

Extraordinary 761

[Chapter 761](#)

"It's nothing. I just missed you too much," replied Penelope. She acted as though she was reluctant to share her story because it would trouble Bianca. "Don't overthink this, Granny. It's nothing. Really."

The more she behaved like this, the more Bianca grew curious. "Really? You can tell me. Did your uncle treat you poorly? Oh, I'm so going to scold him."

"No, that's not it. It's just..." Penelope became even more teary-eyed. "I... Granny, I didn't want to tell you about this because I didn't want to worry you, but it's actually about Ashlyn. You remember, right? She's the woman I talked to you about before. It's all her fault."

Between sobs, Penelope told Bianca a modified version of what had happened at the piano competition in H Nation.

The former made everything seem so intense and painted herself as the innocent bystander who was ever so pitiful. She made Mary and herself out to be the world's unluckiest and saddest women there was.

Ashlyn, on the other hand, was made out to be the absurd villain who lived only to derive her happiness from Penelope and Mary's misery.

Bianca's heart ached as she patted Penelope's hand. "You should go take a rest first. Don't worry. I'm not the kind of person who would let injustice like that happen. I can't believe that a simple trip back would bring you and your mom so much pain and misery. You have both suffered for no reason. Ah! I'm so angry! I'll call your uncle right now and scold him!"

Hearing that, Penelope bit her lip a little as a hint of panic flashed past her eyes. Shoot, if she makes that call, my lies would be exposed.

At that thought, Penelope immediately replied, "There's no need for that, Granny. Uncle Ryan tried to protect me and Mom, but Ashlyn is the wife of the CEO of Nolan Group. She's too powerful, so it's not Uncle Ryan's fault that he couldn't protect us. Please don't call him and put even more pressure on his shoulders."

"My sweet Penelope, you're so kind. Okay, I won't call him if that's what you wish," replied Bianca. A glint flashed past her eyes as she put her phone away.

"Then I won't bother you anymore, Granny. I better head back to my room now," said Penelope who left immediately after.

The kind smile on Bianca slowly turned into a scowl, and anger seeped out of her eyes.

“That kid is so ridiculous. Does she really think I won't see through her tricks? She truly has countless bad habits.”

Bianca's voice carried a hint of disappointment, and the tone she used frightened Matilda a little. “Mrs. Yates, you...”

“I may be getting old, but that doesn't mean she can fool me. She made herself out to be so pitiful, yet she didn't want me to call Ryan?”

“Are you saying something about the situation is fishy?” Matilda immediately got what was going on. Matilda had been working for the Yates family for decades, but she had always found Mary and Penelope did not belong to the family.

Almost every hired help was mad at them but was too afraid to complain. Mary and Penelope would deliberately make things difficult for them.

“Send someone to investigate the matter and tell me the truth,” ordered Bianca. She was never the kind of person who would blindly believe anything anyone told her. If she was, the Yates family would not have grown to be so strong in Maredania, nor would its powers be that deeply rooted.

“Understood,” replied Matilda before leaving to work on the task right away.

Just as Matilda left, Ryan called. “Mom, have the two of them reached home?”

“Yeah,” replied Bianca calmly. “When will you be home?”

“I will definitely be home for your birthday, but I need to work on some minor issues here for now. Please have Dad or Matilda plan the party for you,” said Ryan. He had always been a good son, so he felt a little guilty because he could not plan Bianca's birthday party in person.

Still, the mere thought of Mary and Penelope made him feel the urgent need to prove what he suspected. Hence, he could not return home just yet.

“It's fine. Focus on your work and be careful out there, okay?” said Bianca. She was not the type of mother who would demand her kids stay by her side at all times.

At the time, there were still ten days before it was Bianca's birthday.

In the meantime, after the production of “Trashy Idol” was done, the marketing effort began right away. Every social media and website was advertising the movie endlessly.

Some cinemas also had the movie's posters shared on their websites.

The posters were even at the subway entrances, the bus stops, and just about everywhere.

As a result, Jonathan's influence as an idol became more obvious.

His fans kept pre-ordering the tickets, and as a result, the movie ranked number one when it was not even aired yet.

That was all thanks to Jonathan's fans supporting him.

“Angel and Devil” which was scheduled to be released in the same period, kept advertising its movie as well, but very few reacted and paid attention to it.

Every time the movie gained a bit of attention, it would be neglected soon after.

The worst part was that the paparazzi snapped a photo of Kate spitting at the entrance of the movie studio. Her uncouth behavior affected the movie's reputation and value.

Many netizens dissed her endlessly and insulted her.

Kate became so angry that she complained to Dixon about it, “It's not like I killed anyone or something. There are countless drunk drivers who took the lives of so many people. Why aren't the netizens yelling at them instead?”

