

### Chapter 121: Won't Cry in the Winter

Fang Zhu gave Lei Qingyi a cold look. He was quite embarrassed and hastened to explain. "The atmosphere isn't anything special but it's delicious hot pot, we come here to eat often."

Fang Zhu didn't say anything. She pushed her glasses up higher on her face. Then she sat down and put her bag on her thigh.

Lei Qingyi rolled his eyes in his head, Did you come here to eat or to assume an air of superiority? Anyone who married this kind of woman would be in trouble, but she was his best friend's girlfriend, and might be his wife in the future. He felt that Lu Yi would be better off if he married a man than if he married her.

Lei Qingyi ordered the hot pot and some side dishes, he hadn't come here in a long time and he was craving this food, so he had asked Lu Yi to join him. He thought that since today was the weekend Lu Yi could relax a little bit, but the woman insisted on coming with him. It doesn't matter if you want to come along, but please don't dislike this or avoid it. If you really mind then piss off now.

Of course, he just only complained in his head, he dared not say anything aloud.

"Gee, that's..." Lei Qingyi's eyes lit up, guess who he saw? "Lu Yi, Lu Yi, have a look, that's the girl who played the Little Golden Silkworm."

Lei Qingyi pointed at Yan Huan.

His voice was too loud and Yan Huan had heard it, when she looked up she met a pair of black eyes, coldness, iciness, like the moment you walk into an air-conditioned room in the summer.

It was cold.

She moved her eyes away and they fell on a woman all in black. Ah, the old nun is here as well.

She picked up her chopsticks and continued to eat, she was in an extremely dark mood.

Lei Qingyi blinked his eyes and felt like he was talking too much. Oh yes, I forgot, stars always keep a low profile, they don't want people to recognize them. Maybe they won't even admit they're a celebrity.

But he knew, and he would ask her to sign her autograph when they came out.

However... she also looked like someone else he had seen before. Was he had mistaken? But it was impossible, there were no women in the world who looked totally alike.

"Lu Yi, am I mistaken, or is she the one you saved last time?" He wasn't sure, and questioned Lu Yi directly.

Fang Zhu couldn't help grasping the bag on her thigh tightly when she heard that, was there something that she didn't know?

"You have the wrong person," Lu Yi said drily as he took a bottle of water and drank it. He looked extremely calm and exuded an aura of iciness.

“Really?”

Lei Qingyi felt strange, obviously she was the person, so should he ask for her autograph?

He did not give up and looked at the table again, but he met a pair of eyes that flashed with anger. He felt at a loss. What’s going on? What did I do to offend them?

Both the old hag and young man stared at him though he had done nothing wrong.

He looked at the other table again. Maybe she wasn’t Yan Huan, as she had come here with her partner. But he couldn’t figure it out, the woman who looked like Yan Huan had a unique taste and chose a sissy to be her boyfriend.

A man with effeminate features that couldn’t carry a load on his shoulders or in his hand, a total sissy, he was a discredit to all men.

The most Lei Qingyi hated in his life was that little man.

Yi Ling was so angry that she nearly threw her chopsticks under the table, slammed her fists on it and stepped up to scold him, “Fuck you! What did I do to provoke you?”

But in the end, she just put up with it. Humph! A lady doesn’t fight with men, and not to mention we’re in public.

“Sigh...” Lei Qingyi shook his head. “Where did she find a young man who was neither masculine nor feminine.”

Blue veins stood out on Yi Ling’s arms, she lowered her head, clenched her teeth, and looked at her chest. You asshole! I have boobs! I am a woman!

“Eat your food.” Yan Huan put some food in Yi Ling’s bowl. “We’re going to the set tomorrow, if you don’t eat now and satisfy your craving, it’s going to take a couple of months before you can eat it again.”

Yi Ling quickly picked up her chopsticks and continued to eat when she heard her.

Yes, of course I’ll eat, otherwise I can’t eat it for a long time. Damn you fool, I will remember you.

Yan Huan was eating her food and didn’t look up again, as if she didn’t know the people at the other table, but she felt bad, like she had a load on her conscious.

Some people still walked the path of their previous lives, like Lu Yi, but some people had a different path, like Yan Huan.

But no matter which way, they walked in different paths throughout.

Yi Ling rubbed her abdomen, she was so full. Her appetite was much better without thinking about those people she hated. Yes, that’s it. Why should I spoil my appetite for those irrelevant people?

Yan Huan packed her things and rose to her feet.

She paid the bill the bill at the counter. The boss took a glances at her and praised in his head, She’s so beautiful. And it was not until she became famous and the boss remembered that Yan Huan had eaten hot pot in his shop. Then he beat his breast and stamped his feet in sorrow, why didn’t he ask for her

autograph at that time so he could hang it on the wall? So that he could say, "This is the hot pot that movie star Yan Huan had eaten before." Then, his business would be booming.

But who could know it before?

Yes, who could know?

When they came out, the wind that blew outside was cold, and they could sense the passage of a season. Winter was coming.

"Winter is coming, Huanhuan."

"Yes, winter is coming soon." Yan Huan rubbed her hands together.

"But we will have a good winter this year," said Yi Ling confidently. "We have a heater at home, it won't be cold anymore, and you won't have to cry in the winter."

Yan Huan smiled and said nothing in reply.

After Yan Huan's mother passed away, they had gone through the hardest time. They didn't have money and thus, they hurried from one performance to another and lived in their rented house without any heat. In the winter, sometimes, Yan Huan had to shoot the play with her arms naked and even jump into icy water. It was hard to be an actor, but it was even harder to be a double.

## **Chapter 122: Pet Boarding**

Back then, Yi Ling had cried whenever Yan Huan had to dunk herself in icy cold water. Yan Huan had, in turn, cried because she had made Yi Ling cry. Those had been the worst years of their life, and both of them had tried their best not to bring up the painful memories. But those days were now hazy and distant; the suffering they had had to endure seemed unbelievable, in retrospect.

Yan Huan lifted her face to the bracing wind. There was already an icy bite to the breeze; winter was coming.

"Oh, they left." Lei Qingyi looked up from his food and was surprised to see that the table he had been watching was now empty. He mentally kicked himself for not having gone over to ask for an autograph; he had nothing to lose, anyway. Maybe she was not the woman they had saved, but she could have been Yan Huan. Or maybe the woman they had saved was, in fact, the one and only Yan Huan.

But Lu Yi immediately shot his suggestion down, and Lei Qingyi had deferred to his judgment.

Fang Zhu barely touched her chopsticks. She was not accustomed to eating hot pot. She was part of the upper-class elite, and refused to demean herself by eating such trashy food.

The hot pot was not the only reason she was feeling upset and annoyed. She had not expected Lu Yi to actually know the woman just now.

Fang Zhu had an excellent memory; she never forgot a face once she had committed it to memory. She was absolutely certain that the woman who had just left was the very same lady she had bumped into in his apartment building, the one who had called her "auntie."

But the way Lei Qingyi talked about her suggested that Lu Yi was actually acquainted with her. Did he actually know her? Was there a secret connection between him and that woman, one that he was deliberately hiding from her?

No. There was no way she was going to allow something like that. Absolutely not.

Lu Yi was the closest match to her ideal partner in life. She did not want to dump him and find someone else, not after all the time she had invested into their relationship. Besides, there was no guarantee that she would be able to find someone as suitable as him in the future.

She knew she had to get to the bottom of this.

After finishing their meal, Lu Yi drove both Lei Qingyi and Fang Zhu home. He dropped Lei Qingyi off first; Lei Qingyi immediately hopped out of the car without preamble and went straight home to sleep. He had seen the unhappy look on Fang Zhu's face, and sensed a possible storm in Lu Yi and Fang Zhu's relationship, but he could not care less. In fact, he only wanted to get away from Fang Zhu as quickly as possible.

