

TRADE OF FADE

-PART.2-



THE STORY IS ENTIRELY FICTIONAL. AND ALL CHARACTERS IN IT ARE ADULTS.

Inside the dorm.

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KOBAYASHI



Hehe, so cute.

Remember to double-tap the screen and give Lvzi more likes, bro.



Eh?

pull

You even went and told on me to the supervisor?

No, Mrs. Sun, let me explain!



Mrs. Sun! I swear I wasn't trying to snitch on you! I just couldn't reach you, so I called Director Li.



I only wanted the key, nothing else!

*glances over

Boy, you wouldn't dare tell
on me anyway!



Ye Qingge stared at Wang Dawei in
front of her. With just a little thought,
all his details—year, major,
personality—popped right into her head.



I'll get you the key later, but today you gotta clean this place up for me!

Ah... fine... okay, Mrs. Sun, I'll do the cleaning.

Don't miss the corners, scrub them good! I'll be watching you!



Watching Wang Dawei work in front of her filled Ye Qingge with a sudden joy.

Even though it was just making someone else do her own chores, using that tiny bit of authority she now had to take advantage gave her a sense of happiness she'd never felt before.



She looked around. The dorm hallway felt both strange and familiar. The paint peeled off in the corners, the air mixed detergent with sweat, and trash still littered the floor. She had rarely stayed in the dorms during her college years, yet now all this gave her a strange sense of intimacy.



Mrs. Sun, I finished cleaning.




Alright then, put the water back and
leave the mop. I'll get the key for you.
Next time you forget, it won't just be
cleaning as punishment.

Got it, Mrs. Sun.


After sending Wang Dawei away, Ye Qingge sat at the little desk in the dorm supervisor's office, logging students in and out until the end of the shift. The passing students all treated her as the familiar dorm lady. She mimicked Sun Guifang's usual lazy "hmm" or a nod, feeling a strange thrill at how seamless the disguise was.






Finally, this must be Mrs. Sun's room.

It was right next to the office, laid out like a normal dorm room but with fewer bunks and cabinets. A single dim bulb hung from the ceiling, filling the place with a faint smell of mothballs and soap.



This room is even smaller than I imagined.


Though she'd heard ordinary dorms were basic, the plainness still surprised her. Yet Mrs. Sun's memories in her mind made it feel almost natural.




Looks like I really have to stay here
for a while. Ha, this is kinda fun.

Ow...


*bong

A woman with dark, curly hair is sitting on a bed in a dimly lit room. She is wearing a long-sleeved top with a complex, colorful paisley pattern. Her eyes are closed, and she has a pained or thoughtful expression. The bed has a blue patterned blanket and a grey pillow. In the background, there is a wooden headboard and some laundry hanging on a rack.

Mrs. Sun's back is really a problem,
it hurts so bad.



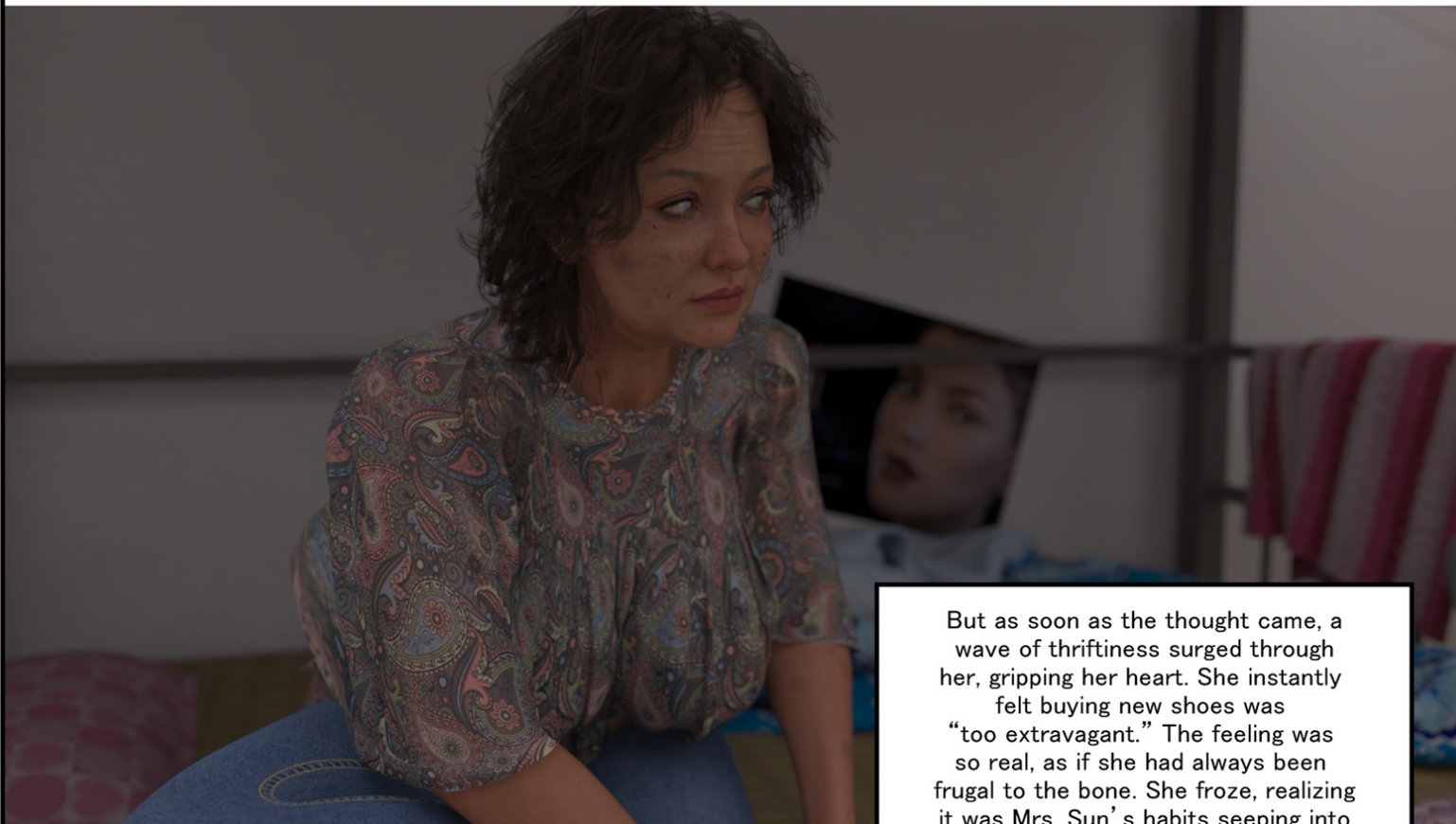
No wonder, sleeping on this
hard bed every day.

A close-up photograph of a person's feet. The person is wearing blue denim jeans with the cuffs rolled up. One foot is wearing a black, pointed-toe, low-heeled shoe. The other foot is bare and resting on a light-colored tiled floor. A black shoe is lying on its side on the floor next to the bare foot. In the background, there are colorful storage bins in shades of green, red, and pink. A white speech bubble with a black border is positioned above the feet, containing text.


Finally, those shoes are off.
They're way too uncomfortable.

They rub and feel stuffy. How does Mrs. Sun even tolerate these?

Maybe I should buy her a better pair tomorrow.