Dixon glared at her icily and replied, “The poor are jealous of the rich. Understood?”

This stupid, old hag... If she weren't my mother's sister, I would have completely ignored her. She ruined everything! The movie hasn't even been released yet, and it's already receiving such a negative response. I can't believe she actually did something as uncouth as spitting in public!

A sense of helplessness bubbled up in Dixon's heart. Kate made him so angry, but he could not even vent out.

They were blood relatives, and that connection, albeit negligible, prevented him from doing anything.

If his subordinates had been the ones who had done something like that, Dixon would have destroyed their lives.

They would not have been able to sit there in one piece and complain.

Frustrated, he shot a look at Kate and said, “Our loss will be tremendous if the movie doesn't do well, so I will entrust this matter to you. You must do a good job.”

"Huh? What matter are you talking about?" asked Kate. She was so troubled that she could not be bothered about anything else.

"I have a document here with me. All you have to do is follow the instructions stated there, and victory will be ours. The ticket sales would increase exponentially, and I'm certain we can perform better than Ashlyn's movie. If we win this, endless moviegoers will swarm to our cinema, and we won't have to worry about money at all."

As Dixon spoke, he retrieved a folder from the drawer and handed it to Kate.

She accepted it and asked, "What is this?"

"Give this to my cousin. He will help you work on it. The expenses involved aren't much, but the profit it generates will be absolute," Dixon convinced.

"Aunt Kate, we're family, so it's not like I'd hurt you. This is all about money," added Dixon before he paused momentarily. "You know... What the Field family did to you truly infuriated me, Aunt Kate. If you and my dear cousin do this for me, I promise I will help you exact your revenge on the Field family. That old fart, James, has been the leader for far too long. Does he really think he can remain in his political position for eternity?"

"Dixon, what are you saying?"

Kate tilted her head up abruptly when she heard that. Looking into the eyes of that stunning man, she spotted immense cruelty in them. All he did was grin in the slightest way, and his mercilessness oozed out of him.

"Everyone has their weaknesses, Aunt Kate. Even if he doesn't have one, I will create one for him. I don't believe, even for a second, that James is as honest and as capable as he seems. There has to be a slip up somewhere, and if I get my hands on some evidence... Oh, he will fall so hard. It's time he moves aside and lets the young replace him."

Upon seeing the man's vicious expression, Kate felt a chill down her spine.

However, her hatred for the Field family quickly took over.

If the Field family were to fall, that b*tch, Charlotte, would fall as well. The Field family brought so much shame to me that I will never outlive it, and everyone in my social circles knows about how they humiliated me. It was so bad that I had to stay home for so long. I was even scared to join any gatherings.

[Chapter 763](#)

Her hatred for the Field family was endless, and the anger she harbored for Charlotte was even deeper.

Intense fury and hate filled Kate's eyes. "I will do as you asked, Dixon, no matter what that is."

"Okay, Aunt Kate. Go home and do this..." Dixon then moved to whisper something into Kate's ears.

Kate memorized every word he said. "Don't worry, Dixon. Lochlan is my son. He'll listen to me."

"Okay, then I will be waiting for the good news from you."

Dixon smiled warmly. It was as though the cruel man from before was not him at all.

"I'll head home now, Dixon."

"Okay."

With that, she left Haddock Group and approached her car. Before she opened the door, she received a notification from a cinema application.

She had not even gotten into her car before she tapped on it.

Trashy Idol will officially hit the cinemas this Sunday. The cinema schedule has been released!

Kate felt her vision going dark, and she almost fainted.

The edit for Trashy Idol is done already? And they've already released the cinema's schedule. How did that Ashlyn work so quickly?

Before a movie could be released, its clips had to be edited, sent to the government, obtain approval, wait for the official license, and many more.

The whole procedure was troublesome, so even going through the motion would take quite some time.

How did Ashlyn get everything done so quickly?

Opening the car door, Kate got inside, her face as dark as thunder.

That b*tch!

The competition was inevitable when two movies were released at the same time, yet she never thought Ashlyn would be ahead of her.

Kate had just finished reading that news when another notification popped up.

That particular notification was from Twitter.

It was from the official account of the related government branch.

They posted: I can't believe that I actually saw a movie that could touch the deepest parts of my soul this year. Trashy Idol was approved on the day it was sent. Our employees watched the movie in its entirety in one go, and everything from the editing to the storyline was perfect. There was no need to make any adjustments or remove anything. Hence, it passed our test in one go and has set the record for the quickest approval. It sets a great example and is what movies in the modern age deeply need. Please like and support it. Also, please support @Mrs. Nolan for her great work!

Upon seeing that, Kate was on the verge of breaking down.

