

### Chapter 91: Fear

“Don’t be afraid. Everything will be fine,” he comforted the woman in his arms. The woman seemed small and vulnerable; she was so frail he felt as though he would be able to crush her bones with his bare hands.

Gradually, the woman calmed down, but she did not seem okay. She was still trembling all over, and her skin felt cold and clammy.

He reached out to touch the woman’s forehead with his palm. As he expected, it was icy cold and slick with sweat.

In actuality, Yan Huan was no longer aware of her surroundings. She had been paralyzed by overwhelming fear, a fear that she had carried with her from her past life. It was common knowledge that a close brush with death was enough to cure most suicidal people of their suicidal tendencies; this is because humans are wired to have an instinctive fear of dying. This fear, however, was even worse for Yan Huan because she had actually experienced her own death first-hand. She knew that no one was actually trying to kill her with a knife right now, but she could not shake the crippling feeling of dread.

Her rapid, panicked breathing slowed down. She subconsciously grabbed the man’s hand and held it tight, like a drowning man grasping desperately at straws in a river. She did not care who he was: all she wanted was the reassurance that no one was going to hurt her or kill her.

She heard a man’s voice whisper into her ear.

“Everything will be okay, don’t be afraid, this will be over soon.”

Lu Yi could tell that the woman in his arms was slipping away. He patted her cheek lightly, but she appeared to have fainted. The elevator doors were still closed and the only source of light at hand was the feeble brightness from his phone.

Half an hour had passed and the doors showed no sign of opening. He sat down, shifted the woman so that her head rested on his thighs, and checked his phone.

He was not particularly surprised when he saw that he still had no signal. He had already tried the emergency button in the elevator, but it didn’t seem to do anything. All he could do now was wait. He didn’t mind going home a few hours later than usual, but he couldn’t say the same for his companion...

He moved his phone. In the dim light, he saw that the woman lying in his lap was young and thin, but he could not tell what she looked like. All he could make out was that she had extremely long eyelashes and was most likely very pretty.

All they could do was wait for someone to realize that the elevator had malfunctioned and that there were people trapped inside.

He closed his eyes. The dark did not scare him in the slightest. Right now, there was only one thing he was afraid of...

"It's okay, don't be scared..." He placed his hand on the woman's forehead, worried that her prolonged loss of consciousness would have long-lasting consequences for her health.

Suddenly, his eyes flew open. His dark, hawk-like eyes sliced through the darkness before him.

Ding! The elevator doors opened to let in long-awaited light. A repairman was standing outside, and his jaw dropped at the sight before him: vegetables were scattered across the elevator floor and there was even a dead fish in one corner. But that was nothing compared to the man sitting inside: he did not look happy at all, and his displeasure rolled off of him in icy waves.

"Sir, are you okay?" asked the repairman timidly. There was something formidable about the man, and the repairman was smart enough to know that anyone who lived in this building was most likely some kind of big-shot.

Lu Yi lifted his hand in a gesture that said I'm fine, you can stop asking.

He raised his phone to his ear.

"Qingyi, it's me. Get over here with your car, stat."

## **Chapter 92: I don't know her**

Soon after, a black modified Hummer sped up the driveway.

Lei Qingyi wiped his face, drops of water still dripping down from his hair.

"Lu Yi! What the hell are you doing? I just got into the bathtub, my skin is still stiff, not even a piece of paper would be properly soaked through if you had thrown it in with me!"

But then he noticed there was something wrong, so he stopped talking.

The corner of his eye twitched and he overtook a car rapidly.

He stopped the car, Lu Yi was holding a woman and waiting for him at the door of the community.

The door opened, Lu Yi got in with the woman in his arms.

"Let's go."

Lei Qingyi scratched his spiky hair.

"Why don't you call an ambulance, why did you make me come, and who is she?"

Lu Yi lowered his head and looked at the woman who had fainted and was lying still on his thigh. His eyes were calm and he was steady as a mountain, sitting in the car without moving.