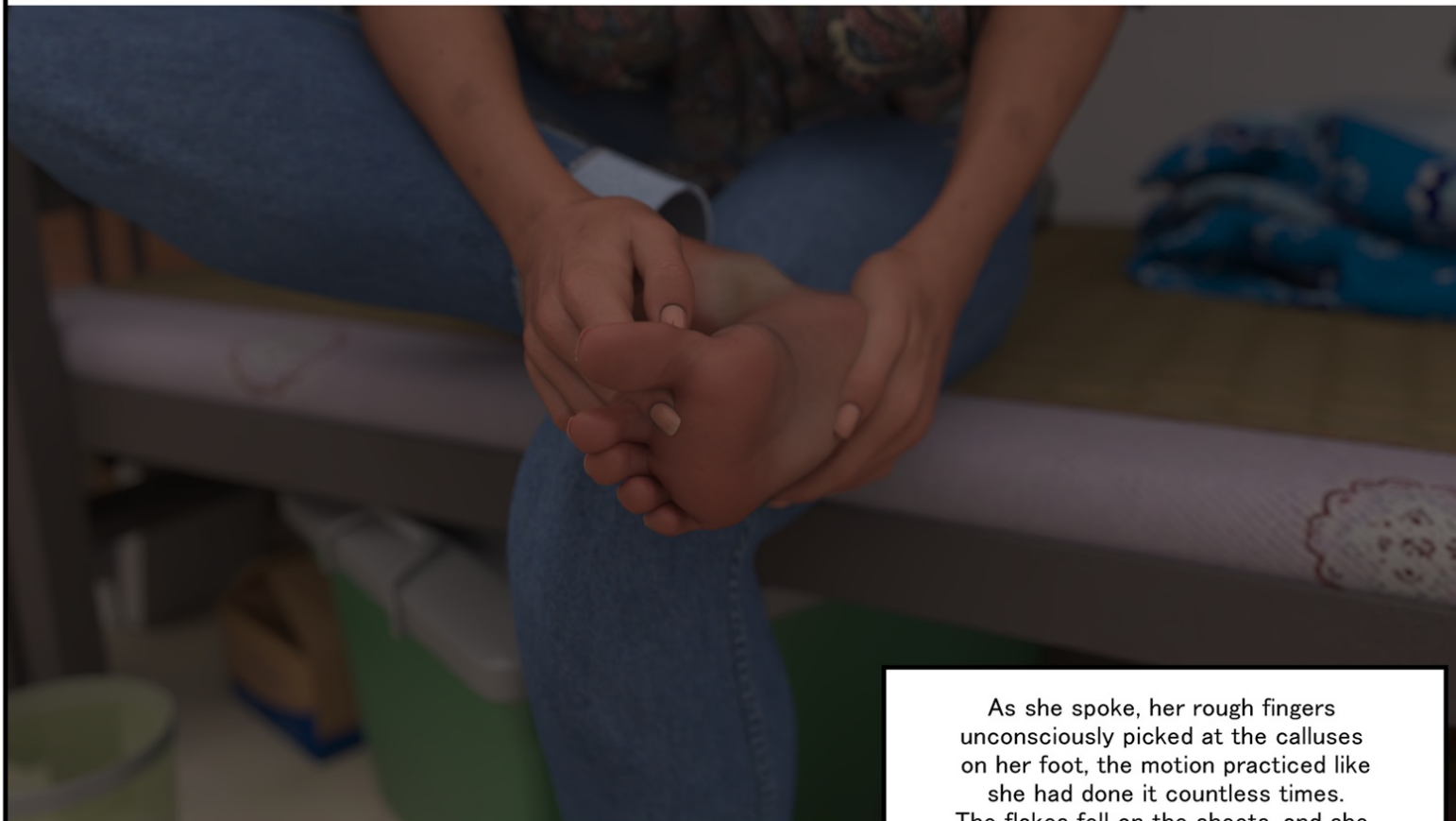


But as soon as the thought came, a wave of thriftiness surged through her, gripping her heart. She instantly felt buying new shoes was “too extravagant.” The feeling was so real, as if she had always been frugal to the bone. She froze, realizing it was Mrs. Sun’s habits seeping into her.



Aw hell, I ain't got money for no fancy shoes. These still work, so that's good enough!


Haha, that's exactly what Mrs. Sun would say.



As she spoke, her rough fingers unconsciously picked at the calluses on her foot, the motion practiced like she had done it countless times. The flakes fell on the sheets, and she didn't even notice how natural it felt.



Whoa, what am I doing...



Man, these habits of Mrs. Sun
really aren't elegant...


But honestly, it feels kinda good.




She looked at her callused palms, then at her rough broad shoulders and the worn-out shoes nearby. Suddenly this tiny room, those ugly shoes, even the stink of her feet like symbols of her escape from her old life.

Come to think of it, I haven't really looked carefully at my body now...





It should be fine, after all this is technically my body now too.


A woman with dark, curly hair is sitting on a wooden floor in a room. She is wearing a black, low-cut bra and blue jeans. She is looking down at her belly, which is partially covered by the bra. Her hands are resting on her abdomen. In the background, there is a wooden chair and a white wall.

God, look at Mrs. Sun's belly,
just rolls of fat.




And this armpit hair—messier than a guy's, she's probably never shaved in her life.





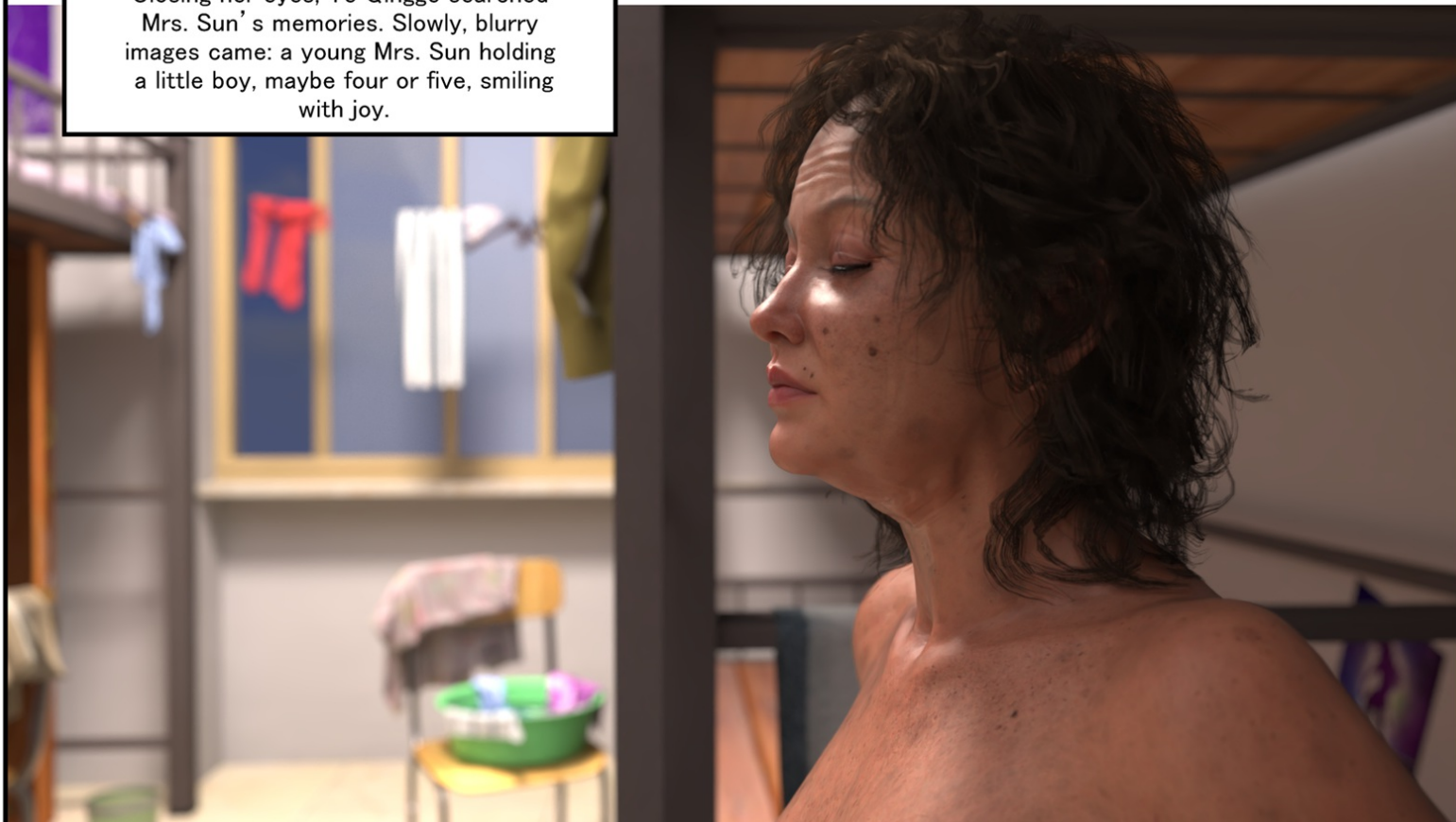
Damn, I didn't notice before,
but this chest is huge, so heavy...



So this is what a woman's breasts look like after having kids.

Right, with marks like these it's clear she gave birth. Maybe with this body swap, someone will even call me "Mom."

