

Chapter 251: His Laptop's Disappeared

He was a hefty fellow but he was a kind-hearted person. However, women always judge people by appearances and they turn up their noses at the inner beauty of Lei Qingyi.

He felt like he had stumbled over something, then he looked down and found his shoelace had come loose.

He set his bag on the flower bed. He crouched down to tie his shoelace and his phone rang at the time.

He reached out his phone and placed it next to his ear. He talked on the phone and walked along, but he forgot to take his laptop which he had put on the flower bed.

Yi Ling was walking along with a big bag of food. She saw there was a flower bed which she could put things on and then, she quickly ran over. She was so tired that she set the bag down and thought about what they would eat tonight.

She didn't eat much of the food that Yan Huan made last time. After all, Mr. Backing had finished most of it and thus, she went out to buy the food that she wanted to eat today and asked Yan Huan to make for her.

She was getting more excited as she thought she would have all of the dishes alone. After a break, she carried her things and she found a black bag on the flower bed.

Who has lost the bag? She took the bag and picked it up. The bag was heavy and hard. She looked around for the person who had lost it, but no one appeared on this cold day.

She opened the bag. No wonder the bag is so heavy. It is a laptop. She went through the bag but couldn't find any contact number.

"What about this?" She carried the bag with a laptop inside. What if someone found this but didn't return to its owner?

At least, she would return it to its owner. Though she didn't have much money, she had good character.

She spent her dinner time to wait for the owner, but there was nobody coming over to look for it after waiting for a long time. It was growing dark at the time, so she had to carry both the food and laptop to go home.

"What is this?" Yan Huan pointed at the black bag in Yi Ling's hand.

"Nothing." Yi Ling threw the bag on the sofa, "I found it when I was on my way back. Let's wait and see whether someone is looking for it. We'll think of something later if there isn't anyone who will take it back." She hadn't had time to think about what to do with the computer yet. She was hungry and wanted to eat.

She hastened to carry the food into the kitchen, then she urged Yan Huan to make food and pushed her into the kitchen.

Yan Huan took a glance at the black bag but she didn't take it to heart. After all, the bag was nothing special. As for Yi Ling, she sat on the sofa and waited for her meal. But the bag had taken up the greater part of the sofa and thus, she threw it to the corner. The corner was right above Little Bean's territory, so Little Bean treated it as her bed.

Lei Qingyi felt something was missing when he arrived at home. What is it? Touching his head, he simply couldn't remember. He went to bed after he took a bath without thinking much of it. He sat up suddenly in the next morning.

He stunned for a moment and then he shouted, "Oh no! I have lost my laptop!"

He grabbed his hair and put on his clothes quickly without washing his face and brushing his teeth. He ran over to the place that he had lost his laptop. He knew quite well that he might not find it but he still rushed to the place immediately.

When he arrived, his laptop was gone as expected.

He plopped down on the flower bed with his heart thumping in the chest, I'm done.

It wasn't because of how valuable the laptop was. Actually, he wasn't distressed even he lost ten of it. But the main thing was there were some confidential documents inside the laptop and this was no joke if someone cracked the files.

He had a special occupation like Lu Yi. Lu Yi was a prosecutor, while he was the director of Sea City's National Security Department who was in charge of Sea City's entire security system. He was so careless that he went out with that laptop and lost it.

Touching his pocket, he realized he didn't bring his phone with him. At the moment, a few street cleaners were coming over to sweep the road. They wore an odd look when they saw him.

Lei Qingyi couldn't figure it out. He did look like a bear but he wasn't that ugly actually. Though he wasn't as handsome as Lu Yi, he had regular features and beautiful eyes. Why did they look at him strangely? He felt embarrassed by all the looks, but his eyes twitched when he lowered his head and saw his clothes.

He had worn his clothes inside out with plastic slippers on his feet. He covered his face and quickly ran back to his house while there were not many people on the street.

But what should he do since he lost his laptop?

"You lost it?" Lu Yi was neatly dressed and ready to go out, but he received a call from Lei Qingyi.

"Yea, I've lost it." Lei Qingyi paced up and down the room barefoot, he was restless with anxiety, "I just tied my shoelace and picked up a call, but then I totally forgot about it."

"Have you looked for it?" Lu Yi knew that Lei Qingyi had a laptop with a lot of important documents inside. He also knew that Lei Qingyi had lost that laptop, or else he wouldn't be so agitated.

"I did." Lei Qingyi grabbed his hair again and plucked a few strands out.

"I went out early in the morning but I couldn't find it."

“Early in the morning?” Lu Yi squinted his eyes slightly. He found a clue in his words.

“You lost it yesterday but you looked for it this morning?”

“Yes.” Lei Qingyi banged his head against the wall, “What should I do now? I can’t lose the documents inside the laptop but also cannot look for it with great fanfare.”

“Since you lost it yesterday, of course, you couldn’t find it today.” Lu Yi opened the door and carried his briefcase under his arm, “Don’t worry, I’ll think of a way to find the notebook.”

He hung up the phone, lifted his wrist and took a look at the time. It is half-past seven now, he lost it yesterday but only found out this morning. Even a fool can guess the possibility to retrieve the thing.

It is a trifling matter to lose the laptop, but the documents inside are very important.

He was afraid that the person who got the laptop would modify the system. Either they would lose the documents or someone had seen it.

Chapter 252: Couldn’t Find It

When he arrived at the procuratorate, he directly loaded the local route map and then scanned the area up and down.

He went through the video record of the CCTV on that day to see if he could find the person who got the laptop.

Unfortunately, the nearby CCTVs at the place Lei Qingyi lost his laptop were broken and there were very few people who passed by. He asked the street cleaners one by one but he gained nothing.

Lu Yi had no choice but to announce in the papers that he would give a high reward that was treble of the price of the laptop. The person who found it would definitely want the money but not the laptop.

They looked for it for nearly five days but still had no idea of its whereabouts.

The laptop that Lei Qingyi lost was very important. If something happened with the documents inside, it would get Lei Qingyi into trouble and drive him into a fatal position.

There was a tracker system in the laptop, they could track the location immediately once the laptop turned on. But the problem was the laptop had never been turned on since he lost it and thus, it was like finding a needle in a haystack, they had tried every means but still had no idea of the whereabouts of the laptop.

Lei Qingyi was very worried and getting thinner in a few days’ time. He had lost a lot of his weight and he was listless. It’d be a wonder if he was energetic as he still couldn’t find his laptop. He kept staring at the screen of his computer. He would know immediately once someone turned on the laptop and he would beat the person to death at the time.

He never thought the person who picked up his laptop had a kind-heart and would return it to him. But that person should return it to him since he had already offered ample rewards.

Half a month had passed at this moment, they had no news of the laptop yet. Meanwhile, the reward of finding the laptop had risen to tenfold of the price of it.

There were a lot of people coming over with a laptop to get the reward, but none of the laptops, whether truly found or made up, belonged to Lei Qingyi.

Of course, neither Yi Ling nor Yan Huan knew about this matter. First, they didn't read the newspapers; second, they only watched the entertainment programmed even if they watched TV.

Yan Huan had to learn the simplest military knowledge from a veteran every day. She needed to learn their words and deeds and the way of speaking so that she could give a vivid portrayal of the character. To say nothing of the matter, she didn't even bring her phone with her. Yi Ling and she had completely forgotten about the laptop.

