

Chapter 351: Ex-Girlfriend

"If you're satisfied, let's go back." Lu Yi stood up and extended his hand to Yan Huan. Yan Huan used her hands to grab his and moved his palm up and down. She started talking to him.

Lu Yi wasn't someone who cried easily and it was the same when it came to him laughing. Any good joke would become a cold joke when said by him and any touching image would probably leave him emotionless.

Hence along the way, Yan Huan was talking to him and he was only listening. He would reply from time to time but it was enough for Yan Huan to know that he was listening.

She liked to share with him the things that were happening around her. The good, the bad, funny stories and even those that weren't funny. Even though he wasn't good at giving advice, he was a good listener. And sometimes, she wants someone like that.

Someone who would listen to her talk quietly. That was enough.

"Lu Yi?" suddenly, someone from behind called Lu Yi's name.

Yan Huan turned around to take a look.

Immediately she felt a pinch in her heart, almost as if she drank too much vinegar. This feeling left her very uncomfortable.

"Your ex-girlfriend is here," even though Yan Huan was smiling, she was obviously gritting her teeth.

Lu Yi lifted his brows as a laughter flashed in his eyes.

"Lu Yi, it is you?"

Fang Zhu quickly walked over. She didn't expect to see him here.

Lu Yi nodded his head lightly—it was his way of greeting her.

"Hi," Yan Huan peeked out from behind Lu Yi. Her hand was around Lu Yi's neck as Lu Yi squinted his eyes to warn her not to take it too far. She might fall.

However, his hands carefully protected this woman. If she were to fall and cry, he would be the one feeling terrible.

"Hi..."

Fang Zhu stood there in a daze. She thought Lu Yi was alone, why was there one more person? Also, what was she doing? What was she doing to Lu Yi?

"Who are you?" Fang Zhu had a cold look on her face. She looked as if she had caught her husband cheating on her. The jealousy on her face was obvious.

“Who am I?” Yan Huan pointed at herself as she laughed in joy. In her past life, this woman didn’t sneer at her any less and even though Yan Huan wasn’t a good person in her last life, she didn’t do anything that had impeded Fang Zhu.

She remembered the past grudges and it wasn’t that she wasn’t going to take revenge for them, the time for it hasn’t come.

It was now. She was the one who had appeared in front of them here. Yan Huan had nothing to do with it.

“Who are you?” Fang Zhu asked again coldly. His gaze moved towards Lu Yi.

“Lu Yi, who is she?”

Lu Yi tidied up Yan Huan’s hair, “she is my girlfriend.”

“Girlfriend?” Fang Zhu’s voice immediately raised a few pitches. “You have a girlfriend? How can you have a girlfriend? Someone like you should be single for his whole life.”

“Auntie, why are you so weird?” Yan Huan rested her chin on Lu Yi’s shoulder. She hated it when people criticized Lu Yi.

“Whether my husband is single or not, what does it have to do with you? Besides, he already has me and is no longer single. Also, you’re so old, it can’t be that you’re not married yet right?”

Yan Huan’s calling her auntie almost made Fang Zhu puke blood in anger.

“What did you call me?”

“Auntie,” Yan Huan had a face of innocence and her acting wasn’t something any commoner could react to. If she wanted to play, she would definitely outwit Fang Zhu. Because she knew what Fang Zhu’s weakness was. Hmm...

“You called me auntie?” Fang Zhu’s veins on her forehead started to pop.

“Auntie? You called me auntie? You dare to call me auntie?”

“If you’re not auntie, then what are you?” Yan Huan hung on Lu Yi’s shoulder as she pressed her face against his. She was obviously showing off her love for him to anger Fang Zhu.

“Auntie, are you 40 yet?”

“I am 28, I am 28...” Fang Zhu’s chest was heaving in anger as she felt her lungs exploding with anger.

“I am only 23, auntie.” Yan Huan pointed at her face. “I am prettier, younger, have a better figure, better at flirting and love him more than you. Wouldn’t he be stupid to choose you over me?”

Fang Zhu started heaving even more intensely as she suddenly turned around and pressed her chest.

She wanted to puke from anger.

No, she cannot puke. Yan Huan didn’t have the ability to make someone puke blood yet.

She still didn't feel at ease after this. In her past life, Fang Zhu had bullied her and treated Lu Yi as a slave. She was never good to him and she was about to avenge both herself and Lu Yi this time.

As Fang Zhu turned around to say something, Yan Huan smiled at her. That smile made Fang Zhu want to puke even more.

Yan Huan turned around and kissed Lu Yi.

Lu Yi pinched her face.

"Stop it."

Yan Huan stuck her tongue out at him. "Why, does it hurt?" She was incredibly jealous at the moment.

"What rubbish are you talking about, do you want others to see you?"

Lu Yi warned softly.

Yan Huan also felt more people looking on and she felt as if she was being treated like a monkey.

"But I am not done yet," she rested her chin on Lu Yi's head. "I don't want to let Fang Zhu go like this. I can't even bear to see you angry but she has never treated you like a person. If I don't take revenge for this, I cannot take it."

Lu Yi's voice stuck in his throat.

He softly soothed Yan Huan's hair. This was the first time he felt protected by a woman and such protection left his heart warm. Just like light shining in after a really long blizzard, melting everything with it.

"Let's go," He tapped Yan Huan's shoulder. "You are a public figure, watch out."

"No," Yan Huan was frustrated. She wasn't done.

Lu Yi looked as more people gathered and at Fang Zhu's face that was incredibly pale. Were they really going to make a spectacle for these people to see? He scooped Yan Huan up with one hand as he lifted her and left.

"Lu Yi, stop!"

Fang Zhu wanted to give chase at the back as she felt the anger rushing up to her head. She took a look at Lu Yi who used to listen to her every demand carrying another girl away. That girl was younger than her, prettier than her, better at flirting and Lu Yi listened to her more. Her heart was itching and the itch hurts.

Lu Yi stuffed Yan Huan in the car to prevent others from watching.

He opened his car door and sat inside.

Yan Huan rubbed her hair and realized her hat was missing. Her spectacles were crooked but her beauty was incredibly irresistible under the glow of the moonlight.

Her face was too pretty, too good.

Chapter 352: Are You Capable Of Doing It

She spruced up her hair, then poked at Lu Yi's chest.

"Why are you carrying me like a sack of rice?"

"Habit," said Lu Yi, fastening his and Yan Huan's seatbelt. He was actually used to that way of carrying. It was fast and fuss-free.

"Next time," Yan Huan poked his chest again. "Carry me like a princess. Get it?"

"Got it," said Lu Yi. Then again, habits die hard. He reached out and helped Yan Huan fasten her seatbelt.

Yan Huan looked up, examined his serious profile under the dim street light. That smileless expression again. When he was about to stand, Yan Huan reached out and hooped her hands around her neck.

She gave her a French kiss.

Of course, this was an activity that needed Lu Yi's cooperation. Lu Yi paused, then took the initiative. He was rather cautious at first, but forget his reserve later on.

"Inspector Lu..." Yan Huan's lips were close to his ears, her soft breath tingled his senses.

