

Chapter 161: Director Huang Had No Money

That day, Yan Huan met the director of Divorced. The director was surnamed Huang. He was a new director and nobody. Yan Huan knew that the film which made Su Muran a movie star was directed by Huang Ming, Director Huang. But that was years later and the current situation was....

Director Huang was just started his career.

There was no one invested in Director Huang's film.

Director Huang had no money.

"Hi, Miss Yan." Huang Ming gave Yan Huan his hand. He was shy and his face turned red when he shook hands with Yan Huan.

"Hi." Yan Huan would like to befriend with Huang Ming, she wanted to know what kind of person he was as he was able to get an international award at a young age.

Then, she realized that he was a little shy man.

"Miss Yan, thank you for participating in my movie," Huang Ming was still very shy. Rubbing his hand, he was nervous that he spoke with a stammer.

If Yan Huan didn't experience in her previous life, she would not believe that the man would have outstanding achievements in the future and made Su Muran became popular.

She was here today not only because she wanted to play in the film of Divorced but also beat Su Muran to it.

Su Muran, Su Muran, her heart had a piercing pain every time she thought of the name which was the same as Lu Qin. She knew that she wasn't strong enough to beat Su Muran and thus, she had to gain more experience and improve her skills before Su Muran became famous. Otherwise, let alone revenge, she would die in uncertain circumstances.

"Miss Yan, what's the matter with you?"

Huang Ming asked Yan Huan carefully as she suddenly lost in thought. Was she thinking of something else or she had her own ideas? If she refused to shoot the film, who was he going to ask for it?

After all, it was hard to ask for the actress who had a sudden rise in her value to play in his film as the superstars didn't even have an interest in the film. For the unknown actresses, they had poor acting. It was rare that Yan Huan was willing to join his cast.

"It's nothing." Yan Huan took back her mind and no longer thought about the future. After all, it was still a few years away from Su Mu returned to the country. It was enough for her to build up her acting skill in those years.

"Let's discuss the details of the film." Huang Ming could set his mind at ease as long as she didn't refuse him.

But then, he was embarrassed to say that.

“Miss Yan, to tell you the truth, we don’t have much money to pay you at a high remuneration.”

“That’s all right.” Yan Huan didn’t think about getting high pay. She just truly liked the script and it was really a good film.

Yan Huan was very obliging and Huang Ming felt sorry, “I have two options, please hear me out.” Huang told her beforehand as this was the best offer that he could give her.

“The first option is I will pay you a hundred thousands of remuneration.” Huang Ming felt embarrassed to say that but then, he relaxed. Fortunately, she didn’t give him a cold shoulder.

“And the second is,” He paused, then continued, “how about thirty per cent of box-office net receipts, Miss Yan? It might not be very good, but I’ll try.”

Yan Huan blinked her eyes.

Thirty per cent? That’s a little bit high.

After deducting the cost and cinemas’ processing fee, there were nearly three hundred million of box-office net receipts left. Thirty per cent was nearly one hundred million, it was a huge amount of money. Looking at the simple and honest man, she couldn’t bear to take his advantage, but thinking of her situation, she was short of money and connections. She was short of everything except a kind heart and thus, she had to accept the money.

She wouldn’t hesitate to repay his favour if Huang Ming needed her help in the future.

“I will choose option two.” Yan Huan lowered her head and she caught his happiness on his face out of the corner of her eyes. Poor Huang Ming, Yan Huan felt like she was cheating him. Perhaps he was thinking that Yan Huan was helping him and he felt sorry for her.

It was a mate’s rate and he couldn’t find another cheaper price. In his view, the box-office of Divorced might be hundreds of thousands. After deducting the cost, cinema’s shared revenue and other actors’ payments, Yan Huan might get less than a hundred thousand of remunerations.

They were pondering over something but in the end, both of them would have the last laugh.

After all, Huang Ming got what he wanted and this was a golden opportunity to lay the best and solid foundation for his career.

Divorced shot in a hurry as it had a scene in winter. It was snowing now and they wouldn’t need to make snow artificially, otherwise, they had to wait for the next winter.

This was a rare chance and they had to economize wherever possible as the play was short of funds.

Yan Huan notified her company in advance and then she started shooting of Divorced. At the same time, Journey to Fairyland had reached its climax and Qing Yao had become a demon.

People hated her but also sympathized with her. When they were filled with sympathy for her but they wished she could die immediately, contradictions were presented on Qing Yao. Journey to Fairyland broke the records of ratings and it was the highest ratings of the TV show in recent years.

It would soon be New Year's Day, Journey to Fairyland needed to get high ratings so that it would broadcast during the three-days holiday for New Year. A total of fifteen episodes would be broadcast for two weeks which was the most interesting part of the drama.

As for the rest, Yan Huan had no time to attend. Yi Ling asked her to join in the variety show, Yan Huan refused to participate as she wanted to shoot more films and earn more money, and also to gain more experiences.

It was a pity that Yan Huan refused to participate as there were a lot of variety shows had invited her. As long as she participated, she would have plenty of screentime. But, she had refused flatly.

Yi Ling could only shrug her shoulders and stick out her tongue.

In the winter, Yan Huan was thinly clad and shrank at the corner. A lot of cameras and lighting technicians gathered around her. At that moment, she wasn't Yan Huan but a girl who just graduated from university. She gave up the job of state enterprise and delivered milk and newspaper door to door. Sometimes, she would deliver food too. She raised her head and her hair already covered by a layer of snow.

Chapter 162: Women Know The Best Way To Hurt One Another

She huddled into her clothes, and carefully raised her red, icy hands to her mouth to warm them with her breath. She kept her stack of newspapers close to her chest, afraid that they would be soaked by the falling snow.

I'm not cold, she told herself, I'm not cold at all. Once she finished selling her newspapers, she would be able to buy a bowl of noodles in hot and sour soup for Song Yang. She felt that he deserved it because he had it so much harder; all she had to do was hawk newspapers on the street, but he had to work overtime at his office—long after his colleagues had already gone home—and ingratiate himself with his superiors just to get them to notice him and provide him with opportunities to further his career.

She hugged the newspapers in her arms closer to her chest. A layer of snow coated her long lashes; she smiled valiantly, even though her hands were already red and swollen from the freezing cold.

"Cut!" yelled Huang Ming quickly. He rubbed his own hands to warm them.

"Let's move on to the next scene." Huang Ming was concerned that Yan Huan would not be able to stand the cold. He was wrapped in a large winter coat, but that did not stop him from shivering. He could not imagine what it was like for Yan Huan, who was barely dressed for the weather because they needed her to look a certain way on camera. It was winter: the snow was real, and the temperature was five degrees below Celsius. It was, quite literally, freezing cold.

Yan Huan got to her feet. Her entire body had gone numb from the cold; her fingers were so stiff now she did not think she could bend them.

She rubbed her arms before starting the next scene.

Xiang Ke experienced firsthand the best and worst in people as she tried to sell her newspapers. Some people readily bought newspapers from her; others gave her dirty, annoyed looks. And then there were

the hot-tempered ones who had been stewing over pent-up frustrations all day; one of them decided to vent their anger on her by deliberately scattering her newspapers all over the floor.

Divorced was primarily a tearjerker. The more tears the audience shed, the better the reviews.

Everything had to be realistic. It had to be real.

Bam! Yan Huan fell onto the snow. She struggled to get up, her face and hair covered with white snow. It was so cold now all color had drained from her face. Finally, she got up and looked at her palms; they were bloody from where she had scraped them against the floor.