"I don't know," he replied, barely opening his thin lips. His casual words only angered Lei Qingyi more.

You don't know? Fine, you don't know but you still get yourself into trouble and then drag me in too! This has happened so many times, don't you know how irritating you are?

When Lei Qingyi was about to speak, Lu Yi narrowed his eyes slightly. "You know how the road conditions are these days. The ambulance isn't as fast as you. I'm afraid that the woman might be dead by the time the ambulance arrives."

“How could be you so squeamish?” Lei Qingyi muttered. But he was secretly pleased as Lu Yi had praised his driving skills. Lu Yi was knowledgeable about driving, knew that his friend was an exceptional driver, that he could win international races. But his mother wouldn’t let him do such a dangerous thing. He had pity on his car that wasn’t being used to its full potential, he had even assembled it himself.

Still, he rolled his eyes upwards. “Lu Yi, aren’t you being too kind to her?”

“You would have done the same thing.”

Lu Yi didn’t say much. He looked down again. Until this moment, he hadn’t really seen the facial features of the woman. She was similar to what he imagined, though, she was very young and thin and good looking. To him, however, there was something more. She seemed familiar in a way he couldn’t place.

How could she be familiar when they had just met, though? He couldn’t quite remember, and just as he thought he recalled something important, Lei Qingyi stopped his car suddenly.

They had arrived at the hospital.

Soon after, Yan Huan was taken to the emergency room, where they were informed that she had indeed fainted.

“This face...”

Lei Qingyi suddenly hugged his arm. He was 1.9 meters tall and with his stubbly chin, he was like a bear. But he didn’t look intimidating when he was dressed casually, with a pair of plastic slippers on his big feet, wet hair, and water still dripping down his face.

He got close to Yan Huan abruptly and gave the doctors and nurses a start when he turned her face towards him with his big hand.

“Oh, yes, I knew who she is. She’s Yan Huan.”

Lu Yi widened his eyes suddenly, “How did you know?”

That name, it seemed to...

### **Chapter 93: An Incredible Coincidence**

Lei Qingyi clutched his hair again. “Isn’t she the actress who played the Little Golden Silkworm in that Xianxia TV show a while back? My mom is a fan of hers, she rewatches the episodes with her scenes every single day. She barely gets any screen time in that show, but my mom is completely obsessed with her and won’t shut up about how she wishes I were a daughter like her. Huh, she actually looks better in person, even without any makeup on. I know, I’ll get her to give me an autograph, my mom will absolutely love it.”

Lei Qingyi was truly a man of action. He rushed out of the room to get his notebook, fully intending to get Yan Huan to autograph not one, but several, pages.

A deep frown appeared on Lu Yi’s face. Lei Qingyi had just unwittingly explained his strange feeling of *deja vu* with the woman.

So her name was Yan Huan, and this was what she looked like. She had been pretty enough on TV, but she was even more beautiful in person.

The nurse pulled Yan Huan's sleeve up, and was shocked to see the large purple bruise on her arm.

The doctor took one look and said, "She's already had her blood taken, I see."

He pointed to her other arm. "We'll use her other arm, then."

The nurse immediately rolled the other sleeve up. This arm seemed okay.

Lu Yi could not stop staring at the purple bruise on Yan Huan's arm. She had had her blood taken? Why?

The emergency room was extremely busy and chaotic and Lu Yi stood like a frosty ice sculpture in one corner of the room, out of the way of the medical staff. He kept his gaze fixed upon the unconscious woman, and the purple bruise on her arm.

Yan Huan had been completely out of it, but now she had gradually begin to come back to consciousness. Her eyes opened, and she stared in confusion at her stark white surroundings.

Where was she?

Her chapped cherry lips twitched. She turned her head and saw, through bleary eyes, the indistinct silhouette of a man. She blinked until the image before her slowly came into focus. When she saw who it was, a jolt of fear went through her.