"Hm?" Lu Yi raised his brows, his eyes fixed on the lovely beauty before him. He appeared calm, but his physical reactions said otherwise.

He propped himself up with his arms. On his forehead, a fine sheen of sweat had formed on the bulging veins. A little push might be enough to make him lose his senses.

"Lu Yi," Yan Huan landed a sudden bite on his ear. "I want to sleep with you."

Pa! Lu Yi flicked at her forehead. Then, he rubbed at the bold woman's forehead gently.

"Don't speak nonsense."

"It's not nonsense," said Yan Huan, playing with his buttons.

"This is to prevent others from eyeing on you in the future. I have decided that I must sleep with you."

"Or could it be..." Her eyes stopped at a certain part of the inspector. "You can't?"

The veins on Lu Yi's forehead jumped.

"Yan Huan!"

His warning voice would have scared others, but not Yan Huan. Lu Yi could beat anyone, but he could never lay a finger on Yan Huan.

Lu Yi really wanted to kill her. He shut his eyes, drew a deep breath, and went back to his seat. He drove away. Fang Zhu was still puking and raging at where she was, but that's nobody's business now.

Yan Huan took out her phone. For some reason, she called Ye Shuyun.

"Oh, my son has gotten him a vixen?" said Ye Shuyun, caressing the fat cat in her arms. "Tell me, what do you look like?"

“23 years old, with the looks of a vixen.”

Ye Shuyun was amused by her words. Seems like her son wasn't lying when he said he had a girlfriend. Not every woman could be a vixen. You got to know, you have to be very beautiful to be a vixen.

She was certain that with a vixen daughter-in-law, her grandsons would be born with pretty faces. She could show them off to everyone. The notion excited her, and she squeezed Little Bean enough to make it squeal and react defensively.

Lu Yi held the door open for Yan Huan. Yan Huan went barefoot.

“Wear these,” said Lu Yi, bending over and placing a pair of sandals before her. “Don't walk around barefoot.”

“Don't wanna,” Yan Huan stepped onto his large feet. “I won't go anywhere unless you carry me.”

Fine, Lu Yi carried her right away. A woman of 40 kg was too light for him.

Lu Yi laid her down on his large bed. She pulled him closer.

There were only a few centimeters between them. They could smell each other's scent, and that aroused them.

It's often said that alcohol messes with one's mind, but they were about to lose their senses even without the devil's water.

Lu Yi caressed her beautiful features. He was hesitating, offering her a chance to change her mind. However, the chances weren't unlimited.

“Ms. Yan, do you still want to sleep with me?” He narrowed his eyes and gave her a warning look.

“Of course,” said Yan Huan, pulling his tie closer. “Unless Inspector Lu isn't capable of the deed.”

Women should never say that to men. That was crossing the line. Where the man's line was, she would have to find out.

A fire burned in Lu Yi's dark eyes, a fiery thing that spread and burned everything.

Yan Huan was the one that lit the fire, and she was the only one who could put it out. Crush her, kill her, she wouldn't regret a thing.

The night was still long.

In that secluded room of Lu Yi's, what happened next was,

shh, a secret.

Of course, no one pummeled their wall or yelled: “Keep the noise down...”

Yan Huan felt like she had a good sleep. She tried to stretch, but found her arms sore and immovable. The languidness was comfortable.

“Awake?” A large hand rested on hers. She smiled, narrowed her eyes, and rubbed her face against the hand.

The memories of the night played in her mind. It wasn't exactly her first time—she had been married to Lu Qin for nearly 4 years, and they did more than chatting under the sheets. However, it was her first time in this life.

She rested her hand on his shoulders. How great, to be able to give him a clean and pure her in this life.

Lu Yi pecked at her forehead. "Sleep more. We'll head out later."

"Okay," said Yan Huan. She snuggled into Lu Yi's chest, but felt his tenseness and the heat from a certain spot.

A heat that made her blush. An irresistible heat.

Don't wanna, it still hurts, she pouted. It really did hurt down there. Reserved my ass! He was an animal in bed—a wolf. She decided she would call him that in the future.

Lu Yi puffed. In the heat of the previous night, he forgot it was her first time.

Even though he didn't really care whether it was her first, every man had the mindset of comparing. In her previous life, Yan Huan didn't give her first to Lu Qin, and he never forgot to remind her about it for a long time.

She knew that Lu Yi wasn't a piece of trash like Lu Qin and wouldn't mind whether it was her first, and that he only cared about whether her love was genuine, but she still wanted to present him with the best version of herself.

Chapter 353: She Wants To Enlist

She buried her head in his chest again. It was a good night's sleep. She hadn't had such restful sleep in a long time. She could sleep with no fear of anything, because the man beside her would protect her and keep her safe.

When Yan Huan woke up, Lu Yi was gone. She laid alone in the large bed. There was a set of clothes on the bed.

Yan Huan took the clothes and put them on. When she walked out, she saw Lu Yi busy at work in the kitchen.

He was cooking noodles with an apron on.

Yan Huan walked over and hugged him from behind. She pressed her face against his back.

"Awake?" said Lu Yi, continuing what he was doing. He then turned and wiped at her face. "We'll go out after breakfast."

"Okay," said Yan Huan obediently.

"Good girl," said Lu Yi. Stars sparkled in his dark pupils.

Yan Huan tip-toed and pecked at his face.

Lu Yi wouldn't let a chance like this slip away. With how far they had gone now, wouldn't it be insincere to put up a formal pretense? Lu Yi wasn't a meek guy in the first place. He was always the dominant

type. His easygoingness often made others think otherwise, but in truth, he was someone who was hard to deal with.

However, his attitude was different when it came to someone he loves and cares about.

Sadly, Lu Yi's noodles were soon left unattended. Once the two tasted the wonderful taste of each other, they couldn't control themselves anymore. How could they resist?

And so the noodles went pasty.

Yan Huan leaned against Lu Yi. She was exhausted. The abstinent inspector was a thirsty man.

However, it was a good feeling. She liked him. It was the first time she felt such physical compatibility. She liked the dangerous look he had when he narrowed his eyes. She liked his rare smiles. She liked how he was completely helpless against her.

Lu Yi brought her out for breakfast, then brought her to a place.

"Yan Huan?" said a uniformed man, his eyes widening.

"Aren't you Yan Huan?"

The man couldn't believe his eyes. This was Yan Huan in the flesh!

Yan Huan smiled and nodded. However, she didn't know why Lu Yi had brought her here. "What's this? Am I to be trialed?"

"Do your stuff," said Lu Yi with his warning tone.

"Oh! Right away, right away."

The man quickly fetched a bunch of documents and presented them.

Yan Huan picked them up. There wasn't a need for inspection since Lu Yi only asked her to sign. Sign it the way it was. Not like Lu Yi would scam her.

When two red books were placed before them, Yan Huan was dumbfounded.

Those were marriage certificates.

She's about to, no, she got married.

She looked up at Lu Yi.

Lu Yi caressed her forehead. "You can announce it whenever you like. I'll be your secret husband. I'll love you, spoil you, and take care of you. Don't shoulder everything by yourself. Don't forget—I'm always here for you."