Huang Ming froze as he deliberated whether to yell “cut.” The blood on Yan Huan’s hands was real; she had accidentally scraped them during her fall.

Yan Huan steadied herself. She looked at the snow on the ground, and grabbed a fistful of icy cold snow to rub into her palms. She bit her pale, colorless lip as her eyes grew red and misty—but she did not cry.

Her hands trembled as she bent to recover the scattered newspapers from the floor. The last newspaper was already soaked from the snow by the time she picked it up. As soon as she retrieved it, she sank to her knees and began to cry into her armful of newspapers.

Everyone on set found her silent, choking weeping painful to watch. A few of the men, usually stoic and hard as nails, could not help the tears gathering in their eyes.

Huang Ming wiped the tears from his eyes. Determination surged within him; he would make a good movie, come hell or high water.

“Does it hurt?” Yi Ling carefully bandaged Yan Huan’s hands. “Are you filming a movie, or are you trying to kill yourself? How’d you get this badly injured?”

“It’s not that bad.” Yan Huan smiled cheerfully. It actually hurt a lot, but as soon as she thought of her share of the 100 million yuan box office revenue, she knew that she had to give it her all. It would not be right for her to take a share of the profits if she faked it through.

Most of the actors were newcomers, but the shoot for Divorced progressed quickly and smoothly nevertheless. The actor for Song Yang had a few movies and TV shows under his belt, but it was his first time participating in a melodrama. Throughout the shoot, Huang Ming told Yan Huan several times, in tones of gratitude, that she was the sole pillar supporting the project.

Yan Huan could only smile wryly at that. She had forgotten about the actress who had played Xiang Ke in her previous life; all she could remember was that the little known actress who had gotten the role had enjoyed a boost in popularity after the movie, but had then quickly married a rich heir and disappeared from showbiz. Back then, Yan Huan had thought that the actress was foolish to give up on her career so early; now, however, she felt that the actress had been wise to do so.

Showbiz was a pot of murky dye—there was no hope of finding true love in it.

They had finished shooting the first half of Divorced. It was now time to shoot the scene in which Xiang Ke discovered Song Yang’s infidelity by catching him red-handed, in bed with another woman.

Xiang Ke placed her hand on the door handle. There was a pair of high heels outside the door; they were red, the one color she never wore because it was too bright and flashy for her tastes.

She was terrified of the sight that awaited her behind the door.

She left her hand on the door handle for what seemed like an eternity as she tried to muster the courage to face what lay beyond. She knew what she saw next could very well shatter her life into pieces.

Should she feign ignorance, or accept the truth?

Should she remain with him, in honor of all the promises they had made to each other?

Or should she laugh at the unrealistic, impractical oaths they had made during their impulsive youth?

At that moment, Xiang Ke was Yan Huan, and Yan Huan was Xiang Ke.

In her mind, the occupants of the bedroom had turned into Lu Qin and Su Muran.

There were many similarities between Yan Huan and Xiang Ke. But Xiang Ke was a fictional woman, and the fictional women in tearjerker stories tended to have happy endings: she had lost everything, yes, but she would eventually meet the man who had faithfully waited for her, the man who loved her from the bottom of his heart.

Yan Huan, on the other hand, had met an untimely demise in her previous life. That was one of the reasons why she had wanted to act in this movie no matter what—it was the story of her life, but with a happy ending. She found it ironic.

Her other hand balled into a fist. Finally, she opened the door with a burst of sudden strength.

Yan Huan believed that she and Xiang Ke were fundamentally the same: they were the type to choose death over dishonor. They refused to wag their tails like a sad, pitiful puppy. They did not want love that was uncertain and nebulous. They rejected love that was bestowed upon them like alms upon a beggar. And they abhorred any kind of emotional manipulation by the men in their lives.

They were kind, gentle souls, but that did not mean they had given up their dignity.

The couple inside the room were in the middle of “doing it” when they heard the door open. They froze in place, their lewd postures leaving nothing to the imagination.

She saw the love bites and claw marks on their pasty white skin. It made her feel like throwing up.

Song Yang was already pushing 30, but time had not blessed him with maturity, and money had not provided him with wisdom. All he had gained over the years was the rolls of fat around his waist—fat that, at that moment, was still wobbling from the inertia of his “activity.”

Xiang Ke watched them frantically hunt for their clothes, her eyes cold. The man was her husband of nearly five years; the woman, his new secretary.

The woman put on her clothes. Just as she was about to leave, Xiang Ke suddenly grabbed her by the arm.

The actress playing the secretary had yet to react or say her lines when she saw the icy look in Xiang Ke's eyes. It was a look of deep hatred, one that only another woman would be able to understand. All women understood one another; that mutual understanding led to a sense of solidarity and sympathy between women, but at the same time, it also meant that women knew the best way to hurt one another.

Chapter 163: Knocked Out

She lifted her hand and the secretary screamed when she was about to slap her.

"Xiang Ke, what are you doing?"

Song Yang stood up suddenly, he grasped her hand angrily, "That's enough."

"Enough?" Xiang Ke muttered, she inhabited her role and became the character at the moment.

"What did you mean enough? Tell me!" She took a step forward and Song Yang couldn't help stepping back a step.

"Who was the one that worked hard in the city with you? Who was the one that would rather go without eating and drinking but never let you go hungry?"

"Who was the one that never bought herself a piece of cloth and a bag in the three years?"

"And who was the one that picked the bottles through garbage? Who was the one that gave up her pride and everything just to help you out?"

"Tell me, you are rich now and do I still help you out to fulfil you, bitch?"

Xiang Ke kept moving forward, she approached him every step and Song Yang was ashamed of her every single word. Song Yang lifted his hand, Slap! He slapped her pale face.

He was too deep in the play and gave her a stinging slap. In fact, they just had to look for the angle for shooting. But Yan Huan said it before and thus, she was cuffed on the face.

Xiang Ke fell backwards on the ground, her abdomen hit the table severely.

"Let's go," Song Yang pulled his secretary away, and when he reached the door, he stopped.

"Xiang Ke, since you have seen everything, do whatever you think is best. You couldn't even give birth to a child in these five years, so what's the point to keep you by my side." His words stabbed her heart cruelly like a knife.

But, both of them knew that.....

Xiang Ke was pregnant before, but their living conditions would not allow them to have children at that time. If they had a child and if Xiang Ke didn't go to work, they couldn't even support themselves, let alone to raise a child.

Xiang Ke went to the hospital alone to have an abortion later. At that moment, she lay down on the hospital bed with tears streaming down her cheeks, she cried for her innocent child, the child that she killed personally.

Song Yang left with his secretary, but he didn't know that Xiang Ke was covering her abdomen and the blood was bleeding from her vagina.

Xiang Ke put her hand on her abdomen for long, the pain was telling her that she was losing something and she couldn't stop it.

"No!" Yan Huan opened her eyes suddenly, she didn't even know whether she was Xiang Ke or Yan Huan at the moment.

She wanted to save her child, her unborn and six-month-old child. She wanted to stand up but her legs were too weak.

Huang Ming thought Yan Huan would like to call a stop, but then she continued her acting which Huang Ming didn't expect, she lay on the ground and crawled forward, the blood kept bleeding from her vagina but she still tightly grabbed the ground with her fingers, he almost could see her broken fingernails.

Her eyes were red with despair which she almost had an emotional collapse.

It seemed that she still could faintly hear the words that the doctor had said at that time.

