

His Genius Wife Is A Superstar

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Iris rubbed her temples and sighed.

Now that she was the new owner of this body, she needed to straighten out a lot of issues first before she could live the life of freedom and independence that she always wanted. Iris Long's life was a total mess, but she felt excited diving into this new life.

"Honeeeey, are you alright? Does your head hurt?" Wei Lan turned to the doctors and demanded, "Why aren't you doing anything?! Aren't you doctors?! Make her headache go away! You're all useless! Call the hospital director! I'll tell them to replace you! Don't you knooooow who I am?! My ex-husband is the President-CEO of Long Industries!!!"

"Mother, please calm down. I'm alright. Dr. Ching and everyone else are doing everything they can to help me recover."

She was someone who mysteriously occupied another person's body. This Wei Lan might be the mother of the original Iris, but the woman was a stranger to her, the new owner of this body. She held no love for the woman, but Wei Lan was now her mother in this life. As long as Wei Lan didn't intentionally harm her, the least she could do was act polite.

Dr. Ching gave her a grateful smile. The team of doctors finished her check-up and left the two in the room.

When the door closed, Wei Lan sat with flourish on the chair beside the bed. She crossed her long legs, and gave an exaggerated sigh.

"Make sure to ask your father to see you. You were in coma for a year! One whooooooole year!!! That's a year without facials and shopping! The horror!!! My pooooor daughter! You deserve to request anything from him. Hmph! Make suuuure to ask for something fabulous and expensive. Like a private plane, for example. And then mother can borrow it from time to time. You'll let me borrow, right? A yacht is good, too. We can throw fabulous parties while sailing! Ooooh! Wouldn't that be amaaaaaaziiiiing? If you tell him how scary it was to be comatose, I'm sure that he'll buy you anything!"

Iris sighed as she watched Wei Lan's sparkling eyes. She knew the woman was already imagining herself hopping on a private plane to fly around the world and coasting on a yacht while romancing her string of lovers.

"Father has already been informed about my current condition since he's the one paying my medical bills. Whether he comes to see me or not is up to him. I want to focus on my recovery and go home as soon as possible."

"Oh? You're returning to the Longs? That works, too. About damn time you remind them that you're also their heiress."

Iris gave her a side eye. "I have my own place."

"Hmph! A Long heiress living in that tiny dump! What an embarrassment! It's your father's fault for hiring that damn money man! You can't buy a mansion because that bastard won't let you spend your own money! And your father just lets that damn bastard do whatever he wants! Both your father and that damn money man won't let you spend your own money freely. You can't buy your own mansion and your father won't buy you one either! Meanwhile, his other brats from those sluts are living like royalty while you're working soooo hard!! Where is the fairness in the world?! My poooor daughter!"

What was this woman babbling about? Tiny dump? Her memory told her that Iris Long owned a penthouse occupying the entire two topmost floors of a condominium building. It was certainly too big for a teenager living by herself.

She was able to purchase the penthouse for a good price because her financial manager (who Wei Lan kept on calling the "damn money man") negotiated for her. However, she had a suspicion that it was Long Tengfei who secretly helped the original Iris to obtain such a good deal.

The mother and daughter never wanted to live together. To Wei Lan, providing for her daughter was her ex-husband's responsibility. She already did her job by getting pregnant, carrying the baby for nine months, and then suffering the unbelievable pain of childbirth.

Now that the ordeal was over, she thought that she deserved the right to enjoy life being pampered by men who admired her.

As for the original Iris, her mother's string of lovers disgusted her. She also didn't want to live with the Longs who clearly hated her. She had no choice but to get her own place.

Iris studied Wei Lan who continued babbling about useless things. She didn't share the original Iris' disgust of her mother.

Wei Lan loved money, beauty, and most importantly, she loved herself the most. Despite this, she wasn't a malicious person per se. She was a bitch, yes, but she wouldn't resort to serious criminal acts to get what she wanted.

Simply speaking, Wei Lan was a shallow person. Her daughter, Iris, was a shallow person as well. They were the same type of people. Using the analogy of magnets, the mother and daughter had the same negative charge, so they repelled each other.