Now that they had gone that far, no other woman would work for him. She was the one. He was always afraid of her leaving without a word, therefore he wanted to seal the deal. As to the date of the marriage, he would leave it up to her.

"Um, excuse me," All the staff in the office had gathered by now, notepads in hand.

“Can I have your signature? Yan Huan, I’m your fan,” their eyes had lit up at the sight of their idol. If not for Lu Yi’s presence, they would have gone crazy.

It was an idol! A goddess! A national goddess! Popular, beautiful, and most importantly, they loved her!

Yan Huan granted all her fans a signature. Lu Yi knew these people, so their lips were sealed tight. No one would leak a word about their marriage.

Yan Huan took Lu Yi’s arms. She could hardly believe it. She was married now. Married to Lu Yi. The one who she feared and hated the most in the past. However, in the end, she finally knew who was truly good to her and cared about her.

Not Lu Qin, but Lu Yi.

She must be blind to not notice him in her previous life.

In this life, she finally made the right choice.

However, there were some things that bothered Yan Huan. For example, this “reserved” man was a beast at night. In the past, he respected her. However, now that she was his wife, they would be doing it often. He would never be satisfied no matter how many times they did it.

When their bodies touched, their souls seemed to join. It felt as though they were meant to be together. They should have been in their past lives.

Yan Huan grasped Lu Yi’s hand tightly and turned. He embraced her tightly.

Lu Yi, she called out. She knew that he was still awake and listening.

“I want to join the military,” said Yan Huan, opening her eyes, grasping his large hands tightly.

“Join the military” Lu Yi frowned, turned her and looked into her eyes. “Why? To be a soldier?”

She shook her head. “For future preparations.”

“No more filming for now?” asked Lu Yi seriously. “It wouldn’t be a day or two if you enlist.”

“No more for now. I’m done,” Yan Huan was only waiting for one film. Anyway, none of those mattered more than him. However, she didn’t say it. She would show him.

“Okay,” answered Lu Yi. He could feel that Yan Huan had long made the decision. However, enlisting was tough. He was pained to see his dainty sweetheart suffer.

However, he stood by his word.

He would support her every decision. Like always.

On the second day, Yan Huan had finished packing her bags. She was going to film the second part of Man Vs. Wild. Su Muran, I’m here to give you a gift. I’m sure you’ll love it.

At the checkpoint, Su Muran had already arrived. Her face was ruddy without any traces of exhaustion. She must have had good rest along the way. Zhou Zizhe and Fang Ying both looked thinner than before,

but there was something special in the way they looked at each other. On the way here, they had to rely on each other, so the relationship between them was firm and close.

Why aren't they here yet?

"Could something have happened?" Fang Ying asked Zhou Zizhe.

Chapter 354: Dumb People Have Dumb Good Luck

"I'm sure they are fine. Let's wait a while more," comforted Zhou Zizhe. Deep inside, he was worried as well. Why wasn't Yan Huan and Song Xihua here by this time?

Su Muran curled her lips in boredom by the side.

They won't be coming. Heh, that is, unless the dead can walk.

"Sorry for being late."

Yan Huan walked in, her face radiating with good health. Moreover, there was something unspeakable in her air, a quality between innocence and maturity.

At that moment, she was smiling, at Su Muran.

Su Muran's face went still. Her hands tightened, her nails digging into her flesh.

"It's been a while, Ms. Su. Thanks for taking care of us."

Yan Huan walked forward, the icy Song Xihua behind her. Song Xihua walked to Su Muran and stared at her silently.

Nobody expected it when he whipped his hand across Su Muran's face. Pa!

Fang Ying gaped. A hand reached out and covered her mouth. "Don't let the flies fly in."

After a long while, Fang Ying finally managed to close her mouth. She pointed left and right, unsure of what to ask. Zhou Zizhe shook his head at her. Fine, she'll stay silent.

"You are not doing it?" asked Song Xihua, turning to Yan Huan.

This wench had nearly killed them both, yet she is sitting here all innocent. What was beneath her appearance was truly appalling.

"Why not?" Yan Huan reached forward and patted Su Muran's face softly. Su Muran was stiff from fear.

"Tsk, it's heavy on one side and light on the other. Doesn't it look off balance? What should I do?"

"Balance it out then," said Song Xihua, giving Yan Huan one last glance before turning and walking away in forlornness. He had lost something before he could even obtain it. The aching in his heart never stopped.

Just as Su Muran turned, Yan Huan slapped her face hard, balancing out the shade on her cheeks.

"Yan Huan, how dare you?!" It was the first time Su Muran got hit. The first time in her entire life. First by a man, then by a woman.

“Why not? You were bold enough to come after my life,” Yan Huan blew at her fingers. “Others might not be able to hit you with the Su Family supporting you, but I have the Ye Family.”

Adding that to the scores wouldn't matter much anyway now that the two families were already enemies.

Su Muran's face changed at the mention of the Ye Family.

This was more shocking than running into a ghost. But what could it be other than a ghost? Yan Huan was already dead, yet she stood there before her. She could only be a ghost, right?

Fang Ying quickly pulled Yan Huan away. Even though they were in the same show, Su Muran quit halfway, so there were no feelings of fondness between them. She never suffered when they were suffering.

She never helped her carry her backpack. She never helped adjust Fang Ying's blanket.

Fang Ying wasn't close with her.

“What's going on her? Why did you hit her?” she asked, pointing at Su Muran's furious face.

“It's nothing, she deserves it,” said Yan Huan, shaking the soreness off her hand. Slapping was pretty tiring, but it was satisfying. Little wonder why Ms. Su loved slapping others so much in her past life. Of course, she had slapped Yan Huan too. It's payback now.

Fang Ying blinked, wanting to ask more. Zhou Zizhe quickly pulled her away and covered her mouth.

“Mortals shouldn't intervene in a fight between immortals,” he warned softly.

He was afraid that the intrepid Fang Ying would end up implicating herself. God knows how such a guileless girl managed to reach where she was at.

In the acting sphere, people often kept an eye out for others. However, Fang Ying was simple-minded. Perhaps, thought Zhou Zizhe, dumb people have dumb good luck.

Yan Huan stared at Su Muran with a smile on her face. Covering her face, Su Muran's pretty face was distorted by anger. However, there was nothing she could do.

She wasn't an idiot. She knew that if the whole thing gets exposed, she would have the short end of the stick. It was, after all, planned murder, against two public figures moreover. Even the Su Family might not be able to protect all. Not only that, Yan Huan had the Ye Family behind her. Su Muran was clearly aware of the relationship between the two families. She also knew that the Ye Family would definitely rise higher in the coming years. When that happens, not even the Su Family can bully them.

“Why not sue her?” asked Song Xihua.

“My life isn't that cheap.”

“You can't build a case against her,” said Fang Ying.

“We don't have any evidence.”

“Aren’t we living evidence?” said Song Xihua, curling his lips. How is he, a living person, not the perfect evidence?

“She would never admit it.” Yan Huan knew Su Muran in and out. They were both actors, and acting was a second nature to them. How hard would it be to play the role of a victim?

As long as the Su Family is there, there was nothing they could do to Su Muran.

