

Crazy Love 141

Chapter 141

The driver couldn't fathom the enigma that his life seemed to have turned into.

Ben suddenly remembered something and began to coax Susan with a proposition, "Susan, that model Rose, who you said would be a perfect fit for our new brand, is shooting the advertisement tomorrow. Would you like to go and watch if you are a fan of

hers?"

"Hub?" Susan was momentarily confused. "Rose?"

Ben clarified, "Yeah, out of the four candidates we had last time, she was the one your believed was the best fit."

Susan was stunned, "But... I just said it in passing."

She hadn't expected Ben to actually go ahead and finalize Rose for the job.

A wave of anxiety suddenly engulfed her.

What if her casual suggestion turned out to be a mistake that adversely affected the sales of the new smartphone?

Although she hadn't been deeply involved in the development of the phone, she knew it embodied the hard work and aspirations of Ben and his team.

If the campaign tanked because of her choice, she'd be drowning in guilt.

However, Ben seemed nonchalant about it. "It doesn't really matter who the spokesperson is. Our new phone will surely sell like hot cakes."

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"Alright," Susan conceded, still feeling ad shoot is tomorrow, right? I have the day off, so maybe I'll drop by and check things out?"

She wanted to personally ensure that her choice delivered the expected impact.

"Sure," Ben said casually, "I'll just inform the person in charge. But Susan, I have to head to Malabo in the next couple of days to discuss a potential collaboration and development project with the government there. Please keep me posted if anything comes up at home."

Susan cast a teasing yet serious glance at him, "You won't come back with a different face again, will you?"

This made Ben act all pitiful as he leaned closer to Susan, whispering, "How dare I? Last time I changed my look you didn't let me touch you for days. If I change my face again, when will the restraint end?"

Even though the driver couldn't hear their conversation, Susan still cast a nervous glance towards the front.

The driver immediately straightened up, putting on an act of seeing nothing.

Susan blushed and gently pinched Ben, who seemed unaffected, wearing a thick skin that masked any reaction, as if nothing had transpired.

The next day.

Ben left for Malabo bright and early.

Susan glanced at the clock and decided to visit the ad shoot set.

As she stepped out, she bumped into Monica, who was just alighting from her car.

Monica, lacking a certain depth of thought yet possessing a skin thick as a brick wall, greeted Susan with a smile as if nothing had transpired between them before, "Hey Susan, where are you heading? It doesn't look like you're going to work at this hour, are you?"

Susan felt somewhat awkward.

Hadn't they clearly had a falling out before?

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How could Monica just stroll up and greet her as if nothing had happened?

Monica had no shame, and it seemed Susan still had some semblance of decency.

Smiling, she replied, "Nothing much, just going out for a stroll."

An idea sparked in Monica's mind.

She remembered her father telling her that to manipulate Susan, she first needed to find her weakness.

But how could she pinpoint Susan's vulnerability?

Obviously, she had to get closer to her.

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So Monica warmly suggested, "I'm free too, why don't we go together?"

Susan was at a loss for words.

She really couldn't deal with Monica's thick-skinned approach.

She declined, "No need. I'm good on my own."

"But that would be so boring!" Monica hastily objected, "With me, we can chat and enjoy each other's company."

Susan reiterated, "Really no need, I'm fine."

"You're too polite," Monica pressed on energetically, "Don't worry, I drove here myself. I can just follow you wherever you go."

Susan was completely speechless.

Was Monica planning to stick to her like an annoying plaster that refuses to come off?

Susan suggested tactfully, "You must have other things to do around here? I wouldn't want to hold you up."

"Not really," Monica said, "I heard Edie is out of town, and I thought I'd keep Charlie company so he wouldn't be lonely. But now I think about it, with Penelope around, he probably doesn't need me. I might as well join you."

Susan was at a loss for words.

It seemed this annoying plaster had indeed firmly attached itself to her, and now she was also concerned that Monica might bother Charlie.

Forcing a smile, she said, "The latest series of Storm phones have secured a spokesperson, and they are filming the advertisement today. I'm going to check out the set, which should be quite boring. Charlie is probably resting now, why don't you just go

home?"

The underlying message in Susan's words was crystal clear.

But understanding subtleties was not Monica's strong suit.

Monica's smile brightened instantly, "Filming advertisement? I've never seen one! This is a great opportunity to broaden my horizons."

Susan was at a loss for words again.

Monica looked at her somewhat innocently, "Don't you want to take me with you? In that case, maybe I should go visit Charlie instead.

Without any expression, Susan grabbed her arm.

Monica was truly shameless, and to make matters worse, their families had some connections, so she couldn't deal with her as she would with others.

If Monica insisted on seeing Charlie, he would most likely agree to see her.

Charlie was not in the best of health lately. What if Monica spewed some nonsense and upset the old man?

Susan sighed internally. Fine! She was just unlucky.

It seemed she had to grit her teeth and endure Monica's harassment for now.

"What's the matter?" Monica asked innocently, looking at Susan.

"I'll take you with me," Susan said with a stern face.

"Oh Susan, you're simply the best!" Monica said, her face breaking into a bright smile, seemingly unaware of Susan's icy tone.

Susan didn't respond, but a thought ran across her mind, "weak people are afraid of strong ones, strong ones fear the aggressive, and the aggressive fear those who have no shame."

Despite being coerced into bringing Monica along, Susan sternly warned her, "Monica, I'm just visiting the ad shoot site. The professionals handle the actual work, and it has nothing to do with us. Do you understand?"

Monica's eyes twinkled as she said cheerfully, "Don't worry, I promise I'll just watch and keep quiet."

Susan nodded, but her mind was on high alert.

If it weren't for the prearranged meeting with the ad team, she would have called it off, especially since Monica insisted on coming along.

Now that she was still going, she had to keep a close eye on Monica to prevent her from causing any unforeseen troubles.

Half an hour later, the car pulled up at a seven–star luxury hotel.

The top floor had been booked by the film crew for the commercial shoot.

Susan headed to the elevator that would take her to the top floor, with Monica following closely behind.

On the top floor.

It was currently restricted to unauthorized personnel.

After making a call, the person in charge of the ad personally came down to greet them, wearing a warm smile, he said, “Welcome, Mrs. Landor, we are honored to have you inspect our work.”

Susan was about to respond with a friendly remark when Monica suddenly chimed in, batting her eyelashes coquettishly, “Which Mrs. Landor are you referring to? I am also Mrs. Landor, you know.”

Chapter 142 The person in charge was bewildered. He glanced at Monica somewhat cluelessly and then looked at Susan, “Mrs. Landor, this...”

Before Susan could say anything, Monica chimed in again, “Oh my, don’t you know? I was Mr. Landor’s first wife. If it weren’t for people mistakenly thinking had died, would still be Mrs. Landor right now.”

Susan just looked at her expressionlessly.

The person in charge was completely flabbergasted.

The current wife and the ex-wife came together?

What kind of intriguing script was this?

He couldn't help but cautiously glance at Susan.

Susan calmly looked at Monica, "You said you were just here to look around." "Yes, yes!" Monica nodded hastily, "I promise won't interfere with anything."

Then she couldn't help but cover her mouth, "Oh dear, did I say something inappropriate just now? But, was just stating some facts!"

Susan continued to look at her with a blank expression..

Monica inexplicably felt a sense of unease.

Sometimes, Susan's gaze resembled Ben's, which inexplicably frightened her. Monica gritted her teeth, finally backing down, "Alright, I won't say anymore."

Susan withdrew her gaze and turned to the person in charge with a gentle look, "I'm not here to inspect the work, just here to have a look around. This is Ms. Lynn, she was curious and insisted on coming. I couldn't refuse, so I had to bring her along. Could you please assign two people to accompany her throughout? If she has any questions, have them explain things to her.

Assign two people to accompany her throughout?

This was basically supervision, right?

The person in charge immediately understood, "Yes, Madam!"

After all, one was the current wife and the other was the ex-wife.

The relationship between Mr. Landor and the current wife was still very strong. He knew perfectly well where his loyalties should lie.

"There's no need for someone to follow me, I..." Monica tried to decline.

But Susan had already ignored her, walking straight in.

“Ms. Lynn, I'll find someone to accompany you,” the person in charge said, stopping her with a smile that didn't reach his eyes. Monica pursed her lips, a flash of resentment sparkling in her eyes.

So, Susan was keeping an eye on her as if she was a thief.

But no matter how aggrieved she felt, it was useless. The person in charge indeed found two staff members who followed her closely, mirroring her every move.

Monica glanced at the two burly men flanking her and was speechless.

She refused to believe this!

She was sure she could handle this Susan.

A flicker of determination flashed in Monica's eyes as an idea emerged in her mind.

“ need to use the restroom,” she said.

Surely they wouldn't follow her that?

As expected, the two hefty men didn't stop her, only stationed themselves at the restroom door.

Monica snorted softly, quickly walking up to the mirror.

