

Chapter 501: Who Is Being Fake?

During the afternoon, the Eighth Prince's actor swung his braid, "Hand me my lunchbox."

And everyone laughed.

He touched his bald head sheepishly, realized that he was too into his acting and let out an awkward laugh. He then took his food and had a chat with the rest. The entire crew, other than the women, had their heads shaved clean.

It was an honor to sacrifice oneself for art, thus they were willing to shave their heads.

"Your Majesty, can you talk about your experience in Serene City?" Xu Nuo said jokingly as soon as the class was over. The few of them sat together and had a chat. Perhaps it was like what Yan Hua said—to improve their relationship.

"Yeah, your Majesty, tell us, I wish to know as well," said an older woman. She was the empress' wet nurse. Wet Nurse Liu was a powerful figure around the royalty.

Yan Huan smiled, feeling a little tired.

"Since his Majesty wants me to talk about it, how can I reject?" Everyone laughed.

Yan Huan reminisced about her time back in Serene City, the fear, the worry of not knowing what tomorrow would bring, and that hellish 70 hours. One wouldn't be able to imagine it without having experienced it first-hand.

She spoke slowly and without emotion, just repeating the facts of what happened back then.

Those who could move were all in the rescue effort. No one was idle because those who were still buried under could be their brothers, sisters, children or parents.

Nothing was more important than a life in the face of disaster.

Everyone listened silently. Maybe because this was what Yan Huan experienced first-hand, despite her simple narration, a few girls began to tear up.

"How fake," a voice suddenly interjected, its tone filled with sarcasm.

Everyone else turned toward the woman, they were immersed in Yan Huan's story but this voice just completely ruined the atmosphere.

"Yeah, I'm quite fake," Yan Huan stretched her legs, she wore a pair of simple and comfortable sneakers, "I wonder how much did the truthful Miss Su donate back then?"

"Miss Su must have donated quite a sum, correct? Sister Lin, how much did I donate again?" Yan Huan asked Luo Lin, in a manner similar to a sleepy cat who had just eaten its fill. Its graceful poise made others want to pet her.

Luo Lin raised her head and spoke in a serious tone, "Miss Yan donated 50 million yuan."

That number was something even top celebrities wouldn't take out of their own pocket, yet Yan Huan donated that sum back then. Luo Lin knew about it clearly as she was the one who did the transaction. Clearing her throat, she continued, "That was all the money in Miss Yan's account back then, she was forced to eat bread and pickles for quite a while after that."

"Pfft..." Someone let out a giggle and the others soon followed. Su Muran was the only one who turned and left with a poker face.

Yan Huan stood up and bowed to Xu Nuo, her movements accurate and graceful. "Your Majesty, if there's nothing else, I'd like to excuse myself."

Everyone else was rolling on the floor laughing.

"Little Lin," Yan Huan held out her hand, and Luo Lin grabbed it, assuming she's calling her.

"Prepare some water to wash my feet."

"As you command," Luo Lin replied seriously, resisting the urge to roll her eyes.

Yan Huan, could you be any dumber?

Su Muran was fuming when she reached her home. Nothing good ever happens whenever she meets Yan Huan. Why did people always compare the two of them? What was there to be compared?

She was a daughter of the Su family, graduated from a prestigious school, had high education and high intelligence. But what was Yan Huan? Nothing but an extra, an orphan without parents, how could Yan Huan even be compared to her?

A donation, why did she need to give away her hard-earned cash? She would donate it if she liked, only pretentious people cared about useless fame.

And now she was the female lead.

If you asked Yan Hua if he was happy with Su Muran leading this movie, he wouldn't be able to answer. Yan Hua had relations with the Su Family and all of his movies were funded by them as well. Who else can he cast as the female lead if not Su Muran? While she's not as good as he had hoped, she's still above average. Although her acting was mediocre, she's at least improving and will give the films some traction. But sadly, the reception was not too good' it was nothing compared to Yan Huan's.

Yan Huan was called the queen of box office and ratings, and with proof to back it up. All of the movies she starred in sold out, and her TV series had high ratings.

He just hoped to use her fame and luck to improve the ratings of his series, as he had prepared for two years for this series, and now they were just moving into production. He cannot, and will not, fail. Or else, his efforts for the past two years would have been for nothing.

Yan Huan tidied her clothes and the gorgeous crown on her head. The clothes she wore were all hand sewn. The crew had certainly put a lot of money in this, as each costume was beautifully crafted. Even ignoring the script, the authentic looking Qing Dynasty costumes were something unforgettable.

Yan Huan like the costumes a lot. Of course, she had limited experience with periodic dramas like these. She appeared in her first one years ago as the emperor's mother but this would be the first time she would be acting as an empress. She liked the character a lot: someone who was ruthless, yet had her soft spots, her innocence slowly worn away by the harsh environment in the palace until she became a true empress.

Chapter 502: Actual Slap

The empress was a woman with beauty, poise, and intellect. Of course, she was also a tough woman. People were torn between loving and hating her. Yan Huan did not know how others felt, but she felt that the empress had more depth in her character than the female lead, Qing Jun. Even though the emperor and Qing Jun had true feelings for each other, ultimately Qing Jun was still a mistress and a homewrecker.

"Ready, set, action!" Yan Hua shouted after everything was in place.

In front of the camera, she stretched out a delicate hand. Her pale fingers, her fair skin, as well as her golden nails and the bracelets on her wrists spoke of her high status. However, no one could mistaken her for an upstart, for the graceful way that she carried herself screamed of old money and a sophisticated upbringing.

Her hand pinched a grape off its stalk and raised it to her lips. Her face was absolutely stunning, her expression as serene as the moon. She placed the grape on her lips, her fingers curling slightly. She was not frail, but there was a softness and elegance to her that only women could have. Every movement of hers exuded an aura of wealth and glory.

That was the empress of the Qing Dynasty, under the Emperor and above all else. She was born into royalty, as her father was a prince and her elder brother was a general. She was powerful enough to control the whole country.

Of course, as the empress, she was the most precious existence in the palace. Men compete for the world in their politics while women compete for attention in the harem.

"Empress, she is the one," Granny Liu roughly pushed a woman with a frazzled hair in front of the empress and made her kneel on the ground. However, the woman stiffened her knees, unwilling to kneel.

"How dare you refuse to kneel in front of the empress?" Several servant grannies went up to pinch and beat her. Granny Liu raised a foot and kicked the woman. Then, she kicked the back of her knees which made her collapse to the ground in a kneeling position.

The empress did not even bat her eyelids. Her aloof and noble aura was almost like a shining pearl, so brilliant that everyone else dimmed in her presence.

She stood up and stepped forward, guided by one of her servant grannies. She gently lifted a lock of hair from the woman's head with her nail guard.

"She doesn't look attractive at all. I thought she would be a rare beauty but she can't even compare to my ugliest palace maid."

“That’s right,” the Granny beside raised her chin and replied, “Our Empress’ beauty is incomparable. Who else in the palace can be compared with her?”

The woman on the ground scoffed when she heard it. The scoff reached the empress’ ears, who then lifted the woman’s face and patted it gently. It was a very humiliating gesture. At this moment, her red lips were curved in a mocking smile, but her eyes were ice cold. Her nail guard slightly scratched across the woman’s face, leaving a light red streak on her porcelain face.

“Yan Huan, have you had enough?”

Su Muran suddenly stood up and shoved Yan Huan away aggressively.