“Song Xihua,” called Yan Huan abruptly, her eyes fixed on him.

A little stunned, Song Xihua lowered his head. His eyes were teary, perhaps from the sand in the wind, or perhaps from the aching in his heart.

“I suggest you stay low for the time being,” she said. Yan Huan had Luo Lin investigate Song Xihua’s background. His connections weren’t powerful enough to deal with the Su Family. His accomplishments didn’t come easy, so it’s best to not give the Su Family a chance to ruin his career.

As for her revenge, she would eventually deliver it. It wasn’t just this one anyway. She would note down each and every one of these properly and settle the scores someday.

Song Xihua remained silent. Yan Huan rose and sat at one side, waiting for the crew to arrive. Soon, the camera arrived. When the director saw Su Muran, he frowned.

“Ms. Su, did you put on some weight?”

Fang Ying was going to laugh, but Zhou Zizhe covered her mouth in time. Behaving so carelessly would come back to bite her.

He knew how powerful the Su Family was. Commoners like them, even with money and fame, couldn’t fight against a hundred-year-old family. As he said, mortals best keep away when the immortals are fighting.

He looked at Yan Huan. Yan Huan was her usual self, not shunning or fearing anything. It seemed as though she wasn’t fearful even after slapping Su Muran.

Yan Huan had her own trump cards. He knew that, yet he was worried. He hoped that her trump cards could protect her from the Su Family.

Chapter 355: It’s Better If She Doesn’t Wake Up

Initially, Su Muran wanted to leave; she couldn’t stand being disgraced like this. Then she remembered they were on camera. Millions would watch this show. If she left now, she would be slapping herself on the face. She had already taken two slaps, and wasn’t hungry for more.

She couldn’t. Her face swelled from all those slaps. Her name would be forever associated with “murderer”.

Therefore, even if she had to grit her teeth, she had to get the shooting over and done with.

However, she thought as she rubbed her own face, how do I face the camera with this swollen face?

“Alright, get ready for the next scene.”

The director clapped. Before long, a few crew members came in with a few bags of stuff.

Before them, was a bunch of food ingredients (potatoes, onions, cauliflowers, some other greens, a fish, and chicken).

This time, they were going to be tested on their ability to handle food.

They had to turn these ingredients into edible food. Otherwise, raw potatoes would be the only item on the menu.

“I can’t cook,” admitted Fang Ying shyly, pointing her fingers together.

Zhou Zizhe smiled embarrassed. “Me neither.”

Song Xihua glanced at the ingredients; it was clear that he could hardly tell the greens apart. Eating was his prowess, not cooking. As for the great lady of the Su Family, even washing a bowl was foreign, not to mention cooking.

Yet if they failed this mission, what could they hope to eat? Feathers?

The camera, now propped up, began recording. No rehearsal, no retakes. What was captured was what was broadcasted.

Yan Huan took out a potato and a spoon from the bag.

Then she began to peel the potato skin.

Fang Ying squat beside her like an obedient pup, her round eyes blinking nonstop.

“Get the hang of it?” asked Yan Huan. Fang Ying nodded vehemently.

“Alright, I’ll leave it to you then.”

“Leave it to me,” said Fang Ying, taking over the spoon. She beckoned at Zhou Zizhe. “Come here, Zizhe. Peel these with me.”

Zhou Zizhe walked over, took out a potato, and began peeling them with Fang Ying.

Yan Huan came out from the kitchen with a cleaver in her hands. She gave Su Muran a dark look and walked towards her slowly, sneering.

Su Muran backed off, her skin prickling with horror.

What was she going to do? Kill her? Was she going to kill her?

Don’t come any closer!

Su Muran shrieked. However, Yan Huan merely bent down and caught the chicken that happened to be running towards her.

The cleaver rose and fell on the chicken’s neck.

“Ahhhhh!” Su Muran’s eyes rolled before she fell unconscious.

Yan Huan didn't pay the slightest attention to her.

"Xihua, boil the water and pluck the feathers."

Yan Huan tossed the chicken carcass aside and seized the fish. She raised the cleaver and knocked the fish on the head with the back of the cleaver.

The fish had already fainted. She quickly began gutting the fish.

She never expected there to be a cooking phase in the show.

She might not be good at many things, but cooking was one of them. In her previous life as a daughter-in-law of the Lu Family, she didn't learn anything other than cooking up a tasty meal. No one appreciated it, but she enjoyed cooking and eventually became quite good at it.

Killing chickens and fishes was nothing to her.

No one bothered about the unconscious Su Muran. Not like they were close in the first place.

Clang, clang, clang...

The potato slipped from Fang Ying's hands as she stared agape at Yan Huan's knifework. Yan Huan didn't so much as look as she worked the cleaver to produce thin shreds of potatoes.

Wow, what knifework!

A part of Yan Huan's excellent knife work came from a period of watching television. She thought the cooks looked very cool when they swung their metal around, so she learned it. God knows how many potatoes had sacrificed for her to perfect her knifework.

First, she cut them to pieces, then shreds, then bits.

There weren't any shortcuts to excellent knifework. It was all practice.

Yan Huan hesitated on what to make as she shredded chicken. There were potatoes; she could go with roasted chicken with potatoes, chicken simmered with mushroom, sugar and vinegar ribs (who said that chicken couldn't be used as a substitute).

There weren't many ingredients, so the other three busied them with chores like fetching the plates, chopsticks. In the end, she managed to come out with ten or so dishes.

"It smells so good," said Fang Ying, rubbing her tummy. She swallowed her spit. "Can I start eating?"

Yan Huan placed a bowl of rice before her. "Ladies first, go ahead and dig in."

"What about her?" Fang Ying pointed at the unconscious Su Muran on the floor.

"She would be better off staying on the ground," said Zhou Zizhe, picking up a large piece of chicken with his chopsticks and putting it in Fang Ying's bowl. Unconscious, she wouldn't know that she had made a fool out of herself. The show would be over by the time she wakes up, and the camera won't be on her anyway. If she regained consciousness now, it would be even more embarrassing for her.

Song Xihua began eating. Yan Huan sat down and tasted one of the dishes. Not too bad, she thought to herself. In truth, the dishes deserved way more praise.

The shooting went on for a few more days. The other activities were simple games with little danger. Su Muran was completely alienated by them.

She thought herself as the end-all, be-all. Mingling with the commoners was beneath her. But Yan Huan was different. Like the others, they were all commoners. A show like this needed actors that were relatable and down-to-earth. Su Muran, with her high heels, cared so much about her appearance, but when the wind mussed her hair, she looked more a witch than a fairy.

A few days later, the shoot ended, and they each returned to their own businesses.

This had been a fruitful experience. They had suffered a lot, but they had taken a lot away too. For people like them who had never suffered much in their lives, a show like this could improve their mentality. Before the show, they never knew they had so much potential within them and were capable of doing so much more than they thought they could do.

Out of all them, Fang Ying felt that she was the luckiest since she found someone she liked.

Zhou Zizhe had a thing for Fang Ying too. Yan Huan would never believe that there was nothing between them after noticing the clandestine looks they shared.

