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Jenny looked at her and smiled.

"I can't blame you, I was the one who went out without informing you, besides even if you brought me back last night, the picture of me going to Lin Shufan in the middle of the night has already been taken, it doesn't have any effect on the outcome, and what should be revealed today will just as well be revealed."

Mo Nan was even more anxious at the news.

"What about it? Why don't we tell Sir? Let him explain this?"

Jenny shook his head.

"No, I can handle it myself."

She didn't want to rely on Biden Lu for everything, saying that she would grow on her own and one day be able to really stand by his side.

If he couldn't handle this little thing, what right did he have to stand by his side?

Jenny thought as she advanced into the bathroom to briefly wash up.

Mo Nan was even more anxious when she saw how calm she was.

"Someone must be orchestrating this behind the scenes, and even if we don't tell Sir, then we can't just sit back and wait for it to happen!"

Jenny finished washing her face and wiped it with a washcloth, smiling, "Of course not."

She paused and said, "Here's what you're going to do for me at noon."

"What is it?"

"Help me..."

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Jenny washed her face, cleaned herself up, and asked the waiter to bring breakfast to her room.

Do all that before jogging off to the set.

The blast on it had already blown up, and even everyone in the crew knew about it.

As soon as Jenny Jing entered the set, she felt that everyone looked at her with an inquisitive and strange gaze, and even more, already believing the rumors on it, looked at her with a kind of contempt.

Mo Nan was furious and stared back fiercely.

Jenny, however, was calm, as if this was something she didn't know about, or didn't happen.

Go to the dressing room as usual.

Clara had unexpectedly arrived early today and was already sitting there when she entered.

She'd brought her own makeup artist, who was now coiffing her hair, and when she saw her come in, a fake smile piled up on one face.

"Sister, you're here? I thought you were going to take the day off and not come over!"

Unexpectedly, Jenny Jing, who had normally always been indifferent to her, actually responded to her.

She raised an eyebrow, "Why would I want to take a leave of absence?"

Clara showed a surprised expression.

"You don't know that yet, do you, sister?"

She said, taking out her phone and tapping on the top hotspot to show her.

"I saw it early in the morning, and I didn't know how much I was worried about my sister, and was thinking of coming over to see you myself if I didn't see you coming later!! I can't believe you don't know!"

Jenny Jing's eyes drooped and swiped at her phone.

Ignoring the flicker of gloom that crossed Jing's face, he smiled.

"So this is what you're talking about, I know about this, what's up?"

Everyone around them stared in surprise.

How can you be so calm when you know?

Does this mean you really don't care, or are you pretending not to!

Seemingly sensing their thoughts, Jenny Jing gave a light laugh, "No need to be so surprised!! If I have to care about whatever people say when their mouths are long, then am I going to live?"

The makeup artist who usually did Jenny's makeup had a good relationship with her.

I couldn't help but swallow my saliva at the news, which is why I asked in a small voice, "But this is making quite a lot of noise on it, aren't you afraid that it will affect your reputation ah?"

Jenny Jing sat upright and scratched his hair with a comb, saying in a light voice, "They are just thinking that I got to the top by subterfuge, no matter what I say now, no one will believe it, so why not just use strength to speak when the time comes, why bother with anything else?"

There was a moment of silence around him.

Jenny Jing caught sight of Clara's slightly ugly face out of the corner of his eye and smiled.

According to Clara and Yu Xiu Lian's thoughts, Jenny Jing had never filmed before and definitely couldn't act well.

When the time came, there was no need to say anything else, just to suppress her in strength.

But I didn't expect to find out until after she entered the group that not only could she act, but she was also exceptionally good at it.

When they were playing against each other, she had done her best to suppress Jenny, but not only was the other party not being suppressed by her, there was a hidden tendency for her to gain the upper hand.

Clara was simply furious.

The angrier you get, however, the grumpier you get, and when you get grumpy, you tend to get distracted, and when you get distracted, you tend to forget your lines.

Lin Shufan had lost his temper with her several times on the set over this incident.

Rumors are already swirling around the cast that she, who once won an award for her acting, isn't acting as well as someone new.

It's just that due to Clara's curry position there, there are very few people who dare to say such things, and most of them are just whispering about it in private, without actually spreading it out.

But spare enough to reach her ears.

At the thought of this, Clara could not wait to gnash her silver teeth.

Jenny Jing looked at her darkly changed face and smiled, "But speaking of which, I also found last night's incident strange, I just went to talk to Director Lin about the script, but I didn't expect to be secretly photographed and uploaded by someone who had the intention to do so.

