

Chapter 701: Volcanic Eruption

Zhang Peng said that in the five years he was here, the volcano would throw a tantrum occasionally, but it had never erupted before. Therefore, it should not be an active volcano, but instead could be considered as dormant. As for when the volcano would erupt, Zhang Peng could not give an answer to the question. Nobody could possibly answer that question as they were just ordinary people, they were not seismologists.

Perhaps the volcano would only erupt after they died, and it had nothing to do with them at this point of time.

Although Shi Jia did feel lucky, her personality would not allow her to leave things to chance. No one knew what she was thinking recently. She had found an escape route following the direction of the volcanic eruption when she was hunting. The route could probably save their lives if it was a small volcanic eruption, but no number of escape routes could possibly save them if it was a massive volcano eruption. The only thing they could do now was to pray, pray that their luck held out, and also pray that the volcano would remain dormant forever.

It was okay if it threw a tantrum once in a while, but it must not go completely crazy. Otherwise, none of them could survive the full force of its fury.

Their lives would come to an end right here in that situation.

As the days went by, it seemed like they had forgotten everything about their past.

Forgotten that they were modern people, forgotten what they used to do, forgotten what happened in the past, and even forgotten that they had to go home.

Perhaps it was because they had already accepted their fate and had come to terms with their desperation. Most importantly, they had accepted the fact that they might never be able to go back.

“You went to scope out your escape route again?” asked Yao Xiaoyu. She had succeeded in her attempt to grow mushrooms, which made her happier than anyone else recently. She could grind the mushrooms into mushroom powder after they were dried in the sun, and cook it into porridge. Although it did not taste super delicious, but she could finally get rid of her pure carnivorous diet and finally eat something vegetarian. They were all human beings, not beasts. How could they eat meat all day, every day?

“Hmm.” Shi Jia nodded and continued, “Prevention is always better than cure. It’s useful in the event of a minor eruption, but if a large volcanic eruption ever happens, it will still be impossible for us to run away.”

Yao Xiaoyu shrugged. “Then I won’t fret needlessly about it. Death would be inevitable if we are meant to die at that point in time.”

“Anyway, I can drink mushroom soup today!” She went about harvesting the first batch of newly grown mushrooms happily. She really felt that she was very mighty because she could grow mushrooms. If

there was any other vegetation that they knew to be edible, then she would grow and cultivate all of them so that they would not have to work so hard to store food anymore.

It's just that Zhang Peng is so annoying, she mumbled in her mind. His annoying voice sounded in her ears right before she stopped mumbling.

"Oh, so you managed to grow them?"

Yao Xiaoyu ignored him.

Zhang Peng decided to stop teasing her and went up to Yao Xiaoyu. He had brought a gift for her – some rice seedlings that could be replanted. Yao Xiaoyu accepted his offering like they were precious treasures. However, both of them had maintained only an abstract sort of hope that the rice seedlings would grow successfully, as no one had ever attempted to cultivate this crop before.

Nevertheless, it was still better than nothing. At least they had another potential option for food now. If it could be planted and they could grow rice, then their food supply would be sufficient over all seasons and they would not have to go hunting when it turned cold out there. They would not have to injure themselves or risk their lives, and of course, it was unlikely that they would starve to death.

Tremors ran through the ground again, but they had already gotten used to that occurrence. Before this, they would panic as they would think that an earthquake had struck. Now, they would just carry on with their own matters like nothing happened.

Shi Jia raised her head to observe the volcano that was not that far away. Without knowing why, she felt a heavy blanket of depression falling over her heart.

Yao Xiaoyu was still tending to her crops while Shi Jia was making her own arrows when Tarzan rushed out from the other side all of a sudden. He grabbed Shi Jia's arm and started to run.

Yao Xiaoyu was stunned. What are they doing?

Barely a second later, a crowd of Neanderthals appeared and stampeded all over her painstakingly cultivated garden.

"Why are all of you stepping on my babies?" Yao Xiaoyu cried out in anger, but before she finished shouting, a hand reached out and grabbed her arm tightly.

"Pervert!" Yao Xiaoyu screamed out in fright.

"Don't shout, run."

It was Zhang Peng.

Yao Xiaoyu was stunned and momentarily puzzled. She saw that all the animals and wildlife in the forest were all running away like crazy.

"What's wrong?" Her teeth began to chatter.

"It might be a volcanic eruption. Let's find a place to shelter ourselves."

Yao Xiaoyu could not help breaking out in cold sweat out of fear. “Didn’t you say that the volcano will never erupt? Didn’t you say that we will be alright? Didn’t you say that it was all bark and no bite?”

“How would I know if the volcano will erupt?” Zhang Peng ran his fingers through his hair in frustration and said, “I have been living here for five years and I have never seen an actual full-on volcanic eruption before.”

“Maybe you are mistaken?” Yao Xiaoyu whispered. Deep in her heart, she was praying that their luck had not deserted them yet.

“I hope so too,” Zhang Peng agreed as he started to run again, pulling Yao Xiaoyu along with him. In front of them was that group of Neanderthals, Tarzan and Shi Jia leading at the forefront. They had to admit that Shi Jia really had great foresight, and of course she also had an awe-inspiring acuity toward danger. It was fortunate that they had this escape route planned out long before this happened.

Although the Neanderthals were simple and unintelligent, no one could deny that they were naturally born to survive here.

Being at the forefront, Shi Jia turned around and surveyed everything behind her as her legs continued to carry her further and further away from danger. There were dozens of Neanderthals behind her, with both Zhang Peng and Yao Xiaoyu bringing up the rear. Upon seeing them, she let out a sigh of relief. However, the land was shaking like crazy, almost throwing her off balance.

The volcano had been dormant for a long time. Is it starting to become active now?

Right at this moment, everyone’s faces were lit up by a terrible red light. The red light was emitted by the volcano, as though it was death itself.

Soon after that, there was an increase in the intensity of volcanic vibrations. The animals around them scattered and fled into the forest as if they had gone mad. Those red lights came with flaming debris that burned everything they touched. Almost everything was destroyed wherever the fire went. It was like the end of the world, the end of this historical era.

They ran all the way to the highest mountain peak. They had nowhere else to go after that, as it was an abyss from that point onwards. They huddled together, shivering in fear.

Yao Xiaoyu was afraid and threw herself in Zhang Peng’s arms, he could only stroke her hair helplessly, his face devoid of his usual smile. The only thing left was despair. Yes, he was desperate.

They could see the red light shining off the magma that was approaching them rapidly. It did not even matter that they were standing on the highest point possible, as they could not run away.

Chapter 702: Wrap

Translator: Larbre Studio **Editor:** Larbre Studio

Shi Jia looked up with the bow in her hands. A breeze lifted her fur hood, exposing her determined, red-limned faced.

Tarzan looked back and gave her a wide grin.

She reached out, tiptoeing to feel his face. She couldn't see what was happening with Tarzan in her way, but soon her eyes were dyed a terrifying red.

Her long lashes quivered. The next scene, the last scene of the film, was a close-up of flowing red lava.

“Cut!”

At the director's command, the entire cast put an end to what they were doing.

So this is it, huh? Tarzan's actor, Zhou Zizhe, stretched lazily. He knew he was going to miss everything here. They had been filming together for nearly a year, after all, from the start of the one spring till the next. There were no forms of entertainment there, and they stayed in tents, climbed trees, played with rocks, and occasionally feasted on games. That had brought out the child in some of them.

But now they had reached the end. It was time to go on their separate ways.

Yes, it was time for home. Yan Huan laid down the bow and arrow in her hand and sat down. Huddling up, she stared blankly at the peaceful sky. There were no volcanoes, no dinosaurs, only peace and serenity.

