

Extraordinary 531

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A familiar voice rang out. "Hurry up! Clear the scene and remove all the debris!"

Frank froze in shock at the voice. It was as if an invisible hand was crushing his heart.

It's him!

Even though they hadn't met in years, Frank immediately recognized the voice.

He stopped in his tracks and gazed at the man intently.

Right then, the man turned slowly with a broom in his hands.

As their eyes met, an awkward silence hung in the air.

Greg narrowed his eyes and tightened his grip on the broom.

He had never expected to meet Frank here at all.

You scum who stole my script and my wife!

Frank regained his composure ahead of Greg and strode over to him. A surprised expression showed on his face as he exclaimed, "My old friend, fancy meeting you here! We haven't met in ages, but you're still handsome as before."

Greg shot him a sarcastic smile. "You don't have to act like a hypocrite. Aren't you tired of doing so? You can be an actor at this rate since your acting skills are so much better than the actors under your company."

Frank's face darkened instantly. "My friend, I get that you're upset with me, but do you have to beat around the bush to curse me?"

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Frank's face darkened instantly. "My friend, I get that you're upset with me, but do you have to beat around the bush to curse me?"

"Yes, I just cursed you. So what?" Greg snorted.

Frank lost his patience at his reply. Since Greg had seen through his act, there was no need to carry on. "Greg Maxwell, don't take my respect for granted. Are you making a new movie?"

"Yes, I am. Are you upset about that fact?"

"Who? You? You're nothing but a box office flop. Who would want to invest in your movie?" Frank laughed like he had just heard a ridiculous joke.

"No matter who his investor is, that's none of your business." a young man spoke behind him abruptly.

Before Frank could reply, the paparazzi started yelling excitedly, "Hey, it's Jonathan Quickton!"

"Oh dear, how could it be Jonathan?"

"Why is he here?"

The paparazzi swarmed toward Jonathan like bees attracted to honey.

"Jonathan, are you acting in this movie?"

"Are you going to work with Maxwell?"

“What is the movie about?”

“Who’s the female lead? Is she a top celebrity?”

“Jonathan, what does it feel like to work with Maxwell? Rumor has it that he is hot-tempered and hard to get along with.”

With a smirk, Jonathan yawned languidly. His reply was curt and formal. “I’m happy to be able to work with Maxwell. He’s a strict but responsible director. We’re getting along well. The female lead is a rookie actress, and this is her first appearance in showbiz, so I can’t reveal the plot for now. But you can support us by watching the movie in the theater.”

The paparazzi were astounded by his answer.

A rookie actress? Seriously?

Everyone’s interest was piqued.

Which rookie actress is going to take on the role?

They were especially curious since Jonathan was not only a top idol who could dance and sing well, but he was also very attractive.

“Is it possible to know who the female lead is? Do we get to meet her?”

“Why did you agree to film alongside a rookie actress?”

Overwhelmed with curiosity, the paparazzi started throwing questions at Jonathan again.

The smirk on Jonathan’s face remained unchanged as he replied, “She’s a diligent actress. You’ll see.”

Since Jonathan refused to reveal anything, the paparazzi turned to Greg. “Is there something between your investor and the rookie actress? Otherwise, why would you take the risk by using a rookie?”

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“Is she pretty? Or did she use her connections?”

“Maxwell, aren’t you afraid your movie will end up being a box office flop?”

“Your reputation is tainted because you plagiarized Venti’s work back then. I think Venti’s kind enough to remain on talking terms with you.”

Frenk was secretly thrilled to be called by the paparazzi.

He hurriedly put on an act and defended Greg. "Don't say that. My friend here is a talented director. We were young back then. Making mistakes is a normal part of life."

His so-called explanation was evidently mocking Greg for plagiarizing his work and, at the same time, indicating that he was generous for forgiving Greg.

Frank was obviously humiliating Greg in public.

Greg knew the paparazzi would ask this question since Frank was the one who brought them here.

Hence, he replied calmly, "Time will tell us who the actual plagiarist was. You want to see my female lead? Well, I can't describe her looks. She's coming later, so you can see for yourself."

As he spoke, a slender figure rushed through the crowd, attracting everyone's attention at once.