“Who allowed you to touch my face, is it written in the script? Get your dirty hands away from me. It’s disgusting.”

Yan Huan shook her hand and then looked at Yan Hua helplessly. Director Yan, can we still film? I had only followed the script exactly. As for touching Su Muran’s face, she herself also felt disgusted because the powder caked on that woman’s face had smeared onto her hand.

Yan Hua felt a headache coming. “Miss Su, this is what the plot needed and I do not feel that Yan Huan did anything wrong. She is the empress so she should be like that.” Yan Hua was absolutely right. The beauty, grace, and nobility of the empress were all displayed through Yan Huan’s own actions and expressions. Her calm temperament and unyielding boldness were obvious. It was known at a glance that Yan Huan had immersed herself into her role and her performance was perfect.

Su Muran could not even begin to compare with Yan Huan. To begin with, she had such a childish temper. It seemed like she could not suppress Yan Huan’s acting from the very beginning, and her performance was also very lacking. This was not the first or second time that Su Muran had acted out of character.

Su Muran reluctantly knelt down again. When her eyes locked onto Yan Huan, they were filled with an intense anger and hatred. Yan Hua’s furrowed eyebrows were almost twisted into a knot.

Su Muran’s expression was still not right. It was completely off. He had talked to Su Muran for a long time in private but Su Muran had not listened to it at all. This was still Su Muran’s eyes, not Qing Jun’s eyes while she faced the empress.

One had immersed into the scene deeply and one could not immerse into it at all. If the filming went on like this, Su Mu’s limelight would be snatched away completely by Yan Huan.

In another scene, the emperor came in and stood in front of the empress. He crossed his hands behind him with a reproachful look of disdain.

Does the empress have nothing to say to me?

What does the emperor want me to say? The empress lifted her chin slightly, without a shred of guilt. Emperor, do you still care about your ancestors’ honor and pride? Do you not care about your people anymore? Emperor, do you really want to ignore your citizens for the sake of a woman and make a joke of the Manchu Dynasty’s government?

The emperor raised his hand and gave his empress a sharp smack.

“Cut, stop for a sec,” Yan Hua shouted.

Then he waved at Yan Huan and Xu Nuo, gesturing for both of them to check the footage.

Yan Huan stood up straight. Then she went to watch the scene that was just shot while Xu Nuo stood beside her. His expression seemed a little strange, and Yan Huan also had the same feeling.

Looking at the playback, it was very good in the beginning. Everything was perfect, whether it was the expression of Yan Huan or Xu Nuo, the conflict between the emperor and the empress, and the hidden animosity. Their performances were very successful, natural and in-character.

Yan Huan lifted her chin and then carefully looked at her expression, movements, and tone, which is indeed at her highest level. However, in the end, when Xu Nuo slapped her, the atmosphere changed.

“One more time,” Yan Hua said to them.

He gestured for the rest to get ready for the cameras, but Yan Huan thought of something. “Director, please wait a moment.”

Yan Hua nodded, and he put down his hand.

Yan Huan pointed to her face and then said to Xu Nuo, “Slap me for real.”

“For real?” Xu Nuo almost dropped his jaw, “Do you really want me to hit you for real?”

“Yes,” Yan Huan nodded. “If you play with viewing angles, it won’t feel right. It’s not realistic enough. Just hit me for real. I am ready to sacrifice my face for the sake of art.”

Xu Nuo still hesitated, “How can I hit you for real?”

Chapter 503: A Real Slap

“Why can’t you slap me for real? It’s our job anyway.” Yan Huan touched her face, “Your job is to slap, and mine is to offer my face. But, you’ve got to perform well. I don’t want to go through that a second time, so it’d better be a one-shot take. My face is in your hands.”

“Alright.” Xu Nuo bit his teeth and agreed.

Yan Huan nodded toward the director, and Yan Hua understood her. He had been preparing to shoot. There would not be a problem with the front part, as Yan Huan and Xu Nuo had practiced several times in private. Yan Huan often practiced with Xu Nuo, so they were already familiar with each other, and did not seem to be working together for the first time. Sometimes a glance or a movement was all they needed to read each other’s minds. They knew what to do, so when one of them had problems, the other one could improvise the performance immediately. Scenes with the presence of both of them were rarely cut, and the outcomes came out quite naturally.

However, during the last scene, when Xu Nuo as the emperor raised his hand and was about to slap the empress, his hand hung high, but eventually, he still could not slap her.

“Cut,” Yan Hua shouted for a pause again.

“What happened?” Yan Hua was left wondering. The shooting has been progressing well with lots of one-shot takes, but how come so many shots are taken for this scene? Did he not get the feeling?

“Try again.” Yan Huan tidied her clothes and touched her face again, smiling toward Xu Nuo. “It’s fine, just give my face a solid slap. Make it as real as it can be. I won’t blame you anyway. Well, if you slap me, then I’ll slap your homewrecker in return.”

With a puff, Xu Nuo laughed out loud and baffled everyone else. No one knew why he laughed so randomly. Is he going nuts because Yan Hua cut him off too many times?

The homewrecker! Oh, right, the homewrecker! Very well then, just slap the homewrecker in the face. He would not be sorry for them.

“Your Majesty, are you even worthy of the world, your people and your ancestors? Are you really going to abandon your ancestor ceremonies, abandon your land, abandon your people? How are you any different from a foolish ruler if you do so?”

Along with a snap, the emperor stretched out his hand to give the empress a hard slap on her face. It was so loud that it shocked everyone else. No one noticed that the emperor’s hand was slightly trembling, clenching into a fist then letting it go.

Holding her face, the empress suddenly turned her body around, her red lips twitched but her smile became stiff. The emperor flung his robes and left without looking back.

It was only then.

The empress laughed.

“Haha, ha...” Laughing, the light rays in her eyes shattered, but the tears welled up never rolled down.

“Your Majesty, my lady,” Granny Liu standing beside hurried to her, an aged hand carefully putting on the empress’ swollen face, “What has His Majesty done to you? You are the empress, the mother of the nation, of our Qing dynasty.”

“So what?” The emperor had still slapped her in the face. The empress was still smiling, but she could not hold back the thin, almost transparent mist in her eyes.

“Who am I in His Majesty’s heart? What am I to him?” Slowly, she shut her eyes, unable to bear the tears gathered in her eyes any longer. It dripped from her eyes, tracing down her cheek, and went across her swollen cheek.

No matter how noble a woman is, she will have times where she would grieve. She may be an empress, but she is still a woman.

Yan Hua nodded with satisfaction. This drama, this shot is totally perfect.

As Yan Hua shouted for a pause, Xu Nuo hurried toward her, “Hey, are you alright?” He asked if he hit Yan Huan too hard earlier out of concern.

“Yeah, I’m fine, I am really fine.” Yan Huan waved her hands, she grimaced in pain upon saying the words, “This is totally normal. Don’t worry about it.”

Right, she remembered that there were still some parts that were not shot yet.

"I think we should take the shots for the empress dowager, you see," She pointed at her face, "The look is really good, I don't even need to do makeup."

Yan Hua chuckled, "That's a great suggestion from you. Alright, let's stay back and take the shots for the empress dowager, then there'll be more time for the remaining shots, and everyone can go home earlier today."

Apparently no one objected to the decision of staying back for such a reason. In fact, they were more than willing to do so. It was also a coincidence that the empress dowager makeup was not removed. Yan Huan applied some makeup so that she would look fine. They could save time for the makeup artist and videographer, so why not?

