

Chapter 403 Pull Strings

Rosie took that moment to pause.

Seeing her hesitate, Odette hurried to pull her back. "Mrs. Evans, I know that you are seeing red right now, but this is definitely no time for you to be settling matters with Wendy. If you go in there to give her a piece of your mind, she will suffer very little loss, but because of your outburst, you will definitely be seen as a crazy woman. By then, although you might be in the right, I'm afraid Mr. Evans won't be rallying his support behind you."

Bitterness rose in Rosie's heart. That was not her primary concern. All of a sudden, she remembered that she and Kane had signed a prenuptial agreement right before the two of them got married. Their marriage was in name only. Both sides were not allowed to get themselves involved in the other's private affairs. To put it in simple terms, even though she was Kane's wife, she had as much power as one of his employees. She earned a high salary every month, pretending to be his loving wife and flaunting their love in front of his parents on occasion. She had no right to interfere in his private life at all.

Rosie sat down, completely discouraged. Her eyes became two pits of hatred. 'Even if I can't get involved in his personal life, I am still Kane's wife legally. My identity as his spouse is right and proper. I will never allow anyone to come between us! No way about it!'

At this very moment, Odette suggested, "Mrs. Evans, how about we work together?"

"Work together?" Rosie was once more calm and composed.

"Yes!" Odette smiled. "Since we both don't like Wendy, we can join forces to deal with her. From this day forward, I will keep you informed about Wendy's comings and goings in the company. It's up to you what you do with

this information. Whether you will deal with her or not is your choice and yours alone."

Rosie's eyes narrowed. She didn't plan to break things off with Kane and Wendy. She didn't think he intended to divorce her. She didn't want to let Wendy get away with this. Working together with Odette was a very good idea indeed.

"We can work together! But I want to validate if what you said is true first."

"Of course!" Odette took a pen and a piece of paper from the receptionist's desk. She wrote down her number and handed it over to Rosie. "This is my number. If you need anything, call me."

Rosie's hands shook as she took the note. She inhaled deeply, but she still couldn't push down her anger. She clutched her bag to her chest and muttered, "Excuse me. I need to use the restroom."

"Okay."

After Rosie left, Mary asked, "Odette, do you think collaborating with her will work out?"

Odette chuckled. "There is no woman who can bear a cheating husband. Besides, Mr. Evans is such an excellent catch. Rosie will not let this slide. Let's just watch and see."

Mary's heart raced in her chest. "What if she double-crosses us?"

"That's not possible. An enemy's enemy is a friend. She should know this full well."

Mary breathed out, relieved.

Odette turned to give the receptionist a look. She extended her hand out to Mary and asked, "Did you bring with you any envelopes?"

"Yes." As an assistant, sometimes Mary needed to tip people in order to avoid trouble, so she always had one or two envelopes with her at all times. She retrieved an envelope from out of her bag.

"Is there any money inside?"

"I've already prepared two hundred dollars in this particular envelope."

Odette's face scrunched up into a frown. She peeled open her bag, taking out a pile of cash from it. Then she counted two thousand and eight hundred dollars and placed the money into the envelope. Now the envelope had three thousand dollars in it. Smiling, she made her way to the receptionist's desk.

"Good day, Miss Haska."

Odette took her hand and handed her the envelope with a big smile.

The receptionist was shocked and gave Odette an uneasy look. "Miss Haska?"

"Happy New Year! This is for you. By the way, did anything happen just now?"

The receptionist gulped nervously. Her fingers brushed against the thick envelope in her hand and she shook her head in a hurry. "No. No. Nothing happened and I didn't see anything."

Odette's smile softened. "If anyone asks..."

"As soon as you came out of the elevator, you left the building. Mrs. Evans has been waiting for Mr. Evans here. She downed too much coffee and went to the bathroom once."

Odette nodded her head, happy with her response. "I have work I need to do. I'm heading out now."

"Bye, Miss Haska!"

On the other hand, Wendy was humming a song to herself, clearly in good spirits. She just so happened to be a poor singer and her thin voice couldn't even carry a tune at all. However, this did nothing to dampen her good mood.

Roger reminded her, "Odette is a small-minded person. She will never let you go after you took away the endorsement from her."

"She doesn't frighten me."

"Aren't you afraid of how she will deal with you?"

"I'm no easy mark. Even if she makes trouble for me openly, with Ryan behind me, I have nothing to be afraid of. If that woman has any tricks up her sleeve, that will be even better. I will give her a dose of her own medicine!"

Roger chuckled, clearly amused. He could see that Wendy didn't need to do anything herself when the time came to deal with Odette.

Some time ago, Odette asked the deputy director put a hotel room card in Kane's pocket, drugged Wendy, and had her sent to the hotel. Ryan wouldn't deal with Odette during the time the Story of Concubine Ivanka was being aired. Now that the drama had come to a close, Roger had a feeling that Odette wouldn't be cocky for long.

However, because Ryan was keeping this from Wendy, Roger would also conceal this from her.

"Let's get going. Your driver and assistant are anxious to be introduced to you."

"Alright."

Roger took the lead and led Wendy to meet her driver and assistant.

Before going about business, all the drivers and assistants of the stars were hand-picked before being rigorously trained. They were the people closest to the stars. This was especially true of the assistants.

The assistants would work behind the scenes to help the stars with their life and work, so they knew the ins and outs of their private lives very well. If the assistants were people with poor mortality, they might be persuaded to expose the privacy of the stars to the media.

The driver and assistant were waiting on the fourteenth floor.

When they got to the door, Roger turned to Wendy and said, "Ryan said that

if you find them not a good fit, you can have them replaced at any time."

More warmth surged in her heart. Ryan was so considerate. He had thought of everything in advance. In general, stars would have no choice in the company's arrangement. But Wendy was an exception.

Wendy was moved. "Do you think I am getting special treatment by pulling strings?"

"No."

"Why?"

Roger rubbed her head and said, "You don't need to pull strings. You are future Mrs. Oliver."

Wendy's mouth twitched. She pushed the door open and walked into the room. The room was very big and spacious.

Wendy's eyes swept the room and she saw the two people standing upright with ramrod backs. It was a man and a woman. The man turned out to be middle-aged, thin and kind and with a dull face.

Roger said, "The man is your driver. He is very honest and reliable and rarely speaks."

Wendy nodded her head. People who kept to themselves were highly valued in this business. As people who worked with the stars, it was frowned upon to talk too much.

The two of them had been standing with their heads bowed. When the door was opened, they both lifted their heads at the same time.

Wendy gave her assistant a look. She was stunned. "This girl looks so familiar!"



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