

## Sweet Love 1961

### Chapter 1961: Stop! Do not leave!

“Did you come here to criticize me violently?”

Song Enya’s heart was struck painfully by him. She kept her mouth shut while her expression was miserable. “I was not putting on a show for you! Don’t say it that way! You didn’t have to come; I didn’t ask you to, either, did I?!”

However, Mu Yazhe only snorted coldly. “It’s good that you’re not putting on a show, or else I’d think that you’re cheap for being like this!”

*Cheap?!*

She gave a distressed smile, suddenly feeling icy cold where her heart was!

Every word of his was ten thousand times crueler than the pain her body was enduring!

Even on the brink of death, she had not shed a tear, yet at this moment, his heartless words caused two streaks of them to fall from her eyes and into the gap between her lips as she bit her mouth hard.

“Brother Mu, how could you treat me so cruelly?! What did I do wrong for you to spout such heartless words to hurt me?!”

Hurt her?

Was he the one who had hurt her?!

She was the one cheapening herself by inflicting self-harm.

He glanced at her injury again and investigated it carefully.

Although the cut was deep, it was not at a fatal spot. She had at least preserved a leeway. Even if she had bled for a long time, it was not enough to be life-threatening.

If she had slit open the main artery, she would have lost her life within an hour.

Since she had purposely left a leeway, then he did not need to think much about this to know what her motive was!

When he entered the hospital ward and glanced at her initially, he really believed that she was seeking death, but after settling down and thinking about it carefully, he only felt immense disappointment!

She dared use such means to put on a show for him to watch!

Did she want him to pity her?!

He was born into a wealthy family. He had borne witness to the in-fighting for affection, so he had a vast knowledge of countless despicable schemes.

Her cheap tricks had already been overused by the few junior wives in his family alone.

Did she think that he would be unable to tell?

“Importunate.” He sneered and spat this word.

*Importunate?!*

Song Enya widened her eyes in shock. At this point, she could no longer hold back her tears, and they rolled down her cheeks and onto the clean bedsheets.

She grabbed it rigidly. The missy was teeming with indignance, yet she could not find an outlet to vent everything out.

Yes!

She plotted this. She had purposely tortured herself just for a glance from him.

Yes!

She was importunate for she wholeheartedly wanted to win his heart.

But...

Why had she become a person with no sense of shame based on his words?

Was it wrong to love someone?

“You never used to treat me like this in the past! Why? Why are you being so cruel to me? This is not fair!”

Song Enya fell apart and cried bitterly.

This was not fair.

What right did Yun Shishi have to own all of him?

Even if she did not ask for any status and only wished for a third of the love he gave to that woman, why could he not satisfy this small ambition of hers?!

“Enough.”

The man tugged on his lips coldly, appearing to be very impatient. “I’m warning you one last time: I am very busy and don’t have the time to play house with you.”

With that, he got up and moved to leave.

She was completely anxious. She picked up a glass beside her and tossed it harshly in his direction.

*Crack!*

The cup flew past his shoulder and smashed against the door, breaking into pieces as it landed on the ground.

It was like her scattered and smashed heart.

“Stop! Don’t leave!”

## Chapter 1962: Cannot go back...

Mu Yazhe's back stiffened as he stood on the same spot for a moment. He seemed indifferent to her urge for him to stay as he strode toward the door again; this time, it was without any hesitation.

Song Enya was now utterly frantic. It was unknown where she found the courage to pull off the blood-transfusion needle ruthlessly in a fit of pique, but thereafter, she tore away the covers and got off the bed to dash barefoot toward the man.

"Brother Mu!"

She hugged him tightly from behind with her arms wrapped around his waist.

"Let go!"

"I won't!"

The man was extremely furious. He shook off her arms and turned around. As if she had gone crazy, his niece suddenly hugged his shoulders and stood on her tiptoes to kiss his thin lips!

He frantically avoided her in his shock, but he was too late as his niece's withered and dried lips landed on his.