The child was fully formed.

The child was dead.

The father collected his child fetus blood but dumped her into the garbage can like rubbish.

"Ah!" Suddenly, Yan Huan screamed with her head in her arms, she pulled her hair and almost fell into the terrible illusion.

Then she felt weak all over and lay on the ground. She still had the feeling of despair even if she closed her eyes.

Lu Yi said the child was a girl.

Lu Yi said, he buried her daughter.

"Huanhuan." Yi Ling was terribly frightened, she quickly threw the things in her hand and ran over to hold Yan Huan's head in her hands. Yan Huan fell into a swoon, she went mad with negative emotions which she never had.

"Huanhuan, don't scare me." Yi Ling patted Yan Huan's face continuously, her face was swollen because the slap.

But no one could deny, she was a woman who was blessed by God for she still looked beautiful even when her face was swollen

"Hey, stop patting." The actor, Li Yuebing who played the role of Song Yang ran over, "Her face will be swollen."

Yi Ling stared at him."

"Didn't you slap Huanhuan until her face is swollen and fainted?"

Li Yuebing was dumbfounded by her question, he was innocent. Yan Huan requested him to slap her. She said it wouldn't get good results if he didn't do it and they must dedicate themselves to art.

He dedicated his hand and Yan Huan dedicated her face.

But his strength wasn't strong enough to make her passed out and they were just acting. He didn't have any internal energy or power, though he slapped her, he didn't knock her out.

He had no such ability.

He didn't really knock her out.

"Send her to the hospital first." Li Yuebing was worried as he was afraid that he did knock her out. Looking at his hand and there was a sour expression on his face.

Yi Ling hugged Yan Huan and cried her heart out, she didn't know what to do. What if anything should happen to Yan Huan, how was she going to live without her?

When the ambulance arrived, the doctor said Yan Huan was just too tired and caught a cold so that she was passed out. She would be fine as long as she took a good rest for a few days.

Yi Ling quickly wiped her tears and followed the doctor to the hospital.

"Did you shoot the scene?" Huang Ming wiped his sweat, he was badly scared. This was the first time that he saw such a brilliant performance, she was dedicated to her work until the end even she fainted. She was really a good actress.

He kept her in mind, he decided to ask her to play in his every film in the future.

Yan Huan didn't even know that Huang Ming considered her devoted to her work because she had truly inhabited the role and became confused with the past and present. But actually, she had struggled to return to reality.

When they arrived at the hospital, the nurse put the drip for Yan Huan and she looked much better. In fact, she hadn't fainted, but she just fell asleep. When people had already reached the limit of their physical strength or they were too uptight, they might have the same situation once they got relaxed. But they would be fine as long as they took a good rest.

Chapter 164: Savior

A doctor walked in. He spent a long moment going over Yan Huan's medical history, and then finally looked at his patient. When he saw who it was, he froze in place.

"Huh, it's her."

"Oh, you know her too, Dr. He?" The nurse covered her mouth as she giggled. "It's Yan Huan, the actress. She's actually prettier in person than on TV! She's asleep now, but once she's awake I'm going to ask her for an autograph. If it weren't for the hospital dean's orders to keep this a secret, I'm sure everyone in the hospital would have squeezed in here to gawk at her by now.""

"Oh, really?"

The doctor adjusted his glasses. He was not interested in celebrities; he was so busy with work he barely had time to go home, much less watch TV. In his opinion, celebrity news and gossip were best left to young women—he was just too old to keep up with the latest trends now.

He was interested in Yan Huan because he had been looking for her for a long time. Lu Yi had asked him to help look for her, and he had spent nearly half a year doing exactly that, to no avail. Now, she had finally reappeared before him, and he was 100% sure that this was Lu Yi's anonymous blood donor. He recognized the small beauty mark in one of her eyebrows; most people would not have noticed it, not unless they knew what they were looking for.

He was therefore absolutely certain that this was the woman Lu Yi had been looking for. She had the same rare blood type, after all.

He had been a doctor for many years, but had only seen this particular blood type a handful of times. That was how rare it was. He had paid extra attention to this specific blood type whenever he came across it because his good friend, Lu Yi, was of the same blood type. As a friend and doctor, he wanted to make sure Lu Yi would always have a blood donor whenever he needed one.

But it was so rare it was always a surprise whenever he met a patient with the same blood type.

He went out of the room and took out his phone to call Lu Yi.

At that very moment, Lu Yi was in the middle of reviewing documents for work. His face was entirely devoid of expression; everything about him screamed "go away, I'm busy."

"Lu Yi, it's me, He Yibin. I found the person you're looking for."

A few hours later, Lu Yi arrived at the hospital. He had rushed over to the hospital as soon as he was able to because He Yibin had told him that his anonymous blood donor was there.

He had to know for sure: was it Yan Huan?

"In there." He Yibin pointed to one of the rooms. "I've asked the lady who came in with her to step outside for a minute."

"What happened to her?" Lu Yi asked as he entered the room. His face remained impassive when he saw the woman lying on the bed; he had already guessed that it was Yan Huan, and his guess had turned out to be correct.

He wondered what had happened. She had been perfectly fine a few days ago; he had watched her walk in his footprints to buy steamed buns for breakfast. Why was she back in the hospital now?

"It's nothing serious, just a case of fatigue. I hear she's a somewhat famous actress."

Lu Yi walked over to the bed. After a moment's hesitation, he reached out and placed his hand on her forehead. Her temperature was normal; she was only fast asleep. He noted that she had lost weight again, and wondered if she was not eating properly.

"Hang on a second," He Yibin rubbed his chin. "Lu Yi, do you actually know her?"

“Yeah, we live in the same community,” Lu Yi replied honestly. “I had a feeling it was her, but I wasn’t sure.”

“What? Why didn’t you ask me to identify her? I spent so much time looking for her!” He Yibin felt as though he had been played.

“You didn’t ask me about it.” Lu Yi had not thought to ask He Yibin because he had more or less guessed the truth already. Still, he was grateful to have He Yibin finally confirm his suspicions. Now he knew for sure that Yan Huan remembered him, but did not want anything to do with him. He wondered if she hated him.

He did not understand it. It made no sense for her to have donated over 1000cc of her blood to him if she hated him. Normal people with common blood types would not have donated that much blood for a stranger, let alone someone with blood as rare as hers.

Lu Yi straightened himself and placed his hands into his pockets. “Give her the best medical care available. I’ll pay her medical fees.” He thought about it, and added, “But don’t let her know.”

“Why?” He Yibin was puzzled. “What, is this some kind of game where the two of you try to do good things for each other anonymously? She saved your life, you know. I don’t think paying her medical fees would be enough to repay your debt to her. It is my scientific opinion that you should repay her with your body.”

Lu Yi gave him a frosty sidelong glance. The message was obvious: “shut up.”

“Fine.” He Yibin raised his hands in mock surrender. “I won’t ask or bring it up again.”

Lu Yi turned around to take one last look at Yan Huan—who was still fast asleep—before moving towards the door.

“Leaving already?” He Yibin asked, surprised.

“Yeah.” Lu Yi opened the door. “I still have work to do.”

He Yibin shrugged his shoulders. “There you go again. I don’t understand what that Fang Zhu sees in you. She must be blind. Any normal woman would have dumped you for your robotic, insensitive personality by now.”

Lu Yi said nothing. He did not know whether Fang Zhu was blind. All he knew was that they were supposed to be in a romantic relationship.