Closing her eyes, Ye Qingge searched Mrs. Sun's memories. Slowly, blurry images came: a young Mrs. Sun holding a little boy, maybe four or five, smiling with joy.



But the next instant, the scene shifted to a muddy roadside, the child's laughter cut off by screeching brakes and Mrs. Sun's heartbroken wail. The memory was so vivid that Ye Qingge herself screamed in pain.

Chunsheng, my baby!

My god, Mrs. Sun, so you really went through something like this...

A wave of sorrow and regret surged up from within her, as if she had lived it herself. The memories told her the boy was Mrs. Sun's only child, killed in a car accident. Villagers gossiped that she hadn't watched him properly, fights with her husband grew until they divorced, and Mrs. Sun left for Shanghai to survive as a dorm supervisor.



The grief wound around her like vines,
almost bringing her to tears.





Is a woman only complete after having children?

She felt Mrs. Sun's aching desire to be a mother again, that deep conviction that "a woman must have children," seeping into her own mind.

She kept undressing, hoping to strip away those unfamiliar feelings.



As her underwear slid to her ankles, she glanced down. What she saw was dark, heavy, and covered with rough hair—completely unlike the tender, neat body she once had.



God... is this really my body now?
Why does it look so rough and heavy?



Her face flushed hot with embarrassment, but a strange curiosity stirred. She carefully parted her legs and ran her thick fingers along the contours, feeling the strange, damp sensation.



Man, look at me... I really do look like some old broad sittin' there... messin' with that thing, huh?

Rage 2

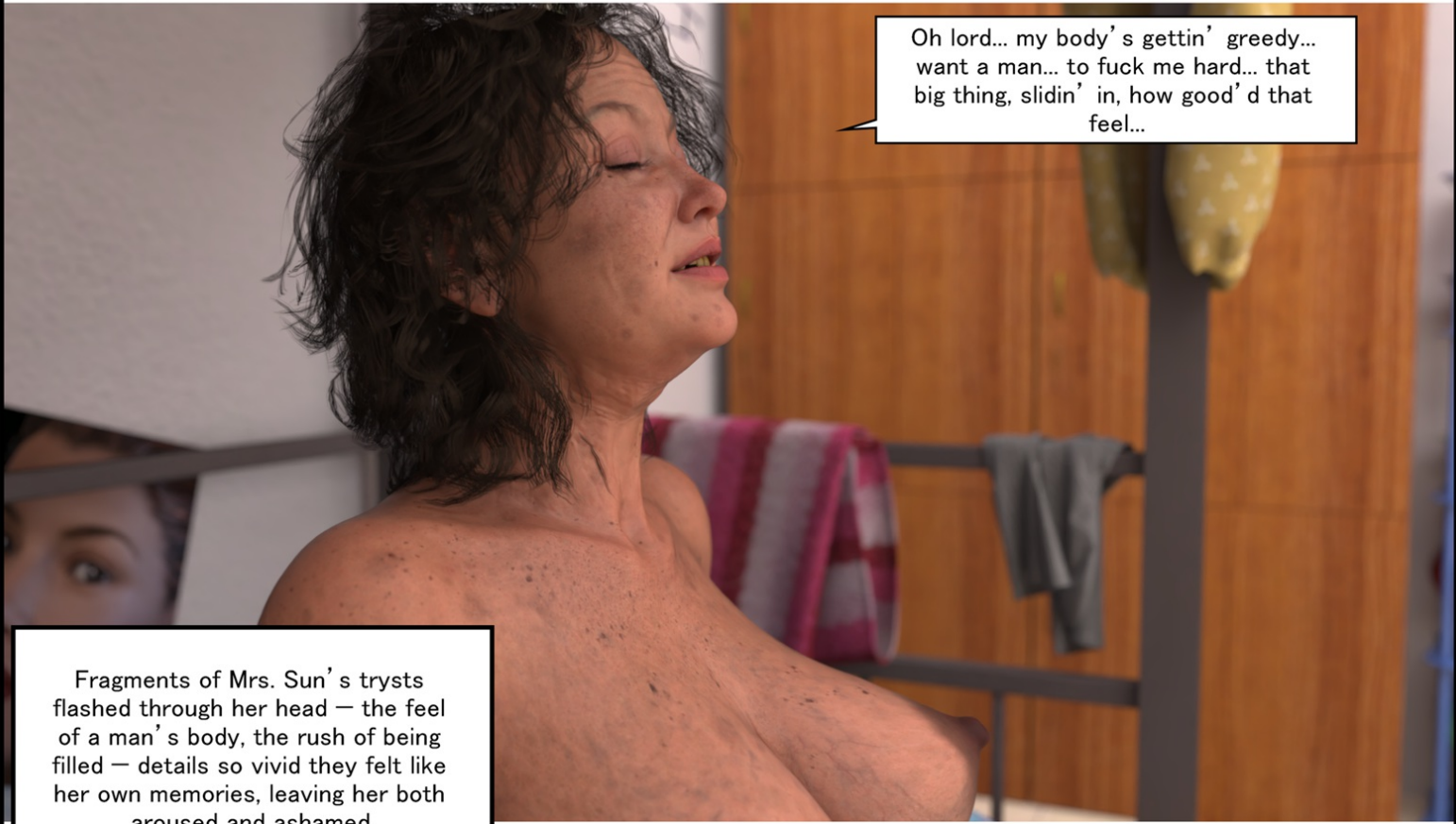
She looked up and her eyes landed on the mirror. Reflected back was a middle-aged woman, legs slightly apart, a finger paused at her center, face mixed with hesitation and curiosity. The sight was crude and real, nothing like the Ye Qingge she used to be. She froze, heart pounding, but her body reacted on its own — a stronger dampness welled up, like an empty whirlpool churning inside, urging her to go on.

Why's this feel so damn good though?

She closed her eyes, trying to choke down the strange urge, but Mrs. Sun's memories crashed over her like a tide. In the scenes, Mrs. Sun was pinned beneath a man, his heavy breathing, sweat, and desire all tangled together. The images were rough but painfully real, hitting her with a raw force.




Ye Qingge, raised strict and proper, had never been intimate with a man — she'd barely even masturbated. Yet now, Mrs. Sun's memories and these new instincts flipped a switch. Her fingers moved instinctively into this new place, coming and going.



Oh lord... my body's gettin' greedy...
want a man... to fuck me hard... that
big thing, slidin' in, how good'd that
feel...

Fragments of Mrs. Sun's trysts
flashed through her head — the feel
of a man's body, the rush of being
filled — details so vivid they felt like
her own memories, leaving her both
aroused and ashamed.




Oh my god, what am I doin' ?
Sayin' this filthy stuff.

Ye Qingge snapped back. She had agreed to the swap to taste a different life, but she hadn't meant to go this far. Mrs. Sun's memories and instincts burned too fierce, like a fire lit inside her, almost beyond control.

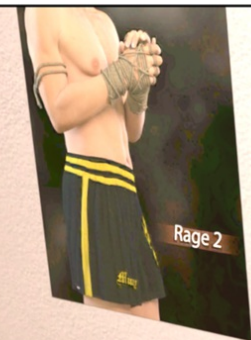
I'd better find something to wear first.






Why's everything here so garish?
Big reds and greens everywhere,
what a tacky sense of style.

Mrs. Sun, you sure got a naughty
body, I almost couldn't hold back.





But... should I just roll with what this body wants?

Mrs. Sun lives alone and probably...
*cough.. does some things by herself sometimes.

If I really wanna play the part of 'Sun Guifang' well, shouldn't I try everything she tries...

Nah, later.

Come to think of it, Mrs. Sun's face, she's only a few years older than my mom, so why does she look so worn?





Teeth yellow and crooked too...

Must be 'cause Mrs. Sun don't
bother with any skincare, don't
use any nice stuff.




She just washes with this towel and toothbrush every day, no wonder it looks rough.



Fine, don't care if she's not tidy.
Using all those creams every day
would take an hour anyway.
At least it's convenient.





Alright, I'm goin' to wash up.
Then I can crash.

Meanwhile, at the Ye family villa.

Mmm~ ah~




Ah, I can't... this feels so good~






So damn good, Qingge probably never even did much herself, she's way too sensitive. Haven't had this kind of thrill in ages.