She attacked him as if she had gone mad, kissing his lips and biting them harshly.

That bite caused his brain to stop functioning for a second.

When he finally came back to his senses, his hands had already moved intuitively to push her away harshly!

"Are you crazy?!"

Song Enya was caught off guard and lost her center of gravity, falling backward and landing heavily on the floor.

She looked up at him firmly; her pale lips were now stained with blood due to her harsh bite earlier. At a glance, she looked sinister like a vampire.

The young lady smiled dumbly up at him, the tip of her tongue outlining the blood on her lips. The ambition in her eyes could no longer be concealed!

Mu Yazhe seethed in rage; his expression was icy as he raised his hand to wipe his thin lips heavily with his fingers, only to smell the metallic scent of blood.

He wiped his lips harshly and glared at his niece angrily.

"Have you gone crazy?!"

"Yes, I've gone crazy, and you're responsible for it! Are you satisfied now, Brother Mu? Seeing how I've gone crazy because of you and your disregard, are you happy now?!"

The man looked at his niece as if she were an incurable patient. He no longer bothered to hide the detest in his eyes.

“You are hopeless!”

“Yes, I am hopeless! I love you; I want to have you because I love you. Is that so wrong?!” Song Enya yelled desperately, her words no longer making any sense. “But I’m not greedy anymore! I won’t ask for anything and for more; I only want us to go back to how we were before. I’m satisfied with just that. Is that okay?”

“What?”

She smiled. Alas, the innocence on her face had been distorted malevolently by the blood on her lips. “You are still my Brother Mu; I want to hear you calling me ‘Enya’ tenderly—spoiling me and doting on me without restraint—as you did before. I will stop holding any wistful thinking about you. My only wish is that we can return to how things were in the past; can we?”

Mu Yazhe was silent for a moment before he smiled coldly. “We can’t go back!”

The smile on Song Enya’s face stiffened in an instant.

“Why?!” She was in disbelief and questioned him hysterically. “Is my request so overboard that you can’t even give in to it?!”

Her mother and brother were originally talking outside the ward. When they heard the noise in the room, they charged inside out of concern.

Just as they pushed open the door, both saw her sitting on the floor with blood on the corner of her lips. They had no idea where it came from.

### **Chapter 1963: Perishing the Unobtainable**

Song Enya dazedly watched the man leave. As she looked at his cold and resolute back, she broke down into tears.

As if a knife were piercing his heart, Song Yunxi walked over and carried his sister. He placed her on the bed. His eyes widened in shock when he looked down to see the back of her hand drenched in fresh blood!

“What happened to you?!”

“She probably pulled out the needle. I’m going to call the nurse to fix it,” said Jiang Qimeng.

“You are not allowed to go!”

“Can you all just stop making a fuss about me?!” screamed Song Enya.

“Stop causing trouble!” He chided her with an unyielding attitude.

Alas, this firm attitude of his undoubtedly provoked her further.

She pushed him away and covered her face with the bed covers, letting herself cry without any restraint.

“Stop bothering me! Go away! It would be great if you could all leave! Let me run my course!”

Hearing that, her brother furiously berated, “What nonsense are you blabbering?! How could we stop caring about you and let you be?! Why are you going all crazy?! How could you torture yourself into such a state just because of one man?!”

Their mother was heartbroken. She went forward and grabbed her son by the sleeve, asking him not to say any more.

He brushed her away. “Mom, why are you still protecting her even now?!”

“Your sister is upset enough; stop inciting her!” she said, her heart aching.

“Incite?! I should scold her. It’s best if I scold her until she regains her senses! Look at her now; what has she turned into?! Committing suicide by cutting her wrist—if this were to get out, wouldn’t everyone laugh their heads off at us?! The daughter of a respectable mayor disregarded ethics and went crazy for a man—even I am embarrassed for her!”