She took out a bottle of water from her bag, sprayed it on her eyes, instantly creating a pitiable, tear-streaked appearance.

She took a selfie with the mirror, and took another photo of the the restroom entrance.

Then, she sent the photos to Thomas.

two intimidating guards at

Her tear—rimmed eyes and frail appearance made her look exceedingly pitiful.

Thomas called back immediately, his voice laden with anxiety, “Monica, where are you? What happened?” Monica's voice trembled faintly, as if she were terrified to the extreme, “Thomas, I...1...

Before she could finish, she started sobbing softly.

“What exactly happened?” Thomas’s voice became increasingly tense.

With crying noises that sounded like she had reached her limit, Monica finally said amidst her sobs, “Thomas, it’s been a long time since I’ve seen grandpa. Today, when I came back, I just wanted to visit the Landor family to see him. But at the entrance, I met Mrs. Landor. For some reason, she refused to let me in when she heard I wanted to see grandpa, and even forcibly brought me to an advertisement shoot location. I don’t know how I offended Mrs. Landor. The moment I arrived, she had two burly men following me closely. Their stares are quite frightening, as if they intend to do something terrible to me. I was so scared that I hid in the restroom. Thomas, I am really scared.”

Thomas was momentarily stunned upon hearing this, “Mrs. Landor? Susan?”

“Yes, it’s her,” Monica cried, “Is she afraid that I will take her place? But I really just came to see grandpa. After all, he was once my grandfather.”

As she spoke, her crying became even more intense. Thomas hesitated slightly, “Susan... isn’t that kind of person.”

“Thomas, you don’t understand. When women become jealous, they can lose their sense of self,” Monica said tearfully. “Anyway, I’m now being restrained by the people she sent. Ben is not here. Can you come and save me?”

Monica's crying sounded genuinely distraught, not at all fabricated.

Even though he believed in Susan’s character, Thomas couldn’t fully shake off his concern.

He took a deep breath, “Send me your location.”

Monica quickly sent him her location, then pleaded pitifully, “I’ll wait for you here. You have to come quickly, okay?” Hearing Thomas agree, Monica finally hung up the phone.

A flicker of smug triumph flashed in Monica’s eyes.

Her father had advised her to stay put and just wait, but what good was waiting?

This time, she was determined to take matters into her own hands.

Quickly, she formulated a plan in her mind.

Thomas was Ben’s best friend and infatuated with her. If Thomas saw her being bullied by Susan, he would definitely stand up for her.

Ben might not believe her if she spoke ill of Susan, but he would certainly give credence to Thomas’ words. All she needed to do was get Thomas firmly on her side, then everything would fall into

place.

With these thoughts in mind, Monica calmly retouched her makeup in the mirror before stepping out.

As she exited, the two burly men followed closely, not letting her out of their sight.

Thankfully, they only trailed her, and as long as she didn't do anything destructive, they wouldn't obstruct her. Monica walked straight to the shooting site.

At the top floor of the hotel was a massive swimming pool, surrounded by a 360-degree area tiled with various props and equipment for the shoot.

Below, a woman with a striking figure was being filmed as she moved gracefully underwater, a bevy of cameras following her every move.

With her long hair flowing and a blue mermaid tail, it was clear that they were filming a mermaid-themed ad. From Susan's vantage point, she could only appreciate the woman's incredible figure; the finer details remained elusive. JMI

Only those near the main director could see the underwater scenes on the screen.

Though Susan didn't want to disturb

the director, Monica was quite, Kean

to get a look was

'blocked by the two big men

accompanying her.

Frustrated, she could only approach Susan resentfully. "Is this the new brand spokesman, Susan?" Monica asked with a hint of acidity in her tone. Before Susan could respond, someone nearby chimed in, eager to curry favor.

“Indeed, that’s supermodel Rose! Honestly, we had four contenders and each seemed a good fit. We were indecisive until Mrs. Landor, with her discerning eye, saynthadResé Was the perfebenoicel Today, during the shoot, our director was completely astonished by Rose’s natural flair for the camera. She’s even more dazzling here than on the runway, a true testament to Mrs. Landor’s impeccable taste,” the person exclaimed, with others around nodding and giving thumbs up in agreement.

“Really that good? Sounds more like you’re brown-nosing to me,” Monica retorted sourly. “I’m just stating the facts,” the person replied defensively. “Just wait and see for yourself. Rose’s performance is simply stunning.” Monica snorted dismissively, ready to argue further when the director suddenly called, “Next shot!”

And in the next moment, a radiant beauty broke through the water’s surface, captivating everyone present.

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Monica widened her eyes to take a closer look.

She was curious to see who this legendary Rose really was.

Rose, the flower?

She scoffed internally. Did she really live up to that name?

With the highest degree of scrutiny, Monica turned her attention to the unfolding scene.

The water’s surface danced with ripples of light.

A stunningly beautiful woman emerged, capturing everyone’s gaze, including Monica’s.

Despite being a woman herself, Monica found it nearly impossible to look away, even just

for a moment.

The emerging figure bore a cold and glamorous demeanor, her face devoid of any smile. However, her occasionally shifting gaze radiated a mesmerizing, almost bewitching allure.

Her blue mermaid tail fluttered gracefully in the water, while her golden tresses gently

ascended down her smooth back.

Then, the woman's upper body fully emerged, revealing a slender waist and an impressively voluptuous bust.

Whether it was her face or her figure, the woman exuded femininity to the extreme.

Is... is this Rose?

Monica was completely stunned.

Susan, too, couldn't help but marvel at the sight of Rose, her eyes filled with amazement.

She had seen Rose's photos and knew of her dazzling presence on the runway.

Yet, as someone had mentioned earlier, the Rose in front of them seemed a hundred times more captivating than she was on the runway.

This woman was indeed an enchanting siren!

The people at the scene were utterly enchanted, their faces reflecting awe and fascination

as they watched Rose move.

As Rose gracefully swam towards the shore, everyone's gaze followed her, captivated by her every move.

Once she sat elegantly on the shore, people continued to gaze at her, entranced.

A beauty was indeed a beauty, effortlessly perfect in every posture.

"What are you all standing around for?" the director yelled, snapping everyone back to reality. "Help her with that tail! Let Rose take a break."

"Yes!" the crew members hurriedly responded, suddenly jolted from their trance.

"Miss Rose, I'm sorry. You looked so beautiful that I was momentarily mesmerized," one of them apologized with embarrassment.

Theresa offered a playful smile and said, "No worries. It's the highest compliment for me."

Her friendly and gentle demeanor, devoid of any supermodel arrogance, instantly won over the hearts of the crew members.

After removing the mermaid tail, Theresa was ushered into the changing room. She quickly changed into casual clothes and was immediately called over by the director.

"Rose, let me brief you on the upcoming shots. Firstly, you need to..." the director began, explaining in detail.

Theresa listened intently, not daring to slack off even a bit.

Although she had already achieved some success on the runway, advertising was a completely new ball game for her.

She knew that she needed to put in extra effort to achieve favorable results.

She was determined to seize the opportunity Storm Group had given her with both hands.

“Mrs. Landor, I wasn’t exaggerating at all, was I? Miss Rose is truly outstanding, isn’t she?”

by astonishing.” the man from earlier hurriedly chimed in, “Your discernment is truly astonishing.”

Susan watched Theresa, now dressed casually, from a distance and let out a relaxed smile.

She had made a casual suggestion, never expecting Ben to take it seriously, which had put a considerable amount of pressure on her.

However, seeing Rose’s performance now, the majority of her worries melted

away.

This Rose was undoubtedly a gem among women.

Her recent portrayal of a mermaid, a cold yet tempting siren, perfectly matched the theme of the Storm Group’s Allure series.

This advertising campaign was in the bag.

Monica had also been impressed by Theresa’s performance just now. But hearing someone praise Susan’s judgement, she couldn’t hold back her remarks.

With a sour tone, Monica commented, “I think she’s just so–so? This woman seems like a flirtatious type. I’m afraid respectable women won’t appreciate her as a spokesperson.”

Susan frowned, about to say something, when suddenly a voice interrupted, “Respectable woman? Miss, in your opinion, what constitutes a ‘respectable woman’?”

Monica turned her head and saw Theresa standing with her arms crossed, a sardonic

smile on her face.

Theresa was squinting her eyes. She came over because a staff member informed her that Mrs. Landor was inspecting the set.

Thinking that she got the spokesperson role thanks to Susan’s word, she decided to come over to express her gratitude.

Unexpectedly, she walked into such a conversation.

What was even more amusing was that she had seen this woman who was speaking behind her back before.

Wasn’t this the woman who came with Thomas on the day of the blind date?

Of course, Monica probably didn’t recognize her now, given how different she looked from that day.

Honestly, Theresa had thought Monica’s bizarre behavior that day was just a performance. to help Thomas.

But it seemed, could this be her true nature?