After half an hour, the shots for the empress dowager were all taken. Everyone could pack their things up and return earlier to rest.

Yan Huan removed the makeup on her face and changed into her own clothes. There would not be any of her shots in the afternoon. Moreover, she could not do shooting anymore, given her swollen face. The remaining shots were Qing Jun's who was played by Su Muran, about a sickeningly romantic storyline where the male and female lead shared stronger chemistry.

"Tsk..." Luo Lin stared at half of her face, "It's badly swollen."

"I'm devoting myself to art," Yan Huan did not feel anything except when she was eating. It was an excruciating soreness that she thought her teeth were going to be knocked out.

"Right, you and your devotion." Luo Lin did not know how to reprimand her. Nevertheless, this was why Yan Huan could reach her current status in acting. She took filming seriously; she was using her body, her everything to portray a character. Every character was a heartfelt character, and she performed each with her genuine effort.

After eating, Yan Huan was rather tired and leaned on the chair to sleep. Luo Lin went over and covered her with a coat. Yan Huan's face was still swollen, and it seemed worse.

She shook her head and sat beside Yan Huan. Others had finished their food and were sitting together to discuss the storyline, except for the haughty Su Muran.

Yan Huan slept around one hour. By the time she woke up, the studio was already full of activities.

Whenever there were no shots involving her, she sat aside, either memorizing her lines or watching others acting. Truth to be told, be it a new rising star or an experienced actor, anyone would have a light within them that needed their effort to seek it themselves.

She sat on the chair and placed the book of lines on her lap. Luo Lin took an ointment, walked toward her and stooped down to gently apply it on her face.

"What do you think your man would do if he came and saw you like this?"

Yan Huan put her hand on the face, "He won't talk to me, and will ignore me."

She could not help from touching her face. Luo Lin promptly smacked her hand, "Don't you move, I have just applied ointment. Why must you touch it?"

Chapter 504: No Talent

"It had always been fair," Yan Huan hovered her finger in front of her nose. The medicine smelled fragrant, it was not bad at all.

She pulled her coat tighter around herself in case she got cold. On the film set, a scene between the empress dowager and Qing Jun was ongoing.

"Guards, slap this woman!" With a loud smash, the empress dowager hurled the cup in her hands on the table. "You can't even be bothered with the proper salutations in front of me. It feels like things are getting more and more out of hand in this palace. Do you even respect me?"

The empress was picked by the empress dowager and represented her. Now that the emperor had slapped the empress, was he not disrespecting the empress dowager too? She could not lay a hand on the emperor, but she could definitely do something about this lowly palace maid who had been stirring up unrest in the harem.

A few grannies stepped forward and started slapping Qing Jun's face. The cards had been stacked against Qing Jun at every turn recently, so she had learned to be submissive instead. This was not her year. Although she did know how history would unfold, she could not rewrite history. This was the royal palace, the palace of the Manchurian Qing Dynasty. The monarchy reigned supreme. At this moment, she could only resign to be held down by these bulky women with their large hands raining down blows on her face.

Perhaps it was a matter of the camera angle, but they could only hear the sounds without seeing the actions.

"The effect might be better if the slaps were real," the cameraman said. "The other scene with Yan Huan was obviously better."

"Would you have the guts to actually smack her face?" Yan Hua asked the cameraman. "I wouldn't."

That was why they needed a professional cameraman to film Su Muran's scenes. Otherwise, it would be difficult to find the appropriate angles.

Everyone on the set gathered together at night. Sometimes they would discuss the script, sometimes they would talk about something else. Yan Huan was already familiar with these people, so they could laugh and mingle, and time would pass quickly. Although no other entertainment could be found around here, this was not too bad.

Everyone would be reciting their own lines or rehearsing with other people most of the time. They would review their strengths and weaknesses and then refine them further. Thus, everyone's acting skills improved significantly.

Yan Hua hired a dance teacher to teach Su Muran, as dancing would be required in the later scenes. However, Director Yan's worries were worse than he thought. Su Muran could act, but she could not

dance at all. This was a matter of talent; her arms and legs were stiff, and her movements were uncoordinated. No matter how much she tried, she looked weird when she danced.

After a few days, the dance teacher came to Yan Hua.

"I think you should find me another student. This one is beyond all help, she has zero dancing talent and her limbs keep flailing around without any measure of grace."

Yan Hua was caught by surprise. How could he just replace her with someone? Su Muran was the main female lead, not some random character. She had to do this dance.

"Please think of a way," Yan Hua could not think of a solution, so he could only beg the dance teacher to try harder. She had to be carved into something even if she was rotten wood.

"Sorry, my hands are tied." There was nothing the teacher could do. Her current student was obviously not cut out for dancing. It was fated that with her stiff arms and legs, it would not be a lovely sight even if Su Muran danced.

"I think you should hire a body double."

That was the dance teacher's heartfelt advice to Yan Hua. Rather than teaching someone who would never be able to master it, it would be better for him to find one who could dance. In any case, they could edit their faces during post-production. That was the easier solution, instead of forcing the original actress to dance.

Yan Hua thought about it and sighed. "I guess that is the only way."

This Su Muran had been causing trouble in every film she made. Couldn't she help lessen his burden by not being such a spoiled brat?

Yan Hua found a stunt dancer subsequently. Some of the cast found the dance interesting during the rehearsal, so they joined in to learn as well.

Yan Huan would go and learn too when she was bored, and took it as an exercise for her body. When she was home, she would run on the treadmill with Lu Yi. It had been a long while since she exercised properly.

Eventually, the number of people who joined in the rehearsals grew. It started to look like a choreographed dance in a public square.

Su Muran pursed her lips and shut her door, locking herself off in her trailer.

After a few days, a gloomy man appeared on set. He was none other than Lu Qin. The wound on Lu Qin's head had healed, but it did leave a number of scars behind.

He lifted his poisonous eyes and glared directly at Yan Huan.

Yan Huan saw him, but she just pursed her red lips lightly. She stood up and got ready to rehearse her lines with the others. They rehearsed the lines back and forth so that their thoughts were in sync. It was better for them to synchronize with each other now rather than wasting time later.

Yan Hua had arranged for Lu Qin to stay in Xu Nuo's house. Xu Nuo was staying alone initially, but he would be glad that there was another resident now. Two is better than one. Furthermore, they could discuss the plot of the drama together. However, Lu Qin's unfriendly eyes deterred any of Xu Nuo's wishes to be friends.

Lu Qin's scenes were up the next day. However, as he was unfamiliar with everyone else, his scenes were cut by Yan Hua several times. He took up to five cuts to film a scene. When he was stopped by Director Yan the fifth time, the thundercloud on Lu Qin's face had darkened considerably. Yan Huan had a feeling that someone was constantly glaring at her back. She knew very well who the person was doing it.

There was no choice but to admit that Lu Qin's acting was not very good. None of his takes could be considered as average. Sometimes his performance showed some brilliance, but the best comment that Yan Huan had heard was that he was just being himself.

Lu Qin was the second male lead and the antagonist in the show. He was a cunning and ruthless person who caused the death of his own wife for Qing Jun.

Even though his second lead charisma had started to unravel now, everyone knew that he was part of the cannon fodders whose sole purpose was to complement the main characters. However, the actors of these characters had believed that even if they were mere cannon fodder, they still had to be the most successful and memorable cannon fodders ever.