Song Enya raised her head suddenly and confronted him. “Are you done? Did I ask you to care about me? If you think I am an embarrassment, then stop bothering with me!”

“You!”

Song Yunxi pointed his finger at her, unable to restrain his anger, but his sister refused to back down. She kept her head held high and glared at him.

He swung his arm furiously and walked to the side, his anger hardly dissipating.

“How many times have I told you that it’s impossible between you and our uncle?! It isn’t like I have never given you advice before and told you to forget about having such a thought, but with things this way now, the friendly relations between our families are probably about to break!”

As he spoke, he turned his head to glare at her. “You are no longer young. You are no longer seven or eight years old. You can’t be so stubborn anymore!”

“I don’t care! Even if I can’t have him, I won’t let anyone get a share of him! If worse comes to worst, everyone will be unable to have him!” retorted Song Enya willfully.

Song Yunxi was rendered speechless as he choked on his anger.

If Jiang Qimeng was not protecting her right now, he would surely land a slap on her face!

Such a weak sister! Why was she so persistent?!

It was no wonder that their uncle would leave so angrily.

Even other men would likely find her unreasonable!

Their mother stood at the side helplessly. As she looked at her daughter, whom she loved so dearly, being in such a sorry state, she felt pained, but she hated the latter for being such a disappointment, too.

Thankfully, her husband did not know about this matter.

If not, their daughter would surely be grounded.

Song Yunxi shook his head, thoroughly disappointed with his sister. "It's because this family has always been here for you, spoiling you from the very start, that you ended up with such a temper. It's too late for me to regret it now!"

This sister of his was born after him. At that time, they still did not have Song Enxi.

It could be said that plenty of love was showered on her.

#### **Chapter 1964: Brother Mu would rather spend time with me.**

With a young mistress born into the Song family, she was carried in their hands like a pearl.

Except for the stars and the moon in the sky, whatever she wanted, they would satisfy.

This had groomed her into someone who would fight to the death for something she could not have. Even if it meant being badly bruised, she was unwilling to give up.

Once, Song Enxi wanted a doll of hers but she was unwilling to give it to her. She would rather break the toy than let their youngest sibling have it.

This was the inherent nature of Song Enya.

She sat on the bed and cried her heart out as she hugged the covers. Their mother could only sigh at the side.

Song Yunxi was annoyed to no end, his head ready to swell to twice its size.

"Mom, stop caring about her! If she wants to die, just let her do it! If she has the capability to do so, I want to see what kind of torment she can come up with!"

Just as he finished his words, Jiang Qimeng glared at him.

"Shut up! Don't you find this situation chaotic enough?"

He narrowed his eyes and his expression was irritable. He paced a few steps from where he stood before sneering all of a sudden. "If you want to protect her, continue doing so! I shall see how long you can keep doing this! Right now, she still has us to help clean up her mess, but when another time comes and things get out of hand because of her, I want to see who will pick up the pieces for her. Hmph!"

With that, he stalked out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

Song Enya tightened her grip on the covers furiously, gritting her teeth as her tears continued to spill from her eyes.

Jiang Qimeng sighed, the rim of her eyes turning red. She walked forward and sat on the edge of the bed. She wanted to say something, yet she was afraid of provoking her daughter again. She decided to wait until her mood had settled and she was cool-headed enough before having a good talk with her!

“My daughter, don’t be angry. Your brother’s words were just said out of anger. Don’t take them to heart.”

Her daughter wrapped herself with the covers sulkily as she continued to sob silently.

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At the airport, Qin Zhou walked over to Yun Shishi after checking in their luggage.

Sitting on the bench, the artist had made several calls to her husband but was still unable to connect to his phone.

She furrowed her eyebrows in disappointment as her face became grim.

The manager brought her a bottle of water, but she shook her head. “I’m not thirsty.”

He raised an eyebrow and asked, “I can see that you have something on your mind. What are you thinking about?”

“It’s nothing.”

Suddenly, her phone began to ring.