At the moment, a fat cat was lying on the black bag. She stretched lazily and continued sleeping. She was shedding recently and the bag was covered with her hair. But she didn't care at it, anyway, she wouldn't dislike her own hair.

Lu Yi was back at nearly eleven o'clock in the evening, a pattering of footsteps could be heard behind him when he entered the elevator. He reached out and pressed the button, the elevator stopped and someone walked into it, a breeze blowing in his face and he felt an unutterable chill.

Yan Huan turned around and she was stunned for a moment, "Lu Yi?" She sounded his name out.

"M-hm." Lu Yi opened his eyes. Perhaps he lacked sleep from a long time so his eyes were bloodshot.

At the moment, his stomach was rumbling but he looked calm without feeling embarrassed.

Of course, Yan Huan couldn't have laughed at him.

"Why are you coming back so late?" Lu Yi bestirred himself. He was not only busy about the work of procuratorate but also needed to help Lei Qingyi to find his laptop. Actually, he didn't sleep for two successive nights, it wasn't easy to hold on until now.

"I had something to do recently." Yan Huan looked at the red light flashing from time to time, from the third floor to the fourth floor, the fifth floor, and to the thirteenth floor, then the elevator stopped.

Yan Huan called Lu Yi when he was ready to go out.

"What's the matter?" Lu Yi turned around, "Are you getting into trouble again?" He didn't blame her but he just spoke in a calm tone. He promised that he would help her out and it wouldn't change as long as he was alive.

Yan Huan opened her mouth and hesitated to speak.

"Errr, do you want to come to my place for dinner?" She knew that the man didn't eat his meals at regular intervals day and night. It seemed that he didn't eat a meal all day.

She had a hard time trying to find her backing. It was just a few days that she clung to his thigh and she couldn't lose him.

Lu Yi stopped walking, he turned around and walked into the elevator again.

Yan Huan thought what else was in the house. She had bought some food in the morning. Though there wasn't much food, she could still make several dishes. Or else, she would cook two bowls of noodles with tomato and egg for him.

She was not very hungry.

She didn't ask him about his routine work, after all, in certain respects of Lu Yi's job, it was better not to know about it.

He is not a mysterious person but his job must be treated with the full rigour. Moreover, he is simple and reticent, so who else can do it?

She opened the door and let Lu Yi into her house. Lu Yi was barefoot as she didn't have any man's slippers. However, she had made some money recently and thus, she bought a rug and spread it on the floor. She liked to step on it barefoot actually.

"Meow..." Little Bean felt especially warm when she saw Lu Yi. The bandage on her front leg had been removed. Though she still walked with a limp that was no problem as she was able to jump up and down.

Lu Yi held Little Bean in his arms and sat on the sofa, Yan Huan poured a glass of water and set it in front of him.

"Drink water first and I'll go make food. Shall we have noodles with tomato and egg?" She wanted to know what he thought.

But her heartstrings tugged gently once she said the word we, but then she didn't think much about it.

"Okay." Lu Yi nodded, he was not a picky eater, so long as he could eat his fill.

Yan Huan headed into the kitchen, she opened the refrigerator and took out the noodles that she rolled out. The noodles were chewy as she added some eggs inside.

She usually made more as Yi Ling loved to eat.

Yi Ling heard the sound of the door opened, Ah, Yan Huan is back. She was hungry and quickly got out of bed, she opened her door and asked Yan Huan to make her some food. But her eyes twitched when she saw the man who was sitting on the sofa.

Mr. Backing, why is he here again?

Chapter 253: The Laptop Was Found

Lu Yi looked up at Yi Ling. Yi Ling smiled drily, "Hi, Mr. Backing."

Mr. Backing? Lu Yi raised his eyebrows. He didn't repel the name that Yi Ling addressed him. Anyway, Yan Huan never hid the matter that she wanted to cling onto him.

He did not care what they called him.

Soon after, Yan Huan served the dishes. She made three dishes—stir-fried shredded potato, stir-fried shredded carrot and stir-fried lettuce which were all vegetable dishes without any meat. There was

meat at home but she didn't want to make meat dishes as it was nearly twelve o'clock now. They might have indigestion if they ate too much at midnight.

Yi Ling already sat beside the table when Yan Huan came out of the kitchen. It wasn't the first time they had a meal with Lu Yi. She wasn't used to it but she was in the process of getting used to it.

Yan Huan didn't know she would happen to meet Lu Yi, so she just cooked two bowls of noodles. SHE would eat it if he didn't want to, but if he wanted to eat, then she wouldn't eat it.

She put the noodles on the table, one bowl for each person.

"Aren't you going to eat?" Yi Ling took the bowl and asked Yan Huan.

"I'm not very hungry." Yan Huan put another bowl of noodles in front of Lu Yi. It should suit his taste as she added a lot of chilli sauce in this bowl of noodles.

"Then I won't refuse," Yi Ling ate the noodles happily.

Yan Huan had nothing to say in reply. Miss Yi had never refused when she was having a meal.

Lu Yi ate a mouthful of noodles. It was sour and hot which suited his taste.

He finished the noodles and didn't even leave a piece of chopped scallion. Thus, it could be seen that he was quite easy to raise. He would eat what you made, whereas he was also able to starve if you don't get him food.

Three of them almost finished the dishes, Yan Huan didn't eat much and most of the dishes were both in the stomachs of Lu Yi and Yi Ling.

Lu Yi rose to his feet. He headed into the kitchen with the plates and bowls, rolled up his sleeves and washed the dishes. This man had never been very talkative, but much meaning was in his actions.

He could wash dishes, cook noodles and do the housework. He was quite a weirdo in the Lu family. Thus, some people said that he was the strangest existence but also the pride of the Lu family.

He had a high IQ but low EQ. If not so, he wouldn't date the old hag Fang Zhu. He didn't intend to marry when he was thirty in his previous life.

After washing the dishes, Lu Yi was going back, "Thanks." He was full, and he wouldn't feel so bad when he worked at night.

"You're welcome." Yan Huan said with a smile. Her slightly curved eyes looked very beautiful with her long eyelashes flickered naturally.

In fact, she didn't have any intention to the man. She just wanted to return his favour. Of course, she wouldn't against it if he wanted to be her backing.

Little Bean jumped down from the sofa when Lu Yi was leaving. She ran beside him and blocked his way. Lu Yi bent down and carried Little Bean to her bed.

Little Bean jumped down happily. She lay above the black bag and licked her paws.

Lu Yi frowned, the bag looks familiar.

“Little Bean, come here.” He reached out his hand to the cat.

Little Bean ran over and squatted on the ground.

Lu Yi took the bag and opened it. There was a laptop inside. Luckily, Little Bean had her habit and she wouldn't pee on it, but it was covered with her hair.

“What's wrong?” Yan Huan walked over and squatted down beside him. Holding the black bag, Lu Yi looked a bit strange.

“Where did you get it?” He asked Yan Huan.

Yan Huan thought carefully, err, where did I get it? It seemed that she forgot all about it.

Ah, she remembered it, “Yiyi found it a few days ago. She waited for a long time at the place but no one was looking for it, so she brought it back. But both of us forgot about it while Little Bean treats it as her bed.”

“What's the matter?” Yan Huan found Lu Yi wore a strange expression, “Do you know who has lost it?”

“Yes.” Lu Yi nodded and let out a sigh of relief gently. Luckily, he found it finally.