She subconsciously placed her hand on her lower abdomen.

It was flat. There was no pain, no injury.

For a moment there, she thought she had returned to her previous life. Back then, she had lied alone on a hospital bed, on the brink of death, with this very same man standing before her, silently watching her with his dark, calm eyes.

He was now sitting on a chair nearby, leafing through a document. She wondered what he was reading.

Suddenly, the man stilled, as though he had realized something. Not willing to face him just yet, Yan Huan immediately shut her eyes again and pretended she was still asleep.

Lu Yi placed the medical record in his hand on the table. On the page he had turned to were the following words:

Blood type: Rh negative, type AB.

This was an incredible coincidence. Or was it?

He stood up, walked over to Yan Huan, and pulled the blanket over her. He did not know that Yan Huan's hands were clenched tight under the blanket, her fingernails digging into the palms of her hands.

Soon after, she heard the door open and close. She knew then that the man was no longer in the room; the air around her seemed less fraught with tension now that he was gone.

Yan Huan opened her eyes. She sat up and stared at the needle on the back of her hand. She wanted to pull it out, run away, and escape to a place where no one knew her. She wanted to hide from the rest of the world.

But she knew that was impossible.

#### **Chapter 94: Run away**

She had always wanted to live a down-to-earth life in an upright manner.

It was lonely at the top, but she would get trampled to death at the bottom.

Once again, she closed her eyes, but didn't loosen her grip.

"When will she wake up?" Lei Qingyi had waited for a long time. He had brought a pile of books and came over to ask for her autograph, but she was still in a deep sleep and wouldn't be able to sign it.

He reached out and poked Yan Huan's face. "Can't you wake up and give me your autograph?"

When he went to poke her again, he received a warning from Lu Yi. He quickly drew back his hand, standing aside with his big slippers, and stuffed all the books into Lu Yi's arms.

"Anyways, these are the things to sign for my mum. Just treat them as payment for the ride over here, I did run several red lights to get you here quickly. I'm going back home now, you can stay here by yourself."

He spun around on his heels and swaggered out with a pair of plastic slippers on his feet.

Lu Yi threw the books on the table, and stared at the woman who still had her eyes closed. Afterwards he turned, opened the door, and went out. When Yan Huan realized she was alone because of the silence, she opened her eyes.

She sat up and hugged her knees, she didn't know how to face the man. Should she say, "Long time no see," or "So, you're still here"?

She had been running through the conversation between them many times, but in the end she thought that they had better not see each other. You go your way, and I'll go mine, we'll continue being unrelated and owing each other nothing.

"Miss Yan, you're awake." As soon as the nurse came in she found Yan Huan was sitting up. "I'll tell Mister Lu."

"Oh, no thank you." Yan Huan hastened to stop her, her heart ached when she heard the words—Mister Lu. It was the same no matter whether it was Lu Qin or Lu Yi, which one had hurt her heart and which one had made her feel sick.

She was afraid of the word "Lu."

The nurse looked confused, "Then what would you like to do if you don't want to inform him?"

"I'm fine, I want to be discharged." Yan Huan pulled the quilt off and got out of bed. She was fine, she knew about the symptoms of claustrophobia, and if she was in a seriously enclosed environment it might be worse, but she would be fine as soon as she left.

And she couldn't stay here for any longer, if she went back late Yi Ling would worry about her.

She must get discharged no matter what the doctor and nurse said. The nurse couldn't stop her so she ran away from the hospital. When she was outside again, she realized she hadn't gone through the discharge process. She thought about going back, but remembered she had no money with her.

Forget it. She would pay it back later.

When Lu Yi came back after work, Yan Huan had already left the hospital long ago.

"I'm sorry, Mister Lu, the lady insisted on leaving, we couldn't stop her and she snuck away..." The nurse almost began to cry when she saw his cold face. Look at how dark his face has become, is he going to eat someone?