She could not believe that the government official had publicly complimented Ashlyn's movie.

The movie Kate invested in, "Angel and Devil," had just been sent and was still pending approval.

How was she going to compete against something like that?

Kate was in a turmoil of emotions, and deep jealousy bubbled up in her heart.

"Uh, Mrs. Fraser, are we going home or..." asked the chauffeur cautiously as he monitored her expression.

"Home," replied Kate. All she could think about was how Ashlyn's movie was approved and praised. I'm losing my mind!

Meanwhile, the netizens had gone wild.

After the Twitter post was shared, many became curious as they commented their thoughts.

Just how amazing is this movie? I can't believe the government actually complimented it.

I'm kinda curious about it, too. What's so good about picking up trash?

I'm hesitating now. Should I go to the cinema? Which one should I watch? I heard that Angel and Devil is about to be released as well...

I love Jonathan more!

The netizens on Twitter were going insane with glee.

Their anticipation for "Trashy Idol" had risen even more.

Ashlyn, on the other end, had been working endlessly to promote the movie.

She was too busy to work on anything else.

On the day of the movie premier, she wore a light blue dress that highlighted her tall and sexy figure. Sitting under her feet was a pair of white heels.

The woman exuded a strong aura.

She was naturally beautiful as well, and the exquisite make-up she had on maximized her beauty. Even the celebrities under Nolan Entertainment could not be compared.

The movie would be played five times in the cinema that day, and every single ticket was sold.

[Chapter 764](#)

The popular movie review accounts on Twitter and TikTok were all invited to join the event.

Moreover, some artistes from Nolan Group, directors, producers, Jonathan's big fans, and lucky fans who won the lottery were there as well.

Some reporters from major media companies were also allowed into the venue to report the event.

Ashlyn had made sure that everything was covered.

A famous director in the industry who was sitting in the second row scoffed. "What's interesting about this? Isn't this just a show by someone who's only trending now?"

His voice was loud as if he wanted Ashlyn and the other people in charge to hear him.

"Mr. Wells, we've been invited to this place, so just let this go," said another director. "Take it as just a free show."

Some of the famous commentators chimed in as well, "What can a director like Greg be able to come up with? The box office is doomed to fail."

"That's right. The actors aren't professionals either. One is a rookie, and the other is an idol," another added.

They were not at all embarrassed to voice their disdain toward the movie out loud.

Naomi was young and unable to hold her temple, so she leaped to her feet, about to curse at them.

However, Ashlyn stopped her. "Don't be mad. The movie's about to start. Don't you want to find out how your acting was?"

Naomi muttered in an upset tone, "Ashlyn, if I knew they were going to act in this way, I wouldn't have

invited them.”

“Just ignore them.” Ashlyn smiled.

Jonathan was extremely upset as well. It was his first time in a movie—the main male lead, in fact—but the others were all criticizing him before they even watched the show. There was no way he would not be angry and miserable after hearing them.

“Maxwell, are you not angry?”

At the end of the day, Greg was a few years older than them and had gone through the hard times of his life.

Thus, the smile on his face was a nonchalant one.

“The humiliation and curses the people dole out at me are nothing—they'll only make me steel myself even more. We should face these matters with a calm heart in this challenging industry.”

Upon hearing that, the two young people felt their frustration seep away.

When it was time, the movies in the five cinema halls started almost simultaneously.

The title “Trashy Idol” then slowly appeared on the screen.

The movie was set in a futuristic timeline when Earth was on its way to its destruction after the ruination of the environment via pollution and the devastation of the ecological chain.

The last idol standing had lost all of his supporters and audience. He was the only one left in the world. The idol who had been protected well by his family, company, and fans had lost everything in life. Hence, he had no choice but to finally step out of his comfort zone. He was greeted by a world of desolation. Rubbish was everywhere, and rot could be found on every surface. There was no place for him to live at all.

In the end, he died on a mountain of rubbish like the others.

When he opened his eyes again, he found himself having traveled to a different place.

He had gone back in time to a place where the birds sang and the flowers bloomed—he had gone back to a world where things were still fine.

It was then he found himself in the body of a young idol. He was back in the twenty-first century when Earth was still a good place to live in.

Hence, he who had transmigrated to this other universe began picking up trash to protect the

environment.

Many laughed at him and cursed at him, but he was unfazed. He only had an assistant by his side, and his assistant helped him out.

Everyone was stunned when they saw how the others were laughing at the character Jonathan was playing for picking up trash.

The people in the cinema halls were either entrepreneurs or famous individuals online and offline.

Some were even big fans of Jonathan. Those fans were all big fans because they spent a lot on him—they supported him financially and mentally.

After all, someone who did not have the money could not become a major fan of a celebrity.