Their eyes were bulging in astonishment as they stared at the figure.

The girl whom everyone was looking at was dressed casually in a white T-shirt and a pair of jeans, paired with white sneakers.

"Is she pretty? Or did she use her connections?"

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Their eyes were bulging in astonishment as they stared at the figure.

The girl whom everyone was looking at was dressed casually in a white T-shirt and a pair of jeans, paired with white sneakers.

She was running nimbly like a little fluffy rabbit.

The crowd watched as she made her way to the front.

The moment she stood before them, their eyes lit up in amazement.

The young lady was around the age of eighteen, but she had a curvy figure and strikingly gorgeous features, especially her obsidian black eyes which were bright and attractive.

She seemed young and innocent, but there was an air of attractiveness about her.

Every action and expression of hers was charismatic.

Based on physical appearance alone, she wasn't the perfect beauty, but she looked like the girl-next-door type, which was pleasing to the eyes.

Naomi Nolan stopped in her tracks as she was astounded to see the crowd.

A blush crept up her delicate cheeks when she realized she was the center of attraction.

Swallowing hard, she spoke to Greg, "Sorry for arriving late, Maxwell. I got stuck in a traffic jam."

"It's fine. The opening ceremony will begin soon," Greg told her calmly.

The paparazzi who were taken aback snapped back to reality and shoved their microphones in her face.

"Are you the female lead of Maxwell's new movie?"

This was the first time Naomi had ever been interviewed in public.

She was overwhelmed by all the attention, looking like a deer caught in the headlights.

Her rosy cheeks burned a crimson red from all the excitement, like juicy and delicious peaches.

The young lady grinned gleefully. "I'm really excited about this movie. I've never imagined I'd get chosen for this role."

The crowd stared dumbfoundedly at her silly demeanor.

Isn't she overly excited?

"As a rookie. how do you feel right now?" another paparazzo asked.

"I've never been in a movie before, so I'm terribly ecstatic. Besides, I'll be acting alongside heartthrob Jonathan Quickton. I feel so lucky!" Naomi grinned from ear to ear.

The paparazzi couldn't bring themselves to be harsh to her because of her honest reply.

They were about to continue bombarding her with questions when Naomi added, "I don't know why Maxwell chose me, but I'm really honored to take on this role. I'll definitely work hard so that I won't disappoint him!"

She seemed so sincere with her heartfelt words and smile.

Right then, Helena Uber was in the crowd too. When Greg came to her previously, she immediately rejected his offer.

But she had not expected that Greg would give the role to a rookie.

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He! Helene sneered silently.

She might despise Neomi a lot, but she couldn't help but feel furious at what she saw.

Helene thought she was popular enough to be in the limelight. She was certain the paparazzi would swarm all over her, but instead, they seemed much more interested in that young rookie and wouldn't stop with their questions.

Besides Helene, there was another person who was upset—Frenk.

He had paid those paparazzi to come, but now they were going to promote Greg's movie instead!

Greg was indeed an unpredictable man.

Impatience flashed across his face when he saw how the paparazzi surrounded his female lead.

Glancing at his watch, he announced, "Our opening ceremony is about to begin. Let's not waste time."

With that, he pulled Neomi to his side and informed a staff member, "We can start now."

The staff member immediately proceeded to prepare the opening ceremony.

Candles were lined up nicely on the table, which was covered by a red velvet cloth.

Even the camera was covered by a red cloth as well.

Everyone involved in the shooting of the movie said their prayers and lighted the candles.

Next, the red cloth on the camera was removed.

Greg then announced, "Let the shooting commence!"

Ha! Helena sneered silently.

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With the paparazzi, Greg, and the others as witnesses, the opening ceremony ended successfully.

Frank was infuriated at how smoothly the event went.

He immediately challenged Greg, “My friend, you used to be the valedictorian in our school and received scholarships every year. Why don’t we compare the box office of our movies this time?”

Greg thought his suggestion was ridiculous, but upon recalling how he wasted the past few years because Frank plagiarized his work, he changed his mind.

This b*stard stole everything from me and even ruined my family! He was filled with hatred at that thought.

Without hesitation, he retorted, “What if my movie performs better than yours?”