Who is it that looks at me with such displeasure and is trying to discredit me? Good sister, you know?"

Clara was stunned, not expecting her to ask herself.

Facing Jenny Jing's sharp and cold gaze, she fidgeted for a moment, subconsciously dodging a bit.

It took a moment before he said, "How would I know? My sister doesn't know who she's offended out there, maybe they're trying to hurt you?"

Jenny raised his eyebrows.

"Oh? So you admit that I was framed, too?"

Clara stalled.

Realizing that she'd gotten caught up in her trap, she was suddenly furious.

"I didn't say that, but as an actress, when is it bad to talk about a script and have to wait until the evening?"

"It's quite ridiculous for a sister to do things on her own and end up blaming someone else."

Jenny Jing coldly held his lips.

"What happened to the actress? An actress deserves to be out at night? It's 9102 years old, why is my sister's mind still so rotten?"

I don't see the difference between talking about scripts at night and during the day, but it just depends on which time is more convenient.

As for those who thus accuse each other of indiscretion, I would simply say that the lustful see the lustful.

Is she expected to be objective and impartial in her view of a matter when her own brain is unclean, no matter what others do, and when she looks at people with colored eyes?"

There was a moment of silence in the dressing room as the words died down.

The crowd watched the two sisters as you and I went at it, and no one dared to say anything.

Clara did not expect that Jenny Jing would become so eloquent, was this still the old, tongue-tied and silent Jenny Jing?

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For a moment, she managed to smile and said, "I'm just saying that casually, what's my sister so excited about? If you haven't done it, you haven't done it, and if you're clean, are you still afraid that people will falsely accuse you of it?"

Jenny Jing smirked, "The public has to guard against it, but it doesn't matter what others think, as long as you don't think I'm that kind of person, sister."

Clara didn't understand what she meant by that.

What do you mean as long as she doesn't think she's that kind of person?

When had she, Jenny, ever cared so much about her sister's opinion?

Clara's heart scoffed, but his face remained silent.

A war of words, and it was over here.

Jenny Jing sat in position to prepare her make-up for styling, Clara was early for her part today, and by this time had finished getting her hair done and went out with Aoi's help.

Jenny secretly gave Mo Nan, who was standing in the corner, a wink.

Mo Nan would be impressed and turned around to follow him out.

On the set, the props have been built, Lin Shufan, although last night was counted, early in the morning mood beautiful no where to go, but still dutifully sat behind the camera.

Clara was standing in the centre of the field, listening to Wu Finger explain to her the next move, while on the other side stood several black-clothed masked men playing several black-clothed assassins in the play.

As the martial arts instructor finished explaining, a loud "action" was heard, and the camera started, officially shooting.

Aoi looked left and right, saw that no one was paying attention to her, and slipped to the side without moving.

The set was crowded and chaotic, and Aoi walked through the crowd until she reached the outside of the set, not stopping, but walking straight towards the hotel.

Mo Nan followed from a distance, seeing the situation carefully.

The hotel was no more than a seven or eight minute walk from the set, and when she arrived, she went up to the first floor, only to find a male waiter in a corner.

"Where's the stuff?"

"What is it?"The other side is a bit confused.

"Those drugged meals and drinks, didn't you take them out this morning when you cleaned your room?"

The other smelled even more confused.

"I don't see any leftovers or drinks!"

Aoi's face changed.

"You didn't clean the room?"

"I cleaned it up, but I didn't see any leftovers or drinks, so I guess they're done!"

"How is that possible?Even if you're done eating, there should be a box there, have you seen the box?"

The waiter shook his head.

Aoi's face changed completely.

The other party thought for a moment, and seemed to react to the strangeness of this matter, followed by a change of colour and a whisper, "Did they... find something!"

"Crap!"

Unable to find anything, Aoi got a little anxious and stomped a few feet in place, "What do we do? If the things aren't taken back and Sister Maya finds out, she won't let me go!"

"Or you could just tell her that you've already thrown the thing away! She wouldn't know anyway."

"No, if you didn't see anything there when you went in, it must have been hidden by Lin Guiding and the others, and if I lie to her now that it's back and Lin Guiding brings it out later, Sister Ya will kill me!"

That waiter's face turned unsightly at the news.

Half a dozen times before saying, disgruntled, "If you ask me, you shouldn't have agreed to do this for her! It's a guilty conscience to do such a shameful thing!"

Words.

