

**Chapter 331: Remember this favour**

Ye Shuyun quickly walked up and grabbed Ye Xinyu by his collar, “Ye Xinyu, tell auntie how did you get so dirty and smelly? Quickly go shower, do you want to suffocate grandpa?”

“Also, you are really useless,” Ye Shuyun pinched his face again. “Why are you crying? Try to cry again. What are you crying for? Real men do not cry, have you seen your elder brother cry before?”

“Yes,” Ye Xinyu used his sleeve to wipe his face. “He cried when he was young.”

“How old were you then?” Ye Shuyun pinched her nephew’s face again. “Go take a quick shower. Things at home have been settled and it’s better if we didn’t tell you. This could have been solved easily, what are you doing back home? Focus on your studies and quickly graduate. Take over your grandpa’s burden for him.”

“Auntie, can you not strangle me like this? You have never strangled my brother before.” Ye Xinyu had a tender face and he looked like a young boy no matter how one looked at him. In reality, he was indeed young. Ye Chuji got married at an old age and Ye Xinyu entered this world a long time after that. He was almost eight years younger than Lu Yi. When he was young, Lu Yi used to carry him on his back around. When he entered school, he had a pretty look and was introverted; Lu Yi used to fight his battles for him. If not, this pretty face of his would have been bullied countless of times. After that, Ye Jianguo disliked how feminine he was and send him to the Lei family to train. When he came out, he did indeed have some fight in him. But he still had that pretty face that destroyed all the ferocity that the Ye family had.

He was sent out by Ye Shuyun to take a shower and change his clothes. His mother had died from a hard labour while giving birth to him and back then, he was brought up by his grandmother. It was a pity that she also passed away when he was three years old. After that, Ye Shuyun brought him to the Lu family and brought him up like her own son. He was raised by her and even though he calls her auntie, he treats her like a mother. It was no wonder that he listened to Ye Shuyun’s words and it was unthinkable for him not to.

In the room, Lu Yi supported Ye Jianguo to rest. In actual fact, he wasn’t ill, he was just too agitated and he just needed to rest well at home during this period. Old Lu had sent his own military doctor to Ye Jianguo and if he wasn’t still in the old folks home and couldn’t leave, he would have gone over by now.

“Lu Yi, tell grandpa where did you get the money from?”

Ye Jianguo finally believed that they had the money and the Ye family wasn’t about to crumble. The airport was there and the port was building too.

Lu Yi took out the blood pressure monitor and helped him measure his blood pressure. He answered what Ye Jianguo wanted to know at the same time.

“The Ye family had \$200 million. The Lu and Lei family didn’t have much time and only managed to raise \$1 billion. I had \$2 billion on hand and it was enough. I even bought back your favourite Qing Dynasty porcelain set for you.”

Lu Yi put down the blood pressure monitor. His blood pressure was fine and he wasn't really sick. He was merely agitated and once what was plaguing him mentally was gone, his body quickly recovered.

"Where did you get \$2 billion from?" Ye Jianguo gripped his grandson's wrist.

"Lu Yi, tell grandpa, where did you get this money. Did you do anything wrong?"

"Don't worry grandpa," Lu Yi helped tuck him in bed. "The money is clean. I borrowed it, and not from loan sharks. I invested in a movie a year ago and earned \$800 million. I borrowed the other \$1.2 billion from a friend. It isn't the loan sharks and there is no interest. I borrowed it for this emergency."

Ye Jianguo patted his grandson on the shoulder.

"I hadn't realised you have the potential to be a businessman. Actually with your character, it doesn't suit you. You are too stiff and not flexible. You will lose out if you do business."

Ye Jianguo looked like he was about to go to bed but his expression was much calmer. It seemed as if he had let things go and could finally sleep. Of course, his body would only get better.

"Lu Yi," Ye Jianguo suddenly opened his eyes again.

"You borrowed the money from that Yan Huan is it? The one you asked me to protect at the start?"

"Grandpa you guessed it?" Lu Yi didn't deny but with his words, it was the same as admitting to it.

"Grandpa must be really old..."

Ye Jianguo sighed again. "Who would have thought that the person I casually helped back then would end up helping me, helping our entire family. Find a time to get her to come over. I need to thank her personally."

"Grandpa, I thought you didn't like an actress?" Lu Yi didn't know when Ye Jianguo changed his mind towards people in the showbiz industry. He had a stubborn mindset and this was something similar to him. He was always saying the same thing about how actors are heartless etc. Hence, he didn't really like actors, no matter whether they were good or bad.

After Lu Qin entered the showbiz industry, Ye Jianguo hated him first. He thought Ye Jianguo might need some time to accept Yan Huan but he hadn't expected it to be this easy.

"Grandpa understand what you mean."

Ye Jianguo wasn't a block of wood, he gently heaved a sigh of relief as he relaxed his bones. "You had never asked me for anything and that was the first time you personally asked me to protect that actress. I know you keep everything deep down to yourself."

"I believe your taste. If that wasn't a good girl, you wouldn't ask me for help personally too. Now that she gave you the money without asking anything, I know that she is someone who values relationships a lot. This favour, I will remember it."

That was right, he had remembered it but he never would know that one day he would go against what he just said today. Hence, life is unpredictable and no one will know what happens next.

“Don’t worry, if one day,” Ye Jianguo held onto his grandson’s shoulders, “Lu Jin’s father disapproves, I will help you.”

“Thank you grandpa,” Lu Yi was a little relieved. He had decided to marry Yan Huan and no matter what happened, he wouldn’t give up on her. But his grandfather was too stubborn and he wasn’t confident of winning him over. But even if he were to be chased out of the Lu family, he would still marry Yan Huan. He used to not care who he married so long as it was a woman, someone his family liked and could help him bear children.

But it was different now, he had met someone that he would fight for for the rest of his life.

Since grandpa agreed to speak for him with his grandfather on his father’s side, it shouldn’t be much of a problem now.

### **Chapter 332: Heartless**

At this moment, Ye Jianguo was already asleep and was snoring lightly. However, he did look much better compared to previously and he would be fine. Really, he would be fine.

So long as Ye family is alright, he would be alright. As long as they pulled through it, he will also live to a ripe old age.

When Lu Yi came out, Ye Shuyun was reprimanding Ye Xinyu. He was skinny and tender and when he was first born, many had thought that he was a girl. In the end, it was fine that he was lanky and tender but he had a soft character too and angered Ye Jianguo. However he didn’t dare beat him and could only scold. He was afraid that this grandson of his would be raised improperly and become a sissy.

Joke, wasn’t this a big joke? His grandpa was all high and mighty, how could his grandson become a sissy? At the end of the day, he was thrown into the Lei family’s fighting ring.

He used to be tender but after going there, he started getting a little rugged. As he grew up, he didn’t inherit his mother’s clean face but rather, the beard and moustache from the Ye family. He hadn’t showered and shaved the past few days and started having a little Ye family vibes. However after tidying up a little, he became the small little boy he used to be again. Every time Ye Chuji saw his son like this, he wanted to beat him up.

Ye Xinyu felt incredibly wronged but kept it to himself.