“If you win, then... I’ll stop directing movies and leave the showbiz,” Frank announced with gritted teeth. He was certain Greg couldn’t produce an excellent movie after taking a break for so many years.

“If you win, I’ll leave the showbiz and never return,” Greg responded curtly. He wasn’t bothered as he had nothing left to lose anyway.

The paparazzi were excited by the turn of events and hurriedly recorded everything on camera.

Frank was glaring at Greg like he wanted to choke his rival to death.

I’ve defeated you back then. How dare you come back?

He had to admit he was quite furious, though.

The paparazzi were obviously distracted due to Greg’s opening ceremony, as they interviewed Frank and his main leads—Helena and Cameron—perfunctorily.

At noon, the media outlets released their articles.

The Opening Ceremonies of Two Movies! A Fight Between Greg Maxwell and Frank Venti. Who Will You Pick?

The Plagiarizing Director Uses a Rookie Actress in His Comeback Movie!

Jonathan Quickton Has Been Cast for a Movie! Will You Support Him?

Greg Maxwell’s New Female Lead is a Rookie Actress!

The trending topics were all related to Greg. Naturally, he became the talk of the town.

Meanwhile, Frank nearly exploded in rage. As he scrolled down the trending topics, he finally saw something about his movie Angel and Devil, but the article was about his bet with Greg.

He had been hyping up his movie on Twitter earlier, so why was no one talking about his opening ceremony?

Frank couldn't stop himself from raging as everyone's attention was on Greg!

Little did he know things only got worse from there.

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Ashlyn was in her lab when she saw the trending news on her tablet.

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Ashlyn took a strawberry and shoved it into her mouth. "Greg's comeback is bound to attract attention. Of course everyone would be curious."

Hesitation flashed across Jared's eyes as he said, "Boss, I don't know if I should tell you this."

"What?"

"Mr. Nolan invested three hundred million in that movie."

Ashlyn's hand, which was holding the strawberry, paused mid-air, then she looked up and met Jared's gaze in disbelief. "What did you just say?"

Jared had no choice but to steel himself and explained everything to her.

"Is he crazy?" Ashlyn frowned and whipped out her phone to call Lucas.

It was a rare occurrence for her to call Lucas, hence...

In the hospital right across the street, Lucas' lips curled up into a smile when he saw her name appear on the screen of his phone. Even his eyes lit up in delight.

"Hello," he greeted her with his deep and husky voice.

Upon hearing his sexy voice, Ashlyn's ears burned, and she nearly flung her phone away.

After taking a deep breath, she uttered, "Have you gone crazy? Why did you invest three hundred million?"

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"Oh, do you mean the movie?" Hearing that it was about work, Lucas' enthusiasim dimmed. A hint of displeasure entered his voice. "Can't I invest in your movie?"

Mr. Nolan, you sound like a fatuous ruler!

Spencer couldn't help but chide silently.

"But you invested too much!" Ashlyn couldn't understand how his mind worked. "Greg said three hundred million would be enough, and I gave it to him already. So why did you make that investment? Do you have too much money but nowhere to spend it? Greg doesn't need that much money."

"Honey, I need to support your work and dreams through my actions, not just through words." Lucas'

words sounded over the phone like a sensuous and melodious cello.

Lying on the hospital bed with a pillow propped behind him, Lucas started imagining how touched Ashlyn would be at his generous gesture.

"I have money, so you didn't have to do that."

Alas, Ashlyn's reply crushed his weird fantasy instantly.

She's as stubborn as always. If only she would stop trying to put up a strong front and let me help her instead.

After hanging up, Lucas shook his head wryly.

He had been recovering well for the past few days, so he should be able to get discharged in a couple of days.

Nevertheless, he needed time to recuperate before he could regain his health.

"Oh, do you mean the movie?" Hearing that it was about work, Lucas' enthusiasm dimmed. A hint of displeasure entered his voice. "Can't I invest in your movie?"

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It was late at night.

Ashlyn was already in bed with her eyes shut.

She had taken the antidote to her poison and needed to rest well.

Later that night, a tall figure suddenly inched closer to her bed.

The man lowered his gaze at the woman who was wrapped up in the blanket with only her head visible.