The after-production for the film will take up nearly an entire year, so Yan Huan wasn't sure if they could release it during the New Year window. It was a film with hundreds of millions thrown into it, however, and media attention had not died down since the beginning. That being said, Lin Lang had not disclosed anything yet.

Neither did Yan Huan take on any interviews before the start of the filming.

And now it was all done. It's a good thing, right? She could go home again.

The crew busied themselves with the final task of packing up. Going there had not been easy after all. They had used helicopters on their way there and back, to transport the numerous props and equipment needed. Talk alone wouldn't solve anything.

Once they made sure that everything was sorted out, they began packing and cleaning up their trash. It was a natural forest, so anything that shouldn't be left behind had to go.

Pretty much nothing remained by the time they left, apart from marks of inhabitation that would fade in time.

Time makes you forget the things you shouldn't forget, the things that mattered.

That's why it's the most callous thing in this world.

And that's why they call it a great medicine; memory-loss never fails to bring away pain.

Yan Huan was among the last to board the helicopter. She wanted a last look at the place, the place where they had spent an entire year. She wondered if the emotions they had there will leave along with them, or remain at their birthplace forever.

As the helicopter gained height, she felt as though everything below no longer had anything to do with her. They had finally returned to reality, their own lives.

She wrapped her coat a little tighter around herself. Early spring was still chilly.

Ye Shuyun knew of her homecoming, and she was greeted by a table of hot dishes when she got home. The frostbite marks on Yan Huan's hand gave Ye Shuyun a shock.

"How did this happen?"

Yan Huan had never gotten frostbite before. Even during winter, Sea City wasn't that cold, so it didn't make sense that she had such bad injuries.

"It happened during the shooting," said Yan Huan, pulling her hands back. She smiled indifferently. "It's not a big deal. I'm not getting any pains or itches. It would be fine when the weather gets warmer."

Ye Shuyun caressed her hair, like a loving mother.

"Alright then. Come eat."

Yan Huan wielded her chopsticks. There were so many dishes she had trouble deciding where to start. In the past year, she had been living and eating with the entire cast, and that made her forget what it felt like to have a table to herself.

She picked up a piece of meat and ate it. She didn't like eating meat in the past, but now she had to learn to do so.

She had a lot more to learn, in fact. The first thing she needed to learn was to live without Lu Yi.

The early spring weather soon grew warmer, at least five degrees hotter than what the temperature had been in the forest. The nanny applied some medicine to Yan Huan's hand. It itched, a feeling she found hard to stand.

The itch didn't limit itself to the surface either, and she could feel it in her bones. No matter how much she scratched, the itching never subsided. If she kept going on it, the itch would soon be replaced by pain.

She wrapped a silk scarf around her neck, put on her hat, and wore her black-framed glasses, before heading out.

She placed a fresh bouquet before the tombstone, untied her scarf, and squat down. She dusted the tombstone with her fingers, but there wasn't much dust. Someone must have been there, often.

Ye Shuyun has been visiting her son, hasn't she?

"It's good to know that Mom visits you often. That way, you won't be lonely," she sat down and leaned her head against the tombstone, muttering to herself once again.

"The shooting has ended, and the film is in its post-production phase now. This film is going to be a massive hit, you can have my word on it. This is my final assignment, and I want to end it on a high note. After that, I'll focus on accompanying you, alright?"

She curled up her sleeves and wiped the tombstone again. The tombstone said nothing, as it always had and always will, but that didn't matter to her. It had become her spiritual sustenance, one that she could not live without.

The swell on her frostbitten fingers had gotten a lot better, but the itch still bothered her to no end, tempting her to scratch at every moment. And when she did, it only made things worse.

She sat in the cemetery for a long time, before she was ready to head back. As of now, she didn't want to deal with Lin Lang's matters yet.

She was tired, and in need of a good break.

When she got home, the nanny informed her of a visit from Luo Lin, who was waiting for her in the bedroom.

Yan Huan found her working at her desk. She walked over and took the locked laptop away.

"Can I use that?" asked Luo Lin, pointing to the laptop. She didn't know the password to it.

Chapter 703: Destiny

Yan Huan held the laptop tightly in her arms.

"I'm not letting you use it."

She locked the laptop in the cabinet upon saying that.

Luo Lin resisted the urge to roll her eyes. "Yan Huan, do you have to be so petty?"

Yan Huan did not feel like explaining, nor was she going to say that the laptop actually belonged to Lu Yi. She was afraid that it might be damaged if other people started to use it, therefore she would not even use it herself. She was afraid that doing so would subject the laptop to wear and tear.

She stepped toward her bed, took off her shoes and tucked herself in under the quilt, getting ready to sleep.

"Yan Huan, you have many TV show appointments. Do you know that?"

Luo Lin was really fed up this time, therefore she went to the bedside and tugged at the quilt forcefully. "Do you really have to be so depressed and zombie-like just because Lu Yi is dead now?"

Yan Huan reached out and grabbed her quilt. "Shut up, I want to rest."

"TV show appointments, advertisements." Luo Lin sat down and pulled the quilt away again. "Are you not going to accept a single one of them?"

"Yes, none of them." Yan Huan was not interested in any of these. She had been working very hard to draw an ending for herself, and put an end to her career in the entertainment industry. She thought she had done more than enough.

"People will forget about you very soon," Luo Lin warned. She just had to mention this cruel fact.

"Forget about me then. I have Linlang now, it's unlikely that I will starve myself." She did not have the energy to fight for anything more. Who else could she fight against? No matter how much she fought, she could never win over God at the end of the day.

Luo Lin seriously felt that Yan Huan was too difficult to handle. How come she had such a frustrating actress under her care? She was so famous and popular right now, yet she decided to abandon everything and let herself waste away.

However, the truth was that Yan Huan did not give up on herself. She was actually biding her time while giving herself a well deserved rest. All she wanted was some peace and quiet to herself. Yan Huan was very calm, more calm than Luo Lin expected her to be. Besides that, based on her current state, she knew herself well enough to know that she would ruin anything that she filmed.

She just wanted to have a good rest now, nothing more.

Luo Lin stared at Yan Huan for a long time. She knew that she was just wasting her breath. She had been preaching to deaf ears for half of the day.

She stalked to the desk and pointed at the documents that she brought with her. "These are the accounting statements of the company over the past year. Have a look at it. Lastly, I have one more thing to tell you."

"Huang Ming has a new drama that is going to be filmed this year. He wants you to be the leading actress, which I should have informed you about earlier, but you were in the midst of filming at that time. I'm asking you now, do you want to participate in this drama?"

"What's the name?" Yan Huan kept her eyes closed, but her ears were still listening and her brain was still working.

"The Aster Flower," Luo Lin said as she brought out a script. "I have gone through the script briefly. The theme is very unique and the story is very exciting. Besides, there's going to be a huge investment in its production. It is not an artistic film, but it has a star-studded cast. Do you want to accept the offer?"

"Well..." When Yan Huan heard about The Aster Flower, she already knew which drama it was. It was the drama that helped Su Muran win the Best Actress award in her past life.

"How about it, are you interested?"

Luo Lin heard Yan Huan's tone. It seemed like she was somewhat interested.

"Yes," Yan Huan hugged the quilt lazily, "I'm..."

"Interested," Luo Lin finished Yan Huan's sentence for her. "I shall call Director Huang right now and confirm this matter. Is that okay?"

"No," Yan Huan turned over again. "I'm not interested."

This drama was tailor-made for Su Muran, and it was also the largest investment of the Su family. How could Yan Huan even take advantage of it? Perhaps Director Huang had truly intended for her to be the leading actress, but that role would not be hers. It would belong ultimately to Su Muran.

What role would they dump her into when the time came? Would she be kicked out of the team, or act as an insignificant supporting role in the drama to complement Su Muran's dazzling halo? Then, they would make use of her popularity to promote the drama. Did they really think that she was that stupid?

