

Extraordinary 921

[Chapter 921 Punishment](#)

"Your dress has long sleeves while my wife's clothing doesn't, yet you're the one feeling cold?" Lucas smirked. "She even took photos in the lake earlier. I bet you'll look better if you do, too."

"No... Let me go! Please!" Tears streamed down Sharon's cheeks. "I won't do it again." She then turned to Ashlyn with a pleading look. "We used to be designers working together in LX Corporation. Seeing that we're former colleagues, let me go, please. I won't dare to resent you anymore."

"You won't dare to, not that you can't. Does this mean you'll still resent me once this is over?" Ashlyn flashed a mocking smile. "I've already forgotten about you, Sharon. Yet, you just have to reappear in my life again. In that case, don't blame my husband for hitting you."

Lucas embraced Ashlyn and suggested, "How about... we take photos of you and your workers playing in the water, Ms. Hinton?"

"The weather is freezing right now..." Sharon almost passed out.

Still, under Lucas' pressure, the staff members approached the lake.

"Have fun!" Cassandra pushed Sharon into the water.

Sharon fell into the lake with a splash. The staff members hurriedly pulled her up.

Despite that, she still accidentally drank a few mouthfuls of lake water.

As she was coughing violently, the colleagues she had brought with her started splashing the frigid lake water at her before she could react.

"Great work, everyone." Lucas nodded with satisfaction. Anyone who dares to upset my woman, be it in the past or present, deserves to be punished!

Sharon was rendered dizzy and wet by all the splashing. Her lips were purple as she shrieked tremblingly, "N-No! Please stop... Please, let me go!"

She stood in the lake in a wretched state. It was difficult to tell if the droplets on her face were lake water or tears.

All she wanted at that moment was to be free.

"I can let you go, sure, but I'm warning you no one is allowed to bully my wife. Do you really think you can turn the tide?" said Lucas coldly as he stared at the crowd. "This will be the end of the matter. Also, I don't want to hear any scathing rumors about my wife because of this. You all should know what to do."

He sounded incredibly threatening as he swept his domineering gaze past the crowd once more.

Then he left with Ashlyn in his arms.

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Cossondro and Spencer quickly followed them.

"How are you feeling, Ms. Hinton? Are you okay?" Sharon's assistant approached Sharon.

"Get out of my face!" Furiously, Sharon shoved her assistant aside and walked toward the company vehicle.

She felt as though she had fallen into an icy cave. Due to her drenched clothing, she was still shuddering from the cold even though her body was wrapped in a warm blanket.

I feel so embarrassed right now! All these people here are my subordinates and colleagues, and they witnessed that humiliating scene! How will they treat me, their superior, in the future?

As rage consumed her heart, Sharon gazed at the gown that Aletheo had prepared for Ashlyn to make its debut.

Earlier, she had asked Ashlyn to wear a summer skirt instead of that gown to mess with her. The gown

was left untouched in the car.

She stared at the gown for a while, then a malicious grin formed on her face. You're going to be the first person in the world to wear that gown, eh? Well, we'll see how you'll do that!

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[Chapter 922 Control Freak](#)

Ashlyn woke up early in the morning. She strolled toward the dining room while speaking to Jared on the phone. "How's the situation in the disaster area? Hmm, I see. Remember to cooperate with Mr. Field while you lead Luigi and the others. Imperial Hotel and Centennial Healthcare care not for fame or fortune. All we want is to save people. Lives are priceless. Thus, all lives deserve to be respected. Remember to call me if anything pops up. I still have matters to attend to today."

After the call ended, she sat at the dining table. Yesterday was so cold when we shot the cover. Thankfully, I've always been physically fit, so I didn't catch a cold. I wonder how Sharon is doing right now.

She entered a meeting with the executives of Centennial Healthcare and gave them some instructions.

In the end, she typed: We'll donate all the medicine we produced for the past three days. Send them all to the disaster area overnight, including all the hospitals near the area.

One of the executives replied with a wince: The amount of medicine we produced during the past three days is massive. Are you sure you want to donate all of them?

Ashlyn typed: Yes! All of them. Centennial Healthcare has developed well in recent years, but Jared and I have always been in control of it. It's because of the lack of interference from outside shareholders that Centennial Healthcare attains its current, wonderful state. I doubt the company could achieve this feat if outside shareholders were involved in the financing and others were allowed to make decisions.

A brief pause ensued before she wrote: So, everything will be fine as long as everyone listens to me. Get this done as quickly as possible.

That executive didn't have the nerve to refute her and agreed repeatedly.

When Ashlyn lifted her head, she realized Lucas was already sitting across from her.

He was holding a tablet and brushing his slender finger across it.