"I hope we'll have a chance to work again in the future," Yan Huan reached out and shook Fang Ying and Zhou Zizhe's hand.

Then it was Song Xihua.

Chapter 356: You Guys Are Married?

Song Xihua clutched her hand tightly. Suddenly, he didn't want to let go.

Could it be that he was really going to lose her before even starting anything?

"Won't you reconsider it?" he asked. Only the two of them knew the meaning behind the words.

Yan Huan shook her head and extended her left hand, displaying the ring on her finger. Wearing a ring didn't necessarily mean that one was married, but Yan Huan's action had made it clear to Song Xihua.

Song Xihua pursed his lips tightly. He couldn't give his blessings from start to end. He just couldn't.

Yan Huan smiled at him without a word. Sometimes, some things are better left unsaid.

Not like any words mattered.

Yan Huan went back to Sea City on company transport. The show she just shot would be produced and broadcasted in the next few days, but Yan Huan knew she most likely couldn't watch it. Lu Yi had already enlisted her. She was going to be a soldier soon.

Yes, be a soldier. Becoming a female soldier had been her greatest dream when she was little. Back then, her mother always used to say, "how good would it be if my Huan Huan can become a soldier."

She didn't understand why her mother liked to say that, but her words stuck to her mind.

From then, becoming a soldier was as much her dream as her mother's.

Soon, she would become a soldier. A young woman like her becoming a soldier. It would realize both hers and her mother's dream.

Of course, it was also a test to surpass her current limits as an actress. Choosing to become a soldier was a way gain maturity.

"Knock, knock..." Yan Huan knocked on the door. Soon, the door opened. A hand reached out and hugged her tightly.

The familiar scent, warmth, and sensation.

"I'm home." Yan Huan pressed her face against the man's chest tightly. Until now, she couldn't believe that she would have a home to return in the future. Not hers and Yi Ling's home, but hers and Lu Yi's home. Their home for the rest of their lives.

Yi Ling will eventually get married and leave her. But Lu Yi wouldn't. He wouldn't till they grow old and death do them apart. But that means they would be together, physically and mentally. Even when they die, their ashes will reside together.

"What's on your mind?" Lu Yi rubbed her forehead gently. Why did he worry so much when it hadn't even been long since their parting? Ah, this must be what they call absence makes the heart grow fonder.

"I'm thinking about..." Lifting her face, Yan Huan tip-toed and tugged at the hair beside his ear. "What you be like when you grow old. When you die, I want our ashes to be kept together. Even death shall not do us apart."

Saddened by the notion, she sniffed.

"Silly girl," chided Lu Yi, wiping her tears away. He pressed her chin against her forehead. "We'll be together in good health, and be together when we die. I will have our children mix our ashes together, so that we would never be apart, forever and ever."

Men often spoke lies, but Lu Yi always kept his word.

He might not be a romantic, nor was he good with words, but every word he said was heartfelt.

Yan Huan wiped her tears with his sleeves. "I'm going out to buy ingredients so I can make your favourite dishes. I'll ask Yi Ling and Luo Lin over for dinner."

"Alright," Lu Yi took her cap and put it on for her. He then grasped her hand. Their interlocked fingers was their vow to remain committed to each other.

"How about this?" Yan Huan placed a bag of milk tea powder before Lu Yi.

Lu Yi took it over. "I like this."

"Of course I know that."

Yan Huan dropped the bag into the trolley.

“What else do you know?” Lu Yi pinched her cheeks.

“I know many other things,” said Yan Huan, taking another bag. She was stocking up for Lu Yi. Lu Yi loved milk tea. When she enlists, she wouldn’t be able to come back everyday.

Lu Yi pushed the trolley with one hand. His other hand was always locked against hers.

That was when someone recognized Yan Huan and took out their phone. Lu Yi shot an icy stare at the person. The person seemed to recognize Lu Yi too. He quickly kept his phone and fled. Of course, he wouldn’t dare to report something like this. He would have to ask himself whether he had the courage to get Inspector Lu onto the headlines.

A public figure like Yan Huan had most likely been sneakily filmed, but she never had any scandals. Even if there were, it would be her pictures with Lu Yi. As long as the person in question knew Lu Yi, they wouldn’t provoke him openly. Therefore, Yan Huan was safe. The chances of her marriage being exposed wasn’t big.

Of course, Yan Huan never tried to hide anything. If anyone took a picture of that, let them do it. She was a married woman anyway.

When they were home, Yan Huan called the nanny over to help her make some dishes. After that, she invited the guests over. There weren’t many of them.

Just Yi Ling, Luo Lin, and Lei Qingyi.

“What?” Yi Ling’s chopsticks fell to the table. She stared agape.

“You guys, are...” she pointed at Yan Huan, then Lu Yi.

“You guys are married?”

“Yes,” said Lu Yi, grasping Yan Huan’s hand. They wore the same ring. It wasn’t decorated, but clearly pricey.

Lei Qingyi raised his thumb at Lu Yi. Well played, well played. Yan Huan is only 23, you cradle robber.

He picked up the chopsticks from the table, wiped them against his shirt, and handed it back to Yi Ling. “Didn’t you guess it already? It’s eventually going to happen. This is much better.”

“Much better my ass” yelled Yi Ling. “What are you trying to do, Lu Yi? My Huanhuan hasn’t even worn a wedding dress yet! How dare you kidnap her from us? Don’t you feel sorry for our Huanhuan?”

Lu Yi lifted his head and stared at Yi Ling through a squint.

“It’s a secret marriage. If you want me to prove it now, I would be more than happy to.”

That choked off whatever Yi Ling wanted to say.

Luo Lin picked up her chopsticks and began eating. She was much calmer than Yi Ling. Finally, she laid down her chopsticks and said,

“Nowadays, it’s nothing special for an idol to get married. People are more open to such things now. However, I agree with your decision to stay low-key in consideration of the nature of Inspector Lu’s occupation. You can always announce it when the time is right.”

Chapter 357: A Confession?

“But...” Yi Ling wanted to say something.

Luo Lin took a Xiaolongbao and stuffed it in her mouth. “Eat more, talk less.”

Yi Ling took the bun out of her mouth and ate it unhappily. Lei Qingyi rubbed her head and pointed in front of them.

“Look.”

Yi Ling looked up to see Lu Yi delivering food to Yan Huan’s bowl with his chopsticks. His mouth arched slightly as he spoiled her lovingly.

He wiped Yan Huan’s face again. There was something in the air between them that made it impossible to disturb them. No one could do that, or even approach them. That was a world that belonged to them exclusively.

“Have you ever seen her that happy?” Lei Qingyi asked Yi Ling.

Yi Ling shook her head. “Ever since Mama Yan passed away, Huan Huan rarely smiled. I had not seen her this happy in a long time.”

“Then why are you trying to break them apart?” asked Lei Qingyi. “Don’t you want her to be happy? You should know what kind of person Lu Yi is. I trust that you know it too. I grew up together with him, and I have never seen him treating any woman like this.

“He rarely shows any emotions to women. This is the first time I see him look at a woman like this. She’s the only person in his eyes. I think he has found the one.”