Monica looked at Theresa and, without any realization of being caught badmouthing. disdainfully glanced at her before speaking, “Just look at your T-shirt, so short that your waist might show with a slight movement. And those jeans, so tight, who are you trying to seduce? I’ve seen many women like you, climbing the ladder through seduction. Did I say. something wrong by calling you improper?”

Women like us dress modestly, wearing skirts. that cover our knees, even hiding our ankles to maintain a ladylike demeanor, understand?"

Monica spoke with a lecturing tone, appearing like a pure white lotus swaying in the wind. in her white dress.

Theresa looked at her and suddenly burst into laughter.

"What are you laughing at?" Monica fumed.

Theresa said, "Nothing really, just finding your jealous demeanor quite amusing."

"Jealous? What do I have to be jealous of?" Monica's anger escalated.

"Obviously, it's because I'm prettier and have a better figure than you," Theresa replied with an innocent face. "Look at the dress you're wearing, with that thick white fabric at the chest. Is it because you're quite flat-chested and trying to conceal it?"

As she spoke, Theresa accentuated her comment by pushing out her chest, displaying her

full bosom.

Monica indeed was quite flat in the chest department, and Theresa had pinpointed her weakness, infuriating her even more. "You..."

"And another thing," Theresa continued unabashedly, "the loose design of your dress, not daring to reveal your waist – could it be that your waist is too thick and you don't want to show it off? And is your dress so long to cover those chunky legs of yours? I must say, you chose your dress well; it covers all your flaws nicely. You absolutely cannot wear the kind. of outfit I'm wearing. It would be a disaster on you."

Monica was speechless.

She was completely stunned by Theresa's torrent of words.

After a brief pause, Monica managed to say in a sharp tone, "I wouldn't stoop to wearing the kind of clothes you have on."

"Whether it's disdain or fear of wearing it, only you would know," Theresa chuckled. "Feel free to use the 'respectable person' excuse to cover up your truly disastrous figure."

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Theresa, a high-achieving student in classical literature, lost all traces of her literary grace when she began hurling insults.

Her words were like arrows, each striking right at Monica's heart.

"You, you, you..." Monica stuttered for a moment, wanting to retort, but facing Theresa's flawless figure, she couldn't find the words to express her indignation.

Susan, who was standing beside them, initially wanted to throw a few jabs at Monica as well, but she soon realized that Theresa's verbal onslaught was venomous enough that she didn't need to intervene.

Especially when she saw Monica's face turning from red to pale, it was just too hilarious to behold.

Unable to contain herself, Susan burst into laughter.

Initially, Monica's wrath was directed at Theresa, but Susan's laughter redirected it towards her. In a fit of anger, she glared at Susan and exclaimed, "Susan! The Lynn family and the Landor family have been allies for generations. You're siding with a stranger and laughing at me, does Ben know about this?"

"Do you plan to tattle?" Susan replied with a light chuckle, "Feel free to do so. Would you like me to call him for you?"

As she spoke, Susan even pulled out her phone, putting on a show of dialing Ben's number.

"You..." Monica reached out, attempting to grab the phone from her.

She had been using her connection to the Landor family to boost her status, but given Ben's current stance, would she dare to actually involve him?

"Seems like Ms. Lynn aren't as confident as you claim to be," Susan said as she sneered and put her phone away, leaving Monica with a face that seemed to have been slapped twice over.

Monica's face was a sight to behold, a myriad of unpleasant hues painting her frustration and embarrassment.

Losing interest in Monica, Susan turned towards Theresa with a friendly expression and

extended her hand, "Nice to meet you, Miss Rose."

Theresa grinned.

She had taken a liking to Susan, especially after witnessing her put Monica in her place.

Happily shaking Susan's hand, she said, "Pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Landor. I must thank you for speaking up for me, helping me secure this spokesperson role. This opportunity means a lot to me. I'll always remember your kindness."

Susan felt slightly awkward and said honestly, "Actually, I didn't intend to advocate for your at that time. There were four photos laid out, and honestly, I couldn't make out much from them, so I just casually

pointed at one. I had no idea the person in the photo was you, let alone that Ben would finalize the endorsement so quickly. If you want to thank someone,

thank fate.”

This really was...a complete coincidence.

Theresa was momentarily taken aback.

Mrs. Landor was surprisingly candid.

She could have easily accepted the gratitude, gaining favor in the process, but chose to reveal the entire story instead.

This honesty made Theresa appreciate Susan even more.

With a smile, she said, “Even if was a casual remark, the fact remains that you helped me, Mrs. Landor. I want to express my heartfelt thanks. If you ever need my assistance, I’ll do my best to help.”

Just as they were having a pleasant conversation, Monica couldn’t stand being left out and interjected resentfully, “Sweet words, but what help can a mere model offer?”

Susan shot her a sidelong glance and asked, “Do you know why turtles live so long?”

“Why?” Monica furrowed her brows in confusion.

“Because they certainly don’t interrupt conversations and annoy people like you do,” Susan retorted.

Monica was speechless.

This time, it was Theresa who couldn’t help but burst out laughing.

This Mrs. Landor, truly was a fascinating person.

She felt that she had grown even fonder of her.

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Susan and Theresa seemed to be hitting it off splendidly. In contrast, Monica felt deeply humiliated, her face turning a grim shade of green.

Inside her mind, a whirlwind of venomous words spun wildly.

Susan, Theresa!

If she could seize the opportunity, she, Monica, would surely make these two pay!

As Monica was furiously cursing inwardly, she suddenly caught sight of a familiar figure.

Thomas was rushing in with a worried expression on his face.

This seven-star hotel was one of Ben's properties! Thomas had accompanied Ben here a few times, so the hotel staff recognized him as Ben's close friend.

Hence, the security let him in without any hesitation.

Upon entering, Thomas frantically began searching for Monica.

In his eyes, she was extremely fragile, in dire need of protection.

Maybe Susan didn't mean any harm, but it was possible that Monica had frightened herself.

Regardless, Monica desperately needed him right now, and he had to stay by her side.

Upon seeing Thomas searching for her, Monica's eyes lit up instantly.

Suddenly, she grabbed hold of Susan's hand.

"What are you doing?" Susan asked, looking at her with surprise.

Clutching Susan's hand tightly and shouting, Monica exclaimed, "Mrs. Landor, what are you trying to do?"

Then, with an exaggerated stumble backward, she plunged directly into the swimming pool.

Susan was dumbfounded.

Theresa was dumbfounded too.

The two exchanged a baffled look, both utterly perplexed.

Even the nearby staff were somewhat stunned. "What is Ms. Lynn playing at?"

Everyone present had clearly seen that Monica had fallen in by herself.

With such a clumsy ploy, was she really trying to frame Mrs. Landor?

Was this some kind of joke?

While everyone was left scratching their heads in confusion, Thomas swiftly rushed over.

“Thomas?!”

Susan and Theresa exclaimed in unison.

“Huh?”

Susan gave Theresa a somewhat puzzled glance.

Did Theresa also know Thomas?

However, it seemed like Thomas didn't hear anything; frantic, he jumped straight into the swimming pool.

He struggled to swim over to Monica and pulled her up to the surface.

Monica genuinely couldn't swim.

After being rescued, she spat out several mouthfuls of water before finally catching her

breath.

Thomas was gently patting her back, looking at her with concerned eyes.

Finally, Monica seemed to recover, her eyes brimming with tears as she threw herself into Thomas's arms, "Thomas, thank goodness you arrived just in time! Otherwise, I might have actually drowned."

As she spoke, tears cascaded down her face.

Thomas felt a sharp pang in his heart as he continued comforting her, murmuring, "Don't be afraid, I'm here."

After crying for a bit, Monica finally regained her composure. With a face full of grievance, she turned towards Susan, "Mrs. Landor, we... we have no grudges against each other, why did you push me into the pool? Is it because I'm a good match for Ben in terms of family. background, and also his ex-wife?"

Thomas's eyes narrowed suddenly, involuntarily shifting his gaze towards Susan.

He had turned towards the commotion upon hearing Monica's voice. At that time, Susan had her back to him, and he could only vaguely perceive that some conflict seemed to have occurred between Susan and Monica before Monica ended up in the pool.

Could it really be that Susan had deliberately pushed Monica in?

It didn't seem like it!

Susan furrowed her brow, finally understanding the source of Monica's absurd actions.

She must have seen Thomas coming!

Moreover, the reason Thomas came might even be connected to her!

"This woman really doesn't know how to stop courting disaster," she thought, thoroughly exasperated.

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Before Susan could respond, Theresa couldn't help but say, "Have you lost your mind? It was clearly you who grabbed Mrs. Landor's hand and deliberately fell into the pool!"

A staff member nearby chimed in, "Exactly, Ms. Lynn, don't stir up trouble unnecessarily. We all saw it, you fell on purpose."

"You...you all..." Monica trembled as she pointed accusingly at the people around her. "She's Mrs. Landor, of course, you all would take her side. You are bullying a weak woman like me. Don't your hearts ache by doing this to me, especially when the night is quiet and deep?"