Her exquisite face looked adorable with her thick lashes and her lips that were painted a seductive red.

She had been taking the antidote regularly every day, so she was recovering well and was no longer pale-looking.

However, she had lost a lot of weight.

Ashlyn might be sound asleep, but she could still sense someone watching her.

Frowning, she opened her eyes eventually and saw the handsome man right by her bed.

Lucas' heart jolted in shock. Shit, she saw me! She's awake! He was struggling to come up with an explanation when the woman rubbed her eyes groggily and muttered, "Eh? Why am I dreaming of Lucas again?"

Again?

Did she dream of me before this?

A fuzzy, warm feeling overwhelmed his heart.

He felt as if he had swallowed a whole jar of honey when he heard her words.

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Nothing could have made him happier than seeing her missing him.

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Suddenly, a pair of fair arms held on to his neck. He then leaned down and pressed against her body.

He hadn't been this intimate with her in a while, and his breathing grew heavier as her soft voice echoed in his ear, "Since it's a dream, let me kiss you."

Lucas knew Ashlyn was in a daze, but her actions were so adorable.

With a wicked grin, he pulled her into his arms.

As the first light of dawn appeared over the horizon, Ashlyn felt her whole body aching uncomfortably.

Why does it ache so much? Did the antidote fail to work?

At that thought, she awoke in shock to find a man lying by her side.

The attractive man had a defined jawline, prominent brow bone, and striking features. His eyes were currently shut tight.

Below his arched nose was his pursed lips.

He was awfully tensed up, even though he was asleep.

Huh? Lucas? Why is he here? Has he returned from his business trip already?

Astonishment flashed across Ashlyn's eyes as she scanned her entire body. Upon spotting the marks the man had left all over her body, her face flushed in embarrassment. This is embarrassing! Why do I always do something like this? She covered her face with her hands in shame. Nothing could have made him happier than seeing her missing him.

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As Ashlyn looked at the man's sleeping features, she reached out to smooth his frowns.

The moment she placed her fingers on his forehead, a warm hand grabbed her tightly.

The owner of the warm hand opened his eyes and shot her a sharp gaze.

When Lucas realized it was her, he sat up slowly and drawled, "You're awake?"

Ashlyn felt her cheeks burning as she asked, "When did you come back?"

Lucas gazed at her in delight. Underneath the light, her skin was pale and ethereal. Her dark pupils combined with her long, curly lashes were a dashing sight.

"When you were missing me," his reply came.

The blush on Ashlyn's cheeks deepened. Why is he so good at flirting after an overseas trip?

Her cheeks were scorching to the extent the air around her felt hot as well.

She lowered her gaze and saw Lucas clad in a black shirt.

This man had been showing off his burly figure to her whenever he could. Besides, every time after their intercourse, he wouldn't put on his pajamas anymore.

Since he had been working out all the while, there was no need for him to hide his perfect torso.

Why is he in a black shirt?

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Something seemed amiss to Ashlyn.

When she looked up, she saw Lucas gazing at her with an alluring smile.

His mesmerizing gaze could drive any woman crazy.

Before Ashlyn could dwell further, the man leaped towards her.

She couldn't help but stare at him as her breath hitched.

Silence ensued.

Ashlyn could see her reflection in his dark pupils. Abruptly, a strange impulse overcame her and spread to her limbs.

The moonlight seeped through the gaps between the curtains onto their faces, making it seem like a tulle had covered them.

Lucas promptly pressed his lips against her and stopped advancing.

He merely looked at her silently.

Underneath her long and thick lashes were her almond-shaped eyes, which shone with warm affection.

It was as if their minds had stopped working right this moment.

Their actions slowed down too.

Lucas' mind went blank before he gradually released her. To his surprise, Ashlyn reached out and wrapped her arms around his neck. She planted a kiss on his lips and remarked, "Honey, you've lost weight."

He seemed to have gotten a lot thinner.

"That's because I couldn't eat your cooking overseas."

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As Lucas spoke, his heart ached.

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He suddenly understood why Ashlyn didn't tell him about her getting poisoned.

It felt awful to hide something from a loved one so that she wouldn't worry about you.