“Thank you, this is very important to me.” Lu Yi reached out and put his hand on Yan Huan's hair next to her ear unconsciously. He tucked her hair behind her ear which revealed her smooth and delicate face. Her fair-faced was set with a pair of big eyes like a gem, which was pure and beautiful.

Lu Yi retracted his hand without feeling embarrassed, while Yan Huan gripped her fingers tightly behind her back.

Lu Yi went out with the black bag. He reached out his phone and called Lei Qingyi.

“What?” Lei Qingyi looked haggard with a stubbly chin. He stood up in a sudden, “You found it? Where did you get it?”

“Under the bottom of a cat.” Lu Yi answered faintly, “It was quite ridiculous but the bag was indeed under Little Bean's bottom.”

“Is there anything wrong with my laptop?” Lei Qingyi put on his clothes quickly and got ready to leave for Lu Yi's house.

“Don't worry, your laptop is safe now and so are you.” Lu Yi set the bag on the table, the bag was a bit dirty but there was nothing broken with the laptop. Since Little Bean wasn't heavy, she wouldn't crush his laptop. The bag was smelly but the laptop remained intact.

“Wait for me, I'll be right there. Wait for me and don't fall asleep.”

Lei Qingyi hung up the phone and let out a sigh of relief. He found it finally. He would keep this lesson in mind and wouldn't bring that laptop out next time. It was better to keep the laptop at his workplace and not bring it out casually.

Luckily, it was under the bottom of a cat, or else he would go mad if it was under the bottom of a human.

He didn't look at the time either. It didn't matter what time it was now, he just wanted to see his laptop in perfect condition. Otherwise, he couldn't fall asleep.

He drove the car and rushed to Lu Yi's place crazily. He arrived at his house half an hour later. It was winter now but he broke out in a cold sweat with anxiety.

"Lu Yi, Lu Yi!" He knocked on the door heavily without ringing the doorbell.

Chapter 254: Enemies Come Face to Face

Soon after, Lu Yi opened the door while he was still wiping his hair with a towel. He just finished showering which also washed away his exhaustion. Finally, he could rest well and did not have to live a life of pure misery.

"Where is my laptop?" Lei Qingyi was looking for his laptop since he came in, he wouldn't be at ease as long as he didn't see it in perfect condition.

Lu Yi pointed at the black bag on the table, "There it is, go check it yourself."

Lei Qing saw the black bag and he was almost moved to tears.

This is my bag, this is really my laptop. How long has this been? Oh my god, it is too good to see you again.

He quickly held the bag in his arms, he didn't care whether it was dirty, whether it was covered with cat hair and whether it was scratched by the cat. He felt his eyes brimming with tears, as he was in hell originally but suddenly he arrived at heaven. Shouldn't he be extremely moved for this?

He opened the bag and took out the laptop. Haha, it's my laptop.

He kissed his laptop and turned it on. The laptop was equipped with a power supply, he pressed the power button and the familiar screen appeared. He entered his password, OK.

Enter.

Then he checked through the files. There was no sign of them being browsed or any damage. The last login date was the day he lost his laptop which proved that no one had turned it on and no one knew what the documents were inside.

"By the way, where did you find it?" Lei Qingyi closed his laptop, "I must thank them. They saved my life."

"I found it at my friend's place." Lu Yi sat down with a cup of milk tea in his hand. But before he could drink it, Lei Qingyi walked with a big stride and grabbed the milk tea from his hand.

"Alright, I'll drink it." He gulped the milk tea without reservation and sat it in front of Lu Yi.

"I see. Who is your friend? Do I know the person?"

Lei Qingyi thought of the friend that Lu Yi mentioned. He had only a few friends and he could count the number on one hand. Moreover, he was almost on familiar terms with the people that Lu Yi knew. Or, was there anyone he didn't know?

Lu Yi crossed him both legs. He spoke in an unhurried manner, "Not really, she found your laptop and waited at the place for a long time, but you didn't show up, so she brought it back. But she forgot about it later and it became a cat's bed."

"Oh, I see...." Lei Qingyi touched his nose embarrassingly, "I really forgot at that time. I just remembered it the next day." It didn't matter his laptop became a bed for a cat, as long as it wasn't a bed for a dog.

"Also," He put the cup on the table, "I must thank her, please ask her to come, I would like to invite her for a meal," Lei Qingyi insisted, "I must treat her for a meal."

Lu Yi didn't promise him, but he didn't refuse either. It didn't matter to him, but he had to ask the person whether she agreed or not.

"Oh, invite us for dinner?" Yan Huan leaned on the blanket behind her. She never thought Lei Qingyi was the one who lost the laptop. No wonder Lu Yi was busy looking for the laptop. Lei Qingyi had more of a special job than Lu Yi, and perhaps the documents inside the laptop were much more important than she thought.

As for Lei Qingyi's invitation, errr, she had to think about it.

Shall we go, or shall we not? Hmm, or shall we go?

However, she thought it was better to go in the end. To be honest, Lei Qingyi had a wicked tongue and short-tempered. He loathed to see her and was never kind to her in her previous life, but he was Lu Yi's best buddy. To put it bluntly, she had gotten what she deserved.

As for the invitation, she would go but also clung onto Lu Yi's thigh tightly.

Moreover, Lei Qingyi was Lu Yi's best friend, they would meet sooner or later.

They already fixed the date for dinner. The day, Yan Huan and Yi Ling arrived at the agreed place. It was a private restaurant, there weren't many people usually and of course, the price of each course was rather high.

The Lei family belonged to the upper circles. Lei Qingyi came from a family of military and political since he asked for the dinner and thus, he would offer cordial hospitality. She didn't need to save him money. As in certain respects, Yi Ling had saved his life for picking up his laptop.

It is worthy to give a meal for a life, isn't it?

Pushing the door open, there were only Lu Yi and a tall guy in the private room. The man was tall and stalwart.

The man wanted to say hello but his eyes widened when he saw Yi Ling.

"It's you, it's you!"

Yi Ling was originally in a good mood. She heard the owner of the bag was Lu Yi's friend and he invited them to have a meal. She didn't have any special hobbies; her only hobby was eating. But, she stared at the man who looked like a bear at the moment.

It's him, it's him! The man who treated her as a man and touched her boobs.

“You son of a bitch! I haven’t finished with you yet!” Yi Ling rolled up her sleeves and gave him a punch. Lu Yi rose to his feet. He held Yan Huan’s hand and drew her aside.

Yan Huan looked up at him. His dry and big hand was still holding hers and didn’t let go.

Yan Huan pretended to be stupid. Anyway, he didn’t say and she didn’t ask either, she just considered herself holding her hand. But her heart couldn’t help but beat fast. She felt both her vital energy and blood flow backwards.

She has lived for so long, but she still had such feelings. She was a weirdo indeed, in fact, she was no longer an ingénue but an old lady.

“What’s wrong with them?” Yan Huan innocently pointed at Lei Qingyi who was chased by Yi Ling, while Lei Qingyi could only hide without hitting back, or Yi Ling wouldn’t take advantage of him.

Both Lei Qingyi and Lu Yi were the descendants of the ancient martial arts, they had good skills and they could knock down a few men alone. But Lei Qingyi was chased and beaten by Yi Ling now, perhaps he would get two slaps when paying the bill.

“Personal grudge.” Lu Yi said softly and he gripped his hand tightly. Then he realized that he was still holding her hand. He let go his hold and Yan Huan felt dejected with the loss of warmth.