“Are you sure that you’re not interested? It’s Director Huang’s request.” Luo Lin came over again, sat on the bed and pinched Yan Huan’s face. “Director Huang had been an outstanding director over these few years, despite his relatively young age. Both of you have worked together before. All the films that Director Huang had led before was teeming with his own unique style, regardless of whether he was a producer or director in it. His style had always stood out domestically and even in foreign countries. It’s such a good opportunity! Are you really going to let it go?”

“Yan Huan, you have gotten the Best Actress award in this country many times, and you have several films under your name that are quite popular too. However, what you are lacking the most now is an International Film Award, which is the International Best Actress Award. No matter how many honors you have obtained in this country, no matter how many more Best Actress awards you get, what’s the point of it if you never achieve a higher standard? Getting 10 awards in this country is incomparable to getting an International Award.”

“I refuse,” Yan Huan kept repeating the same words no matter what Luo Lin said. Regardless of whether she was making threats or promises, coaxing or pestering, or even if she threatened to commit suicide by crushing her skull on the wall, it had nothing to do with her anyway.

Yan Huan had already made up her mind. She would not go.

Luo Lin’s hands itched to pull Yan Huan out of her covers and beat her up violently.

“If you continue to stagnate, Su Muran will surpass you very soon. She and Lu Qin have appeared in several films that had performed well this year. Her popularity has skyrocketed recently and her acting skills have greatly improved. Yan Huan, not everyone will stay the same and stop improving. Su Muran was known for her atrocious acting skills in the past, but we can’t do anything about it because of the power of her family background. Now that her acting skills have improved, it is just a matter of time for her to snatch the Best Actress award from you. Aren’t you worried about that? Are you willing to just give up like this?”

Luo Lin’s voice was full of emotion, speaking passionately for nearly half the day, but Yan Huan’s response was nothing else but her slight snoring. She was sleepy and exhausted. If nothing else required her attention, then she would have slept for at least three days and three nights to recover from the high intensity filming that she went through.

Luo Lin was infuriated. She extended her hands and wrapped them around Yan Huan’s neck. She almost wanted to choke her to death.

She felt like she was talking to a brick wall. Yan Huan was just going to let herself deteriorate and fall into despair. She stood up, grabbed her stuff and left. It was just a waste of time for her to come here and talk so much.

When the door closed behind Luo Lin’s fuming figure, Yan Huan slowly opened her eyes.

She would get the Best Actress award anyway, and The Aster Flower originally belonged to Su Muran. She could never take it away from her, even if she was Yan Huan. Nonetheless, she was not that anxious about who would get the Best Actress award in the end. She shall leave it to fate and destiny to determine that.

If Yan Huan was destined to die, then Su Muran's fate would not necessarily be good as she had a short lifespan as well.

Yan Huan pushed the quilt aside and sat up again. Then, she walked over to the cabinet and took out the laptop. Holding it in her arms, she went back to bed, opened the laptop and placed it on her lap. She began to look for the films that Su Muran and Lu Qin had participated in over the past year.

Chapter 704: Her Rejection

After she watched it for a while, although not in depth, it appeared that Su Muran and Lu Qin, this couple, had improved their acting skills significantly. Another blockbuster film would be enough to give them a meteoric rise in their career.

Now, the opportunity, *The Aster Flower*, was laid right in front of them.

She would be happy to congratulate them in advance for winning the best actor and best actress awards. However, she was sure that the public knew which of the Film Awards or the Academy Awards had a higher prestige.

She closed her notebook, held it closely in her arms before she lay down on her bed. She tucked herself in under the blankets and went to sleep. Her room was in a constant gloom. She spent all her time in the room and never stepped out of it. She refused to participate in any activity, nor did she join any film or series production. However, Linlang was still thriving and growing at a relatively steady pace by producing fantastic films every year. Besides, there were also many famous celebrities who worked for Linlang now. Thus, Linlang continued to develop even without Yan Huan, the old lady who had gone past her prime. Her presence in Linlang could hardly make any influence. For Linlang, it would not lose anything without Yan Huan's presence. Similarly, with Yan Huan's help, Linlang would not be the nation's best media company either.

Nevertheless, Linlang was still working hard to ensure continuous growth.

Yan Huan provided Linlang with another two years worth of scripts. These would be the final batch of scripts she would supply to Linlang in advance. Linlang had to be independent in the future for she had outlived her usefulness. Then, both parties, Yan Huan and Linlang, would start on the same mark again.

However, with Linlang's accumulated hard work over the years, she had confidence that Linlang would be able to do well since the resources were already in place.

In the coming days she could just eat and sleep to her heart's content.

Yes, that should be the way.

Acting is so tiring.

Sleeping is far more comfortable than acting.

Nevertheless, she subconsciously knew that her dream was always shrouded by deadly silence that could somehow hurt her. However, she had no intention to cease the dream. She did not want to let go of her dream despite knowing that it was all in her mind.

She had not gone out of her house ever since her return. She spent her days at home and stayed with Ye Shuyun whose favorite pastime was knitting sweaters. As she frequently spent her time by watching shows on television, she often saw Su Muran on the screen, alongside her partner, Lu Qin. Together, they made the best on-screen and off-screen couple. Not only did they film in many movies and dramas together, they also participated in various commercials, reality shows and news. They made a good decision to promote themselves as a couple, causing their marketability to skyrocket.

Their acting skills, just like Luo Lin's comment, were almost comparable to their seniors'. Regardless, their acting skills were deemed above average.

To be fair, if their acting skills remained mediocre without any sign of improvement after the expenditure of all the production resources, then they should get lost. They should stay away from the entertainment industry as far as they could. They should go on to work on anything else they want, but never act again. Oh come on. What's the point of acting if you are really terrible at it? Are you trying to make a fool out of yourself?

Luo Lin had already conveyed Yan Huan's message to Huang Ming regarding her decision to not participate in the film under his direction.

She was severely injured during her previous project. It was almost impossible for her to make her comeback within the next year for she needed some time to recuperate.

"Ah, what a waste!" Director Huang shook his head disappointedly. However, health should always be prioritized at all time. One could only resume their career after he or she had fully recovered. Left with no choice, he had to select another candidate.

Eventually, he casted a new actress. She was pretty good in all aspects and her beauty was indubitable. She was captivating like a blossoming flower. Besides her pretty face and elegant temperament, her acting skills were most likely decent as well.

Nonetheless, Yan Huan was his most preferred candidate to be the lead actress of the film. However, he was now forced to go for another alternative.

Unexpectedly, another actress was introduced directly by the production company prior to the commencement of the production. That actress turned out to be Su Muran. Meanwhile, Lu Qin, too, had taken over the role as the lead actor. This arrangement was not bad after all. At least the couple could take care of each other during the shoots.

Huang Ming had no objection toward the change of roles. Not only because these were decisions made by the production company, he was not exactly sure if the previous candidate was really the best fit for the character too.

While the previous actress had a youthful aura, but other than aura, they needed acting skills for this movie too.

Based on his observation, Su Muran's acting skills were satisfactory, although Yan Huan's was slightly better. Many directors, who had worked with Yan Huan before, were certainly not only interested in Yan Huan's acting skills and fame, but also her reputation as the box office draw.

Unfortunately, Yan Huan was not ready to resume her work for the time being. The directors could only hope that they would be able to collaborate with Yan Huan in the future.

Huang Ming was pleased with the script and the editing for the movie, giving him a rather high expectation for this film. Besides, he had no complaints against the casts too.

It was considerably lavish to invest such an enormous amount in a semi-literary fiction.

