huang Ming that made him wonder if he was hallucinating.

“We’ll make a sequel.”

Yan Huan saw the surprised look on Director Huang’s face, and nodded reassuringly as she repeated herself. “Yes, I’m not kidding. I’m completely serious.”

“I’ll fund the second movie as well, and I’ll get other investors, too. Don’t worry, everyone will get a larger paycheck for the next movie. Just remember to keep your schedule open—we’ll aim to get the sequel ready for next year’s Chinese New Year lineup.”

Yan Huan looked at Huang Ming. “I’m counting on you to direct the sequel.”

“Oh, I couldn’t hope for anything more.” Huang Ming had not told anyone yet, but he had been thinking about making a sequel to the movie. He was therefore surprised that Yan Huan had decided on it before he had even gotten around to fleshing out his idea. The first movie wasn’t even in cinemas yet, and Yan

Huan had already gone so far as to promise to fund the sequel. He did not know what to feel about that, especially when no one knew how much money the first movie would make. If they lost money on it, he would not be able to look Yan Huan in the face.

But he did not voice his doubts right then and there. They had just finished filming, and it was time to celebrate—he could not very well say that the movie was probably going to be a box office flop. That would be horribly depressing.

He laughed awkwardly.

After the dinner, Yan Huan did not set out for home right away. Instead, she would spend the night at the studio, and leave for Sea City the next day. Just the thought of not having to wake up early the next day to work was a load off her chest, and she slept soundly that night.

She was exhausted. She had had many things on her mind, and once she was free of them she realized that she was dead tired.

As she drifted in and out of consciousness, she heard her phone ring. She struggled to keep her eyes open as she groped for her phone, took the call, and placed her phone next to her ear.

“Lu Yi...” she mumbled, her voice full of sleep.

“Get some rest. I’ll pick you up tomorrow.” Lu Yi’s calm, steady voice was like a beautiful lullaby to her ears. It was not a gentle voice, but it was deep and soothing all the same.

“Okay,” Yan Huan mumbled automatically, too tired to properly process the conversation. A moment later, she had fallen asleep.

The phone in her hand slid down the pillow, away from her ear. She had forgotten to hang up, however; Lu Yi could hear her quiet, steady breathing over the line.

He knew then that she had fallen asleep.

Lu Yi sat in his office chair, transfixed by the sound of Yan Huan’s breathing. He was alone in his office. There was a pile of documents on his desk he needed to sort through, but he could not move—he kept his phone plastered to his ear as he listened to the steady breathing from the other end of the line.

It was late at night; some people—like Yan Huan—were blissfully asleep. Others—like him—were hopelessly wide awake.

After a long moment, he reluctantly hung up.

Lu Yi made short work of the documents on his desk. He picked up his coat as he got to his feet.

When he left his office, the guard at the door saluted him.

Lu Yi nodded to the guard. He walked to where he had left his car, and started it. Instead of driving home, however, he made his way to where Yan Huan was staying.