However, looking at the current situation, Su Muran seemed to be suppressed mercilessly by Yan Huan whenever they acted together. It was not anyone's fault, but rather the fact that the disparity between their skills was just too great.

As for Lu Qin, he had never worked with Yan Huan before, so he did not know what Yan Huan's acting skills were really like. However, after a few scenes together, Lu Qin started to feel like he was in a pickle. Yan Huan knew Lu Qin's acting skills very well. In her past lifetime, Yan Huan was the one who had always stuck with Lu Qin throughout his journey. She was the one who propelled him to fame. How could she not know his habits and behavior after more than five years of marriage with him?

Chapter 505: The Stunt Double Was Hurt

It was never a smooth sail in a studio, nor was it good weather all the time. The obvious yet subtle competing among actors never ceased. Yan Huan did not oppress Lu Qin during the acting, but Lu Qin had been displeased. Yan Huan and him were close to being enemies, enemies from the previous life.

In this world, there were many who flattered the successful people and looked down on the low-ranked people. The others had probably noticed that Yan Huan was not very fond of Lu Qin, so some people paid less attention to him.

Lu Qin had never been treated like that before. He had talked to Lu Yi to request for more scenes, but now he found out that many of his scenes were deleted. He almost did not have a chance to make an appearance in the drama. What kind of second male lead will have fewer scenes than the third male lead? Even his lines are fewer.

Obviously, someone had targeted him

“Director, what’s this about?” Lu Qin specifically went to Yan Hua, “How come the lines you gave me this time are different from the previous ones?”

“This is from the producer,” Yan Huan could only be sorry for him, “Although your lines are changed, you’ve been arranged to have more scenes. What’s more, you have more scenes with Yan Huan, it’s good for you since she’s very famous now.”

Lu Qin really wanted to curse. Good for him, what a way to put it. How can it do any good for him? His appearance was reduced by one third; it was an enormous cut. Also, not forgetting the scenes with Yan Huan, could Yan Hua not see that she was oppressing him? If it continued in such a way, could he still perform well? The shoot only started a few days ago, and he was already frustrated.

Nevertheless, he could not get angry with Yan Hua, so he had to take it all in. When he left, coincidentally, he saw Yan Huan sitting with several people, chatting and laughing, having a good time of her life.

He sneered in his heart. You better not fall prey to me, Yan Huan, for I will torment you so much that you will wish to be dead instead.

Suddenly Yan Huan felt something and lifted her face. She caught a glimpse of something that flashed through Lu Qin’s eyes. It felt familiar.

Was he having his wishful thoughts of torturing her if she fell into his hands one day? Was he going to kill her, or to venesect her blood?

Truth to be told, although she was reborn, she did not possess any cheat sheets, she knew what was going to happen in the future. Oh wait, this was her cheat sheet. Though only for four years, it was enough.

She had been cheated throughout her previous life. What was the point of her rebirth if she had not learned her lesson?

“Right,” Luo Lin just recalled something, “What happened to his head? Why did he hurt his head? I remember that he’s your brother-in-law.”

“Only an in-law,” Yan Huan, bored, fetched out her phone and was playing games, but she did not even win once, for she was not concentrating.

“Anyhow, you should know why he got hurt, shouldn’t you?”

Luo Lin’s sixth sense told her there was more to it about Lu Qin’s injury.

“I know,” Yan Huan put away her phone, preparing to rest as she had to wake up early the next day.

“Then what is the reason behind this?” Luo Lin picked up and insisted on getting an answer.

“You’re such a gossip, Sis Lin.” Yan Huan scooped up her blanket and laid down. She got used to sleeping on a hard mattress as such. She fluttered her eyes open and slightly warned, “You start to care about someone when you start to take notice of him. Luo Lin, Lu Qin is not a good person, and if you want to care for him, take notice of him, I won’t help when you go astray. ”

Luo Lin rolled her eyes, "Don't you worry! I won't date an insider. I'm only curious who hits his head."

"He..." Yan Huan flipped her body and continued lying down, "He tried to lay his hands on a married woman, and the person's husband cracked his head."

Luo Lin was speechless.

Fine, Luo Lin would not ask any further. Isn't it obvious? The Lu family drama won't be anything pleasant.

Yan Huan had fallen asleep, into a deep sleep, without having any dreams. On the other hand, someone in another room could not fall asleep, twisting and turning, feeling increasingly displeased. It had been like this ever since he came here. He shut his eyes as a wave of sudden fatigue crashed into him, meddling in his clear thoughts.

Not knowing for how long after, he suddenly sat up, beads of cold sweat perspiring on his forehead. That dream again, why was it that dream again? He dreamt of marrying Yan Huan and his career sailed smoothly, then he got into a relationship with Su Muran. He must have gone mad, he just had.

Today's scene was to portray the inexplicable luck of the protagonist, the 'lead aura'. Everything was on set and the scene was almost done filming. The only scene left was the part where Su Muran the female lead started her comeback.

"Director, the stunt double twisted her ankle when she went to the toilet this morning."

"What?" Yan Hua did not hear clearly, "Can you repeat what happened to the stunt double?"

"The stunt double twisted her ankle when she went to the toilet," the worker had to repeat himself.

"Which means she can't film, is it?"

Yan Hua asked again, "She can't dance, can she?"

The worker nodded, "No, she can't. Her condition is rather bad. I don't think she can even walk, let alone dance. She's already admitted to the hospital. Really, it's rather serious, her entire foot is swollen. Hopefully, she hasn't hurt her bones."

"How could this be?" Yan Hua ruffled his hair.

The worker shrugged. Too bad, he did not know. It had happened no matter what.

"Why not we switch to another scene, director?" The worker suggested, "Let's film another part."

Yan Hua stretched out his finger out and pointed in front, "Tell me, how can we switch? Everything is here, the time we used to build this stage, and the fruits here, they can feed the entire crew for three days, and the stage effect crew I employed specifically for this scene, they've all arrived, and they've booked a return flight this afternoon. Are they here for nothing, are you going to sponsor their flight tickets?"

The worker was defeated by the aggressive Yan Hua and dared not say anything.

He felt wronged in his heart, but he could not say it out loud.

He was merely a communicator, seriously; it had nothing to do with him. He should not be responsible for this. He should be free of guilt.

Why not let Su Muran go onto the stage and dance herself? Has she not learned the dance? Moreover, the after-effects should be able to fix that.

Chapter 506: She Can't Dance

It seems like this is the only solution, Yan Hua thought as he rubbed his temples. He was quite unhappy since today's filming was not going well. A morning like this was a sign that the rest of the day would not go well.

"Muran, come over here."

Yan Hua beckoned Muran toward him.

Su Muran then walked over, standing in front of Yan Hua.

"Your stunt dancer was injured and she won't be coming, so you'll have to dance instead," Yan Hua declared. He then glanced at his wristwatch, taking note of the time which was a quarter to ten o'clock. "It's almost time, you should change into your outfit now. We don't have much time to spare."

"Director, I..." This was too sudden for Su Muran. How could it be possible for her to dance? If she could dance, they did not have to hire a stunt dancer in the first place. What could she do now? The stunt dancer was injured and she had to do it herself? She could not even recall the dance moves, let alone actually performing the dance.

"My dancing is inadequate," Su Muran said after some hesitation. Due to her sense of pride, she said that her dancing was inadequate instead of telling him that she did not know the moves or she could not dance at all.

"It's okay if it's imperfect, we'll figure out how to edit afterward."