Yan Huan could not be bothered by Huang Ming's opinion and the options of the filming location, for she had never been interested in a movie like *The Aster Flower*. The movie was Su Muran's choice. Therefore, Su Muran had to deal with it on her own.

Yan Huan had been quite idle throughout the whole year. All she had to do was to keep Ye Shuyun company mainly by following Ye Shuyun shopping and travelling. Yan Huan felt more cheerful every time she returned from a vacation. Indeed, time eased her pain. She also bought Lu Jin a lot of antiques which were his favourite.

In the same year, the constructions of Ye family's airport and harbor were completed and the operation had started. Upon seeing the staggering net profit from merely one month of business, they reckoned that they could easily pay off their bank debts within the next few years. All the future net profits would go to Ye family while Yan Huan would be able to earn quite a substantial portion of the shares as well. Hence, she could basically kick back and relax without having to worry about money.

Little Lei was slightly over two years old now and he would be attending preschool soon. This sturdy little boy could be both an angel and a devil ever since he was a baby.

Little Lei hardly ever fell sick and had always been a healthy boy since birth. His chubbiness was the only issue that troubled the Lei family. As what He Yibin said, it was normal for Little Lei, who was still a kid, to be plump, and he would lose weight as he grew. He would grow lean and tall like his father, but not a fat and big bear. He could also play basketball in the future, owing to his father's athletic genes.

Chapter 705: It's Almost Been Two Years

Yan Huan picked up the bowl. She had been drinking this soup for a few years and she had never missed it in any of her meals. Although her fingers seemed to be frozen again this year, but it was not that serious. It was not as bad as when she was filming last year. At the very least, her fingers did not turn into red carrots.

There was nobody at home now, as Ye Shuyun and Lu Jin had gone abroad to spend their winter in a warmer country. Ye Shuyun was not in good health recently, and the doctor had warned them that she might feel worse during the winter, so Lu Jin took some time off to accompany her to go abroad. They would miss the entire winter season of Sea City when they return next year at the start of spring.

Anyway, the winter at Sea City was particularly cold this year. Yan Huan had forgotten whether Sea City had ever been this cold before, so cold that it was freezing out there. She placed the empty bowl on the table, relishing the warmth in the house.

Right when she stood up, she heard her mobile phone's ringtone went off. She picked up the phone and saw that it was Liang Chen who was calling her. Liang Chen had rarely appeared in public this year, citing the fact that she was not in good health, which meant that she had to recuperate away from the public's

eyes. But in fact, Yan Huan was the only one who knew that Liang Chen had found out that she was pregnant not long ago.

“Come over and visit me,” Liang Chen demanded. She sounded slightly annoyed.

“Okay, sure.” Yan Huan checked the time and said, “I’ll leave soon.” She hung up with a click and set down her phone, going back to her room to change her clothes.

She had always been on good terms with Liang Chen, especially when Liang Chen got pregnant not long after she finished filming the drama. Liang Chen credited Yan Huan for the joyous news, saying that it was all because she drank the soup brewed by the nanny employed by Yan Huan that she was pregnant with this child now.

Yan Huan just smiled in response instead of saying anything.

If it really was that great, then she had been drinking it for far longer, but she had never conceived a child with Lu Yi. She had been drinking it for several years now, but she needed to have her man with her if she wanted to get pregnant.

She was greeted by the cold wind outside when she opened the door. It was so cold that she could not help turning her face away from the wind. Her first stop was a baby supplies shop as she wanted to get something for Liang Chen’s baby.

Although Liang Chen might not need these as there were a lot of people who could buy whatever things she wanted for her, these were the tokens of her love with best wishes.

She bought a set of baby supplies, consisting of several pairs of tiny clothes, tiny socks and of the like. She tilted her head as she counted the months that Liang Chen had been pregnant, noting that she was already at the seventh month. The day of birth should be close.

However, what she did not know was that a camera had already taken a few shots of her when she was choosing the clothes. She was totally unaware of it.

When she arrived at Liang Chen’s house, she presented her gifts to Liang Chen and said, “I’ve gotten these for your daughter.”

“Thank you.” Liang Chen accepted the bag and took out the tiny clothes inside, trying to imagine her baby in these outfits. With her stubby limbs, she would look so cute in these clothes that people would want to take a nibble out of her.

“By the way, how do you know that it’s a girl?”

Even Liang Chen herself did not know about it, so how would Yan Huan know?

“Didn’t my nanny come over and boil the soup for you? She said that it should be a girl, and she will be as beautiful as you are in the future.”

Yan Huan picked up a cup and poured some water for herself. She could not possibly ask a pregnant woman to serve her.

“The nanny that you hired is really a gem. Is it okay if you lend me your nanny for a few months after I go into labor?” Liang Chen wished to have Yan Huan’s nanny at her side. Not only did she know how to cook well, she also knew how to nurse a woman’s body.

“No problem, but you have to pay for her salary though. You know that I am not taking any acting jobs nowadays, so I have no money.” Yan Huan sat down with the cup held gingerly in her hand. Of course she agreed. In fact, she felt that Liang Chen was too superstitious. In her opinion, there was no such thing as miracles. It was her own body, so she had to start loving and caring for it. You could not possibly fix a broken body just by ingesting a few medicines or drinking some soups. It took time and patience to condition the body.

However, it seemed like Liang Chen truly believed in the miraculous effects of the soup. Yan Huan let her have the nanny since she believed it. It was really not a big deal for her. It was just a few months anyway, she could just drink other soups.

“You have no money?” Liang Chen really wanted to pinch Yan Huan. “Your Linlang is making so much profit, yet you say that you have no money? Not to mention that there are so many endorsements for you pick up, some of them are even big international brands.”

Liang Chen could not understand Yan Huan. She had so many useful resources and connections on her hands, yet she refused to make use of them. Instead, she dared to complain about her so-called poverty in front of her. This was too absurd. Although she had disappeared for a year or so, her reputation as the best actress was still unbeatable.

In the past few days, she was ranked fifth in the chart of the most beautiful faces in Asia. As for the person who was ranked first, Liang Chen had thought that she was not even as pretty as Yan Huan. However, she won because she was an international best actress, and Yan Huan was not.

Nevertheless, she felt that Yan Huan deserved to be the first. How could she be ranked the fifth? That woman had always exuded an indescribable aura that accumulated with time and temperance. It was Yan Huan’s unique charm and something that no one else had, a natural feeling of melancholy and mystery.

“By the way,” Liang Chen reached out and held Yan Huan’s shoulders gently. “You still did not gain much weight. It has been so long since you stopped filming, you don’t have to deliberately keep your body in shape.”

“Well, no, I just do not get fat easily.” Yan Huan had never been on a diet. She was not a big eater, as her appetite had been small since young. She was around 35 kilograms when she was at her lightest weight, and she had never exceeded 50 kilograms even when she was at her heaviest.

What else could Liang Chen do? That was an uncontrollable difference between people after all. Meanwhile, she was too afraid to even look at her own body, worrying that she would feel depressed by how out of shape she must be.

She was so envious of Yan Huan’s slim figure. When she was at Yan Huan’s age, there was a lot of food that she did not dare to eat. But look at Yan Huan! She drank a few bowls of soup every day, her skin always looked healthy and radiant with rosy skin, but she had never seen her getting fat before. This is so unfair.

“What do you want to tell me?” Yan Huan turned around and asked Liang Chen. Truth be told, she envied Liang Chen. How great would it be if she had a child with Lu Yi? Mom and Dad would have something to look forward to, and she could admire the child who would look like Lu Yi every day. She could look after the child forever. However, they did not have a child.

“Oh dear, look at my memory, I have forgotten.” Liang Chen had been so caught up with being jealous of Yan Huan that she had forgotten about something important.