Even when they knew the other person was lying, they just couldn't bear to expose the lie.

Both of them were doing the best for each other but pretended not to care.

He closed his eyes and tightened his arms around her.

"You lost weight too."

Of course she had lost weight.

When she started taking the antidote, she coughed up so much blood every day that her body grew weaker.

The sight of her suffering broke Lucas' heart.

How he wished he could take her place and bear the pain for her.

In fact, he only came last night to give her a hug before leaving, but he couldn't resist her advances and made love to her.

This woman will be the death of me.

Forget it. I'll do my best to hide it from her. She'll never find out.

*

The next morning, Ashlyn sneaked into the bathroom and took two antidotes when Lucas wasn't noticing.

When she walked out, Lucas was putting on his clothes.

"Did you arrange for Blair and Tinsor to start their internship in Haddock Group?" Lucas buttoned up his cufflinks and asked her in his low and sultry voice.

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Ashlyn felt her ears burning as she nodded. "They have nothing else to do anyway. Their summer break is approaching, so I decided to send them to Haddock Group."

There were several other fresh graduates who started their internship together in Haddock Group.

"Why are you so interested in Haddock Group?" Lucas suddenly changed the topic, gazing at her sharply.

Ashlyn's brow arched up. "Because some of them are too despicable."

Following that, her rosy lips curved into a smile. "Why? Are you going to report me? What are you going to do? But I've heard that Haddock Group and Nolan Group are rivals. Are you sure you want to support Dixon?"

Hmph! Is he refusing to help me?

A devilish glint appeared in Lucas' eyes. He was about to reply when Ashlyn cupped his chin and leaned closer to him. They were so close that they could hear each other's breathing.

At the same time, she could also see the gleam in his pupils clearly.

Even at such a close distance, no flaws could be found on his face.

He exuded an imposing aura when his brows were arched.

This man was both tempting and deadly.

Ashlyn fixated her gaze on his sexy lips. "Lucas Nolan, please bear our relationship in mind. When you were on your business trip, I've come to a conclusion."

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“What is it?” Lucas spoke in his deep and husky voice.

As her lips were merely inches away from him, his Adam’s apple bobbed up and down.

He couldn’t resist it when she took the lead.

“Life isn’t easy, so we should appreciate the people around us.” With that, Ashlyn stood on her tiptoes to try to kiss him.

However, he pushed her away and glowered at her angrily. “How can you flirt with me without acknowledging our relationship?”

Ashlyn lifted her head to look at the man before her while her heart was stirred with inexplicable emotions.

Without hesitation, she inched closer to him again.

Lucas nearly lost control at her eagerness.

Gripped her wrist, he picked her up, then placed her on his lap.

Shooting Ashlyn a wicked grin, he lowered his head and kissed her hard.

She felt the temperature of his body rising.

It was as though the man was punishing her.

His blood was almost boiling, and he was losing his reason.

Nevertheless, he eventually suppressed the urge to mold her body into his.

He promptly released her and took two steps backward.

Swiftly, he regained his composure. When he finally met Ashlyn's gaze, the blazing fire in his eyes had faded.

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"Honey, are we not going to remarry anytime soon?"

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Ashlyn's expression froze, and her heart pounded at his words.

It took a while for her to compose herself before saying, "Lucas, let's date before we get married again."

The emotion flickering in Lucas' narrowed eyes was too complicated to decipher. A hint of longing crept up his expression as he pleaded, "Honey, don't you want to marry me in a wedding dress?"

Ashlyn clenched her teeth. "Lucas, we've never dated previously. I would love to do that first."

With both the Spirogyra and the Backtrack poison still in my body, there's no way I can marry him now.

Besides, I have to locate my mother and take revenge on that terrorist group first.

I need to give them a taste of their own medicine!

But if I implicate Lucas in that process, I'll regret it for the rest of my life.

The terrorist group nearly killed her, so she had to avenge herself.

NN Terrorist Group was so powerful that until now, she still hadn't located their headquarters.

This time, she barely survived.

Lucas' body stiffened as he got overwhelmed by mixed emotions. He seemed pained and insulted at the same time. She would always pull at his heartstrings before stepping all over his heart to mock him.