He shut the door firmly behind him as he left, sealing the barrier between his world and Yan Huan’s.

They were from opposite ends of the spectrum. They were as different as light and darkness.

Their lives ran in parallel, never to intersect. They would gradually drift apart from each other, the distance between them widening as they went their separate ways. This was fate. This was reincarnation.

They would find the right person to love this time.

Yan Huan woke up the next day. She opened her eyes, and recognized the way her body ached all over. She knew then that she had overextended herself.

She sat up. There was a faint smell of disinfectant in the clean, cool air.

Her body was warm, but her heart was cold.

This was a hospital.

She hated hospitals.

Yi Ling was asleep, draped over the side of the bed. Yan Huan did not wake her; instead, she slipped out of the bed and dressed herself. She would go to the hospital reception and ask to be discharged. She did not have the luxury of staying in the hospital.

She was an actress. She had a movie to finish. This was her job, her responsibility.

But when she arrived at the reception, the hospital staff told her that all the paperwork had already been dealt with. Her bill had already been paid for, and she was free to leave at any time.

Yan Huan assumed that the Director Huang's production team had done all that for her. She returned to her room; Yi Ling was still asleep.

Yan Huan felt her cheek. It was still sore from the vicious slap. She pouted; she knew she could not blame the actor because she had specifically asked him not to hold back, but she had not expected him to literally take her word for it and go all out on a young, frail woman.

"Huanhuan..."

Yi Ling rubbed her eyes as she sat up. She saw Yan Huan sitting in the chair beside the hospital bed, seemingly staring into space. Yi Ling was suddenly afraid; she wondered whether the slap had somehow left Yan Huan mentally impaired.

"Yeah, I'm here." Yan Huan turned to look at Yi Ling. "I've completed the discharge procedures, I can leave now."

"Oh..." Yi Ling was still groggy from sleep. She rubbed her eyes again. "Okay, you've been discharged. Wait, discharged?" She leapt to her feet as her brain finally caught up with what Yan Huan had just told her.

"Huanhuan, you want to leave? Now? You're not going to stay here in the hospital?"

"Yeah. I'm not staying here. I'm fine, I still have to finish the rest of my scenes." Yan Huan was telling the truth: she was feeling perfectly fine. It had only been a momentary loss of control, triggered by past nightmares.

Chapter 165: Five Years of Marriage

Yi Ling shook her head, what a brave woman. Then, she didn't say anything to Yan Huan.

She knew her well, Yan Huan was a stubborn woman. Fortunately, the doctor said her condition was improving and she could be discharged anytime. Otherwise, she would knock her out to let her stay here.

They went back without going through formalities for discharge, they already left the hospital when He Yibin made the rounds of the wards.

He had to call Lu Yi.

“Hey, Lu Yi, your saviour has been discharged from the hospital. Besides, I will send you the bill.”

“Got it.” Lu Yi was having a meal with Fang Zhu. She had finished eating when he hung up the phone. She looked at Lu Yi and spoke in a flat tone, “I have finished eating and I am going to class.”

She didn’t move though she said that.

Looking at the food that he had just taken a few mouthfuls, he could only rise to his feet and put on his clothes. Fang Zhu lifted her ass from the chair after he stood up.

Because she wanted Lu Yi to send her back.

That was his duty as a boyfriend.

But she didn’t even know or perhaps she didn’t want to know that when he had his last meal. He had worked all day in the previous day and he was too busy to eat a mouthful. Thus, he didn’t have a meal for a day.

I wouldn’t ask you unless you tell me.

They were a match made in heaven as Ye Shuyun mentioned.

Well, they were quite a perfect match.

Huang Ming relaxed when Yan Huan returned to the studio.

“Are you alright?” He was worried about Yan Huan, “Do you want to take a couple of days off?”

“I’m fine.” Yan Huan felt embarrassed, “Sorry for making you worried, I just didn’t sleep well these couple of days, nothing serious.”

Huang Ming wanted her to rest more actually. After all, she had given them a fright when she fainted. Wouldn’t it be scary if a healthy person passed out suddenly?

However, Yan Huan requested to continue shooting, since they didn’t have a strong backing, it couldn’t be better as long as the actors could inhabit their roles.

Xiang Ke came out of the hospital, there wasn’t much colour in her face. She put her hand on her abdomen, she could feel nothing as the baby was gone.

And she knew that she had lost her child the day he was born.

And her husband, the man who vowed to love her for the rest of his life, didn’t even gave her a call. Did he know that he had killed his child because of a slap?

No, perhaps he didn't want the child too, Xiang Ke knew that their marriage had come to an end.

She was no longer the red mole in his heart but a rotten cabbage, she wasn't even a chicken rib, though chicken rib wasn't worth eating, it wasn't bad enough to throw away. However, she was just rubbish which could be simply abandoned.

She bit her colourless lips, the sun shone upon her white face, fine hairs and blue veins could be seen dimly in her face with a trace of struggle in her eyes, and there was nothing else.

Xiang Ke returned to their home, she smelled a cloud of faint smell dust when she opened the door. As usual, she walked in and changed the slippers, then she walked to desk with her finger swept over the desk, the desk was left with a trace.

He wouldn't come back home as long as she didn't.

He would come back home every day to show off their love in the past in order to save his face. But they had quarrelled openly and thus, he would not come back home anymore.

She sat in front of the telephone, then she picked up the phone and dialled the number that she remembered well in her mind. She could get through on the phone several times but there was only the sound of hanging up.

He didn't answer her call.

This time, she dialled to Song Yang's office.

"I am looking for Song Yang."

Suddenly, she smiled ironically after she hung up the phone, he went on a business trip overseas with his secretary. But obviously, they went vacationing.

Xiang Ke put down the phone, she could wait. Song Yang was very worried otherwise, he wouldn't hide abroad. She knew him very well, he was afraid that she would stir up trouble in his company and he would lose his face.

She knew him well, but how about Song Yang?

It seemed that he didn't know her full well.

She rose to her feet and began to clean the house, suddenly the tears rolled down in beads from her eyes and fell inside the dust.

"Cut!" Huang Ming shouted it seemed that Yan Huan would pass out at any time at the moment. Huang Ming was afraid that she would fall into a swoon but Yan Huan wasn't as weak as he thought.

A good actor needed a strong and healthy body.

Yan Huan always knew that and thus, she wouldn't force herself if she wouldn't be able to go on, otherwise, she would affect herself and the others.

Yan Huan took a break and drank some water, then she continued to shoot.

The literary film had a small investment and a small setting, it could only rely on the performance of the actors and the skills of the director to judge whether it was good or bad. Yan Huan didn't know that how did Huang Ming express the idea of the film through the lens, but she knew she should put her best effort into her part.

"Why did you call me?" Song Yang pulled a long face and sat in front of Xiang Ke. He spoke in a monotonous tone and there wasn't any change in his eyes. They were once the most intimate couple but they watched out for each other like an enemy.

"I am pregnant." Xiang Ke said drily.

Song Yang frowned, "How many months?" He didn't look happy, nothing at all. But he felt a bit irritated, anyway, he was old enough to have a child.

"He is gone." Xiang Ke spoke flatly without smiling or ridiculing, "He is gone when you slapped me to the ground."

Song Yang changed colour abruptly, he pulled his collar and seemed a bit short of breath, he could think of nothing to say.

"Song Yang." Xiang Ke called his name.

Song Yang took a glance at her, "What do you still want to tell me about?" He spoke bluntly and he seemed unable to escape the irritation.