Lu Yi took the books which Lei Qingyi had left on the table without saying a word, then he strode away.

Lei Qingyi held his books delightfully, he thought that he could finally gain his mother's favour and she would stop scolding him frequently so he could live in peace and happiness.

### **Chapter 95: She Actually Ran Off**

But he stared in surprise at his notebook when he opened it.

"Where's her autograph?" His large eyes were wide with confusion. His hand shot out and closed around Lu Yi's neck. "Lu Yi, where's her autograph? What did you do with it? My notebook's empty!"

Lu Yi opened his eyes and fixed his deep, unwavering gaze upon Lei Qingyi.

"What are you staring at me for? Speak up!" Anyone else would have been unnerved by Lu Yi's piercing gaze, but Lei Qingyi had grown up with Lu Yi and was practically immune to it. He was the fearless Lei Qingyi, and his nerves of steel had earned him the position of Director of Sea City's National Security Department.

"You owe me an autograph!" Lei Qingyi had a short fuse and his temper flared now. He moved to kick Lu Yi.

A scuffle ensued, and a minute later Lei Qingyi wiped the corner of his mouth. His hand came away bloody.

"Did you have to go all out on me? Look at my face, it's a bloody mess! How am I supposed to go out on the streets later, looking like this?"

Lu Yi did not say anything, He picked up his jacket from the floor and put it on. Aside from the slight wrinkles in his shirt, there was nothing to show that he had just been in a fight. Lei Qingyi, on the other hand, was now sporting a black eye and a cut lip. One of his shoes had rolled away; he looked a sorry sight for a 190-centimeter tall man who towered above most everyone else.

"Ugh..."

Lei Qingyi grimaced in pain. He wanted badly to punch Lu Yi in the face, but he knew that he could not beat him in a fight. Lei Qingyi was tall, but Lu Yi was only a little shorter than he was, and extremely quick on his feet to boot.

They walked to Lei Qingyi's car. He got into the passenger seat and rested his large feet on the dashboard, while Lu Yi got behind the wheel. Lei Qingyi had told Lu Yi to drive because it was his fault he was now, as he put it, "an injured man who had to nurse his wounds."

"Why didn't you get her autograph for me?"

Lei Qingyi's temper had faded, and he could now think clearly enough to ask Lu Yi what had happened.

"She left," said Lu Yi flatly.

"She left? How?"

Lei Qingyi stretched his massive legs. Fortunately, his modified car was spacious enough to accommodate a man of his size, otherwise, he would probably die of claustrophobia inside.

"She left on her own," said Lu Yi as he turned the steering wheel. His eyes were narrowed; he seemed to be thinking.

"She ran off to avoid paying the bill?" Lei Qingyi rubbed his chin in a mocking expression of seriousness.

Lu Yi didn't bother replying. He didn't know whether Yan Huan had deliberately skipped out on her bill; the fact was, she had run off, and he was not so petty to run after her and demand that she reimburse him for the medical fees. If she was, in fact, his anonymous blood donor, then he owed her his life— a far more expensive debt than the measly sum on the hospital bill.

There was also the Chinese saying that went: "A monk may run away, but the temple cannot run with him." Lu Yi knew he would be able to find Yan Huan if he had to.

But he was not the type to hound a young lady over a hospital bill.

At that moment, Yan Huan was standing before the door to her apartment. She felt her pockets; she had lost her fish, chicken, vegetables, handbag, and house key. She rested her head against the door, frustrated.

She needed to come up with an excuse to deceive Yi Ling.

After a long moment, she finally reached out and pressed the doorbell. She waited, but Yi Ling did not open the door. Yan Huan felt her blood run cold: had Yi Ling gone out to look for her? It was already late in the afternoon, and Yan Huan had been MIA for hours— Yi Ling was probably dying of panic right now.

She pressed the doorbell again in despair. This time, however, the door suddenly flew open.