Yi Ling picked up some food with her chopsticks. Initially, she had worked up an appetite. She had planned to eat at least a quarter of the dishes.

But now, she had lost that appetite. She couldn’t stomach anything else.

“What’s wrong?” Lei Qingyi put down his chopsticks down. Why was Yi Ling so quiet today? Or was the food not tasty?

“It’s nothing,” Yi Ling took another bite, but it felt like swallowing pills. She felt awful. Suddenly, her eyes reddened, a lump forming in her throat.

“It’s just that...when Huanhuan gets married in the future, I’ll be all alone.”

What nonsense, thought Lei Qingyi. Suddenly, he clutched her hands. “Don’t you have me? Why don’t I become your family?”

“Like brother and sister?” Yi Ling looked up, touched by the thought.

“Nah,” rejected Lei Qingyi. His elder brother (cousin) was Lu Yi. He already had an elder brother, so he didn’t need a younger sister.

“Then, like brothers?” Yi Ling wanted to cry more. “Even if I’m chestless, I’m still a girl.”

The green veins on Lei Qingyi’s forehead twitched.

“I don’t think of you as a guy.” That might have been the case at the start, but not anymore. You might be a little lacking in your assets, but why do girls need such huge breasts anyway? You aren’t a milking cow in the first place. Plus, he liked girls with small chests. It made them look energetic.

When a man meets a woman he likes, any weakness becomes a strength.

Yi Ling realized something. She wasn’t dumb. Even though she was manly at most times, she never lacked a woman’s instincts. She could sense the meaning behind Lei Yiqing’s words. However, she didn’t want to take wild guesses. If she guessed wrongly, it would be incredibly embarrassing.

But, if her guess was on the mark, could it be that...

Lei Qingyi is confessing?

Luo Lin rose and prepared to leave.

“Are you leaving, Luo Lin?” asked Yi Ling, puzzled. Luo Lin didn’t eat much yet.

“What else?” Luo Lin rolled her eyes at the ceiling. “Or am I to remain here as a third wheel? Am I being bullied because I’m single?”

Yi Ling pointed her fingers together in embarrassment.

She stepped on Lei Qingyi hard. What nonsense are you spouting? How could I be a couple with him? However, when he saw the smile on Lei Qingyi’s brutish face, her heart skipped a beat.

Why was her heart fluttering?

Why did she feel like melting?

What’s happening?

What’s wrong with me...

She hid her face in her palms.

Her cheeks were burning.

Yan Huan leaned against Lu Yi. She wanted Yi Ling and Lei Qingyi to be together. As long as she wasn’t with that trash Ding Ming. Even though he was long out of her life, she had her fears. She could only sleep easy after marrying Yi Ling to a proper guy. Lei Qingyi might have a vicious mouth and the appearance of a bear, but he was a good guy.

At night, Lu Yi busied himself with work. He had been working overtime recently, dealing with some cases. Sometimes, he had to sleep late too.

Yan Huan walked in with a glass of milk. She set it on the desk before him. Then, she sat at his side quietly without disturbing him. She laid her head on the desk and gazed at his serious profile. Men always look the most handsome when they are working.

Right now, her husband was the most handsome guy in the world, second to none.

She propped her face up with an elbow. Her head bobbed up and down. Eventually, sleep prevailed her and she slept on the table.

Lu Yi took the glass of milk on the table. It still felt warm. His girl had fallen into a deep slumber on the table, her long lashes curled in pouty unhappiness.

He rose and carried her easily. She was so light. He had to feed her more in the future. She was too thin.

He returned to his bedroom and set two pillows on the bed he used to sleep on. It was a magical feeling. It was as though he had finally found something he had long lost. This day had finally arrived.

He laid Yan Huan down carefully, pulled the blanket to her chin. He then tapped her clean forehead gently.

He still had work to do. He could only let his girl sleep alone for now.

It was almost three when he was done. It was late, but he still had to bathe. When he came out, Yan Huan was awake. She knelt by the bed and dried his hair with a towel.

“Why aren’t you sleeping?”

Lu Yi snatched the towel from her hands. “It’s late.”

“Waiting for you,” said Yan Huan, reclaiming the towel. Ensnared in his lap, she wiped at his hair. “You have to dry your hair. What do I do if you fall sick?”

Lu Yi squeezed her cheeks. “Don’t enlist, okay?”

They were newlyweds. How could he let her go like this? Being a soldier was tough. The thought of her suffering pained him.

“I’m going,” said Yan Huan defiantly, still wiping at his hair.

“If I said I’m going, I’m going.”

“Fine, fine,” sighed Lu Yi. What attitude. He was helpless against her.

Smiling, Yan Huan kept drying his hair. His hair was a little hard, sometimes prickly. She ran her hands through his hair. Putting the towel aside, she clutched his neck tightly and pressed her face against his shoulders.

Chapter 358: He’s Married

“Hubby, I love you. I’ll love you for the rest of my life...”

Lu Yi felt his heart burning. He reached out to embrace the person most important to him, the miracle of his life.

"I love you too..." he said in a gruff voice. He never thought he would be saying these words, but he did. Sometimes, love is not only expressed through actions, but also words. He managed to do both for her.

In the morning, Yan Huan opened her eyes. She ran her finger gently across her man's cheeks. This was her husband, the husband that would love and cherish her for the rest of her life. She pecked him on the cheeks. Just as she was about to do more, his eyes snapped open, a fiery passion burning within.

She had gone too far.

Yan Huan's breathing paused. After their intimate physical contact in the past two days, her initial restraint had forsaken her. In the dim-lit room, she could feel her heart racing and her face reddening.

As the two lovers entwined, their hearts beat close. At that instant, their love erupted and radiated.

Yan Huan huddled up close to him. She liked it when he patted her shoulders lightly, fondled her hair, and whispered in her ear.

Unknowingly, her lips curled upwards in a sweet smile. She didn't feel like getting up. For a moment, she didn't want to leave him.

However, leaving was necessary. For their reunion. For making things right in the two lives she had lived. For eradicating potential threats. To achieve those, she had to give it her all and grow stronger.

Lu Yi patted her shoulder gently as though he was comforting a child.

"Stubborn like a donkey," he chided, hugging her tighter. He wouldn't let go of her for anything, not even if the entire world was offered to him.

He felt the ring on her finger and grasped her hand. He then rested his chin on her head. He wanted to sleep. He didn't want to work today either. Spending time with his wife took priority.

"I'm taking some days off," Lu Yi whispered into his phone. "I have some private matters. I'll be back in a few days. Don't worry about my work, I'll finish them and send them over. It won't make a difference. That's all, bye."

With that, he hung up. He dipped his head to look at the sweet sleeping beauty in his arms. Little wonder she was so tired. She had done many strenuous things, and her stamina was never that good.

"Lu Yi..." mumbled Yan Huan in her sleep.

"Mhm, I'm here. Sleep tight," said Lu Yi, lowering his head to kiss her on her eyes. "I'll always be here to protect you and cherish you."

Who said Lu Yi wasn't romantic? Who said Lu Yi lacked a honeyed tongue? It only depended on whether it was the right person.