His face was given to him by his parents, was he supposed to go for plastic surgery?

Other parents are afraid their child would be ugly but their family is afraid he would be too handsome and be well-remembered by girls and guys alike.

At this moment, he lowered his head and nodded from time to time. Ye Shuyun couldn’t bear to say much after seeing her nephew admitting his mistakes so easily. She stood up and tapped her nephew on the face. “Go sleep a little and don’t look for grandpa, he has only just woken up and is still feeling weak. Don’t disturb your dad too, he has been busy recently.”

“Auntie, then who can I look for?” Ye Xinyu lowered his face pitifully. The eyebags under his eyes were painfully obvious.

Ye Shuyun pointed her finger to the back.

“Him.”

“No....”

Ye Xinyu grabbed the back of his head. “Auntie, no please?” He was not afraid of anyone in the family but he was most afraid of him. His elder cousin, his elder brother, his senior.

Lu Yi walked over and grabbed his younger cousin by the collar.

“Xinyu, I will train with you for a while, see if you have improved.”

Ye Xinyu was about to cry but no tears came out. What improvement was his elder brother talking about? He had lessons overseas and he was either eating, sleeping or drinking. Where would he have the time to practise his skills? If it wasn't to escape from this scary cousin of his, he wouldn't have chosen to study overseas rather than a good university in the country. He wasn't one to worship other country, he loves his own country, really. He was forced.

Not long later, Ye Xinyu's screams came from the room that they were sparring in.

Ye Jianguo lifted his eyelids upon hearing it but pretended to not have heard it.

Ye Shuyun was peeling an apple for him. When she heard Ye Xinyu squealing like a dying pig, she almost threw the apple in her hand on the floor.

“Father, are you not worried?”

“Worried about what?” Ye Jianguo was incredibly calm. Indeed, a good emotion is the best medicine.

He lifted his eyes. That kid was already so old what happens if he isn't beaten up a few more times and becomes a sissy? He wasn't his granddaughter. If he was, anyone who touched him would see his brain sliced off by Ye Jianguo.

Ye Shuyun lighted a row of candles for her nephew.

But she knew in her heart that her own son knows his limit and wouldn't beat his cousin into a pulp.

He wouldn't beat him till he turned silly but when Ye Xinyu was dragged out by Lu Yi, the poor child was beaten black and blue. He couldn't even stand up straight as he looked incredibly pitiful.

When Ye Chuji returned, he saw how his son looked while giving him a wronged expression.

His eyelids jumped.

“Dad, look how pitiful I am,” Ye Xinyu pointed at his face.

“Brother beat me up.”

Ye Chuji walked over and looked at his son's pig face. He then extended his hand and Ye Xinyu quickly brought his face forward to let his father touch it. He wanted his father to comfort him and his injured face, his darling.

How can an older cousin beat up his younger cousin like this? How could he bear to beat up this pretty face of his?

Ye Chuji threw the stack of documents he was holding onto the sofa and placed his hand on his son's head.

"Sigh..." He sighed under his breath.

He then patted his son on the head which left Ye Xinyu incredibly touched. Dad, you finally know how hard it is for your son. But before he could react, Ye Chuji's hand moved to his son's collar and lifted him up again.

Not long later, Ye Xinyu's screams emanated from the sparring room again. What followed was Ye Chuji's shouts that was laced with regrets.

"Tell me, what expression is this? Say, the entire Ye family's face has been lost because of you. Why did your brother beat you up like this and you didn't even leave a single mark on him? The entire family was in a mess, no wonder grandpa didn't let you come back. What are you back for? You cannot even fight a fight. What did you eat overseas? Shit?"

Ye Shuyun dropped the apple she was holding in her hand. She opened her mouth and was speechless.

Ye Xinyu was beaten up twice in a day. Besides the obvious swelling of his face that looked like a pig's, Ye Shuyun was afraid that he would be crippled from all the beating. Hence, she brought Ye Xinyu to stay with the Lu family to prevent Ye Chuji from taking out all his recent anger and troubles from being busy on his son.

When Ye Xinyu arrived at the Lu house, he heaved a sigh of relief. If he were to stay in the Ye family, his heart would be on the edge the whole time. Grandpa's health wasn't very good now and he used to be able to find him for help. Now, he didn't dare disturb his grandfather and he was really afraid that he would be beaten to death by his own father.

His father was one to talk about too, how could his favourite past time be eating, sleeping and beating his own kid?

He looked so much like his mother, how could his father bear to beat him since young?

Heartless.

Of course, he didn't dare let Ye Chuji know about all this. If not, he wouldn't be able to spare any beatings the past three days. With something this big happening in the Ye family now, he didn't feel relaxed to return to school. He could only hide out at his Aunt's place and when everything is settled at home, he would hurry back to school with all his belongings. Only then can he finally relax properly.

He walked around with that pig face of his and out of nowhere, a cat jumped up onto his legs.

"Meow..."

This human is really ugly.

**Chapter 333: Distance Makes The Heart Grow Fonder**

“You’re saying I am very handsome, aren’t you?” Ye Xinyu pinched the little cat’s ear. “I knew you would have good taste, this face of mine looks so good. It is a pity my family wouldn’t let me be a star, if not, I would have been famous a long time ago.”

“Meow...”

Idiot.

“I knew you were a cat who recognizes something good when it sees one.”

“Meow...”

Stupid human.

“Since you have such good taste, let me give you a kiss. I will give my first kiss to you. But, I need to see if you’re a male or female cat. If you’re a male then it is fine, if you’re a female, I can sacrifice a little.”

“Meow...”

Gangster, pervert. No matter what the cat called him, shouted and struggled, his hind legs were pried open. The cat looked at him with a set of desperate eyes but Ye Xinyu laughed at him with a predator-like face.

“Okay, I know, you are a female. Okay, I will give my first kiss to you. Really.” With that, he puckered up his sausage-like lips and went forward to give the cat a wet kiss.

“Meow...” All of the fur on the cat stood up as he lunged his paw forward onto the back of Ye Xinyu’s hand, giving it a few good scratches.

This was the first time he was this shocked.

Damn it, even the cat is bullying him

“Why did you bully it?” Ye Shuyun came to apply medicine for Ye Xinyu. She was a little speechless at the scratch marks on his hand. The swelling on his face hadn’t even gone down and there were more wounds at the back of his palm. Did this boy offend the gods or something? Why was he in such a bad state?

“When did I bully it?” Ye Xinyu wanted to cry this time. It was fine that he was beaten up by someone else but even the cat wanted to scratch him. Was he not pitiful?

“Auntie, should I get a rabies jab? Will I get rabies? Didn’t the news say that if one is bitten by a dog, one could die even with a rabies vaccination. Will I die?”

Ye Shuyun looked at the ceiling and rolled her eyes.

“You were scratched by a cat. Moreover, this cat has been vaccinated, you will not get any rabies. Relax.”

As she said this, she pinched his face out of habit. However, she forgot that he no longer had that pretty face of his. His face had swell to that of a pig.

With a yelp, Ye Xinyu shouted again as the meat on his wounded face trembled.