"You still don't trust me, right?"

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"You still don't trust me, right?"

Having said that, he turned and left without sparing her a second glance.

While Ashlyn stared at his desolate figure leaving, she gritted her teeth with pursed lips.

*

At Haddock Group headquarters.

Both Tinsor and Blair majored in finance, but they were arranged to intern in the public relations department.

“By the way, what does the public relations department do?” Blair asked Tinsor softly.

“How would I know?” Tinsor shot him a confused look.

They might have majored in finance, but none of them had the intention of taking over their family businesses that were currently overseen by their brothers.

Both of them wanted to be spoilt rich brats and spend their time playing games, partying around, and flirting with women.

However, when Blair recalled what Ashlyn told him earlier, a wave of resolve surged within him.

I can't go on like this.

Since I've decided to intern in Haddock Group, I need to do my best.

If I intern in my family's company, the staff will coo over me. Since no one knows me here, this should be a great experience.

“We'll do what the manager tells us to do.”

“Yes, we must listen to our superior.”

Both of them thought they would need to drink and accompany clients to get contracts.

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Both of them thought they would need to drink and accompany clients to get contracts.

However, the manager handed them a project which surprised them greatly. "The recent trending topics are making our company look bad."

"What trending topics?" Tinsor's confusion deepened.

What do trending topics have to do with the public relations department?

"I don't know!" Having no prior experience in this field, Blair's mind had blanked out.

The manager told them, "Both of you should learn how to handle a PR crisis from your seniors."

He then announced, "Everyone, our meeting will start soon."

Without further ado, the manager entered the meeting room in their department and started the meeting.

"Angel and Devil is an important project our company invested in. We'll cast popular idols to act in our movie. But now, the trending topics are all revolving around our rival, Trashy Idol. This is bad for our project," the manager explained.

"What should we do now?"

"First, we need to dig up some dirt on our rival and tarnish Jonathan Quickton's and Greg Maxwell's

images. Most importantly, Trashy Idol's female lead is a rookie actress. Rookies normally have a lot of dirt. Before Greg can remove all her dirt from the internet, we need to find them and expose them to the public! Then everyone will lose interest in this movie."

[Chapter 538](#)

As the manager explained, he showed them his presentation slides.

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When the photo of the female lead of Trashy Idol appeared, Blair nearly fainted in shock.

That familiar face was none other than Naomi Nolan!

As Tinsor came to the same realization, he tugged at Blair's sleeve and stammered, "O-Oh dear, it's your sister!"

"Lower your voice," Blair muttered through clenched teeth.

What the heck is going on?

Why is Naomi now a female lead?

Does Lucas know about this?

"Hey, interns. Why are you chatting instead of listening to me?" The manager glared at them. "Or do you have a better idea?"

"Ah? No," Blair hurriedly replied. Is this a joke? Did they just ask me to sabotage my sister? Why would I do that?

"We were simply in awe of your explanation. We learned a lot from you!" Tinsor flattered and offered him a smile.

"Fine. From now on, we need to dig up dirt on Greg Maxwell, Jonathan Quickton, and the rookie actress. After that, we'll expose it using the social media accounts we paid for. Then, we'll hire ghostwriters to comment on those posts. I believe we can bring Trashy Idol down!"

The manager laughed deviously.

"Meeting dismissed!"

Both Tinsor and Blair sat in their seats as they watched the other colleagues pack up emotionlessly before leaving the meeting room.

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A suffocating silence hung in the air.

When everyone had left, Blair spoke softly, "Is this what PR is about? Seriously? Did he just tell us to use underhanded methods to bring people down?"

"I know, right? Destroying other people's reputations and spreading rumors about them? Is that what PR is all about? This is unbelievable." Tinsor parted his lips in disbelief.

"Err, let me call my sister first." Blair felt the need to inform his sister first.

Blair has taken up a female lead role secretly. Does she know what showbiz is like? It's a ruthless and greedy industry! Why did she make that foolish decision?

No one in their right mind would choose to be a celebrity instead of a socialite!

Meanwhile, Naomi was watching Jonathan filming his scene.

Jonathan couldn't act well. In fact, his acting was horrible.

She couldn't even bear to look at him.