Yan Hua immediately called for the makeup artist, not giving Su Muran a single chance to escape. "Bring her over for a brushup, be quick, we're running out of time."

The makeup artist quickly led Su Muran to the changing room. Su Muran was forced to do something way beyond her ability. She had no choice but to change her clothes and get her makeup on.

The dance had a variety of dance moves which required the dancer to look as soft as if she was boneless while performing it. However, she was unable to do so because her movements were rather stiff.

Despite that, the dancing outfit that she was wearing was slim fit which showed off her body figure very well. Together with the light effect which they would be adding in, this would definitely be the most classic scene in the film.

Well, of course the outfit itself was rather expensive, as it was a custom-made by a well-known local designer. It was embroidered with artificial flowers of high quality and a variety of genuine crystals. In order to make it lifelike, they had used real crystals instead of fake crystals.

So, it was definitely true that this costume was worth a great cost. As a result, it did measure up to the price tag – it was truly breathtaking. When Su Muran was dressed in it, she looked much more beautiful than she was. She knew that sooner or later she would be wearing it, but not now.

As soon as she came out from the changing room, everyone's eyes were locked on her with astonishment. However, that failed to brighten her up as she was asked to dance right then and there in the outfit. Unfortunately, she did not know how to dance. It was not just that she could not dance well, but rather that she was totally unable to dance. Ever since the day she knew that a stunt dancer was hired, she did not continue to learn the dance moves and she had even forgotten those that she had already learned.

Yan Hua raised his hand, "Everyone get ready for action."

"Ready, set, action."

Su Muran was really being pushed to do something way beyond her ability. After the fog was cleared, Su Muran was already there, standing on the stage which was decorated beautifully by then.

Since the film crew was not short of funds, Yan Hua had paid a lot of attention to every detail of the film. He was well-known for his generosity in using the funds for this purpose. All the films he made would have beautiful props, glittering with jewelries, and costing a fortune.

Everything was well prepared except for one person.

Su Muran was standing on the stage. She had been thinking for ages but she had no idea on how to start. Right, move the hand first or raise the leg first? To the left or to the right?

She had really forgotten all the moves. She was born and raised well by her family, and she was a fast learner. The only weakness she had was the unsightly coordination of her limbs. She had tried to learn dancing before this for a very long time, but one must have talent in order to dance, and she just did not have the talent for this.

Half a day crawled past painstakingly. Everyone was already prepared to shoot the scene, but the main actress was just standing still on the stage. What is she doing? Spacing out? Acting dumb? Or she is having stage fright?

Start dancing please. Everyone else was so nervous that their palms were sweating. Even Su Muran had a wave cold sweat breaking out on her forehead.

"Cut, stop!" Yan Hua shouted angrily, he was not the only one who had had enough, but everyone there had almost gone insane. They had filmed for so many times, but they had never met an actress who just stood there like a lamp post, doing nothing.

"What's wrong with you?" Yan Hua questioned Su Muran in front of everyone. He would have scolded her if she were somebody else. He did not do it simply because she was Su Muran.

He was trying hard to save her pride.

"Director, I can't dance well."

Su Muran licked her lips, repeating the same sentence.

"It's okay," Yan Hua was always more lenient toward Su Muran than anyone else. This was probably due to the pressure given by the Su family, otherwise Su Muran would never be his top choice actress, acting in almost all of his films. Nobody could deny the fact that Su Muran was so popular because of him.

"You don't have to worry too much, just dance. It's okay even if it is not perfect, we will see how to edit afterwards."

"Can't we come back to this part someday later?" Su Muran asked Yan Hua, "I can't dance right now. We can film the other parts first, then come back to this another day."

Yan Hua raised an eyebrow. "Missy, do you know how many days we have spent to set up this stage? Do you know how many fresh flowers we have used for the flower stand? Do you know that our crew have no fixed schedule this time? Do you know how many guests are waiting for you to dance? Do you know how hard it is for us?"

"Now you are saying that you don't want to dance, don't want to settle on this part and want to change the schedule to some other day, just because you feel like doing so. Are you the director? Or am I?"

Su Muran knew that Yan Hua was not going to tolerate her antics anymore this time, so she finally went up the stage again, biting her lips in consideration. Then, she lurched to the side, spraining her ankle on purpose.

"Ahh!" Noticing her scream, the crew members at the side rushed to her aid immediately. However, there was one person who was faster than anyone else, darting toward her. All the others could see was a shadow flashing by, his braid swaying in the air.

Right then, Yan Huan was reminded of the lyrics of a song.

Hair swaying, walking away, no mercy for the sorrow in her heart.

She had been sitting for so long that she could feel the pain in her backside. Besides, with the heavy headdress on her head, her neck was starting to ache as well. She massaged her shoulders for a while, then she held the headdress up again to avoid her neck from suffering too much pressure from it.

Chapter 507: Stealing Grapes To Eat

She rested her elbow on the table, peeked to the left and then to the right, and saw the grapes on the table. I feel like eating them. Eating one won't hurt, will it? Just one grape then watch what's going to happen next. It'll be a waste not to enjoy the drama.

When nobody was paying attention, she snatched a grape and stuffed it into her mouth. However, she spotted the corner of Xu Nuo's mouth twitch as she turned her head back.

Phew, Yan Huan straightened her body as she sat and pretended as if nothing had happened. She continued to pretend.

Lu Qin was carrying Su Muran as he walked down the stage where she was entirely in his arms.

"Are you okay?" The workers all hurried to them.

"I'm fine," Su Muran smiled apologetically, her heart skipped a beat not knowing why. It was not that she had never come in contact with guys before – none of the drama lacked elements of romance – but she had never experienced something like today.

She moved her legs; her right leg was in pain, but the injury should not be too serious. However, she could not dance on stage anymore even though her injury was not serious.

She shut her eyes. When she fluttered her eyes open, she gazed into Lu Qin's eyes. Lu Qin was also staring back at her, speechless, as if time whirled out of its dimension. Out of the dimension was the familiar feeling both of them shared with each other.

The medics arrived not long after.

"Don't worry, she's fine, just a slight twist."

Another twisted ankle? Yan Hua seriously felt that this year was bumpy. Not only did one twisted her ankle, but two.

"So, can she still dance?" Yan Hua asked abruptly.

"Dance?" The doctor glanced at the tall stage, "Well, she can dance after some rest," Su Muran pulled her shirt tightly, clenching her teeth.

"But I think she better not," the doctor added, "Walking is fine, but dancing, well, it's not recommended. It's not worth it if her injuries worsen."

Su Muran finally let go of her hand which was pulling the shirt.

"I'm fine," she sat up and added, "I feel fine, really. I'll go on stage later. I shouldn't delay everyone's time." As she was saying she tried to stand up, but nearly fell after a few steps. If it were not for Lu Qin who was standing beside her and held onto her, she might have fallen onto the ground.

"Thank you," Su Muran murmured, straightening her body and was about to go on-stage again.

Yan Hua's countenance was completely pale. Everyone knew that director Yan Hua was a superstitious person, and the events that happened continuously today made him feel terrible.

Su Muran still wanted to go on stage, but the color drained from her face after she took a few steps. It must be hurting her, for the sweat perspired from her forehead dripped down, messing up her makeup.

What amazing acting skills, but why didn't she use it properly? Yan Huan sneaked a grape and put it into her mouth, as if she was actually watching a melodrama.

Lu Qin got hold of Su Muran again, without moving his hand away.