Chapter 255: Jealous

However, she didn’t take it to heart. On the contrary, she put her hands behind her back, looking at both of them for a long time. She knew that Lei Qingyi was smart enough that sometimes he would purposely get some punches from Yi Ling.

Yi Ling was tired. She gripped her wrist and started mumbling to herself in her heart, what is his body made of, why is it so hard? Is he a wild boar or a gorilla?

Lei Qingyi laughed foolishly. He dared not glance around arbitrarily. Actually, he took a peep at the woman with short hair just now. He saw that she really did have boobs.

It slightly bulged out of her clothes. It was small but he was sure that she was a woman. A woman who was fierce and without any femininity. She beat him and slapped him on the cheek when she saw him, but who asked him to touch her boobs at that time.

He opened his big hand and blushed all of a sudden. He was still a virgin and that was the first time he touched woman...

But it felt soft actually.

Lu Yi walked over and sat down, “Sit down and eat.” He said faintly. Yi Ling stared at Lei Qingyi once again. His mouth widened in a forced smile like a silly.

Yan Huan came over and sat down either, she took off her cap and set it aside. Her gorgeous face could be seen, a small face and a delicate eyes. Though she didn’t wear any makeup she was way too pretty.

Lei Qingyi stretched out his finger and pointed at Yan Huan, “You are.....”

Yan Huan blinked her eyes.

“Haha...” Lei Qingyi touched his nose again and his smile had made his muscles feel pain.

“Ah, you are the one Lu Yi saved that time. I told him that you looked like my mum’s favourite Yan Huan, both of you are very much alike, but she isn’t as beautiful as you.”

“She is Yan Huan.” Lu Yi reminded him so as to avoid him to talk nonsense.

Lei Qingyi laughed until his face went numb with his eyes twitched.

“Yan Huan? You are Yan Huan!” He widened his eyes and looked carefully at Yan Huan’s face, she really looks like Yan Huan, there’s no doubt! She is Yan Huan.

A leg stretched out and stepped on his big foot.

“Damn! Who stepped on my foot?” Lei Qingyi shouted suddenly and the room seemed to be shaken by his voice.

“Me.” Yi Ling glanced at him fiercely, “Don’t move so close to my Huanan and have your eyeballs back. Or else, I will gouge them out and feed the cat.”

Lei Qingyi hurriedly looked away. He was obedient and dared not to glance around arbitrarily.

Yi Ling picked up the chopsticks and started eating. Though there was an annoying one beside her it was not enough to affect her appetite.

Go on eating until one’s last breath. This is her motto in her life. There are so many delicious and expensive dishes here. She was silly indeed if she just looked at the dishes but not eat it.

Lei Qingyi buried himself in eating. He just picked up the chopsticks but Yi Ling acted faster than him. However, since she had given him a lot of help, he would give ground to her on everything she wanted to eat and he wouldn’t fight with her.

Yi Ling ate happily. She had cooled down after fighting, but she would still keep in mind with the hatred of him.

Yan Huan ate some vegetables. She wouldn’t fight with them.

“Miss Yan,” Lei Qingyi quickly set the chopsticks down, touching his pocket and then he took out a notebook and a pen from his bag, “Can you please sign my autograph? My mum loves the dramas that you played, she is your fan.”

“Sure.” Yan Huan readily took over the notebook and the pen. This was the first time she signed an autograph. She hadn’t written her name for a long time, and she was a bit out of practice now, but fortunately, it wasn’t that ugly.

She let out a sigh of relief gently and returned the notebook to Lei Qingyi. Lei Qingyi took it over happily, the handwriting was very neat and his mother should be very happy.

He treated the notebook like a treasure and put it inside his bag. Yi Ling observed his every move, and she felt he was not that annoying. Okay, she would dislike him less for the sake he asked Yan Huan for her autograph and for the sake that his mother was her Huanhuan’s fan. However, she still wouldn’t forgive him for touching her boobs.

After dinner, Yan Huan wore her cap and thin black-rimmed glasses. Lei Qingyi couldn't figure out why Yan Huan was still beautiful but Fang Zhu looked like an old woman with the glasses.

So, that's the difference. As the saying goes, comparisons are odious.

"By the way," Lei Qingyi had forgotten about Fang Zhu, "Does the old hag look for you again?"

Now he remembered that him showing Ye Shuyun the video was the reason that he lost his laptop when he was on the way back. He hoped it would be useful since he was restless as an ant on a hot pan for a long time.

The old hag did not give up on Lu Yi.

"You mind your own business," Lu Yi did not want to talk about this, and his eyes fell on Yan Huan who was walking in front, she did not wear many clothes and thus she looked much thinner, but actually she was stronger than her appearance.

This woman was quite bold.

As for Fang Zhu, she did call him several times, but he didn't answer the phone. He believed that women could understand such a clear refusal, but he underestimated her perception of men, and of him.

For example, Lu Yi saw the woman standing in his doorway when he just got home, wearing the same black suit.

"You're back," Fang Zhu said faintly as she turned around.

"Yes, why?" Lu Yi came over and he took out his key to open the door. Speaking the two cold words, and then he said nothing.

He opened the door and walked in without inviting Fang Zhu into his house. But she walked in with ease and confidence.

"Lu Yi, what do you mean by that?" She said it again as if it was always on the tip of her tongue, what do you mean by that, and that's all.

Lu Yi walked to the tea machine and made himself a cup of milk tea.

He put the milk tea on the table, but obviously, there was a trace of disgust in Fang Zhu's eyes.

"Just like this cup of milk tea," Lu Yi held the cup and took a sip, "You hate it, but I like it."

Chapter 256: First-run

"You're allergic to cats, but I like them."

"You like sweet things, but I prefer spicy food. You want to get married at 30, but I want to get married earlier. You want to have children after 30, but I want to have children soon. Fang Zhu, do you think we are suitable for each other?"

Fang Zhu looked frustrated at his words.

She thought, he agreed to it. She thought, he did it of his free will. But she never thought a person who does not say no, it doesn't mean he wants to.

No, they weren't suitable.

Fang Zhu gripped her fingers tightly. She was thinking about swallowing her pride to make it up with him at the moment. After all, men such as Lu Yi weren't many, if she really gave up, it wouldn't be easy for her to look for an excellent one.

But her pride did not allow her to speak humbly, even if he was Lu Yi.

"Fine," She sneered, "Let's wait and see, who will be willing to marry you in this life, who will spend her lifetime to be with you. You deserve to be a bachelor and sonless your whole life." Putting a curse on him, she spoke opposite to her original intention, and broke their affection to pieces.

Fang Zhu was stunned for a moment when she turned around, while her face felt hot all of a sudden. Even her black suit seemed to be on fire and almost burned her bottom.

She almost ran out with her tail between her legs. She didn't even dare to stay here.

"Mum, why are you here?" Lu Yi rose to his feet and he saw Ye Shuyun standing at the doorway, while the smile that played across her lips was extremely cold.

"Can't I come?" Ye Shuyun glared at her son, "I gave birth to you so tall and sent you to learn ancient martial arts at Lei family since you were young, but why are you so feckless?"

"Mum, don't you always tell me that men ought to humour women?"

Lu Yi rose to his feet, he headed to the tea machine and poured Ye Shuyun a glass of water.

"Depends on what kind of woman she is," Ye Shuyun couldn't help rolling her eyes, "You don't have to humour every woman. What is the point you try to please her since she doesn't appreciate it?"