Lu Yi and Fang Zhu were finally alone in the car. She asked the question that had been on her mind since their meal at the restaurant.

"What's your connection with that woman?"

"I don't know her," said Lu Yi evasively. It was the truth, anyway—he barely knew her.

"Who is she?" Fang Zhu asked again. She was not the type to lose her temper, but she was annoyed now. Like most women, she was able to look away and pretend not to notice certain things—but not when another woman was involved. No self-respecting woman would let her man cheat on her with another.

Lu Yi pulled the car over and killed the engine. His eyes were as calm as a placid lake.

His thin lips parted; four icy words tumbled out of it: "I don't know her."

Anyone who saw them now would never have guessed that Lu Yi and Fang Zhu were supposed to be a couple. There was something important missing from their relationship; they were only together because everyone else thought they were a good match.

Bam! Fang Zhu got out of the car and slammed the door shut behind her. She stuck out her hand, and a taxi pulled up next to her within seconds.

Lu Yi watched impassively as the taxi drove away. He waited for it to disappear into the far distance before starting his car again.

"Lu Yi, did you just say that she up and left you, just like that?" Lei Qingyi's eyes were wide with disbelief. He was sprawled out on the large sofa in his house, his phone plastered against his ear. The news delighted him, but he could not explain why.

"So, what do you think? I mean, how do you feel about this?" Lei Qingyi sat up straight. He wanted to know if Lu Yi was feeling depressed after getting dumped, even if he had not actually liked the woman.

Lei Qingyi felt it was in Lu Yi's best interests to treat this latest breakup as a valuable lesson, learn from it, and prepare himself for similar breakups in the future.

Lu Yi lowered his head. His fingers tightened around the cup of milk tea he had just bought.

"Feel?" He frowned.

Was he feeling anything?

He considered it for a long moment. Finally, he lifted the cup to his lips.

"I can finally drink milk tea."

Lei Qingyi: "..."

Both Lu Yi and Lei Qingyi assumed that Fang Zhu had broken up with Lu Yi for good. Lu Yi had started going out with Fang Zhu only recently, after all, and they barely knew each other. Just like her predecessors before her, Fang Zhu had mercilessly dumped Lu Yi because he was insensitive and a workaholic—or so they thought.

Lu Yi was therefore surprised when he returned home the next day to see Fang Zhu nonchalantly chatting with Ye Shuyun, as though nothing had happened.

Lu Yi immediately thought of the boxes of instant milk tea powder in his cupboard.

He sighed inwardly—it looked like he would have to give up milk tea again.

Women were a complete enigma to him. It was difficult to know what they were thinking.

He entered his room, shut the door behind him, and began leafing through a book. A moment later, he set the book down and got out his phone to check the Weibo he had been frequenting lately. It had become part of his daily routine.

He looked at the latest post.

"We can't take care of you, so we'll have to board you at a pet shop for now."

The new photo showed a cat in a cage, looking sad and pitiful. It was an adorable cat, but now its eyes seemed to shimmer with unshed tears. It was a heartbreaking sight.

Lu Yi crossed his arms. He shook his head, and set his phone down.

"Are you sure you want to leave her here?"

Yi Ling was extremely reluctant to part with Little Bean, even if it was only temporary. "Why don't we bring her with us? She looks so sad. She's crying, look." Little Bean was staring mournfully at her masters with her large, unblinking eyes. The sight broke their hearts: Little Bean looked like she knew they were leaving her behind.

Yan Huan poked a finger through the bars of the cage; Little Bean licked it with her tiny tongue before lying down obediently with her tail curled around her body. She looked even more sad and pitiful this way.

“She needs to get used to this. We may be spending most of our time on location shoots outside of the city. We’ll be moving from place to place. How are you going to bring her with you? Even if our hotels turn out to be pet-friendly, how are you going to take her with us on public transportation?”

Yi Ling’s face fell. She knew they had no other options, but she simply could not bear to leave Little Bean behind. Yi Ling had lovingly raised Little Bean from a tiny runt of a kitten into the plump, beautiful cat she was now. Little Bean was her pride and joy, and it pained her to have to send her away now.

It was the day of the full-costume photo shoot for Journey to Fairyland, and the entire production crew was expected to attend. It was the perfect opportunity for Yan Huan to get to know the new production team.

### **Chapter 123: She Shines in Every Shot**

Yan Huan went to the set by company car. There were a few other people in the company who also participated in this drama, but they played just minor roles, and Yan Huan was the only one who played a character as big as Qing Yao from the beginning to the end.

When she arrived at the set, everyone else had already arrived. In fact, there was little difference between now and the previous life, most of the roles had gone to the same actors. Only Yan Huan was new and thus brought a different feeling to the set.

She saw Liang Chen’s team at the set, and she already knew Liang Chen was the first female lead. Yi Ling was excited when she saw her.

“Huanhuan, look! That’s Liang Chen, the movie queen Liang Chen, it’s really her! I want to ask for her autograph.”

Yi Ling and Yan Huan had, in fact, grown up watching Liang Chen’s dramas. Since Journey to Fairyland was quite generous with their budget, they had gotten Liang Chen to join the cast, presumably the drama would automatically be popular because of her.

Yan Huan was happy with the path she had chosen, as not everyone could put on a play with Liang Chen, whose dramas all become classics.

Liang Chen was the age of 32 but she was still looked like a much younger woman. It wouldn’t feel weird even she played a 16-year-old girl, and also the superb make-up and lighting would make the female look even prettier and younger.

Of course, the special effects used in this drama was excellent- no one could make a film comparable to Journey to Fairyland for years. It was a fine work and thus no one could surpass it.

The cast sat down together to get to know one another, and it was obvious that Liang Chen was the first female lead. She was definitely a movie queen and her aura compelled her peer’s admiration without a word.

Liang Chen had to meet everyone as well. Though a well seasoned actress, she was modest and unassuming. As everyone else began to get to know each other due to their nature of work, Liang Chen didn’t spend as much time, as both new and old faces didn’t mean much to her.

However, there was one person who interested her, which was Yan Huan. She was too young at the age of just 20. Though she only played the second female lead, it was an important role. It caused Liang Chen to ponder the situation.

Liang Chen didn't believe that an actress without any performance experience could have good acting skills. To tell the truth, she wouldn't believe that she joined the cast by her acting alone.

She felt a little bit uncomfortable putting on a rival show with such a person. Thus, she didn't like Yan Huan as she was prejudiced by her own first impressions.

Yan Huan didn't know anything about it. This was the first time she met such an international movie queen like Liang Chen, but she didn't like her.

They worked together during the full-costume photo shoot, but of course Yan Huan didn't steal the time or attention meant for Liang Chen. She stood patiently behind her senior acting partner and let her work.

Liang Chen couldn't help but steal a glance at Yan Huan.

It had to be said that Yan Huan exuded a pleasant aura in this ancient costume, her eyes were bright and her skin was smooth, there was nothing comparable between a woman of twenty and a woman of thirty.

Though Liang Chen had good skin, and others would say that she still looked like a young girl, she no longer was. Well-preserved and young, the two couldn't be mentioned in the same breath.

Liang Chen was most depressed these days because of her lacking youth; no matter how advanced the skin cares products were, no matter how much money she had, it was impossible to buy her age back, and seeing others only made her lost youth more obvious.

Time was a butcher's knife, they hadn't had enough of it to reflect on their life experiences, but they were already in old age.

Liang Chen had proved herself a superstar: her stage presence was extremely good, even without instructions from the photographer. She was already done with her part, and the shooting had gone smoothly.

On the stage, her eyes were bright and her smile was natural. She looked like a girl in her late teens. The ability to change from thirty to eighteen was exactly what she was capable of.