“Lu Yi had been gone for almost two years now,” Liang Chen said carefully. Yan Huan seemed calm at that admission, as if she had come to terms with that. However, it was not actually the case. The wound in her heart was so deep that it might be impossible for it to heal her entire life.

“Yes, it’s almost been two years.” Yan Huan raised the cup to her mouth and took a sip. She took her feet out of the slippers, stepping barefoot on the ground. She looked as though she was setting herself free, or maybe she was abusing herself.

“Are you really going to remain a widow for Lu Yi forever?”

Chapter 706: The Stubborn One

This was exactly Liang Chen’s concern. Yan Huan was only 26 years old now, nearly nine years younger than her. Does she really want to spend the rest of her life like this? Does she really want to stay single and keep Lu Yi’s parents company until they are gone, then continue to live in loneliness to her very last breath?

“Well, what’s wrong with that?” Yan Huan put her cup down before she stood up from her seat. Her feet firmly set on the floor. The floor was not particularly cold, yet she could feel a chill rush into her sole.

“Not everyone in this world is fortunate enough to have someone by their side forever. Some people live their whole life alone and they’re fine with it.”

“I will not make do with just anyone.”

She placed her hands on her chest. She did not want to compromise her feelings as she refused to forget her past.

“Song Xihua is a rather decent man and he always asks about you,” Liang Chen said in a supposedly nonchalant manner, but was actually hinting Yan Huan. Then, she rubbed her blossoming baby bump. Owing to her big belly, her back hurt whenever she took too many steps.

“Indeed,” Yan Huan agreed. He was deemed an angelic artist for being untarnished by scandals in spite of his growing fame. Moreover, his growth in the entertainment industry had been considerably remarkable. He was casted in some of the Linlang’s films as well. It was well known that Linlang’s films had always been dominating the box office. With Linlang making the money and Song Xihua earning his fame, it was a win-win situation.

“Have you ever considered him?”

Liang Chen asked Yan Huan. It was not a secret within the industry that Song Xihua was interested in Yan Huan. However, they seemed to have never crossed paths. Song Xihua was relentlessly waiting for Yan Huan, while Yan Huan deliberately ignored him.

She did not get in touch with anyone and focused only on accompanying Lu Yi's parents. She treated them as her own parents. But, what about herself?

"No," Yan Huan replied without hesitation as she turned around. The idea had never crossed her mind as she was never meant to be with Song Xihua. Song Xihua might be outstanding; he might be every woman's ideal husband; he might even be voted as one of China's greatest men. However, he would be someone else's great man and never Yan Huan's.

"Are you just going to stay like this for the rest of your life?" Liang Chen grew agitated as she spoke. She was frustrated at Yan Huan who was not loving herself. She's losing sight of the forest for a tree!

"Why not?" Yan Huan walked toward the window, drew the curtain and leaned against the glass. The bare landscape seemed depressing, creating a scene that appeared every winter. She was planning to visit Lu Yi tomorrow. She missed him.

"Lu Yi's parents will die before you." Liang Chen's voice was very soft but her words were somewhat hurtful.

"For all we know, I might die before them." While her face stuck on the glass, Yan Huan felt that the warmth of her face was gradually dissipating. She put on a half-hearted smile. "No one knows what will happen tomorrow. Similarly, no one knows how long they will live. Accidents happen every day and death can strike at any time."

"You're totally hopeless."

Liang Chen rolled her eyes. "I will not care about you anymore. Do as you like. When my daughter grows up, I'll let her be your god daughter. You already have your assistant's son as your god son, right? Now with another god daughter, you'll have a pair of children and your life is complete."

"Thank you." Yan Huan shut her eyes. She felt at peace. Just like the sky, she was bothered by a tint of misery amidst the tranquility.

The autumn wind had already swept away the fallen leaves. Now, the winter took over the land and covered it with a blanket of snow.

A lonely leaf glided across the air, appearing to not know where it would land. Nonetheless, it would eventually fall onto the ground and be forced to start afresh.

Yan Huan returned home and as soon as she entered the house, she received a call from Luo Ling.

"Check out the news. You were caught on camera."

"Oh, really?"

Yan Huan recalled her schedule that day, but nothing notable came up. She had been driving in her car all day before she visited Liang Chen's place. Furthermore, Liang Chen's residence was secured and no reporter could make their way into the area.

Then, it must be the baby store. She took out her phone and searched for her name. It had been a while since her name became the top search. She had always kept a low profile, especially for the past two years, trying to stay out of the public eye. Haven't the people forgotten about me?

She thought she had faded into oblivion, just like what happened during her previous life.

She took off her shoes and put on her slippers. She carried her phone in her hand and read the news as she walked.

Oh. "Best Actress, Yan Huan, Spotted In Baby Store, Suspected Pregnant."

A photo of her, in her flats, was taken. She gently patted her belly. How can I be pregnant? I don't even have a man.

These people are always making a fuss out of nothing!

She put down her phone and disregarded the news. After all, her company would resolve the problem on her behalf and she did not have to be bothered. She lay down on the spacious bed. Staying in the quiet and empty house, she felt a lump in her throat.

For a very long time, she had not shed a tear.

She reached for her phone and opened the photo gallery. She found many photos and she began to study them one after another.

"Time flies. It has been almost two years since you left me." she muttered. Her broken heart was yet to heal and it still hurt. But, at least she had now learned to endure the pain.

"Today, Liang Chen told me to look for another man today. Mom and dad think alike too. According to them, I'm still young and I'll be lonely to live without a companion. But, how do they know that I'm lonely?"

"I'm not physically lonely. The loneliness only stays in my heart. Even if I'm surrounded by many people, I can't feel any warmth. My heart is already stone cold."

"Don't worry." She gently touched her phone screen. "I'll keep my promise to you. I'll eat well, drink more soup and look after dad and mom. They're doing well right now, but mom hasn't been exactly healthy lately. The temperature of Sea City is extremely low this year. That's why dad took mom abroad. They'll return once it starts to get warmer. Please don't blame them for not visiting you sooner."

"I'm going to see you tomorrow." She kissed her phone and lay down, ready to sleep. She was neither doing anything nor having anything on her mind. That should be the way, right?

The temperature became lower as the dawn broke, so cold as if it could pierce one's bone. She put on a scarf and a white rabbit fur hat, along with a pair of black-framed glasses. She stood before the mirror, admiring herself.

"Aunt, do I look young?"

She asked the housekeeper jokingly.

Chapter 707: She Was Slandered Again

"Yeah." The nanny nodded her head and continued, "Now you look like an 18-year-old young lady, Miss Yan."

Yan Huan could not help but laugh. "Oh please, what young lady? I'm a 26-year-old married woman who will turn 30 soon. Women will age faster once we are over 30 years old. Do you think Lu Yi will be able to recognize me if he saw me in such a condition?"

"He will," the nanny nodded again promptly. "Mr. Lu has incredible eyes and he has the ability to see through anything, so he will definitely be able to recognize you no matter how hard you try to disguise yourself."

"Right, how could I forget, he definitely can recognize me. He won't forget about me."

She touched her face, putting on the mask happily and getting ready to head out.

Meanwhile, the nanny stood behind Yan Huan and felt sorry for her. Everyone would have thought that she was going to meet her lover. Well, she was indeed meeting her lover, but to be precise, she was going to visit an ice-cold gravestone.

Yan Huan got off the car and stepped into a flower shop.

"I'd like to have this please," she requested as she pointed at a bunch of plain chrysanthemums.

"Miss, this flower is for mourning purposes," the florist explained attentively.

"Yeah, I'll take it." Yan Huan took out her purse and handed the money to the florist. However, some of her fingers were numb from frostbite. It was quite a pity that such a lovely hand was a victim to frostbite.

"Here you go." The florist handed the flowers to Yan Huan.