## **Chapter 96: She Was Careless**

"Who is it?" Yi Ling opened the door and stretched lazily, wondering who could be knocking on the door at this hour. Her hands were still on her head when she saw Yan Huan standing outside. She blinked her eyes, and it took her a while to react.

“Huanhuan?” She gasped, confused. Then she ran over and grabbed Yan Huan’s face with her both hands, “Huanhuan, why are you standing outside? I’m hungry, did you buy the food? By the way, why am I so hungry?” Rubbing her abdomen, she thought a long time before she realized. “Oh... I overslept, that’s why I’m hungry.”

Yan Huan gently sighed, then shrugged off Yi Ling’s hands. “Let’s not cook today. We’ll dine out, I’ll treat.”

“Yay!” Yi Ling bounced into her room to change clothes, but she felt that something was wrong. She remembered Yan Huan had gone to buy food, and she had been excited to eat the delicious food after she woke up.

Hm, nevermind, must have been nothing, she thought as she scratched her hair, humming a random song. Then she took a shower and changed her clothes. She was too careless and didn’t realize anything was wrong with Yan Huan.

But maybe it wasn’t her carelessness.

Yan Huan had lived for so long that she knew how to hide herself.

Going into her room, Yan Huan closed the door and leaned against the cabinet. She forced herself to sit up and think. What could she do since she would obviously see him around? Would she have to move? No, that was impossible, she just had to avoid him.

After all, actors don’t work regular schedules, she just hoped that she could get a part as soon as possible, then move away, the farther from here the better. She wasn’t afraid of facing difficult times, suffering, and dealing with pain, but she was afraid of Lu Yi.

“Huanhuan, are you done?” Yi Ling kept shouting, she had been waiting for a long time, and was hungry and anxious to leave.

“Yes, I’m coming.”

Yan Huan rose to her feet. She opened the cabinet, took out some clothes and changed into them, tied up her messy hair and went out with Yi Ling.

When they were standing inside the elevator, Yan Huan dug her fingernails into her palms, she knew she had to overcome this.

The more she was afraid of, the more she had to push forward.

She could overcome the fear of elevators, but her fear of that man... she couldn’t.

She had to stay away from the man she was afraid of, as, to her, people represented the future that you couldn’t grasp, and your destiny that might be changed.

The hardest thing to guess in the world was people. The most unpredictable thing was people’s’ minds.

It should be enough to live a simple life, and, looking at Yi Ling who was only thinking about what food to eat, she couldn’t help but laugh. Yiyi, we must live well for the rest of our lives, as long as I don’t meet that man, I will let you live a simple life like now.

Yan Huan touched her pocket; she had brought a lot of money, and she knew that after the broadcast of Love and Tribulations, she would get even more. Though she wasn't yet famous, the drama Love and Tribulations would make some of its new actors popular, and she believed that she was one of them.

After they entered the restaurant, Yi Ling was happy and ordered a lot of dishes that she loved. Of course, she ate everything up quickly. As an actor, Yan Huan had to maintain her weight and thus she rarely ate meat. But the delicious food couldn't be wasted, so all the meat ended up in Yi Ling's stomach.

### **Chapter 97: Highly Unlikely**

She was a manager— not a celebrity— and managers did not have to look after their own figures.

"We should take a photo." Yi Ling got her phone out and promptly snapped a photo. Yan Huan looked up at just the right time with her best, most natural smile, thanks to her years of experience before the camera. It was a breathtaking sight.

"It's perfect!" Yi Ling peered at the photo on her phone. "I don't even have to photoshop it! My Huanhuan is absolutely gorgeous, her natural, makeup-free face is so much prettier than all the aging movie stars out there. Watch out everyone, my lovely Huanhuan's a rising star! She's a legend in the making!"

Yi Ling had complete confidence in Yan Huan. Why? Because she was her Huanhuan, perfect in every way!

