

Chapter 241: Think About It, Before You Answer (1)

The two of them were arch-enemies after all; neither one wanted the other to beat them, so during their scenes together, they each put in hard work to perform their best. As soon as they started shooting Ji Yi and Qian Ge's scenes, the two of them performed incredibly well. Aside from the occasional lighting and positioning problems that led to some outtakes, all the scenes with the two of them were practically shot in one go.

The original plan was to finish filming the scenes by six in the afternoon, but by three o'clock, they were already on their final and most important scene of the day: Ji Yi and Qian Ge's characters got into an argument where the female lead tossed the second female character to the ground in a rage.

Seeing as there was a possibility of leaving earlier, each and every person on set carried a tinge of happiness on their face and everyone worked a lot quicker than before. Soon enough, the set for the final scene was all ready to start shooting.

When Ji Yi and Qian Ge finished touching up their makeup, the assistant director raised the mic and cried, "Get ready." With that, the set fell silent.

Ji Yi and Qian Ge got into their respective positions.

The assistant director turned his head and shot a glance at He Jichen, who was wearing a long black trench coat. He Jichen took two glances at the monitor then gave a slight nod. Only then did the assistant director raise the microphone and cry at Ji Yi and Qian Ge again, "Action!"

With those words, Qian Ge and Ji Yi instantly got into character.

Qian Ge, who was dressed in all-red Chinese bridal wear, stood two flights of stairs above Ji Yi on the temple steps. She coldly spoke down at Ji Yi: "I told you. I won't go with you!"

Dressed in light green, Ji Yi had a sword in one hand as she stared at the woman who was about to marry into the imperial family and become an imperial concubine. Without backing down, Ji Yi asked in neither a pushy nor humble way: "I'll ask you one more time. Are you sure you won't come with me?"

Qian Ge seemed to grow impatient. This time, she didn't even reply to Ji Yi and immediately walked away.

When Qian Ge brushed past Ji Yi, Ji Yi raised her hand and used the blade to block Qian Ge's path. "Come with me!"

Qian Ge raised her hand and gently pushed the sword away as though she hadn't heard what Ji Yi said. Then she proceeded to walk down the long flight of stairs.

Ji Yi hurriedly caught up to Qian Ge, the ineloquent young woman, and she cried the same three words, "Come with me!"

Qian Ge shot a look at the two guards standing to one side. Immediately understanding what she meant, the guards headed towards Ji Yi to hold her back.

But Ji Yi was one step ahead as she grabbed Qian Ge's sleeve. "Since you refuse to come with me, I'll have to bring you by force!"

Qian Ge tried to resist but seeing as she couldn't struggle out of Ji Yi's arms, a flash of rage crossed her eyes. A second later, she gritted her teeth and blurted just two words, "Let go!"

Ji Yi pulled harder. Qian Ge suddenly exploded and violently swung her arm, causing Ji Yi to fall down to the cushioned floor with a mighty crash.

With that, the director cried "Cut!", ending the scene.

Qian Ge immediately got out of character and glanced down at Ji Yi from above with a faint smirk in her eyes.

Having fallen so heavily just now, her clothes were probably torn up. As soon she got up, she would become a laughing stock.

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At that thought, Qian Ge couldn't help but smirk as she reached her arm out and waited for the assistant and makeup artist to help her remove the red Chinese bridal coronet and jacket.

After Qian Ge's outer jacket and bridal coronet had been removed, Ji Yi still hadn't gotten up from the mat.

After the scene was shot, the staff were in a hurry to leave and had already started to pack up. Seeing as Ji Yi didn't move for a long time, someone instinctively asked her, "Second female, why haven't you gotten up yet? Are you hurt somewhere?"

With her back turned to Ji Yi, Qian Ge had a cold smirk on her face as she listened.

Hurt somewhere? A mat was laid out for her – how could she have gotten injured from the fall? She's probably scared to get up and let everyone see her exposed body, right?

After a while, Ji Yi still hadn't gotten up. Laying there was a way to temporarily escape her embarrassment.

As she imagined Ji Yi getting up and revealing her body to everyone, Qian Ge couldn't help but emanate a happy glow about her.

When Ji Yi heard someone address her, she turned around slightly and looked over at the source of the sound.

Her face was a little pale as her brows furrowed tightly. She looked as if she was in extreme pain.

She propped herself up slightly on the mat with her arms and let out a grunt. Her hand shifted to the left side of her waist, looking like she was really in pain.