She was taken aback as a shred of glee glinted in her eyes. She picked up her phone immediately without looking at the display screen.

“Hello?”

“He he... Yun Shishi, you’ve lost.”

A familiar voice, which sounded gloomy and cold then, came from the other end.

She was utterly dumbstruck.

“Song Enya?” She smiled but her voice was cold. “I’ve lost? What do you mean?”

“Do you know where Brother Mu is right now?”

She listened to the rich missy’s voice, which was like a witch’s poisonous speech, and her expression silently paled.

“Didn’t you say that he lovingly pampers you? Didn’t you dangle his heart to me, saying that you’re more important than I am to him—but what’s the truth?”

“...”

“No matter how important you are, you will never be as important as I am to him. He’s right here with me!”

Yun Shishi raised a brow and looked at her agent instantly.

The latter looked bewildered. "What's wrong? Who are you on the phone with?"

Song Enya's voice was heard again on the other end. "I said that you were being opinionated, but you didn't believe me! The truth is that Brother Mu prefers to spend time with me than attend the awards ceremony with you! This proves that I am more important to him than you are."

"Shut up." She sneered. "Did you think I'd believe your attempt at driving a wedge between us?"

## **Chapter 1965: Bumping into Hua Jin**

"I'm trying to drive a wedge between you two?"

On the other end, she could hear Song Enya bursting into a bout of cocky and hysterical laughter.

The more her nemesis laughed, the less confident she became.

*D\*mn. This woman can really stir shit.*

She had trusted her man, but why had she lost steam under this oppressive laughter?

She bit hard her ruddy lip, trying to suppress the chill rising in her.

"Are you done?"

The other missy gradually quieted to an uneasy silence but sneered eerily thereafter. "You know very well whether I'm telling the truth or not! Why did he break his promise to you? Do you really think you are that important to him? Stop fooling yourself; he cares less about you than what you think!"

This was the last straw for the woman. With her face as white as a piece of blank paper, she hung up the phone abruptly.

Her manager saw the appalled look on her face and realized how badly affected she was this time. He did not know who had called her, but he could hear the outrageous laughter coming from the other end, and it gave him the chills.

"Who called you?"

"I don't know. Don't ask me anymore; I have no answer."

She was in a turmoil by now.

She looked up at her agent and tried to force a smile on her lips. "Are we boarding soon?"

"...Yes." He muffled a reply with a befuddling nod.

The actress switched off her phone before putting it in her bag. She then went to sit quietly on the bench.

This was just too weird for her manager to stomach; his charge was looking terribly upset at this moment.



*Why is she in such an ill mood after that call?*

The manager knew, however, that he was in no position to probe.

If she did not want to confide her personal affairs to him, then he had no right to grill her.

After a pregnant silence, the actress shot a stiff question at him out of the blue. "Are you sure that your chairman did not say anything about why he couldn't attend the film festival?"

The manager was startled by her question but quickly realized that she was fretting over the man's motive for missing that important event. She had the fear that he was hiding something from her!

He immediately clarified, "The chairman told me nothing. If he told me anything, I'd never hide it from you."

"Good. Thank you."

"Don't be oversensitive or doubt your importance in his heart. I've been with him for so long, and I can tell you that I've never seen another woman as important to him as you," he assured hurriedly.

Inwardly, he was telling his boss off. The latter had done a big wrong this time by breaking his promise to his wife. Now, the poor him had to clean up after his boss's mess.

He was getting ready to catch his flight when he received a call from Mu Yazhe's assistant. He was told that the chairman might be unable to catch the afternoon flight and that he should accompany the actress to Sea City, instead.

This was why he had rushed over to her place earlier.

Nonetheless, his boss did not say that he would not be flying to Sea City after them, so he surmised that he was just tied up to some urgent matters, resulting in him being arranged to pick up his charge at the last minute, with him walking the actress to the red carpet if the man failed to make it to the event.

