

Trapped In Paradise

Volume 3 Chapter 30 / Chapter 535: My Protagonist

Night had fallen.

As darkness settled over the city, it somehow became even livelier and more dazzling, its brilliant lights illuminating every corner.

Having just finished watching the tournament, Ning Chu walked hand in hand with Wen Yang through the pedestrian street, a look of lingering excitement still written across her face.

"That match was amazing! I shouted so much my throat hurts. The atmosphere really was incredible~"

"It's just that the merchandise was way too expensive. Otherwise, I definitely would've bought a whole set."

"Wen Yang! Look over there!"

Following the direction of her finger, Wen Yang saw a newlywed couple in wedding attire posing for wedding photos a short distance away.

"When we get married, I'll bring you here for pictures too."

"Forget it. I don't want a bunch of people staring at me."

Although she said that, the corners of Ning Chu's lips curled upward. She unconsciously rose onto her tiptoes to watch the couple, her mouth parting slightly as she murmured,

"That wedding dress is so beautiful... The bride's really beautiful too."

"One day I'll get you an even prettier one."

"We'll see if you can afford it~"

She looked up at him teasingly.

"What if you're so broke by then that you can't even afford food? Forget wedding photos."

"At that point, you'd probably have dumped me already."

Ning Chu frowned in dissatisfaction.

"Do you really think I'm that kind of person? You were so bad at games, and I still supported you every day. I never complained, okay?!"

"Weren't you just a terrible support? You even stole my experience."

"If you couldn't even carry me, doesn't that just mean you were bad?"

Somehow, the conversation had drifted to video games.

Unable to suppress a laugh, Wen Yang shook his head and gave in.

"Alright, alright. I was the bad one."

He knew there was no winning an argument with her.

Making a succubus admit defeat required... a different setting.

Having won the exchange, Ning Chu smugly pressed her advantage.

"You're bad *and* stubborn!"

She withdrew the envious look she'd been directing toward the wedding couple, hiding it away before tugging Wen Yang onward.

"Come on. Let's go look at the river. What's so interesting about watching other people take wedding photos?"

A few minutes later, they arrived at the banks of the Huangpu River.

Ning Chu quickened her pace, let go of Wen Yang's hand entirely, and jogged ahead on her own.

She leaned against the riverside railing, gazing at the broad river, where the moon, the sky, and the city's glittering skyline shimmered across the water's surface.

The breeze coming off the river lifted her long hair, scattering it behind her. Illuminated by the city's lights, the dark strands fluttered through the air like a long silk ribbon.

Wen Yang followed several steps behind.

Looking at the girl standing by the river like a spirit born from the city itself, he unconsciously stopped walking.

Ning Chu, however, frowned as she reached up to gather her windblown hair.

"My hair tie," she called over her shoulder. "I need to tie my hair."

"Hang on."

He lowered his head, searched through her shoulder bag, and handed her an elastic band.

"Honestly, it looks nice when you leave it down."

"The wind just makes it a complete mess..."

She thought for a moment before handing the hair tie back.

"Forget it. You do it. Be gentle."

"Sure."

Standing behind her, Wen Yang slipped the elastic around his wrist and skillfully gathered her long, silky hair together.

The girl, barely reaching his shoulder in height, continued looking out over the river and the brightly lit buildings across the water, absentmindedly humming a tune in a clear, cheerful voice.

"What song is that?"

"I'm just making it up."

"It sounds nice."

"Oh really?"

She immediately caught him.

"Then why did you cover your ears every time I sang karaoke?"

For a moment, Wen Yang had no idea how to answer.

He quickly changed the subject.

"Aren't you cold? The wind's pretty strong."

The little succubus actually had a lovely voice. It could sound sweet enough to melt hearts or husky enough to make people shiver.

Unfortunately...

Her singing ability was another story altogether.

She could go through an entire song without hitting a single correct note. If someone else sang Love Confession, she'd somehow turn it into Death Balloon.

As Zhang Shaoqing had once put it:

"If I had to choose between listening to Ning Chu sing and dying, I'd rather die."

The wealthy young man had promptly been chased through several streets afterward for saying so.

"I'm still wearing my sun jacket. It blocks the wind well enough."

With her hair now tied back in a simple ponytail, Ning Chu relaxed and leaned backward, resting comfortably against Wen Yang's chest.

She tilted her head back, about to say something, when she suddenly heard Wen Yang let out a pained yelp.

"Ah! Sorry!"

One of the little horns on her head had accidentally jabbed him right in the chest.

"It's okay. I'm used to it," Wen Yang said through gritted teeth, trying to reassure her.

Although he got bumped or poked by them from time to time, her horns also made for surprisingly convenient "handles," and they added a playful charm to Ning Chu's appearance.

Turning around, Ning Chu reached out apologetically and gently rubbed his chest.

"Does it still hurt? I'll be more careful from now on."

"If you keep touching me, it'll stop being a question of whether / hurt."

"..."

There were people everywhere!

She instinctively glanced downward toward the obvious source of his embarrassment, then guiltily shifted her position to block the view from the passing tourists.

Better not let some shameless, flirtatious vixen catch sight of it.

Ning Chu leaned forward against the riverside railing again, gazing at the dazzling lights across the river and the towering Oriental Pearl Tower.

Her voice grew quieter.

"It's a little... too lively. Too prosperous. This kind of place doesn't really suit me."

"I prefer smaller cities too."

"Wen Yang..."

She paused before asking softly,

"Do you think you'll change someday?"

"People always change, don't they?"

He stepped beside her and leaned against the railing in the same relaxed posture.

"But no matter how I change, I'll still love you."

Ning Chu murmured worriedly, "I'm just afraid you'll learn bad habits..."

This glittering world was filled with endless temptations that could lead people astray.

Fortunately, Wen Yang worked in a technical field, so he rarely needed to attend social gatherings or entertain clients.

She had seen so many college graduates slowly become the very kind of people they used to look down on once they entered society.

"I should be the one worrying, shouldn't I?" Wen Yang joked with a smile.

"There are plenty of men here who are richer than me, more capable than me... and better-looking too."

"Better-looking than you?"

Ning Chu turned to him and laughed.

"I don't think anyone in the world is."

"That's just love making you biased."

"No."

She shook her head.

"You're the protagonist I created, remember? You perfectly match my ideal type."

Handsome without looking effeminate, masculine yet refined, tall with a fit physique, elegant when dressed and well-built underneath...

The original inspiration for Wen Yang in her novels had been what she had originally thought the perfect man would be.

To her, he truly was perfect.

"And yet the great author ended up becoming the heroine."

Wen Yang slipped an arm around her slender waist.

"Do you regret it? Following me and living this hard life?"

She lifted her head.

Moonlight reflected in her bright eyes as she looked at the protagonist she'd created.

She shook her head firmly.

"Never."

She stepped closer and nestled into his embrace, whispering softly,

"Working hard together is the most romantic thing there is."

"I don't know what I ever did to deserve meeting you..." Wen Yang smiled helplessly, resting his chin gently on top of her head and rubbing it affectionately.

"You're *my* protagonist. If I don't look after you, who will?"

Tilting her head slightly, Ning Chu deliberately nudged his cheek with one of her little horns before teasing,

"The version of you in my novel had the best life—you had famous and beautiful rich CEOs at the palm of your hand. Aren't you jealous?"

"A little—"

Before he could finish, Ning Chu suddenly stepped on his foot.

His expression stiffened.

"—But I think things are much better now."

"That's more like it~"

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Link for character illustration:

<https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/1lxOucqi87ss3bmqrO9zl2gYiM1Gy8Hz2>