Seeing as something wasn't quite right with Ji Yi, a staff member stopped what she was doing and walked over to her side. "What's going on?"

Ji Yi didn't reply to what she said as her hand by her waist shuddered profusely for a moment. A second later, she slowly withdrew her arm and before she could take a closer look, she cried, "Blood! Blood! So much blood!"

A second later, the staff member surrounded her and yelled, "The second female character got injured, got injured!"

In the past, after finishing a shoot, Qian Ge wouldn't linger for even a second – she got changed and left. However, today she lingered and pretended like she had something to discuss with her manager just to watch the drama unfold with Ji Yi.

The assistant eagerly handed Qian Ge a bottle of mineral water with the cap removed. Qian Ge put it to her lips and was just about to take a gulp when she heard a staff member's frantic calls from behind her.

Qian Ge furrowed her brows tightly and instinctively looked up at her own manager.

The manager was looking at Ji Yi. It was the same for her – the second she heard what the staff member said, she creased her brows with an astonished expression on her face. Suddenly, her eyes widened as though she saw something unbelievable and said, "My goodness, how did that happen?"

Qian Ge was a little confused by her manager's words, but she kept quiet and turned around to look at Ji Yi.

The woman's little, fair hands were covered in blood.

Staff members in the area came rushing over and surrounded Ji Yi when they heard their coworker's cries.

There was a female crouched down, examining her condition.

Just as Qian Ge hoped, the loose thread by Ji Yi's waist had completely torn open. However, Ji Yi wasn't exposed like she hoped, since Ji Yi was wearing body-tight suspenders and safety shorts.

Her white suspenders were even dyed red.

There was also blood leaking non-stop from her waist, which had patches upon patches of red on her clothes.

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After seeing this, Qian Ge's expression mimicked her manager's; at first she was stunned, then she was completely bewildered.

Ji Yi... how could she bleed so much?

As a sense of astonishment flashed across Qian Ge's mind, the staff members next to Ji Yi expressed the same bewilderment. "What in the hell happened? How did you get such a serious injury all of a sudden?"

The moment after one staff member said this, other staff members also chimed in.

"Yeah, it's horrifying to see her bleed so much."

"Ah! Has anyone contacted someone in charge?"

"Someone's already been called..."

"How about the production crew's doctor? Called them yet? They have to come and stop the bleeding..."

...

After filming the scenes, He Jichen didn't wait for the crew to finish up before he left in a hurry. He got a call from Han Zhifan saying he was there to visit him, so He Jichen left to pick him up.

Because of what happened with Ji Yi, after Lin Zhengyi pulled his investment from "Three Thousand Lunatics," Han Zhifan helped He Jichen make up the lost investment. Which went to say that Han Zhifan was now an important investor for "Three Thousand Lunatics." After meeting with Han Zhifan, He Jichen immediately arranged for all the important production crew members to have dinner with him at the restaurant they were staying in.

After picking Han Zhifan up, He Jichen didn't go back to the hotel room but went straight to the restaurant with Han Zhifan.

Just as he stepped out of the second-floor elevator, He Jichen bumped into the assistant director and casting director before they reached the restaurant doors.

The two of them looked like they were in some kind of emergency as they rushed out of the restaurant.

The assistant director was holding up his phone with a worried expression on his face. "Got it! I'll be right there!"

When the casting director saw He Jichen, he cried "Director He!" from quite some distance away.

He Jichen gave a slight nod to say hello then turned his head. He looked over at the assistant director who was asking questions over the phone.

"Called the doctor yet? Can the staff doctor solve the problem? If it's serious, call for an ambulance or call a specialist doctor over..."

Hearing this, He Jichen furrowed his brows. Did someone on the production crew get injured?

Those who worked on the production weren't oblivious. Though He Jichen didn't say anything, the casting director already read his mind, so he quickly explained what was happening to He Jichen. "Mr. He, it's the supporting actress. After she finished shooting the final scene, she didn't get up, so a staff member discovered that she lost a lot of blood..."

He Jichen grasped the main point of what the casting director said. His brows tightened furiously as he blurted out a single word as though he wanted to confirm something. "Who?"

"The supporting actress..." In the beginning, it was the casting director who He Jichen personally sent to sign Ji Yi, so he had a strong impression of her. "...it's the supporting actress you chose. That woman you asked me to sign as quickly as possible..."

Before the casting director could finish, He Jichen strode over to the assistant director.