She uploaded the photo to Weibo, and sighed when she saw that her beautiful Huanhuan still did not have a single follower on Weibo.

But that was okay; they had just started on their showbiz journey, after all. The only role that had showed Yan Huan's face so far was that of the Little Golden Silkworm in The Story of a Supernatural Chivalrous World. But that show had not been a major hit: the main characters had received only a tiny boost in popularity after the show. So what would happen for Yan Huan, who was barely even in it? But that would soon be remedied, as soon as Love and Tribulations wrapped up, her Huanhuan would have plenty of screentime.

Just then, dinner was served. Yi Ling tossed her phone carelessly to one side and picked up her chopsticks to dig in. She ate quickly and eagerly, her complete and undivided attention on the dishes before her. She was the type to forget everything the moment delicious food was involved.

As for Yan Huan, she ate distractedly, without actually tasting what she was eating. She picked at the vegetables in her bowl, her long eyelashes obscuring the uncertainty in her eyes.

In the following days, Yan Huan did her best to stay at home in the early mornings and late afternoons to avoid bumping into Lu Yi during his commute to and from work. This was possible because she was waiting to audition for Director Jin's Journey to Fairyland, and did not have anything else lined up in the meantime. She didn't have to report to the agency for the time being, either.

She stayed inside her apartment whenever possible. At first, the thought of bumping into Lu Yi was enough to turn her into a nervous wreck, but as the days passed, she began to calm down.

Now, two weeks later, she was finally able to relax.

She felt a little silly for over-reacting. It would be highly unlikely for her to bump into him again.

They had nothing in common, after all. There seemed no logical reason for the universe to throw them together again and again. Fate had given the two of them only the most tenuous of connections.

Even if they bumped into each other again, it was extremely unlikely for them to be tied together by the string of fate.

The Love and Tribulations production crew called to inform her that they had just wrapped up shooting and would be holding a wrap party to celebrate. Director Jin would be treating everyone to dinner out of his own pocket, and all the principal actors were expected to attend. Yan Huan had already received her invitation.

Although Hong Yao had minimal screen time throughout the show, she was the essence of the plot, the linchpin holding the entire story together. The character was extremely important to Director Jin, and Yan Huan, by extension, was not just a minor supporting actor in his eyes. He had personally invited her to the party as soon as the date had been set.

“How about this?” Yi Ling picked out a red dress from the closet. This was the nicest looking dress in Yan Huan’s closet, as they were showbiz newbies and did not have any endorsement deals with fashion brands yet. But Yan Huan had a respectable wardrobe all the same; she had a keen eye for fashion, and many of the items in her closet were gifts from her good friend, Yue Ran. In her past life, she had worn many internationally renowned brands, but the current Yan Huan did not have the money nor the celebrity appeal for expensive clothes.

“Pretty good, eh?” Yi Ling was confident in her taste in clothes: the red dress was such a cheerful, auspicious color.

“No, it’s a little too red, too flirty.” Yan Huan stuffed the dress in Yi Ling’s hand back into the closet. She grabbed a simple pullover, pulled it over her head, and then put on a short skirt and a pair of black ankle boots.

## **Chapter 98: Too Deep**

She went into the bathroom and turned on the tap, ran her hand through the water to wet it, and then fluffed her hair to make it look disheveled.

When she came out, Yi Ling widened her eyes, “Huanhuan, you look great in this suit.”

She dressed casually in simple clothing.

Yan Huan smiled shyly and touched her hair once again.

“It’s just dinner with the cast, there is no need to dress too fancy. Besides, I’m just a supporting role, if you dress me up like a doll I’m afraid many people would hate me.”

“You’re already as beautiful as a doll.” Yi Ling wasn’t convinced, while temperament was acquired, appearance was given by parents. Huanhuan looked pretty and had graceful beauty, and those who were not happy with that fact should blame their own parents, not others who were beautiful.