Who had he offended, really who did he offend?

Not long later, Ye Xinyu laid sprawled on the sofa. If his eyeballs weren't moving and he wasn't breathing, one might really think that he was dead.

Lu Yi walked over and sat down. He crossed his legs and stared simply at him.

Ye Xinyu sat upright and placed his hand on his knees. He had a sturdy posture and a straight back and looked almost like a soldier. If one overlooked his swollen face that is.

Lu yi placed the cup to his lips and took a drink.

"Brother can I ask, how did you take out \$2 billion like this?"

Ye Xinyu almost couldn't believe it when he heard that the \$2 billion was from his elder cousin. His respect for Lu Yi was like the flowing river, never ending.

"I borrowed it."

Lu Yi said calmly.

Ye Xinyu was speechless

"Then how did you borrow it?"

"Just like this."

"What about interest?" Ye Xinyu asked again. "It must be a lot right?"

"No interest." Lu Yi took another sip of water. Perhaps no one might believe this when he said it. \$800 million from the \$2 billion was his but the other 41.2 billion was Yan Huan's. It was the money that she had earned little by little in the past few years.

He hadn't even opened his mouth but Yan Huan had already transferred the money over. The Ye family had only managed to overcome this crisis with this money. That was how they saved the Ye family and Ye Jianguo.

His grandpa had asked him to remember this favor from Yan Huan. Lu Yi had remembered it too.

Ye Xinyu pouted, looking incredibly pitiful.

He was thinking if he actually went to borrow money, he might only be able to raise a few hundred million dollars. Counting here and there, perhaps not even \$10 million. Hence as compared to Lu Yi, he was really useless.

Lu Yi extended his arm and patted him on the shoulder.

"Connections are formed over the years. You are the Ye family's future and everything that the Ye family has now, you must hold onto it. It is fine if you're beaten now, we won't kill you. But if you were to end up in some other people's hands in the future, you can only wait to die."

Ye Xinyu...

Was full of tears.

“Brother Lu Yi, how can you say that about your younger cousin?”

Even though Lu Yi’s words were hurtful to one’s pride, it was the truth. If it were other people, they would definitely crush Ye Xinyu. Ye Xinyu was very obviously a piece of tender meat and didn’t have much fight in him. He didn’t have much to show for himself these few years and if this carried on, how could the Ye family be passed to him? He was the Ye family’s only child and was a boy. If he was a girl, no one would be this demanding of him. But who asked him to be a male and to take on the Ye name?

He could have been thinking too much and was distracted and didn’t realize he was using too much strength.

Ow....

Ye Xinyu screamed.

Lu Yi finally moved his hand away as he stared calmly at his younger cousin who had broken out into cold sweat all over his swollen face. He was covering his collarbone.

“Relax, the bone didn’t break.”

Lu Yi stood up and walked over to Little Bean. He bent over to pick the cat up.

“Meow...”

Master lets quickly leave, far away from that gangster.

Lu Yi walked away in big strides as he left Ye Xinyu pressing his face.

Tsk, pain. It hurt everywhere. His flesh hurt; his skin hurt. Why was he so pitiful? Could it be that he was beaten, strangled and scratched by others when he was born too?

Lu Yi closed the door and placed Little Bean on the floor. However, it jumped up his leg and wouldn’t let go at all.

Lu Yi gently tapped its head. He had no idea how she was doing, she should be back by now.

At this moment, Yan Huan was still performing around the country. With this round of performances, her popularity had grown again but it was tough on her to travel around the country like this. However, she had shown off her face sufficiently in front of others.

She became famous last year.

Her popularity exploded this year.

What would happen to her next year, she couldn’t wait to see.

This was their last stop, they could return home tomorrow.

She took out her phone; she really wanted to call that man. But after thinking for a while, she decided not to. It was already this long, and she wanted to let the heart grow fonder with distance.

Chapter 334: The Actress That Never Rests

She tossed her phone aside, wondering if the matter with the Ye Family had been resolved.

She gnawed on her nails. Truthfully, money had been the driving force behind her decision to invest in *The Uncle and the Flower*. However, there wasn't a need for her to work so hard. *The Uncle and the Flower* was a film with low production cost, but its production took nearly three months. This was rare for a 2D movie. The time-consuming factor was interchanging between film locations. For the sake of realism, the crew had traveled all over China. During that time, she steeled herself to toss her image aside, picking up real garbage and actually sleeping on the streets.

Naturally, the film was well-received; and she made a sizable sum of money from it.

As for the money, she had intended to reserve it for the Ye Family.

In her previous life, this was the year that the Ye Family had fallen. As for the benefits the Ye Family had not yet been able to receive, the Su Family had swooped in and stolen it. Her aid had not only went to the Ye Family, but also the Su Family.

Who will be the happiest when the Ye Family falls? It was the Su Family—Su Muran.

And how could she let Su Muran keep getting her way? Su Muran had the Su Family supporting her, and Yan Huan didn't have the power to uproot the Su Family. A large family with years of history wouldn't fall easily, much less one that had benefited so much from her.

Therefore, she had set up the trap from way back to earn this sum of money, intending to help the Ye Family through their time of crisis. It was not only for Lu Yi, but also for herself.

She wanted to weaken the Su Family just a little more.

As for her, there was no reconciliation with the Su Family or Su Muran, not in her entire life.

In the car, she was in a stupor. She couldn't say whether she had many dreams, or none at all. She opened her eyes, feeling weary. Yet, it felt as though she had never woken up. The car moved steadily as the scenery ahead zoomed past her. She could see nothing but somber fields. The fragrance of the grass wafted into the car through the opened windows.

She shut her eyes again. From the slit of her eyes, she could still see the scenery flashing past her like a filmstrip of her past life.

A bright light dazzled her eyes as she batted her eyelids. A man was standing beside Su Muran.

"Daddy, you are here."

"Yeah," said the middle-aged man as he ruffled his daughter's hair adoringly. "What's wrong? Did someone make my Ranran unhappy?"

"It's nothing," said Su Muran as she clung onto his arm, feigning vulnerability. "Just a nasty woman who keeps trying to get in my way."

The middle-aged man turned around. There wasn't a strand of silver in his hair, but his face bore the marks of hardships, and his eyes were anything but guileless.

He looked at the wretched woman as though he was looking at a dog.

Yan Huan parted her lips but found no voice. Su Muran, she wanted to ask, just what are you trying to do? Don't you know that he has a wife? Don't you know that I am his wife?

"Where did this lunatic come from?" snorted the man. He turned, smiling at his daughter.

"Let's get going, Ranran. Your Grandpa misses you. Oh, speaking of which, didn't you get a boyfriend lately? Bring him along and introduce him to Grandpa."

"Okay," said Su Muran, her voice filled with happiness.

"Su Muran..." Yan Huan tried to call her name, but it came out as a croak. Her face was red from anger, and her heart bled scarlet. She charged forward recklessly, demanding for an answer, an explanation, or anything really.

However, before she could reach her, the middle-aged man raised his leg and kicked her hard in the belly before leaving triumphantly.

Yan Huan felt her wound. On her quivering fingers, there was a coat of crimson blood.