The assistant director, who was on the phone, was shocked to find that He Jichen was just inches away when he looked up. Before he could even cry "Director He," He Jichen snatched his phone away from his ear.

The assistant director was stunned for a moment before he cried, "Director He?"

He Jichen put the phone to his ear and asked, "How is she?" as though he didn't hear what the assistant director said.

Chapter 244: Think About It, Before You Answer (4)

The person on the other side of the phone probably was a little stunned to suddenly be speaking to someone else. They didn't say anything for a while. Drained of his patience, He Jichen asked angrily, "Let me ask you! How is she?"

The assistant director and casting director were so shocked by He Jichen's roar that they didn't dare take a single breath.

The person over the phone finally snapped back to their senses and asked in confusion,

"Director He? She?"

It was as though the person on the phone could sense He Jichen's impatience as they hurriedly said, "It looks like she injured her hip. There's a lot of blood..."

He Jichen's fingers trembled, and without a second thought, he pulled out his phone.

While listening to the other person talk over the phone, he started to dial a number on his own phone. The call from his own phone rang "dooooot—." The staff member was heard speaking on the assistant director's phone: "... don't know if it's serious, so nobody dared to move her. They're afraid..."

Before the staff member could finish reporting what was happening, He Jichen's phone call went through. He removed the assistant director's phone from his ear and raised his own phone to it. Without waiting for the person over the phone to greet him, he demanded in a short and precise tone, "Are you in the hotel? Meet me in the first-floor lobby."

After he hung up the phone, He Jichen handed the assistant his phone back. Then he took big strides over to the elevator without saying a thing.

Even though Han Zhifan, the assistant director, and the casting director weren't sure who He Jichen called, seeing as he was heading for the elevator, they swiftly caught up to him.

He Jichen glanced over at the jumping red numbers over the elevator but he eventually gave up waiting as it was taking too long. He walked over to the emergency stairwell beside them, pushed open the door, and took the stairway to the first floor.

He Jichen and the others waited in the main lobby for about a minute before the elevator doors opened. A middle-aged woman in a long white dress rushed over with a phone in her hand.

Besides Han Zhifan, everyone knew this woman was the writer and screenwriter of “Three Thousand Lunatics,” Cheng Weiwan.

Cheng Weiwan scabbled across the lobby left and right before she saw He Jichen and hobbled over to him.

She seemed to have left in a hurry since she was heaving after she made her way to him. “Director He, what’s wrong?”

When she said this, Cheng Weiwan gave a slight nod to acknowledge the assistant director and casting director.

The assistant director and casting director respectively greeted her with “Weiwan” as He Jichen abruptly reached his hand out. He grabbed Cheng Weiwan’s wrist and rushed out the hotel doors.

He Jichen’s footsteps were wide and hurried, which made it a little difficult for Cheng Weiwan to keep up. All she could do was run quickly and keep the expression on her face calm throughout. She didn’t reveal even the slightest discomfort.

From the hotel to the set, there was a road where cars weren’t permitted to drive, but He Jichen still charged in. When they arrived at the set, they saw a crowd of people. He Jichen stepped hard on the brakes.

Almost instantaneously, He Jichen opened the car door, got out, and darted over to the crowd.

On his way to the set, He Jichen explained the situation briefly to Cheng Weiwan. As soon as the car stopped, Cheng Weiwan also quickly got out of the car and caught up to He Jichen.

Chapter 245: Think About It, Before You Answer (5)

The sound of He Jichen’s car screeching to a halt was exceedingly ear-piercing. The sound alarmed quite a few staff members close to Ji Yi and caused everyone to turn around. When they saw He Jichen accompanied by the assistant director, casting director, the screenwriter, and a majestic man they weren’t familiar with, everyone politely greeted him with “Director He.” One after the other, they instinctively stood aside to make a path for them.

...

The piercing pain from her waist made Ji Yi tighten her brows even more. Just when she thought she was going to faint from the pain, she heard the sound of a car braking abruptly. Because the sound was so sharp, her brows twitched slightly. Then she heard consecutive cries all saying “Director He.”

Director He?

Among the entire production crew and directors, only He Jichen had the surname "He"... So...

Ji Yi hesitated for two seconds before she turned her head and saw He Jichen making his way through the crowd. He looked dreary as he took big strides directly towards her.

Did the news of me getting injured shock him?

But didn't they call the on-site doctor over? Why did He Jichen have to come over personally?