The new Iris was a neutral one, neither repelling nor attracting. As long as people didn't provoke her, she would be polite. But if they attacked her...a dangerous glint flashed in her eyes.

Chapter 5 - Jin Liwei

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Jin Corporation.

Everyone wiped cold sweat from their foreheads and drank mouthfuls of water. The ones who did presentations during the meeting looked like they went through the eighteen levels of hell and survived...barely.

They glanced at King Yama...er, their boss Jin Liwei who was the President and CEO of Jin Corporation, the number one company in the country.

As usual, he looked glacial, formidable, and absolutely gorgeous. He was tall, rich, and handsome.

If their boss wasn't so frightening, the females (and bent employees) in the company would throw themselves at him on a regular basis. They would die happily for just a single glance from him.

Unfortunately, legends abounded about past employees stupid enough to flirt and attempt to seduce the big boss. It was said that these foolish mortals were immediately fired and blacklisted from working in the business industry. Some were said to have committed suicide because of despair, while some disappeared, never to be seen or heard from ever again.

Rumours or not, it was a fact that President Jin Liwei wasn't someone to be casually treated, or worse, offended.

"Dismissed," Jin Liwei ordered before standing up and leaving the conference room.

Xu Tian, his trusted assistant, opened the door for him and then followed after him to his office at the topmost floor of the building.

Everyone inside stood up and remained bowing until the sound of their boss' footsteps gradually vanished. When they were certain that their boss was gone, they released the breaths they were holding. They heaved sighs of great relief that the meeting finally ended.

Inside the President-CEO's office.

Jin Liwei leaned back on his opulent leather seat behind his massive dalbergia wood desk. He listened to Xu Tian's report with a cold expression, his hands steeped over his chest.

The interiors of the office was very masculine, combining elements of traditional and modern aesthetics. The whole office screamed of power and wealth.

"President, I have been notified by the hospital that Miss Long has finally awakened from coma," Xu Tian read from the paper report in his hand. "Her exam results show no serious complications aside from muscle atrophy from being bedridden for a year, which can be cured by regular physiotherapy and rehabilitation. No reported memory loss or brain damage. She is recovering at a faster rate than expected, and if nothing unfortunate happens, her doctors believe that she'll achieve complete physical recovery in about six months. As for any emotional trauma from the accident, the doctors recommended psychological therapy but Miss Long reportedly declined."

"Who are the people she's been in contact with after waking up?"

"Her mother, Madam Wei Lan, was the first. The madam came on the second day Miss Long woke up. In the next few days, her manager and assistants also visited but she apparently fired all of them on the spot."

Jin Liwei raised an eyebrow, but otherwise didn't comment. He asked instead, "Did Long Tengfei visit his daughter yet?"

"As of now, CEO Long has not personally visited nor seen Miss Long after she has woken up. But he did send his assistant to check up on her."

A faint sneer appeared on Jin Liwei's cold expression.

"We also found out that CEO Long ordered a lockdown on news about Miss Long waking up from coma. The manager and assistants fired by her were also given hush money to keep the information to themselves, all arranged by President Long's people without Miss Long's knowledge."

"Is he reinvestigating his daughter's accident?"

"At this moment, we have not received any indication regarding that. And even if he does, we already erased all evidence and trails a year ago as per your orders. He won't find anything different from the police investigation results."

"Good. Continue to monitor her."

"Understood."

Jin Liwei paused, thinking, before asking, "Does my brother know?"

"I don't think so. President Long locked down news about his daughter, so unless Miss Long personally calls and informs Second Master that she has woken up, I don't think he'll know."

Jin Liwei nodded, relieved. "I want her far away from Chonglin and Fan Luo. My brother and his fiancée are marrying in the near future and our families can't afford any scandals at the moment."

"Understood. Is there anything else, President?"

"No. You may go."

Xu Tian bowed before leaving and heading to his own desk outside the door.

Ruler or judge of hell in Chinese mythology

Chapter 6 - The New Young Miss

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Gold Heights Condominium.

Three months later.

Notes of Mozart's "*Rondo alla Turca*" skipped in the air within the spacious penthouse unit, as Iris Long's fingers danced across the piano keys.

