

Trapped In Paradise

Volume 3 Chapter 2 / Chapter 507: Real-Life Problems

After several years, there was no trace of masculinity left in Ning Chu anymore.

Although her face still looked somewhat youthful—obviously the face of an inexperienced young girl—her temperament had become like that of a seductive vixen. Every gesture and movement naturally drew men's attention.

The corners of her eyes always carried a faint reddish allure, and her slightly upturned peach-blossom eyes seemed perpetually smiling, as if they could steal souls.

Ning Chu had already been restraining herself a lot and didn't want her aura to feel overly seductive.

But a succubus was still a succubus.

The two warm-up jogging laps for PE class had ended.

She and Lily found a shaded corner beneath a tree and sat down, both resting their chins in their hands while Ning Chu stared eagerly toward Wen Yang sweating it out on the basketball court.

"In a bad mood?" Lily asked.

Meanwhile, Lily's own gaze drifted to Yan Xinya, who was running happily on the track, the wolf girl tail wagging up and down.

“Yeah... I don’t know what I’m supposed to do in the future~”

“Become a streamer.” Lily answered seriously. “Do yoga streams. Suggestive content makes easy money.”

“No thanks...”

“You’re a succubus.”

Ning Chu silently rolled her eyes and scooted farther away from Lily in disgust.

The two succubi both wore the same long black hairstyle. One was seductive like a vixen, the other cold like an iceberg. Their faces looked nothing alike, yet when they sat together, people still constantly mistook them for sisters.

“Want to take the postgraduate entrance exam with me?”

“I barely passed English Level Four, okay? And you expect me to survive grad school?” Ning Chu sighed with a headache. “I *do* want to write novels, but it’s way too unstable.”

“You’re always talking about your novels, but you never let me read them.”

“They’re fantasy novels full of fighting and killing. You wouldn’t even like them.”

“I could support you with donations.”

Ning Chu shook her head rapidly.

“I don’t need your support!”

Although the novels she wrote now were no longer the completely autobiographical mess from years ago, they still contained autobiographical elements, and all her friends appeared in them too.

For example, Lily had been portrayed as a secretly dirty-minded woman in the story. Even if it was technically true, it was still the kind of thing that could destroy a friendship.

Letting friends read that stuff was way too embarrassing.

“How much do you make from writing novels?” Lily asked curiously.

“One or two thousand...” Ning Chu complained, “But when I look at online job postings, most salaries are only three or four thousand anyway. Honestly, I might make more staying home and writing.”

“What about Wen Yang?”

Ning Chu became even gloomier and sighed more heavily.

“Him? He casually applied to a few companies, and the high-paying ones are already offering nearly ten thousand.”

“You’re pretty useless.”

“.....”

He’s the protagonist! How am I supposed to compete with that?!

She defended herself internally before mumbling in protest:

“I’ve written three novels already, okay... Even if the results keep getting worse and now I can only survive off attendance bonuses.”

Unfortunately, writing novels wasn't enough to support herself.

And she didn't want Wen Yang supporting her either.

Ning Chu's gaze shifted toward Wang Jie, who was also running around on the basketball court.

To avoid being drained dry by his rabbit-girl girlfriend, Wang Jie had become much sturdier than he was during freshman year. He no longer looked like a sickly shut-in on the verge of death.

But recently, Wang Jie had gotten into a huge fight with his rabbit-girl girlfriend and was shouting about breaking up.

Ning Chu hadn't dug into the details, but she still felt regretful for their youthful relationship that had begun back in high school.

Thankfully, her relationship with Wen Yang had always been quite good~ Though they argued occasionally, it had never escalated to the point of talking about breaking up.

"You're really not planning to get a boyfriend?" Ning Chu asked without turning around.

"....."

Only then did she look toward Lily.

"You keep saying you want one, but I've never seen you take initiative. And whenever guys pursue you, you never give them a nice attitude either. Are you seriously planning to become the shame of all succubi for life?"

Lily shot her a glare.

“Don’t tell me that little octopus—”

A small leather shoe kicked toward Ning Chu’s shin, scaring her into jumping up on the spot and dodging Lily’s attack.

“Pervert!”

She opened her mouth, only to realize she had no right to insult Lily back.

After all, Lily at most just played with toys privately—and merely had a slightly larger variety of them.

Meanwhile, Ning Chu had long since surpassed Lily in that department...

Not only had she found a boyfriend before Lily, given herself away first, but she might have even surpassed Lily in terms of toy variety by now.

“Ning Chu.”

Turning around, Ning Chu saw Wen Yang walking off the basketball court and waving toward her.

“I’m going to hang out with Wen Yang.”

After saying goodbye to Lily, she immediately ran toward him.

When she reached Wen Yang, she looked up at his sweat-soaked face. Almost instantly, her nose caught the strong scent of rich, high-quality male hormones.

“You’re not playing anymore?”

Ning Chu awkwardly took two steps back, widening the distance between them to avoid going into heat in public.

“I’m done. There’s something I want to talk to you about.”

Seeing the rare seriousness on his face, her mind immediately started racing.

Could it be...

Marriage registration?

But Wen Yang still had to wait until after his birthday next year to reach the legal marriage age, didn’t he?

The two walked side by side, half a meter apart, slowly leaving the sports field and entering a small garden nearby.

Since classes were still ongoing, the garden was quiet except for birdsong and insect chirping. They also didn’t have to worry about accidentally stumbling across couples secretly making out.

“So what is it?”

Now that nobody else was around, Ning Chu relaxed and wrapped herself around Wen Yang’s arm. Smelling that faintly elegant and tempting scent, her cheeks quickly flushed red again, her eyes growing more seductive as she swallowed hungrily.

Wen Yang looked hesitant.

“What? Did you fall for another girl or something?”

“How could that possibly happen?” He hurriedly shook his head.

Ning Chu clicked her tongue. She doubted any woman could be prettier than her *and* survive Wen Yang’s “heavy attacks.”

“Then spit it out already. What’s there to hesitate about?”

“It’s just... I want to work in Shanghai.” Wen Yang guiltily glanced at her expression. “How about we go together?”

“That far away...”

He knew Ning Chu preferred finding work near home so she could spend more time with her family and help take care of Black Bean.

In Ning Chu’s heart, her mother occupied an extremely important place.

But Wen Yang really didn’t want to give up this high-paying, promising job...

Even though he’d been working part-time all these years, the money he’d saved was barely enough to buy a single square meter of housing in the provincial capital.

Ning Chu’s expression quickly dimmed.

“Can’t you stay?”

“We’ll need money if we get married someday. We’ll need a house too...”
Wen Yang smiled bitterly. “Your mom wouldn’t agree to you marrying me if we’re still renting forever.”

“I don’t want to talk about stuff like this...”

Ning Chu turned her head away uneasily. The blush on her face had long disappeared, replaced only by deep disappointment.

On one side was the mother she had once lost and regained.

On the other was the boyfriend she had been dating for years.

All this time, she'd imagined returning home after graduation so she could properly stay by her mother's side and make up for those years in her previous life when she'd grown up without one.

She could avoid the issue for now.

But someday, she would have to make a choice.

"My hometown is a provincial capital too. Salaries there wouldn't be low."
She twisted her fingers together and stared down at the tips of her shoes.
"And I don't really care about owning a house. Renting's pretty nice too. If you get tired of a place, you can just move anytime. Isn't that great..."

"....."

She knew those words were only convincing herself.

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Link for character illustration:

<https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/1IxOucqi87ss3bmqfO9zI2gYiM1Gy8Hz2>