Pheew, that was amazing. Now soaking
in this fancy tub, that's the real
enjoyment.

Lord, Qingge' s skin is silky like silk.
Even the girls back home ain' t got
skin this nice.



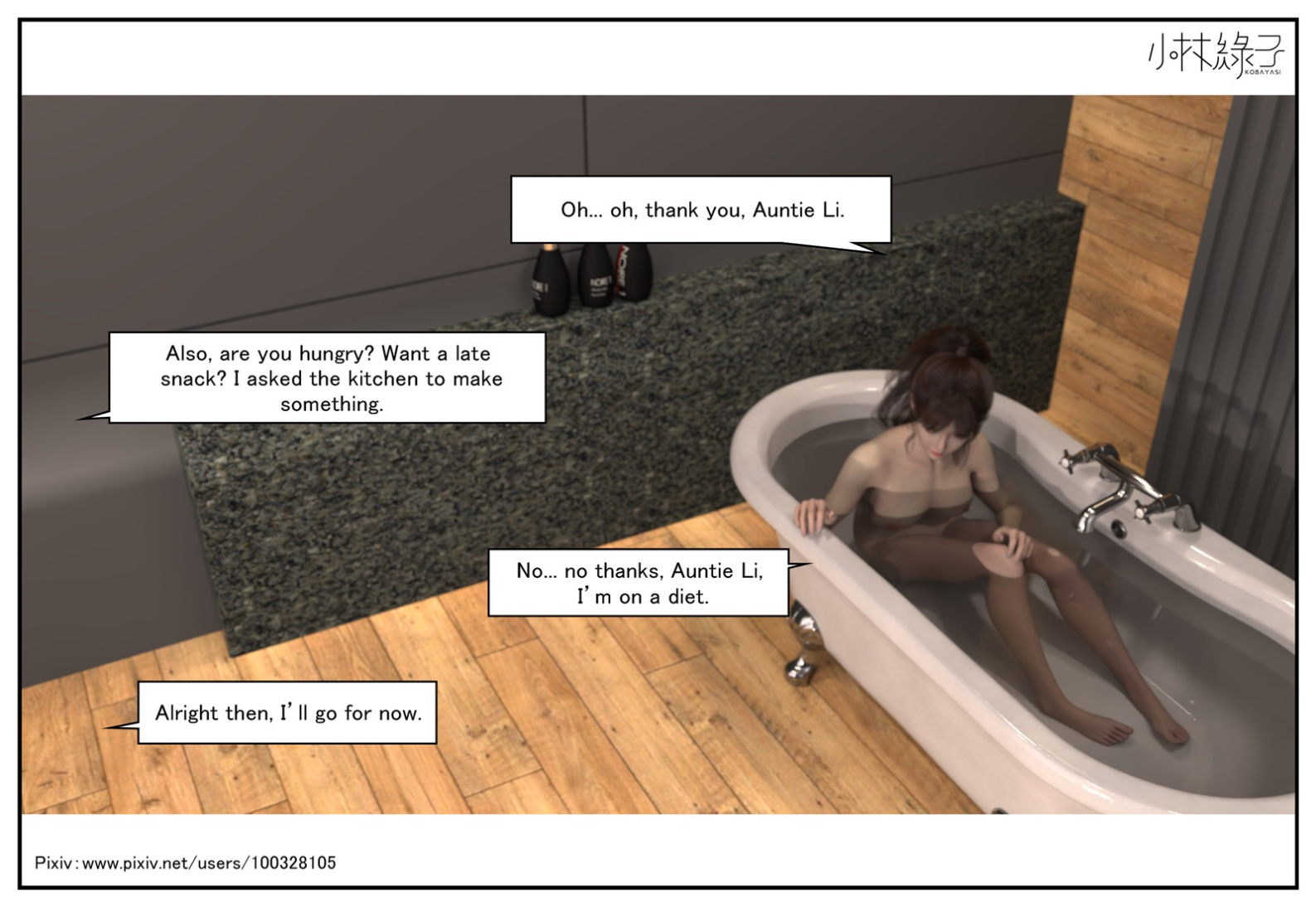
Not just hands, even the feet look baby-soft, like she never walked a day in her life.

Qingge, girl, how you end up
born into such a rich family, huh?



Miss, I laid out your nightdress
on the bed.



A 3D-rendered scene of a woman with dark hair sitting in a white bathtub. She is wearing a dark, strapless top and dark stockings. The bathtub is set in a bathroom with a wooden floor, a grey wall, and a wooden panel on the right. There are three bottles on a shelf behind her. Four white speech bubbles with black text are overlaid on the scene, connected to the woman by thin lines. The scene is lit with soft, indoor lighting.

Oh... oh, thank you, Auntie Li.

Also, are you hungry? Want a late snack? I asked the kitchen to make something.

No... no thanks, Auntie Li, I'm on a diet.

Alright then, I'll go for now.

Lord have mercy, nearly scared
me to death, she ain't gonna stand
out there all night, right?

Hope she didn't hear those noises just now.



She probably won't think much of it,
after all I'm the real Ye Qingge now.



Back in the bathroom, Mrs. Sun stepped out of the tub and walked to the vanity, which was lined with all kinds of bottles and jars giving off a faint scent.



She looked at the pretty-packaged skincare and Ye Qingge's memories flooded her mind — prices, how to use each product, even the order to apply them were crystal clear.

This tiny bottle costs thousands?
That little bit could feed me back home for a year!

Tsk, Qingge's life is way too extravagant.

This one's for the body...

She opened the cap, following Ye Qingge's memories, and gently squeezed out a few drops of serum. The cool liquid touched her skin and brought a refreshing sensation.

Using all these bottles every day, no wonder her skin looks like a painting.



I've never used this kinda stuff,
maximum I'd slap on a cheap
cream and call it a day.

Still, I gotta be careful not to wreck
this nice skin... I owe Qingge for this.



Her motions got more confident. She even followed Qingge's habit of patting her cheeks after moisturizer to help absorption. She felt the softness and elasticity, mixing envy with contentment.




Done, finally finished.



Wow

She studied the pretty face in the mirror — a high nose, glossy lips, bright eyes — it felt unreal, like she was born as Ye Qingge, that envy-inducing rich girl.



This face right here, I'm clearly some big family's young miss, like a goddess come down to earth.



Alright, miss is gonna sleep now, got lots to talk with mommy tomorrow.