Everyone was speechless.

Why should their hearts ache?

They were only telling the truth!

Thomas, Monica suddenly burst into even more dramatic tears, "they're all ganging up. against me. Now, only you are on my side."

The woman in his arms was crying rivers, and Thomas hesitated as he glanced at the swimming pool, seemingly caught in two minds.

"Do you also not believe me?" Monica looked at him somewhat hysterically. "Why would I jump into the pool myself? There's no reason. And you saw, Thomas, I can't swim at all. But I was in the pool for several minutes and no one came to rescue me. It was only when you arrived that I was saved. If you hadn't come, I might... I might have drowned in the

pool."

Monica's cries became more heart-wrenching, "What have I done to deserve such hatred. from Mrs. Landor, to the point she wants to see me dead? Just because I was once Ben's wife? Even though I came back, I never intended to compete with you! Can't you tolerate my presence at all?"

Monica's crying escalated, becoming increasingly pitiful to the point that she seemed on the verge of fainting from distress.

Unable to bear seeing her so distressed, Thomas couldn't find the words to say, only managing to softly console her.

The onlookers were at a loss for words.

If they hadn't witnessed the whole scene, they might have felt sorry for Ms. Lynn.

Her methods might be mediocre, but her acting was top-notch.

Monica's wailing and theatrics attracted the attention of the entire film crew.

As more people gathered, Monica's cries grew louder, and her appearance became more pitiful.

The newcomers hadn't seen the whole event unfold.

They looked puzzled at the wailing Monica, then at the expressionless Susan.

In their minds, numerous question marks quickly surfaced.

What on earth happened?

Could Mrs. Landor really have....

"Mrs. Landor!" Monica cried out, "our family is weak, I don't ask for much. But you nearly killed me, you should at least apologize to me!"

Susan watched Monica's performance without any expression.

It was only at this point that she let out a cold chuckle.

Apologize?

That would mean admitting to the false accusation of pushing her.

If one were to speak the truth, Monica, despite seeming foolish, really was foolish.

In front of several people, she dared to use such crude tactics.”

She indeed possessed a shred of cunning.

On one hand, with just a twist of words, she managed to recruit the few staff members who had witnessed everything into her camp. In this way, no matter how many people testified for her, all Monica needed to say was that these people didn't dare to offend Mrs. Landor and that's why they sided with her, rendering their testimonies unreliable.

On the other hand, she chose the exact moment when Thomas came over to frame Susan,

neither earlier nor later.

Susan vaguely remembered Ben mentioning that Thomas had been pining for Monica for

many years.

Therefore, Monica knew that her backup had arrived, and that's why she decisively chose to frame Susan.

“Bravo, bravo,” Theresa couldn’t help but applaud, her face wearing an expression of disbelief as she looked at Monica, “Your acting skills are being wasted; you should be on the stage.”

“Miss Rose, you can’t mock me just because Mrs. Landor recommended you to be the spokesperson,” Monica said between sobs.

As she spoke, she shrunk fearfully into Thomas’s embrace, “I know, all of you are siding with Susan to target me, but now Thomas is here, he will definitely seek justice for me.”

Monica turned her tear-filled, misty eyes towards Thomas.

The depths of her eyes were filled with a dependent gaze, as if Thomas was her entire world.

Thomas felt a soft tug at his heart under her gaze. He couldn’t help but look at Susan, his face showing signs of disappointment. “Monica didn’t come back with any intention to compete with you for anything. Your aggressive behavior might disappoint Ben when he finds out.”

Susan simply lifted her eyes slightly.

It was somewhat expected that Thomas chose to believe Monica.

After all, they shared a childhood friendship, while she had only met Thomas a few times.

But understanding as she was, she couldn’t help but mentally label Thomas as ‘blind’ in her

heart.

“Mr. Smith,” Susan began politely.

Thomas was taken aback for a moment.

“Mr. Smith“, this form of address seemed a bit... too distant.

Susan was clearly upset.

But in his mind, he hadn't done anything wrong.

So many were siding with Susan, but he was the only one standing up for Monica.

He was resolved to speak up for her.

“That's how it is,” Susan said calmly. “In this world, there's a saying – ‘take what you hear with a grain of salt, and another that goes, ‘seeing is believing.’”

“What do you mean, ‘seeing is believing? You're going to call those people as witnesses? They are all biased towards you!” Monica protested, her voice tinged with grievance.

Susan ignored Monica, waving her hand to beckon a videographer. She remarked, “I noticed earlier that you were setting up video equipment, and one of the cameras seemed to be pointing this way. Did

it capture anything?”

The videographer hesitated, about to say that all the cameras were turned off during their break time when the chief director of the advertisement, interjected impassively, “What a coincidence. The camera I was adjusting just now was indeed facing this direction. It probably caught everything. I'll just need to zoom in a bit to see the details clearly.”

“Zooming in, would that be a hassle?” Susan inquired.

“Not at all, just standard procedure. It will take a few seconds,” Mr. Witt assured, bringing

over his camera.

Susan then turned to Monica with a composed face, "See, the issue is about to be resolved. People might lie, but machines wouldn't, right?"

Tears welled up in Monica's eyes, hanging precariously at the corners. She seemed to have been struck dumb, her entire being in shock.

Theresa glanced at Monica sympathetically, "I'm not sure whether to call you foolish once

or twice. Setting a trap is one thing, but how could you think of doing it in a place brimming with cameras?"

"Mrs. Landor, I found it!" Mr. Witt exclaimed excitedly, "It's this video right here."

"Well," Susan responded, approaching to have a look.

On the camera screen, it was pitch dark; nothing could be seen.

However, Susan's expression remained unchanged, her head nodding continuously as she pointed at the screen, instructing, "Right here, zoom in a bit.

Mr. Witt played along, feigning some adjustments.

Susan observed seriously, nodding her head now and then.

Witnessing the duo's act, beads of sweat began to form on Monica's forehead.

There's a video?

“No, that can’t be,” Monica thought, her heart pounding violently. “There’s no such coincidence. Susan must be bluffing.”

Chapter 146 Even though she was continuously comforting herself, Monica couldn't help but shudder uncontrollably.

Seeing Monica in this state, Thomas couldn't help but say, “Monica, don’t be scared. Having a video only means that everyone can know the truth, right?”

Monica didn’t respond, but the beads of sweat on her forehead became even more pronounced. Something about Monica’s reaction seemed off.

Thomas was stunned for a moment, a flicker of doubt crossing his mind.

Could it be...

No, it couldn't be.

Although Monica sometimes acted inappropriately, she had a good heart. She couldn't possibly be framing Susan with this kind of scheme.

She wasn’t that kind of person.

“Thomas, come over here and take a look,” Susan suddenly glanced at Thomas. “If everything is fine, plan to post this video on Twitter directly. This way, can avoid being unjustly accused by some.”

What?

Post it on Twitter?

Given Susan’s current popularity online, if she really uploaded the video, a sinking feeling instantly hit Monica.

Then, her reputation would be utterly ruined.

Thomas noticed Monica's suddenly pale face and pressed his lips together slightly. Standing up, he intended to go and check. "No!" Monica suddenly grabbed Thomas's hand firmly.

"What's wrong?" Thomas's voice was still gentle, but his face had hardened.

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"What's wrong?" Thomas's voice was still gentle, but his face had hardened.

"Monica, please don't tell me you've lied to me," he thought.

“L... ..” Monica hesitated, unable to find the right words. Z 9% 09:55

Susan raised an eyebrow, “Well, might as well just post it then. Mr. Witt, please send me a copy of the video.” Mr. Witt agreed and was about to copy the video.

Pulling out her phone, Susan assumed a posture that showed she was ready to post the video on Twitter as soon as she received it.

“Tsk, tsk, tsk, as soon as this video is out, netizens will definitely know what you are,” Theresa said with a face full of malicious joy.

Her words pierced straight into Monica’s heart.

A flicker of panic passed through Monica’s eyes.

No, she absolutely couldn’t let Susan upload that video.

With a sudden move, Monica stood up, intending to snatch the USB drive from Mr. Witt’s hand. “Ms. Lynn, what are you trying to do?” Mr. Witt dodged swiftly.

Susan raised an eyebrow and grabbed her hand firmly, “Weren't you the one insisting that! pushed you? If upload the video, everyone can help you condemn me. Isn't this a good thing for you?”

“Is ” Monica was at a loss, forcing herself to say, “I... just don’t want to make this a big deal. It won’t be good for your reputation.”

Still not admitting it?

Susan scoffed coldly, “Thank you for your concern, but don’t mind.” De your pho

“Mrs. Landor, give I'll help you transfer it,” the director said.

“Alright.” Susan unlocked her phone and handed it over to the director without hesitation. “Log into my Twitter and upload it directly.”

“Okay.” Mr. Witt took the phone and started operating it on the side.

Monica watched helplessly, wanting to rush over to stop it, but her hand was firmly held by Susan, making it impossible to break free.