Can he be anymore shameless? Yan Huan was smiling so much that her eyes felt like crying. Hah, how weird it is to be so amusing to the extent that causes someone to cry.

"You don't need to go up since you can't dance," Lu Qin said, turning to Yan Hua, "Director Yan, I think we should get another stunt, Miss Su really can't go on stage for now."

Su Muran flashed Lu Qin a grateful glance. She had not found this man to be pleasing to the eye, but after what had happened today, she thought he was not bad.

What else could Yan Hua say? Both of them twisted their ankles and no one was there to dance. Or was he supposed to go on stage and dance himself?

“Alright, alright, I’ll think of something else.” He let Lu Qin walk Su Muran down the stage. Lu Qin had become Su Muran’s knight, holding her with extra care, fearing that she might trip over.

Yan Huan felt familiar seeing this scene.

Lu Qin had managed to bewitch her back in the previous life just as such. He seemed to be a gentleman, but he actually had a disgusting personality. When he needs you, you are his queen; when he doesn’t want you anymore, he kicks you away.

And that’s because you’re blocking the progressing path of his career.

At this moment, Yan Hua was anxious, and his facial expression looked terrible. Everything was ready yet this happened, what could he do? What else could he do?

It was then a worker recalled something and whispered to Yan Hua in his ear. Upon hearing that, Yan Hua’s eyes lit up and glanced at Yan Huan. It just happened that Yan Huan was stealing another grape, stuffing it into her mouth. It was then she felt that few pairs of eyes were staring straight at her. She still had a grape in her hand, thus she gobbled up the grape, but it seemed like everyone found out she was sneaking something to eat.

Yan Huan straightened her body as she sat, putting her hands on her knees and appeared to be absolutely serious.

She had only sneaked a few grapes to eat. Did they have to stare at her like that?

Yan Huan turned her face away and pretended not to notice anything.

“Yan Huan,” Yan Hua called her name distantly.

Really? The corners of Yan Huan’s mouth twitched. Was he going to scold her just because she ate a few grapes? He was not that stingy, was he?

“What’s the matter, director?”

Yan Huan maintained a perfect smile on her face. No one could do anything as long as she did not admit it. The worst would be to just compensate them another bunch of grapes. Oh, if she did, could she take this bunch away? She couldn’t help it because she was really hungry, almost starving to death.

“Yan Huan, you do know this dance, right?” Director Yan gestured at the stage.

“This dance, which dance?” Yan Huan squinted her eyes. “Hmm, do you mean this one? I think I do.” She took it as a square dance.

“Well then...” Director Yan called for the makeup artist, “Help her get changed and put on makeup, we’ll film this immediately.”

Yan Huan had not regained her composure when she was pulled away. It could not be what she was thinking, could it?

Could she say no?

“Does Director Yan want me to be the dance stunt double?” The hairstyle on Yan Huan’s head hurt her neck. She had been sitting for such a long time, badly starved, and now she had to be a dance stunt double.

Stunt double?

It had been a long time since she was a stunt double, let alone a double for Su Muran.

“Exactly, please just help out.” Yan Huan had no other choice. His clothes were drenched in sweat; and finally he had someone to fix this. No matter what, he had to film this scene, and it must be a success.

“Please, Yan Huan, we’ve been preparing for such a long time, and if we can’t film this scene now and delay it, the effects may not be this good,” Yan Huan put his palms together as he really ran out of ideas.

Chapter 508: You Take It, You Take It

At this moment, not only Yan Hua, but everybody else at the scene was putting their hopes on Yan Huan. She was their last line of hope. Whether they could go home and have their meals, it all depended on Yan Huan now.

Yan Huan knew that she could not escape. She had no choice but to be a stunt double, whether she liked it or not. Not for Su Muran, but for everyone else at the scene, and for that film.

However, that did not mean that she was happy about it. Why did they have to drag her into this?

“Do you have anything else to do?” Yan Hua asked while smiling cheekily, but obviously he had his heart set on making her take up that role.

“Can I at least eat first?” Yan Huan rubbed her belly, she was starving.

“No.” Yan Hua’s face darkened, “That dress has a tight cutting, so you can’t eat now. What if you can’t fit in it after eating too much? Just bear with it for now.”

“But...”

Before Yan Huan could finish her sentence, she was already dragged away by a makeup artist. She wanted to say that she would never get fat. She really was not fat at all, instead she was very slim, at least slimmer than Su Muran.

When she first wore that dress, she already knew that she was way slimmer than she had thought. The dress was custom-made for Su Muran, so the size was not very fitting for her. It was too tight around the chest, but it was a little too loose around the waist. So, it was kind of obvious that she had a better body shape than Su Muran.

“Miss Yan, you have a very good figure. It is tight around your chest, but it won’t tear the dress. The only problem is around the waist.” The makeup artist was thinking of ways to tighten the measurement around the waist area, in case the fabric would sag and look unappealing

Yan Huan looked at herself in the mirror. They had really spent a lot of effort on making the dress. Every flower was embroidered with a delicate hand, and as she walked, it cast the illusion of hundreds of flowers blooming on her.

Yan Huan sat down as she waited for the makeup artist to style her hair. There was no need to change her face makeup, because her face would not be captured after all. However, the makeup artist thought that the dress looked really beautiful on her so he gave her a light dusting of delicate makeup anyway. Below her eye, he drew a dainty little plum blossom. If the overall impression was a nine out of ten, the plum flower could at least add two more points to the score.

As Yan Huan walked out, for sure enough, the Best Actress' ability was not a bluff. That feeling and that aura could not be achieved by any ordinary person.

Yan Huan got onto the stage and exhaled slowly to soothe her emotions, hoping that she could get it done in one take. It was because she was really hungry, and she wanted to eat already. As the flower petals descended, she swayed her body naturally, the moves exactly like how the dance teacher had taught her.

She had a good dancing foundation because ever since she was three, before her bones were even fully grown, her mother was already giving her lessons. So, she was considered talented in this field. Back then, if she had not needed the money and had not run out of options, causing her to go take on miscellaneous stunting and acting jobs which got herself into this line of work, she might have become a dance teacher. She would have choreographed her own dances, and lived a different life. Then, she would not have experienced her rebirth into a second lifetime, as there would be no sorrow, nor sadness, nor the ignorance or fateful encounters of her first lifetime.

There would always be farewells and separations in everyone's life, so in a dance, there was too.

The blooming and wilting of a flower represented an incarnation of a lifetime.

The moment that the flower was blooming most beautifully was the peak of its life, where it shone the most.

There was happiness when flowers bloomed, and there was also sadness when flowers wilted.

When compared to the human world, it seemed more miserable in the world of flowers. People could only see that the flower was blooming at its best, but nobody noticed that its fragrance was way more attractive than its eye-catching colors.

At first, Yan Huan just wanted to get it over with so that she could eat after the dance, but sometimes feelings can be very wonderful. It could remind you of the things that you had long forgotten, and step by step, draw you into a mood or memory of your own without yourself even realizing it.

Yan Huan's ability to express her emotions through her movements was brilliant. Most importantly, she had slender limbs, an excellently-proportioned body, and a good dancing foundation. Not only could she dance, she could even make everyone feel her emotions through her dancing.

At that moment, the entire dance was brought to a whole new level because of her.

The original plan was to not include her face, but the videographer found the perfect angle and recorded the whole thing.

Besides, the ending pose was held a high technical difficulty for a normal person, to bend over backwards.