Yan Huan looked at Liang Chen, she recalled herself at that time. She didn't know when she would be able to reach achievements like Liang Chen. The most glorious period in her previous life was at her age of 23. But what was the condition when she was 32, was she old or young, happy or confused?

"Yan Huan, it's your turn."

Someone suddenly called her name. Yan Huan was stunned for a moment before she could react, then she quickly smoothed her clothes and ran over. But Liang Chen had already left.

Yan Huan stood in front of the flash bulb, she stood at every angle and her eyes changed. The photographer was frozen for a moment, she looked superb in the shot.

“As I said.” Director Jin smiled at the others, “She shines in every shot, she’s photogenic and beautiful, she understands nearly everything without the need to explain.”

Is she really that good? The others had their reservations, whether she was good or bad, they had to wait and see to make a judgment. But, apparently, there were still a few people who didn’t believe in her.

“You guys will see later on.” Director Jin smiled, they hadn’t work together with Yan Huan so they might not know, but he had experienced her performance and was very confident in her acting skills.

The time when Journey to Fairyland started shooting was the beginning of the broadcast of Love and Tribulations. Presumably those who disputed her acting would know whether he chose the wrong person and what Yan Huan was really capable of.

When the image was out, Yi Ling updated Yan Huan’s Weibo page.

The girl in the white dress in the photo looked exquisite and beautiful like a painting. The girl’s features were able to shine through brightly because she wasn’t wearing much makeup, and her skin was smooth and beautiful as a pearl. Her lips arched up slightly and her eyes sparkled; she was as beautiful as an angel. It didn’t need a single explanation, the photo said everything.

Yellow Polka Dot: “My goddess is so beautiful, goddess, please accept my knee, I’m going to kneel down, your appearance, your figure, your temperament, goddess, I can’t live without you.”

#### **Chapter 124: The Old Will Have To Make Way For The New**

Call Me Xiao Ming: “^^^^ Slowpoke, I’m already kneeling before the altar to my goddess. Is this her new show? A Xianxia? My lovely goddess was born to act in period costume dramas, she looks like a fairy herself!”

Innocent Auntie: “My daughter is sooo beautiful it makes me scared someone might steal her away from me!”

Fake Innocent Auntie: “^^^^ What are you talking about? She’s MY daughter, not yours!”

The other Weibo followers reacted to the above exchange with sweatdrop emojis, but they understood where the two “Auntie”s were coming from. It was only natural for women to want beautiful daughters, and Yan Huan, who was only 20 years old, was at the perfect age to be an “auntie-killer” for all the middle-aged women out there.

The two “Auntie” fans dominated the entire comments section with their endless bickering, but Yi Ling, who was managing the Weibo, did not mind. She was delighted and proud to see the passion they had for their idol.

Journey to Fairyland had started filming.

The Xianxia show employed the latest green screen and CGI technology. The sets looked bland during the actual shoot because the backgrounds would be added in digitally during post-production. The audience were in for a real treat—the CGI was extremely realistic—but the actors could only imagine what the set would look like in the final cut.

The first scene they would be filming was the male lead's journey into the mountains, in search of the so-called "fairyland." The actor for the lead male role was someone Yan Huan was already familiar with: Qi Haolin. She had acted opposite him in *Love and Tribulations*. In this show, however, he was playing a markedly different character: an ordinary human boy named Yan Boxuan.

Qingshan Mountain—on the peak of the mountain was "fairyland," where aspiring humans went to cultivate and harness the heavenly arts. These cultivators had to spend a hundred, perhaps even a thousand years, to attain immortality and fairyhood—an eternity to the average human, but no more than a blink of an eye for the cultivators.

Yan Boxuan wiped the sweat from his forehead. He had been climbing for ages, but there seemed no end to the steps before him. He had heard that there were 9,999 steps on Qingshan mountain, and that only those who could climb all the way to the top would be deemed worthy of learning the heavenly arts.

But he had climbed for three days and three nights now, and still could see nothing ahead aside from an endless expanse of clouds. There was nothing else here.

Yan Boxuan sat down. He looked at his worn-out shoes. One corner of his mouth had cracked; he licked at it tentatively, tasting his own blood.

Was it better to give up? He had to ask himself whether he truly believed he had it in him to climb all the way to the top. At this rate, he ran the very real risk of dying before reaching the top. He considered giving up and turning around to go back down.

No. He shook his head. Going back down was not an option. He had to continue upwards and reach the top of Qingshan Mountain, no matter what. He had to see the so-called "fairyland" with his own eyes. He got to his feet, but his knees immediately gave way; he collapsed, the hard edges of the steps digging into his flesh and rattling his bones. It was extremely painful, but he gritted his teeth and did not cry out. Instead, he got to his feet again and began climbing the steps, one by one.

The clouds suddenly gathered around him. He struggled through the thick clouds; when he finally burst through, he was greeted by the sight of a lofty fairy palace and the faint tones of heavenly music. It was a breathtaking sight. On the palace balconies were students in white uniforms, practicing the heavenly arts in neat rows. Above them, in the sky, several people were whipping through the air on flying swords.

Elsewhere, a water mirror hovered above a pool. It showed Yan Boxuan's slow, painstaking journey up the steps.

Sitting right at the edge of the pool, before the water mirror, was a young girl dressed in the white student uniform. Around her waist was a long, light blue silk ribbon. Her white and blue attire brought to mind visions of white clouds drifting across a clear blue sky—a fitting color palette for an otherworldly fairy.

Her cheeks were cupped in her hands as she stared at the view in the mirror, her long lashes fluttering with curiosity. She had one lovely, alabaster foot in the pool of water before her, and was distractedly splashing the water with it. Sprays of water burst into the air with every mindless kick.

“Miss, Miss! The chief is looking for you.”

A maid hurried into the room, lifting her long skirts to avoid tripping over them. Her hair was disheveled from all the running. As soon as she found Qing Yao, she immediately doubled over to catch her breath, her hands upon her knees. She was exhausted.

“Miss, the chief wants to see you.”

Ping! The water mirror shattered into a million water drops in mid-air. They disappeared without a trace.

The young girl sitting at the pool turned around. She was hauntingly beautiful; her exquisite features shone from her flawless complexion, and her cherry red lips were curved into a slight smile.

The maid was suddenly struck dumb. She was horrified to discover that she could not remember her next lines.

All the color drained from her face. She waited nervously for the director to yell “cut,” but before that could happen, the young girl before her stood up and walked over to her, barefooted. Qing Yao stopped in front of the maid, lifted her hand, and gently flicked the maid on the forehead.

“Are you coming with me or not, you silly goose?”

“Oh, yes, of course.” The maid quickly lifted her skirts and followed Qing Yao out the door.

“Cut! Excellent, good job.”

Yan Huan rubbed her arms as soon as the cameras stopped rolling. The set was chilly, and she was barefooted.

“Thank you,” said the actress who played the maid, her face filled with sincere gratitude. If Yan Huan had not bailed her out just now, she would have had to redo the scene many times over. That would have been extremely embarrassing for her, and a huge waste of time for the entire production. Personally, she did not mind making a fool of herself, but she did not want everyone on the production team to be annoyed with her for slowing them down.

“Ugh, it’s so hard when you’re just starting out,” the actress added unhappily. She could not stop worrying about her career in showbiz.

“You’re welcome. You don’t have to be so formal with me.” Yan Huan laughed. “I’m new, too.” She stuck out her tongue in a down-to-earth gesture of friendly sympathy. It was true—she was still a no-name actress in the industry.

“That new actress is pretty good,” said Liang Chen to her manager. She had seen at once that Yan Huan was different from the other run-of-the-mill actresses.

“Yes, she’s really good.” Qi Haolin was sitting beside her, drinking a cup of water. “She’ll blow you away with her acting, you’ll see. She may be young, but the way she brings her character to life will give you goosebumps. She’s on a completely different level.”