"But isn't Fang Zhu the woman who catches your fancy?" Lu Yi raised his eyebrows.

"Cough...." Ye Shuyun just about died choking on water.

How could this kid talk about my weak point, alright, I have to admit that I made an error of judgement and was fooled by Fang Zhu. Forget it, she didn't want to care about her son anymore. Since she had introduced him so many girls but none of them succeeded, as long as he could get married and give birth to her a grandson before thirty.

Lu Yi drank the milk tea quietly, Ye Shuyun did feel that her son was suitable to be a quiet and handsome man. As long as he spoke, though he might not mean anything or maybe it was the truth, sometimes his speaking could be really exasperating.

Lu Yi did not talk about Fang Zhu to his mother but he stood up and took out something from the cabinet, and put it in front of Ye Shuyun.

"What is this?" Ye Shu took over. It was a beautiful notebook. But why did he get me this? Why doesn't he get me something else?

He seldom gave her the presents all year round. She didn't give birth to a sweet one but sometimes her son was quite thoughtful of her.

She held her present happily. She found a few photos when she opened the notebook.

"Yan Huan!"

Ye Shuyun cried out in surprise, her most favourite Little Golden Silkworm, Hong Yao and Qing Yao. There was an autograph on each photo.

"Did Yan Huan sign all of these?" She asked her son, "Yes or no?"

Lu Yi held the cup and sipped his milk tea.

"Yes, she signed it." He didn't tell Ye Shuyun that he and her idol had eaten together more than once, as he was afraid his mother would beat him.

"Good, this is what I want," Ye Shuyun kissed the notebook, "I am going back, I want to show it off to your aunt."

At this point, she left with her notebook. She abandoned her son once she got her idol.

Lu Yi was still sitting aside and slowly drinking his milk tea. He was tasting the flavour of milk and the faint fragrance of tea. Though milk tea wasn't a type of tea, it still had a faint flavour of the tea. This was his special preference. He would add the real tea leaves into the milk tea. Some might feel his taste was a bit strange, but this was his personal preference and personal taste.

He reached for his phone and looked at the calendar. It was already mid-December and New Year's Day was drawing near.

If he was not mistaken, Yan Huan's first film was scheduled to be released on New Year's Day. There were only a few days left.

He had some tickets specially ordered for the first-run. He would bring his mother along, but he believed that the young girl would go, too.

Obviously, he had guessed right. On the day of New Year's Day, Yi Ling couldn't fall asleep at all. She talked to Little Bean all night with her dark circles under her eyes, while Little Bean kept yawning but she couldn't sleep. The cat was tired the next day and did not want to move but Yi Ling was still full of vigour.

What a slow day. She glanced at her watch. It was just seven o'clock in the morning and Divorced had its first-run at nine o'clock.

The film managed to get into such a good time slot finally. Please don't get anything wrong.

It couldn't be pulled from cinemas suddenly. It didn't matter if it was a flop at the box office as long as there were some audiences. After all, the cost of this film was very low and the films of several major directors were being released at the same time. Besides, the number of showings of other films were up to seventy to eighty per cent, but Divorced just got two.

When would her Huanhuan's film have a hit at the box office?

When Yan Huan got up from the bed, Yi Ling was still sighing. She heaved a sigh again when she saw Yan Huan, "Huanhuan, don't you feel nervous?"

"No." Yan Huan didn't feel nervous as she knew *Divorced* was a higher grossing film. But, she couldn't tell Yi Ling and just let her worry.

"You have a strong heart."

Yi Ling banged her head on the sofa, then she held the cat who couldn't open her eyes, "Little Bean, talk to me."

Chapter 257: Divorced

Little Bean yawned and stretched lazily, she couldn't open her eyes.

Yi Ling rocked the cat for a long time but in the end, she could only throw her on the sofa. She broke out in a cold sweat with anxiety. With it being winter, you could imagine how nervous she was.

It was eight o' clock and they could go out finally.

When they arrived at the cinema, Yi Ling dragged Yan Huan to see the film schedule. Her heart sank at the schedule, as the rolling titles on the screen were the high-cost films of well-known directors. The majority of people came for those blockbusters, while the casting of *Divorced* was unknown to the public, they did not even have a premiere but paid out of their pockets to watch it.

She felt bad at first but she burst with joy when the titles rolled on the film, *Divorced* and the lead actress, Yan Huan.

Well, it's okay, Yan Huan just starting her career and she has a long way to go. They didn't want to compare with others this time. As long as she had worked hard, her effort wouldn't waste.

At least, Yan Huan proved herself.

She bought two tickets of *Divorced* and then, they waited for the show.

Other films were almost fully scheduled from morning eight until midnight twelve, while *Divorced* had only two slots even with this being its first-run. Two slots, a miserable two.

However, Yi Ling had already been gratified. Though it was a cut-throat competition on New Year's Day, the films that were able to release at this time would have a good reputation all around. At least, everyone could remember Yan Huan's first film was released on New Year's Day when they mentioned her in the future.

Yi Ling and Yan Huan got to their seats before the play began. The cinema was empty that there were only a few people inside. They felt like they had booked the whole cinema.

Yi Ling couldn't help sighing, but she dared not show it in front of Yan Huan. She was afraid Yan Huan would be upset.

At the same time, a couple walked into the cinema. The girl kept complaining, "I want to watch swordsman film, but you asked me to watch a literary film. It is a sheer waste of time to watch the literary film."

“The tickets cannot be returned.” The boy looked at the ticket in his hand and felt aggrieved. “I did buy the wrong tickets but we can’t waste it, right? We watch this first and tomorrow we will watch another, okay?”

The girl was not pleased with his words but she still sat down as she couldn’t leave right now. Thus, she could only put up with it and watch this boring literary film to the end.

Soon after, the lights of the cinema faded to dark, and the play began.

It was better than Yi Ling expected. There were five or six people in the cinema besides both of them.

She was relieved at this as long as they didn’t sustain losses.

Though there were only five to six people, there were so many cinemas in the country. If there were five to six people in each cinema, they would get at least hundreds of thousands yuan at the box office. Besides, the cost of this film was very low and thus, let’s put it aside whether it would make a profit or a loss.

The play soon began. It was the scene of the greenery campus. Some of the audiences watched absent-mindedly at first, but the play gripped the audiences with the development of dramatic action. Pure love in the campus, a sincere heart of the couple. The female lead was very beautiful at their first glance, and she had excellent acting skills especially when she acted with the feeling of ambivalence, the audience would have the same feeling with her too.

After they graduated, the girl gave up the job which her parents got it for her and then she went to a strange city with her boyfriend to make a living. They suffered a great deal, especially the girl, she delivered newspapers door to door, swept the streets, gathered the scrap plastics and bottles, and went hungry. When she found out she was pregnant, she loathed to part with it, but she had to abort the child.

From that moment, Yi Ling suddenly felt a lump in her throat and she didn’t know why she cried. Then she could hear other voices in the cinema. She actually heard someone crying.

Later, the boy became a man and the girl became a woman. She was old and no longer pretty, while the man was successful in business and began to seek extramarital affairs.

When she saw her husband fooling around with another woman with her own eyes, the audiences could feel her sadness, her agony and her stubborn. Then, she fell on the ground, the ground soon covered with blood, she crawled forward and her fingers were stained with blood.