What's more, he looks vaguely worried instead of his unchangingly cold expression.

Worried...

Ji Yi still hadn't snapped back from her disbelief of using such a word to describe He Jichen. When she did eventually come to her senses, He Jichen was already standing in front of her.

He lowered his head slightly and checked her body up and down. When his eyes met the bloody stains by her waist, he instantly turned pale.

Having clearly taken in the sight of Ji Yi, his expression changed as though he saw something completely unbelievable. His lips were so shocked and gaped open that Ji Yi forgot about the pain on her waist.

He Jichen was completely frozen in front of her for over ten seconds before he abruptly crouched down.

He raised his hand and reached out to her waist. Just as he touched her wound, her entire body shivered in pain. He flinched as he withdrew his fingers. Then he turned his head and looked over at Ji Yi's fair, little face. "How did you get yourself injured like this?"

Though he seemed composed, there was still a slight tremble in his voice.

Ji Yi caught onto how unusual He Jichen sounded as she stared at his face in astonishment once again.

He sounds like he's afraid... Is he afraid because I got injured?

Ji Yi's mind was a little confused by this sudden realization. For a moment, she forgot to answer the question He Jichen just asked her.

He Jichen saw the woman stare silently stunned at him, making his heart hurt even more.

There were so many people surrounding her, so he couldn't allow her to get her wound treated under everyone's watchful eyes.

He Jichen didn't say a thing as he immediately reached out to carefully lift Ji Yi from the mat.

He Jichen didn't seem to mind Ji Yi's blood on his expensive clothes. He turned his head and shot Cheng Weiwan a look to signal her to come with him. Then he walked on the stairs and entered the palace nearby, all the while carrying Ji Yi.

Ji Yi didn't think He Jichen would carry her like that in front of everyone on the production team; her mind was so blown that she couldn't register what happened at all.

When she snapped back to her senses, the man already carried her through the palace doors.

Through the mirror in the palace, Ji Yi saw He Jichen was carrying her like he was holding a fragile item.

Chapter 246: Think About It, Before You Answer (6)

All of a sudden, Ji Yi found herself unable to look away as she stared unwaveringly at the reflection in the mirror. Ji Yi didn't snap back to her senses until He Jichen carried her past the copper mirror, preventing her from seeing a thing.

He actually carries me with that kind of posture... It's like he's scared to accidentally break me...

As that thought flashed across Ji Yi's mind, it felt like something struck her heart heavily, causing her to tremble violently.

She instinctively raised her head and stared up at He Jichen.

His complexion looked the same as when he first showed up – cold and desolate. Yet after he scanned all around for somewhere he could put her down, Ji Yi also caught a glimpse of his anxiousness.

His gaze fell on one area in the palace, finally locating a place to put her down. With her face stuck to his chest, she felt him let out a sigh of relief like he just solved a great problem.

With Ji Yi in his arms, He Jichen finally stopped in front of the bed in the palace.

Although the bed was made, who knew how many people from the production team sat on it. He Jichen figured it was dirty, so after he slowly put Ji Yi down onto the bed, he raised his arms and removed his jacket. He laid it down the other side of the bed and carried Ji Yi over to his jacket and turned around to look over at Cheng Weiwan.

He Jichen only took a step back from the bedside when Cheng Weiwan arrived.

Ji Yi's gaze wandered over to the guy's trembling fingers.

This was the first time Ji Yi saw He Jichen like this. Her fingertips instinctively quivered for a moment then she tightly clutched onto his jacket over her lower body.

Since the moment he showed up till now, he had tried his best not to reveal any expression. Though people around them may not have noticed anything, Ji Yi, who had been quite close to him, noticed his little reactions.

She wasn't stupid. She knew what all these little actions of his really meant.

He's worried...

He Jichen's actually worried about me?

No matter how she thought about it, it didn't make any sense. However, Ji Yi thought there was no denying that He Jichen was actually worrying about someone like her. He was worried for her safety.

"While I take care of your wound, it's going to hurt a little. You have to hold it in." Cheng Weiwan's voice was calm and composed, like the time over the phone when she asked Ji Yi if she was interested in "Three Thousand Lunatics."



When Ji Yi heard this, she came back her senses a little. As her heart was a little rattled by He Jichen, she only just gave Cheng Weiwan a gentle nod but didn't say a word.