The flight was not delayed, and both managed to board the plane successfully.

As the woman settled in her seat, she heard a gasp of pleasant surprise next to her.

"Shishi?!"

Fazed, she turned to see who could be calling her and saw Hua Jin separated only from her by the aisle.

He was startled to see her on the same flight. "What a coincidence! You're in my flight, too."

"You're right."

The young chap was also attending this year's awards ceremony. One of his films, a year-end blockbuster, had successfully been nominated, and he was looking forward to taking home the prize for the Best Supporting Actor.

**Chapter 1966: A middle-aged uncle?!**

A capable, middle-aged lady, who seemed to be the actor's agent, was sitting next to him. She looked stern in her glasses but was polite enough to acknowledge the actress with a smile.

"Boss Qin, can I exchange seats with you? I wanna sit next to Shishi."

The manager rejected his plea mercilessly. "No way. I have to look after her if she gets motion sickness."

"Lemme take care of her, then! I'll look after her! I'm very good with that. You can leave her to me."

The other man merely snorted with a glare. "No way! I don't trust you."

The young chap clasped his palms together in a prayer-like posture and drew close to the manager with a sincere smile, seemingly begging for a chance to prove himself.

At one side, the actor's agent admonished him gently. "Hey, you'd better be on your best behavior and stay in your seat." She then lowered her volume abruptly with a warning next. "Missy won't be happy if she finds out about you sitting with another woman."

"Don't worry; I know how to pacify her."

After saying that, he stood up, plastered himself on Qin Zhou, and pleaded incessantly.

The manager could not shake him off and gave up his seat finally.

Once the chap sat next to the actress, he could not stop talking.

"Shishi, we must be fated to share the same flight! I thought I'd be bored sitting by myself on the plane."

"Eh."

"Who is walking the red carpet with you?"

"Qin Zhou."

"Oh, why him? How about walking the red carpet with me? I'm alone, anyway."

"No, thanks."

"Hey... Why not?"

Her manager sneered at one side. "Please don't assume that I can't hear you. I know you're trying to undercut me right now."

Hua Jin stuck his tongue out cheekily and then strutted his stuff before the former. "As an A-lister for period dramas, I have a substantive fanbase. Besides, I'll complement her nicely with my pretty face. We'll be a beautiful and compatible couple on the red carpet. We'll certainly steal the limelight tonight! Shishi, walk the red carpet with me, please? You'll be able to win over many more fans!"

Qin Zhou could not help taking a dig at the young actor. "You mean winning over the anti-fans, right?"

"Nonsense! I'll destroy anyone who dares to smear her reputation!"

The other man continued to flip his papers as he sniggered. "Well, this is a good attitude."

The idol continued impatiently. “Regardless of anything, she’ll walk the red carpet with me. I’m a better option with our youth compared to a middle-aged uncle like you, after all. You’re overripe for her and totally incompatible!”

The older man’s hands stiffened with the newspapers in them; angry veins popped on his temples.

The remark about his age hit his sore spot.

Narrowing his eyes dangerously, he shot daggers at Hua Jin. “‘Middle-aged uncle’?”

“That’s right. You’re approaching your thirties, aren’t you? Is that not old?”

The manager wanted to strangle the fellow there and then.

“Shut up!”

“C’mon. All men are the same. The older they are, the less they admit to it.”

By now, Qin Zhou was gnashing his teeth at the other party, stabbing him many times over in his imagination.

*He dared to call me an old man right in my face?!*

The actress suddenly commented with a smile, “Thanks, but no thanks. I prefer to walk the red carpet with that old man.”

“Why?!” The young chap looked hurt.

Her manager intercepted with a vicious retort. “You don’t understand her at all! Compared to fresh meat, she prefers a mature and good-looking uncle.”

“Woo...”

Vexed, Hua Jin crossed his fingers and did not show any intention of backing down.

He really wanted to walk the red carpet with Yun Shishi.

