

Chapter Five

54.

Premise: A not-so-famous film star who sucks at acting is caught red-handed by his adversary watching a fan-made BL video about them.

Question: Is there anything more awkward than that?

Answer: He then has to finish acting a scene under his adversary's serious, piercing, and benevolent gaze, who is eyeing his every move like an old and experienced artist.

55.

I was on the verge of forgetting how the word 'awkward' was actually written. My entire back went limp as I cast a mournful gaze at the male lead in a daze, forcing myself to act out the sentiments which should belong to a female lead.

After the male lead was done, he didn't even dare to look at me. He would run away the moment I called out to him with a red blush on his face.

56.

I truly regret the fact that I haven't honed my acting skill.

But that adversary of mine who was fully equipped with both talent and virtue said he would teach me how to act when there was a chance.

My adversary is so nice. Like my home, he's the gentlest harbor, the most solid supporter behind my back...

57.

...my ass!

58.

I was on tenterhooks the whole day, fearing that my adversary would take me as a sick pervert lusting for his flesh and soul. After I returned to my hotel room, locked the door, turned off the light, and drew the curtains to a close, I watched that video again and then found that the scene I was watching when he came in was, in fact, his solo act. Turns out, I didn't expose jack shit!

Then why the hell was he acting all awkward around me in the break room earlier?!

Acting frozen stiff, cringing and twitching, hesitating and sputtering all over... Was that all an impromptu performance just to play along with me?!

59.

I was trapped in an awkward state for so long! For nothing!

I'm so pissed!

Fuming with rage, I removed my makeup and took a shower before plopping on my bed with a face mask on to scroll through Weibo.

Due to my 'accidental like' slip-up on the Weibo post earlier this morning, I successfully reaped a ton of curses and personal attacks bestowed benevolently by the fans of my adversary with passion. The more I took in, the more wisdom I gained, eventually learning to conceal my tracks—by commandeering Little Chen's Weibo account with brute force.

60.

I had only managed to sail my ship for barely an hour earlier in the day. Before I could even bath in the wholesomeness as well as the beloved atmosphere, the other character in the ship had unexpectedly barged in, shattering it into pieces.

I must recover my lost fluff!

I haven't caught up with the class yet! I've yet to savor all the fluff! I've yet to clearly figure out the key premise, as well as the plotline for the ship! I've yet to understand the ship in great detail!

61.

My adversary's fans taught me how to become mature.

The Niangzi Army taught me how to love.

62.

After checking through Little Chen's list of followings as well as his followers, I went through Little Chen's Weibo posts. Good. Not even a trace on there had anything to do with me.

Little Chen is a true genius. His whereabouts are unknown, identity a mystery. Even I myself couldn't tell that he was my life assistant at all.

63.

If I'm going to do it, I have to take on the full course.

I looked up a guide for joining a fandom. According to the guide, I first downloaded the Super Fans Club app and added Gu Yiliang and myself to my list of followings. Then I followed Niangzi's discussion board with Little Chen's Weibo account, scrolled down, and followed a few popular and big-name fans. In the end, I added an anonymous forum to my Favorites after downloading the app for Douban Group.

Clapclapclap! The wild single-person fluff party has now officially begun!

I'm so excited! HoHoHo!

64.

After skimming through it briefly, I found a well-organized, hardcore brainwashing package about the storyline that really deserved appreciation. Its content was very complete, accurate, and well-illustrated with pictures and links, including video clips of all of our interviews, variety shows that we each attended, and audio clips of our radio station talks etc. — making it a 139-page long PDF in total.

It is simply too long to talk about in detail, so let me summarize the main plotline for you.

65.

The Beginning: A pair of young boys who had just entered the entertainment industry, one of them cold, skilled, and responsible, while the other was soft, innocent, and inexperienced. Their first meeting determined their everlasting fate. One gaze alone set millions of foreshadowings in stone. A myriad of threads spread out from a line of jest. Was it destiny? Was it love? It was the thread of fate that connected us, binding us tightly together.

The Course of Events: We stumbled as we walked together. On the pathway to growth, blood, sweat, and tears were the common colors we shared. We relied and depended on each other for survival. When our gazes met, colorful and radiant hope, as well as reflections of the other, appeared in our eyes.

The Twist: The strong emotions reflected in our eyes couldn't be masked as the days went by. We weren't capable enough to bear any of the consequences that were thrown in our direction. If we continued down on this path, we would only hurt ourselves terribly. Thus, one look alone was enough to affirm that our love was already meaningful. We raised our glasses, wishing each other a bright future ahead before turning around, deciding resolutely to let go of each other. As we stood at opposite ends, we hovered in our respective heights from then on, only displaying a calm front when we meet again. Hidden underneath the layer of facade was a burning ember, or the turbulent undercurrents.