It felt as though something had been forcibly removed from her body.

That something, was her first child that had died from Su Qingdong's kick before it was even born. Murdered. She had gone to the hospital alone to get the operation done. Her second child, merely existed for six months, before Su Muran extracted its cord blood and had the child's biological father toss it into the trash bin.

Her precious children...

Her children that she had poured her blood and sweat into.

Her poor children...

"Wake up, Huanhuan..."

Yi Ling shook Yan Huan by the shoulders.

Yan Huan tried to open her eyes, but the tears made it hard. Her nose felt irritated too. Before her eyes were a humid world.

When she opened her eyes, the wetness at the corner of her eyes turned into tears, trickling down her cheeks.

"What's wrong, Huanhuan? Why are you crying?" asked Yi Ling worriedly. "Everything was fine a moment ago, wasn't it?"

"I just miss my Mom," said Yan Huan. She removed the quilt from herself and clutched it tightly. She tilted to the side. Her thoughts drifted away with the scenery in the distance.

Yi Ling parted her lips, trying to find the right words, but to no avail. In the end, she remained silent.

Yan Huan took off her shoes, rested her feet on the seat, and adopted a fetus position. Only this could make her feel safe. Her vision was a little blurry. Perhaps it was the mist, or perhaps it was something else. She couldn't quite put her fingers around it.

Yan Huan knocked out the moment she reached home. She's not in a good shape, she must be worn out, discussed Yi Ling and Luo Lin. They thought it best for her to take a break from film shooting.

"She's in awful shape lately. She needs a break."

Yi Ling sighed. For the past few years, Yan Huan had not taken a single break from acting. At this rate, even a superhuman would collapse. And she wasn't one.

"We can't make the call here," said Ruo Lin bluntly.

"You had known her since young, so you should know her personality better than anyone. Who could sway her once she had made up her mind?"

Yi Ling pouted. "Mama Yan could, but she isn't around anymore. Yan Huan's a stubborn one. Once she decides to do something, there's no stopping her."

"I'll try my best to convince her," said Ruo Lin. She felt like she couldn't go on like this. If Yan Huan collapsed, her entire acting career would be affected.

She stood up and glanced at the time. I'll return to the workplace to check if the company has arranged anything for Yan Huan, she thought. Otherwise, she would have to work overtime again.

About that, there was nothing Yi Ling could do.

### **Chapter 335: A Small Secret**

They enjoyed the benefits of the company, so naturally, they had to do as the company bade them and contribute to its earnings.

As for The Uncle and the Flower, Yan Huan had used Lu Yi's name, so she didn't have to bother much with the producers. According to the contract, there wouldn't be any problems if she received her cut, but The Uncle and the Flower had brought in supernormal revenue. She was in the scene for a long time, so she understood these things.

Yi Ling opened the door gently. Noticing that Yan Huan was still asleep, she walked over and adjusted her blanket.

Her face was youthful but weary. In the span of a few years, they succeeded. But at what cost? She couldn't remember.

She returned to her own room and took a short break. Then, remembering something, she opened a drawer and from inside, took out a locked casket.

Holding the casket in her arms, she sat down again. She laid the box on her legs, patting and blowing off the dust.

However, there wasn't much dust on it. She had always taken good care of it. Even after all those years, the casket was in mint condition, just like when she had held it in her hands for the first time.

She hugged the casket tightly and sighed.

Her mind went back to the day when the ailing woman had reached out at her with her bony fingers. Her face, tempered by time, still retained the beauty of her youth, but she was now old and thin. Her life had reached its end, like a withering flower past its prime.

From life to death.

“Yiyi...” she called out at her.

Yi Ling quickly took the woman’s hovering hand in her own. This made her realize how skinny she was.

“Mama Yan, it’s me, Yi Ling. Are you thirsty? Hungry?” she asked anxiously.

Mama Yan’s face was pale, almost greyish. It was a strange and scary color.

However, Yi Ling wasn’t afraid. She was no stranger to her. She was Mama Yan, the one who raised her and treated her like a daughter of her own. No matter her appearance, she would always be Yan Huan’s and her own mother.

The woman grabbed Yi Ling’s hand tightly with the last of her breath.

“Yiyi, promise Mama something.” Her words were often stuck in her throat, and it took her tremendous effort to utter them.

What was left of her vitality diminished with every word.

“Okay,” sniffed Yi Ling, trying her best to smother her sadness. She wanted to cry, but she had to hold it in.

“This...” Mama Yan laid the casket in her hands before Yi Ling. “This is for Huanhuan. If, if she runs into any danger in the future, open...open it.”

“But, promise Mama this...” Mama Yan clutched Yi Ling’s hand tighter. “Never open it unless it’s an emergency. Also, don’t let Huanhuan know about this. Will you do that for me?”

“I will,” Yi Ling nodded vehemently, hugging the casket tightly. On that day, Mama Yan laughed and cried, as though she was reminiscing about the past or worrying about the future. Perhaps, she didn’t think of anything at all. On that night, Mama Yan fell into a deep, eternal slumber.

Yan Huan was calm, a calmness that Yi Ling had never seen on her, as though she was expecting the day to come.

She took water and cleansed her mother’s body thoroughly, then changed her into a fresh set of clothes. Afterward, she washed her mother’s hair, as she did when she was alive. However, Mama Yan was too skinny. She looked completely different as compared to when she was alive.

Frankly, Mama Yan was very beautiful in her youth. How could an ugly person give birth to someone with Yan Huan’s looks?

However, life had bent her back, took her bones, and ravaged her beauty.

She was ugly, old, tired, dead.

Yan Huan sent her mother off in person. She hugged her ashes for a day and a night, without eating or drinking anything.

On the second day, she buried her ashes.

Abiding by her mother's last words, she left no photograph on the gravestone. Then, she looked up and got on with her life, in a kinless world.

She pushed forward through vines and thorns. They pricked her skin, made her bleed, made her cry, made her suffer.

In the end, she made it through, to her current position.

It was the same in both lives.

Just that the events had differed.

In her previous life, Yi Ling died at a young age, so she never got to mention the casket to Yan Huan. Therefore, Yan Huan never knew about this item. And this item could have brought about a huge change for the better. Or worse.

Yi Ling hesitated, unsure if she should give it to Yan Huan. However, Mama Yan's words came to her mind.

Don't show it to Yan Huan unless it's an emergency and there aren't any other solutions. She would rather Yan Huan not see it all than to have to use it someday.

This wasn't the right time.

She placed the casket back into the drawer, then piled some clothes above it. She had held on to the casket for a long time, long enough for her to forget about its existence.

Perhaps, this wouldn't be the last time she forgets about it. Like Mama Yan, she would rather not open it.

By the time Yan Huan woke up, it was already night. The nanny had cooked up a meal, and it was ready to be eaten.

Ruolin had also returned from the office. She retrieved all of Yan Huan's recent schedules.

Never mind a break, Yan Huan still had lots of photoshoots, advertisements, and the shooting for Man Vs. Wild was about to start.

Even if she wanted to take a break, it would have to wait until a few months later. Plus, she was to star in another movie while she was popular.