Those who were in fandoms would know that, at the end of the day, money was everything in the fandom's social circles.

[Chapter 765](#)

They were all stunned, for they saw how Jonathan was crouching in the middle of the pungent trash pile before taking those trash in a cart to the trash sorting center.

Even though they were in the cinema halls, they could almost smell the trash just by looking at the scene.

The one who played the assistant to Jonathan's character was Naomi.

Her character had the dream of joining the entertainment industry. She was gifted with a good voice, but someone set her up and made her deaf and mute.

Naomi had a period of time when she lost her hearing, so her performance as the deaf assistant was exceptionally moving.

In fact, the audience could empathize with her.

She was helpless and powerless—she was but an ordinary assistant without anyone powerful backing her up.

However, she, like others, had a dream.

The movie had a happy ending. Jonathan's character became a top actor, and his assistant became a popular actress after getting cured.

Moreover, his encouragement for others to save the Earth started the trend of separating trash into

categories. As a matter of fact, picking up trash became a trend as well.

Those who used to laugh at him and set them up were all punished accordingly.

After the people in the cinema halls saw that, they were stunned to their cores.

The destruction of the environment was terrifying.

The scene at the start of the movie was seared into their minds.

The people lived above mountains of trash, and the idol ended up dying above one of those mountains. No one could escape the pungent scent of trash, and houseflies were everywhere.

Outside the halls, the sky was dark.

The people did not know how they managed to bring themselves out of the halls.

Those who used to look down on Greg and the other people in charge—the critics and the popular directors—felt embarrassed by what they said earlier.

They felt humiliated.

The movie was meaningful, and the performances of the main cast were fantastic.

They had all accused of Jonathan as an attractive but useless person, and they said that Naomi was just a rich family's daughter who was working for fun, but now... All they could think was that they had been too quick to jump to conclusions.

Just the scene where Jonathan was picking up bottles and pushing carts and carts of trash to the sorting center was enough to make them doubt their earlier judgment.

After all, which trending idol would be able to endure the hardship of such a laborious scene?

Moreover, Naomi was the daughter of the Nolan family, but she was also picking up trash with Jonathan.

No daughter of a prestigious family would be able to do such a thing.

Before the release of the movie, the official account of “Trashy Idol” had posted photos of the behind-the-scenes.

Back then, everyone thought that Jonathan was just putting on an act.

Yet... they were proven wrong.

They were the ones who could not bring themselves to crouch down and pick up the trash even though it was a simple action.

Looking at the big shots, who all had similar somber looks on their faces, Ashlyn could not help but curl her lips. She then stood up and walked to the center of the cinema hall, taking the microphone from the host. In a cold tone, she uttered, "You've all finished watching the movie, so you must have thoughts of your own about it. We didn't make this movie for the money nor for any other reason but one. I, Ashlyn Berry, only want to do things I'm interested in. I hope people will be putting their focus on environmental issues from now on. Thank you for coming to the sneak preview. We will be gifting everyone here a little gift, and our main cast, Jonathan and Naomi, will be the ones giving them out. Please head toward the exit."

With that said, the staff members of the cinema theater began leading the crowd toward the doorway.

Right then, a sudden loud noise sounded out.

Bang!

Ashlyn widened her eyes. "Lucas!"

Instantly, she threw the microphone aside and ran toward the man.

She witnessed the man by the seats stand up, swayed on his feet, and collapsed.

That loud noise was from him—he had knocked his head against the seat in front of him.

At the same time, the people who had yet to leave the venue could not help but turn toward the source of the noise.

By then, Ashlyn was already beside Lucas. Pulling his limp body into her arms, she cried out, "Spencer, send him to the hospital!"

[Chapter 766](#)

The man's forehead was almost as hot as the sun.

D*mn it! Why does he have such a high fever?

Ashlyn had been busy with the movie recently, so it had been days since she had seen Lucas.

What happened to him? Why is he in this state now?

At the hospital, Sinclair was furrowing his brows and telling Ashlyn, "His other personality is the reason for this fever. I might not be able to deal with this for now."

“What?” Ashlyn cocked a brow. “What do you mean?”

Sinclair rubbed his hands before awkwardly muttering, “You’ll have to consult my mentor for this. He’s a prominent figure in the world of psychology. I’ve treated Lucas for many years, and although I was able to keep it under control, I can’t rid him of it. We’ll need my mentor to consult him instead.”

“So where’s your mentor?” asked Ashlyn as she looked at Sinclair. “If he can take Lucas’ case, I’ll go find him.”

“Ms. Berry, my mentor is in Maredania. He has been retired for a long time—he organized a retirement party a few years back and decided not to take on any case anymore.”

Ashlyn could hear the hesitation in Sinclair’s voice, so she hastily asked, “Is there something else about it?”