"Thank you." Yan Huan held the flowers carefully in her arms as she walked out. It was quite windy out there, the wind tugging viciously at her coat, going as far as to snatch her scarf and tossing it onto the floor.

She held the flowers in one arm and bent down to retrieve the scarf with her other hand.

Out of nowhere, a hand reached for the scarf on the floor before she could and picked it up.

"Miss, your scarf," the florist quickly handed the scarf to Yan Huan.

"Thank you." Yan Huan smiled as she accepted the scarf and wrapped it around her neck.

The florist suddenly stared at Yan Huan as her mouth fell open. "E-excuse me..." She stuttered. She could not even say a complete sentence right now. "Are you Yan Huan?"

Yan Huan smiled politely while adjusting her scarf. "Yeah. Do you know me?"

"Oh my god, you're really Yan Huan!" The florist was excited but she immediately covered her mouth self-consciously. "I'm a big fan, I really love watching your dramas and movies, basically anything that you are involved in. My favourite movie of yours is White Fox, I've watched it more than five times in the cinema and even a few times online. I just can't get enough of it!"

"Umm, also..." She was so excited that she almost jumped into the air. She asked shyly while looking at her fingers, "Can you please give me an autograph?"

“Sure,” Yan Huan agreed with a smile as she set her flowers to the side. She was indeed so gorgeous that even the florist’s heart skipped a beat. She could not hold it back despite the fact that she was a female. Yan Huan was just way too pretty and she was really worthy of being in the top five beauties of Asia. She had such an aura, such elegance and such flawless skin! She truly deserved the title, and the florist would even say that Yan Huan deserved to be the top in Asia.

She quickly ran toward the counter, opened the cabinet and took out a magazine and a pen. Then she ran back.

The photoshoot for the magazine was done right after they finished the filming of White Fox. The magazine sold very well in that period due to the success of White Fox.

She accepted the pen and signed her name on it without hesitation.

“Thank you,” the florist held onto the magazine tightly as she was so reluctant to put it down. This was her first time meeting an idol at such close range. It appeared that Yan Huan was not wearing any makeup, and she was still so beautiful even without it! The florist was about to drown in her idol’s beauty. Oh god, she grasped tightly on her shirt. I would not be able to fall asleep tonight.

“Is it okay if I take a picture with you? Please?” she asked carefully while biting her fingers anxiously. She was afraid that Yan Huan would reject that request as it was rumored that some celebrities disliked taking photos with others. She did not know if Yan Huan was one of them.

“Of course,” Yan Huan nodded in agreement. She was not that arrogant, and besides, she was no longer a star now. Hmm, she was probably considered as a has-been at this point. However, she was not the one who could determine whether she was still in fashion or a product of the past, as all of it depended on the judgement of the citizens.

The florist quickly pulled out her phone and stood beside Yan Huan. She posed with a peace sign as she snapped a series of selfies in the blink of an eye. She was getting more and more excited as she took the photos, and she so close to weeping tears of joy. It’s such a stroke of luck for me today!

She was very lucky indeed. These selfies were so priceless that she would definitely get a lot of likes if she was to publish them on her social media.

Yan Huan adjusted her scarf again before picking up her flowers and cradling them to her chest carefully. She was afraid that she might ruin them. Although she was smiling, the way her eyelashes were lowered seemed to give off a sense of grief.

“Miss Yan, are you going to visit Mr. Lu?” The florist asked tentatively. Everyone knew that Yan Huan’s husband had died in the flood two years ago. This might be the main reason why Yan Huan rarely appeared on the screen anymore.

“Yeah.” Yan Huan did not hide it. Some people might be able to let go of their grief and move on with their life, but she could not find it in herself to do the same.

“I’m going to visit him.” She then moved the flower bouquet in front of her face. The flower petals were slightly cold as they brushed against her face, like the early spring breeze.

She started to walk away from the florist. She was so skinny that it seemed like she could be blown away easily by the wind. However, she kept her back straight all the time, as though there was nothing in this world that could ever bring her down.

The florist took a few photos of Yan Huan's back and published it on her social media.

"Who said that the best actress Yan Huan is pregnant? She had just bought flowers to visit her late husband. Some feelings will never fade away, regardless of distance or death, and I think I've started to believe in love again."

She added a few more photos after that caption.

The best actress, Yan Huan, was still as beautiful as ever. She was not wearing any makeup yet she seemed so soft and gentle when she was talking about her husband. Her eyes were watery and her pain was clearly visible underneath her eyelashes.

These photos were posted online.

Before this, hateful rumors had been circulating on the internet that claimed that Yan Huan was pregnant and the biological father of the child was unknown. Some were questioning whether Yan Huan had conceived a ghost fetus as her husband had died two years ago. How could she even get pregnant?

In short, there were all sorts of comments, including blessings, curses and even some very hurtful vitriol that was posted by professional keyboard warriors.

Chapter 708: The Overzealous Fans

Eventually, the comments turned extreme.

Some people were asking Yan Huan to retire from the entertainment industry. According to these people, her life was saved by her husband. They did not request for her to stay loyal to her husband, but only wanted her to not disgrace her husband.

However, the surface of these photos gave the haters a hard slap in the face. Their lips were finally sealed and they were no longer making hue and cry. Otherwise, they would definitely get a tongue-lashing from the public.

Her belly was completely flat. Where could the child possibly come from? She was even wearing high heels! Whoever made up the story was very unethical.

After the news spread, Liang Chen updated her Weibo.

"The baby will definitely love the clothes bought by her godmother!" It was a photo of her and Yan Huan. Liang Chen disregarded her appearance, not bothering about her body size and her makeup-free face. Furthermore, Yan Huan was sitting right beside her. Yan Huan was still gorgeous as ever. Her natural face was glowing despite not having any makeup on. She was wearing a pair of glasses with a thin black frame as she painted a sweet smile on her lips. She looked elegant and graceful, resembling a noble lady in the olden days. She had been staying out of the public eye for a long time. However, from this photo, she did not seem to have aged at all and her beauty remained. Despite her slim and fairy-like features, she seemed very amicable.

It was indubitable for her to rank as the fifth most beautiful woman in Asia. However, many people thought that their goddess was far better than that and she should take the crown.

At this moment, Yan Huan arrived at Lu Yi's grave.

She placed the flowers on the tombstone. Then, she habitually took out a tissue from her bag and gently wiped off the dust on the tombstone. It was obvious that someone came and cleaned the tombstone regularly as it was extremely clean.

"It's nice here, isn't? It's quiet and you will not be disturbed. When I'm gone, I'll come here to keep you company. Then, we can be together forever."

"Right?"

She pressed her face against the cold tombstone, "When I die, my ashes will be scattered in the Sea River. Then, I'll bury a pair of clothes here to stay with you, okay?"

She continued to speak. She talked about recent events, yesterday's scandal and her encounter with the owner of the florist. From time to time, chilly winter wind hit her body and bit her fingers mercilessly.

She sat there for the whole day. When she opened her eyes, the sun had set and she was overwhelmed by darkness. It turned out that she had fallen asleep.

"I'll visit you again next time." She went forward and planted a gentle kiss on the cold tombstone. However, no one noticed the tears that were falling from her bloodshot eyes.

She was swamped the pain, the agony and the urge to cry.

She tried to fight back her tears for she must not cry. She knew that once she dropped her first tear, she would not be able to repress her tears anymore and would eventually be choked with sobs.

She did not have the audacity to cry. She lost her husband, but Ye Shuyun and Lu Jin lost their son.

She rose to her feet and wiped away her tears. Then, she covered her face with a scarf before she left the graveyard. However, she was unaware of being caught on camera again. No one knew how did they discover Yan Huan's whereabouts. They were shockingly brazen to be spying Yan Huan.