"This much?" said Yi Ling as she counted the thick stash in Ruo Lin's hands. "What do they take our Huanhuan for?"

"A moneymaker?" said Ruo Lin. The stash gave her a headache. There's so many, when will it end?

Yan Huan took and counted the stash. Indeed, there was quite a lot of them. Initially, she had planned to let Little Bean stay over for a bit, but never mind that. Little Bean would be much more comfortable at Lu Yi's place in comparison to being in the care of an irresponsible owner like her.

### **Chapter 336: A Latecomer**

After dinner, she planned to take another nap. She was tired, tired to the extent that she didn't want to move at all.

A soft knock came from the door.

She opened her eyes and looked at the door without getting up. The door opened, a man appeared at the door.

Lying on her stomach under the blanket, Yan Huan shut her eyes once more.

A hand patted her shoulders gently.

"When did you come back?"

"Last night," said Yan Huan, rolling over and planting her head on Lu Yi's thighs. As compared to the pillow, it was much warmer and more comfortable.

She rolled again, reaching for the blanket, but Lu Yi had already tucked her in. She reached out and grabbed Lu Yi's hand, feeling its familiar warmth.

"Thank you for helping the Ye Family."

Lu Yi rarely thanked anyone, or asked for anyone's help. The word 'thanks' rarely left his lips.

"You were the one who earned the money," yawned Yan Huan. She knew she could finally have some good rest.

She knew that the Ye Family had most probably passed their time of crisis, since there wasn't any news of them losing ownership of their personal airport, or media attention on the Su Family. The Ye Family retained their low profile, and the Su Family patiently bided their time for the chance to strike. Still, she was interested to see what moves they might pull after losing this opportunity.

After all, a chance like this won't come by so easily.

The chance of earning an airport doesn't come by every day.

"Lu Yi..."

Yan Huan opened her eyes and put his hands around her face. His hands were large, nearly covering her face entirely.

In both lives, she had been protected by this man without knowing a thing.

"Lu Yi, shall we have a baby?"

She wanted her baby back. Three children would be good. The first for Lu Yi, and the other two for her lost children in her previous life.

“Okay,” said Lu Yi, feeling unspeakably melancholic.

“Let’s have a girl...A little girl...” Her voice trailed off as she fell asleep.

“A girl?” Lu Yi lowered his head, his fingers gently fondling Yan Huan’s weary face that had become much skinnier.

“A man from the Lu Family might not be able to give you a girl.” He sighed softly, grasping her hand. The ring on her fourth finger pricked his palms.

Yan Huan was busier the next day. As for the conversation she had with Lu Yi on that day, neither of them mentioned a word about it.

And what were they waiting for? An opportunity. This would have to wait until Yan Huan finds that opportunity.

Yi Ling had insisted that Yan Huan should rest, stating that she hasn’t gotten a good rest in almost half a year.

However, reality dictated that that was impossible. She wouldn’t be able to rest, or sleep.

After a few photoshoots, she would have attended the shooting for Man Vs. Wild.

Lu Yi had been giving her a crash course on Man Vs. Wild for the past few days, and even Lei Qingyi came over a few times to brief her about it.

When it comes to surviving in the wilderness, Lei Qingyi was more experienced than Lu Yi. He had been alone outside for nearly seven years, going on regular missions in the jungles.

Even though Man Vs. Wild was merely an entertainment program and would never let the actors fall into danger, there would always be potential threats. Needless to say, it was a popular program.

Every man had once dreamed of being heroes, and so did the girls.

If anyone wanted an extreme challenge, Man Vs. Wild was the show.

It was as much a real story as a documentary, a real journey for oneself.

Yan Huan liked these type of shows. They were realistic and challenging. Deep inside, this was who she was.

She liked peace, but her wild side wouldn’t lose to any man.

She took away much from the crash courses, and also received lifesaving items from Lu Yi and Lei Qingyi.

On that day, Yan Huan was going to set off. Alone. No managers, no assistants, no cash, no phone, none of that. They wouldn’t be of use in an old-growth forest without signals anyway.

After the landing, Yan Huan walked out of the helicopter and spotted a few familiar faces.

Most of them knew her quite well, apart from the ones that only knew her well in her previous life.

There were two ladies and two guys in total. One was the middle-aged Zhou Zizhe, who had good synergy with her during *The Uncle and the Flower*. Then there was the newcomer girl, Fang Ying. The last was a singer called Song Xihua who had the stage name of 'Metears'.

Two guys and two girls, thought Yan Huan. Something was amiss.

It should have been three girls and two guys. One of them was missing.

The director instructed them to get some rest and change into a new set of clothes before they set off. Doubtless, he kept nagging them with safety pointers.

He hasn't stopped doing that since the pre-shoot.

Yan Huan drank some water from the cup in her hand. She didn't have any makeup on, but she still looked fresh and pretty.

Beside her, Fang Ying had light makeup on. This was a woman's nature; 99 percent of the chance, no matter what, they wouldn't feel safe without a little makeup on.

Yan Huan merely applied some barrier cream and sunscreen. She wasn't hoping to become much whiter anyway. She would have to wait for winter to regain her whiteness.

And now, they were one short. She wondered which big-shot it was that was running late and making everyone wait.

Fang Ying was an actress who was not as popular as Yan Huan. Yan Huan was a box office elixir, a holy grail to directors.

Still, she only had so many days in a year, and it's not like she could split herself in two to act in more films.

Sometimes, the duration of a movie shooting can go up to a few months or even a year, so she didn't accept those easily.

Fang Ying made her name after starring in an idol drama. She was young, just one year older than Yan Huan, and full of potential.

In the acting sphere, anyone below the age of thirty was considered to be up and coming. This was even more so for the ones in their mid-twenties, who still had five years to work hard.

However, Yan Huan wasn't planning to get married after thirty. The latest was twenty-five; that was the best for her.

Plus, she couldn't just keep Inspector Lu waiting.

She still had two years worth of time. No rush.

### **Chapter 337: The Latecomer**

She drank another mouthful of water. They sat on the floor, chatting idly in an amiable ambience. Still, the latecomer had not yet shown up.

Where is she coming from? How could she be this late and keep everyone waiting? Even the director kept checking his watch, impatience written clearly on his face.

Nearly an hour had passed since the agreed meeting time.

The four present, including Yan Huan, were all around the same age. Despite starring as the 'Uncle', Zhou Zizhe was merely twenty-six, still young and handsome. Mr. Meteors was even younger. He was 24, just one year older than Yan Huan.

"Where on earth is she?" mumbled Zhou Zizhe, checking his wristwatch. It was a multifunctional wristwatch with intact gadgets, including a compass. Doubtless, it was a military watch.

An hour and a half had passed by then. An hour and a half sitting there doing nothing. To them, one hour and a half meant a good deal of money lost.

Yan Huan leaned against a tree, preserving her energy. Thought she had good stamina, this was her first time attending a show like Man Vs. Wild, so every minute of rest could be helpful later on. Given the opportunity, she thought it was best to take a nap.