He had shut his eyes, planning on napping with her for a little while, when someone knocked at the door. He looked down at Yan Huan and found her still asleep. Exhaustion made it hard to wake.

Carefully pulling down the blanket, Lu Yi sat up and walked outside. When the door opened, the person who stood there was no other than Ye Shuyun.

“Mom? What brings you here?”

Lu Yi brushed his hair and moved aside. However, his gaze stopped at the bedroom door.

“What is it, can’t I come? I’m just here to check on you. You haven’t gone back in a while.”

Ye Shuyun walked inside. Right as she stepped into her son’s home, she knew something was amiss. There was a woman in this house.

She walked straight towards Lu Yi’s bedroom. Of course, she was secretly thrilled. This kid has finally grown up and knows the charm of a woman! Any woman would do. She would be thankful as long as he didn’t find a man. She had often set her son on blind dates, out of fear that he might actually be gay.

The kid’s finally normal now.

Just as she was about to open the door, Lu Yi forestalled her, blocking the doorway with his body.

“She’s still asleep, Mom. Don’t bother her.”

Asleep, at this time? Ye Shuyun glanced at the clock on the wall. She studied her son through a squint. Ah, she got it.

Lu Yi sighed and ensconced her to the sofa, so that her curiosity wouldn’t prevail.

“Can’t you let Mom take a look at her? Ye Shuyun really wanted to look at her. It was her son’s first formal girlfriend! She knew that he never so much as held hands with the woman she had introduced him, not to mention going this far with anyone. She hoped that the girl was already with a child, so that she could have a grandson sooner.

“Not now, Mom. It’s not the time yet,” said Lu Yi. He never thought of showing Yan Huan to his parents at this time. If he had the intention, he would first run it by her. If she didn’t give her yes, he wouldn’t make the decision. There’s a saying that goes, you have to show your bride to your parents eventually, even if she was ugly as sin. However, Yan Huan’s status made it too hard to explain.

“Looks like you are serious this time,” said Ye Shuyun, pinching her son’s cheeks. The kid didn’t listen to his Mom now that he’s grown. Maybe it was her fault for not being able to give birth to a sweet, obedient child.

“When have I not been serious, Mom?” asked Lu Yi. He had never played with the feelings of others, but he was often dumped.

“You are serious,” Ye Shuyun rolled her eyes. “But you never pay attention to things. You are always hard hearted and emotionless.”

Ye Shuyun prodded him in the chest. How could she, his mother, not understand what was going on in that head of his?

But now you have finally found the one. When are you going to get married? Mom will make it the best wedding ever. She rose, wanting to return so that she could slowly ponder about his son’s wedding.

Lu Yi stopped her.

“Sit down, Mom. I have something to tell you.”

He turned his hand slowly to reveal the ring on his finger. The light from the ring shone brightly in Ye Shuyun’s eyes.

This time, there weren’t any games. This ring speaks for it.

“I got married, Mom,” he said earnestly.

“Oh, I know. You are finally ready to settle down. If she’s a good and proper girl, you ought to take responsibility,” she said. She wasn’t the narrow-minded sort. She knew that youngsters these days tend to be like this.

But wait—she paused, then blinked at his son.

“Lu Yi, what did you just say?”

“You...what?”

Chapter 359: Bound To Be Beaten

“I got married, Mom. We registered recently,” said Lu Yi calmly. He spoke as if it was a simple, casual matter, but the announcement was no different than thunder to Ye Shuyun’s ears.

Ye Shuyun wanted to scream. In the end, she covered a hand over her mouth. No talking, no screaming, no shouting.

“You got married?” she asked, dropping her voice so that no scream escape.

“Yes,” nodded Lu Yi. “I did.”

“My child, are you unwell?” said Ye Shuyan, putting her hand on Lu Yi’s forehead. There’s no fever, yet why is he speaking such folly? Why did he think that he was married? Has the desire to marry drove him mad? Or have I, his mother, pushed him too hard?

Lu Yi took Ye Shuyun’s hand and led her to sit down.

“I’m do not have a fever, Mom. Like I said, my marriage registration had been validated. I am now married.”

“But why?” Ye Shuyun pointed at the closed door. “Is that, your wife, my daughter-in-law...”

“Yes,” nodded Lu Yi.

“Listen to me, Mom,” Lu Yi looked down in thought.

“She’s an actor.”

“I know,” said Ye Shuyun. A young woman of 23. Her son was robbing the cradle here.

“Grandpa would never approve this, Mom,” frowned Lu Yi. Grandpa Lu was easygoing, but too traditional. He lived by the old saying “whores know no love, actors no loyalty.”

In his younger days, he was cheated by an opera actor. From then, he hated actors of all forms. When Lu Qin had expressed his interest to become an actor, he had closed one eye, but his disdain was made clear. The main reason why he had allowed it was because it was Lu Qin and not Lu Yi.

Similarly, Lu Qin can marry an actor, but not Lu Yi.

Therefore, Lu Yi was fully aware that his Grandpa would never approve of Yan Huan because of her occupation. He couldn't bear the thought of letting Yan Huan be hectorated or harmed.

He vowed to protect her and take everything onto his own shoulders. If he couldn't even handle this much, how could he claim himself as a man? A man protects and cherishes his woman.

That was why he married Yan Huan without letting his family know. Even if the old man found out later on, all he could do is give him a good beating. He wouldn't force him to get a divorce.

In the Lu Family, no one divorces.

If you choose a path, finish walking it. The Lu Family would never shoulder your responsibilities for you when you make a mistake.

"How could I forget about this?" Ye Shuyun rose. This was a troublesome matter. Getting past Grandpa isn't going to be easy. Still, Ye Shuyun supported her son.

She patted him on the shoulder. "Don't worry. Mom will support you on this. I'll do something about your Grandpa. Anyway, now that you are married, there's nothing he could do even if he's angry."

"But you might have to suffer some physical pain."

Ye Shuyun was pained at the thought of her son's beating, which he would receive with certainty.

"Any regrets?" she asked. You knew what the consequences, yet you did it anyway.

"She's worth it," said Lu Yi, sprinkles of warm light dancing in his eyes. Ye Shuyun felt a little sentimental at the sight. She had never seen her son like this.

She looked at the door again. What kind of woman was she? She was dying to know. She then convinced herself that there was no hurry, and that she would eventually get to see her.

Lu Yi must have his reasons for not letting them meet. If that's the case, so be it.

She pondered on how to placate the old man so that her son wouldn't get a beating. She loved her son dearly; she couldn't bear the sight of him suffering. Also, he didn't want his son's hard-earned wife to run away.

Her choice of words was an apt one. She knew nothing of the hardships Lu Yi and Yan Huan had gone through.

She sat for a little longer, but her daughter-in-law did not wake. Her son was secretive too, so she went back home. She could only wait for his son to bring his wife home someday. The most important matter at hand was the old man. Her heart ached at the thought of his obstinate beliefs.

The old man was as stubborn as a donkey; almost nothing could change his mind.

Lu Yi could have married anyone, even a farmer's daughter, and the old man wouldn't have had any complaints. However, the woman he fell in love with was an actor. That was something the old man couldn't overlook.