Next morning

小林緑子
KOBAYASI



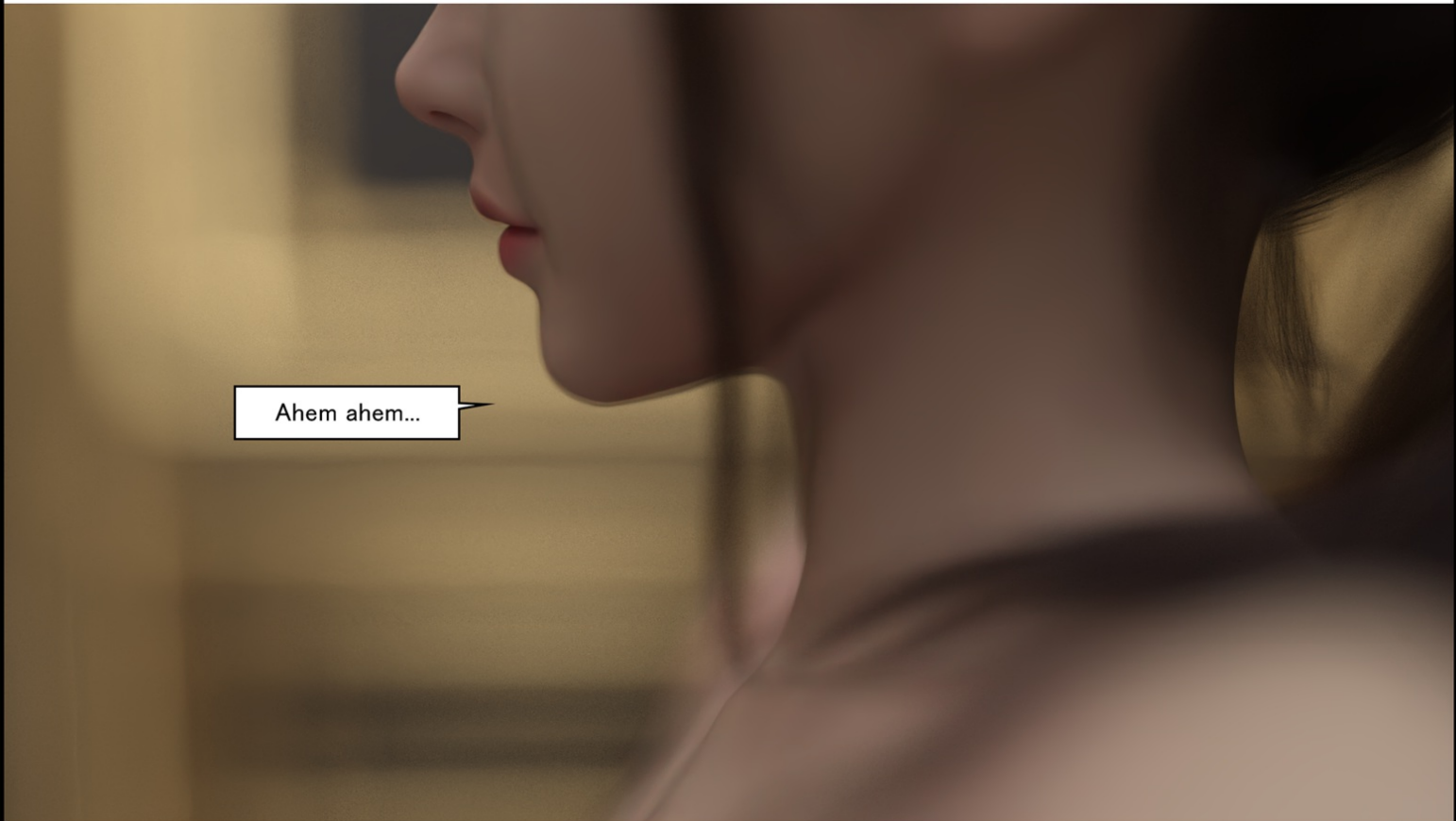
Miss, madam wants you up for
breakfast, it's ready.

Oh god... lemme sleep a bit more,
I'm dead tired...




Oh no...





Ahem ahem...

Comin' , Auntie Li, I' ll be down
right now.




Good lord, nearly scared me! If Auntie Li hears my Henan accent, she might get suspicious. Gotta watch my speech at breakfast.

But rich folks got different things,
the bed's huge and soft and all these
fabrics are so smooth.

I ain't never slept this well in my life.





Wakin' up to someone bringin'
breakfast to ya, what kinda godly
life is this?


Qingge, if I get used to livin' your rich life, what am I gonna do later on?

Dining hall



Mom... good morning.






Ah, come along then, sit down and have your breakfast, my dear.

Miss, you said you're on a diet yesterday, so I asked the kitchen to prepare a low-fat breakfast for you.



There's a light fried egg sandwich with little oil, plain yogurt with cereal, and low-fat milk. If that's not enough, there are some snacks too. I hope it suits your taste.


Ah, thank you, Auntie Li.



(Thought: What's with all this Western stuff, is this even tasty? Looks like it's got no flavor. I'd rather have my usual spicy soup or at least some buns and fried dough.)

Miss, is this not to your taste?
Should I ask the kitchen to make
something else for you?





No need, Auntie Li, this is fine, I'll eat this, perfect for dieting.

(Oh my, if I say I don't want this, they'll probably just throw it away, right?)




(This yogurt has no flavor at all, awful.
Rich folks' lives aren't always better
than mine.)

(And this “mom” of mine, she doesn't say much and barely eats. This atmosphere is so stiff.)

Qingge...

(Oh lord, why so jumpy, you scared me.)

What's wrong, Mom?



Qingge, I am so heartened that you returned of your own accord after reflecting on our conversation. Do you recall the promise you made on the telephone? You must heed your mother's counsel, understand.


Of course, Mom, I said I'll follow whatever you arrange.

Splendid, my dear, you are so sensible.
I shall arrange a little introduction for
you. Next month you shall meet the
young gentleman from the Kang
Group.

Very well, Mother, that is fine.

(Secret thought: So I get to enjoy
being waited on hand and foot for
two months? Not bad at all.)

However..



Before that, I shall have you meet an etiquette coach and a deportment instructor to teach the refinements expected in high society and to train your bearing. Afterwards, you will come to the company and intern, learn the business, so that in future you may take over the family enterprise.

Ah? But... what of my own time...




But... but...

Qingge, you are still young; you must not be idle. Look at your classmates — they strive so diligently for employment. You must apply yourself all the more to be worthy of your position. Two or three hours of rest a day ought to suffice, do you not agree?

But? Qingge, you would not be unwilling, surely?

Of course... I am willing, Mother, Qingge will follow your arrangements.

A pang ran through Mrs. Sun's heart. Although she had no intention of refusing, seeing Mrs. Ye's furrowed brow filled her with a sudden, inexplicable unease, as if an invisible pressure closed in. She quickly dropped her head and forced out Ye Qingge's voice to conceal her fluster.




**Qingge, your saying this makes
your mother exceedingly happy.**

Indeed you are your mother's good daughter. I shall depart for the office now. The etiquette instructor will call tomorrow morning, be sure to learn diligently from her.


Very good, Mother.

Come, Li, accompany me upstairs to change.

Yes, madam.



Mother, walk slowly.




I knew Qingge wouldn't pass up the good life only to come suffer at my place. So that's the reason.

I had thought arranging a match would be all there is, enjoy the life of a young miss, but who knew she'd have no time to herself at all.

Study? I left school after middle school. This posture training and company internship, can I really pull it off?



A woman with dark hair tied back, wearing a pink sleeveless top, is seated at a long wooden dining table. The table is set with several dishes, including a bowl of orange soup, a plate of food, and a small cup. She is looking down at the table with a thoughtful expression. The room has a patterned rug and white chairs with gold trim. A speech bubble is positioned above her.

Oh well, just treat it as an experience.
If it weren't for Qingge's body, I
reckon I'd never get to try such
things in my whole life.

That afternoon in the dorm, Ye Qingge — inhabiting Mrs. Sun's body — spent her first day acting as the dorm supervisor. She sat in the little office by the hallway, bored, watching students come and go. Mrs. Sun's life truly was as easy as she imagined, perhaps excessively idle.

Haah.

*yawn

This dorm guardian job is too slack!
Have to sit here all afternoon.
Might as well play on my phone.



The school expressly forbids phone use during work hours. From Mrs. Sun's memories Ye Qingge knew this, and before she would have obeyed. But now she is not the obedient Ye Qingge — she's the streetwise Mrs. Sun.



Alright, let me scroll some videos,
see what's entertaining.

She opened a short-video app.
Former Ye Qingge used to pick
fashion, beauty, or art content and
sneer at trashy drama clips.
But Mrs. Sun's phone was full of
domineering CEO romances,
rags-to-riches revenge, and
exaggerated village love stories.
She resigned herself to watching.



Her thumb flicked the screen fast,
a silly smile on her face as she got
immersed in the mindless content,
time slipping by unnoticed.

Why's the CEO falling in love with a country girl? Tsk, that's exciting.
How come I never found this stuff so good before?