After a moment, she said, "Never mind, I'll just go back to telling it like it is! You've got to watch out for the next two days, so you don't get trapped."

The waiter nodded and they parted.

In the dark, Mo Nan put down her phone and replayed the video she had taken on her phone, nodding her head in satisfaction.

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It didn't take long for Aoi to return to the set.

It just so happened that this is when King Maya shot the intermission and was sitting there drinking water.

Aoi walked up to her and bent down to whisper something in her ear.

Clara's face changed violently, and her subconscious was a cup of water thrown over, snapping angrily, "Rubbish! What's the point of raising you if you can't get this done?"

Aoi was splashed all over her face and lowered her head, biting her lip without uttering a word.

The people around them were attracted by the sound there and couldn't help but look over.

Only then did Clara realize that she had lost her temper, and instantly changed her face in full view of the public, looking tender and concerned.

"Why are you so careless? Carrying a glass of water will also make a spill, okay, go down and get dressed, no need to take care of me here."

Aoi bit her lip in death, half-heartedly, before turning away.

In this circle, there are all kinds of people, from the beautiful ones to the fast-talking ones, to the hypocritical ones and the vicious ones like White Lotus.

But as long as things don't involve themselves, no one is going to talk much about it.

It's a common tacit agreement in the adult world that things don't matter, that they're high.

As for that assistant not being pitiful, there might be some sympathy, but that little sympathy wasn't so high as to make them go and offend Clara.

Aoi walked forward with her head down, sullenly silent.

Although Clara lived over there in the hotel, as a junior assistant, she was not qualified to live over there.

The crew was already strapped for funds, and the best treatment had been given to a few of the main cast and director, while the rest of them, all of them, were staying in a nearby hotel.

Aoi was walking in the direction of the hotel when a shadow appeared in front of her and a man blocked her path.

She looked up and saw the serious, stern face of Mo Nan.

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Jenny put on her makeup and went to the set in slow motion.

Clara had rested enough, and the next scene was a rivalry between the two of them.

As the female lead and second woman in the drama, the two are naturally very much in rivalry since they are deadly rivals.

People were initially worried that Jenny Jing, as the female lead and a newcomer in acting, would likely be overpowered by Clara.

The woman in this drama is already an overbearing and black character, and if the second woman is pressed down, then the effect that comes out in the end may be much less effective.

Along with the ratings of the play itself, it's likely to suffer.

But the good news is that Kingning didn't disappoint and has been remarkable before.

And although Clara made a few mistakes, but after all, the bottom is there, not good enough to be considered to play smoothly.

Because the scandal of Jenny has been feverishly speculated on the last few days, even this drama, which has no reputation at all, has a hint of heat.

So today at noon there will be a media to come over for a roadshow photo shoot, Lin Shufan has already been informed, for such an arrangement, there is no doubt.

He just cares about making a good movie, and as for the rest, he can do whatever he likes, it doesn't matter.

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Rather, it was Clara who was quite concerned.

After all, the drama is still in the filming stage, and not even the footage has been released yet, so all the news can only be delivered by this roadshow photo.

Thus, as soon as the media entered the arena, Clara began to put up a fight and revert to her gentle little fairy appearance.

"Sister, the next is the most important scene of the whole play, you must behave well, don't drag everyone's feet only ah."

Jenny Jing looked at her with a faint glance, clouding the words, "Worry about yourself!"

Clara laughed and whispered, "So many reporters are present, of course I will behave well, but you, don't think that just because you behaved well a while ago, you think you're acting well enough.

This acting thing, just relying on hard work is useless, but also needs talent, this scene today, needs a lot of explosive power, if the performance is not in place, the other people can all see in the eyes, when the time comes what rumors are spread, I can not help sister."

Jenny Jing looked at her indifferently, like she was watching a joke.

King's words, thinking she was affected by her own words, made her smile smugly and turn away.

The camera is tuned up, everyone is in position and ready to shoot.

This is a scene in which Jenny Jing, as the woman Fuchachun, finally takes the backseat after much hardship.

And the original Empress Niuhu.Yulan, however, was exposed for his scheming and self-inflicted consequences, lost the emperor's heart, and was imprisoned after being abolished.

A new queen, an invalid queen, meets in the cold palace, and the new queen gives her a cup of poisoned wine that makes her kill herself.

Before her death, the Empress Dowager is unwilling to let the new Empress live her life to her heart's content, and reveals that the real culprit behind the murder of her entire family is the current Emperor.

Very dogged drama, but also, I must say, very anticlimactic and gripping.