Panic surged in Monica’s heart.

She had just returned and had barely managed to find a steady footing in the circle of the elite again. If this video got uploaded... would she have any reputation left to speak of?

Thomas observed Monica’s frantic demeanor, and even though he was reluctant to believe it, deep down, he already knew the answer.

He looked at Monica's face, once pure and innocent, which used to be his favorite sight.

But now, it only seemed foreign to him, and even... somewhat terrifying.

“The transfer is complete, I’m uploading it now,” the director said, holding the phone.

“Wait!” Monica finally couldn’t hold back, shouting out loud.

“Wait? Alright, tell me again, what exactly happened earlier?” Susan asked, her face emotionless as she stared at her. Biting her lip, Monica spoke with a face flushed with shame, “You... you didn’t push me. fell down by accident.”— “Just an accident?” Susan said with a cold smirk.

Monica stood her ground defiantly, “Don’t go too far.”

“Mr. Witt...” Susan began to turn and call.

“Wait, wait, wait.” Monica became frantic, gritting her teeth as she spoke, “It was me... intentionally fell to frame you. It was me, all me. Is this satisfactory?”

Susan flashed a smile, calmly letting go of Monica’s hand. She glanced at Thomas, “So now, the truth is out in the open, isn’t it?” Thomas’ lips trembled, unable to speak for a long moment.

Monica hung her head, not daring to look at Thomas’ expression.

“Can you delete the video now?” she asked in a soft voice.

Susan raised an eyebrow, “Mr. Witt, show her the video.”

Mr. Witt came over cheerfully, holding the camcorder.

He turned on the device and Monica widened her eyes to watch. 4

However, all the footage in the camcorder was of Rose filming an advertisement, there was no video of her falling into the water at all.

Monica was stunned for a moment before she realized the deception. She couldn't help but shriek, “Susan, there was no video at all, you tricked me, you actually tricked me!”

She turned to Thomas, “Thomas, didn’t try to frame her deliberately. She pushed me down! She threatened me, which is why ae

Thomas quietly watched Monica’s performance. After a while, he asked, “Do look like a fool?” Monica froze, a sudden ominous feeling in her heart. “What do you mean?” she asked.

Thomas let out a bitter smile, “I can't blame you. Perhaps, neve besa fool ey thebegihitiny? Monica, fon now on, don’t contact me anymore.”

He turned around, walking out calmly.

At the exit, he turned to Susan, sincerely apologizing, "I'm sorry."

Then, without looking back, he left.

"Thomas!" Monica's eyes contracted suddenly, feeling a dull ache in her heart.

She could sense that this time, Thomas truly intended to let her go.

But how could this be?

Since Thomas loved her, he should stick with her till the end.

Even if she didn't reciprocate his feelings, he should be understanding and forgiving. How could he abandon her halfway?

Monica yelled Thomas' name at the top of her lungs. But Thomas had already left, without turning back.

Suddenly feeling weak in her legs, Monica collapsed to the ground, numb.

However, everyone at the scene had seen her true colors. They cast her a disdainful glance, and she began to whisper scornful remarks amongst themselves, with no one intending to help her up.

"Alright, take a ten-minute break, then we continue filming," Mr. Witt said calmly. Everyone nodded in agreement. Susan hurried to thank him, "Mr. Witt, thank you for cooperating with me."

Mr. Witt waved it off, his expression full of disdain, "I've seen all soul things i the entertaininent industry. Tobe honest, Ms. Lynn's antics just now were simply..."

He shook his head, his face conveying a sense of being at a loss for words.

Chapter 147 Susan chuckled and said, "Anyway, still have to thank you. If you need any help in the future, feel free to ask."

Mr. Witt was about to decline, but remembering a predicament he was facing, his expression changed and he couldn't help but say, "Mrs. Landor, I'm sorry, but actually do have a favor to ask. Could perhaps have a way to contact you?"

Susan was momentarily taken aback.

Mr. Witt was indeed a character.

Usually, people would offer a polite refusal to such a proposition, even if just as a formality. But this director agreed immediately.

Some might find Mr. Witt's approach a bit too forward, but Susan found herself appreciating his straightforward nature. Smiling, she handed over her contact information.

With her contact details in hand, Mr. Witt walked away, quite pleased. "I'm off to get ready," Theresa said to Susan with a smile.

"Good luck!" Susan cheered her on, playfully waving her fist.

Susan had spent the entire day at the filming site.

Initially, she assumed it would be a rather dull experience, but to her surprise, she found herself quite engrossed, particularly captivated by Rose's performance.

It was so dazzling that even as a woman, she couldn't get enough of watching her. By the time they wrapped up the advertisement shooting, it was already evening.

Mr. Witt was extremely satisfied with the footage they'd captured. Turning to Theresa, he mentioned, "I'll send this off for post-production. In all likelihood, everything should be fine. But just in case we need to reshoot any scenes, we'll need your cooperation."

"Of course," Theresa agreed with a smile, which brought a grin to Mr. Witt's face.

With business matters concluded, Mr. Witt cast a glance at Susan and Theresa standing 8% 09:56

together. An idea struck him, and he couldn't resist asking, "Mrs. Landor, was wondering if you're free tonight. May I invite you to dinner?"

Susan blinked.

Mr. Witt was quite the eager beaver.

He had just mentioned needing her help, and now he couldn't hold back his impatience.

Since she had no other plans, she accepted the invitation with a smile.

Feeling elated, Mr. Witt then turned to Theresa to ask, "Miss Rose, are you also available? Would you like to join us for dinner?" "Me?" Theresa paused, taken aback.

"I may need Miss Rose's assistance with something as well," Mr. Witt added, slightly sheepish.

Mr. Witt, a renowned figure in the industry, had a pleasant collaboration with them this time. Theresa didn't see any reason to decline the dinner invitation.

Hence, the trio set off to dine together. Mr. Witt promptly reserved a private dining room in the seven-star hotel where they were filming the advertisement. While they waited for their dishes to arrive, he couldn't contain his enthusiasm any longer.

"Mrs. Landor, to be honest, have a film project in mind. wonder if you would be interested in investing in it?" he asked, unable to hold back.

"A film project?" Susan was somewhat bewildered. "I'm completely unfamiliar with this realm."

Mr. Witt hurriedly explained, "It's quite simple, really. You provide the financial backing, handle the film-making, and once the movie turns a profit, you'll get a share of the earnings!"

Susan raised an eyebrow. But what if the movie tanked? Her investment would go down the drain. Although Mr. Witt had just assisted her, she couldn't just throw her money into a

bottomless pit.

Realizing his hastiness, Mr. Witt quickly reassured her, "Mrs. Landor, didn't mean to pressure you into investing. merely wished to introduce this project to you. Whether or not you choose to invest is entirely up to you. was just hoping for an opportunity to discuss it with you directly."

Mr. Witt seemed genuinely earnest, which left Susan in a bit of a dilemma. "But Mr. Witt, as far as know, every movie you've directed has been a box office hit. There should be plenty of people eager to invest, right?"

A trace of melancholy crossed Mr. Witt's face. "Indeed, my commercial films have always done well at the box office. If this were another commercial project, wouldn't be so

worried." "So, this is a...?" Susan ventured cautiously.

"It's an art film," Mr. Witt replied with a pained expression. "I'm not sure how familiar you are with my work, Mrs. Landor. Last year, made a commercial film that grossed nearly 400 million dollars at the box office, bringing in substantial profits for the investors. Buoyed by their trust in me, many invested in my

next project, an art film, which cost 40 million to make. Unfortunately, it only made 10 million dollars at the box office,”

He continued with a heavy heart, “All the investors suffered massive losses, to the point of losing their shirts. Now, nobody is willing to back me for another high—budget art film this

year.”

And that was the crux of the matter.

If he were making a commercial film, investors would be lining up.

However, the mere mention of an art film saw potential backers scattering in the wind.

Mr. Witt had artistic aspirations, and he wasn't content with just making blockbuster popcorn flicks. He yearned to create a truly memorable masterpiece.

Thus, he was determined to start another art film project.

But now he faced a significant hurdle...

Not a single person was willing to invest, and the projected budget was even higher than his last film!

Even if he wanted to dig into his own pockets, he simply couldn't afford it.

After facing repeated rejections from various quarters, he thought of approaching Susan, hoping for a change of luck. “How much are we talking about in terms of investment for this art film?” Susan queried.

“At least 60 million dollars,” Mr. Witt stated unequivocally.

Susan was dumbfounded.

No wonder he was struggling to secure funding.

A60-million—dollar investment was massive, requiring a box office gross of at least 200 million just to break even. But the problem was that it was an art film.

Art films generally vie for awards rather than box office hits.

The very phrase “art film” often implies critical acclaim but not commercial success.

To think an art film could rake in 200 million dollars at the box office, that would be a pipe dream!