## **Chapter 1967: Coaxing Her**

When Mu Yazhe returned to his office at Disheng’s headquarters, Min Yu quickly passed his phone back to him.

“Boss, you left in a hurry and didn’t bring your phone along. Your wife called several times; do you want to call her back?”

The man, who had passed his phone to his assistant for safekeeping before the meeting, forgot to take it with him when he rushed to the hospital.

Yun Shishi called him many times, but his subordinate dared not pick up her call.

She was uncontactable when he returned her call, seemingly having boarded the plane by then.

“Are there any more flights to Sea City today?”

“The last flight is in the evening.” His assistant told him but added a caution after. “But it looks like you won’t be able to make it to the film festival even if you try to rush over now.”

The man furrowed his eyebrows.

He had wanted to take the flight to Sea City directly after his visit to the hospital.

“Book a ticket now.”

“The only flight left is the one at 7 PM. Are you sure you want to go?”

The man retorted coldly, “Just do what I told you! Don’t give me any nonsense.”

His assistant immediately got down to the task without delay.

The man seemed to be in a bad mood, and that meant he would have to be on his toes for now.

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On board the plane.

As Hua Jin chatted with the actress, he could sense her desolation. Her replies were somber despite his great enthusiasm, and she looked rather dispirited.

“Shishi, can I give you a present?” He coaxed her with a smile, trying his damndest to make her smile.

When one liked somebody, they wanted to see that person smile always. At the very least, he did not want her to continue being depressed.

As he watched her looking so sad now, he began to feel dispirited, too.

He raised his hand and waved it before her.

“Look at my hand; do you see anything in it?”

“No.”

“Don’t be patronizing. Take a careful look again.”

With that said, he put his hand in front of her and made her inspect it.

The woman sipped her lips, picked up his hand, and carefully checked it. “There isn’t anything in it. What’s wrong?”

The chap gave a mysterious smile as he slowly looked up; he swept a bunch of her loose hair behind her ear. Just then, he snapped his fingers. A red rose appeared out of nowhere in his hand.

The woman was stunned at first and unconsciously stroked where he had touched earlier. There was nothing unusual about it.

How did this rose appear out of the blue?

The man smiled at her astounded look. “Was it fun?”

“It’s magical.”

She had never observed a magic show at proximity, so despite it being a simple trick, it still put a smile on her face.

Every girl loved a flower.

“Do you like it?” asked the idol with a raised brow.

“Yes.”

“This is for you.” As he spoke, he presented the rose to her.

She held to the stalk of flower and touched the petals lightly. They were tender and soft—just like a real flower.

“Do you know magic?”

“I know some tricks.”

He picked up some tricks when he was working at a bar. These were rather common at such places, though he was nowhere close to a pro. Still, these were good as arsenals when he needed to make the ladies happy.

Her glum-looking face finally broke into a smile. As she sniffed the rose lightly, the sadness in her eyes softened somewhat.

## **Chapter 1968: Forlorn**

His mood lightened the moment he saw her smile.

He was, in fact, deeply infatuated with the actress but kept it hidden inside him.

Showbiz was a place littered with dirt, so he was awestruck to find this down-to-earth woman in it.

She had a nurturing presence; it was therapeutic just being next to her even when they were not talking. Hence, he enjoyed her company.

However, he did not consider an unscrupulous guy like him to be worthy of such a lady, so the thought of going after her had never crossed his mind.

She was perfect in his eyes, whereas he had accumulated all sorts of filth from his climb to prominence. His past was something he could not recall without feeling ashamed.

Because of that, he kept a distance from everyone else. He would not let himself be hurt again.

Never did he expect that a day would come when there was someone whom he wanted to protect so much.

Love could be so elusive and complex.

It could come in a flash and would be irrevocable.

He gazed softly at her and was so mesmerized by her side-profile that he drawled, "You look so beautiful when you smile; it's even lovelier than a rose."