Two hours passed. The director was cursing by now, his face the shade of a black pot. If she still doesn't show up, they would have to start the show with the four of them, or postpone the shooting.

Doubtless, none of them wanted the shooting to be postponed, not after they had spent hours on the plane, rushing here from all across the country.

Who the hell is that latecomer?

Even before arriving, she had offended just about everyone.

Just as everyone was about to snap, the sound of a helicopter came from above.

"A private helicopter? How rich," said Fang Ying, curling her crimson lips. They had all arrived through the same helicopter, following the same procedures. And her? A private helicopter with first-class treatment. God knows how many assistants and nanny she would bring.

The helicopter landed, from which came a row of people. At last, a young woman made her entrance.

This show didn't want actors who were too old or too young, so they usually chose actors from 22 to 28.

In most cases, only the more well-known actors had the privilege of being invited.

Yan Huan had tried guessing the name of the last guest, but she never expected it to be such a familiar name.

It was a woman, more precisely, her nemesis. To be honest, she wasn't popular enough to deserve her spot.

Then again, that could be overlooked easily since she had a powerful dad.

In this day and age, if you don't have a pretty face, you better have a powerful dad.

Without both, it's best to stay at home and sell red potatoes.

The woman walked to them casually, her hair fluttering in the air as though she was in a shampoo commercial. Standing among the people with little makeup on, her pretty makeup and swaying long dress made her look like a fairy. She made them look like red potatoes.

“Hi guys, I’m Su Muran,” she smiled elegantly. “I’m so sorry,” she bowed apologetically. “There was a little trouble with the helicopter, so I ended up coming late.”

“It’s fine,” said Zhou Zizhe, waving a hand unaffectedly. “We’ll need to look out for each other in the future. Anyway, it hasn’t started yet so it was a good chance for us to get some rest.”

Song Xihua wasn’t one for small talk. He was rather aloof. He simply made a slight nod. Fang Ying curled her lips. Ew, what a drama queen, she cursed internally.

Naturally, Yan Huan didn’t have anything to say to Su Muran. Coming in late was also a way of hogging attention. Helicopter breaking down, what a convenient excuse. She could see people buying it. After all, the helicopter malfunctioning was a problem that no one could have prevented or foreseen. Though everyone was unhappy, it wasn’t as if they would personally attack her. Plus, she was a woman. Most of the people present were men. Who could scold her, a woman?

However, Yan Huan was aware of what kind of power the Su Family had. Even without the airport from the Ye Family, Su Family was powerful enough with its jades and gold.

No one knew how deep the Su Family’s pockets were, which was why Ye Jianguo turned to the Su Family first. If the Su Family intervened, the Ye Family would definitely make it through.

However, the Su Family never planned to help. They wanted the airport for themselves. However, their plan had failed. This soured the relationships between the two families even more. They weren’t exactly enemies yet, but there was hardly any more communication between them.

And for the Su Family, a helicopter was nothing. Even if it was on short notice, the Su Family could send five helicopters without breaking a sweat. What a poor excuse.

Yan Huan sat up straight, packing up her personal belongings—rations, water, compass, watch, clothes, tents, and miscellaneous items.

Su Muran’s items had already been packed for her, but she stood there frowning. This is so heavy, she thought, how am I supposed to carry it?

“Miss Su, please remove your makeup,” reminded the director kindly. “Actresses are not supposed to wear them. That’s our rule.”

“Okay, Director, I got it,” said Su Muran. However, she didn’t move an inch.

To a female actress, makeup was everything to her. Without it, all of her imperfections would be laid bare before the camera. Her rough skin, her large pores, her small eyes, her single eyelid, her sunken nose.

Going makeup-free wasn’t easy for most actresses, those that weren’t gifted with exceptional beauty. Su Muran was one of them.

Then, the director briefed them on some other cautionary points. However, it wasn't as dangerous as it sounded, since the crew was constantly behind them, camera in hand.

All the talents had to carry their own backpacks. To this, Su Muran protested. How could she carry something this heavy? She could only carry suitcases with rollers.

Clearly, her backpack didn't come with wheels. Even if it did, they couldn't expect her to push it all over the mountain, right?

"I'm sorry, Miss Su, but we can't agree to this," responded the director upon hearing Su Muran's request for someone else to carry her backpacks. "We want the show to be as real as possible, so everyone has to be responsible for themselves. I believe we have already established this when we signed the contract. If you have any objections, it would be against our terms and conditions. To stay or to leave, the choice lies with you."

### **Chapter 338: My Makeup Is in A Mess**

"Rules are rules. We take the terms and conditions seriously, and we hope that you would do the same."

Su Muran's face darkened. She stole a peek at Yan Huan, who had shouldered her backpack and stood up by now.

This rankled Su Muran. She wouldn't even have come to this nasty place if it were not for Yan Huan's attendance; she wanted to challenge her. She was sure that a noble lady from the Su Family wouldn't lose out to this woman.

Man Vs. Wild had consistently been the most viewed show in China, so the producers only invited the most well-known actors and movie stars. Doubtless, a ton of actors wanted to be in this show.

Yan Huan was chosen by the producers. As for Su Muran, she obviously had to use her own methods to be in the show. However, she regretted the decision a little after joining. What a trash show, she thought, asking me to traverse up and down the mountain with this huge backpack.

She wanted to give up even before the start of the show. However, forfeiting wasn't an option now. If she forfeited, she would be shaming herself. She had to grit her teeth and bear with it.

The camera closed up on every challenger.

Yan Huan turned, waving and smiling at the camera. Her elegant looks made her look even prettier without makeup. In the acting sphere, there wasn't another actress who looked even better with no makeup on. Yan Huan was the rare exception. She was born with beautiful features. Makeup gave her features a more chiseled look, but that's about it. Without makeup, she had the amiable beauty of a girl-next-door.

"Huanhuan! It's my Huanhuan!" said Yi Ling, pulling Ruolin's sleeves hard, pointing at the television with a prideful look on her face. "I'm my Huanhuan's diehard fan! How can my Huanhuan be so pretty, even without makeup?"

Ruo Lin agreed. Fang Huan was young and naturally beautiful, so she looked very pretty without makeup. This show would make her more well-known. It was good exposure all around.

The challengers, having shouldered their backpacks, set off.

Yan Huan had been traveling a lot for the past months, so this level of weight was tolerable for her. However, the long-distance journey made even her begin to sweat.

She wiped the sweat off her forehead with her sleeves. This made her realize why the director kept emphasizing on no makeup. At the rate they were sweating, it was impossible to fix their makeup in time. Plus, they weren't going to stop, so there wasn't time for them to fix their makeup anyway.

Yan Huan looked around at the others. Most of them were also starting to sweat. However, for the past years, she had taken on many roles as extras or stunt doubles, rushing from one set to the other. She had always been racing with time. Therefore, the one thing she had trained over the years was her stamina. Therefore, hiking wasn't very tiring for her.