Greg's yells reverberated throughout the whole set, and most of them were directed at Jonathan.

"Remember your position!"

"Did you show your face to the camera?"

"Do you even know how to act?"

"What's with the poker face? Can you at least show some expression?"

"Emotions! There are no emotions in your gaze!"

Although Jonathan was a top idol who was loved and revered by many, he was still a rookie actor.

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Although Jonathan was a top idol who was loved and revered by many, he was still a rookie actor.

No matter how popular he was, it couldn't conceal the fact that he was a bad actor.

Luckily, he never retorted and even apologized sincerely whenever he got scolded, "I'm sorry, Maxwell. Can you explain the scene to me again?"

After yelling at Jonathan, Greg would explain the scene to him again, seeing how sincere he was.

He would always chide Jonathan impatiently, "Are you daft? Why can't you get it? I've explained it to you so many times! You're worse than Naomi! At least she got it after I explained twice! How many times have I repeated this to you?"

Naomi was watching sympathetically as Jonathan got scolded when her phone started ringing.

She glanced at the caller ID and immediately went to a public restroom in the film set.

When she finally entered a stall, she returned Blair's call. "Blair, what's the call for?"

Blair frowned and questioned, "Why didn't you pick up the call?"

"I-I didn't hear my phone ringing."

"Naomi Nolan, tell me where you are now. Be honest with me."

Upon hearing Blair's stern demand, Naomi felt her heart sink. "I..."

Should I confess? But when the movie is premiered, Lucas will find out about it, right?

The truth will be revealed sooner or later.

When Naomi was about to confess, Blair spoke.

[Chapter 539](#)

“Stop stammering. Are you shooting a movie? Naomi, you’re no longer a kid. You used to stir up a lot of trouble, and that’s alright. But how could you accept a female lead role in a movie? Who would trust you? Did you make a deal with the director? The showbiz is too complicated for an innocent girl like you,” Blair rambled on.

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His words shocked Naomi. Blair knows about it? When did he find out?

But even if I explain how I got this role, he won’t believe it!

She sighed exasperatedly, unsure of how to clarify the matter to him.

In the end, she replied, “Blair, I’ll explain to you when I get home, okay? I need to get back to work now.”

“Y-You’re driving me crazy! Fine, let’s see how you’ll explain to Lucas later!” Blair bellowed before hanging up.

Naomi held her phone and walked out from the restroom stall with her head down.

The moment she stepped out, she bumped into a woman who shrieked, “Ow!”

Helena was looking at her phone while walking and bumped into her.

Looking up, she recognized Naomi who was the female lead of the set next to hers.

Instantly, a disdainful look crept up Helena’s face. “Oh, look who we have here. It’s the ugly duckling who wants to become a swan! What a joke.”

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If I hadn't rejected Greg, she wouldn't have gotten the female lead role!

It was all thanks to me!

The more she thought about it, the angrier she became.

The news of her being cast as the female lead of Angel and Devil didn't cause a sensation on Twitter.

On the contrary, it was Greg's Trashy Idol who ended up hogging the trending topics. One of the topics was about the rookie actress who got cast as the female lead, which totally pissed her off.

All celebrities wanted to be talked about so that they could gain popularity.

Helena might be an aspiring actress, but she wasn't that famous in showbiz yet. Although she had acted in a few TV series, they didn't propel her to stardom as she had expected.

Since this was her first female lead role in a movie, she took it pretty seriously as it might help her rise to fame.

However, she didn't expect to lose to a rookie actress! How was the rookie able to cause a sensation? Why couldn't I? I am better than her in terms of looks and popularity!

"Did you just swallow a bomb?" Naomi glanced at Helena. She was about to apologize for bumping into her, but before she could do so, Helena was already mocking her.

And it upset Naomi greatly.

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Helena's eyes widened. "What did you just say?"

"You're nothing but trash. What else can I say?" Naomi rolled her eyes. "I'm sorry for bumping into you. But shouldn't you apologize for your words?"

"You want me to apologize? In your dreams!" Helena's face contorted in anger.

She looked like she was about to shove Naomi into the toilet.

Everyone in her set addressed her respectfully, so she couldn't accept the fact that a rookie had just talked back to her.