“Yes... My mentor retired because someone set him up. His competition against Maredania Psychiatric Hospital’s vice director for the role of president in the psychology association ended up affecting his child. His child had been living with him after he got a divorce from his spouse. The vice director was unashamed about pulling dirty tricks, so he hired people to kidnap my mentor’s child to force him out of the competition. Indeed, he left. However, it was too late. The child was brilliant and managed to flee from the vice director. Unfortunately, his child encountered an accident during the escape and... passed away. He feels guilty for it.”

“So he decided to never consult others again and to retire from the industry?”

Ashlyn sighed. She never thought that Sinclair’s mentor would have experienced something like that in the past.

“Where’s the vice director now?”

“He managed to become the president of the psychology association, and the two kidnappers were charged guilty and imprisoned. However, the mastermind behind the incident is actually the president of the association. My mentor is constantly in a gloomy mood, and the child’s mother hates him, too. She’s resentful about how he fought for child’s custody but failed to keep the child alive.”

“I see. I got it.” Ashlyn nodded.

“What do you mean by you got it?” Sinclair did not quite understand what she meant.

Curling her lips, Ashlyn replied, “Karma is always just around the corner.”

Meanwhile, plenty of posts were spreading around on WhatsApp and Twitter.

“Trashy Idol.” A Movie That Leaves You Thinking. Have You Picked Up Trash Today?

The Biggest Love You Can Give To Earth Is To Protect Its Environment—A Lesson From This Film.

Have You Seen Jonathan Picking Up Trash In This Inspiring Movie Yet?

Not Only Does The Daughter Of The Nolan Family Knows How To Play, But She Also Knows How To Pick Up Trash!

A Movie Worth Loving And Watching—“Trashy Idol.”

Almost all of the comments were praising the movie.

People used to be merely curious about it, but now, it was trending on the internet. In fact, multiple trending topics on Twitter were all about the movie.

Ever since people found out Ashlyn was Lucas' wife, the account “Mrs. Nolan” was tagged non-stop by netizens and fans.

However, Ashlyn seemed completely unperturbed, for she posted nothing at all.

Her lack of response was driving her fans and the netizens mad.

It was because she had nearly a billion fans by then.

Initially, the account “Mrs. Nolan” attracted several million fans because of Lucas.

However, once the people found out that Ashlyn was Lucas' wife, she gained even more fans at a rapid rate.

Oh, my goddess Ashlyn Berry! So, this is your Twitter account!

Ashlyn! Ashlyn! Ashlyn! I've finally found the real deal!

Ah! Lyn! I love you so, so much!

Am I the only one here who wants to know if Snowstorm is the one who wrote “Trashy Idol”?

I hear that Snowstorm and Ms. Saunders are on par with each other. They're all popular talented individuals!

[Chapter 767](#)

Snowstorm's amazing!

Are you in the wrong place? This is Ashlyn's Twitter. Why are you talking about Snowstorm here?

It's because Snowstorm's too mysterious. I'd like to introduce her to Lyn! I wonder how she found Snowstorm and managed to hire Snowstorm to write the script!

Unexpectedly, Jonathan retweeted that comment.

He added: I'd like to know how you found my fav, Snowstorm, too! I want to meet her!

Nevertheless, Ashlyn never bothered checking Twitter.

She was making preparations to bring Lucas to Maredania for his treatment.

A pretty woman was sitting on a private jet, and beside her was an unconscious man.

The man's cheek had an unnatural blush on it. Evidently, he was having a fever.

"We've already given him medication for fever, but why is he still burning up?" Spencer worriedly looked at Lucas.

As he sat down, he handed Ashlyn a bottle of water.

At that moment, Ashlyn was quietly looking outside the window at the blue sky as the plane soared in the sky.

"I'm not too sure about his condition. I'll send him to the nearest hospital once we're off the plane, while I get someone to find Sinclair's mentor." Ashlyn could understand the anxiety Spencer was feeling. After all, he had been working for Lucas for many years.

"My mentor used to be friends with the count's family. I wonder if he'll be attending Bianca's birthday celebration." Sinclair yawned. "He has been living in the countryside since he retired. Even I don't have a way to contact him. Should I ask for his details from the count's family?"

The count's family? The one that took Penelope and Mary in?

Ashlyn frowned at the thought of that.

What a small world. Nevertheless, I have to look for that man as soon as possible. Lucas can't afford to waste any more time.

Determination danced across her eyes at that thought.

Regardless of everything, I'm going to find that man.

While Ashlyn brought Sinclair, Spencer, and Lucas to Maredania, “Trashy Idol” was released across the nation.

The earlier trending topics and the good reviews from popular bloggers as well as critics helped with the box office.