Even though Ji Yi already braced herself for it, when Cheng Weiwan treated her wound, she was in so much pain that her teeth trembled and she inhaled cold breaths of air non-stop.

He Jichen hadn't left but was standing not too far away. At first, he was able to keep his composure, but when he heard the sounds of her exhalations more frequently, he couldn't stand it any longer and started pacing back and forth around the lobby.

The wound on Ji Yi's waist was a little deep, so it needed stitching up.

The location of the film studios was incredibly remote, so she wouldn't be able to make it if they sent her to the hospital. Cheng Weiwan's medical kit didn't have any anesthetics, so all Ji Yi could do was force herself to endure the pain of someone stitching her up.

Even though Ji Yi tried really hard to bear with the pain, when the needles pierced into her flesh one after the other, she let out a low painful cry.

He Jichen, who had been pacing some distance away, suddenly rushed over to her bedside when he heard Ji Yi's high-pitched, painful "YA-".

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Cheng Weiwan sensed He Jichen draw closer, but she sat unfazed, continuing to concentrate on helping Ji Yi take care of her wound.

Rather, it was Ji Yi who instinctively turned her head to look over at He Jichen. When she felt his gaze, she was completely stunned.

She didn't know when it happened, but the man's complexion had turned pale white. His face was completely erratic and disheveled.

His eyes were sharp and stern as he stared at the needle in Cheng Weiwan's hand like an enemy with a blood feud.

This man who was always calm and composed and never revealed his emotions on his face... To her surprise... He's capable of having such a chaotic expression?

She always thought the man who carried her all the way into the palace already lost it; she never imagined that he could have such crazed moments like this.

What's more, in this very moment, it was because... because of her.

Ji Yi's heart suddenly trembled incessantly.

The needle in Cheng Weiwan's fingers pierced her flesh again, causing her to naturally furrow her eyebrows in pain. However, her thoughts were still with He Jichen.

Having clearly noticed her furrowed brows, He Jichen instinctively reached his hand out at Cheng Weiwan, tempted to take the needle away from her. But when his fingers reached out no more than an inch away, he clenched his fingers hard and forced himself to withdraw them.

The needle pierced through her skin again, causing Ji Yi's leg to shudder in pain.

With that, He Jichen's body tensed up for a second then tightly balled up his hands into fists. He turned around and walked out of the palace.

It wasn't until Ji Yi heard the heavy slam of the palace doors that she blinked and return to her senses.

Her round pupils circled the palace as she thought, why did He Jichen suddenly leave ?

Her mind lingered on that thought for no more than three seconds before she thought back to how He Jichen rushed over to her earlier. A confused expression came over her face.

This time, as her heart raced again, Ji Yi took a few breaths and started to grow anxious.

Is He Jichen not as annoyed and hateful of me as I thought?

Which goes to say, deep down inside, he cares about me a little?

After all, we were once on good terms and good friends...

...

Under the eyes of the production crew, He Jichen stepped out of the palace and walked towards the stairs in front of him. He walked up and down. Up again, then down again.

He repeated this a few times over before he walked over to the palace doors and raised his hand, preparing to push the doors open. However, he also couldn't bear the thought of seeing and hearing Ji Yi in pain and he was afraid he'd pull Cheng Weiwan out of there. With that thought, he simply withdrew his hand and continued to repeatedly walk up and down the stairs.

Under all this anxiety and worry, time dragged on infinitely.

Just as He Jichen was about to completely lose his patience, the palace doors finally opened and Cheng Weiwan walked out. "Where are her clothes?"

He Jichen immediately understood what Cheng Weiwan meant. He turned and yelled at a staff member nearby. "Clothes, bring her clothes over here!"

Soon enough, someone found Ji Yi's clothes from when she changed into her costume and brought them over.

Cheng Weiwan took them and walked back into the palace.

She shut the doors, handed Ji Yi her change of clothes, then picked up the blood-stained costume.

These clothes were definitely done for... Cheng Weiwan rubbed them for a moment and considered throwing them into the trash before her fingertips felt a hard object.

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Cheng Weiwan didn't think twice as she opened up the balled-up the costume in search of the hard object.

It was an approximately five-centimeter, razor-sharp thin blade.

One side of the blade was covered in blood, and the other side was glued into the costume.

When she helped Ji Yi take care of her wound just now, she was so confused as to how she got such a serious cut. So as it turned out, there was a "weapon" on the inside...

Cheng Weiwan's brows suddenly creased as she quietly stared at the blade for two seconds before turning her head to glance over at Ji Yi's wound on her waist. Then she instantly understood everything.