*gulp gurgle

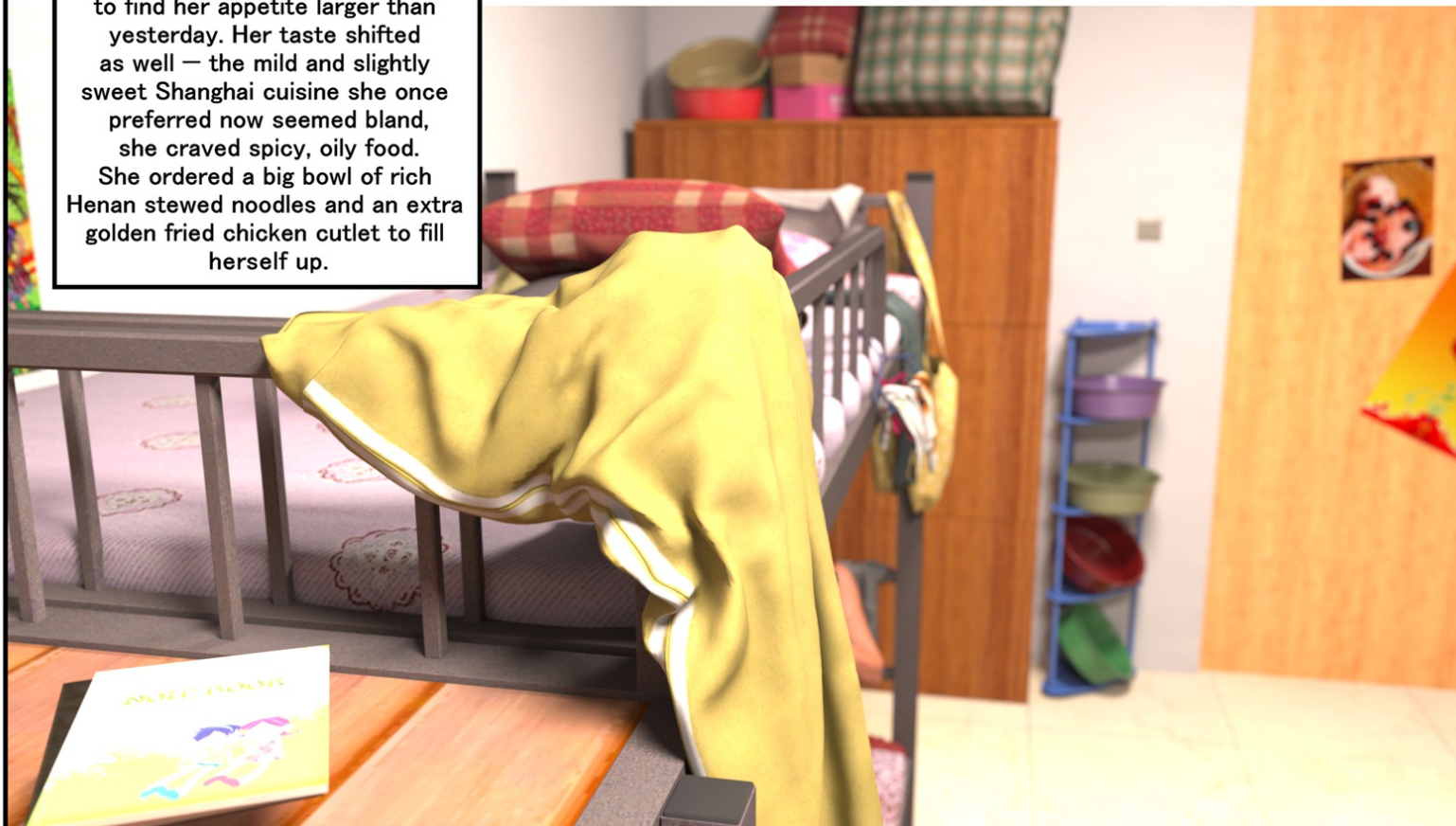


Oh dear, it's already nine. Time flew.
No wonder my stomach's growling.



I gotta go eat dinner.

At dinner Ye Qingge was surprised to find her appetite larger than yesterday. Her taste shifted as well – the mild and slightly sweet Shanghai cuisine she once preferred now seemed bland, she craved spicy, oily food. She ordered a big bowl of rich Henan stewed noodles and an extra golden fried chicken cutlet to fill herself up.



After dinner back at Mrs. Sun's dorm, Ye Qingge kicked off her shoes and collapsed onto the creaky bunk. She pulled out her phone and continued scrolling. Unlike the afternoon, the night feed showed handsome men.



Lord have mercy, that scholar's
so handsome now.



She had seen that blogger before but
found him merely amusing. Tonight
images of being held by him began to
surface in her mind.




The more Ye Qingge watched, the more restless she grew. That hollow sensation from yesterday returned, and her rough big hand slid toward her crotch without thinking.




Eventually her hand moved beneath her underwear, pressing and rubbing at herself.

My god, how come I'm so wet down there again.






Mrs. Sun's body sure has a fierce appetite... maybe I should try to satisfy it like she would.

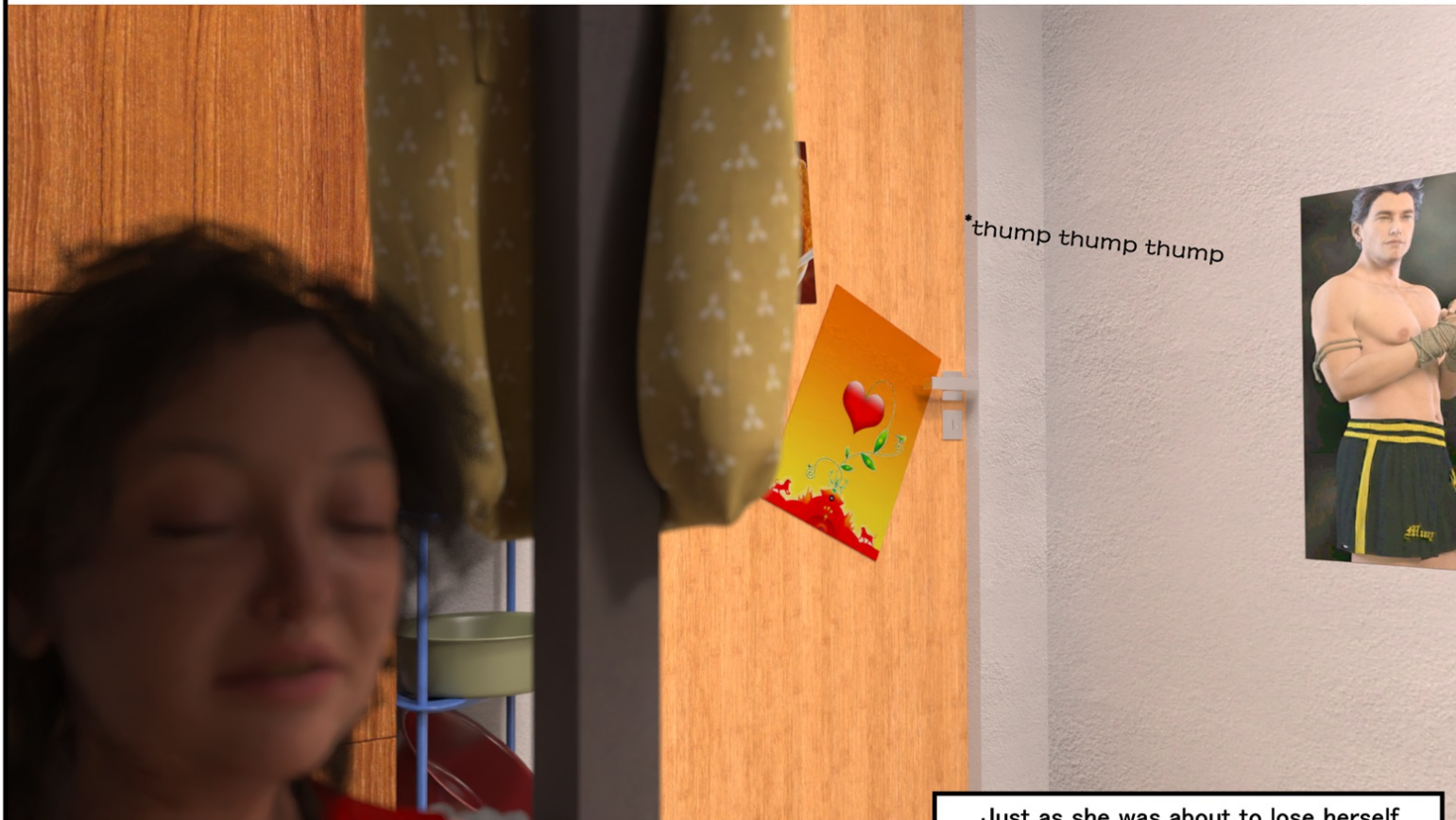


Mm — Mrs. Sun' s fingers are rough, yet... it feels good.




If some man came and really put it to me hard, drove that big thing deep inside me, that'd feel so damn good...

She closed her eyes, her fingers began to move gently. Handsome images mingled with Mrs. Sun's crude, vivid memories of desire. Her breathing grew rapid and coarse words slipped from her lips in Mrs. Sun's manner.




Just as she was about to lose herself
in the strange pleasure, someone
began pounding urgently on the door.

*eyes snap open




Who is it? It's already eleven,
what's the matter?