“Oh? And how would you know?” Liang Chen cocked her head. She was in her early 30’s, but it did not seem at all strange for her to behave in such a cutesy manner. She had the charms of both a young girl and a mature woman—it was an incredible combination, a feat only Liang Chen could pull off.

“Haha...” Qi Haolin laughed. “Haven’t you heard? I acted opposite her in Love and Tribulations.”

“I didn’t know that, actually.” The production team for Love and Tribulations had offered Liang Chen a cameo role, but she had been shooting a film abroad at the time, and had not been able to find the time in her schedule for it.

Liang Chen and Qi Haolin were both signed to the same agency. It was only natural for her to try to look out for him, as he was her junior. It was not their first time working together on the same project; they knew each other very well, and had excellent chemistry together.

Liang Chen’s gaze flickered to Yan Huan once more. The young actress was really good; in fact, she had surpassed all her expectations. She had the talent, the face, the figure, and the natural aptitude to be an actress. And she was still very young.

Liang Chen knew that the saying was true: the old had to make way for the new, eventually. It did not just apply to showbiz, but to the entire world. That was just the way things worked. Soon enough, she, too, would be past her expiration date, and the younger actresses would rise to replace her. But she was neither envious, resentful, nor afraid of the inevitable. She had enjoyed her time in the limelight. Her life had been far from mundane, thanks to her eventful career. What more could she ask for?

#### **Chapter 125: A Two-timer in Previous Life**

When a woman reaches a certain age, she begins to think too much and gets the idea to retire from the entertainment circle. Once this happens, who’s new or hot or winning awards doesn’t matter and has nothing to do with her anymore.

It seemed that Yuelun Entertainment got a treasure.

After Yan Huan had a rest, the makeup artist came over and freshened her face.

“Miss Yan, you have such good skin, it doesn’t get oily and the makeup stays on easily, it saves me a lot of worry.” The makeup artist smiled, such a beautiful actress, her face had no any dark spots and her skin was extremely good, she just needed to apply some foundation on it.

Yan Huan smiled without saying a word. She was just 20 years old so her skin was still good, but she remembered that she looked 35 years old when she was at the age of 26 in her previous life.

She rose to her feet and the assistant smoothed her clothes, then she shot for the scene two. It was just her parts at first, and Liang Chen would not appear until five episodes later. In this way she had the upper hand, and that was why there were so many people wanted to get the role of Qing Yao.

Qing Yao walked forward barefoot, the camera lingered on her again, and she had already put on a pair of shoes. She smiled drily and when she walked in, the housekeeper of Qingshan Sect stood with his hands clasped behind his back. There was a young man who had gone into a coma beside him.

It’s him? Qing Yao blinked her eyes, something had flashed across through her clear eyes.

“Come over, Qing Yao.”

Master Feng waved to his daughter.

Qing Yao walked over, her hair fluttering.

“He is your junior, bring him to rest.”

“Yes, father.” Qing Yao asked two men to come over and carry the junior and then she looked after him in person. She was born in the Green Mountain, she had the aptitude to attain immortality and unrivalled beauty. Moreover, she was the daughter of Master. Basically, she was just like a fairy in the whole of Green Mountain, and there weren’t many people that she would take initiative to look after.

She sat on the chair, shook her leg gently and cupped her chin in her hands. Her black eyes looked at the man without blinking, she reached out and poked his face.

“Little Junior.”

Oh, no response.

“Little Junior.” She poked again and there was still no response.

She was addicted to poking his face, his skin was so nice. At that moment, she was filled with joy and able to entertain herself.

Liang Chen gently leaned her back on the chair.

“The young actors of these days will become reputable in the years to come,” she said to her agent. “I feel like I’m under a bit of pressure.”

“What pressure do you mean? You have your strengths.” Liang Chen’s agent wasn’t worried about it. She was confident in Liang Chen’s skills, as she had attained the acme of perfection in acting. She could play all kinds of roles easily.

Liang Chen was especially good at roles like Guan Yuexin, moreover, she had good acting skills.

“How can I not worry?” Liang Chen sat up straight and stroked her face gently. “I’m playing a sixteen-year-old girl with my thirty-year-old face, while she’s playing an 18-year-old girl at the age of 20. Do you think I can be stress-free?”

“This...”

The agent couldn’t answer, she couldn’t solve this matter, as age is an obvious soft spot for a woman.

“But it seems to be more challenging,” said Liang Chen to herself. “I can still play a 16-year-old girl,” she rested her face in her hands, “If I play a young girl at the age of 60, how does it feel?”

“Aunty Ximen.”

Her agent was quite an honest woman that she was able to speak to directly and comfortably.

I am more beautiful than the Aunt Ximen, and there is no comparison between the current makeup and the makeup at that time. Moreover, I think Aunt Ximen was quite pretty, let's not talk about her age, she has the courage that I don't.

Therefore, she was sure that she wouldn't have the courage to play a girl of sixteen when she was sixty.

She was still in her prime.

However, she was also thirty. No... she was thirty two now.

"Cut," the director shouted. The scenes was complete for today, and Yan Huan could take a break. She would take a longer break when it was time to shoot Liang Chen's scenes few days later.

She walked to Yi Ling and sat down. Yi Ling passed her a bottle of water.

"Well, is it hard?" Yi Ling felt sorry Yan Huan, now was her busiest time and it was likely she would lose even more weight. She wasn't fat and it was difficult to gain weight, but it was too easy for her to lose weight.

"So-so." Yan Huan took the bottle and drank it mouthful by mouthful. She squinted her eyes, as if she had gotten a thorn in her heart.

Ding Ming, it's him, that was Ding Ming, why is he here?

She squeezed the water bottle in her hand so hard that she almost crushed it.

Ding Ming, who is he?

There were probably only a few people who knew the name of Ding Ming right now.

An obscure figure, a tiny walk-on role, often moved around to different studios. Started as a walk-on role, and was quite well-known by the end. He accepted a few melodramatic dramas, he wasn't so famous but there were some people who knew about him. However, people were not likely to recognize him when he walked around on the street.

He would be another newcomer under Yi Ling's management, Yan Huan's junior. Yes, that was Ding Ming, the two-timer who caused Yi Ling to jump from the top of the building.

Yi Ling tried her best to run the set and take over acting roles for him, but he was picky. He met another woman when he was quite well-known, though she didn't know what he had told Yi Ling.

Yan Huan only knew that when Yi Ling was back, she still smiled at her and told her not to get distracted by anything bad or trust a man too much. But at the time, Yan Huan's career was going up steadily and thus, she didn't care enough for Yi Ling.

However, she did not know that that was the last time she would see Yi Ling, and the next day, there was only the bloody body when she saw her again.

"What are you looking at?" Yi Ling followed her eyes and looked at it, but she only saw a man's clothes.

"Did something happen?"

## **Chapter 126: Badmouthing Her**

“Nothing.” Yan Huan took another sip of water. “Oh, by the way,” she said casually, “I overheard someone bad-mouthing you just now.”

“Who’s been talking behind my back?” Yi Ling opened a bottle of water for herself and began to drink from it.

“I heard...” Yan Huan said slowly, taking her time to enunciate every word. “I heard that man call you flat-chested and a disgrace to women. He said you must have been a man in your previous life, and that you’d look like an ugly man in drag if you put on a skirt.”

Bam! Yi Ling had smashed her water bottle against the floor. “Which sob said that? Tell me! So what if I’m flat-chested, how’s that any of his business? My gender is none of his business. What, does he have nothing better to do? Is he looking for a beating? Is that it?”

“I heard someone call him Ding Ming, that must be his name,” Yan Huan said impassively. She reached out and patted Yi Ling on the shoulder.

“Yiyi, a man like him isn’t worthy of us. Don’t give him the time of day.”