Later, the woman flatly divorced the man. She went back to her hometown with scars all over, and she met another man over there. The man became her salvation, he warmed her cold heart slowly with his patience and his warmth. Then, the woman married the man, she was pregnant and gave birth to a child one year later. The child was the crystallization of their love.

As for the man, he no longer concealed himself after the woman left. He began engaged in improper sexual relationships and slept away his life.

However, he contracted a disease from a woman and he travelled around to seek treatment without running his business. A few years later, his company had gone bankrupt but he was not cured.

At this moment, he was already in his thirties. He was too ashamed to face his parents and return to his hometown. In the end, he sold his house and rent a room, and became an odd-job man.

The woman and her husband lived a good life. Her husband didn't tell her that he came from a well-to-do family. He loved to earn everything with his own hands to support his wife and his daughter.

They lived in an easy and comfortable life.

A few years later, both of the men met at a reunion, but they were totally different.

One had a successful career and a beautiful wife, while the other had nothing but stricken by a disease.

The woman smiled at the man, her bright features had tinged with gentleness, and the time had given her maturity and intellectuality.

The man was overcome with regret. During the last scene, he went out and slowly disappeared in the dark. His back became weak and it became a dot in the end.

The lights lit up at the moment. The girl who was complaining at first complained again, "What is this all about? How could it make people crying? I want to watch again, let's buy another ticket."

Chapter 258: On Fire

The boy's eyes were also red and teary. He seemed a little embarrassed at having cried in public.

Everyone who saw the movie emerged from the cinema hall with red, puffy eyes. Ticket sales for the first day had been lukewarm at best, but on the second day, most of the showings were full. The cinemas had started out by showing the movie only once or twice a day, but it soon became apparent that there was massive demand for tickets for this specific movie, and the cinema had responded by increasing the showings to four a day, and then to six. By the third day, it was clear that the low budget *Divorced* was the dark horse among all the movies that had debuted on New Year's Day: it was such a hit now that every showing was sold out. The box office earnings had increased from the paltry hundreds of thousands yuan on the first day to a shocking 100 million on the third day.

Every cinema now arranged for the maximum number of showings per day for the movie. Every other movie that had begun showing around the same time—even the blockbusters and the movies by famous directors—lost to the low budget *Divorced* by an embarrassingly large margin.

On the Internet, the reviews and discussion for the movie were overwhelmingly positive. Most touted the movie as being "absolutely perfect."

One of the netizens left this review:

"I only went to see this movie because I heard someone else talking about it, and I have to say, I was really impressed with it. Everything was perfect, from the directorial vision to the editing and the casting. I cried from the beginning to the end, and I don't even know why! My tears just kept falling and falling. I couldn't control myself.

"I can relate to Xiang Ke. I stuck with my husband through thick and thin, and he eventually became very successful. But once he became rich, he stopped loving me. Xiang Ke's story is my story, and I hope that I can learn something from her.

“Women should be self-reliant. They should have the courage to leave their current lives—there’s an entire world out there full of possibilities!”

Another had this to say:

“I’ve seen the movie three times now, and had a different experience every time. The first time, I thought that the female lead was a fool to love such an awful man. The second time, I thought that the male lead was a fool to let go of such a wonderful woman. The third time, I finally understood that the movie is about the feelings we keep deep within ourselves; the characters’ seemingly foolish actions are merely a reflection of what society is like. We are the foolish ones.

“What do women want?”

“What do men want?”

“Men and women have different viewpoints and opinions, and will respond to this movie differently. This movie asks us to think carefully about today’s society and our attitude towards love—perhaps we should not be so quick to abandon long-term commitment. A partner for life may still be the best choice.

“I think this movie will be a wake-up call for a lot of people. What does it really mean to be husband and wife? We should think about that.”

Divorced was on fire now, and the flames of its popularity continued to rage. It had grossed nearly 400 million yuan at the box office, and showed no signs of slowing down. The movie also garnered a 9.5 rating on the biggest review sites.

For movies, anything below a 6 was a bad movie. 7 was considered average, while 8 was an extremely high rating. 9 was reserved for “hall of fame” material—a 9.5 was practically a contender for GOAT.

“We’re famous! We’re famous!” Yi Ling had been so excited during the past several days that she had not been able to sleep. She checked the box office rankings several times every day, unable to believe that *Divorced* was at the top of the rankings and had grossed 400 million yuan at the box office. The thought made her head spin.

Yi Ling held her head. “Oh my god. I’m going to faint. Like, for real.”

Yan Huan did not say anything. She merely lifted Little Bean into her arms and gingerly felt the cat’s front leg to check whether it had healed.

Yi Ling’s main concern was Yan Huan’s fame and reputation. Yan Huan, on the other hand, was more interested in the fact that she had struck it rich.

Of course, Yan Huan had not told Yi Ling about her contract with Director Huang Ming. If she had told her, Yi Ling’s brain would have short-circuited by now.

400 million yuan at the box office! That was already 100 million yuan more than the box office earnings for this movie in Yan Huan’s previous life. Yan Huan was confident that the movie would rake in at least 500 million yuan.

500 million yuan was a lot, but it paled in comparison to the movies that would go on to gross over one or two billion yuan in the future.

But that was much later in the future. Right now, the king of the box office rankings was a fantasy blockbuster film that had a budget of nearly 300 million yuan, and it had only grossed 800 million yuan.

Divorced had been shot on a shoestring budget, a budget so small it was practically negligible. But it had grossed 400 million yuan at the box office, and looked like it was set to break 500 million yuan.

Aside from the box office earnings, there was one other important point.

Yan Huan was now Famous.

Famous, with a capital F.

Everyone could see that she carried the entire movie. Her performance was universally praised for being authentic, sincere, and realistic, and most of the netizens applauded her for being one of the rare actresses in showbiz without a single scandal attached to her name.

Yan Huan could only smile bitterly when she saw their praise.

She could finally live a clean, unstained life this time around. In her previous life, everyone had thought of her nude scenes whenever they heard her name. The whole country—over one billion people—had seen her naked body back then; it had been a humiliating, soul-crushing experience, and Yan Huan had to keep her feelings of complete and utter despair to herself because no one else had been able to relate to the situation.

Two weeks passed, but the demand for Divorced tickets was still high. It remained at the top of the box office rankings, sometimes dropping down to second place, but even then, it was so far ahead of the pack in terms of popularity and earnings it left all the other movies in the dust. Many people saw it two or three times, and they all agreed that each viewing was an entirely different experience.

The story had a different lesson to teach, depending on whether you related to the female lead, the male lead, or looked at the story from a completely objective, outsider's point of view. It was a mirror that reflected the truth that everyone tried their best not to see.

The story was fictional, but it was incredibly realistic. It was so realistic it pierced the hearts of the audience like an unforgiving spear of truth. The audience did not understand why they cried while watching the movie, but realization dawned on them once it was over: some feelings were universal and resonated with everyone.

"Son, go with me to the movies."

Ye Shuyun tugged on Lu Yi's clothes. It was one of those rare days in which her son did not have any work to do, and she wanted him to watch the movie with her, no matter what.

"Mom, you've already seen it four times." Lu Yi rubbed his brow. His mother had seen the movie once with Lei Qingyi's mother, and then once with her other friends, and then twice on her own. He could not understand why she wanted to see the movie with him for a fifth time. Was it really that interesting? Five times! He was quite sure that she had already memorized the entire plot and every line. To his knowledge, even the most ardent fans had been satisfied with watching it three times; five times was completely unheard of.