The old housekeeper, Yi Mei, watched the Young Miss playing the piano so skillfully, so elegantly, and so beautifully.

The Young Miss looked like a fairy as she swayed, especially with the picturesque view of the city's night lights outside the ceiling-high glass windows behind her.

Yi Mei knew that the Young Miss could play the piano before, but she had never seen her playing so seriously and so regularly.

The white grand piano intended as a decoration before was now proudly serving its true purpose.

Ever since Iris Long returned home from the hospital a month ago, Yi Mei was repeatedly shocked and amazed by the Young Miss's sudden changes.

Before the car accident, serving this spoiled brat was a total nightmare. She had no respect or regard for the servants. She frequently threw tantrums whenever the servants failed to satisfy her which was almost always. As a result, the Young Miss frequently reduced the newly hired servants to tears. Servants quit on a regular basis and Yi Mei had the undesirable job of hiring new servants until the cycle repeated itself again.

Yi Mei despaired and felt hopeless. However, she was loyal to Master Tengfei so even when she hated it, she endured the brat's nasty and selfish attitude.

To be honest, she felt relieved that she didn't need to deal with the spoiled brat for one whole year after the accident. She felt guilty for feeling this way, but it was the truth.

When she learned that the brat woke up from coma and would soon return home, she couldn't help but feel dismay and dread. She even panicked a little, but she was too well-trained to show it on her countenance. She steeled her emotions, stood ramrod straight, and welcomed the Young Miss home.

Much to her shock, all her worries proved unfounded when the Young Miss finally returned. Perhaps the Young Miss was traumatized by the accident to the point that her personality changed so much.

As soon as Iris arrived, she started firing people. Her makeup artist, hairstylist, fashion stylist, selfie assistant, diet coach, and the other useless glam squad members who still received their salaries during her coma despite not working for an entire year were all dismissed.

The new Young Miss was polite whenever she spoke to Yi Mei and the rest of the servants. The third time that Iris spoke to her without being rude, Yi Mei burst into tears.

"What happened to you, Young Miss?" Yi Mei cried. "Did you hurt your head too hard?"

Iris sighed softly, her eyes gentle. "I'm sorry. It's been hard on you."

The dam controlling her emotions and years of resentment finally burst open. Yi Mei cried so hard that her whole body quaked. She felt so touched by the Young Miss's apology. She almost couldn't believe that this was happening. It felt like a dream.

Iris watched her, tranquil as a still lake, waiting for the old housekeeper to calm down. It was at this moment that Yi Mei realized that the Young Miss really changed for the better.

Afterwards, Iris focused on her recovery. She endured painful physiotherapy and rehabilitation sessions at home.

Seeing the Young Miss so determined, Yi Mei felt goosebumps, especially when the Young Miss began playing the piano every day. At first, she only played simple pieces and the notes were discordant because she was still too weak. But as she gradually became stronger, the pieces she played became more complicated and difficult, but also more skillful and mesmerizing.

Now the Young Miss was more or less recovered, walking and doing things by herself without needing a wheelchair or assistance from her private nurse and the servants. Her medical team was amazed at the speed of her recovery. Her stamina and muscles were still lacking, but they only needed time to gradually return to how they used to be.

Back to the present, Yi Mei smiled as the last notes of "*Rondo alla Turca*" drifted. She stepped forward.

"Young Miss, dinner is ready."

Her old heart skipped a beat when Iris turned her calm phoenix eyes to look at her.

'*So beautiful,*' the housekeeper thought to herself.

"Thanks for the hard work," Iris replied.

Chapter 7 - Long Tengfei

Chapter 7: Long Tengfei

Long Industries.

The President-CEO's office was located at the topmost floor of the building. Its interior design was inspired by strong traditional Chinese aesthetics. Most of the furniture were made of wood with delicate and exquisite carvings on them. The colour schemes were mostly deep red, maroon and earth tones. Several traditional paintings and calligraphy hung on the walls.

"What did she ask for this time?" Long Tengfei asked his loyal assistant while signing a mountain of documents behind his desk.

Cai Guang picked up the signed documents and gave his boss another stack to sign while speaking at the same time.