“Mrs. Landor, my work here is truly special,” Mr. Witt said anxiously. “Look, I’ve brought the script with me. Take it home and give it a read. If it piques your interest, give me a call. If not, promise not to bother you again.”

With that, he handed over a script.

Susan took it graciously, promising, “Alright, I’ll give it a thorough read.”

Mr. Witt then handed another copy to Theresa.

“Me?” Theresa seemed perplexed. “I don’t have that much money to invest.”

Over the years, all the money she had earned was sunk into buying properties, leaving her with little cash at hand.

“Miss Austin, I’m inviting you to play the lead role,” Mr. Witt said, his gaze fixed earnestly on her. “This script embodies 10 years of my hard work! Initially, had reservations about the project’s success. But if you take on the lead role, I’m 80% confident that this film will

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make history.”

Theresa and Susan exchanged a glance.

A historic film!

The weight of that statement was immense.

Did Mr. Witt truly have that level of confidence?

Well, everyone tends to see their own creations as the best. Perhaps this was just Mr. Witt’s blind faith in his work. Nevertheless, Theresa agreed to review the script seriously. Seeing both of them agree, a relaxed smile finally appeared on Mr. Witt’s face. After dinner...

Mr. Witt headed straight to his hotel room to rest.

Susan and Theresa walked out leisurely.

Turning her head to glance at Theresa, something suddenly dawned on Susan.

Curious, she asked, "Do you know Thomas?"

She remembered that when Thomas arrived earlier, Theresa had instantly recognized him and said his name out loud. It seemed strange, as the famous model Rose shouldn't have any connection to Thomas.

Theresa hesitated for a moment before softly saying, "Mrs. Landor..."

"Just call me Susan," she said with a smile.

Not wanting to be pretentious, Theresa said, "Susan, may I ask, without meaning to pry, what exactly is Thomas's sexual orientation?"

Susan blinked a couple of times, as if trying to process what she had just heard. She slowly asked, "Which sexual orientation?" Theresa seemed even more torn now. She murmured, "Based on his behavior today, it

seems like he might have a thing for Ms. Lynn."

Susan nodded and replied, "As far as I know, they grew up together as childhood friends. He has liked her for a very long time." "Really..." Theresa became increasingly hesitant to continue the conversation.

"What's wrong?" Susan was utterly confused now.

Biting her lip, Theresa lowered her voice even further. "Does he have any close male friends usually?"

Susan pondered for a moment, then said, "Not really. His best friend is probably my husband, Ben. They've known each other since they were kids."

"Mr. Landor?" Theresa exclaimed. "Susan, are you sure Thomas doesn't have any other male friends?"

After thinking carefully again, Susan replied, "No, he doesn't. According to Ben, although Thorhese seems easygoing, he is actually quite aloof. It's not easy for people to catch his eye."

Theresa stared at Susan with an expression that was difficult to describe. Susan was dumbfounded.

Lowering her voice, Theresa said, "Don't you find it odd, the idea of Thomas being attracted to Monica? Well, it's hard to put into words. Even if Thomas were blind, he shouldn't have been blind for so many years."

"Love often doesn't follow logic, does it?" Susan mused.

Seeing Susan still didn't grasp her point, Theresa finally said, "In any case, think ThomasidGattéction for Monica might be a smokescreen. The person he truly likes might be someone

else.*

Susan was flabbergasted. "Huh?"

Theresa patted Susan on the back and said with a serious tone, "Take good care of Mr. Landor."

Then, she hailed a cab and left straight away.

Susan was left standing there full of questions.

"What on earth was Theresa talking about?"

"I'm only a year older than her. Could there already be a generation gap between us?"

At night...

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Thomas sat on the balcony, drowning his thoughts with bottle after bottle of alcohol.

It felt like his mind was flooded with a myriad of thoughts and yet empty at the same time.

As the alcohol took over, he pulled out his phone and called Ben.

At that moment, Ben was video calling with Susan. Suddenly, Thomas's call came through.

"There's a call? You should answer it," Susan suggested.

Frowning, Ben said, "It's Thomas. He usually doesn't bother people at this hour. Let me see what's up." Ben kept the video call running on his computer as he picked up the phone.

Susan blinked, her mind drifting back to Theresa's question: "What exactly is Thomas's sexual orientation?" She also said: "Take good care of Mr. Landor."

Hmmmm...

Suddenly, Susan felt a strange feeling creeping in.

Chapter 148

Meanwhile, Thomas kept complaining tearfully. Ben patiently listened to him at first.

Ten minutes later, Ben began to be expressionless.

Twenty minutes later, he put his phone aside and directly turned off the receiver and microphone.

“What’s wrong with Thomas?” Susan asked.

Frowning, Ben replied, “God knows. He just kept complaining about why Monica became like this and lied to him. I asked him what happened, but he refused to tell me and just repeated the two questions.”

A glimmer came into Susan’s eyes.

She got a rough idea of why Thomas kept saying that.

Nevertheless, a few hours ago, Thomas formally apologized to her and begged her to keep what Monica had done a secret.

Seeing his pitiful look, Susan agreed.

Thus, Susan didn’t tell Ben what Monica had done and told the crew to keep it a secret.

At this moment, Susan didn’t intend to tell Ben about this, but she couldn’t help but ask curiously, “Ben, do you know why Thomas is so obsessed with Monica?”

She was confused as to why Thomas, such a normal person, would lose his mind when it came to Monica’s affairs.

Could Monica really be a smokescreen?

At the thought of this, Susan shivered and quickly shook her head, thinking that she had really been misled by Rose!

That was a horrible idea!

“There’s a story between them,” Ben said, raising his brows.

“Tell me about it,” Susan said curiously.

Ben said, “When Thomas was a child, he once went to visit his relatives in the north where there was a rare heavy snow. He, who suffered from snow blindness, had so blurred vision that he could barely see things although he tried very hard. At that time, he was unaware that he was just suffering from snow blindness, thinking that he was completely blind, so he was panic-stricken.”

“And then?” Susan asked as she took out a box of popcorn.

“Didn’t you say you wanted to lose weight?” Ben asked casually.

Susan squinted and said, “You really think I’m overweight?”

Ben composedly changed the topic, “However, Thomas has a strong sense of self-esteem since he was a child, and he didn’t want to disturb his relatives. Despite his blurred vision, he still pretended to be normal and acted as usual every day. Therefore, no one noticed that his vision had become very blurred.

“Once his cousin offered to take him out, he agreed despite his poor vision. Unexpectedly, he got lost on the way. At this time, in his own words, an angelic girl appeared in front of him. She could tell that he was in a predicament, and helped him call the police. But because he was new to the city and did not know his relatives’ specific address, it would take the police some time to find his relatives. The girl took him back to her home.”

Susan, whose eyes lit up after she ate a popcorn, suggested, “Can you polish the story a little? You tell it in a simple, straightforward way! It sounds boring.”

Ben replied, “Uh, that’s a little difficult.”

“Forget it, forget it. Just continue,” Susan said, deciding to lower her standards a little.

Ben continued with an expressionless face, "I don't know what exactly happened. In short, he stayed at the girl's home for two days and fell for her for no reason."

"There's a reason for that," Susan disagreed with his point, "Thomas, who was almost blind back then, regarded the girl as the only light in his life."

Ben said, "Well. Anyway, that's the whole story."

Susan continued eating her popcorn.

Ben looked at her, while she also looked at him.

After a long while, Susan said, "Go on."

Ben replied, "I said that's the whole story. The girl is Monica."

Susan was speechless, feeling the urge to throw her popcorn.

Although Ben was a bad storyteller, he had made what had happened between Thomas and Monica clear.

Given the story between them, Thomas's obsession with Monica seemed explainable.

After all, the obsession one had had since his childhood was the purest and most unforgettable.

Susan, who seemed to have understood Thomas's feelings a little, involuntarily said, "Pick up your phone and listen to what Thomas is saying."

Ben picked up his phone. After a while, he said, "He has fallen asleep."

“Will he be fine?” Susan asked.

“He’s at home. I’ll call his mother and ask her to check on him later. He should be fine,” Ben said calmly. “He got drunk because of Monica several times. Take it easy.”

Susan sighed with emotion.

“Why are you suddenly interested in Thomas?” Ben asked.

“I want to find out if Thomas’s liking for Monica is a smokescreen,” Susan said

subconsciously.

“Huh?” Ben said, looking at her in confusion.

Susan coughed and suddenly felt a little guilty, saying, “Nothing. I’m going to bed now. Bye.”

Then she quickly ended the video call and patted her chest, thinking that she shouldn’t

have believed Rose’s words!

Thinking that she had Rose’s number on her phone, Susan solemnly sent Rose a message, [Thomas really loves Monica. He and Ben are just friends.]

Theresa replied quickly, [Well, I got it.]

Susan was speechless..

She did not think that Theresa had got it.

[Susan, have you read the script?] Theresa suddenly changed the topic.

Stunned for a moment, Susan replied, [Not yet.]