Chapter 166: We'll Still Be Together When We Grow Up

Xiang Ke suddenly laughed. For an instant she seemed to have reverted to the old Xiang Ke from her college days, when she had first met Song Yang. But Song Yang had forgotten all that; they had only been married for five years, but already he had stopped loving her and cherishing their memories together.

"I want a divorce."

"Xiang Ke, are you out of your mind?" It had never occurred to Song Yang to get a divorce. He had just established his company—getting divorced now would mean having to give Xiang Ke half of his assets. And what if Xiang Ke told everyone about his affair? His reputation would be ruined beyond repair.

"I'm perfectly sane." Xiang Ke had seen at once what Song Yang was worried about. They had been married for five years, not even long enough for the "seven-year itch," and yet Song Yang had already cheated on her. What was the point in staying together?

She was filled only with disgust and revulsion for him.

"I won't divorce you." Song Yang abruptly stood and walked away.

"Don't worry," said Xiang Ke calmly as she watched his retreating back.

"I won't ask for half your assets. All I want is for you to return my salary from the last five years, and my half of the payment for this house. You can keep your car, your company, and the rest of your money. I don't want any of it."

She saw Song Yang pause in mid-stride when he heard that, but he quickly resumed walking.

She did not miss Song Yang's sigh of relief, or the sly look of delight on his face.

Song Yang, on the other hand, did not see her tearful face. He did not see her silently weeping.

Soon after, they were divorced. Song Yang engaged a lawyer to deal with the paperwork for his divorce: he gave Xiang Ke 200,000 yuan, which was a paltry sum compared to how much his company was worth. He had already spent upwards of a million yuan on his mistress, but had deemed that the last five years of Xiang Ke's life, the youth that she had sacrificed to him, the five years of their marriage, and the two children she had lost, were worth only 200,000 yuan.

Xiang Ke walked about her house, caressing the furniture with her fingers. Suddenly, she hugged her favorite chair and began to weep silently. She made no sound, but the tears did not stop falling.

One by one the tears fell, shattering on the floor.

"Zoom in," said Huang Ming to the cameraman.

Director Huang was impressed: not every actor could cry at will. Most actors needed some time to get into the mood, and even then they could not cry as elegantly and prettily as Yan Huan. There was a tragic, heartbreaking quality to her beautiful tears.

After they finished filming the scene, Yan Huan stood up and wiped her eyes. She slipped out of character effortlessly—a minute ago she had been crying bitterly; now, she was already back to her usual smiling self.

They had already finished shooting more than half of the scenes for *Divorced*, and principal production was on track to wrap up in a month's time. It was a low budget film with a simple, straightforward story, and could therefore be completed in less time than most other movies.

Journey to Fairyland had reached its climax as Yan Huan busied herself with the filming for *Divorced*. A Xianxia boom had taken over both the internet and real life; everyone could not stop talking about *Journey to Fairyland*. Even the songs used in the show were so popular now virtually everyone knew how to sing them.

But Yan Huan did not know any of that because she was still filming *Divorced*. The movie was more or less the story of her life, and she was deeply committed to it. Qing Yao had been a success because of her acting skills, but Xiang Ke was who Yan Huan really was, inside.

When they finally wrapped up principal production for *Divorced*, the TV stations had just aired the episode in which Qing Yao was killed in *Journey to Fairyland*. The viewers cried over Qing Yao's death; the loss of her character was such a shock to them that the rest of the story seemed lackluster in comparison. Qing Yao had been the soul of the story; she was the yin to balance out the yang of the protagonists, and once her spectacular character arc had ended, the narrative seemed to lose all steam. Without her, the plot seemed bland and two-dimensional, but even, so it remained top of the viewer rankings.

Journey to Fairyland was leagues above the earlier Xianxia show, *The Story of a Supernatural Chivalrous World*, both in terms of production value and success, and it had the ratings to prove it. Many of the

actors in the show were now household names, regardless of the size or significance of their roles. The show boosted their reputation and status within the industry, but none of them attracted quite as much attention as the newcomer Yan Huan. Despite the intense public interest in her, she did not make any public appearances; she was busy filming a movie, it was said, and therefore did not have time to accept interview requests.

While *Journey to Fairyland* was still airing, the TV stations finalized the broadcast slot for Director Jin's other show, the Republic of China period piece *Love and Tribulations*.

The publicity team had successfully generated buzz for *Love and Tribulations* before the show went on air by riding on the coattails of *Journey to Fairyland*'s success. As soon as *Journey to Fairyland* ended, *Love and Tribulations* would begin airing on TV; many viewers had already committed to watching *Love and Tribulations* because it was by the same creative team behind *Journey to Fairyland*. In fact, the only difference between the main cast for the two shows was the female lead; Liang Chen had been filming another show abroad when Director Jin had been shooting *Love and Tribulations*, and so the lead female role had gone to Su Qiao instead. If it had not been for that unfortunate scheduling conflict, Liang Chen would most likely have been the female lead in *Love and Tribulations* as well; she was Director Jin's favorite actress, after all.

Love and Tribulations began with a little girl and a little boy making a pinky promise.

"We'll still be together when we grow up, promise." The little boy held onto the little girl's finger, and then pointed at the scar on the little girl's forehead. "Father said that I've disfigured you for life, so I have to do the responsible thing and marry you. I'll marry you when we grow up, okay?"

The little girl appeared to be younger than the boy. She stared at him with her large, innocent eyes as her lips parted into a wide, toothy smile.

In the next scene, the story had jumped ahead a number of years, to Shanghai during the Republic of China. The city was teeming with life and energy: yellow rickshaws plied for business from women in cheongsams and men in fashionable hats.

On the banks of the Qinjiang River was Rouge Pavilion, the largest brothel in the city. The women inside were dressed seductively; from time to time, the sound of flirtatious laughter from both the men and women sounded through the night, interwoven with a familiar, nostalgic song:

"Shanghai in the night, Shanghai in the night, a city that never sleeps

Bright lights, the sound of cars, singing and dancing

She smiles, but who knows of her inner sorrow?

She works through the night for food, clothing, and shelter

Who needs wine? The atmosphere alone is intoxicating..."

The camera zoomed in on a woman dressed in a royal blue cheongsam as she accepted a wine glass from a man, whose other hand had already crept onto her thigh. The woman lifted the glass, a coy, seductive smile on her lips. She was obviously a prostitute, but one who was, surprisingly, dignified and sophisticated enough to understand correct social etiquette.

She stood up, swaying slightly on her feet. She seemed a little drunk; she hummed a little known traditional song as she swirled the contents of her glass. Her lips curved into a smile; she lifted the glass and downed its contents in one go. When she had emptied the glass, she moved towards the stairs and ascended it slowly, step by step.

“Look at Hong Yao—it’s no wonder she’s the top attraction in Rouge Pavilion. She’s beautiful even when she’s drunk!”

Chapter 167: In Those Five Years

“Exactly! No one could be the first except Hong Yao, she was the most beautiful lady in the Qinjiang River.”

The woman in blue cheongsam glanced back and smiled, swaying the empty glass in her hand towards the man, she was extremely fascinating and charming at the moment, and no man could resist her beauty.

Hong Yao was the star of Rouge Pavilion, she was also the most popular prostitute in Qinjiang river.

She was just a prostitute even when she was famous, her arms had wrapped around thousands of man’s head and her lips had been kissed by thousands of man. In such a place, it was impossible she made a living as a performer without selling her body.