Yan Huan grabbed her bag and smoothed out her clothes. It shouldn't be a problem, I just need to be myself.

She drove to the restaurant early, since it was always better to be early than late, and they couldn't let the others wait for a supporting actress.

"Yan Huan, there you are."

Director Jin waved to Yan Huan when he saw her; he had a favourable impression of the new actress, and he wished she would play in his next drama. He was waiting to surprise her with the good news.

"Good evening, Director Jin." Yan Huan walked over. She had lived for so long, so the way she got along with people was different from other new actors. She smiled naturally and had relaxed posture, she wasn't anxious or picky, she wouldn't make a nuisance of herself and overshadow the leading role.

She knew she was just a supporting actress, not the lead.

After a short while, Su Qiao and Qi Haolin came one after the other. Both of them were wearing masks and sunglasses so as not to be recognized by others, which could cause unnecessary trouble.

Yan Huan stood behind everyone as if she was transparent.

Nevertheless, Qi Haolin nodded warmly at her despite them having been rivals in the drama. Yan Huan relaxed suddenly, after all, it was always a bit awkward for a new actor who didn't know anyone. If no one would pay attention to her, she could only brazen it out and start conversations with whomever was willing.

Yan Huan had lived for so long and was born to have high self-esteem, she couldn't let herself be made small.

However, someone had been friendly to her right away, and it was enough for her to remember her past lifetime. Qi Haolin was definitely a good man, but she couldn't remember how he was in the end, as he had faded out in movie circles when she became famous, and he was most famous at the time of Director Jin's film.

Oh yes, she remembered. Someone had blackened her name around that time. It's not wrong to say that the entertainment business is very public, but it's also one of the darkest industries in the world.

Director Jin rose to his feet and said a few words, explaining that this was a wrap up party for the cast and crew of Love and Tribulations, but they still had a lot of work to do as a series of promotions were coming up.

### **Chapter 99: In Her Way**

Yan Huan knew all that, of course. Nevertheless, a wrap party was a time to celebrate, it meant that the production crew would be able to kick back and relax for a few days. After that, they would have to start promoting the show to hopefully build enough momentum to start the broadcasting off with a bang.

Yan Huan picked up her chopsticks and began eating her food methodically. She made sure to eat in a demure, ladylike manner. Occasionally, someone would inadvertently look in her direction. She always smiled back when that happened.

But something bothered her...

She frowned slightly. She had realized, as soon as she entered the room, that there was a fat man at the table who would not stop looking at her. The message he was sending her was crystal clear.

In her previous life, she had met every kind of person under the sun and weathered every possible situation during her painstaking journey to the top of the showbiz hierarchy. She was exceedingly familiar with the look on that man's face.

It was a look of aggressive interest. It was a sly, scheming look.

She tried to avoid the man's gaze as much as possible. She excused herself to go to the washroom several times, but every time she got up she could feel that unwelcome gaze prickling at the back of her neck.

She gripped the cup in her hand. Beneath the table, her other hand was also clenched tight. She had barely started on her new journey in this life; the last thing she wanted was to run into unwanted "complications."

She waited for what seemed like an eternity for everyone to finish eating and drinking. By the time everyone had had their fill, it was already late, and most of the actors could not spare the time to go for the usual karaoke after-party because of their busy schedules. That meant that the wrap party was essentially over at this point and everyone was free to leave.

It was standard etiquette for a newbie, no-name actor like Yan Huan to let the veteran actors leave before her. She waited until the room was almost empty before getting up to look for Yi Ling. Her instincts told her to leave as quickly as possible, before she ended up in an uncomfortable situation.

But when she was about to walk out the door, a man stepped in front of her. The fat on the man's body jiggled all over— he was so large he practically blocked the entire doorway.

"Sorry, but if you could just move out of the way..."