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You should read it. The script makes me feel a little... Anyway, you'll know after reading it.] Theresa sent another message.

Theresa's message aroused Susan's curiosity.

She leaned against the bed, took out the script, and began to read it carefully.

In the beginning, Susan just wanted to look through it.

But after reading a few pages, she involuntarily straightened her back.

After reading a few more pages, she was absorbed in the script.

It was getting dark.

However, Susan couldn't stop reading carefully.

Two hours later, she finally finished her reading.

In the two hours, she read while wiping away her tears and trying to calm down.

The story seemed a little plain, but it was actually very attractive. She felt a little empty after reading it, and even felt like crying at the thought of the story.

Susan finally realized why this art movie needed such a great investment.

It was a story across time and space, so it required a large amount of money to make the movie realistic.

Without enough investment, the movie would be much less realistic and perhaps unable to touch the heartstrings of the audience.

Susan stared blankly at the script.

She wanted to close it, but felt an inexplicable surge of emotion.

Susan involuntarily sent a message to Theresa, [Are you asleep?]

Unexpectedly, Theresa quickly replied, [Not yet. I can't fall asleep.]

[Is it because of the script?] Susan asked.

[You've also read it, haven't you?] Theresa immediately replied, [I'm really impressed by Mr. Witt's imagination. The story seems absurd, but is actually realistic. I'm so...]

Susan happened to want to talk about the script with someone.

So the two of them began to chat.

It was not until dawn that they stopped reluctantly.

Susan was still tossing and turning in bed.

She really liked the script.

However, this kind of art love movie usually didn't do well at the box office.

What if she invested sixty million dollars and had a bad fall?

If Susan was going to invest her money, she wouldn't be so conflicted.

However, sixty million dollars was such a large sum of money that she would have to use the money left by Ben if she wanted to invest in the movie, which made her feel a little

stressed.

But the story was amazing.

It would be a pity if it couldn't be made into a movie.

Susan thought about it all night and didn't sleep well.

The next day, she struggled to go to work.

After a busy day, when she was going home listlessly, a car stopped beside her.

Ben rolled down the window and raised his eyebrows at her, saying, "Get in the car."

“You’re back?” Susan asked and got in the car as her eyes lit up.

Ben drove here himself, so Susan sat in the passenger seat.

Ben glanced at her and asked in surprise, “Why do you look listless?”

Susan sighed and told Ben about Mr. Witt’s request.

“It’s a great script,” Ben asked casually, “but you are worried about the box office?”

“Yes,” Susan answered, nodding hesitantly.

“How much does it need?” Ben asked.

“It needs sixty million dollars in total,” said Susan.

“Sixty million dollars?” Ben asked, a little surprised.

Susan said with a bitter face, “You also think it a large investment, don’t you?”

After a brief silence, Ben asked, “You’ve been conflicted all night just because of such a small sum of money?”

Susan said in astonishment, “Such a small sum of money?”

“Have you checked the cash card I gave you?” Ben asked.

“No,” Susan answered, a little embarrassed.

“Check it, and you will find it unnecessary to worry about investing sixty million dollars,” Ben said unhurriedly.

Susan was at a loss for words.

Although Ben was her husband, she still had an impulse to beat him.

Susan said stubbornly, “Even if sixty million dollars is not a large sum of money for you, I bet you don’t want to make an unsuccessful investment.”

“It will not necessarily be an unsuccessful investment,” Ben pointed out.

Susan said, in a dilemma, “But judging from the general box offices of art movies, it will definitely be an unsuccessful investment.”

“What’s the name of the story?” Ben asked.

Susan answered, “Love in Bitter Winter.”

“Do you want to know if the movie will be a blockbuster?” Ben asked, raising his eyebrows.

“Of course I do. But the problem is that no one knows before the movie is released,” Susan said, a little upset.

“No, someone knows,” Ben said with a smile.

Susan blinked her eyes and suddenly realized what he meant, asking, “Isabella?”

“She’ll be released in a few days. Doesn’t she have the power to see the future? Her power happens to be able to help us,” Ben said lightly, “Tell Mr. Witt to visit her and ask if she wants to invest in the movie. Then we’ll know the prospects of the movie.”

Susan immediately looked at Ben with an indescribable expression.

“What’s wrong?” Ben asked in puzzlement.

Susan sighed, “I just feel that Isabella, who messed with you, is quite pitiful.”

Isabella, who could do fine in every industry with the power to see the future, shouldn’t have messed with Ben.

Now, not only did she achieve nothing, but her power to see the future was used by Ben.

It was so tragic that anyone who heard it would shed tears.

“So, do you want to use her power?” Ben asked, raising his eyebrows.

“Yes, of course. It will be a waste not to use it,” Susan replied without hesitation.

Ben couldn’t help pinching Susan’s face with a smile.

Chapter 149

A few days later, Isabella was released from the detention center.

“Behave yourself from now on. If you try to cause disturbances again, you will be detained for longer,” said the policeman.

Isabella’s face suddenly darkened.

The experience in the detention center was simply a nightmare for her.

In the past few days, she had thought about the whole thing like crazy.

At first, she believed that she had made a little difference, which caused some changes in

this life.

But she soon found that something was wrong. Why did Ben still manage to buy the land that was going to be developed although it was not the land selected by the Bureau of Land Management in the last life?

A thought flashed across her mind.

Could it be that Ben had played a dirty trick on her?

Thinking of this, she couldn't help but tremble with fear.

No one knew better than her how formidable Ben was.

If he really started to deal with her, she would have no chance to survive in Coraland.

"It's impossible," Isabella comforted herself in a low voice, thinking that it had to be a

coincidence.

She managed to adjust her mood and decided to forget this experience at the police station and move on.

After leaving the police station, she booked a flight and returned to Anaville.

But as soon as she got off the plane, she was stopped by several burly men. Mr. Lynn walked up to her and said blankly, "Miss Smith, how have you been?" Isabella was shocked, but she feigned composure and asked, "Mr. Lynn, what are you

doing?"

Mr. Lynn looked at her with a smile and said, "Miss Smith, I just wanted to ask you when you're going to pay back the 6 million dollars you borrowed from me."

"A small error occurred when I carried out my plan, which makes me unable to pay back the money for the time being," said Isabella.

"Is that so?" Mr. Lynn asked with a sneer, "Miss Smith, are you going to repudiate your debt?"

Hearing his words, the burly men took a step forward in unison.

Isabella, whose face darkened, said through clenched teeth, "Give me a grace period of one month. I will definitely return the money to you then."

Mr. Lynn raised his eyebrows without giving an affirmative or negative answer.

"You don't trust me even though I'm from the Smith family?" Isabella continued through clenched teeth, "Besides, I didn't take the 6 million dollars for nothing. I exchanged it for information. What do you think Ben would think if I told him that you tried to find Susan's weakness?"

Mr. Lynn frowned and looked at her coldly.

Isabella, who had calmed down, said, "I'm not going to repudiate my debt, and I just need one month's grace."

Mr. Lynn said slowly after gazing at her for a long while, "Well, I'll give you one month. If you fail to pay back the 6 million dollars in a month, I'll show you who's the boss in this city. Although you're from the Smith family, you don't have a single relative or friend here. If anything untoward should happen to you, it will be even beyond the Lynn family's ability to help you, won't it?"

He was threatening her.

Isabella's heart skipped a beat.

She had believed that she, who lived her life again, had everything under her control.

However, it wasn't as easy as she had imagined to win Ben's heart and make use of Mr. Lynn.

Isabella was at a loss at the moment.

What was the point of living her life again?

After Mr. Lynn left with his men, Isabella left the airport in a daze.

At present, she only had less than 400 thousand dollars. How could she achieve something with such a small amount of money that was even not enough to run her start-up company?

She took a deep breath, thinking that if she couldn't afford to run her company, she would shut it down for the time being and reopen it when she got enough funds.

As she thought, she went all the way back to her company.

As soon as she got there, someone greeted her enthusiastically.

"Miss Smith, how are you?" Mr. Witt asked with a smile.

“Who are you?” Isabella asked, looking impatient. “Get lost. Leave me alone.”

As a famous director, Mr. Witt had not been treated like this in a long time, but he still maintained his bright smile. Because Susan had promised him that if he could convince Miss Smith to invest in his movie, she would invest the 60 million dollars he needed in her

name.

Mr. Witt was willing to do all he could for his dream.

“Miss Smith, here’s the thing. I would like to present you a movie project and see if you want to invest in it,” Mr. Witt asked.

“What are you talking about? Get lost,” Isabella said, getting more agitated.

“Miss Smith, please read the script. It’s about...” Mr. Witt continued.

“I told you to get lost!” Isabella interrupted him in a shrill voice and pushed him away.

Stunned for a moment, Mr. Witt sighed, saying, “Forget it. I think Love in Bitter Winter can only be my dream.”

Dejected, he turned around and was about to leave.

Love in Bitter Winter!

The name hit Isabella like a bolt out of the blue.