The two men were probably gym rats too. She knew that was true for Uncle. They were good friends. Of course, the role 'Uncle' only became popular after *The Uncle and The Flower* had aired. In a sense, Yan Huan was the one that made Zhou Zizhe rise in popularity. She knew a thing or two about his background too— he used to be in the army as an infanteer. In the army, they had to run a few kilometers while carrying weights, so what they were doing now wasn't tough for him. However, the other three were starting to have a hard time.

Song Xihua was a real looker with white, tender skin. At this rate, the sun will tan him beyond recognition. Fang Ying was starting to feel dizzy.

"I can't," she gasped, stopping and doubling over. "I can't walk anymore. I'm exhausted."

Yan Huan looked to Su Muran in the front. Initially, she thought a well-born lady like her would be the first to stop. Turns out it was Fang Ying.

Su Muran was a cruel person; cruel to others, but also cruel to herself. Therefore, her later success wasn't a mere coincidence. She couldn't have laid down those traps if she wasn't smart.

How could a person from the Su Family be stupid? It wouldn't make sense, would it?

The Su Family spent years scheming against the Ye Family. In her past life, they managed to devour the Ye Family. In this life, their schemes had failed and backfired. However, what Su Muran could rob from the Ye Family in the future remains unknown.

"I need a break, please," said Fang Ying. She was feeling dizzy. She took down her bag, tossed it on the ground, and laid against it, preparing to sleep.

"Let's take a break then. We have been walking for nearly two hours," agreed Zhou Zizhe. His stamina was good since he was once a soldier, but that didn't apply to the others. He was aware that Yan Huan had good stamina too, since they have collaborated in *The Uncle and The Flower*. They had covered a long distance for the day.

Impassive, Song Xihua found a tree and sat against. Leaning back, he huddled up. Soon, his slow and rhythmic breathing could be heard. Su Muran also set down her bag. As she turned around, the camera focused on her face. "Pfft!" Zhou Zizhe spat out the water he was drinking.

"I'm sorry," he apologized, turning to the side. He said nothing, but his shoulders kept shaking.

Su Muran had no idea what he was laughing about. She wiped a hand across her face; no matter how waterproof her makeup was, it was impossible for it to last at the rate she was sweating. Mascara fell from her eyelashes to her cheek. Without noticing, she wiped it off. On the other side, mascara was still on her other eyelash. Her rouge had spread to her forehead with the rub, her lipstick smudged all over her face.

The director wouldn't give Su Muran a chance to fix her makeup and have a retake. This was a realistic show, and every frame was shot at random. No matter how you looked, the show will present you realistically.

The camera shifted to Yan Huan. Yan Huan looked up. Perspiration had beaded on her forehead, her skin fair as usual. She held a fist at the camera.

I'll give it my best!

The director was very pleased with Yan Huan's performance. After filming the rest of the party, he sat down to rest with the other actors. Yan Huan opened her backpack and took out a blanket, spreading it over herself. Then, remembering Fang Ying who was sleeping like a dead pig, she used the blanket to cover her instead.

### **Chapter 339: Help Me Carry My Backpack**

Yan Huan then took a piece of clothing and covered herself. She planned to take a nap too. Of course, the photographer captured her movements.

Su Muran took out a mirror to fix her makeup. When she saw her face, she was started. The mirror slid out of her hand, falling onto the ground with a thud. It wasn't very loud, but the sound shook her to the core.

She looked down. The mirror had shattered.

On every fragment of the mirror was the reflection of her hideous face. Her makeup had smudged, smudged completely. Her heart went cold. Thankfully, the spectacle wasn't captured by the camera. Otherwise, how could she face anyone again? A public figure like her couldn't afford a single mistake.

She initially wanted to fix her makeup, but thought better since the journey ahead was still long and she would sweat again. It was useless trying to keep the makeup. Reluctantly, she cleansed the makeup off her face. Her bare face was a lot less pretty than when she had makeup on.

Her natural looks were fine and could even be considered pretty, but there were imperfections in her features. Those imperfections were usually corrected by her makeup. She wasn't a plain Jane without her makeup, but definitely not astonishing beautiful.

At the same time, Yan Huan was resting while leaning against a tree, her hair draped over her shoulders casually. Her unblemished face had a healthy shade of pink, and her lashes were naturally long and dense. However, it didn't make her look frail. Her lips were a little pale, but they accentuated her fair skin even more.

Su Muran had the impulse to scratch Yan Huan's face. She wanted to take everything away from her, whether it was the New Year show, or anything really. If not for the Ye Family protecting her, she would have killed her a thousand times.

Initially, Grandpa told her that the Su Family was going to take the Ye Family. Without the Ye Family, she had wanted to see what Yan Huan could do to escape from her grasp.

However, the Ye Family had survived unexpectedly. Doubtless, there would be more problems in the future.

Having lost the chance to take down the Ye Family, it's almost impossible for the Su Family to get them again.

That meant that she still wouldn't be able to do anything to Yan Huan.

Su Muran began plucking the withered grass from the ground, one after the other. Grinding her teeth, she fixed her vicious eyes on Yan Huan.

Suddenly, Yan Huan opened her eyes and looked at Su Muran. .

Su Muran didn't have time to adjust her distorted expression, so Yan Huan caught a full view of her grimace. To Yan Huan, that came as little surprise. She smiled. Her smile was a dagger that stabbed at Su Muran's heart.

Su Muran, this is just the start. In this life, we will be eternal enemies, a rivalry that could only be broken by death.

She closed her eyes again, breathing gently. The air in the mountain was very fresh. If she treated it as a trip, it was actually a rare opportunity. Of course, it was also a challenge. A challenge that she had to overcome.

"Alright, it's time to get going," said the director. Yan Huan's eyes snapped open. She was only half-asleep. Despite her weariness, she was wary in an unfamiliar environment.

"Thanks," said Fang Ying as she folded the blanket and returned it to Yan Huan. She was feeling much better after the nap.

"You are welcome," said Yan Huan, stuffing the blanket in her backpack before shouldering it. Su Muran did not put makeup on this time. There are times when putting on makeup will only make you look worse.

Times like now. Only a fool would put on makeup knowing he will soon sweat a ton.

"Is it heavy? Need a hand?" asked Zhou Zizhe, walking to Yan Huan.

"I'm fine, it's not that heavy. I can handle it," said Yan Huan, rubbing her shoulders. Then, seeing the dispirited Fang Ying, she said,

"How about you give Fang Ying a hand? I think she's at her limits."

Feeling nauseous from the exhaustion, Fang Ying felt as though her backpack was getting heavier. How could it get heavier when she had consumed a portion of her rations and water? Suddenly, she felt the weight being lifted off her. Looking up, she saw Zhou Zizhe putting her backpack on his shoulders.

“Thank you,” she muttered softly with teary eyes.

Zhou Zizhe smiled at her. “Let’s get going, we shouldn’t waste any more time. We can rest when we reach the checkpoint.”

“Okay,” said Fang Ying. Initially, she didn’t have much strength left, but at this moment, she was revitalized. Even her steps became lighter.

Su Muran reached out and touched her bag. She could feel discomfort in her chest. She glanced at Song Xihua, her intention written clearly on her face.

Help me carry this.

Song Xihua walked past her.

Help me carry this. Su Muran stared daggers at Song Xihua.