"The Young Miss asked me to recommend a new assistant for her. I sent her a list of candidates. In the end she only chose one. I thought she was going to replace all three assistants she fired, but she said that a single capable assistant is enough at the moment. She ended up hiring my distant nephew from the Filipino branch of the family. My nephew always wanted to work and live here in China. He's well-educated and eager to work. He only lacks experience. He started working for her last week and even moved to live at her penthouse. I scolded him for freeloading from the Young Miss, but he told me that it was what she wants."

"Let her do what she wants. For now, at least." Long Tengfei sighed. "She was comatose for a year after all. What else?"

"The Young Miss is currently renovating and redecorating the entire penthouse. I was told that it's currently chaotic in there, but she's still working hard on her physiotherapy and rehabilitation, never missing a single session. The Young Miss seems very determined to recover as soon as possible. Her medical team is very pleased with her progress."

"Good. That's good. Is that all? Has she asked you to buy her anything?"

"No, President."

Long Tengfei paused, a slight frown on his face. "That's odd. I was expecting for her to demand a massive shopping spree. Perhaps even ask me to buy her a mansion or something like that."

Cai Guang cleared his throat. "Madam Wei called numerous times to tell you to buy the Young Miss a private plane or a yacht, maybe both, as a reward for surviving."

"Reward for surviving?! What does that woman think of our daughter's accident? The fucking Olympics?!" Long Tengfei closed his eyes and rubbed his temples, trying to calm his anger.

This mother and daughter never failed in giving him headaches.

"President, the Young Miss didn't mention that she wants a plane or a yacht. It was only the Madam who asked, presumably on behalf of the Young Miss." Cai Guang hesitated. "If I may be so bold..."

"Go on. Speak."

"...I have spoken with the Young Miss both personally and on the phone a number of times since she woke up from coma. I think the Young Miss has...changed."

"That's normal. Most people change one way or another after experiencing a life and death situation like that."

Cai Guang nodded, although he still looked unconvinced. "It's just that I feel like I'm speaking to a completely different person. The President has not met with her yet since she woke up, so you may not know. She's now so calm, so serious, and so mature. She's very business-like whenever she speaks to me. To be honest, it's...uh...creepy that she has changed so much. It's kind of scary."

Long Tengfei leaned back on his seat and chuckled softly. "What's there to be scared about? Isn't it good that she has changed her old ways? Maybe she had an epiphany after what she experienced. I'll feel more at ease if she has really matured and has grown sensible. I just hope that this isn't something temporary and she ends up reverting to being another version of her mother."

"I don't really have high expectations for this daughter of mine. The elders want me to disown her, but how could I do that? She might be a big disappointment, but she's still my daughter. She has the blood of the Longs flowing in her veins. I care for my daughter, but there's only so much that I can do for her." He sighed. "She's not my only child. I have to prioritize the whole clan's interests before anything or anyone else. This is my duty as the head of the Long clan."

"Understood." Cai Guang hesitated, before finally gathering the courage to ask, "Is the President planning to see the Young Miss?"

A minute or so passed before Long Tengfei answered. "No. If she really wants to see me, her father, she can always come at any time. Is that all?"

Cai Guang nodded and bowed.

Long Tengfei resumed signing documents.

Both were silent, focused on their work.

Chapter 8 - Image Overhaul

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Day after day, Iris Long grew stronger and healthier compared to when she first woke up from coma. Now she only needed the physio and rehab sessions once a week.

Despite this, she still wasn't satisfied by her body's current condition. Her muscles lacked power and her stamina embarrassed her with just one flight of stairs. But all she could do for now was persevere in rebuilding her body with time and effort.

The renovations were also finally completed. She disliked the original Iris' taste in interior design and wardrobe choice. Everything was sparkly, shiny, neon-bright, glittery, and maddeningly garish and tacky!

Now that she was living as Iris Long, she replaced everything with the tasteful elegance of classic style. The newly renovated and decorated penthouse gave a serene and sophisticated atmosphere.

Iris also added a big library office with a connecting computer room separated by a password-locked door. She filled the library with all kinds of books in different languages. Many of which were her favourites from her past life.