She knew this movie.

She quickly turned around and grabbed Mr. Witt's hand, asking, "Sir, is Love in Bitter Winter the name of your story?"

Mr. Witt answered after being stunned for a moment, "Yes."

"Can you give me a brief synopsis of the story?" Isabella asked, her eyes lighting up.

Although Mr. Witt had no idea why Isabella's attitude suddenly changed, he cheered up and gave a brief synopsis of the story.

As Isabella listened, she got increasingly excited with a sparkle in her eyes.

Sure enough, she was still favored by fortune.

Just after she missed an opportunity to make money, she got another one.

This movie was definitely the one that had been a blockbuster in the last life.

It had not only won praise from everyone but also set a new box office record for art movies.

With an investment of 60 million dollars, it had earned more than a billion dollars around the world.

Even when the movie was shown again five years later, it earned 200 million dollars.

In the last life, Susan, who had invested in the movie all by herself, had made a decent profit and had even been highly praised as a discerning investor as good as Ben.

But in this life, Isabella got the opportunity!

At the thought of this, Isabella got excited, quickly saying, “Mr. Witt, I’ll invest in your movie.”

With eyes lighting up, Mr. Witt asked, “How much are you going to invest?”

Isabella, whose face froze, replied, “Uh, I can’t afford to make an investment for the time being. But if you give me a year, I will definitely earn 60 million dollars and invest in your movie.”

Mr. Witt was at a loss for words.

It sounded unreliable.

“I mean it. You must believe me,” Isabella said anxiously. Once she made this deal, she could directly make more than 10 times the profit without much effort.

She was definitely unwilling to miss this opportunity.

“Let me think about it,” Mr. Witt reluctantly replied.

However, Isabella did not let Mr. Witt leave until she got his contact information.

Isabella was not that anxious.

As far as she remembered, in the last life, Mr. Witt did not begin to shoot this movie until

next year.

The main reason seemed to be that Susan was afraid of making an unsuccessful investment, so she did not invest Ben's money. Instead, she created a program that got a substantial amount of users and invested in and started the project after getting a substantial reward.

Therefore, as long as she earned 60 million dollars earlier than Susan, she would have the chance to invest in the movie before Susan did.

In the evening, Isabella sent a message to Mr. Witt, asking him to wait for her investment.

Mr. Witt replied soon after.

Isabella hurriedly read the message and was dumbfounded.

The message said: [Miss Smith, I'm sorry, but someone has invested all the 60 million dollars this project needs, so I'm afraid I can't cooperate with you.]

Isabella trembled in shock, typing a message slowly. [Is the investor Susan?]

Mr. Witt replied in astonishment, [Miss Smith, how did you know?]

In an instant, Isabella collapsed weakly.

Why? Why did Susan decide to invest in the movie earlier than she was supposed to?

Why was the situation different from that in the last life?

Nothing changed except for Mr. Witt's visit.

No, Mr. Witt's visit...

When Isabella thought of this, her pupils suddenly contracted.

After Mr. Witt paid her a visit today, Susan decided to invest in the movie tonight, as if Susan had already known that the movie would definitely be a blockbuster.

Could it be that Susan knew her secret that she lived her life again?

At the thought of this, Isabella couldn't help trembling.

It was her biggest secret that she lived her life again.

If the secret was exposed, the consequences would be unthinkable.

Did Susan really know?

With trembling lips, Isabella decided that she had to find out if Susan knew about it.

Early the next morning, Isabella kept calling Susan and sending her messages to ask her out.

Susan happened to have gone to wash up.

Ben saw all the messages.

He squinted and sent Isabella an address blankly, asking her to meet there in half an hour.

Then, he deleted all the chat history and incoming call notifications.

Although Isabella was quite useful in a sense, she had tried all the time to cause them trouble. Ben, disinclined to deal with her again and again, thought that it was time to get

rid of her.

[Greenlight Hotel.] Isabella looked at the address, her pupils suddenly contracting.

She had stayed in the presidential suite in that hotel before.

Her heart beat wildly.

Did Susan know her secret as she expected?

In this case, should she go this time?

Isabella gritted her teeth, deciding to go, as she did not think that Susan could do anything

to her.

In the presidential suite...

Isabella held her breath and opened the door nervously.

Then, she saw a man standing with his back to her.

"It's not Susan?" she wondered.

Stunned for a moment, Isabella realized something and suddenly breathed rapidly.

She thought, "It's Ben, isn't it?"

Unexpectedly, Ben invited her to a hotel room. Could it be that he had feelings for her?

"Hello, Mr. Landor," Isabella said in a charming voice and was about to walk over.

"Stay there," Ben said in disgust.

She suddenly stopped.

Ben turned around and looked at her expressionlessly, saying, "Miss Smith, you seem to have been harassing my wife recently."

Chapter 150

Isabella, whose face instantly froze, stammered, "Mr... Mr. Landor, don't know what you mean."

Isabella believed that the photo she sent to Susan was tantamount to solid evidence.

If Susan really had a strong sense of self-esteem, she would directly leave Ben without communicating with him. But now, Susan did not leave.

Therefore, Isabella believed that she was probably unwilling to leave Ben because of his power and influence. A woman like her was not supposed to tell Ben about the photo she received.

Either way, she was not supposed to tell Ben about what Isabella told her.

Ben said, raising his eyebrows, "You don't know what mean, but it doesn't matter. You just need to know that as long as you stay in Coraland, your life will be increasingly difficult."

Isabella, whose heart skipped a beat, said, "The land you bought..."

Ben replied lightly, "I don't know where you got the internal information that the piece of land would be developed. Nevertheless, since you wanted to buy it, I could only persuade the government to develop another piece of land."

Isabella, whose forehead began to sweat, said through clenched teeth, "The movie project..."

"Susan hesitated in the beginning, but since you are optimistic about the project, we would like to upset you even if it will not necessarily be a successful investment," Ben replied lightly.

He did not tell Isabella that he had actually guessed that she had the power to see the future.

In this way, Isabella would be unaware of what he was up to. If he told Isabella about it, she would be on guard against him. Sweat streamed down Isabella's face.

If she was a normal person, she would realize that it was him rather than Susan who had done those things to her, and she would leave obediently after suffering a few losses.

As long as Isabella returned to Riowert, Ben was sure that she would never have a chance to come to Coraland again in her life. When the time came, she would not be able to make any trouble despite her power to see the future.

If she still tried to make trouble in Riowert, Ben, who was also powerful there, didn't mind getting rid of the whole Smith family including her.

"As a pacifist, I hope I don't have to exterminate them at the end," Ben muttered to himself. The driver shivered in fear.

A pacifist?

He believed that he must have misheard.

In the hotel, Isabella was in deep thought, her eyes flickering.

Now she had two options.

The first option was to return to Riowert and live a peaceful life there as she had done in her last life.

As long as she stopped making trouble, Ben wouldn't make things difficult for her anymore.

Her last life was actually not bad. At the very least, she had lived a wealthy and carefree life.

The second option was to insist on staying in Coraland where she would work hard to make a remarkable achievement and thus to impress Ben.

Isabella subconsciously rejected the first option.

She thought it was both boring and horrible to live the same life again.

Moreover, her husband was a womanizer good for nothing.

Since she got the chance to live her life again, how could she be willing to spend her life

with such a loser?

She would rather die than do that.

In this case, she could only choose the second option.

However, when she thought of the last look she saw on Ben's face, she couldn't help but tremble slightly. Ben was so terrifying that she had no intention of becoming his enemy at all.

Isabella assumed that Susan had just spoken ill of her rather than tell Ben about what she

had told her.

That was why Ben warned her today.

Otherwise, if Ben knew what exactly she had told Susan, he would suspect whether she had the power to see the future. After all, she was not supposed to know what she had told Susan.

However, Ben didn't suspect it at all.

Given this situation, Isabella thought that she might still stand a chance of turning things

around.

As long as she stopped messing with Susan for the time being and focused on her career, maybe Ben would look at her with new eyes after she made a remarkable achievement.

But the problem was that Ben had only given her three days' grace, and she had a hunch that she would be unable to come back to Coraland once she left.

In Riowert, she could only be the embittered wife of a wealthy man as she had done in her last life.

No way!

Isabella gritted her teeth and kept

telling herself, "Sin

think

way out."

At this time, Isabella's cell phone suddenly rang.

Isabella, who was agitated, was about to hang up the phone.

Suddenly, as she looked at the caller ID, an idea flashed through her mind. Ben had always been a man of his word.

Since he had instructed her to leave

Coraland in three weeks, she decided not to be even expelled.

There was only one way to stay in Coraland and prevent Ben from taking her, and Isabella gritted her teeth and steeled herself to pick up the phone directly.

The next day.

The sun was shining brightly.

Ben and Susan got up early and went for a morning jog.

When they got home after the jog, there were uninvited guests in the Landor's house. Ben squinted with a cold look.

It seemed that someone didn't take his words seriously.