Yan Huan lowered her eyelashes. She knew who this man was: Yan Lixiong, one of the producers for Love and Tribulations. He had produced several shows, investing in them with the money he had inherited from his wealthy family. There had been many rumors of his romantic involvement with various actresses, and he had a reputation within the industry for being a vile, disgusting player.

No, those aren't 'rumors,' thought Yan Huan. Anyone with a brain could figure out what was really going on behind his never-ending series of "romantic involvements" with all those actresses.

Yan Lixiong was openly ogling Yan Huan. The fat on his double chin wobbled as an undisguised look of lust marched across his greasy face. It was clear from the dark circles under his eyes that he led an indulgent lifestyle.

"Are you Ms. Yan?"

"Yes, I'm Yan Huan. Nice to meet you, Mr. Yan."

“Pleased to meet you.” Yan Lixiong’s face wobbled all over as he laughed heartily. “We seem to have a lot in common. Even our names are similar— we’re both Yans. Perhaps we were once from the same family, 500 years ago.”

I’d rather be dead than be related to you, thought Yan Huan irritably. She kept her head down, her gaze fixed upon the tip of her shoes. She refused to look at Yan Lixiong’s flabby face, or the repulsive glint in his eyes.

This man was very obviously interested in her, and not in a good way.

### **Chapter 100: Ill-intentioned**

“I heard from Director Jin that Miss Yan is an excellent actress.”

Yan Lixiong’s eyes fell on Yan Huan’s side face and chest, which was heaving with her nervous breathing. Though her clothes weren’t close-fitting, her figure was too beautiful and he couldn’t help but feel the stirrings of attraction.

Her smell is so fresh, surely no one has ever slept with her. And she is new... she will probably obey anything anyone asks of her.

He reached out and wanted to touch her, was her skin as fine and smooth as it looked? It was so good to be young, and he felt much younger suddenly.

But when his fingers were about to touch her hair, Yan Huan stepped back and avoided the pervert.

“Haha...” Yan Lixiong hastened to draw back his fat hand. “Miss Yan, please don’t misunderstand, I just saw a scrap of paper in your hair and wanted to get it for you.”

Yan Huan rolled her eyes inwardly.

Are you kidding? Do you think I am still an ignorant young girl? Indeed, I am young, but nobody knows that I have been in the entertainment circle for almost ten years, do you think I don’t know what you’re thinking about?

“Miss Yan, let me put it this way...” Yan Lixiong felt that they had come to a deadlock, but he didn’t think of the young girl as a worthy opponent, so he figured that as long as he gave her some benefits she would immediately fall into his trap. “I happen to have a play here, and I would like to ask Miss Yan to be the female lead. I wonder if Miss Yan is interested?”

He wanted to put his hands into his pants pockets, pretending he was a gentlemen, but he was too fat, he looked wretched to play such a part.

Female lead, a role many actresses longed for, it might be an opportunity to rise to fame, show off talent in the entertainment circle, and you would become famous and wealthy.

Of course, you just have to pay a small price as a woman, and there would be no loss. Only a fool would refuse.

First female lead, Yan Huan kept her fingers crossed and continued to look at her toes. “I’m afraid I can’t do it well.”

“It doesn’t matter, I can guide you,” Fatty Yan insisted. He was heavily made-up, his small eyes staring at the delicate young lady from time to time.

“I don’t think I can do it well,” Yan Huan repeated, shaking her head. “And the company will make an arrangement for me. Besides, I have signed a contract with the company.”

“It doesn’t matter,” Yan Lixiong tried to coax again. “I believe that your company will be interested in my play, and it is for the role of female lead. I also believe that Miss Yan will not refuse, do you?”

Such a big piece of fat meat here, is she going to eat it, really?

But to his surprise, she didn’t eat meat.

Shaking her head she said one last time, “I’m sorry, Mister Yan, I really can’t accept that role.” She refused as steadfastly as if she was reading lines. Do not forget, she was an actress, she could play any role, and of course she could lie.