The paparazzi were certainly all over the place.

In this new era of globalization, it was just a matter of minutes before the photos went viral on the internet.

In the picture, Yan Huan was seen walking with her head down. She was not wearing a mask, but only a scarf. Although the photo was taken from afar, her expression was clearly captured along with her red eyes. There was also a close-up of her face and the tears could be seen streaming down her cheeks.

It was obvious that she was crying.

After the photos were uploaded online, the haters did not dare to comment anymore. She was but a woman who had just lost her husband. How could anyone possibly be harsh on her? How could they make impertinent remarks about the deceased?

The ghost baby? That was such an absurd statement! They were committing sins by spreading gossip and evil speeches. If it were not for Lu Yi, many people of the Sea City would have been dead. He traded his life for Yan Huan's and no one foresaw Yan Huan to be the target of slander even after two years.

For those who defamed Yan Huan at that time, they were being hunted down by the public. These people had probably provoked the others and were subjected to public criticism, to the extent that their real lives were significantly affected. On the contrary, those who used to dislike Yan Huan had been turned into her fans.

That was exactly what happened.

The True Me – A Cabbage, "Goddess, I will always support you! Brother Lu isn't here anymore, but you still have us!"

I'm A Cabbage, "Brother Bai, do you need any help? I'll help!"

A Cabbage, "That's right, Brother Bai! You're our big brother. Let us be in charge of our goddess's safety from now on. Our goddess has worked so hard to gain what she has today. She never depends on scandals to catch the audience's attention."

That's Me, The Cabbage, "Indeed! Whenever something happens, our goddess will definitely make a donation. She is so kind-hearted. Yet, the shameless people didn't only make ill remarks against her, they attacked our Brother Lu as well! Brother Lu's already dead. How could they be mean to him!"

Yan Huan sniffled as she browsed through the comments on Weibo. Her heart ached and her eyes burned at every mention of Brother Lu. She was crying silent tears.

"Thanks, everyone." She murmured before she shut down her laptop and left the room.

The housekeeper had placed the bowl of soup on the table. Yan Huan raised the bowl to her lips and took a sip of it. The soup was steaming hot but her heart was so cold as if it would never feel warm again.

At this moment, in a certain company.

A young man was wearing a broad grin. He, too, shut down the notebook on his desk before he picked up a pen and toyed with it.

It was then when someone knocked on the door.

"Come in." The man sat up straight, unbuttoned his shirt and pulled his sleeves up.

"President Bai, Cheng Rong has arrived."

"Oh, let him in then."

The man, who was known as President Bai, looked young. He seemed to be in his mid twenties, but he had a rather mature demeanor with the vibes of an experienced successful man.

Before long, a disheveled man entered the room.

"You're looking for me, President Bai?"

“Yes, you’re the one that I’ve been looking for.” President Bai stood up and strode toward Cheng Rong.

“It seems like you’re having a bad time recently?”

“Sure I am!” Cheng Rong grabbed a handful of his hair, “President Bai, what do you think about the world today? What’s wrong with the people? I’ve only spoken the truth, but the overzealous fans tracked me down. Yan Huan, the celebrity who works under our company, has quite a bunch of these fans. You know what? They applied glue on my chair and put thumbtacks on it...”

Chapter 709: You Promised

Speaking up to this point, Cheng Rong could not suppress it anymore as his mouth almost started to foam in anger. He did not even dare switch on his phone, because if he did, he would be spammed by multitudes of people whom he did not even know. They had gone as far as to pee and poop in front of his house, as well as pelting his property with rotted vegetables and spoiled eggs. He felt a surge of nausea upon remembering this.

“The truth? What is the truth that you want to talk about?” General Manager Bai pulled out a chair and sat down with his legs crossed.

Cheng Rong finally had someone to rant to. Of course, he poured out everything that he had been bottling up in his heart.

“Mr. Bai, why are there so many sick people in this world?”

“Are there?” Mr. Bai raised his eyebrows slightly and said, “Go on.”

Cheng Rong continued to ramble, everyone is so boneheaded, all I did was write a few sentences on the Internet, what did I do wrong? Until now, he still could not figure out what he had done wrong.

“Say, a lady, how can a single lady with no male partner get pregnant? If it’s not someone else’s child, then it must be a ghost fetus. The man has been dead for two years already, yet she still got pregnant. For all you know, she could have been sleeping around and was knocked up by another man.”

Mr. Bai smiled faintly, but his smile was cold.

Cheng Rong shuddered all of a sudden, but he did not stop talking.

“Mr. Bai, all the people in this office are crazy. You should really step in and discipline them.”

“Yes, I will,” Mr. Bai chuckled and said, “Tell me, how I should take care of this? Should I fire all of them and only keep you around?”

“That’s even better!” That was exactly what Cheng Rong had in his mind. “We should just ask them to get lost, that bunch of brainless fanatics for their idol. They can continue their idol worship for all I care, maybe they can even pay Yan Huan to spend a night with them.”

Right when he ended his sentence and before he had the chance to continue, Mr. Bai stood up and kicked him to the ground.

“Mr. Bai, what are you doing? Why are you attacking me?” Cheng Rong squealed in pain as he held his stomach.

Mr. Bai rolled up his sleeves, squatted on the floor and slapped Cheng Rong on his face.

"I know what you want to ask," Mr. Bai crooned as he gave him another hard slap. "I'm also a fan of Yan Huan, a crazy fanatic, the kind of fan who's beyond crazy."

"In fact, you could say that I'm one of Yan Huan's first fans. I've been a fan of her since I was in school. I would not anyone say bad things about her."

"Obsessing over idols, huh..." Mr. Bai laughed coldly and said, "Do you know why the people in the company treat you like this?"

Cheng Rong opened his mouth. Ouch, his teeth had almost fell out from the beating.

"You want to say that I'm a brainless fanatic, right?" Mr. Bai answered on his behalf.

"Brainless my ass!" He was so angry that he swore. He punched the guy on the floor again, instantly leaving a bruise on Cheng Rong's eye.

"Do you know how many people in our company are from Serene City? Do you know how many people were saved by Yan Huan? Do you know how much money Yan Huan had donated to help us rebuild our homes? Do you know that Yan Huan was the one who dug me out from the ground?"

"With your kind of personality, what right do you have to judge others? Have you donated any money? Have you helped others? Who are you to say such malicious words? Mr. Lu died for the people of Sea City, yet you still degraded him even though he is not here anymore. Are you even human?"

Mr. Bai would give Cheng Rong a punch to the face whenever he finished a sentence.

When he knew that there was such a person in his company, he almost wanted to slap himself. How could he have recruited such a person into his company, someone who kept firing hurtful comments at his savior?

How could he tolerate this?

He gave the snivelling coward another kick, pulled out a wallet from his pocket and threw it on the floor. He spat out the rest of his words coldly.

"Get lost, here are your treatment fees. If you want to sue, just do it. But let me warn you, beware of the people of Sea City, they may stone you to death."

Upon saying that, he rolled down his sleeves slowly and buttoned up his cuffs. Once again, he looked like a civilized, successful gentleman. He sat in front of his working desk again, turned on his computer and navigated to Yan Huan's Weibo.

"As a matter of fact, I really am a crazy fan." He could not help laughing at himself.

"So what if I'm brainless? I'm happy with it, there's nothing you can do to me."

Cheng Rong was beaten up so badly that he was unrecognizable, and he was immediately thrown out by the company's security personnel. Sometimes one should not look down at these so-called crazy, brainless fans, as they could do extremely scary stuff.

Of course, they would not have gone crazy if they were not provoked.

However, Yan Huan would not know about these. She still refused to face the media and appear in public.

She held the phone over to her ear, with a hint of helplessness.

“Yan Huan, are we friends?”