“Ugh! Like I’d be interested!” Yi Ling spat on the floor. “I’d rather die an old maid than get together with trash like him.”

“Yeah. He looks like a gigolo,” continued Yan Huan.

Yi Ling’s expression darkened at the word “gigolo.”

“Oh, and I saw him hug himself and stick his pinky finger out when talking,” added Yan Huan, for good measure.

Yi Ling rubbed the goosebumps on her arms and shuddered. A gigolo who acted like one of those flamboyant, over-the-top gay characters in movies? Seriously? She was deeply repulsed by the image.

Yan Huan rolled the water bottle between her palms as she stared at the man who was standing a small distance away from her. She had not expected to bump into him here, but she was now 100% certain of one thing: she would stop him from getting involved with Yi Ling this time around, come hell or high water.

“Yan Huan, you’re up.” It was Director Jin, urging her to get into position.

“I’m coming.” Yan Huan hastily thrust her water bottle into Yi Ling’s hands before hurrying over to the director,

The next scene involved a wire stunt. “Wire fu”—a combination of wire work and kung fu—was common in Xianxia shows.

“You don’t need a stunt double?” asked Director Jin dubiously.

He had to repeat the question to make sure she knew what she was doing. “Yan Huan, are you absolutely sure you can do this without a double?”

“Yes, I’m sure.” Yan Huan pumped her fist, a bright smile on her face. “Have you forgotten, Director? I used to be a stunt double specializing in wire work. I can do all my stunts myself. Oh, I can stand in for other actors, too, but you’ll have to pay me extra for that, of course.”

Director Jin: “...”

Actors who were able to perform their own wire stunts and fight scenes were extremely valuable. They would help the production save a ton of time, money, and effort.

Yan Huan signaled to the wire stunt team. A split-second later, she was lifted more than a dozen meters off the ground.

The script required her to bend over backwards while hanging from her wire harness. This was usually a feat for professional stunt doubles; not everyone was flexible enough to bend over backwards, after all, and this applied to actors as well.

Most directors would be tearing their hair out right about now as they struggled to find the right angle and camera movements to hide the stunt double’s face. But Yan Huan nonchalantly pulled off her stunt without breaking a sweat, causing each and every one of the production staff to join in a collective gasp of complete disbelief.

They gaped at her nimble, flexible body. The young actress was truly one of a kind.

Director Jin mopped the sweat from his face. He thought to himself: Holy smokes! Jackpot! He already knew that Yan Huan was no ordinary actress, but he had not expected her to blow all his expectations out of the water yet again. Something told him that no one would be able to top Yan Huan’s Qing Yao, even if the show were remade a million times in the future.

Yan Huan was slowly lowered back to solid ground. There were a few beads of sweat on her forehead, but she seemed perfectly fine.

The makeup artist hurried over to her to give her a quick touch-up. A moment later, Yan Huan was back in the air. She had to redo two of her next stunts—director’s orders—but the rest of her stunts were completed in a single take.

Yan Huan gave a short, bitter laugh when she finally finished all her stunts for that particular scene. She was feeling sick from all the wire action, and her legs had turned to jelly.

“Miss Yan, hi, I’m a fan of yours. Can I get an autograph?”

A man suddenly stepped in front of Yan Huan, blocking her way. She looked up to see who it was, and had to quell the urge to slap the face before her.

It was Ding Ming. How dare he show his face to her!

“Oh, sorry, I don’t think you’d want my autograph.” She forced a smile. “I’m just a newbie like you, actually.”

Ding Ming almost choked on his own spit when he heard that. He had refused to believe that an amazing actress like Yan Huan was also a newcomer like him. The lead female role had gone to the

superstar Liang Chen, and he had automatically assumed that the actress playing the secondary female lead was also a famous star.

But she was just a newcomer—just like him—and that made him feel inferior.

He had only tried to approach Yan Huan because his attempts with Liang Chen had failed miserably; the superstar had avoided him like the plague. Liang Chen had openly snubbed him, and now, Yan Huan, a newcomer, had refused to give him her autograph. He rubbed his nose awkwardly, feeling humiliated.

He frowned. Was he imagining things, or did it seem like Yan Huan hated his guts?

But he quickly told himself he was being paranoid. He had to have imagined it. He had never met Yan Huan before this, which meant that he could not possibly have stepped on her toes without knowing it. She did not hate him. Of course not. He was not particularly handsome, but he was quite sure he was far from being offensively ugly. So why would she be offended by the sight of him?

He and Yan Huan were both signed to the same agency. He had joined slightly after her, which made him her junior. He mentally kicked himself for not taking the company van to the set; he was sure she would be a lot friendlier with him if they had at least met in the van and gotten to know each other earlier.

“What’s wrong? What did that man say to you?” Yi Ling quickly pulled Yan Huan protectively behind her, like a mother hen shielding her chicks from a hungry fox.

Yan Huan extended a finger and pointed to Yi Ling’s chest.

“He said that you’re flat as a washing board.”

The blue veins on Yi Ling’s temples began to throb.

She swore inwardly, but did not lose her cool.

Yan Huan kept up her secret smear campaign against Ding Ming after that; she made sure to talk about him in a negative light in front of Yi Ling every now and then. She knew that it was impossible for her to stop Ding Ming from going near Yi Ling and herself on the set, and she was not yet powerful enough to destroy Ding Ming for good, so this was the next best option: she would let him approach them, if he wanted, and hopefully Yi Ling would have enough sense to beat him to a bloody pulp.

Journey to Fairyland was taking an unorthodox approach to filming and distribution: they would air the episodes as they were completed, instead of waiting for the entire production to wrap up. Because of that, the show was actually slated to go on air before Love and Tribulations. There was already a lot of hype surrounding the show; it was a big-budget TV series that had been in pre-production for three years, after all, and viewers were hungry for a quality TV show. There was no better time for Journey to Fairyland to go on air.

Journey to Fairyland would be airing in the prime time-slot of 9 pm on the major TV channels. It would also be streamed simultaneously on the Internet.

## **Chapter 127: He Cursed You Again**

Click. Yi Ling took a photo of Yan Huan, and posted it on Weibo.

“Tonight at 8.30pm, we will meet in Journey to Fairyland, see you.”

As soon as she posted it, it was immediately shared by both new and old fans.

In the photo, Yan Huan gently caressed her hair with her hand, her white dress fluttered, and she was so beautiful with her natural movements and sparkling eyes.

Liang Chen pressed share and gave her agent a start.

“You seem to like her, Xiao Chen. I haven’t seen you share any new actors’ Weibo before.”

“I do like her, she has boundless potential. Don’t you think this is a nice photo? And...” She knocked her agent’s head playfully. “Don’t forget, I’m first female lead.”

“Oh, yes, thanks for mentioning I would have forgotten otherwise,” Liang Chen laughed. She turned and looked at the young girl, she felt that the new actress was a bit similar to Liang Chen when she was young.

In those days, both of them walked step by step together, only they knew what they had experienced, thus Liang Chen liked Yan Huan because she worked hard, perhaps she saw herself in the young actress.

Once Liang Chen shared the post, Yan Huan’s Weibo had a heated discussion. Who was Liang Chen? She was an international superstar, a well-known movie queen, she was a zero rumour movie queen. The whole entertainment circle was shocked that Liang Chen had shared the photo.

Yan Huan had few fans, she was new, but Liang Chen wasn’t.

Liang Chen had great popularity in the entertainment industry, it didn’t take five minutes before the photo was spread throughout the upper circles of society.

Yan Huan’s Weibo had a lively discussion.

Yi Ling’s fingers trembled and she almost dropped her phone on the floor. No, no, it can’t be. She rubbed her eyes and banged her head against the wall.

Then she put her phone in front of her eyes. “Huanhuan, Huanhuan!” she shouted. “Look. Liang Chen shared your Weibo, and also the queen of pop, Xu Li, and the king of pop, Zhang Xiao. Huanhuan, look. You’re famous now!”