There was no way she was going to let it go.

"In my dreams? Ha!" Naomi rolled her eyes once again and ignored the rude woman. As she swiveled

around to leave, the furious Helena reached out to stop her.

However, what she managed to grab in her burst of rage was instead the flimsy strap of Naomi's dress!

Instantly, the strap broke and Naomi's blue striped dress slid down her body, exposing her delicate and fair skin.

Shocked, Naomi hurriedly pulled her dress up.

Helena was surprised by what she did too. As she glanced down at her hands, she stammered, "I-I didn't do it on purpose. Well..."

Then she stomped her foot in fury. "Blame yourself for provoking me!"

With that, she ran off.

[Chapter 540](#)

Naomi almost blew her top. Ugh, she just broke the strap of my dress! That's why I hate wearing flimsy dresses like this. What should I do now?

Naomi almost blew her top. Ugh, she just broke the strap of my dress! That's why I hate wearing flimsy dresses like this. What should I do now?

I can't walk out holding up the dress, can I?

Naomi groaned silently. Why am I so unlucky?

Right then, her phone rang.

"Assistant, where are you? Your scene is starting soon. Come back now!" Jonathan ordered.

Naomi panicked instantly. "I'm in the restroom. I-I need some time."

"Did you fall into the toilet? You've been there for over ten minutes."

Naomi was about to cry. "I..."

"Did you really fall into the toilet? Oh my! You must smell horrible right now. I won't go save you, my stinky assistant," Jonathan teased her.

Naomi yelled out in frustration, "No! M-My dress strap broke!"

Jonathan blanked out at her words. "What did you just say?" he inquired.

"I-I said, my dress strap snapped! Hurry, bring me some clothes!" Naomi yelled in frustration.

She sounded like an adorable kitten mewling for help.

Upon recalling the dress with flimsy straps she had on, Jonathan refused immediately. "I'm a man. How can I go to the female restroom?"

"But there's no one else who can help me." Naomi seemed desperate. "All the other crew members are male! I don't know why Maxwell didn't hire any female crew members. I am the only woman here, and you're the only one I'm familiar with."

Naomi almost blaw har top. Ugh, sha just broka tha strap of my drass! That's why I hata waaring flimsy drassas lika this. What should I do now?

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Jonathan was so awkward that he flushed a bright red as he reluctantly agreed to help her.

He rose to his feet after the call. After a brief hesitation, he took his jacket and headed to the female restroom.

As Jonathan walked to the female restroom, his heart raced.

He then stopped right in front of the entrance. That was the first time he had ever been this close to the female restroom.

Blushing faintly, he blinked before summoning his courage to speak. "Er..."

"Naomi, y-you can come out now."

"Naomi?"

Right then, a short and chubby woman in her thirties walked out of the restroom and spotted the attractive man at the entrance. She immediately shrieked, "Jerk! So good-looking, yet such a pervert!"

She shifted her chubby body and reached out to hit Jonathan.

Her fist was about to land on poor Jonathan's pretty face when Naomi rushed out from her stall upon hearing the commotion.

With one hand covering her chest, she held the hem of her dress with the other.

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"Ma'am, I'm sorry. My dress strap broke, so I asked my brother to bring me something to wear. I can assure you he's not a jerk. I'm really sorry," Naomi apologized profusely. Her blushing cheeks accentuated her snowy white skin.

Her entire being glowed with radiance under the sun.

At this moment, Naomi spotted the jacket in Jonathan's hand, then she grabbed it and put it on herself at once.

The oversized jacket managed to cover her petite figure perfectly.

Only then did she let out a long sigh and ignore her dress, which was slipping down her body.

Following that, the chubby lady harrumphed and spat at Jonathan before leaving the restroom. They could hear the lady cursing as she walked away.

Jonathan flushed a crimson red and glowered at Naomi, "Assistant, you owe me a favor! Remember to return it!"

Damn it, that was so embarrassing! No one had ever called me a jerk before!

"And I'm not your brother! Don't ever say that again!"

Naomi's heart was racing as two red spots tinted her cheeks. Why did something so awkward happen to me?

It was all Helena's fault for breaking my dress strap!