In fact, even famous directors and celebrities were showing off their movie tickets and praising the movie fervently.

A famous singer wrote: @Mrs. Nolan, this is amazing! The movie was worth watching! I couldn't help but watch it three more times after watching the sneak preview!

A renowned actor wrote: I've been acting for many years, so I certainly know what performing is. Therefore, I have to say give the best ratings to this movie. In fact, I've even made an account on a well-known film review site and gave the movie five stars! @Mrs. Nolan, do remember to come to me if you have any other good movies. I'll give you a discount!

An acclaimed director also wrote: I used to look down on this film. After all, this film is by a director with box-office flops and a director who plagiarized others. Moreover, the main cast is an idol. What kind of good film could they possibly come up with? However, I've been proven wrong after watching “Trashy Idol”! I'm sorry! @GregMaxwell @JonathanQuickton This movie is worth watching twice!

An experienced actor-cum-film-school-mentor wrote: Haha! This is a good movie with good actors and directors. So, I'd like to know... @FrankVenti, did you copy him, or did he copy you? Look at that rubbish “Angel and Devil” you came up with. I doubt @GregMaxwell would have plagiarized you.

Frank, who had been tagged, was so furious he threw the beer mug in his hand to the ground.

Ever since he had been cast aside by Dixon and Kate, and ever since those terrible things happened to him, his life had been horrendous.

Nothing went well.

Upon hearing the sound of glass shattering, Josephine came out of the room, only to be greeted by the sight of glass pieces all over the floor.

She sneered. “What's the matter? Are you going to keep taking out your anger at home? Why don't you muster the courage to do it elsewhere, huh?”

[Chapter 768](#)

Frank glowered at Millie menacingly. “B*tch! How dare you treat me with such insolence! Does it do you good when everything goes wrong for me? Pfft! Are you still thinking of Greg Maxwell, the worthless

trash? Mark my words. You're nothing but a pair of worn-out shoes! After I've had my way with you all these years in bed, do you think he'll still accept you even if I kick you aside?"

Millie's face turned ashen. However, she put up a good front in an instant by lifting her chin with a look of arrogance. It was as though she was still the gorgeous campus belle whom countless juniors fell head over heels for at the academy of film and television many years ago.

Even though there were traces of age at the corner of her eyes, she still looked as charming as ever.

She enunciated coldly, "Frank Venti, you should know yourself well. You don't need me to enlighten you about how much of a sc*mbag you are, do you? Anyway, what's the point of deriding me oppressively now?"

With that, she turned to take out two copies of the divorce agreement and tossed them toward Frank. "Sign them now, and we'll cut ties with each other immediately."

"You wish to cut ties with me? That's impossible!" Frank grabbed the two copies of the divorce agreement and tore them into pieces before throwing them in Millie's face. "Don't ever think of leaving my side!"

"Sorry to disappoint, but I must leave this time!" Millie stated resolutely. The next second, she pushed the luggage she had prepared toward the door.

Seeing that, Frank lunged toward her at once.

Bang! A thunderous sound rang out. Caught off guard, she fell backward when the man pounced on her. Subsequently, the back of her head slammed into the ground.

Frank's expression was vicious as he sat on her waist and began slapping her non-stop.

Millie saw stars and could not refrain from yowling due to the excruciating pain in the back of her head.

Nonetheless, the man pressed onto her like a big mountain, and she did not have the energy to break free.

Soon, blood started flowing out from the back of her head.

She gradually lost the energy to fend off the man's violence and eventually blacked out.

At the same time, Frank finally grew tired from slapping her. He lifted his head, only to catch a glimpse of the ghastly pool of red blood on the floor.

"Millie! Dear! Oh my god! Blood! Why is there so much blood!" Horror-stricken, Frank got to his feet hastily and whipped out his phone to call the ambulance. "Someone is hurt! Quick! Send an ambulance

over!”

Since their residential area was high-end, some artists opted to stay there too.

Moments later, the ambulance arrived, and Millie was carried out from their unit on a stretcher. Some of the neighbors who were looking on were dumbstruck.

“Is Mrs. Venti injured? My goodness! She's drenched in blood!”

“She's normally very gentle and always greets us amiably with a smile.”

“Could it be a case of domestic violence? Look at her face! She was beaten to a pulp!”

At that moment, Daphne Zander, a young artist, was heading home and witnessed everything. She took a video with her phone and uploaded the video clip to her Twitter.

In actuality, she was an obscure artist with a fanbase of a meager one million and usually did not get much attention.

Her caption was: Good gracious! @FrankVenti bashed his wife up till she's drenched in blood! The ambulance is here to take her to the hospital!

Coincidentally, Frank could be seen getting onto the ambulance in slippers with a look of apprehension in Daphne's video clip. It was indeed concrete evidence that proved her words were the truth.

