

Chapter Three

34.

I feel that.

The awkwardness you faced when your parents caught you masturbating while watching porn totally cannot be compared to what I'm feeling right now.

No.

The awkwardness you faced when your parents caught you masturbating while watching hardcore beastiality and tentacle orgy porn is precisely the kind that truly cannot be compared to what I'm feeling right now.

35.

I locked my screen with lightning speed before viciously flipping my phone over to shield it from view. My eyes arched as I smiled at Gu Yiliang. "Ah, hello."

"..." Gu Yiliang snuck a glance at my phone. After pausing for a brief moment, he greeted me as well.

I calmly looked for words to fill up my endless embarrassment. "We've quite a lot of scenes to shoot together. Why don't we practice when you're available?"

"Yeah." He nodded. "I just entered the production team, so I came here to greet everyone."

There was nothing wrong with the conversation, but why did the sentence order feel so jumbled up?

I nodded in response too. "Oh, haha. Did you eat before you came here?"

He paused before answering, "Not yet."

Unable to continue the conversation anymore, the vile person inside of me felt so awkward that he was cringing all over.

36.

In the end, Little Chen was the one to save my ass. Brimming with energy, he ran into the room with two cups of bubble tea in hand and said with gusto, “You didn’t tell me what toppings you wanted so I bought two. Have a look and see which one you prefer?”

As soon as he turned around, he noticed Gu Yiliang was there too. He instantly straightened his back as he called out ‘Brother Gu’. Gu Yiliang greeted him also.

Having finally found a topic to talk about, I said, “The filming’s going to start later. It’ll be detrimental to your health if you haven’t eaten anything yet, so why don’t you have a cup of bubble tea to fill your stomach?”

After I was done asking, I recalled that Gu Yiliang was not fond of drinking sweet drinks in a fanfiction I skimmed through earlier. So I hurriedly added, “They’re low in sugar. Not too sweet.”

Gu Yiliang was stunned momentarily before he nodded in response.

Ah, Little Chen, the fireman rescuing me from awkwardness.

I took over the bubble tea from him with utmost gratitude and examined them —

One of them was plain milk tea, no toppings, while the other was filled to the top with coconut jelly, pudding, boba, aloe vera, and grass jelly all piled together that it felt like I was holding a cup of stew.

37.

This kid was a motherfucking genius!

38.

Ah, Little Chen, the arsonist setting my heart on fire with all the awkwardness.

I struggled to not shudder from the awkwardness and spoke to Gu Yiliang with gritted teeth, “Well, you see... If you don’t mind, let’s open them both and balance the toppings a little bit...?”

After I finished the sentence, I was overwhelmed with awkwardness to the point where I could practically feel my soul leaving my body. I hoped from the bottom of my heart that Gu Yiliang would wave his hand in denial, say “There’s no need”, and quickly leave my lounge.

Right here. Right now.

39.

“Sure,” he said. He even came over and sat down right next to me. “You got a knife?”

I gazed at him in shock. In the end, it was Little Chen who answered him with a series of “yeses” and found him a clean fruit knife.

He swiftly circled the plastic covers on the two cups of tea with the tip of the knife and tore open the lids. Then he fished out a spoon from the plastic bag and asked me, “What do you want to add?”

I answered, half-dazed as if I had just woken from a dream, “Grass jelly is enough.”

So, he spooned out all the grass jelly and put them into my cup. Then he asked, “Anything else?”

I shook my hand. “Nonono, you haven’t eaten anything yet. You should have more to replenish your blood sugar.”

He looked at the cup of ingredient-rich bubble tea in front of him and seemed to find it a little too difficult to deal with. “There’s still a lot. What about adding some more?”

40.

I said, “Then I’ll add your Wechat.”

41.

I must have gone mad after reading so much fanfiction.

Besides me, even Gu Yiling and Little Chen were caught off-guard by my words. The three of us joined together hand in hand, forming a vicious circle of silence.

42.

Probably because Little Chen was unable to keep his cool anymore, he used the restroom as a reason to make his leave.

Thus, only Gu Yiliang and I sat silently in the lounge having no words to exchange as we stared at each other in awkwardness, to the extent that things felt intimate between us.

As the one with the higher EQ, Gu Yiliang broke the silence by taking out his phone to pull up the QR code page in two to three taps. "I forgot to add you last time. Sorry about that."

I hurriedly answered him, "Nono. It's fine. No big deal."

I picked up my cell phone.

And then I put the phone back.

I tried my best to keep my composure and smiled faintly, "Um, maybe it's better if... I search my own Wechat account using your phone?"