The Ending: A rich and colorful story set to be continued.

66.

I fucking gaped at it.

67.

Like seriously, staring at it with my mouth agape. Isn't this a little too real?

Hello? Is the station's DJ available? I would like to request Truth is Real for this couple.

Especially when I saw that part in a video clip where I was asked to describe the type I liked. I laughed, saying that I wanted a cold beauty that was tall, thin, and enterprising, but only treated me gently. Immediately following it was an interview clip of Gu Yiliang. The host asked him about the changes he would make if he were to fall in love, and he said, his eyes brimming with

tenderness, that he would only change in front of his beloved and remain the same to others. In addition, he would not let the relationship get in the way of his career. It almost scared the facial mask off me. Luckily, I held it up in time, thus avoiding wasting this sheet of SKII for nothing.

68.

Ever since our debut, there were simply too many “crosstalks” like this.

I thought they were just shipping two random guys together at first, but it turned out to be a well-founded argument actually?

69.

I was born in a coastal city, so I made a joke when I was on the show, saying I was the ocean’s son. And over there, Gu Yiling posted a Weibo right afterwards recommending his favorite fairy tale: The Little Mermaid.

Gu Yiliang said in a radio talk show that he always wanted to go Amsterdam, but he was too busy with work and just didn’t have the time. Coincidentally, I happened to post an old picture of me taking a vacation in the Netherlands on Instagram around the same time, together with a line from a song: I took the train from Brussels to Amsterdam...

Also, I once sprained my ankle while shooting a scene and posted on Weibo about it to harvest the fans’ pity. One of Gu Yiliang’s friends in the industry happened to post a short video of him. In the video, Gu Yiliang caught a little kitten who accidentally fell off the bed and said softly, “Why are you so careless, hm?”

...

70.

Some people die before their death.

Meanwhile, some live on even after their days.

71.

Some people are never together, but they've been in a relationship for three years already???

72.

So how did it happen?

We had only debuted for three years, barely coming into contact with one another in reality, let alone in front of the mass public. Yet, there was a large, impressive number of fans on our ship, and the works they gave birth to was extremely abundant, stretching up to 1,800 yields per plot of land. But for what reason exactly?

To the best of my capability, I made an analysis and came up with two reasons.

Our beauty is just such a magnificent sight to behold.

The power that this band of people had in tearing into materials and fluff, as well as their brainwashing capability, was just too OP.

Even I almost swayed to the other side.

73.

Overdosed with all the fluff, I sank into fatigue and emptiness that came after a feverish excitement and started to nod off while holding the phone in my hand.

Suddenly, my phone started vibrating off and on, forcibly waking me up from my drowsiness.

I tapped the screen and glanced at it.

74.

Your baby @GuYiliang_Liam is online [Weibo]

Your baby @GuYiliang_Liam is online [Weibo]

Your baby @GuYiliang_Liam is online [Weibo]

Your baby @GuYiliang_Liam is online [Weibo]

Your baby @GuYiliang_Liam followed @WeiYanzi_William

Your baby @GuYiliang_Liam made a Weibo post

Your baby @GuYiliang_Liam tagged @WeiYanzi_William on his Weibo

75.

With a poker face, I unlocked my phone, checked my Weibo, typed something, tapped repost, locked the phone, calmly stood up and walked into the bathroom, peeled off the facial mask, threw it away, washed my face with water, brushed my teeth for five good minutes, and finished it off by applying some moisturizing cream at the end.

76.

Then I dived head-first into my bed.

OUR BOYS ARE SPREADING THE GAY AGAIN. YAY! E-I-E-I-O!!!!

Chapter Six

77.

Gossiping vigorously doubles one's happiness, while camping as a netizen makes one's face glow with delight. But shipping a couple is the ultimate combination of the greatest essence of those two above catered with the extra-sweet delusion of being in love.

I don't know what others feel when their ships are sailing, but right now I feel like an old immortal with white hair and a rosy complexion surrounded by so much bliss that I'm burst with energy even when I go out.

78.

There was still some time before filming. I changed into my costume and aimlessly roamed amongst the production crew with my clothes fluttering around like a happy little steel-gray butterfly, greeting everyone I saw with smiles. The pleasantries ranged from the weather's so nice today to how should I move in this particular scene and chatting about whether there should be a team dinner tonight for the entire crew and cast, stunning everyone with the sheer cheerfulness of it. I then flung my sleeves and went on to the next target.

Ah, there's no end to happiness.

79.

Little Chen was hugging a thermos lunch box. He grabbed a hold of me with one grip and said, "Yan Yan, hurry up and eat your breakfast. Don't flap your wings and flutter around aimlessly like a moth."