The lady beamed when she heard his compliment, her eyes forming into arches like crescent moons.

Qin Zhou, who was sitting at one side, could not help getting goosebumps from his sappiness.

*I ought to give it to him! This young chap sure has a way with girls!*

In retrospect, this should not come as a surprise.

When the boy was still working at a bar, he was dubbed as the best rent-boy. Thus, flattering words should come naturally to him. He was apt at making girls happy and could make even the most difficult ladies succumb without an issue.

The actress suddenly thought of something and challenged the idol, "Roses are too flashy for me."

"Erm... What kinda flower do you like, then?" he asked.

"Can you give me any flowers that I like?"

The man kept quiet.

The illusionist would need the right equipment to perform his magic tricks, without which, he would be unable to strut his stuff.

Of course, those experienced professionals might be able to perform any tricks at their whims, but this was unfortunately not the case for him.

She could not read his mind and, taking him for a true magician, pressed on. "Can you change this rose into a Bengal Crimson?"

The chap was feeling too awkward to answer.

Her manager burst out laughing at this juncture. "Shishi, don't be demanding. He'd be omnipotent if he could vanish a rose without any fanciful tricks."

The idol indignantly replied, "What's so difficult with making it disappear?!"

Following which, he took the rose from her hand. It miraculously vanished from their sight in the blink of an eye.

That did not wow her sufficiently, though, and she persisted in asking for her flower from him. "Where's my Bengal Crimson, then?"

"Shishi..." hedged the man beside her, looking forlorn and innocent.

There was no way he could come up with that flower for her.

"Alright. I'm only teasing you; I know you won't be able to give me that!" As she said that, she reached out her hand again. "Now, give me back my rose."

Hua Jin: "..."

He could not tell her that the rose had been destroyed, could he?

What a tough order!

## **Chapter 1969: Downcast**

It was four in the afternoon when the plane touched down in Sea City.

With the winter season approaching, the weather had turned cold at this point. As they walked out of the airport, they could feel the temperature dipping further.

Coincidentally, Hua Jin had booked in the same hotel as the actress.

She went to get ready for the event with her gown and makeup inside the hotel room.

Styling could be a time-consuming affair. After more than an hour of dressing and applying makeup, the artist stood facing her reflection in the full-length mirror. Everything was just right; she was elegant and stunning without being showy.

By the time she arrived at the venue in her Bentley, the red carpet at the entrance was already in an uproar.

The freezing weather did not stop the artists from doing all they could to become the talking point of this film festival. Lingered on the carpeted walkway, they flaunted their stuff shamelessly in their backless or plunge dresses, trying to get as much media attention as possible. All the reporters were in position by then, their cameras with long lenses flashing nonstop.

Flanking either side of the few hundred meters of red carpet, loyal fans and followers held their fort with banners of their favorite artists.

Of course, there was also no lack of supporters engaged by the artists to boost their presence.

Excitement filled the air, but the woman was not bothered by it in the least. Without her husband next to her, the much-anticipated film festival had lost its meaning.

Her nervousness was gone by now, though that could not be said of her manager.

He was suddenly feeling nervous.

This was not his first time on the red carpet; he used to do this with his artists in the past.

He often drew stares when he walked abreast with Gu Xingze then.

Still, it was different this time around.

"Shishi, let's alight."

He got out of the vehicle first and then gave his hand to help her down.

With her hand holding the hemline and her other hand holding her manager's, she elegantly alighted from the car and walked down the aisle.

Despite her low spirit, she put on a bright smile and graceful demeanor as she faced the onslaught of flashes going off around her; she tried to showcase her best angles before the camera.

A beguiling smile soon spread on her lips following a deep inhalation. She was too beautiful for words.

Her presence on the red carpet with her manager quickly attracted the attention of many.

Qin Zhou had achieved legendary status in showbiz. Even though he was only a star agent, his reputation preceded many artists.

He had single-handedly raised Gu Xingze to fame and was the force behind the superstar's decade-long glory and success.