As for the computer room, she designed it herself. Currently, there were seventeen different state-of-the-art computers and devices arranged neatly inside the room. One wall was completely covered with flat-screen monitors. The room looked like the cockpit of a spaceship.

And not everything was delivered yet. She was still expecting more to arrive. The majority of the computers were not available on the regular market. She had to use her virtual connections from her past life to obtain these rare devices.

The room was sealed and she was the only one who had access to enter it. Nobody else was allowed inside without her permission because the room contained a lot of technology acquired from the international black market. It wouldn't be good for her if other people were to know about these items.

A recording studio was also added in another part of the penthouse. She couldn't believe that the original Iris Long didn't have one when she was a pop singer. The girl relied on other people to compose and write her music, thinking that she only had to sing, dance and act pretty.

Now that she was living as Iris, she was determined to live her life to the fullest. Her first order of business was to establish a successful career.

She thought about it and decided that she would continue the original Iris' career in music. She also loved music in her past life. She planned a complete image overhaul to suit her true style which was completely different from the original Iris' style.

Aside from the penthouse renovation, almost her entire wardrobe was also replaced. She couldn't make herself wear all the slutty clothes the original Iris preferred. They all looked extremely uncomfortable to wear.

Dominic Chua, her new assistant, along with the maids packed about 90% of the clothes, shoes, bags, accessories, makeup and other knickknacks into boxes. Dom's eyes bulged the entire time, followed by gasps of shock and admiration.

"Boss, what do you plan on doing with all of these?" he asked Iris, stroking a seven-inch, rainbow-coloured metallic high heels.

"I'll let you decide," she said. "Sell them, donate them. I don't care."

Dom was so confused as to why his new boss wanted to throw away and replace her entire wardrobe. These were all brand-named goods! Maybe this was how the rich lived. They replaced whatever they didn't like anymore.

'*Can't relate,*' he thought to himself.

If he owned these much brand-named items, no matter how outdated they were, he would treat them as treasures and assign them as heirlooms to the Chua family's next generation. He picked up a crystal-encrusted purse and then glanced at his young boss.

"Uhm, boss? You see...I have a lot of female relatives back in the Philippines. I'm sure some of these will fit them. I know my mother will be absolutely thrilled to have some of these purses. My sisters, aunts and cousins, too. I think some of them have the same shoe size as you. Uhm, so, I'm just saying...."

"Sure, send all these boxes to your family. No problem."

Dom gasped, his jaw falling. "R-really? You're serious?! OMG! Thank you thank you THANK YOU SO MUCH!!! I thank the Lord Almighty for giving me the BEST BOSS EVER!"

He jumped around and clapped excitedly. And then he bowed at Iris, almost prostrating himself on the floor.

Iris chuckled watching her new assistant's antics.

"You're so generous, boss." He called the maids. "Come, come. The boss gave me full authority on how to discard all of these. Come and take some for yourselves." Then he glanced at Iris, silently asking her if it was alright.

Iris waved her hand, allowing him.

"See? The boss says it's okay! Come, come! Don't forget to thank the boss!"

"Thank you, Young Miss!" The maids bowed and smiled bashfully. They were all excited and started choosing items for themselves.

Iris nodded.

"Thank you, boss. I won't send everything to the Philippines. I'll just choose the ones that I think my Mommy, my sisters, aunts and cousins will like. Then we'll sell the rest on the internet."

"I'll leave everything to you."

Chapter 9 - Iris Long's Scandal

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Six months after Iris Long woke up from coma, some bored netizens noticed something amiss while surfing online.

"Hey, is it just me or did all of Iris Long's social media accounts get wiped clean?"

"No, it's not only you. All her posts got deleted!"

"Did she get hacked?"

"Didn't she retire already ever since that car accident more than a year ago?"

"There were no official retirement announcements. There has been no news about her ever since. It's as if she disappeared from the face of the planet. There were some rumours that she's in coma. I even heard that she's dead."

"Good riddance! Who cares about that shameless bitch? She's such a fame-hungry slut. The world will be a much better place without a bitch like her."

"Hey! I like her songs!"

"You mean her trash songs?"

"I think her songs are pretty catchy."