She didn't even mention her findings to Ji Yi. She walked right out the palace doors and shut them again.

Standing in front of the palace doors was He Jichen. When he heard the sound of the door opening, he thought it was Ji Yi coming out, so he instinctively turned around, only to see that it was Cheng Weiwan. He furrowed his brows and wanted to ask her: Why hasn't she come out? However, before the words could escape his mouth, Cheng Weiwan handed him the costume with the blade still inside. She went straight to the point and said, "This was found in her costume."

The words at the tip of He Jichen's tongue came to a sudden halt.

He stared at the blade and furrowed his brows.

What Cheng Weiwan learned with just one glance, He Jichen naturally figured out too.

In that very instant, he snapped back to reality and realized that someone had set up Ji Yi.

All of a sudden, an obvious chill surfaced from He Jichen's eyes, bit by bit.

After half an hour, he finally spoke. His tone of voice sounded evidently a lot colder than before. "How is she?"

"Luckily this blade was small, so it didn't hit the vital areas, but the cut was a little deep. She's been stitched up, but she has to be careful for a few days." Cheng Weiwan figured he must really care about the woman inside. He was obviously boiling with rage, but when he opened his mouth, he asked about her condition first.

He Jichen didn't say another word. He reached his hand out and took the blade from Cheng Weiwan's fingers. He turned to the stairs and walked right up to the crowd of staff. "Who's in charge of wardrobe?"

Clueless as to what was happening, everyone was all stunned by He Jichen's sudden question.

Seeing as nobody replied after over ten seconds, He Jichen spoke again with a more serious tone of voice than before, "Did you not hear me? Runner!"

As He Jichen finished speaking, a man immediately yelled, "Wardrobe assistant, wardrobe assistant!"

Not long after, the runner brought a woman of around twenty years old in front of He Jichen. "Director Ji, this is her. She's responsible for wardrobe..."

He Jichen didn't wait for the runner to finish speaking as he suddenly interrupted him with no trace of politeness and asked the woman in a clear voice, "Are you responsible for all the costumes on set?"

The woman stood to one side obediently and replied in a quiet voice, "Yes, Director Ji."

"Besides you, who else touched this costume?" He Jichen raised Ji Yi's costume a little higher.

The woman shot two glances at the clothes and shook her head. "There was no one else besides me."

"Are you sure?"

The woman looked down and paused for a moment before she gave a gentle nod.

As she did that, He Jichen suddenly hoisted his arm and threw the costume in front of the woman.

The bloody blade fell exactly next to the woman's feet with a crisp "Clang!"

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The woman's face cycled through a few emotions when she saw the blade, and she took a step back.

The blade fell to the ground, letting out a subtle clang, so only people up close could hear it. Everyone looked over at the source of the sound and saw a blade glued to the costume. An obvious bewilderment crossed every person's eyes. There were even people who couldn't help but whisper, "Why is there a blade in the costume?"

Earlier on, Qian Ge and her manager made their way over to a parasol not too far away before He Jichen came. They now walked over to the crowd and stopped by the assistant director's side.

When Qian Ge heard the commotion, she instantly looked over at the wardrobe assistant's feet. When she caught sight of the blade, her eyes suddenly had a tinge of astonishment.

She did ask someone to tamper with Ji Yi's costume, but she didn't ask them to put a blade in there... Could it possibly be something her manager did of her own accord?

The next second, Qian Ge looked over at the manager standing next to her, confused.

At the same time, the manager's gaze happened to turn from the blade to Qian Ge, and for a second, the two of them looked at one another incredibly puzzled.

They had been together a long time now, so there were some things that didn't have to be said because they knew each other so well.

Qian Ge realized her manager wasn't responsible for this either. Deep down, they speculated that some other person put the blade there.

Standing in front of them, He Jichen was bored of standing there as he took two steps back and leisurely leaned against the palace's white jade railing.

Right now he looked a lot calmer, showing no emotions on his face. When he pulled out a cigarette from his pocket and lit it, he looked completely nonchalant.

He didn't smoke it but pinched it between his fingers and played with it.

As the ashes fell down in chunks, he raised his hand and flicked them into the trash can beside him.

As the ashes fell down, he looked up and swept a glance at the wardrobe assistant in front of him.

She still had her head lowered as she stared at the blade.