Mrs. Sun, it's me! I forgot the keys
again, could you open the door for
me?

A woman with dark, curly hair, wearing a red sleeveless dress, is sitting on a bed with a blue and white floral patterned blanket. She is looking towards a white wall where a framed picture hangs. The room has a wooden door with several posters on it, including one with a red heart and another with a face. A speech bubble is positioned above her.

For heaven's sake, it's you
again, you damned fatty

A person wearing a red dress is standing next to a wooden door. On the wall behind the door is a colorful poster featuring a red apple, a green pea pod, a red fish, and a red lion silhouette. The person's hand is near the door handle. A speech bubble is positioned above the hand.

Who forgets their keys every day?
Are you doing this on purpose to
tease me?



What on earth are you dressed like?

Mrs. Sun, I'm really sorry! I was just about to go wash, the wind shut the door and I didn't get the key out...
I beg your pardon.


You little brat, why do you always forget your keys? Come in and wait, I'll fetch the spare key for you.

Although still annoyed at being interrupted, Ye Qingge recognised that handling a student who'd forgotten a key was part of the dorm supervisor's duty.

Thanks a lot, Mrs. Sun.

Three minutes later





All right, I've left your room key on the outside table, go grab it yourself.

Th... thank you so much, Mrs. Sun.


I didn't say you could leave just yet.

Eh? Is there something else, Mrs. Sun?

I told you before, forgetting the key needs to be punished. Today your punishment is to sit and chat with me for a while, how about that?


Ah. Okay... all right then, Mrs. Sun, I don't mind.

Looking at the strapping Wang Dawei, Ye Qingge felt a flush from the earlier handsome-video fantasies. A playful impulse rose up.




You've troubled Mrs. Sun so many times, she doesn't even know how old you are.

Mrs. Sun, I... I'm twenty-one, entering my third year soon.



Twenty-one, eh, about the same age as my lad at home. Have you been seeing anyone?




N... not yet, Mrs. Sun...

As he spoke Wang Dazhuang's eyes could not help but flicker toward the faintly visible contours of Mrs. Sun's chest.

How can such a handsome young man never have been in love? I'll make you an introduction when there's time.


That'd be great, Mrs. Sun, thank you.

Ye Qingge noticed his gaze and deliberately shifted her posture, loosening a button to reveal more of a full breast. The skin was rough but the shape was enticing. Wang Dazhuang's face flushed scarlet and he stared even harder.



Dazhuang, do you like these breasts?


Ye Qingge grinned and unbuttoned a shirt more boldly, exposing the mature breasts with their weathered signs and dark nipples prominently visible.



Mrs. Sun, you're...


An older woman like me seeing you
sneak a peek is too cruel, so take
them off and have a proper look.
You won't find the young girls around
you with breasts like Auntie's.






I... I'm sorry, Mrs. Sun,
I shouldn't have...

No matter, Dazhuang, look at how hard
you've gotten. Want Auntie to help
you feel better?




C... can I, Mrs. Sun?



Of course you can.

There was a strong scent of unwashed skin in front of her. As a heiress, Wang Dazhuang would never normally have spoken to her this way, but now, inhabiting Mrs. Sun's body, she felt oddly triumphant that a young student would not spurn her. Inside she felt she had gained something.





Quite a smell, you never cleaned
under there properly, did you
Dazhuang?

No Mrs. Sun! I was just about to shower!

No matter, Auntie rather likes this scent. Let Auntie clean you up properly.



At this moment Ye Qingge was fully taken over by Mrs. Sun's appetite. What once might have repulsed her became a catalyst for arousal.



She drew close and inhaled the pungent scent, the odd odour striking her nose and, bizarrely, sparking a deeper desire.





Tsk, this scent... it's damn intoxicating.




With that she abandoned restraint
and bent forward to attend to him.



She tended to him eagerly, following the motions from Mrs. Sun's memory, using her tongue deftly to clean and soothe.



Pleasure spread through her body.
She even felt warm moisture dampen
the area, a sign of her own arousal.



Ah, Mrs. Sun, I... I'm about to come.



Ye Qingge paused, yet she did not stop; she allowed him to reach his release in her care.

*cough cough







S... sorry Mrs. Sun, I...
I couldn't hold back.

You brat, how'd you come so quick?
I'm not even satisfied yet!




Heh heh, won't happen again,
Mrs. Sun.

Right then, take the key and go.
If you're that careless again, you'll
be sleeping here tonight.






After the door closed the room returned to silence and Ye Qingge, looking at the mirror, felt some clarity return.




I can't believe it... I actually did something so outrageous.

But that's exactly what Mrs. Sun would do, the truest Mrs. Sun. For a moment I completely became Sun Guifang.



A woman with dark, curly hair, wearing a red sleeveless top, is shown in profile, looking towards the right. She is standing in a room with a wooden door and a blue metal rack with colorful bowls in the background. On the wall to her right, there is a poster of a person in a black and yellow outfit, possibly a fighter, with the text "Rage 2" visible. A speech bubble is positioned near her head, containing text.

That was intense, and now I still want more... does Mrs. Sun normally have no way to satisfy this?



Tsk, I ought to look around,
maybe there's something useful.

Next day, department training studio

小林緑子
KOBAYASI





Keep your weight evenly distributed on both feet, do not lean forward or backward. Imagine a line pulling you upward from the crown so you appear tall and confident.

Relax your shoulders, don't hunch,
let them sink down.


Good, now try walking a few steps.
Take small steady steps, heel first
then the ball, like gliding across water,
light and natural. Let your arms swing
gently, not forced.





One, two, three... very good, nice rhythm. Just remember to keep a faint smile.


All right, Qingge, have a rest.



Qingge, your movements are on point, you've got talent. Did you study dance or posture before?

Yes teacher, when I was little Mother had me take ballet for a while.

No wonder you have such poise.



Seems your Mother has long nurtured this sensibility.

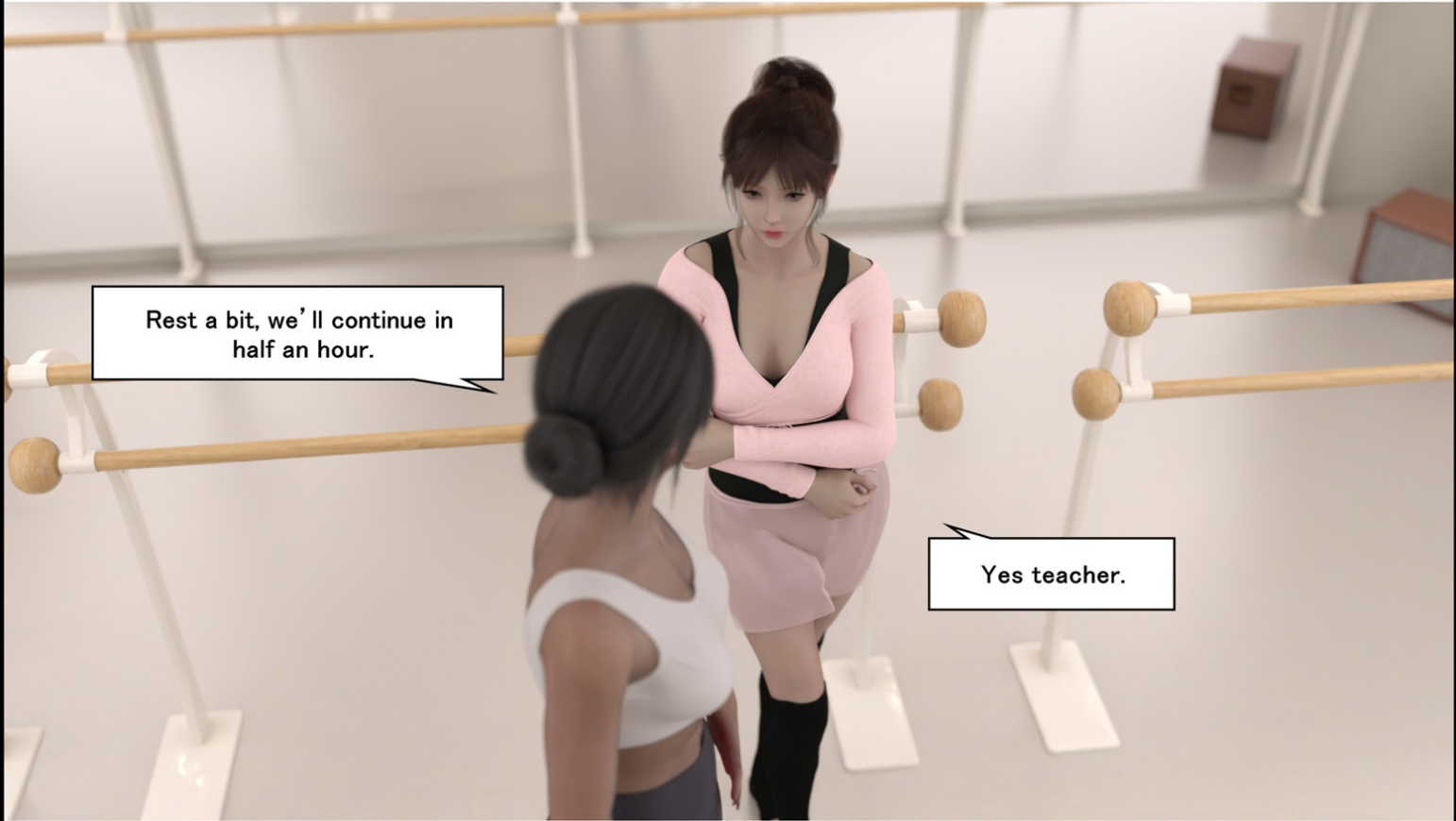
Indeed teacher, my Mother often reminded me not to slump or stoop.