"Catchy for a day or two, but then they get so annoying that they make you want to smash the radio for playing such braindead songs over and over again. My poor brain cells die whenever I listen to her trash songs."

"Very true. This must be the reason why Iris and her fans' IQ are so low. Her trash songs are killing too many of their brain cells. It's an epidemic! Hahaha!"

More and more netizens were talking about Iris Long. A small number of them were her genuine fans. These fans were hoping that she would return to the entertainment industry soon.

The vast majority of these netizens, however, were just there because they felt bored and wanted something to talk about. Many of them were there to gossip, make fun, and troll Iris Long.

There were also a considerable number of haters whose comments were constantly reported, censored, and even removed by the website admins due to profanity.

The speculations about Iris Long's current whereabouts continued.

"Maybe she really retired and this is just cleaning up her social media accounts after her departure."

"Then why just delete the posts? And why wait more than a year to do so? If she really retired, they should just delete all of her accounts."

"True. I wonder what's going on. Maybe she really got hacked?"

"Hacked, my ass. I don't believe it. I bet this is just one of her antics to get attention. I bet she wants to make a comeback, so she's making a big splash before she returns."

"I heard that the car accident was a hoax and the truth is that she actually got pregnant. She had to temporarily leave showbiz in order to give birth."

"What?!! Is that true?!!! Who's the father?"

"I heard she cheated with an old, married businessman."

"What a slut!"

"I heard it was a waiter at a bar she frequents."

"She's so shameless!"

"I heard she had sex with a male stripper while attending a bridal shower. They got it on right there in front of the bride and the other guests."

"Did someone film it? Where can I watch her sex scandal?"

"Disgusting!"

"Ssssh! Don't tell anyone that I said this, but I heard that the father might be Jin Chonglin. Lots of people saw Iris following Jin Chonglin around before, always appearing wherever he went. Iris seduced him and had a one-night stand. She got pregnant, but the Jin family won't acknowledge her and the baby. To cover up the scandal, the Jin family got Jin Chonglin engaged to the Fan family's heiress."

Jin Chonglin's fans were enraged.

"What the fuck?!"

"The witch must have drugged him!"

"Our poor Prince Lin Lin! That bitch is so evil! She must have raped him!"

"Stop spouting lies! Our Prince Lin Lin would never touch a dirty woman like that Iris slut!"

"@JinChonglin Please tell everyone that you never made @IrisLong pregnant!!!"

"@JinChonglin Did @IrisLong rape you?"

"@JinChonglin Please say something!"

"Prince Lin Lin already has Princess Fan Luo beside him. They're gonna marry soon. LinLuo forever!"

"We heart LinLuo!"

"Die @IrisLong! Stay away from our prince!"

"What is everyone talking about? The accident was a hoax? That's bullshit. The police got involved. There was an official police investigation released to the public. Iris Long getting in an accident more than year ago is true. This kind of thing can't be faked."

"Go away! Are you Iris Long's dog?"

"Don't forget Iris Long is a daughter of the Long family. Rich people like them have no problems bribing the police to cover up things."

"Who cares if it's real or not? Iris Long is a shameless bitch and a dirty slut! That's a fact. She makes me vomit!"

"But nobody can deny that Iris Long is pretty and sexy."

"Men! All of you are blinded by her face and body."

"Hahaha! Jin Chonglin is a man too. When faced with a pretty face and a sexy body, our little brothers down below will always be ready for action. You all know what I mean, right?"

"No way! Our Prince Lin Lin is different! He's different from all of you mortal men. Go ahead and satisfy your lust with a slut like Iris Long. Who cares? That's what she's for anyway. She and Fan Luo are on completely different levels. The difference between heaven and earth! Only someone as beautiful, educated, elegant, and classy like Fan Luo can match our Prince Lin Lin."

With more and more people joining the discussion and adding fuel to the fire, Iris Long was dragged into a scandal with the engaged couple Jin Chonglin and Fan Luo.

Chapter 10 - LinLuo

Chapter 10: LinLuo

At a high class salon and spa.

Relaxing classical music softly played in the background. A touch of jasmine scent permeated the air, relaxing the two young women who were being pampered inside a private room.