He Jichen lowered his gaze and stared at the burning smoke between his fingers. Then, as though he lost all patience, he suddenly asked, "I'll ask you one last time. This costume – besides yourself, has no one really touched it?"

He didn't wait for the wardrobe assistant to speak up before his thin lips twitched as though a thought just occurred to him. He spoke again: "There's something I have to tell you now... I don't like people who lie to me, so it's best you think about it carefully before you answer me!"

His voice was neither serious nor light-hearted, neither fast nor slow. Amidst the dullness, there was a slight standoffish air without any hints of emotion.

The wardrobe assistant started to tremble uncontrollably.

All the costumes on set were tailor-made. They were afraid that if the costumes were lost or damaged it'd delay the shoot, so she was the one who was in complete charge of them.

Without her authorization, nobody could touch those costumes besides the actors when it came time for filming. Yet she was also the one who took a bribe to mess with Ji Yi's costume. That same person clearly told her to embarrass Ji Yi, but she didn't tell her to put the blade in there...

However, if she called them out, she'd lose the money and there was no guarantee what would happen – she might even get kicked off the production team.

The wardrobe assistant's clutches on the clothes relaxed then she tightly grasped them again. She repeated this a few times before she eventually shook her head at He Jichen. "No, besides me, there was really no other..."

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The cigarette between He Jichen's fingers was pinched out of shape. Without so much as a glance at the wardrobe assistant, his line of sight fell on the assistant director, "Assistant director, call the police!"

The assistant director was left stunned by He Jichen's sudden instruction. "Call the police?"

"Yes! And while you're at it, call my lawyer over, take Ji Yi to check her wound, and prepare to sue in court!" When he finished saying this, He Jichen turned his head and glanced down at the wardrobe assistant who he interrupted, "Since you were the only one who touched this costume, you're the biggest suspect. Nobody has the time to listen to the entire story. Save it for the police!"

Thereafter, He Jichen turned around and headed for the stairs to pick up Ji Yi from the palace and leave.

After the wardrobe assistant heard “call the police,” “lawyer,” and “complaint,” He Jichen hadn’t even made it two steps forward before she suddenly screamed, “Director He, I didn’t put the blade in there! Director He, I have nothing to do with this!”

Having not heard the answer he wanted to hear, He Jichen’s footsteps didn’t show the slightest hint of slowing down.

The assistant director beside him already dialed “110” according to He Jichen’s instructions.

The wardrobe assistant couldn’t care less about the money or getting kicked off the production team now. She just didn’t want to go to the police station. Seeing as He Jichen had no intention of turning around, she raised her feet and chased after him. However, the guy took big strides, so she had to work hard to chase after him. Eventually, she ended up yelling straight out, “Director He, I really have nothing to do with this! It was Qian Ge Jie! Qian Ge Jie’s assistant, Xiao Ying, messed with her costume. She was the one who tampered with her costume!”

He Jichen’s feet came to a sudden stop.

The entire set instantly fell silent.

The picture seemed frozen in place. After about a good minute, all eyes fell on Qian Ge.

There were some with astonished glows in their eyes while others were filled with immense disbelief.

He Jichen had his back turned to everyone as he silently stood there for two seconds before slowly turning around. He took one step at a time on the stairs and walked back down again.

He reached the final step of the stairs and scanned the area left and right. Eventually, his line of sight stopped on Qian Ge’s face.

Less than a second after he spotted her, he raised his feet and rushed over to her.

His steps weren’t fast nor did he have much of an expression on his face, but the way in which he stared into Qian Ge’s eyes was swift and fierce. His gaze made her want to tremble with fear.

All of a sudden, Qian Ge held her breath as she subconsciously prepared to make a run for it. However, her legs just wouldn’t budge as though they were bolted to the ground.

As He Jichen drew closer, Qian Ge’s heart felt heavier.

When the man stopped about half a meter away, Qian Ge clearly felt the cold air exuding from his body. Fear spread from the soles of her feet and climbed up her entire body.

He Jichen stared coldly into Qian Ge’s eyes as he blurted a few simple words which gushed with destructive power. “You went that far to hurt her again?”

He Jichen’s tone of voice was neither loud nor quiet, but he sounded particularly menacing when he said the word “again.”

His words were like a sudden clap of thunder which shook everyone’s core.

Again?

Could that possibly mean that... Qian Ge hurt Ji Yi before?

Suspicion arose in everybody's mind.

He Jichen's questioning made Qian Ge's body tremble.