She hummed the Chinese ditty and walked over swaying her slim hips, then her figure receded.

Love and Tribulations replaced the Journey to Fairyland and broadcast two episodes in a day, it was the original cast of the Journey to Fairyland and thus, the ratings highly increased within a day.

Yan Huan’s Weibo was flooded with comments—

Call Me Cabbage: “My goddess is sooooo beautiful in cheongsam!”

I’m Really A Cabbage: “My goddess looks pretty no matter what she is wearing, she looks gorgeous even if she wears a cabbage on top of her head!”

I’m A Cabbage: “OMG! You are extremely pretty, you are awwwwesome!”

A lot of comments from those Cabbages, they praised profusely of Yan Huan’s beauty. She was only a supporting role but she brought her character to life and gave you goosebumps and you would never forget.

Indeed, Yan Huan looked extremely beautiful, but the biggest attraction wasn’t her face but the atmosphere that she cultivated with her body, her expression and her language. You would get involved in the drama and lead a befuddled life.

She had an appearance which people would easily remember and thus, it didn’t sound logical if she wasn’t famous. There were many factors of an actor to become popular, the main reason was that they got plenty of public appearances so that the audiences could recognize them.

So did Yan Huan, the roles that she played in Director Jin’s dramas were second female lead and third female lead. But her acting took audiences by storm including someone who hated her.

Her invitations to play in a film were lining up. Her company would review each film and Yi Ling would select a suitable role for her. In fact, her schedule had been arranged for next year.

The company attached great importance to the rising star, they expected Yan Huan would become popular as she was young and had good acting skills. Moreover, she had opportunities to play in Director Jin's dramas which had high ratings.

A pair of fat hand pressed on the remote control, the TV suddenly darkened and it was deathly still all around.

"Haha....." The voice sounded funny. The man who was two hundred pounds with a big tummy rose to his feet and the fat on the man's body jiggled all over like a wild boar.

Yan Huan, let's see how you escape from me, the fatso snorted and walked out with his chin jiggling.

People always craved for the food when they couldn't eat them. The meat was close at hand, as long as he reached out and he would be able to eat it, but it was so close yet so far.

However, the meat was almost in someone's mouth, perhaps he wouldn't be able to get it if he didn't hurry.

That was how Yan Lixiong felt at the moment.

Yan Huan was juicy meat that he had been drooling over for a long time, and he must get it. He had been offered "casting couch" to many actresses and celebrities for years in showbiz. There was no reason he would be denied by the newbie actress.

He offered those actresses the role of the second female lead and even the first female lead in order to sleep with them. They had to get some roles from him if they wanted to have a meteoric rise.

And thus, they accepted his offers.

It was a win-win situation for both of them.

He had never failed in those years as they were sensible people.

This was the first time he hit a snag and received a hard rebuff from Yan Huan. Yan Huan was a piece of fat meat that he almost got into his mouth, how could he reconcile without eating the fat meat?

She was quite well-known now and she didn't need the roles that he offered. Was he unable to get the meat/

In his view, it would be a failure if he couldn't eat it. He kept her mind and he must get this woman. Otherwise, it had nothing to do with him if she found other moneybags and wouldn't obey him in the future.

Yan Huan didn't realize that Yan Lixiong, the Yan Fatso was thinking of seducing her again.

At the same time, Yan Huan was filming the last few shots of Divorced. After the filming was over, they would wrap up shooting and film editing. Divorced would not have a film promotion as it wasn't a big-budget film production which had a low capitalized cost. As long as it got past the censors of State Administration of Radio, Film and Television, it would soon be released. Yan Huan was still waiting to get

her hundred million of shared revenue and once she got it, she wanted to buy the house that they were living in so that it would become their real home.

She was truly liked that place and she used to think of moving as the man was living there. But she had come around and she wanted to live in that place.

Another scene. This was the fifth year after Xiang Ke left. It was another five years. It had been thirteen years since Song Yang knew her. Recalling the past, Song Yang felt like he had had a dream.

After five years, he met Xiang Ke again. She was in her thirties but she was young and looked like she was in her early twenties. She still looked like her old self but she had matured a great deal with intellectual beauty. She was smiling happily and talking with her friends beside her.

Song Yang was jealous unexpectedly. He had divorced Xiang Ke for five years and in the past few years, he had carried on with a lot of women, but they were not as good as Xiang Ke for giving him the sense of security. No matter how busy he was, there would always have a bowl of soup to drink when he returned home. She would clean the house neat and tidy and take care of him like a son, but she had spoiled him that he had taken it for granted.

Chapter 168: Her One Hundred Million Yuan

He had cheated on his faithful wife again and again; in his eyes, all the other women seemed to be more considerate than her, prettier than her, and sexier than her. Once he had divorced her, he had lived the life of his dreams, bedding one woman after another without worrying about the consequences. In the end, however, he had realized that this was not the life he had wanted. He contracted an STD and had to travel extensively just to find a cure. His company went bankrupt, and he found himself back at square one; he was, once again, the man who had just graduated from college with nothing in his pocket. No, that was not quite right—he once had Xiang Ke by his side back then. Xiang Ke had made sure he never starved, no matter how bad things were, and made sure he had a place to rest and sleep no matter how tired he was. She had stayed by his side, no matter how hard he fell.

All his other women had left him as soon as it became obvious that he no longer had power or money. Not a single one of them had been willing to weather his hardships with him.

He touched his face. He had aged rapidly in the last five years; his temples had grayed, and he had lost so much weight he could pass as a ghoul. Most of his classmates already had successful careers and children of their own, but not him. He was just a sad, lonely man.

“Song Yang?” The voice was hesitant, as though uncertain whether it was really him.

“You’re...” Song Yang squinted his eyes; he could not recall the man before him. He seemed familiar, but it had been so long ago he had forgotten who he was.

“I’m Luo Qiguang.” The man smiled. He was dressed in gray casual wear that was crisp and clean. He wore glasses and seemed to glow with both youth and maturity. There was a beautiful little girl in his arms; the girl was, in turn, holding onto a doll as she stared unblinkingly at Song Yang with her large, doe-like eyes.

Song Yang finally opened his mouth to say, “Oh, it’s you.” He remembered now; Luo Qiguang was the quiet, taciturn guy in his college dorm who always kept to himself. Apparently he came from a wealthy

family; he had lived in the dorm for a year before moving out, and Song Yang had later heard that he had joined the army.

Song Yang felt a pang of envy: how nice it was to have rich parents and get a head start in life.

“Yup, it’s me all right.” Luo Qiguang smiled. He tousled the hair of the little girl in his arms. “Niu Niu, you have to call him ‘Uncle.’”

“Hello, Uncle,” the little girl said obediently. Song Yang felt his pockets for candy or a small trinket to give the child, but came up empty-handed. He felt thoroughly embarrassed.

Luo Qiguang did not say anything. He merely smiled.

“Is she your daughter?” Song Yang asked, and immediately felt stupid for asking such an obvious question. The child had Luo Qiguang’s eyes, of course she was his daughter. What else could she be? His sister?

“Yup. She’s my daughter, three years old.” Luo Qiguang kissed his daughter’s tiny face; the little girl responded with a delighted laugh. Suddenly, she spied something in the distance, and began squirming in her father’s arms, as though eager to be back on the ground.

Luo Qiguang had no choice but to set his daughter down.

“Mommy,” the little girl yelled as she ran towards a woman a small distance away.