The relaxed atmosphere, however, was soon interrupted.

One of the young women who was soaking her feet in a small tub of pulsing water filled with rose petals had her eyes glued to her mobile phone. Suddenly, she exclaimed aloud.

"Hey, Luo Luo. Have you seen this?" She waved her phone to her friend in excitement.

"What is it?" Fan Luo asked in a lazy manner.

She flipped a page of the fashion magazine she was reading. She was currently getting a pedicure.

"Luo Luo, you have to read this," her friend handed the phone to her. "People are talking about you and Big Brother Chonglin and that Iris slut online."

"What?" Fan Luo's face darkened when she heard Iris Long's name.

She slapped the magazine close and threw it carelessly to the floor. Then she grabbed the phone from her friend and started reading.

Her expression changed numerous times as she read. She scowled, sneered, scoffed and finally laughed with delight.

"I already got rid of that slut who kept on chasing and bothering my man. She better not pop out again and bother us or else..."

"Don't worry, Luo Luo. Everyone hates that slut. Even if she somehow comes back, nobody will welcome her. You're clearly on a much higher level than a slut like her. That's why big brother Chonglin fell in love with you and chose you to marry him."

Fan Luo smiled, pleased at her friend's words. But she quickly scowled again. "I don't like that some people are saying that Big Brother made that slut pregnant."

"What are you worried about? They're just rumours. Go write a post and declare to everyone that you're the one and only future Mrs. Jin Chonglin."

Fan Luo laughed. "Good idea."

She returned her friend's phone and took out her own. Then she began writing her own post.

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Jin Chonglin just finished shooting his latest music video.

They were at an empty warehouse turned into a studio just for him to shoot this latest set of music videos for his upcoming album. This particular music video that they just finished filming involved a lot of dancing, so he was completely drenched in sweat.

His assistant handed him a water bottle and a towel. He drank thirstily until he finished the entire bottle. Then he wiped his sweat off with the towel.

While his manager was busy on the phone, Jin Chonglin changed out of his costume to his regular clothes of ripped jeans and a sleeveless hoodie.

"What's wrong?" he asked, seeing his manager's frown.

His manager, Lin Dong, looked at him for a long time without speaking.

"Just say it already! You're creeping me out!"

Lin Dong narrowed his eyes. "Chonglin, tell me the truth. Did you make Iris Long pregnant?"

"What?! What nonsense are you talking about?!!!" Jin Chonglin was aghast.

His manager narrowed his eyes even more. "Are you telling the truth?"

"Of course! Where did you hear that rubbish?"

Lin Dong handed him his phone.

Jin Chonglin snatched it. His eyes bulged and his jaw fell as he read.

"This...what one-night stand? What made her pregnant? What raped me? These are pure nonsense! I never had sex with her! I never kissed her! I never even hooked up with her!"

"But it's true that she followed you around before."

"Yeah, but she's not my type so I avoided her." Then he raised a fist and waved it in front of Lin Dong's face. "Hmph! I can't believe you'll even think that I made her pregnant! You don't trust me! What kind of manager are you?"

Lin Dong scoffed. "Come on. Everyone knows that you're a playboy. You're always hooking up with different girls. I won't find it too unbelievable if you really made Iris Long pregnant. She's a beauty. And she's not the first. Lots of other girls have already claimed that you made them pregnant."

"I just told you she's not my type. Besides, I'm engaged now! All of those claims are false! I always use protection whenever I hook up!"

"Yeah, right. You always use protection but still ended up in this situation with Fan Luo. If it weren't because you feel guilty towards her, I know you wouldn't even think of marrying her or anyone, for that matter, before you're past 30."

"Hmph!"

"I'm right, aren't I?"

"Bastard."

"Just an honest bastard at your service. Hahaha!"

Jin Chonglin threw the phone at the imbecile before rummaging through his bag for his own phone.

"Hey. Hey! What are you doing?" Lin Dong asked.

"What else? I'm going to tell the truth," Jin Chonglin replied.

"Fine. But let me check it first before you post it."

"Hmph."

And with that, Jin Chonglin started writing a blog post to address the rumours surrounding him and Iris Long.