But his mother was persistent, and he had to give in to her request in the end. When they arrived at the cinema, he was surprised to find that *Divorced* took up most of the cinema halls; there were showings from dawn until midnight. And when he went to the ticketing counter to select their seats, he found that most of the showings were already full.

Chapter 259: A Pleasant Surprise

It was Ye Shuyun's fifth time seeing the movie, but that did not stop her from weeping throughout the movie again. Lu Yi, on the other hand, remained stoic as always.

Once the movie ended, everyone exited the hall with red, puffy eyes, but not Lu Yi. In fact, he had not shed even a single tear.

Ye Shuyun glared at her son.

"Why didn't you cry?"

Lu Yi frowned. "Why should I cry?"

"Don't you find the movie touching?" Ye Shuyun began to wonder whether her son was actually some kind of mutant. Everyone else—men, women, the old, and the young—had cried their eyes out at the movie, so why was her son completely unmoved?

Lu Yi thought about the movie he had just seen. "It was touching. I guess." He was very impressed with Yan Huan's performance; he felt vindicated in his decision to help the movie secure a slot on New Year's Day.

"If you found it touching, then why didn't you cry?" Ye Shuyun asked her son once again.

"Because I know the story is fake. It didn't really happen." Lu Yi could not understand why his mother wanted him to cry over a movie. He was an introvert, the type to keep his feelings to himself. It was simply not possible for him to weep unreservedly in public like his mother.

Ye Shuyun could not understand her son either. She decided that her son was, in fact, a mutant.

The box office earnings for *Divorced* continued to snowball. It had grossed only about 300 million yuan in Yan Huan's previous life, but it had already surpassed 500 million yuan this time around. It was such a mind-blowing amount that the director, Huang Ming, stayed at home for several days, too shell-shocked to go out. He was not thinking about the money, but the fact that his directorial debut had turned out to be such a massive success. He did not care about the box office; he would have to give Yan Huan a third of the net profit, which would be about 100 million yuan after all the necessary expenses had been deducted, but he did not mind in the least. In fact, he would have gladly given Yan Huan half of the net profit. It was Yan Huan's incredible performance that had carried the movie to success, after all.

The box office earnings for *Divorced* finally began to decline towards the end of its run—it was a natural process for most movies, after the initial hype and excitement—but even so it continued to pull in several million yuan a day. This continued for about two months, which was yet another remarkable achievement; most other movies lasted only a month in cinemas before they had to make way for new movies. After two whole months in the cinemas, *Divorced* finally ended its run with box office earnings of 600 million yuan.

600 million yuan! It was an astronomical sum that left most people speechless. The other movies that seemed like it would do well had only grossed 100 million yuan. And yet this unassuming melodrama, shot on a shoestring budget, ranked in 600 million yuan at the box office.

Even the movies slated to debut during the Chinese New Year—the season that usually had the best box office results in the entire year—would not be able to earn that much money.

After the film finally ended its run in cinemas, Huang Ming treated everyone on the production team to a luxurious dinner out of his own pocket. He could afford it now, of course. His movie had not only earned a ton of money, it had helped pave his way towards a bright future as a movie director. There would still be stormy days ahead, but he had made an excellent first impression in the industry, and that was what was important right now.

It was enormous pressure for a new director, but the pressure only served to motivate him further.

Huang Ming was a man of his word. He had promised to give Yan Huan a third of the box office earnings, and he wired the money to her bank account as soon as it was ready. The penniless Yan Huan, the Yan Huan who had absolutely nothing to her name, was now a millionaire.

“For you.” Yan Huan placed a small box in front of Yi Ling.

“What is it?” Yi Ling picked up the box and opened it: there were two keys inside.

“What, did you get me a toy car?” Yi Ling asked, puzzled. She hooked the car key with a finger and spun it around.

Yan Huan smiled. She said enigmatically, “It’s a surprise. Go see for yourself.”

Yi Ling noticed there was a note inside the box, and unfolded it. There was an address and a phone number on it.

Yi Ling was not the type to be interested in puzzles and games, but she shrugged and said, “Okay, I’ll go have a look.” She did not know what her dear Huanhuan was up to, or why she was being so mysterious, but she would play along for her sake.

She took the note, stuffed it into her pocket, and then went out. It was cold outside. She huddled into her clothes, and then turned to look at the front door of her apartment. She would much rather stay home in this weather.

She considered stepping back into her apartment and asking Yan Huan for a raincheck.

But she knew Yan Huan would not allow her back inside unless she followed the instructions and completed the game.

Some time later, Yi Ling ran back to the apartment with a wild look in her eyes.

“Huanhuan!” She jumped onto Yan Huan as soon as she opened the door, almost crushing Yan Huan’s dainty frame.

“Huanhuan, why are you so good to me? You gave me a sports car and an apartment with a view of the sea! The apartment isn’t in Sea City, but who cares! I’m so happy! Oh my god, I’m the luckiest person in

the world! A red sports car! It's my favorite color!" She kissed Yan Huan on the cheek, hard, leaving a large patch of saliva behind.

"I finally made it! A sports car and a seaside apartment! Oh my god, that's the life I've been dreaming of. Oh my god, oh my god!" Yi Ling cupped her face. "I'm so happy I could die!"

"I'm going to take my car for a spin. I won't be back for dinner, so you don't have to call me to tell me dinner is ready."

Yi Ling had already reached the door when she suddenly remembered something. "Oh, I almost forgot to ask—Huanhuan, where did you get the money to buy the car and the villa?"

Yi Ling had been dreaming of the car for a long time now, and knew that it cost at least one million yuan. The seaside apartment would be even more expensive. She could not even begin to guess how much the apartment cost, but she knew it was at least a few million yuan.

Where had Yan Huan gotten the money from?

Yi Ling's eyes lit up as a thought occurred to her. "Huanhuan, did Director Huang increase your paycheck?" The idea seemed plausible enough: Divorced had earned 600 million yuan on a budget of a few hundred thousand yuan. That was a lot of money—real money, not imaginary money.

It was entirely reasonable for Director Huang to give Yan Huan—the actress who had single-handedly carried the movie—a hefty increase in her paycheck. That would explain why Yan Huan could afford to buy such a nice car and apartment.

"No." Yan Huan wiped the saliva from her face.

"My pay was decided upon when I signed the contract. They can't increase or decrease my paycheck on a whim. Small 'ang pow' bonuses aren't bound by the contract, of course."

"Wait..." Yi Ling deflated like a balloon popped. "If the director didn't increase your paycheck, where'd the money come from? You didn't steal from someone, or rob a bank, did you?" Actors made a lot of money, it was true, but that only applied to famous superstars. Yan Huan was famous, but she had only starred in Divorced so far, and the director could not possibly have given her a large paycheck for such a low budget movie. So where had the money come from?

"Where did the money come from?" Yan Huan's pretty eyebrows drew together. "Huang Ming gave me two options when I signed the contract: a paycheck of several tens of thousands yuan—or a third of the movie's net profit."

Net profit. That was the keyword here.

Bam! Yi Ling's head slammed into the door. She remained plastered onto the door, motionless, as she tried to process what she had just heard.

Chapter 260: Head Held High

"Huanhuan, you went with a third of the net profit?" Yi Ling put up three fingers for emphasis. Her brain was still struggling to keep up; if she had understood Yan Huan correctly, that meant they had pretty much won the jackpot, right when they needed it most.