Yi Ling really wanted to laugh her head off, but there were too many people and this was too serious so she held back her laughter.

She had originally called for Yan Huan but was met instead with a pair of round eyes.

Who is that? Yi Ling pulled a long face when she realized. You wasted your good looks. She turned her face and couldn’t help but touch her arms. The thought of the “orchid-shaped fingers” that Yan Huan mentioned before made her flesh crawled.

Ding Ming smiled drily, and when he was about to say something, he saw Yan Huan came over and he quickly stepped forward.

“Miss Yan, are you done shooting?”

“Yes, what’s the matter?” Yan Huan smiled insincerely, and when Ding Ming wanted to speak, Yan Huan cut him short. “If there’s nothing else, I have to go now, and the director is calling you.” She pointed at Director Jin to send him away.

Ding Ming dared not stay and instead looked for Director Jin immediately. He had sought special connections to play a walk-on role in this drama, he wanted to show up and raise his popularity.

Yan Huan’s smile cooled off after he left. You were a good-for-nothing in your previous life, you collected women’s hearts, and you were so vulgar to be around. In this life you’re still the same.

“Huanhuan, what did that man say to you?” Yi Ling hurriedly pulled Yan Huan over when she saw her, afraid that that sissy would infect Yan Huan with his stupidity.

Stupid was a kind of disease, it was contagious.

“He said...” Yan Huan couldn’t help but smile a bit, Yi Ling seemed to be in a good mood.

“Yes, what did he say?” Yi Ling was anxious. Ding Ming had seemed to say a lot to Yan Huan, and though she had been smiling, it was obviously fake.

It couldn’t be forgotten that Yi Ling grew up with Yan Huan, she knew better than anyone what her expressions meant, and she knew that that man had provoked Yan Huan.

Yan Huan smiled again and rested her chin on Yi Ling’s shoulder.

“Yiyi,” she pursed her lips. “He cursed you.”

“Cursed me?” Yi Ling pointed at herself. “How did he curse me?”

“He made you into an idiot.”

Yi Ling didn’t respond, dumbfounded.

Director Jin let them leave early as today was the premiere of Journey to Fairyland. Everyone had worked very hard on that production, it was the best of the best, so everyone was anxious to see the broadcast.

Yi Ling’s face became dark when they got back to their room.

She was standing in the kitchen, making chopping motions in the air with a knife, muttering under her breath.

“The man who’s surnamed Ding, I will chop you to death. You said I have a flat chest and look like a man and I just put up with it. You cursed me into an idiot. Others might be able to put up with it but I can’t. I was so blind and felt pretty good about you. Now, I swear to god...” She lifted the knife. “If I ever like you, I’ll...I’ll...I’ll never get married in this life.”

Yan Huan, who was at outside, heard Yi Ling talking to herself, and she was relaxed.

She sat down on the sofa and cupped her chin in her hands. At the moment, it seemed that there were some indescribable loneliness within her body, like the distant melancholy after the transmigration of a lifetime.

She wiped her tears away and laughed.

So there were a kind of tears which you shed when you laughed.

Soon after, Yi Ling walked out. She looked at the time. It was eight o'clock, half an hour to go.

"What to do, Huanhuan? I'm so nervous I want to go to the toilet."

Yi Ling grasped at her belly. Every time she was nervous, she had to go to the restroom.

"I'll get some snacks for you," Yan Huan said as she rose to her feet and headed to the door to change shoes. Yi Ling immediately felt her stomach-ache disappear.

"Huanhuan, you know me so well, remember to get a bag of duck neck!"

It was true that she felt like she had to go to the toilet when she got nervous, but as long as she was given something to hold, she would be okay after eating.

Yan Huan opened the door, she had to hurry. How could I forget? If she didn't get Yi Ling some food, she wouldn't fall asleep as she had pent-up anger. And if Yi Ling didn't sleep, she was afraid she would be the same.

### **Chapter 128: Journey To Fairyland**

She hurried to the small supermarket near their apartment, bought some snacks, and then dashed back into the elevator. It was 8:28pm when she returned to the apartment. Two minutes left.

She patted her chest, relieved to know that she was just in time. She poured herself another glass of water and sat on the sofa in front of the TV.

"It's on, it's on."

Yi Ling quickly stuffed her mouth with snacks. She stared at the TV screen, unwilling to blink and miss even a second of Yan Huan's screen time.

The opening sequence had been rendered in the style of a traditional Chinese ink painting, to a spectacular effect. It was beautiful; the combination of live action and Chinese ink paintings was something that had never been done in Wuxia or Xianxia shows before this.

The male and female leads were naturally the first to appear in the opening sequence. Close-up shots of the characters transitioned into freeze frames, and then into beautiful painted portraits, with the names of the actors and characters underneath.

Liang Chen, as Guan Yuexin.

Liang Chen was already 32 years old, but she was still pretty enough to act as a 16-year-old girl and get away with it. Her cheeks were still full and glowing with youth, and there was an innocent twinkle in her eyes. She was the very picture of a pure, naive girl, a sheet of white paper that had not been tainted in any way.

Yan Boxuan was next. He stood underneath a flying sword, his hands clasped behind his back and a small smile on his lips. The enigmatic smile on his noble face was enough to cast a spell on most of the female viewers.

The music mellowed as the scene transitioned into a pair of exquisite legs gently kicking back and forth in a pool of water. The camera panned upwards to reveal a girl in white robes, one cheek cupped in a hand as she toyed with an origami paper crane. She blew at the paper crane, sending it gliding through the air.

The girl turned to look straight into the camera; she did not smile, but her eyes twinkled as though filled with star dust. At that very moment, the paper crane glid back into view.

Freeze frame; transition into faded ink painting.

Yan Huan, as Qing Yao.

It was the start of the show.

Yan Huan was feeling just the tiniest bit upset. Yi Ling had previously told her that Guan Yuexin's first appearance was in episode 5, which meant that Qing Yao, who appeared in the first episode, would have the advantage of a massive head start in terms of popularity and screen time. In fact, Qing Yao was virtually the female lead for the first four episodes. But the show's investors had found the delayed introduction of the actual heroine to be too unconventional for their tastes, and had asked for the script to be rewritten.

Both Liang Chen and Yan Huan would be making their first appearances in the same episode after the rewrite. But Yan Huan would still be appearing a little earlier than Liang Chen. Her spirits lifted slightly when she remembered this, and she decided to stop being so petty. She had no reason to be upset.

The opening sequence ended, and the screen was now filled with the bright blue of a clear sky. The camera panned downwards to a layer of clouds, and then further downwards to a thick, white fog, which dissipated to reveal a beautiful heavenly palace.

This was Green Mountain, a place teeming with harmonious spiritual energy and life. The earth's natural energy nourished the land and the people living on it.

All of a sudden, a flying sword spiraled upwards to hover above the mountain. A slender girl in white robes was standing calmly on the sword, as though it were the most natural thing in the world. She was exceedingly beautiful, and her beauty was further magnified by her otherworldly aura. Her hair fluttered in the wind; every wayward strand seemed to reach into the hearts of the viewers to hold them captive.

Suddenly, another sword flew towards her. The young girl immediately bent over backwards to evade it, and then performed a full 360 degree loop with her flying sword.

"You're very good, Junior Sister."

A young man dressed in similar white robes walked into view, cradling a sword in his arms. He was not only handsome and elegant, but also easygoing and friendly. His eyes twinkled merrily as a genuine smile spread across his face.

The girl leaped from her flying sword to the ground. She suddenly turned; her proud and noble face was hauntingly beautiful, like the ethereal halo around a bright moon during a cloudy night.