Help.me.carry.this.

Song Xihua kept walking.

“Song Xihua, are you even a man?” yelled Su Muran, fuming.

Song Xihua stopped and turned around.

“No. Are you?”

Before Su Muran could yell back at him, Song Xihua had pushed down his cap and kept on walking.

Yan Huan adjusted her backpack and caught up with the main party.

Su Muran’s chest was hurting from the rage. Clenching her fists, she caught up with the main party too.

Yan Huan didn’t think Su Muran would last this long. This was beyond her expectations. Su Muran was indeed cruel. Unlike the average well-born lady, her cruelty extended to even herself.

When it was night, some of them couldn’t take it anymore. Even Yan Huan’s legs felt like lead. Her backpack was getting heavier. The one who had it the easiest was Fang Ying. Zhou Zizhe had gone through training, so two backpacks were nothing to him.

Finally, the director announced that it was time for a break. They weren’t the only ones suffering, even the director and the crew suffered along with them.

None of them complained. Each had their own ways to amuse themselves. They had to do it in a show like this. Once they decided to attend, they had to persevere. If they fell out halfway, it would be very embarrassing. In that case, they might as well not attend in the first place. This was what Man Vs. Wild was all about.

Yan Huan took out everything from her bag. They were each given a tent, so they could either share or use to their own.

“Yan Huan, can we stick together? I’m scared,” whispered Fang Ying, looking around and pulling at Yan Huan’s sleeves. They were supposed to build their own tents, but she couldn’t do it in the end.

#### **Chapter 340: You Have Got Good Stamina**

“Sure,” said Yan Huan. She didn’t mind, since the tent was big enough for two. In fact, it was enough for three. However, she would never sleep with Su Muran. Who knows if Su Muran would slit her throat at night?

Zhou Zizhe volunteered to help Yan Huan with the tent. All these were simple tasks for him. Soon, the tent was set up. Yan Huan went inside with her bag, from which she took out her sleeping bag and some other stuff.

Zhou Zizhe walked over to help Su Muran with her tent. Just as he was about to start, he stopped.

“Miss. Su, would you rather share the tent with Yan Huan and Fang Ying? That way, you can look out for each other.”

“It’s fine, I’m not used to sleeping with other people,” said Su Muran, sorting out the stuff in her bag. Being serviced by others was nothing new to her.

What an outstandish actress, thought Zhou Zizhe.

However, he was a goody-two-shoes, which was why Yan Huan kept calling him Uncle.

Uncles are usually nice people.

After helping Su Muran with her tent, Zhou Zizhe went back to his own tent. Song Xihua had already set up his tent. They each had their own tent, minding their own business.

Song Xihua didn’t talk much, but was quick with his hands. Dallying wasn’t his style.

At night, they made do with simple food before sleeping. Of course, there was no danger. Even though it was deep in the mountains, they were on a path that had already been explored, its dangers removed. Therefore, they could get a good night’s rest.

That night, almost everyone slept soundly until daylight.

They freshened up, ate some stuff, and marched on.

Yan Huan stood up. Her feet hurt. However, she endured it without a grunt. She knew that her feet had blistered—it was familiar sensation, one she often felt when she was rushing from one set to another. A burning pain that made her reluctant to walk.

However, she had to walk on.

Fang Ying limped on, using a large branch as a walking stick. She felt as though she was going to faint. She swore to never participate in such a show again.

Although Yan Huan looked fine, it was actually her willpower pushing her on. Currently, walking had become intuitive. In her mind, walking was the only thing.

She turned and looked behind. There were only four of them left now. Su Muran had left in the morning by helicopter, claiming that she had a fever. Yan Huan didn't believe it. However, it was a clever tactic. By doing so, she could get out of this hellhole while preserving her reputation.

Sadly, that option wasn't available for them.

"I can't do this anymore," said Fang Ying, plumping herself onto the ground. "I can't walk anymore. It hurts like hell."

"Let me take a look," said Zhou Zizhe, putting his backpack down. Then, he squatted down to remove Fang Ying's shoes. Embarrassed, Fang Ying quickly shrunk away from him.

"Don't worry, I used to be in the military. I know how to handle this stuff."

Zhou Zizhe smiled at her, then removed her shoes and socks. Surprisingly, it was a hideous sight. Fang Ying was grimacing when her socks were removed, tears rolling down continuously.

"You have got blisters," frowned Zhou Zizhe. "Girls have such tender skin. How did you get a blister after such a short walk?"

Fang Ying didn't know what to say. My lord, she thought, do you have any idea how far we have walked? Not on wooden floor or gravel road, but solid ground! Three days! We have been walking endlessly for three days! Three days of continuous walking without proper rest! How could she not get a blister after this?

"I have to pop the blister to apply some ointments. Otherwise, you might get an infection."

"Would that be painful?" Fang Ying couldn't handle pain. If it was going to hurt, then she rather it stay like that.

Patting her head, Zhou Zizhe said, "Relax, it won't hurt as much as it's hurting now."

Yan Huan placed the first-aid box she had obtained from the staff before Zhou Zizhe.

"Thank you," said Zhou Zizhe. He opened the box and took out a bottle of alcohol, antibacterial cotton wool balls, and some medicine.

One by one, he pricked open all the blisters on Fang Ying's feet, squeezing the pus out before applying ointment to it. Fang Ying's eyes were teary from the pain, but she actually managed to hold in her tears. It seemed like the few days of hardship had made her tougher.

By the time all the blisters were removed, her eyes were red, like those of a rabbit.

Zhou Zizhe was a soldier, and a man above that. He couldn't just leave a young girl behind.

"Come," he sighed. "I'll give you a piggyback ride."

"But what about these?" asked Fang Ying, pointing to the two large bags on the ground.

Before she could finish her sentence, two hands went out simultaneously; one from a man, and another from a woman.

Yan Huan had wanted to carry both bags on her own. She had to. She couldn't let Zhou Zizhe carry a person and a large bag at the same time. The rules for this shooting was strict; other than requesting for items like first-aid boxes, they were not allowed to receive any help from the crew. Otherwise, it would count as forfeiting. They had already made it this far, so giving up halfway wasn't an option. Shame aside, none of them could accept a failure like this.

They had made it through three days. They will make it through the rest somehow.

However, another hand had reached out and took the bigger bag from Zhou Zizhe and put it on his shoulders.

Yan Huan stood up. When nobody was looking, she frowned gently in pain. Then, she continued walking with the two bags.

"You have good stamina," said Song Xihua. He was talking to Yan Huan.

It was the first time Yan Huan heard him striking up a conversation. He had always been rather aloof. He didn't extend a helping hand even when Su Muran wanted his help. It was clear that he didn't want anything to do with them.

Yet, much to her surprise, he talked to her.

"I guess," said Yan Huan, smiling. Her feet ached. Every step felt as though she was stepping onto sharp blades. However, she pretended that her feet weren't hers. She pretended that the pain didn't exist. In her previous life, she had suffered way worse. What she was going through now couldn't hold a candle to those pain. This was a rough, thorny path, but she had to finish it. No matter how much it was going to hurt her.