The woman heard her daughter’s voice and turned around just in time to catch the little girl in a hug. She placed her daughter’s hat back on her tiny head, and then lifted the toddler into her arms as she resumed her relaxed, happy conversation with her companions.

The color had drained from Song Yang’s face.

“That’s my wife.” Luo Qiguang shoved his hands into his pockets. “We’ve been married four years now.”

“Song Yang,” Luo Qiguang said earnestly as he studied Song Yang’s aging face. “Thank you for letting her go. If you hadn’t divorced her, I might not have found her at all. You have no idea how long I’ve been looking for her.” His nostalgic smile was full of the memories they shared in college.

“I don’t think you know this, but actually, I fell in love with her first.”

Song Yang’s face had turned ashen gray; he looked as though he had aged another 10 years. He wished the ground would open up and swallow him whole.

He turned and walked away. The camera lingered on his retreating back as it blurred into the distance.

“Cut!” yelled Huang Ming. Everyone let out the breath they had been holding.

“Good work, everyone.” Huang Ming’s eyes had disappeared into merry slits. “That’s a wrap! No lunch boxes today.” He thumped his chest. “I’ll treat everyone to a nice meal to celebrate.”

Everyone cheered. They had finally finished filming all the scenes for the movie, and would be able to rest.

Yan Huan was still holding the little girl’s hand. She was reluctant to let go of the pretty, clever child.

She had not forgotten that the child she had lost in her previous life was also a girl. She wondered if the child would have turned out just as pretty; either way, her daughter would have been her precious darling, her little princess, her meaning in life. But the child had been killed six months into her pregnancy; Yan Huan had not even gotten the chance to see what her daughter looked like.

Just then, the young actress's mother walked over.

Yan Huan finally let go of the little girl's hand. Her eyes stung as she watched the little girl leave with her mother.

She vowed to herself to have a daughter in the future. Perhaps the child she had lost in her previous life would be reunited with her again.

Someone patted her on the shoulder. It was Yi Ling.

"What's wrong? What's on your mind?" Yi Ling asked as she handed Yan Huan a bottle of water.

"Thanks." Yan Huan accepted the bottle of water and drank it as she considered what to say to Yi Ling.

"I was thinking," she said, smiling, "that I want to have a daughter."

Yi Ling shrugged in resignation. "You're not a star yet, and you're already thinking of having children. You don't have a boyfriend, and you're already thinking of having children. You're not even married, and you're already thinking of having children. C'mon, you need a man to have children, you know."

Yan Huan took another sip of water. There was a distant look in her eyes as her thoughts drifted away.

Who would she get to father her future child? She had to think about this carefully. She did not want to marry or depend on a man this time around, but she wanted a child of her own, and she needed a man for that.

That evening, Huang Ming treated everyone on the production team to dinner out of his own pocket. The Divorced project had ended; after this, the production staff would go their separate ways.

"I really enjoyed working with you." Huang Ming shook Yan Huan's hand. He was more than satisfied with Yan Huan's performance. "I hope we'll be able to work together again in the future if the opportunity arises."

"I'm sure of it." Yan Huan shook his hand firmly. She knew there would be plenty of such opportunities; she would be taking 100 million yuan from Huang Ming, and she wanted to repay him any way she could.

Huang Ming smiled shyly. Once again, Yan Huan found it difficult to reconcile the seemingly ordinary man before her with the man who would go on to win an award for Best Director in a few years' time. Huang Ming was set to become, as they say, one of the biggest winners in life.

Yan Huan could not wait to see where Huang Ming's journey would take him— that, and the 100 million yuan that would soon be hers.

Chapter 169: What's Up With Your Chest

Yan Huan and Yi Ling wasted no time in returning to their apartment. The community they lived in was a quiet place with barely any other occupants, and there were guards watching the gate 24/7. Even if reporters and paparazzi tried to get to Yan Huan, they would not be able to get past the guards. It was the ideal place to live in for peace and privacy.

“I’ll go pick up Little Bean.”

Yi Ling changed into something more presentable and then went to the pet store to bring Little Bean home.

Yan Huan was so tired she did not feel like moving. She sat on the sofa, grabbed a body pillow, shut her eyes, and began to doze off. A while later, she felt something tickle the back of her hand. She groggily opened her eyes and saw that it was Little Bean, licking the back of her hand in between meows.

“Welcome home.” Yan Huan lifted Little Bean into her arms. She rubbed the cat’s tiny pink nose, and then tried to estimate her weight. “Seems like she hasn’t grown.”

“She hasn’t been eating properly,” Yi Ling said sagely as she walked over. She did not seem the least bit tired.

Yi Ling collected Little Bean from Yan Huan’s arms and said, “Huanhuan, get some sleep. I’ll go buy some food for the both of us.”

“Okay.” Yan Huan got to her feet and stretched. She was exhausted. She had planned on watching a bit of TV, but she was so tired now she could barely keep her eyes open. She needed sleep.

Yi Ling played with Little Bean for a while, and then checked Yan Huan’s Weibo. Finally, she left the apartment to buy food and other groceries at the nearby store. She bought a number of cup noodles as well—she had been hit with a sudden craving for cup noodles.

By the time she had finished shopping, the sky had already darkened. There were few people about as she made her way home, but it did not occur to Yi Ling that she might run into a rapist or a mugger.

She had no money and no sex appeal.

She was a tomboy with an armful of cup noodles. Who in their right mind would want to rob her or molest her?

She was therefore absolutely confident that she was safe. Unfortunately for her, nothing was foolproof in this world; as the saying goes: “You will eventually run into ghosts if you keep going out at night.”

She was unlucky this time. She had just returned to her apartment, and already she had bumped into the proverbial “ghost”—a ghost who wanted to mug her.

Yi Ling stared at the man before her as she wondered whether he was possibly suicidal for picking a fight with her. It was a comical situation, as both her hands were laden with two large bags of groceries.

She was furious. She seethed inwardly: How dare you try to mug me? Don’t you know who I am? I was top dog in my orphanage, I started beating up all the other kids when I was just a little girl. Everyone called me “Dugu Qiubai,” after the famous Jin Yong Wuxia character.

“Hand over your money.” The man pointed a knife at Yi Ling, his eyes glazed over with greed.

Yi Ling’s eyes narrowed further.

“Are you trying to rob me, or rape me?” she asked calmly as she set her groceries on the ground. She rotated her wrists and then clasped her hands behind her back as she limbered up.

She had not had a good exercise in a long while. She could not pass up the opportunity for practice, not when her victim had practically offered himself up to her.

“Rape you?!” The thug seemed disgusted by the thought. “Just hand over the money, sissy boy. I’m not into men.”

“Sissy... boy?” Yi Ling lowered her head to look at her sportswear. She had put on thicker clothes because it was winter, which meant she had zero curves to speak of. But she was still a woman, dammit!

She could have let it go if he had merely called her a man. But he had called her a sissy boy.

Goddammit, were his eyes on his ass? How could he not see that she was a woman?

She rolled up her sleeves as she narrowed her eyes at the suicidal buffoon before her. She was going to beat him into a bloody pulp. She swore on her name that not even his mother would be able to recognize him once she was through.

Before she could strike, however, a massive leg shot past her and struck the thug’s hand. Ke-thunk! The thug’s knife dropped to the ground.

Before the thug could react, the leg returned in a ruthless 180-degree round kick to the face.

The mugger collapsed to the ground.

A large man walked over to the mugger and grabbed the man by his hair. The thug was already foaming at the mouth, his eyes rolled into the back of his skull. His entire face was as red and swollen as a baboon’s behind.