Such a play, in the whole play, naturally belongs to the heavy **play.

So everyone prepares in advance.

Last night, the reason why Lin Shufan still called Jenny over in the middle of the night was actually because he was worried that she would not play well in this play and wanted to give her a lecture.

After all, while she had always played well before, those plays had been smoother, unlike this one today, which required so much emotion to be mobilized.

But unexpectedly, it would be plotted.

Lin Shufan was in a depressed mood, and even the entire crew, today, was a bit depressed.

Once you're ready, you start shooting.

The cold palace is naturally depressing in every way, the dilapidated palace, the courtyard overgrown with weeds, a crooked-necked willow tree planted in the corner, in such a spring season, but most of the leaves are yellow, visible no one to take care of.

The bricks on the floor were covered with moss, which made it easy to fall over if you weren't paying attention, and everywhere there was an unpleasant musty smell with a pungent dampness that was masking the nose.

Jenny Jing thought to herself, wondering how the crew had found such a remote and deserted courtyard.

The courtyard was not large, a few steps to the front of the house, followed by two maids who went forward and pushed open the door, a young male bent down to follow, reported, "The Empress has arrived!"

And yet, no one came out to greet them.

The palace was gloomy and dimly lit, and when the door opened, it was a puff of dust and the smell of damp mold.

Jenny frowned, and the two little palace maids beside her, stopped her and fanned the air in front of her, trying to fan away some of that pungent smell.

She raised her hand, stopping them, and then she stepped inside with her skirt up.

The depression and dilapidation of the Cold Palace could already be felt outside, and once inside the palace, this feeling became more and more apparent.

There was thick dust everywhere, and an unknown number of spiders caked inside the corners of the palace, with dried-out mosquitoes sticking to them and tiny creepy crawlies passing by.

The palace also has nothing to furnish, even the chairs and tables are haphazardly fallen to the ground, the east side is missing a leg, the west side is broken a table corner, a look is not sure how many years placed here has not been replaced.

The house smelled badly of mildew, and in one of the east corners was a simple wooden collapse, on which lay a man lying upright.

Perhaps he heard footsteps, and the man sat up with a strong hand.

Only an aqua blue palace dress on her body was already so dirty that she couldn't see its original colour, and her hair was also messy, as soon as she saw the visitor, her eyes radiated a resentful light.

"What are you doing here?"

Jenny Jing waved his hand and ordered the palace men to retreat before walking over with a shallow smile on his face.

"I heard the Empress is ill, so I came to see what's wrong. The Queen seems surprised?"

The sound of "Queen Mother" was like a steel needle stabbing into Clara's heart.

Back then, she was the high empress, the most noble woman in the entire empire, wanting the wind or the rain, and her brother was an army general with a heavy hand, even the emperor had to scruple her a little.

The woman in front of her, however, was nothing more than an insignificant little palace maid, just like a greedy mole, who was trampled under her feet and could be run over and crushed to pieces with the slightest effort on her part.

But now, this woman has taken her place as the new queen.

She, on the other hand, was to stay in this crumbling palace and become an outcast spurned by all.

Hahahahahahaha....

It's pathetic and ridiculous!

Clara's pale laugh came out with an uncountable number of sad chokes.

Halfway through, she stopped laughing and stared coldly at Jenny Jing, sneering, "Success or failure, I have nothing to say, if you came today to see my joke, then you've got your wish, get lost!"

"Bold! How dare you speak to the Queen Mother like that!"

Jenny Jing raised his hand, stopping the paladin from yelling.

She looked faintly at the woman in front of her and stepped away.

“What do you think, after all this time, you have for me to joke about?”

The light shifted forward little by little as Jenny Jing’s footsteps, finally settling at a step away from Clara.

Jenny Jing bent slightly and reached out to cupped her chin.

She had a smile on her face, but her eyes were not smiling at all, and were set off by the light, which spilled over into the coldness of the stars instead.

Clara was forced to tilt her head as she cupped her chin.

Such a humiliating position was clearly unacceptable to her, and she struggled several times, but didn’t break free.

Instead, the pain in her jaw seeped from the threads of skin into her bones and then from her bones into her brain, only to feel like her bones were being crushed.

Jenny whispered word by word, “You are living worse than a dog, do you think I would be interested in a dog that wags its tail and begs for mercy?Hmm?”

Her voice was low and quiet, like ice on a lake, and it produced a slight chill when it entered the ear.

Clara’s heart inexplicably shuddered.

An unexplainable sense of panic came over me like an invisible wind.