It never occurred to Daphne that her video clip would attract so much attention and shoot up to the top of the trending page!

Soon, the other netizens bombarded the comment section of her Twitter with messages, lambasting Frank. Some even asked her inquisitively how and where she took the video clip.

She replied patiently in the comments section: I stay in the same residential area with Frank Venti. That's how I witnessed it when I was heading back to my unit a while ago. Let's keep our fingers crossed for Mrs. Venti's speedy recovery.

Frank had been the talk of the town for the past few days. Many were gossiping about whether he or Greg was the one plagiarizing the other's script.

In the past, he had often gotten on the nerves of others in the entertainment industry because of his arrogant and forceful attitude.

Now that he was in deep water, many artists, groups, managers, and others who used to be scared of him grabbed the opportunity to turn the table on him. They started blabbering about the absurd deeds he had committed in the past.

One such group posted: Once, our group was supposed to pick up Frank and his group. However, he refused to get off the car when we reached the destination and insisted that we should pay him fifty thousand first. Pfft! Who did he think he was? How preposterous!

[Chapter 769](#)

That instantly set off the others, who began furiously commenting: That's still no big deal. Do you know what happened when Sammy followed him out for a film shoot? My goodness! He had the nerve to introduce a bigshot who was a pervert to our poor Sammy, and the bigshot even wanted to make a move on him! It's indeed too much! Fortunately, Sammy managed to escape by jumping out of the car. Since then, he has been oppressed by Frank Venti and the bigshot, losing countless opportunities in the industry!

That's not all. Frank also had designs on our actress! Hmph! Anyway, he underestimated her. She's someone with integrity and morals!

He even deleted her movie scenes! A lot of her scenes were cut out by him!

Ha! I bet you don't know how terrible he is. He forces his assistant to kneel to him while serving him food!

He even poured hot soup onto his assistant. I have a feeling that he might have violent tendencies.

In the meantime, Frank was seated outside the ER in the hospital. Wearing a look of intense anxiousness, he kept his eyes glued to the light above the door.

"He's here!" He suddenly heard a man yell out.

On the heels of that, a group of people rushed out of the elevator with cameras. They took pictures of him as they showered him with questions.

"Director Venti, did you beat your wife up?"

"Why did you beat her? Why's she drenched in blood? Did you quarrel with her? What's the cause?"

"I heard she was Director Maxwell's ex-wife and even had a child with him. Is that true?"

"Did you snatch her from Director Maxwell? Are you a homewrecker?"

"Which part of her body is injured?"

On instinct, Frank avoided looking at them and tried to cover his face.

Boiling with rage, he covered the lower part of his face with his shirt before lunging toward the reporter

nearest to him and bellowed, "What on earth are you doing? How could you interview me and take my pictures without my permission!"

"Feeling insulted by our words? Did you plagiarize Director Maxwell's script? Were you the actual scriptwriter for the movie that enabled you to shoot to fame many years ago? Why can't you produce other movies as good as that now or come up with such an outstanding script anymore?"

"Did you plagiarize Director Maxwell's script?"

"You're right! He plagiarized it!" A woman's feeble voice suddenly sounded from the entrance of the ER.

Everyone turned to look in her direction. At that very moment, a nurse held Millie, helping her to walk out of the ER slowly.

"Greg Maxwell and I were a loving couple ten years ago, but this sc*mbag forced himself on me! He even took nude pictures of me, threatening me to divorce Greg and marry him. I was at my wits' end. If the pictures were to leak out, my family and I would be doomed. My son's reputation would surely be tarnished too," Millie said in anguish.

Her heart ached even more as she explained further, "For the sake of my young son, I had no choice but to divorce Greg and marry Frank. It never occurred to me that was just the beginning of my hellish life. Before my divorce, he forced me to steal Greg's script and made a movie with that before Greg could. When Greg discovered something awry, it was already too late."

"At that point, Greg was slandered as a plagiarizer. I've been living in remorse, feeling guilty for what I did to him and our son throughout these years. Frank Venti is indeed a double-faced jerk. He puts up a kind front but is secretly a selfish and vicious man. Getting beaten up by him became the norm for me. Apart from that, he's even taken advantage of many actresses," Millie added piteously with tears flowing out of her eyes.

With a trembling hand, she whipped out a notebook from her bag. "There's evidence on how he did that here. You may have it!"

"Have you gone nuts? You b*tch!" Blowing a fuse, Frank sprang to his feet and was about to lunge toward Millie to hit her.

However, a group of male reporters instantly tried to stop him by surrounding him.

"Go ahead and slap her if you have a death wish!" An authoritative voice sounded abruptly.