He had probably also recalled the scene he saw earlier the moment he stepped through the door, so his movements froze unnoticeably for a moment before he handed the cell phone to me.

43.

Okay, Wechat added.

I could just think of it as adding a brick to the great undertaking of the Niangzi Army, right?!

Out of nervousness, I sipped my tea from the tip of the straw as I watched Gu Yiliang um, eat that ingredient-rich bubble tea at an unhurried pace.

The atmosphere had turned quiet beyond measure. Only awkwardness lingered in the air and spelled more than thousands of words.

Still, as the one with the higher EQ, Gu Yiliang turned his head to look at me, then praised courteously, "You look good in this costume. Steel grey suits you."

Here it comes, time to glorify each other! Seeing him donning a brick-red outfit, I immediately blurted out, "You look good in this costume too. It matches mine."

44.

God, how much I wanted to become a lightning rod rising straight from the ground, so all the thunder and lightning would strike right at me and send me soaring up into the heavens.

HIT ME! HIT ME!

45.

Caught by surprise momentarily, Gu Yiliang couldn't bear it anymore and laughed out loud.

It was not the kind of dry laughter that was purposely done to dispel the awkwardness in the air nor was it the sort that was laced with ridicule. It was just a simple form of laughter brimming with joy.

It was a rare sight for us to sit together at such a close distance. It enabled me to receive a direct baptism of his extremely beautiful face.

Truth be told, not only did God shower him with a sumptuous feast, I felt like Nüwa, the mother goddess, also came to stick her nose in it as well. When she was sculpting him, she probably hired Michelangelo Buonarroti to help out too, granting me the power to write a full-blown aesthetic and art appreciation essay just by staring at his face.

46.

That was a joke. I actually can't. I have zero talent in writing.

But wasn't he a little too good-looking? He could seriously use the smile on his face to bewitch someone.

47.

But isn't he laughing for a little too long? Was it really that funny?

I watched as he laughed and laughed, like golden wheat sheaves bending in the wind, like branches bending from countless rich fruits, like simple and honest farmers bending their backs in laughter.

See? I already finished reciting an entire nursery rhyme in my head, and he was still laughing!

I couldn't stop myself from giving him a shove. "What's your deal?"

He finally stopped laughing, but there was still a lingering smile in his words, "How come I didn't know you were so funny before?"

I knew the answer to this one! So I immediately answered, "Because you don't have the pair of eyes that can discover the beauty of things?"

He was at a loss for words upon hearing my reply.

48.

Right before he was about to burst into laughter again, I covered his mouth with my hand in a hurry.

His hot breath fell on my fingers, his brows relaxing lightly as he blinked at me innocently.

Filming was going to start soon. Before I could manage to let go and stand back up on my feet, Little Chen had barged into the room, shouting aloud, "Get into position! It's time—"

49.

Little Chen looked at me, then at Gu Yiliang, then at my hand which was still covering Gu Yiliang's mouth. Color drained from his face—he turned around, slammed the door shut, and strode over in a few steps before persuading with all earnesty, "Brother Wei, murder is illegal in this world!"

50.

I think there's no way that the production of the Song of Waves can continue on any longer.

51.

I retracted my trembling hands as I hugged my trembling head. I took a glimpse of the hesitant expression on Gu Yiliang's face before waving my hands shakily, indicating him to remain silent. The current me felt pitiful, weak, and helpless. I wasn't able to stand any more beatings by the wind or rain or even the slightest shock.

Gu Yiliang had obviously misunderstood what I meant when I waved my hand and smiled understandingly: "I wasn't mad."

"No..." I tried to explain.

"The only thing is," he cast Little Chen a puzzled glance, then shifted his eyes back on me. "Why do you let him call you 'Viagra' [1]?"

52.

Fucking hell.

53.

OK.

If anyone would be so kind enough to bring me my eight-foot viper halberd and my Zhuge crossbow and my golden tiger spear please, I need all of them.

If those are too heavy to carry over, then a bottle of poison would be nice too.

Translator Notes:

[1] Viagra: Little Chen calls him Brother Wei or Wei Ge, which sounds similar to Viagra in Chinese.

Chapter Four

<< Gu Yiliang's Diary – Excerpt 1 >>

Work ended around 2 a.m. in the morning again. So exhausted.

The day after tomorrow. Oh. It's already tomorrow and I still need to join Director Lu's production team. I feel even more exhausted whenever I think of it.

I seriously don't feel like going.

For starters, I guess I'm suffering from post-vacation blues. Exhausted from work, I only feel like KO'ing at home.