“Yup,” Yan Huan replied with a deadpan expression. There was, however, a twinkle in her eyes.

She had already known that *Divorced* would be a box office hit before signing the contract, but her little butterfly wings had caused a chain reaction that went beyond her expectations this time around. In this life, *Divorced* was still the dark horse that had pulled off an upset, but the Butterfly Effect from Yan Huan’s participation in the movie had caused it to make an even bigger killing at the box office.

It had collected 600 million yuan at the box office; there was no way any other movie would be able to top it this year, which meant that *Divorced* had already earned its spot as the box office king of the year. And Yan Huan had gotten 100 million yuan out of it. 100 million yuan! She was rolling in money now.

She would never be short of money again.

“Money isn’t everything”—that was what everyone said, but the saying “money makes the world go round” was equally true. Life was inconvenient and full of hardships without money.

“I need some time to digest this.” Yi Ling was still plastered firmly against the door, looking for all the world like a house gecko. She was too agitated and shell-shocked to do anything else.

Her Huanhuan suddenly had more than 100 million yuan in the bank. Holy moly! That meant she was a millionaire! On top of that, she would be flooded with movie offers and endorsement deals after the success of *Divorce*.

I have to be calm, she told herself, yes, stay calm. She removed herself from the door, straightened herself, and wiped the sweat from her face. She reminded herself that there was nothing surprising about the sudden windfall; she had known, from Yan Huan’s first day in showbiz, that Yan Huan would be rich once she became famous. Her dear Huanhuan had worked hard, and the day had finally come for them to reap the fruits of their labor.

She spun her car keys. “I’m going to take my car for a spin now.” The knowledge that Yan Huan was now a millionaire made her feel much more at ease about driving the expensive sports car. She could now drive without being constantly afraid of accidentally scratching the car.

Once Yi Ling had left, Yan Huan seated herself on the sofa. She lifted a glass of water and began to drink it in small sips. The light filtering in from the window entered her eyes, turning them into a melancholic blue. But it was only the color of the sky, reflected in her eyes.

The light blue of the sky was also the color of faint sorrow.

After *Divorced*, Yan Huan’s popularity had skyrocketed. In the domestic film festival that year, three of her roles received nominations: Hong Yao from *Love and Tribulations*, Qing Yao from *Journey to Fairyland*, and Xiang Ke from *Divorced*.

She was nominated for Best Newcomer, Best Supporting Actress, and Best Actress. Yan Huan did not expect to win Best Actress; there were just too many veteran actresses competing for the same award, and many of them were a lot more famous and had better acting skills. She knew it would be a huge disruption if she won Best Actress, but the odds were much more even for Best Newcomer and Best Supporting Actress.

It was a domestic awards ceremony that did not include international stars, but the awards given out were still worth their weight in gold. In her previous life, she had won Best Newcomer at the very same ceremony, and the award had practically launched her career into the stratosphere overnight. This time around, she had started on even higher ground, without any embarrassing, scandalous roles in porno movies attached to her name.

She drank from her glass again. Her lips curved into a small smile, to match the merry twinkle in her eyes.

Outside, the sun shone bright in the clear sky. It was still winter, but it felt like a lovely spring day.

Yi Ling was in high spirits as she drove around town in her new sports car. Before this, she did not dare to dream about driving the car, for fear of being disappointed, and she could hardly believe that she was actually sitting in it now. With this car, she would be able to take Yan Huan out on a relaxing drive every single day, if she wanted.

Many of the motorists and pedestrians who had good taste in cars did a double-take when they saw Yi Ling's sports car. Her ego swelled at the sight of the open jealousy and envy on their faces. There was only one way to describe how she was feeling right now:

On top of the world.

Yi Ling could finally walk with her head held high.

"That's right, I'll go pick you up in a minute. Huanhuan's treating us to dinner today to celebrate Divorced's 600 million yuan box office earnings. What do you feel like eating? Feel free to make requests, don't be shy now. Yan Huan will be able to afford it, don't worry," said Yi Ling over the phone. She thumped her chest, feeling rich and generous.

"Okay," said Luo Lin on the other end of the line. She was in a good mood; she knew now that she had made the right decision in choosing to work with Yan Huan. Yan Huan was so much better than Xiao Rongrong in every way, and it was clear now that the new actress was set for stardom. Xiao Rongrong had only achieved fame because of the man backing her, and now the disgraced actress had vanished entirely from showbiz. Yan Huan, on the other hand, had become famous overnight because of Divorced. The young actress was not yet 22 years old, but she was already a much better actress than many veteran actors in the industry. Unlike most newcomers, she had shown a profound understanding of all her roles so far.

Luo Lin sighed. It was such a pity that Yan Huan did not have someone backing her. Her journey in showbiz would be full of perilous pitfalls without someone to look out for her.

Luo Lin did not know about Lu Yi; she had assumed that Xiao Rongrong's downfall had come about because of the actress's bad luck, that her immoral behavior and shady dealings had only been exposed because Zuo Fanrui had been unfortunate enough to be investigated by government prosecutors. If it had not been for that, Xiao Rongrong would probably still be in showbiz, throwing her weight around like a diva.

A thought suddenly occurred to her. She asked Yi Ling over the phone, "Hey, what about Ding Ming? Should we invite him to dinner too?"

“No.” Yi Ling almost spat in disgust. “I’ll be informing Manager Chen in a few days that that eunuch is too much trouble for me. I refuse to work with disobedient actors.”

Yi Ling would not have dared to make such demands before this, but she had earned the right to assert herself now. She was feeling confident; if the agency was not happy with her request, well, she would take Yan Huan to a different agency. They would have to pay a termination fee to Yuelun Entertainment for ending their contract early, but that was only about a few million yuan—pocket change for her Huanhuan. But Yi Ling did not actually think that would happen; Yan Huan was a rapidly rising star, and it was only natural for the agency to make special accommodations for their actors, in accordance to their net worth.

Besides, it was true that Yi Ling already had her hands full with Yan Huan and her explosive fame. She did not have the time to look after another actor, much less one that was as difficult to work with as Ding Ming.

Luo Lin made no comment. Ding Ming had deserved it; Yi Ling was his manager, which meant that he should have listened to her and accepted whatever arrangements she made for him. He would have reaped the benefits by now had he chosen to stick with Yan Huan on her projects; he really should have known better, especially since Yan Huan had been slowly but surely gaining popularity even before taking on Divorced. But no, the idiot had chosen to, as the saying went, throw away the watermelon in his arms just to pick up a sesame seed on the ground.

Yan Huan had reserved a table at a private kitchen; she had chosen the restaurant mainly because it was quiet and secluded, and also because the food on its menu was delicious. She had eaten there once before, and had been impressed by the dishes served. It was an expensive restaurant, but it was worth it because of the high quality of the food.

Yi Ling sat in her car, listening to music. It felt wonderful to have her own car; it made everything so much more convenient. She could now pick up anyone she wanted with her own car, if she felt like it.

She saw Luo Lin in the distance, walking towards her, and rolled down her car window to wave and yell: “Over here!”

Luo Lin stood beside the road, looking in vain for Yi Ling. She had not thought to look at the cars; she was still under the assumption that Yan Huan had to get around in the company van because the actress was not rich enough to get a car of her own.

She looked around for several minutes, but did not see Yi Ling.