Her long lashes fluttered close. A moment later, she opened her eyes and lifted her hand: the flying sword that had been hovering in mid-air immediately dropped into her waiting grasp. She took a step backward, and then turned abruptly to leave.

The man rubbed his nose awkwardly. He was left with no option but to follow her.

They entered a massive hall. A man with white hair sat in the middle of the stage, surrounded by three incense candles that had been lit. His hair, eyebrows, and beard were white, but it was clear from his face and body that he was not actually as old as the color of his facial hair suggested. He opened his eyes to reveal the profound wisdom in it, the knowledge that had accumulated over the ages.

All the disciples below the stage sat cross-legged as they listened carefully to the teachings of their master:

“The path of the mortal is nebulous and full of uncertainties. The path of the immortal is bright, but overwhelming. The path of the demon is one of unchecked temptation and desire. Mortals should think about how to get through life safely. Immortals should think about how to help others. Demons should think about how to bring an end to their misery. Immortals are always fortunate. Demons are always unfortunate. Noble minds have beautiful hearts. Sing not sorrowful laments; pray instead that mortals stay true to the path of righteousness, and do not destroy the natural balance of the world for the sake of their desires. The nether world is filled with demons who want only to end the lives of mortals. There are those who can summon demons from hell, but punish them only if they have sinned. Look up at the infinite heavens, and see how far we have come on our journey to immortality!”

Everyone else was listening to the lecture with their full, undivided attention. But not the girl in the white robes—she had cupped her cheeks in her hands, and was now gazing into the far distance with dreamy, unfocused eyes. An enigmatic flicker emerged from the depths of her eyes to fill her azure irides.

There was no concept of time, up on the mountain. It took many, many moons to reach immortality, and the days were long and boring. She could not help wondering what the mortal realm her father had mentioned was like. Was it full of life? Death? Riches? Poverty?

She sighed softly. Suddenly, her smile turned into one of loneliness. The camera zoomed in on her, into the reflection in her eyes: beyond the fairy mountain was the hustle and bustle of the mortal realm. And the mortal realm was exactly as she had guessed it to be—full of senseless life and death.

The fairy mountain neighbored on the mortal realm, but there was a clear distinction between the mortal humans who lived below the mountain, and the immortal fairies who lived above them.

Humans were ordinary creatures who worshiped power and money. They were capable of cruel, unspeakable acts.

“Father, Mother, I’m home.” A man in shabby, patched clothes walked into a rickety grass hut. He set the bamboo basket he was carrying on the floor; the grass hut was empty, save for a worn down table and several battered chairs.

“Father, Mother...”

The man waited for a reply, but none came. He opened the curtains separating the living room from the inner rooms. The color drained from his face: a middle-aged couple lay on the floor, their limbs already stiff with death.

“Father, Mother...” His lips trembled. He refused to believe what he was seeing. He shuffled forward slowly, uncertainly; when he finally reached his parents, his knees buckled and he knelt heavily before them.

“No...” Suddenly, he lifted his face and began screaming like a wild, mindless animal. His scream pierced the heavens; a short distance away, clouds began to turn an ominous dark gray.

Two coffins. One mourning garment, for the son left behind.

Yan Boxuan had lost both parents at the same time. He realized now that he was all alone. The basket he had brought home that day was filled with wild vegetables he had diligently dug up for his parents—vegetables that had turned yellow and inedible.

### **Chapter 129: Someone is Coming Up the Mountain**

After arranging the funeral at home, he packed up some of his clothes and carried the bundle on his back. He moved forward step by step, as if his feet were as heavy as a thousand pieces of gold.

His parents’ bodies didn’t have any scars; they had died for no apparent reason. Everybody said that normal people didn’t die like that, that if something was weird it must be an evil monster. While few people in the village died these days, they died in the same way his parents had, and even the feudal officials could not determine the cause of death. The victims were just considered wronged souls.

But he couldn’t take it, he absolutely wouldn’t take it, he needed to find their murderer and avenge his parents. But he heard the village chief say that perhaps only the immortals of Green Mountain could figure it out and thus, he wanted to go to the Mountain of Immortals and learn how to be an immortal. Then he would get his revenge.

However, he only encountered regular mortal civilians on the Green Mountain. They all knew there were immortals on the mountain but didn’t know where to find them or what they looked like.

Dragging his legs, he moved forward step by step. If he was hungry, he would eat a bite of his own food, if he was thirsty, he would drink a sip of water from the river.

At night, he sat under the trees and touched the object on his neck that his parents had left for him; it was a half new bead. They had told him that it was a family heirloom, it was lucky to wear and it was only passed down to the men of the family. His grandfather passed it to his father, and his father passed it to him when he was born. Thus, he had worn it for almost twenty years, but wearing it didn’t seem to have any benefits.

He took the bead off and put it in front of his eyes. He looked at the bead in the light of the moon, it was still half new without any changes.

Suddenly, a ferocious-looking face swooped down from the tree. He opened his mouth in shock and his hand released the bead, which dropped into his mouth. His throat rolled a little and he swallowed it down.

He suddenly widened his eyes, covered his abdomen, and fell on the ground, both of his hands and legs twitching severely.

The ghostly face seemed to be frightened and stunned for a long time.

“Hey, what’s wrong with you, did you just die of fright?”

It was a woman’s voice.

“Hey, wake up.” The ghostly face reached out and shook the man, whose eyes were rolling back into his head every so often. She took her mask off, she wasn’t a devil or a monster, but a young lady.

Yan Boxuan widened his eyes, he couldn’t say anything and his pupils contracted. In the end, he fell on the ground, still.

He woke up some time later, shivering with cold. He rubbed his eyes and gently touched his belly. He remembered how he had swallowed his family heirloom. He wasn’t sure if that was real or not, however, and touched his neck. There was nothing there and he realized he had really swallowed it.

“Are you alright?” A young lady in yellow came in from outside with a bamboo tube in her arms. She handed it to him, “Drink.”

“Thank you.” Yan Boxuan took the bamboo tube and drank it mouthful by mouthful. You could hear the sound of gulping water and the rolling of his Adam’s apple.

The young lady in yellow poked the fire on the ground with a branch.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to scare you.”

“It’s okay,” Yan Boxuan sat down, “I’m rather timid, it was nothing to do with you.” To himself, he added, How did I expect to find immortals on the mountains when I’m such a scaredy cat? How am I going to find out the cause of my parents’ deaths and avenge them?

The lady in yellow felt terribly bad when she heard that he didn’t blame her. She never thought he couldn’t withstand a start, she just gave him a small scare and she almost scared him to death.

Yan Boxuan knew that the lady had misunderstood him but he didn’t explain himself again.

“What’s your name?” the lady asked. “I am Guan Yuexin, you may call me Yuexin.”

“Yan Boxuan.” Yan Boxuan spoke his name and threw a branch into the fire.

“Why are you here?” Guan Yuexin sat down and wrapped her arms tightly around her legs.

“I am going to Green Mountain.”

Yan Boxuan gazed straight forward and a steadfast expression flashed in his eyes. He would go to Green Mountain, he must go to Green Mountain or he would die.

“What are you going to do there?” Guan Yuexin asked, pursing her lips. “It isn’t fun at all.”

“I want to avenge my parents,” Yan Boxuan said drily, but there was a heavy pain in his eyes.

“Alright.” Guan Yuexin stopped talking, but soon after she lifted her face up, “Well, as an apology, I will take you there.”

“Really?” Yan Boxuan grabbed Guan Yuexin’s hand suddenly, he was so excited that he forgot it was improper for man and woman to touch each other. Guan Yuexin’s face turned red and her hand that was in his was burning hot. She even spoke with a stammer.

“Well, yes, I- I can take you, but it’s up to you whether you can actually get there or not.”

Yan Boxuan realized how inappropriate it was to hold her hand, and he hurried to release it. “Miss Guan, thank you.”