Your Mother had foresight, but dance and deportment differ; deportment relates more to everyday bearing. After practice your every gesture will exude grace.

You already have good skin and a tall figure; after department training, small celebs won't stand a chance against you.



Thank you teacher, I will work harder.



Rest a bit, we'll continue in
half an hour.


Yes teacher.

Heh heh, she's had great skin since childhood.

Though she knew the teacher wasn't addressing her own vanity, Mrs. Sun felt her pride swell. This body's perfection made her secretly pleased.

She couldn't help glancing at the full-length mirror, admiring the "Ye Qingge" in the leotard. The long silhouette, taut skin, and elegant bearing were shapes she had never imagined for herself.






Luckily I still have Qingge's memories,
so I pick up these things pretty fast.

Even though I was pushed here by Mother, this stuff is more interesting than I thought.

She remembered the morning etiquette class where the instructor taught her how to walk gracefully, how to dine, and how to handle polite small talk in high society. Those fussy rules would've seemed like fairy tales to a country aunt like her, but relying on Ye Qingge's memories she learned them properly. She even began to enjoy that restrained yet elegant feeling, as if she were slowly turning into a proper young lady.

Even though I was pushed here by
Mother, this stuff is more interesting
than I thought.





Ah, this is the ballet Qingge learned before.


Closing her eyes, scenes of Ye Qingge practicing ballet as a child surfaced in Mrs. Sun's mind.

So maybe I can try it now.


Following Ye Qingge's memory, her body naturally fell into ballet positions

Wow, I can actually do this with ease.





My body is so flexible, let's try something a bit harder.

A 3D rendered character with short brown hair, wearing a pink long-sleeved top, a black corset, a white skirt, and black thigh-high stockings with black shoes. She is in a split leap pose on a light grey floor in a dance studio. Her arms are raised, holding a white ring with two orange spheres. In the background, there are wooden ballet barres and white stands with orange spheres. A speech bubble is positioned to the right of the character.

Even this move feels so easy?!

Ye Qingge had only ever seen ballet's elegance on TV and never dared try. Now she could dance those graceful steps as she pleased and was utterly absorbed in her own little world of art

My body feels so light.



Hm?




Qingge, I'm sorry, it was my fault before. I shouldn't have taken your mother's money and disappeared. I know you must have been hurt. I was wrong. Can you give me one more chance to meet again?



Sun stared at the message, and Ye Qingge's memory of Zhang Heng — Qingge's ex who was paid off by her mother — flashed through her mind. She knew how much that betrayal had hurt Qingge; the sweet memories and the pain flickered together.

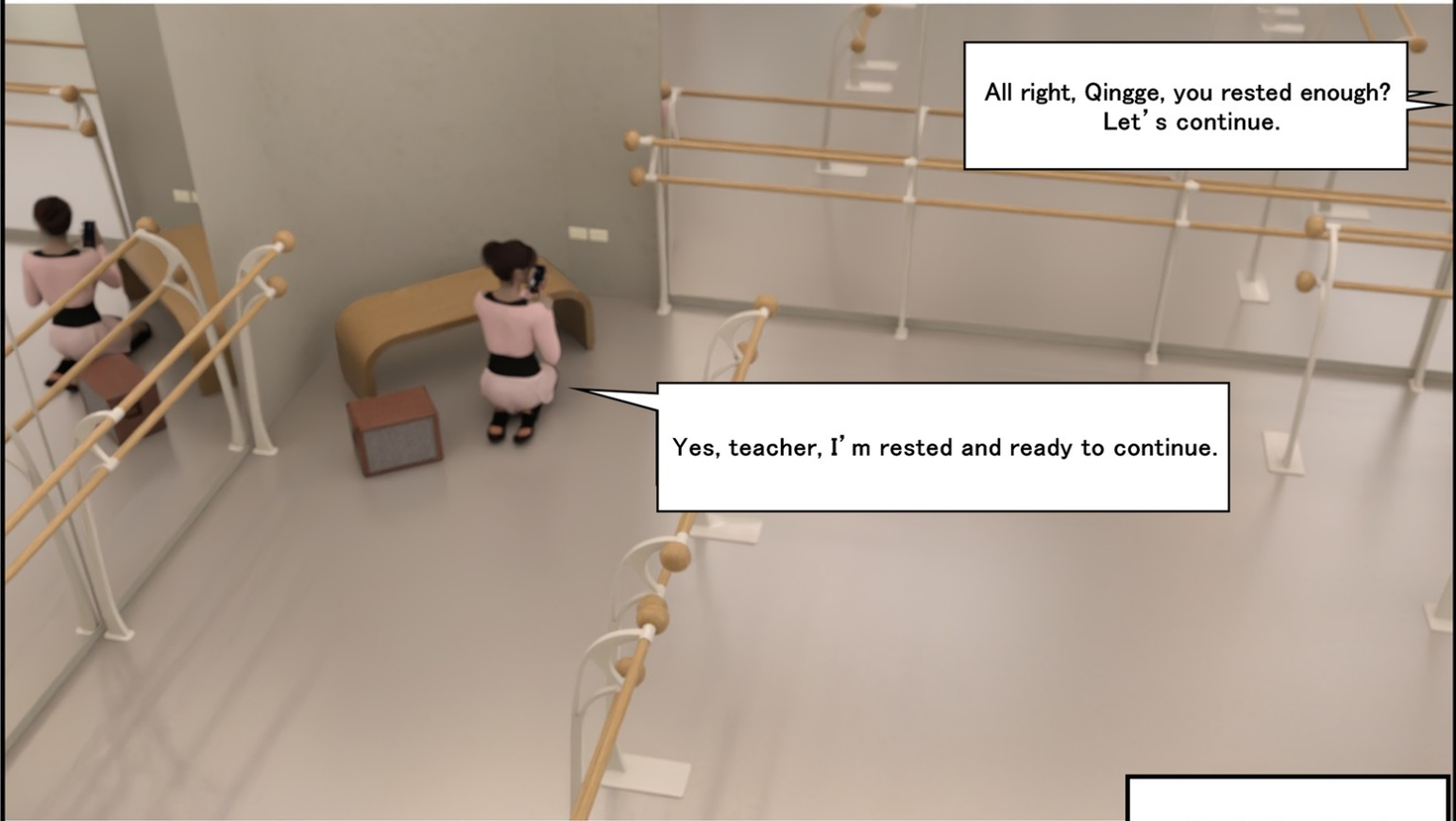
That Zhang Heng... after all this he still has the nerve to send a message like that? Pathetic, must' ve run out of money.



I' ll give him a real scolding!

No, I should talk to Qingge tonight and
ask how she wants to respond.
It's her affair, I can't decide on my
own.





All right, Qingge, you rested enough?
Let's continue.

Yes, teacher, I'm rested and ready to continue.

.To Be Continued.