Nonetheless, she will speak up for her own son. She wouldn't break the lovers apart just because of the old man's prejudice. She trusted that her son had an eye for people.

The one he wanted to protect and marry could only be a good child.

When Yan Huan woke up, Ye Shuyun had already left. She couldn't have known about her mother-in-law's arrival. Even if she did, she might have gotten cold feet since she didn't know how to get along with her current mother-in-law and previous auntie.

After all, she did her wrong in her past life. In this life, she would treat Ye Shuyun like her biological mother and take good care of her.

Humans have hearts, and hearts are made of flesh.

She trusted that they would take to her if she treated them well from the bottom of her heart.

"What's bothering you?" Just as Lu Yi walked in and sat down, he saw her spacing out like a log. He pinched her tender cheeks. That sensation was something he was going to miss.

"It's nothing," replied Yan Huan, looping her arms around his waist and huddling up close. "I'm just thinking, what would happen to you after I enlist? Would you be too heartbroken to function?"

"What nonsense," Lu Yi frowned. Yan Huan's soft hair was smooth and cool, and it felt like silk in his hands.

"Your camp is very near to my house. I'll visit you at the weekends."

"That's great," smiled Yan Huan. She buried her head into Lu Yi's chest like a child. Right now, she was really like a child. She had given up everything in her current and past life to become a child, to be his child.

How lucky is a woman to have a man cherishing and spoiling her like a daughter?

Yan Huan would be in the army for about a year. Luo Lin was assigned a new artist, and Yi Ling had Lei Qingyi, so Yan Huan wasn't particularly worried. As to why the company had approved her decision to enlist, she made clear of the point back when she had signed the agreement.

Chapter 360: Tanned

Li Changqing was in a difficult position too, unsure of what to make of her decision.

With her current popularity, why choose to join the forces instead of focusing on her career?

What he didn't know was that Yan Huan's obsession behind becoming a soldier was to accumulate her explosiveness, so that she wouldn't go down the same path she took in her previous life. She wanted to play a new role, a role in which her current imagination and courage didn't allow her to.

Lu Yi used his connections to find a stealthy unit that was seldom talked about in the outer world. It wasn't a special force, but had the secrecy of one.

"It's really tough in there," said Lu Yi, bumping his forehead against Yan Huan's. "If the going gets too tough, you can always come back. Nothing embarrassing in that."

"I know," said Yan Huan, kissing him on the cheeks and wrapping herself around his waist.

They were newlyweds who have yet tasted the sweetness of marriage, but the parting has come nonetheless.

Lu Yi shoved the luggage into the car, then sent Yan Huan off to enlistment.

They made a strange spectacle at the camp; parents sending their daughters off was a common sight, but not so much of husbands sending their wives off. Not to mention, a renowned celebrity of a wife who was the talk of the nation.

"Aren't you Yan Huan?" Someone recognized her right off the bat.

"My god, it's Yan Huan," said the same woman, clamping a hand over her mouth. What was her favorite celebrity doing here? Was she here to don green?

"Hi there," smiled Yan Huan.

"H-hello," stuttered the woman in her exultation. A celebrity's influence was nothing to be sneezed at. She reached out and shook Yan Huan's hand. My god, I have touched the hand of a goddess. Such smoothness and silkiness. Just what skin products does she use?

"Can I have a picture with you?" she said as she held out her hand. Just one will do. Even if she couldn't post it while she was in camp, she's satisfied at the thought of looking at it by herself every day.

"Sure," said Yan Huan generously. A proper actor would never let their fans be sad.

The woman quickly snapped a shot while making a V sign. In the end, she let a moment of courage take over her and gave Yan Huan a quick kiss, leaving her immensely awkward.

This was a little too enthusiastic for her.

"I almost forgot to introduce myself," the woman quickly hid her phone to avoid the detection of the instructor. "My name is Huang Mengmeng, a huge fan of yours. In the past, I have only seen you on TV. What made you want to become a soldier?"

"Mhm, I guess I wanted to experience the life of a soldier," said Yan Huan, putting down her luggage. She didn't find it too strange herself. Celebrities were people too, and they eat and drank just like everyone else. In the army, it doesn't matter what you used to be or what kind of background you had. In there, they were all soldiers. Female soldiers.

Of course, this was going to be much tougher than the mandatory army training in high school.

Yan Huan, with her fame and pretty face, made everyone wonder about why a celebrity would become a soldier. However, once they changed and assembled, they realized that they didn't have time to ponder much on that topic.

The training on the first day left them all exhausted, falling right into a dreaming sleep right as they hit the sack. Once they woke, they had to gather for morning assembly. No matter how fair one's skin might be, they would look like dark at the end of it all.

Yan Huan felt as if she had turned into a snake, shedding skins by the layers. At the start, she had remembered to apply sunscreen, but couldn't be bothered with it later on. Not like she had the luxury to take her time. And so, her skin darkened day after day, and soon enough she didn't care about it at all.

All of their phones were confiscated, and it was training all day and all night.

Yan Huan had some training of her own in the past, but they served her little here. Her training was, after all, for a dancer and not a fighter. Even when she acted as a stunt double, the fighting had been more style over function and couldn't hold a candle to what real soldiers do.

Lu Yi and Lei Qingyi both excelled at combat, having come out of the army. If Yan Huan wanted to nail the action scenes, she had to fight with her own hands and not rely on stunt doubles. It wouldn't mean anything if she always used stunt doubles.

Therefore, she became a female soldier. If others could do it, so can she. If others can endure it, so can she. If others can brace it, so can she.

At first, the other soldiers dared not approach her due to her status, but they soon forgot about her identity after getting to know each other. She was just like them, a regular soldier who trained, shed sunburnt skin, ate, and slept.

Yan Huan's clothes were drenched as she ran with a large backpack on her back. Some of the others were behind her, sparse and scattered. She let out a soft breath and dragged herself onwards with sore legs.

Every time she felt as though she couldn't carry on, she recalled Lu Yi, her husband, who was still waiting for her at home. She didn't want to disgrace him. She couldn't want the Lu Family to shame him for her weakness. Therefore, she had to persevere.

She straightened her body once again, her willpower almost at its end. Almost intuitively, she made her leaden legs move, a step at a time. She would get to the endpoint even if she had to crawl.

She was getting closer and closer. Finally, her feet touched the finishing line. Turning back, there were many others behind her. She was the only one who had reached the finishing line at the moment.

She smiled and wiped off the sweat on her face.

She gasped for air. Finally, the endpoint. This feels great.

Lu Yi came to visit her in the second week. When she saw him, she wanted to hug him and bawl her eyes out, but no tears fell from her reddened eyes.

Lu Yi stroked her short hair. "You lost your long hair. What a shame."

"You are darker now," he frowned. Yan Huan used to have fair skin, the type of skin that stayed fair even after tanning. Now it was all dark. That spoke volumes about how much they had been under the sun.

“Have you not noticed that I’m stronger now?” said Yan Huan, grasping her arm. She felt much healthier.

Lu Yi squeezed her arm, still pitifully thin. Tanned as she was, it was good that she didn’t get any thinner. Perhaps it was her complexion, but she did seem a little healthier.