Maintaining a low profile offscreen, he had created countless miracles for the superstar.

There was another reason for his hype. As someone working offstage, he was surprisingly good-looking. In fact, many young hunks in showbiz could not hold a candle to him.

There was nothing exceptional about him appearing with the actress at the ceremony.

As everyone knew, she was an artist he had been grooming since the start; hence, to see him bringing his charge was not unexpected.

Nevertheless, the man felt sorry for her. It was supposed to be Mu Yazhe walking down the red carpet with her, after all.

If the one walking with her was her husband now, then no one would be able to top the news other than her.

As her partner, the man could bear down anyone with his charisma and reputation in this event.

Alas, he was absent sans a reason.

## **Chapter 1970: The Opening Ceremony of the Film Festival**

Qin Zhou could sense the disappointment in his charge, which was hard to hide despite the bright smile on her lips as it showed faintly in her eyes.

Even so, the artist greeted her enthusiastic fans and the reporters with warm smiles and waves from time to time. She answered all the interview questions flawlessly, too.

Once the interview was over, he led her over to the main venue.

The artist appeared to be very low-key tonight as compared to the other female celebrities, who strove hard to strut off their stuff in front of all the cameras; they even shamelessly refused to leave the red carpet when the hosts tried to shoo them away.



As soon as she signed the signature board, the artist answered a few questions from the reporters; she then rushed toward the main venue.

Her actions left everyone feeling baffled since this was the time when she should be vying with everyone for on-screen time and limelight. Somehow, though, she seemed to have the intention to stay away from it.

How strange!

The artist-manager duo headed straight to the seating area the moment they entered the venue. Out of concern for his artist, Qin Zhou sat in Mu Yazhe's seat to keep the lone woman company despite having his designated seat.

Seated alongside them were several starlets, who were well-received in the industry.

They were the first ones to arrive at that row of seats, and when they were making their way over to their places, they noticed the name card plastered on the seat next to Yun Shishi's.

"Mu Yazhe? Isn't that the Mu Group's head? Will he be attending tonight's film festival?"

"I don't think so. He's notorious for keeping a low profile, after all. Even though he's the big boss of Huanyu, he rarely appears before the public's eyes. There's even a case of him mercilessly banning a reporter just because the latter secretly took pictures of him; how could he possibly appear in this event?"

"...That's the name written on the seat tag, though, and it's right next to Yun Shishi's!"

"Could he... be here with her?"

Curious whispers surrounded them. Everyone was excited at the thought that they might be sitting in the same row with such a big shot. After all, few dared to dream of getting up close and personal with that legendary tycoon.

Their high hopes were dashed when the manager and his charge came in and took their respective seats.

It appeared to them that the organizers had truly just made a mistake in printing the wrong name on the seat tag.

This was only natural for them to think so.

After all, who would ever expect the man with such lofty status to attend such a small-scale film festival?

The annual Golden Eagle Film Festival might be the most influential and grandest event in their local industry, but the man had never made an exception to attend the event before.

Not long after the newbie actress took her seat, Han Yuyan made her way into the venue as the finale entrance. Dressed in an exceedingly sexy gown from Louis Vuitton's latest F/W collection, which was matched by her exquisite, vampirish makeup, the veteran actress soon became the focus on the entire venue.

Even the rookie actress was amazed by her show-stopping look when she took a glance at the latter.

To be fair, she did look stunning in this ensemble, especially with the way she carried herself like a queen; this was unlike the newbie's gentle temperament.

It had been years since she gained a firm footing in the industry. Apart from being nominated and winning numerous major awards in international film fests, she was also a steady box-office seller with her outstanding performance. With such glorious accolades added to her belt, she became an eminent queen of acting.

One could even say that the title of the ultimate female A-lister in showbiz belonged exclusively to Han Yuyan.

The thing was, she had, unfortunately, been arranged to be seated in the same row as Yun Shishi.