“Yes, we are,” Yan Huan let out a breath softly. They were not just friends, but best friends for two lifetimes.

“Yue Ran, what’s the matter? Just spill it, don’t beat around the bush. This is so not you.”

“Does that mean that you say yes?” Yue Ran still did not elaborate. It seemed like he was laying down a trap for Yan Huan to jump inside, and Yan Huan certainly knew that as well. But this time it appeared that she really did have to walk into the trap.

“Just come out with it, we’ll assume that I said yes.”

Can she not say yes? She could refuse anyone, but certainly not Yue Ran.

Apart from the friendship of two lifetimes as well as the things he had done for Linlang, she truly was grateful to him.

And Yan Huan could hear the joy in Yue Ran’s voice.

“Accept an advertisement, I’ll be your makeup artist, is there any problem?”

“An advertisement...” Yan Huan sunk herself into the soft sofa and said, “You do know that I have not accepted any advertisement or ambassadorship for two years, right?” Yeah, it really had been two years. She had no interest in acting or shooting for an advertisement now. She did not feel like filming one, nor was she willing to film.

“But you promised.”

She could hear that Yue Ran’s earlier joy had remained in his voice. “That’s it, you promised.”

“Yes, I promise.”

Yan Huan closed her eyes and continued, “So I want to sleep now.”

“Go then, remember to come over to the office tomorrow.” Yue Ran was not even worried if Yan Huan would back out, because she had already promised.

Yan Huan hung up the phone and set it aside. She closed her eyes, hugging a pillow to her chest. Perhaps she did not feel sleepy now, but the room was so warm and cozy that she slowly drifted off to sleep.

The next morning, she really did go to the company to start shooting the advertisement. However, it still depended on what kind of advertisement it was. If it happened to be a lingerie or sanitary pad advertisement, then she would have to apologize to them and reject the job.

She would never agree to shoot this kind of advertisements.

“I knew that he can invite you over.”

Chapter 710: She Did A Great Job

Luo Lin sat down and put a stack of documents in front of Yan Huan. “You can reject everything else but not this.”

“It’s a favor that I can’t reject.” Yan Huan flipped through the material, which turned out to be a proposal from a renowned international coffee company that wanted to hire her as their ambassador. Moreover, Yan Huan was their first female Asian candidate.

“Why did they choose me?”

Yan Huan asked Luo Lin. She was informed that this company was extremely strict with their selection of ambassadors. Besides good appearance and temperament, they also demanded their candidates to have spotless reputation with no scandals.

Nevertheless, it was only sensible for them to set such high requirements as the company were ranked as one of the top 100 global companies. For such a famed company, their commercial would be broadcast worldwide. How did this valuable offer land on her?

Am I that famous?

Luo Lin stretched out and pinched Yan Huan’s cheek.

“First of all, this is all because of your face. The fifth prettiest face in Asia”

Yan Huan shrugged. She did not do anything on her face.

“Next, it’s because of this.”

Luo Lin took out a photo to show it to Yan Huan. In the photo, Yan Huan was holding a bouquet of flowers in front of a florist. The scene was captured by the owner. The photo had a high resolution even though it was taken merely by a phone. She seemed to be smiling at that moment. It was a rather meaningful smile that was coated by memories and decorated by a hint of sorrow.

“Not only you’ll be their ambassador, Yue Ran will also be your makeup artist. His biggest goal now is to work with a major international brand. This offer will introduce you and Yue Ran to the global market.”

“Honestly, I don’t want to accept it.” Yan Huan put the photo down. If this happened back then, she might already be over the moon. However, she could hardly feel anything now. It was as if someone had placed a big pie, which she had been yearning for, right in front of her. Unfortunately, she was too full to eat the pie no matter how delicious it was.

“You don’t have a choice.” Luo Lin understood Yan Huan’s words. “You must accept the offer.”

After she mocked Yan Huan, she gleefully went ahead to make the necessary arrangements. She left at the drop of a hat, afraid that Yan Huan might regret her decision anytime soon. This was Yan Huan’s first endorsement after two years of hiatus and it was a prime project. Would this project trigger a chain

reaction and bring all the other offers to her? Nobody could predict the future. But, even if she was given with many offers, she would most probably reject them all.

Similar method could only be executed once for the best effectiveness. It would not be efficient anymore for Luo Lin to use the same way on Yan Huan again.

Yue Ran had already designed a style for Yan Huan and was ready to try the new style on her. Yan Huan sat in front of the mirror like a beautiful and finely-carved statue.

“I haven’t been on camera for a while. Do you think I’ll mess it up?”

She asked Yue Ran as she feared that she might drop the ball and put Linlang and Yue Ran to shame.

“No, you will not.” Yue Ran was not worried at all. He had absolute confidence in Yan Huan.

“Some people are born camera-ready and you are one of them.”

“Really?” She studied herself with the mirror. For the first time, Yan Huan received a compliment from Yue Ran.

When the spotlight shone upon her, she finally understood Yue Ran’s words. Initially she could not shake off the jitters. After all, this was an international project and her first appearance on camera after two years.

Thus, she was in a nerve-racking state and her palms were sweating profusely. However, as soon as the spotlight hit her, she was surprised that her body began to recompose itself. All the anxiety, uneasiness and restlessness were gone without a trace.

And there she was, holding a cup of coffee in her hand and stirred it gently. Light gleamed on her thick and long eyelashes. She looked into the distance as she put on a faint smile on her face. Despite the curled lips, a subtle hue of melancholy seemed to be wreathing around her.

A delicate face with an air of grace. She had no idea how much she has grown in the past two years, but she had long surpassed her previous life. Now, she no longer cared about how long she could last in this industry.

She held the cup up with one hand and placed it on her lips in an artless manner. Gently, she took a small sip out of the cup and was instantly overwhelmed by the rich taste of cocoa beans. A tinge of bitterness, that came with the fragrance, lingered around her taste buds and seeped into her heart.

She smiled a little brighter and warmer, until the bitterness began to fade away. The full-flavored aroma took over and brought out an amazing taste of the coffee.

She continued to drink the coffee, one sip after another, even after the shoot ended.

“Is it good?” someone asked.

“Yes, it’s nice.” Yan Huan used to not drink coffee at all as she did not appreciate the bitterness. However, she thought that the one she tasted today was not bad after all.

All of a sudden, Yan Huan seemed to have recalled something as she rose to her feet without any notice. Then, she noticed the grin on the director's face. Similarly, all the other present staff were smiling at her too. Yan Huan was perplexed by the situation.

"I'm sorry!" She stood up hurriedly. She did not realize that she had spaced out and was totally unaware that the filming had ended.

"That's fine." The director remained smiling. The iconic director was considerably amicable. Undoubtedly, he was pleased with Yan Huan's performance.

"Miss Yan has done a great job! It's a successful shoot and we're very satisfied with the result."

He extended his hand as he spoke. "I look forward to working with you again."

"Thanks." Yan Huan reached out to shake his hand. She was not interested to find out how she looked in the video. However, she reckoned that she should be nowhere near ugly, or else the well-known director would not appear so relaxed. The commercial might not be successful, but it has absolutely nothing to do with my appearance.

She went home and returned to her old mundane life. As usual, she did not bother to update herself with Linlang's status. When the advertisement was released, Luo Lin forwarded it to her immediately.

It certainly came with congratulations.

Initially, Yan Huan did not understand what was happening and where all the compliments come from.

It was not until she turned on her laptop and saw what Luo Lin had sent to her. It was the coffee commercial. With the ballad playing in the background, she saw herself sitting in front of the window as the sunlight glimmered on her. It seemed to be a foggy weather, making her feel as though her eyes were misted as well.

Naturally, she brought a cup of coffee to her lips. She seemed content, creating a rather beautiful scene.