“You’ve got balls of steel threatening someone with a weapon on my watch,” the large man said. In a flash, he had twisted the poor thug into a human pretzel. How dare he try to commit a crime before the chief of Sea City’s National Security Department?

“Lil guy, are you hurt?” The large man stood and grinned at Yi Ling.

Yi Ling had been about to thank him, but her words of gratitude died in her throat.

“What did you just call me?”

She narrowed her eyes as she asked the man to repeat what he had just said. She hoped that she had misheard him.

“I called you ‘lil guy.’ Why?” The large man smiled cheerily. He was tall and strapping, and had a goofy smile that made him look like an airhead, but Yi Ling knew better. This man was no bumbling goofball; he had a fiery temper, and was obviously powerful enough to nearly cripple a man with just two kicks.

Lil guy?

Yi Ling walked over to the large man and stopped before him. She saw the rugged face under the streetlight, and her pupils immediately dilated.

It was him. The man who had ticked her off the last time.

He had taken her for a man during their previous encounter, and he was now doing it again.

“Oh, it’s you, boy.” Lei Qingyi chuckled heartily when he saw it was Yi Ling. He reached out and slapped Yi Ling on the shoulder with his large hand. “You haven’t grown at all, I see. You still look like a girl. Guys should be like me.” He rolled up his sleeves; it was the middle of winter, but he did not seem bothered by the cold, despite his lack of winter clothing.

He patted the muscles on his arm. “See that? You can’t call yourself a man if you don’t have muscles. How are you going to get a girlfriend if you look like a naked chicken?”

He thumped himself on the chest. “A man should have a thick, powerful chest with solid pecs.” He flexed his chest muscles. “Look at these. But it’s okay, not everyone can have muscles like these, I know.”

He squeezed Yi Ling’s shoulder. “What a thin shoulder. I can probably crush it with my bare hands!”

Before Yi Ling could react, Lei Qingyi had already reached out and thumped her on her chest. He paused, confused.

“Lil guy, I see you have pecs. But they’re kind of soft.” He squeezed her chest with the first three fingers of his hand. It took him a moment to realize that something was off.

“Hey, why’s your chest all swollen, bro?”

Yi Ling looked down and stared at the hairy hand on her chest. A few seconds ticked by before she finally registered what was happening.

Chapter 170: What Does a Woman Needs Pecs for?

Yi Ling slapped Lei Qingyi hard across the face which made him stunned for a moment. She lifted the things up on the ground, she was about to leave but after a few steps, she turned back and stepped on his big feet. She was very angry that she almost stepped a hole on the ground.

Lei Qingyi touched his face.

What is he doing?!

Why you beat me relentlessly? What did I do to offend you? It doesn’t matter that you didn’t thank me, but why you hit me on the face?

Soon after, Lei Qingyi sent the robber to the police station and then he poured out his bitterness to Lu Yi.

“I helped him with my best intentions, but why did he hit me? I just pinched his shoulder and chest but he gave me a slap. There is no man who looks like him. He is short and even his chest is soft, look,” Pointing to his face, “My face is swollen.”

Lu Yi looked at Lei Qingyi's round face with his eyebrows frowned.

"Lu Yi," Lei Qingyi banged on the desk suddenly, "I have been talking for a long time, why didn't you give me a response? Am I preaching to deaf ears?"

Lu Yi rose to his feet and leaned against the cupboard. He squinted his eyes and looked him up and down. Did he grow up without a brain? How could he be so stupid?

"You pinched someone's chest?" He asked drily.

"I've already told you that." Lei Qingyi rolled his eyes upward and sat on Lu Yi's desk.

"So why did you do that?" Lu Yi asked again.

"I just want to let him know," Lei Qingyi patted his chest, "A man's pecs are supposed to be hard but not soft.

"What does a woman need pecs for?" Lu Yi spoke in a flat tone.

Lei Qing couldn't react at first, but he widened his eyes suddenly and winked at Lu Yi.

"Do you mean that person is a woman?"

Lu Yi looked at him. "Are you an idiot?"

Bang! Lei Qingyi fell down from the desk with his face touched the ground.

Lu Yi sat in front of his desk and closed his eyes. But he suddenly thought of something, then he picked up the phone and made a phone call.

"Stone, it's me, Lu Yi, would you please do me a favour?"

"Yes, go ahead." The man on the other end of the phone smiled, even though I need to undergo the most severe trials, I will help you all the way.

Lu Yi touched the desk with a pen, "I hope the film, Divorced could get past the censors as soon as possible. It's better not to delete any content of it. I want the original version."

"Well, don't worry, I will settle it."

Lei Qingyi still squatted down at the corner like an abandoned pug when the phone hung up.

Looking at his hand, he felt like wanted to chop his hand, it was understandable that the woman slapped him on the face, he deserved it. But she had small boobs and they were as flat as the airfield.

Yan Huan came out of her room, she had had enough sleep, but she still felt a bit tired. She was hungry and when she opened the door, Yi Ling was sitting on the sofa and tearing the toilet paper which had scattered all over the floor. This was Little Bean favourite's hobby, so did Yi Ling learn from her?

"What's wrong with you? Someone offended you again?" Yan Huan went to the kitchen and checked on the things that Yi Ling had bought as she would like to cook later on.

Yi Ling wanted to tell her that the bastard touched her boobs! She was too ashamed to say as she had actually no boobs.

“Well, you don’t feel like telling me?” Yan Huan squatted down to take out the things from bag and arranged them in order.

“Nothing.”

Yi Ling pouted her lips, she looked up and saw Yan Huan was wearing a long cotton dress. The dress matched her skin well, it was shiny and delicate. Her neck slightly curved like a beautiful swan and she had a beautiful shoulder line. Her collarbones were almost could keep the goldfish and she had a pretty cleavage which people would admire. It wasn’t scientific as she was very thin and didn’t fill out but she had big boobs.

She looked down at her flat chest and touched it. She didn’t have any feelings, both of her ass and boobs were the same, but they were still counted as boobs even though they were flat.

Then she remembered that she had been touched by the man, she howled and lay down on the sofa. Little Bean jumped on the sofa and Yi Ling’s head, she was looking for a comfortable place to sleep.

Yan Huan raised her face and wondered what happened to Yi Ling. She picked up the things from the ground and took out two packets of instant noodles.

Sometimes, she could turn the instant noodles into delicious food.

She cooked the instant noodles and separated into two bowls, Of course, she only ate half of the bowl in the end and Yi Ling finished all of it. Perhaps Yi Ling turned anger into appetite.

Yan Huan had nothing to do after the meal, she held Little Bean in her arms and sat on the sofa, Love and Tribulations was broadcasting on TV now, the name of the drama seemed like it was more to literary but it was a spy drama. She watched for a while and felt fine about it, the drama had a well-knit plot and it was reasonable without any absurd plot. Moreover, both Qi Haolin and Su Qiao were acting well.

And she felt that she was the most stunning actor in the drama.

It seemed like she blew her own trumpet but this was how things stood. Hong Yao had minimal screen time throughout the TV show, but she did perform well of the life at that time.

You would think of Hong Yao was a greedy, shameless and even nuisance woman, but you would like her day by day, she suffered persecution and became a prostitute but she was very patriotic.

At the mercy of fate, perhaps the first male lead didn’t know that the little girl, once he said he wanted to marry, was Hong Yao. He looked down on her and hated her, but she had saved him.