“You’re welcome.” They were both embarrassed, and one of them went to pick up firewood while the other sat down and looked at the fire. They had nothing to say to each other until the next morning.

“It’s here.” Guan Yuexin shifted her direction and pointed to the steps that headed to the sky, “This is the path up to the top of the Green Mountain, you can only go up from here. There’s only so much I can do. The rest you have to do on your own.”

“Thank you.” Yan Boxuan bowed with his hands clasped together in front of Guan Yuexin. Her help had been enough, it was his great fortune to find the way to the Green Mountain. Green Mountain was right in front of him, no matter how many steps there were, he would climb them.

He tied his bundle onto his back, then he moved up the steps. Until he could no longer be seen, Guan Yuexin stood at the bottom of the steps and waved to him. “Goodbye, I wish you good luck.”

She turned to begin walking away, but with each step she took her body slowly faded away.

At the same time, on the top of the Green Mountain, a string of bells rang.

“Someone is coming up the mountain?”

### **Chapter 130: Teacher And Student**

Qing Yao stood up. Her long robe swept against the floor as she walked towards the pool that was shimmering with light of all colors. A wispy mist hung above the still water surface.

She stepped forward, the ends of her robe brushing against the surface of the water. A water mirror appeared in mid-air; she seated herself at the edge of the pool, and began to kick the water with her feet, sending tiny sprays of water into the air. It was a captivating sight.

Inside the water mirror, Yan Boxuan could be seen struggling to climb up the steps.

“You won’t make it. You’re not going to get to the top.”

She rested her chin on a hand as she toyed idly with the tips of her hair. Her movements were languid and casual.

Lu Yi opened the door to his apartment. He was about to say something, but Ye Shuyun turned around and shushed him.

Lu Yi understood: his mother wanted him to shut up. He changed into his indoor slippers and was about to go upstairs when he caught a glimpse of the TV. The screen was showing the side profile of a young girl sitting beside a pool, her slender, milky white legs splashing aimlessly through the water as she swung them back and forth.

“Miss, the chief is looking for you.” A flustered voice sounded from outside.

Qing Yao extended a hand. The water mirror shattered, vanishing into the pool below. She got up, and walked slowly across the pool on an invisible bridge with her bare feet. In the next shot, she had emerged outside with shoes on her feet.

An otherworldly aura enveloped her body. Her clear, innocent eyes shone from her noble face.

This was clearly a girl who was both mystical and haughty at the same time.

Lu Yi walked over to Ye Shuyun and seated himself beside her. He leisurely stretched his legs and began watching the TV show.

On the TV, Master Qingshan pointed at the young man before him and said to Qing Yao:

“Qing Yao, this man is now your junior brother.”

Qing Yao was stunned. Beneath her quivering eyelashes, a mystified look flashed across her eyes. She was quite sure she had just been watching the man before her through her water mirror. She gaped at him uncharacteristically.

For the first time in her life, the daughter of the head of the distinguished Qingshan Sect was too stunned to keep up her frosty, haughty demeanor.

She stared in open disbelief at the young man in shabby, tattered clothing. This... lowly creature... was now her junior brother?

And that was the end of the episode. Ye Shuyun rubbed her eyes, unable to believe that the credits were rolling. The two episodes for the day were over, just like that, and most of the scenes had revolved around the male lead. Her Little Golden Silkworm had barely gotten any screentime! Now she would have to wait until next week.

The show, which was still filming even as it went on air, had been given weekend prime time slots, with two episodes airing on Saturday, and another two episodes airing on Sunday. The show had debuted on Sunday, which meant that viewers had to wait until the following Saturday for the next episodes.

Ye Shuyun was disappointed. The day's episodes had zipped right by. She needed more, and the thought of having to wait another six days made her sad.

“Oh, Lu Yi. I didn't see you.” Ye Shuyun finally noticed that her son was sitting beside her. “When did you get home?”

Lu Yi let out a soft sigh. "Mom, sometimes I wonder if I'm really your son. Would you rather exchange me for that girl on TV just now?" He had seen his mother's obsession with "her Little Golden Silkworm;" she checked the actress's Weibo every day, and even left comments on it with her silly account name: "Innocent Auntie." Lu Yi had to wonder whether his mother had lost her marbles.

Ye Shuyun squinted at her son. "Of course I'd rather have the Little Golden Silkworm! Why would I want you? You're not a pretty, considerate, loving daughter!"

Lu Yi shook his head in resignation. He got up to go to his room, surprised that he had actually sat down to watch TV. He could not remember the last time he had watched an entire TV episode, let alone a Xianxia show, which had never interested him.

He went into his room, took a shower, changed into his pajamas, and then checked Yan Huan's Weibo page as he lay on his bed. It was part of his daily routine now. Her Weibo was flooded with comments; she had uploaded a new photo of herself in full Journey to Fairyland costume, cheekily flashing a "peace" sign at the camera.

She seemed much more friendly and down-to-earth in her photos, compared to her aloof, haughty, and otherworldly image as Qing Yao on TV.

He scrolled upwards to check the Weibo stats. There were already over a thousand comments on that photo, and her follower count had increased to over 5,000. There had only been several hundred followers when he checked the stats a few days ago. It was a massive spike in her popularity; in fact, he could actually see the follower count increase in real time as he lingered on the page.

Innocent Auntie: "My daughter is sooooo pretty! She's divine! That face, that expression, that sweet, youthful radiance... she's a true auntie-killer!"

I'm Really A Cabbage: "^^^^ Auntie, OF COURSE our goddess is beautiful. Look at her, she can stand next to Liang Chen and look every bit as gorgeous. My goddess, I'm so in love with you."

Luoluo Lanlan: "I can't be the only one who thinks my goddess has perfect legs! Who else is with me on this?"

Call Me Xiao Ming: "Of course they're perfect! She's my goddess! Goddess, I want to shine your shoes and wash your feet."

Small Stool: "^^^^ Count me in! OMG, my goddess is such a bombshell. That look in her eyes kills me every time. And did you all see that stunt where she bent over backwards? I'm 100% sure she didn't use a double for that."

Fake Innocent Auntie: "Duh, why would she use a double? My daughter used to be a professional stunt double herself, and I heard that she's doing all her stunts. I'm so proud of her, but my heart aches when I think about how much work it must be for her. My poor baby!"

Yan Huan's other followers all replied with a heartbreak emoji after that.

Lu Yi set his phone down. He got out of bed, made a cup of milk tea for himself, and grabbed his laptop from his desk. He got back into bed and began watching Journey to Fairyland from the very beginning.

The day's episodes were already near the end when he returned home earlier that day, so he had missed out on the first episode. He drank his milk tea as he watched the show on his laptop screen. The blue light from his screen fell upon his face; it was a deep, tranquil blue, like the dark blue of a peaceful sky.

Just then, his phone began to ring.

Lu Yi's fingers tightened around the empty cup in his hand; he had finished the entire cup of milk tea without realizing it. He reached out and grabbed his phone—it was Fang Zhu.

He put his phone to his ear.

"Hello..." It was a flat, toneless voice, a voice that matched his no-nonsense character. He was not a romantic; in fact, he did not know what it meant to be one. But that applied to the woman on the other end of the line as well.

"Why didn't you call me?" The woman on the other end was evidently not in a good mood; she sounded like she was interrogating him. Lu Yi could see, in his mind's eye, Fang Zhu sitting primly on a chair in her house, every strand of hair on her head tucked meticulously in place. A thought occurred to him: this was not an interrogation. This was a teacher getting upset at her student for not having done his homework.

Lu Yi checked the watch on his wrist. Was he supposed to call her every day? This did not feel like a romantic relationship. It felt like a mission he had been assigned with.

"Sorry. I was in the shower just now," Lu Yi said simply, skipping over the rest of the details.