At that moment, a strong arm stretched out and grabbed hold of Frank's lifted hand.

The next second, a man dressed smartly in a suit stood right in front of him with a look of sheer frigidness.

Frank almost fell when Greg shoved him aside. He lifted his head, scowling at the man who had suddenly emerged from nowhere. "Greg Maxwell, I've more than enjoyed my time in bed with your woman for the past ten years! Hahaha!"

After glaring coldly at him for quite a while, Greg finally snapped, "You demon! The police are going to take action against you!"

"Greg, you're nothing but a piece of worthless trash! Anyway, no words can describe how sweet your woman is! You've been leading a miserable life these years, haven't you? Hahaha!" Frank shrieked at the top of his lungs. Malice distorted his face, and there was an intense hatred toward Greg in his eyes.

[Chapter 770](#)

"How could you surpass me throughout those years in the academy? You even wrote such a wonderful script during our final year. But what's the point of doing so? You only gave me the chance to plagiarize your work and gain fame. Since then, I've had your woman in my arms, indulging myself in enjoyable moments to my heart's content. On the other hand, you became a nobody and were even lambasted by the others for being a plagiarizer!" Frank hissed triumphantly.

Irked by Frank's mockery, Greg turned crimson with fury. He lunged forward to throw a punch onto Frank's face. "Useless scum! You'll be punished severely by the law! Just you wait!"

Frank felt throbbing pain on his face as he wiped off the blood oozing from the side of his lips. He snarled, "Greg Maxwell, what gives you the right to punch me! Don't you know that it's a crime to assault others?"

Greg felt a surge of boiling rage from within him as he glowered at Frank with a look of utter grimness. "Sc*mbag, rot in jail then! You've ruined my life, causing me to part with my wife and son. Frank Venti, I curse you to be in h*ll forever!"

Unable to stifle the years of intense rage within him, Greg clenched his fists, throwing punches one after another at Frank.

All these years, he had resented Millie for betraying him and abandoning their son.

Never had he expected that the jerk before him had forced himself on her and had been threatening her throughout the years with her nude pictures.

He thought Millie had schemed long ago to betray him and steal his script. Only then did he realize Frank was the manipulator who had shattered the blissful life of his family. The latter was the culprit of all his suffering. D*mn it! This b*stard has ruined my family, my wife, and my future! He has ruined everything!

Frank let out blood-curdling howls. "Argh! Get lost! Help! He's beating me up!"

Seeing that, Jonathan grabbed hold of Greg apprehensively. "Director Maxwell, cool down! If you beat him to death, you'll be in jail too! Enough of that! After all, you've vented your anger by punching him. Stop it now!"

Unequivocally, the situation would exacerbate if Greg were arrested by the police because of assault. It was not worth it for him to put himself in hot water because of a worthless piece of trash.

"He has ruined my life, my wife, and everything else that belonged to me!" On the verge of tears, Greg lamented with intense despair in his fiery eyes.

All of a sudden, he burst into tears.

"If not for Ms. Berry... If she hadn't come looking for me, offering to take revenge for me, I wouldn't have had the chance to see how this jerk ended up in such a state with my own eyes! If not for Ms. Berry, I would have been stuck forever in the slums, and my son would have no future!" Greg could not restrain himself from an emotional breakdown. Squatting on the ground, he bawled his eyes out like a child.

Millie remained rooted to her spot, gazing at him with wet eyes. Shortly after, tears started trickling down her cheeks. She had been through a lot throughout the years too.

At that very moment, the police rushed to the scene and dragged Frank, who was drenched in blood, away. "Take this scum away!"

Weak as a kitten after being beaten up, Frank mustered up the strength to open his eyes. Wrapping his arms around a police officer, he squealed, "Sir, take me away! Please take me away now! He's going to beat me to death!"

"We'll go through all the heinous acts you committed one by one in the police station later!" The police officer snorted coldly before throwing a glance at Millie. "Madam, please follow us to the police station so we can get your statement."

After that, he turned to look at Greg. "You too! Let's go!"

Jonathan went after them as he was worried stiff for Greg. I must stay by his side now!

At the same time, Twitter was in turbulence after another video clip went viral.

Evidently, someone in the hospital had taken a video of what had transpired moments ago.

A while ago, the overwhelming news of Frank beating Millie up had resulted in an uproar on Twitter. Now that the video clip of Frank being beaten up by Greg after a heated conversation went viral, it stirred another round of turmoil on Twitter.

My goodness! Frank Venti is indeed a jerk!

Huh? Was that exactly what happened many years ago?

Did you hear whose name Director Maxwell called out when in tears? She's my goddess!

My goddess is not only gorgeous but also kind-hearted. She's unveiled that jerk's heinous deeds for Director Maxwell!