"..."

80.

I'm in a good mood, so I won't squabble with a motherfucking genius.

81.

I bit into a slightly hot steamed dumpling before fishing out my phone to check Weibo, refreshing my own feed repetitively as I stared at the Weibo post I reposted last night again and again.

Everyone must remember to eat your meals on time! Don't kill your tummy! [hmphing to the right][hmphing to the left]! I can't wait too [heart for you]//@GuYiliang_Liam: @WeiYanzi_William Thanks for saving me from low blood sugar. I'm looking forward to working with you!

And the attached picture was the cup of bubble tea which was so rich in ingredients that it looked like a mini Mount Fuji stacked in the cup. He even used a filter that made the drink looked very appealing. I have no idea about when he took the picture though.

He probably took it when I was annoyed with Little Chen to the point that I couldn't even think straight.

82.

I briefly glanced at the comments on my own Weibo post and didn't have the gall to look at Gu Yiliang's.

Fortunately, my acting skill was just a fan-filtering machine. A majority of those in the fandom only fancied my looks, treating me as their boyfriend, brother, son, and nephew. Regardless of what I shared, they would always shower me with 'Why is my baby so striking and so adorable to the max?! You're suffocating Mommy here! Stop playing with your phone and go fool around with the neglected waifu in your bedroom and please pay attention to your obedient and adorable son!!'

What a loving and caring family.

83.

Naturally, discord would exist too among the comments. They were all accusing me of sucking up to his ass so I could bask in his limelight, and etc. In any case, regardless of whatever they said, they would eventually reroute the discussion back to square one: my horrible acting skills. I was already used to it. They wouldn't be able to stir up any more shit.

84.

However, the scene on the discussion board was different. In that world, true love existed alongside humanity. The beating of drums filled the air as firecrackers sounded out in unison, while the red banners swayed in the wind amidst the sea of people whose faces were brimming with supreme happiness. Their eyes flickered brightly in excitement. The sound of their voices fluctuated as they greeted and offered their blessings. What happened today was sealed as the lawful wedding anniversary of Niangzi. Every post on the discussion board ended with a string of 'lock' emoticons.

I didn't understand what it meant, so I went out of my way to look it up. Only then did I realize the lock meant that their ship was canon.

Here, I couldn't help but feel deeply moved by the prosperous fandom culture.

I scrolled down casually, and to my surprise, I realized that they had dug out more fluffy material from the two innocent Weibo posts we made.

85.

Let's skip over the obvious mentions of the concerns we held for each other and the display of our affection.

First of all, Gu Yiliang logged in and out of Weibo four times last night. No activities were done the first three times, but during the last login, he followed me and then immediately made that Weibo post. It clearly proved that he was completely nervous, hesitant on whether he should do this at first, but then he finally made up his mind. Thinking that since we were going to act in the same play anyway, it would not be weird for people from the same cast to follow each other on Weibo. Not to mention, he could also take the opportunity to openly interact with me.

Next, the filter he used for the photo came from an app called 'Pudding'. The name of the filter was 'You'll always be there for me'.

Moreover, the two hmping emoticons in my Weibo weren't pouting angrily back to back. Instead, they were facing each other, and it became a kiss.

Finally, he posted that Weibo at 1:25 a.m.. If you read the timestamp backwards, the numbers became 521, which sounded like 'I love you' when pronounced out loud. This signified that there was a possibility that he had been logging in and out for the sake of waiting for this particular timestamp. On the other hand, I reposted it at 1:26 a.m., which showed that I practically followed his account too in return and reposted it almost immediately.

There was a great possibility that we were still together even in the middle of the night.

The conclusion is, if this is not love, then what is?

86.

They win. I give up.

Even if I die and am nailed inside a coffin, I will still cry out with my rotten throat from the other side of the grave: Niangzi is rio!

87.

There was no way to whitewash the instant reposting and the instant following. But those two emoticons. They were really just two emoticons that I tapped randomly off the list! They appeared next to each other in that order on the keyboard!

Just as I was hesitating on whether I should edit the post and replace those two emoticons, someone knocked on the break room door.

Three knocks, one second apart. Gu Yiliang's way of knocking!

Immediately alarmed, I switched to other Weibo account, locked my phone, and destroyed all the evidence in one breath before calmly asking him to please come in.

88.

Wei Yanzi will never fall twice in the same place!

89.

Gu Yiliang poked his head in, asking, "The crew has set aside a thirty-minute window for the visiting fans. Do you want to go together?"

I got up. "Ah, sure."

On my way out, I took some snacks that Little Chen had brought over to fulfill my cravings in passing. Using my sleeves to carry them, I then followed Gu Yiliang out the door.