However, Yan Huan completed every essence of the dance flawlessly. She straightened her body and jumped right off the stage. Unhappily, the Best Actress Miss Yan grabbed the plate of grapes which she was secretly munching on previously from the table.

“Okay, you take it, you take it.”

Yan Hua cried and laughed at the same time. He was already in a good mood, grinning like a jolly old person, “Today I’ll treat you to something good, okay?”

“I’m okay with it.” Yan Huan took a grape and stuffed it into her mouth. Then, she turned around after a few steps, “Director, what time can we eat? I’m starving.”

“In a minute, in a minute.” Yan Hua quickly motioned for the staff to order food delivery. The staff said that the food had already arrived, but they did not notify them because everyone was busy. Now that it was time for a break, they could have their meals. Everybody was hungry and starving until over two o’clock.

Yes, they could eat first before continuing. The director declared a break so everyone could finally rest. Of course, it did not affect the schedule much. Those who had guest roles could still make it in time for the afternoon flight.

Yan Huan passed the plate on her hand to Luo Lin, “Eat this, they are winter grapes, very rare.”

“They are everywhere, nothing special about them.” Luo Lin took one and stuffed it in her mouth without caring whether they were washed. It was pretty good, but she knew that Yan Huan was not being greedy, she was eating them in secret just because she was bored.

Otherwise, she would not have given the grapes to anyone else. She ate them because of boredom, and she took it away because she did not want Yan Hua to force it on her double.

After changing her clothes and removing her makeup, Yan Huan touched her face. She would need to put on makeup again in the afternoon, her tender face must feel very affronted.

Nevertheless, it could not be helped. The queen’s and the dance double’s makeup were entirely different, so it had to be done all over again. Even the foundation that they used were not the same. The queen’s foundation had a matte texture, whereas the dance double’s was somewhat brighter.

As she walked out, Luo Lin handed her a lunchbox. Yan Huan grabbed a pair of chopsticks and started eating right way. The lunchbox was from the same supplier, so there were meat and vegetables. It was fairly delicious. Yan Huan was not a picky person, but she did not like meat, so all the meat went to Luo Lin.

“You wouldn’t die from eating this, you know.” Luo Lin sighed as she looked at all the meat in her lunchbox. She really did not know how Yan Huan grew to her current height.

'Sigh...' Yan Huan chewed on her vegetables and said, "You don't know this, but I only get to eat vegetables when I'm outside."

Chapter 509: Making Life Hard For The Agent

Lu Yi would force her to eat meat at home. He would make sure she ate them. If she did not eat more vegetables now, she could only eat meat every day after the shooting ended.

Luckily, it was only her thoughts in mind, or else people might beat her to death if she said it out loud.

After having her meal, she rubbed her tummy. Not bad, there was no belly, so she would not grow any flab despite the amount she ate.

During the afternoon shooting session, Su Muran was there again. She limped slightly when she walked, but it did not affect the shooting as long as she was not asked to walk. Nevertheless, in Yan Huan's opinion, the injury was not that bad anyway. It was just that someone knew how to fake it so that others could discover the weak and delicate side of her. They would never get to see a fierce woman who stepped on another woman's hand, breaking the latter's hand bone.

That scene will not reappear in this life.

The woman whose hand bone was broken was not anyone else but Yan Huan.

Su Muran peeked a glance toward Lu Qin, then retracted her gaze, not knowing what she was contemplating about. Yan Huan lowered her eyelids, playing with the ring on her finger. Although it was a stage prop, it was lavishly luxurious.

The b*tch couple finally got together.

Awesome.

This is in fact the true history. She wanted to know if this b*tch couple would be as glamorous as ever.

She was waiting and waiting. She had always been waiting.

There were many scenes today. It was already night time when the shooting ended. After bathing and changing into another pair of clothes, Yan Huan took her clothes to the water pipe for washing.

When Luo Lin entered, Yan Huan was washing her clothes.

She walked near her, fished out her phone and took a photo of Yan Huan. Without speaking she posted it on Weibo, saying that the Best Actress Yan was so independent that she could manage her life very well. Yan Huan did not need anyone to tell her what time to sleep or wake up, and Luo Lin felt she was lucky to work for an artist like her.

Lu Yi far in Sea City clicked into Yan Huan's weibo and saw her squatting on the ground, washing her clothes earnestly. Thankfully, she did not gain or lose weight.

He moved the mouse and liked it. In the meantime, his phone rang.

He took out his phone from his pocket and placed it on the table, unlocking it. It was a video call from Yan Huan.

Holding her phone, Yan Huan saw Lu Yi sitting at his desk with his laptop on his lap. He must be busy working.

There was a cup of milk on the table that sizzled, heated up not long ago.

Holding her phone, Yan Huan rolled on the bed, smiling.

Lu Yi could not help smirking. He then placed the phone in a good position, grab his cup of milk and took a sip.

“Did you eat well?”

The voice of this man was befitting like fine wine, besotting those who smelled it.

“Yes, I did,” Yan Huan sat up and held the phone in front of her.

“I eat meat every single day.”

“Liar,” Luo Lin rolled her eyes. Where did the meat actually go? It went into her stomach, hers every single time.

Yan Huan, on the other hand, continued lying without even thinking, describing the types of meat she ate and how delicious they were.

“Right,” Yan Huan stretched out her legs and pulled the blanket over them.

“Dear Lu Yi, I noticed something today.”

“Yes, what is it?” Lu Yi sipped the milk, his eyes smiling, having a male charisma that women would go crazy over him. His collarbone could be seen, his sleeves rolled up to his elbow, the muscles on his elbow were sturdy. His fingers were also beautifully grown with the joints so clear yet bony. Everything about him was the perfect balance of aesthetics and strength. Male hormones were obvious throughout his body.

“Su Muran and Lu Qin hooked up. Do you think they’re going to reach for the sky together, with the female as a bandit and the male as a prostitute?”

Luo Lin turned her back on Yan Huan. She could not listen to this anymore.

Miss Yan, Best Actress Yan, is your language class taught by your math teacher?

“I thought they were meant to be together,” Lu Yi had heard what had happened to Yan Huan during her last life. If they had been a couple originally, no matter what, history would continue on the right path. It was impossible for a small butterfly like Yan Huan to change everything. Whatever she wanted to change might not be changeable, and whatever she did not want to change would naturally unfold like the previous life.

“You’re right.” Yan Huan nodded. “Anyway, that b*tch couple will get together one day, so should we prepare beforehand just in case they set us up?”

“Don’t mind them, they can’t stir up any waves,” Lu Yi reached his hand out for the phone, his fingers softly swiping on the screen as if he was touching the little woman’s cheeks. Actually, she still lost weight, her chin looked sharper and of course, her eyes seemed larger.

To be honest, Yan Huan was well blessed with her appearance. If she gained weight, her face was round, looking adorable and cute; if she lost weight, she had a standard face of beauty, tempting him to pinch and gnaw her face.

That was why beautiful women always had advantages, and Yan Huan made the most out of it. He felt it was a compensation from the creator, but Yan Huan dismissed the thought. Her looks were the same for twice her life. Seeing her face every day, made her bored of herself, although she knew she was a beauty. She thought that encountering her prosecutor husband was the luckiest thing ever.

All her safety and happiness were given by him.

Actually it was the same as the previous life, only that she chose the wrong person and the wrong path.

When Luo Lin came back, Yan Huan had fallen asleep, but her phone was still turned on. Luo Lin walked up and, from the phone, saw Lu Yi sitting at the desk, seemingly focusing on something.