She lifted her eyebrow and asked, "Why didn't you sleep a little longer?"

"I'll be joining the charity auction later at night." Lucas turned to her as he laid his tablet down. A look of affection swirled in his eyes. "Have you thought about what to auction?"

"Probably jewelry and stuff like that," answered Ashlyn indifferently.

The auction was held to gather funds for the disaster area.

Almost every prominent figure in Lake City would be there, and companies of many brands would attend it as well.

For example, Alethea had granted her the chance to debut their new gown at the event.

It was an excellent opportunity to gain the public's goodwill and display loyalty.

Therefore, no bigwig would give up that chance.

Celebrities and idols would be attending the auction as well to spread their love and encouragement for the people in the disaster area.

Almost all recent performances, including shows and songs, were done to gather funds for the disaster area.

In particular, Aiden would be attending the auction too.

It was said that he and his buddies would perform a show together, but the producers didn't reveal any details.

Ashlyn didn't pay much attention to that.

After thinking for a while, she raised her head and noticed Lucas was staring at her with knitted eyebrows.

"What are you thinking about?" he asked, displeased. I can't believe she's distracted while I'm talking to her.

"It's nothing. I was just thinking about how fast Aiden grew up. He was only a rookie idol two years ago. Now, he's a hit all over the country. Not only that, he's even an actor now." With a smile, she shook her head.

The moment she brought up Aiden, Lucas' expression darkened. "He's only a bit younger, knows how to dance, and—"

Ashlyn cut him off, "Caught my attention. What's the matter with you? Are you going to tell me the great Mr. Nolan isn't confident in himself?"

Lucas scowled. "You're not allowed to keep staring at him tonight."

"Tch, what a control freak." Ashlyn lowered her head and began eating breakfast. She could not be bothered to deal with the man. It hasn't been long, yet he's acting all crazy again. Can't he be a little more at peace with himself?

[Chapter 923 Gown](#)

In the evening, the sky was enveloped in a beautiful red as the sun dipped into the horizon.

Cassandra paced back and forth inside the living room anxiously. "What's the matter with this company? Didn't they say they're going to send the gown over? There's only one of them in the world. You didn't wear it during the photoshoot yesterday. Is it possible that the gown was sent to the magazine publishing company, but then the company refused to send it to you?"

Ashlyn was sitting on the couch, watching the news about the disaster zone. She turned to Cassandra and said, "What are you worried about?"

"Yeah. You don't need to be so concerned, Cassandra. Look at how calm Ashlyn is. Isn't it just a dress?" Naomi was holding a textbook. Recently, she had been preparing to retake the national exams to enter a film school.

While her acting was fine, she still had plenty of room to improve.

She wanted to focus on learning how to act better.

Ashlyn was very supportive of Naomi's aspirations. She immediately provided a set of textbooks and information to help her prepare for the national exams. She even hired a home teacher for Naomi.

"'The world's first wearer' is a flashy title, though!" Cassandra couldn't help but sit next to Naomi and speak with an anxious tone. "With that title, our boss will impress anyone no matter where she goes!"

Naomi raised her eyebrow. Not only is she freakishly strong, but she's also impatient. Look at how agitated she is. One would think she had swallowed three tons of explosives. I bet she'll explode if the gown still hasn't arrived yet.

"Cassandra..." Just as she was going to speak, she saw Lucas returning with a delicate, beautiful box in his hand. "What did you buy, Lucas?"

"A gown." Lucas stared at Ashlyn emotionlessly. "There's only an hour left until the auction. Since the gown hasn't arrived yet, so..."

"I got it." Ashlyn stood up, grabbed the box, and went to the guest room.

A styling team was waiting for her inside.

Cassandra and Naomi followed her into the room, too.

All three of them needed a makeover and a change in clothing.

Thankfully, the styling team worked fast and had plenty of members.

They didn't fumble the trio's makeover.

Around half an hour later, the trio exited the guest room.

The three men downstairs had also changed into suits and stepped out of another guest room.

Many reporters had gathered at the entrance of a hotel where the charity auction was held, aiming their cameras and microphones at every attendee getting out of the vehicles.

Every single individual who stepped on the velvet carpet in front of the hotel entrance, be it a man or a woman, was attractive.

It was then a car pulled up at the hotel.

When the door was opened, a gorgeous woman with a shapely figure alighted. Her chest was especially attention-grabbing.

Due to her short stature, the beautiful fairy gown she wore was too long for her even if she was wearing a pair of high heels.

Furthermore, because it was a fairy gown, only those with a lithe body could fully display the beauty of the clothing.

Unfortunately, she had a plump figure, so her body was tightly wrapped in the gown. She looked as though she would tear it apart.