Secondly, it's all because a leader of my fanclub sent me private messages for five days in a row, warning me to be wary of my adversary since he's in the production team too.

According to her, my adversary should be an overlord who is eight feet tall with the physique and strength of Hercules, the malevolent face of Asura, and the evil voice of a devil. He was someone that could easily take my life with a mighty and vigorous sweep of his eight-foot viper halberd. Or he could be a vicious male demon with the body of a snake and the head of a man with green laser beams shooting out of his eyes and venom dripping down his tongue, in addition to his sharp claws and long tail that could sweep me up in an instant, snapping me to pieces.

But it's not like I've never seen my adversary before. We're from the same company after all.

Wasn't he just a clean, pure, and delicate-looking young boy? He looked so soft and obedient. With a natural look, he seemed to be a little younger than me. Every time we met each other, he would greet me politely, his eyes sparkling with innocence.

After I described what I thought to her, she shrugged it off and said I was too kind, completely unaware of the dangers that walked this earth.

When I received this message, I was completely confused.

For starters, I'm already twenty-three years old and a member of the industry. What sort of dangers have I not seen before?

Secondly, I've seen the movie my adversary was in before. With that kind of acting skill, if he actually pulled that in front of me, then he must be hiding his talent on the screen, a damn big one.

Therefore, I sometimes seriously cannot comprehend the kind of love my fans shower me with.

Nevertheless, she did it out of kindness anyway.

<< Gu Yiliang's Diary – Excerpt 2 >>

I'm a little annoyed. There is one day that I can get off work and come home early, yet even before the bath water is ready, I got another text message from that old man asking me for money.

I said I would send it to him tomorrow during the day.

300 thousand and 300 thousand and another 300 thousand... I flipped through my transaction statements, finding myself more tragic than Tony Leung from Infernal Affairs.

<< Gu Yiliang's Diary – Excerpt 3 >>

I joined the team today. Surprisingly, I felt pretty good. It's been a long time since I've laughed so freely.

Initially, I still felt a little upset after making the transfer. But then I received a warning message from my little-miss-head-of-fanclub that my adversary had liked a post on Weibo which announced that I was joining the production team, with the intention of riding on my popularity. She warned me repetitively to look after my own safety.

I was going there to act, not enter a battlefield, so I felt all the more down.

In the end, my adversary, who was poor and extremely fiendish in the eyes of my fan, was the one who lifted my spirits up.

He's hilarious.

And he seems to be my fan? Which I'm really surprised about. After all, he never attempted to talk to me first, let alone doing things like asking for my autograph. We don't even have each other on Wechat.

Although we do now.

The way he asks for a person's Wechat is so roundabout. No wonder he never found a chance to bring it up before.

He was watching one of my movies when I entered, one that I acted in a long, long time ago, or my debut movie. Not many people mention it now, so I have no idea where he dug that up from. He was even watching them so intently.

So how should I put it? It was a complicated feeling to see someone appreciate your work with such serious concentration.

No wonder he liked that Weibo post by mistake. I checked that he had never followed that Weibo account before, so I surmised he must have accidentally tapped on it when he was searching for my name.

Not knowing to use his left hand to hold the phone while searching for his adversary's name, forgetting to undo the mistakes he made... He seriously...doesn't have it in him to be evil-minded.

Looking all awkward, he even offered me a cup of bubble tea to drink. He also looked rather nervous, probably because I caught him red-handed and he was a little embarrassed by that.

Yeah. He's pretty cute.

I know I shouldn't describe a guy who's about the same age as me as cute, but he is pretty cute.

Man, why did I write "cute" three times in a row?

And now it's four.

If my little-miss-head-of-fanclub sends any more of those warning messages over, I can now make reasonable and confident retorts.

Nevermind. It's better not to retort. Otherwise, it might trigger more dirt posts for my adversary since everyone's got that reverse mentality. I, too, must have deliberately knocked on the door of his break room as soon as I was done with my wardrobe and makeup because I'd had too much nagging from her.

Thinking about it that way, I should thank little-miss-head-of-fanclub. Otherwise, I wouldn't have noticed that my adversary is someone who's easy to get along with, and also very cute.

That was the fifth one.

After we began shooting, I studied him as he acted opposite the male lead on-site. Well, I'll keep my impressions of him short and simple: if he has been pretending it in front of me all this time, then I'll retire right now.

But if there's a chance, I can teach him a little. He's got spirit in those eyes.

The more I write, the more I feel like I've had my nose too high in the air. One should always be modest and know when to keep their cool. Gotta bear that in mind.

Oh right, he also knows that I don't like sweet things.