Luo Lin reached out her hand and picked up Yan Huan’s phone

“Is she asleep?” Lu Yi asked. His voice from the phone sounded rather deep, probably because he lowered his voice.

“Yeah, she is.”

Luo Lin walked out and closed the bedroom door, in case Yan Huan heard them and woke up from her sleep.

“Mr. Lu,” Luo Lin felt frustrated. Nope, there was something she had to speak out if not, she might not be able to sleep.

“Yes, go on,” Lu Yi was waiting.

“Your Yan Huan is a liar,” Luo Lin said with her teeth gritted.

“Oh...” Lu Yi raised his eyebrows, putting his fingers on the laptop on his lap, not moving at all.

“She didn’t eat meat at all.” Luo Lin secretly pinched the flab on her waist, “I ate all the meat.” There was no woman that wanted to gain weight, and how could she not get fat, eating so much meat every day? Every time she thought of the flab on the waist she felt like strangling Yan Huan. There were people who made life hard for their parents and husband but never had she seen people who made life difficult for their agents.

Chapter 510: Done With Filming

“I know,” Lu Yi uttered in a flat tone while placing his laptop back on the desk.

“You know?” Luo Lin could hear her voice turning slightly squeaky, nearly on the edge of discordance. She lowered her tone immediately, “You know? How on earth would you know?” Who can tell whether Yan Huan was lying or not just by looking at her? Let’s not forget that she was the best actress, the best

actress indeed! Her well polished acting skills had literally attained the pinnacle of perfection. It was nearly impossible for Luo Lin to find out that Yan Huan was lying if she was not the person involved. Yan Huan's expression was way too genuine and she had an honest and trustworthy persona, so much so that lying seemed to be something that she would never do. The truth was, she lied. Yeah, she was a liar, a big fat liar.

Lu Yi crossed his arms over his chest.

"Yeah, I knew it all along." There was a sudden lift at the corners of his mouth. "Only vegetables are delicious for my wife, there's no such thing as delicious meat."

That was why when Yan Huan mentioned that the meat tasted great, he knew that she was lying.

As for the reason why he did not expose her lies, he decided to let her be as long as she was happy. She could do anything she wanted. Look, this little liar had fallen asleep after telling a lie.

"You guys are really..." Luo Lin sighed as she hung up the phone. She opened the door and entered the room. Her eyes fell on Yan Huan, who was still sleeping despite being only partially covered with her blanket. She had no choice but to go over and tuck her in under the blanket.

Now she finally understood why Yi Ling was so protective of Yan Huan that she had resembled a mother hen. It was all because of Yan Huan's little chick behavior. Hens were meant to protect their chicks, weren't they?

Yan Huan woke up early the next morning and rubbed her eyes. Her hands searched through the entire blanket before she managed to find her phone. She glanced over the screen, noting that it was six o'clock in the morning.

She sat up and got dressed with her eyes half closed. The reluctance to wake up was dragging her down, but she was determined to triumph over it. Like it or not, she would not let herself indulge in laziness anymore. She strapped on a pair of light sneakers after getting dressed and started her jog on the pavement outside in the compound. A couple of rounds was adequate for her to feel refreshed. As time passed, people started to join her.

"Morning!" Yan Huan greeted them with a smile. This was their film crew's morning routine, initiated by Yan Huan, who had feared that she might gain weight from continuously eating without any workout. That had led to her kissing her bed goodbye an hour earlier every morning to jog, and more and more people started to join her, strengthening the jogging gang. It was no doubt that a brief workout in the morning was a useful mind booster. Its effects on improving sleeping quality was remarkable as well, and that resulted in better quality of film production.

Yan Huan calculated her time. She still had a few days of filming to go before completing all her scenes for this television production. After that was time for the leading actress to be in the limelight, featuring the romantic entanglements between the leading actress, leading actor, and the two supporting actors. As for her role as the queen, it was none of her business anymore. That would spare her some time to get some rest before dealing with the matters regarding the establishment of her company.

Thus, she would definitely give her best to these last scenes in order to conclude the empress' arc gracefully.

The empress looked behind her. The granny who was following her could not stop her shoulders from shaking.

The weeping granny was wiping her tears, but the empress was smiling. However, there was something rather sorrowful in her smile. At this particular moment, she was no longer an empress after shedding her phoenix robe, but instead, an ordinary woman who had lost her husband's love.

"Why are you crying, Granny?" The queen asked the granny. Yes, what was there to cry over? Being the empress herself, she had yet to cry. She did not cry. Look, she was smiling, was she not?

The granny continued wiping her tears, "I'm just feeling bad for you, my Empress. His Majesty and Your Highness have been married for years, but His Majesty is heartless enough to treat you like this. How could he? You are the empress, the benevolent empress of our Qing Dynasty, the matriarch of our nation, and the first wife of His Majesty."

"What's the point of being the empress and the first wife?" The queen was still wearing her smile, but all of a sudden her heart was as heavy as lead. She understood that it was time to let reality sink in. What's the point? At the end of the day she was a nobody, not any better than a palace maid.

He loves her no more, no more.

"Let's go, Granny."

The queen turned away. Her petite figure was moving forward in a slow pace. She looked so fragile and feeble, yet her back was straight. There she went, leaving the palace that she had stayed in for years with dignity. From now on, she was no longer an empress, but a woman who was about to be swallowed by an endless loneliness, guarding an ancient temple and devoting herself to religion for the rest of her life.

Now only did she realize that nothing in the palace was important. Things such as status and power were nothing more than superficial elements. If you had the king's heart, then you would have everything. If you lost him, then you would lose everything. It made no difference whether she was the empress or not, and she was a living example of it.

The leaves scattered on the ground were blown away in the breeze. The sight of her back was so old and weary at this moment, but her straight figure never wavered as she departed, along with her proud head that would never bow down to anyone.

That was because she was not any regular peasant. She was the empress, the empress of the entire Qing Dynasty who was worshipped by all her people.

The camera panned out until the vision of her silhouette gradually faded out. Thus ended the yet to be legendary but interesting life of the empress.

This was also Yan Huan's last scene of filming here.

"I look forward to working together again," Yan Hua held his hands out, deeply satisfied with Yan Huan's performance.

“Same,” Yan Huan reached out and shook hands with Yan Hua. They would have the chance to cooperate again for sure, but that would be in the future. She would not be filming anything else for now since she expected herself to be rather occupied for a period of time.

When Yan Huan left, she did not bid everyone farewell as she disliked parting. Furthermore, they had thrown her a farewell party the day before yesterday. That was more than enough and they would definitely meet again in the future. They had plenty of opportunities to meet again.

Anyhow, the shooting process went on even after she left. Everything went on as usual, and in fact somebody was pleased that she was gone. Who was that? Of course it was Su Muran. Now that Yan Huan had left, she would be the queen on the set. The halo of the leading actress had always been hers, even more so now that Yan Huan was not there to rob her of her limelight.

Yan Huan was very excited for the release of this film. She wondered whether her acting skill as the empress would overshadow Su Muran’s leading actress halo or vice versa.

“Are you not going to let your man know?” Once again Luo Lin pinched her excess body fat, considering the possibility for her fat to diminish upon several times of pinching.

“It’s better to give him a surprise, isn’t it?” Yan Huan had her sunglasses on and a luggage case in her hand. They had come back without informing anyone. She turned around and saw Luo Lin putting her hand on her waist.