Despite that, she didn't think she looked unattractive due to her ego.

In fact, she thought she was beautiful even though the gown wasn't suited for her figure.

"What the heck?" A reporter's eyeballs almost popped out of his skull when he saw the woman. "Isn't that Cindy? Why is she wearing that gown?"

"I thought Ashlyn was supposed to be the first in the world to wear that? I've been waiting for Ashlyn's arrival for so long!"

"What the heck's going on? Did the company mess up?"

A few reporters exchanged glances, dumbfounded by the sight.

[Chapter 924 Idiots](#)

An experienced reporter shouted, "Who cares who's wearing it? Just take pictures of it!"

Immediately, the reporters took photos of Cindy, boosting her confidence.

She turned to her manager, Terry, who was behind her. "The dress you borrowed looks pretty good. Everyone's taking pictures of me."

"A fashion studio lent this dress to us. I heard it's from a famous, international brand, but I'm not sure if it's true." Terry smiled.

Ever since Cindy started developing and improving her acting skills, there has been no hype or scandal about her. Her exposure has been sliding downward so much that the industry has almost forgotten who she is. I admit, I'm concerned. Yet, she isn't at all. In fact, she studies under an acting instructor every day. After she was done, she only took on minor roles.

She's at risk of not even receiving a secondary leading female role. I was apprehensive about her situation, so I pushed her to attend this auction to increase her exposure. I spent a lot of money hiring a fashion studio with a relatively impressive reputation. I'm glad to see the gown they provide is so beautiful that no one can take their eyes off it. The money I spent was totally worth it!

Neither Cindy nor Terry knew they had fallen for someone else's scheme and become targets. Due to how poorly informed they were, they were still giddy about the attention the gown was drawing.

When they stepped into the lobby of the charity auction, almost everyone was stunned to see her.

Those who were initially chatting stopped and widened their eyes in disbelief at her.

Excitedly, Cindy whispered to her manager, "They must be shocked by how beautiful my gown is! Am I so gorgeous that I outmatch all female celebrities here?"

She had never received so much attention before.

While she was beautiful, there were many other similarly attractive celebrities in the industry.

Her appearance wasn't the most alluring, so her popularity crashed after it went up for a while.

Thankfully, her remuneration wasn't high. Sometimes, it would even go down. Cindy would receive roles in web series with a small budget, but high-profile productions wouldn't cast her.

It was because her body figure didn't fit the aesthetics and standards of a proper drama.

Cindy felt a little uneasy about being in the spotlight so suddenly for the first time in her life. I don't know if I'm too sensitive or emotional, but I feel that the people staring at me aren't stunned because they're impressed by my look. It seems more like they're... appalled.

She gulped and tugged Terry's arm. "They don't seem to be impressed by my dress. Are my gown and makeup all right?"

Terry briefly inspected her. "You look good! Your makeup is on point, your shoes fit your look well, and I handpicked your jewelry. These people..." The look in their eyes does seem odd.

Both of them felt so nervous that they didn't have the guts to take another step. Then, a female celebrity approached Cindy with a swagger. "I can't believe you have the nerve to wear this gown."

Cindy was taken aback, but she pretended to be composed. "What's wrong with my gown?"

"You'll know soon enough." The female celebrity grinned mockingly, looking as though she was waiting for a good show.

"Please clarify your statement." Terry was a little ticked off. What a snob! It's just a gown. Why can't Cindy wear it? What's so wrong with that?

"You really are a foolish has-been. Don't you know where this gown comes from? If I didn't see the brand logo on the hem of the dress, I would've thought you intentionally wore an off-brand version here!" Just as the female celebrity ended her sentence, the people around her laughed.

Why does it seem that everyone is laughing at me? Cindy's mind went blank. What's going on with this gown? Why don't I know about anything?

[Chapter 925 Embarrassment](#)

Another female celebrity, who typically looked down on Cindy's figure, spoke. "You really don't know? The gown is from the famous brand, Alethea. Tonight is the global debut of their new gown."

Biting her lip, Cindy asked tremblingly, "What did you say? Global debut?"

Terry swiftly crouched down to check the brand logo. He found it stitched to the corner of the clothing.

"She's telling the truth. It is from Alethea." His face paled. "What the heck? The fashion studio didn't tell us about this at all! They just told me this gown looks pretty."

"You've now ruined the global debut of Alethea's gown by wearing it." The female celebrity cackled. "I can't believe a has-been like you has the nerve to wear this dress. Who gave you the courage to do so?"

"Adele, maybe?" Another female celebrity chuckled as she twirled the wineglass in her hand.

This is going to be good. I heard Ashlyn was supposed to be the one to wear it. Now that Cindy's wearing it, not only has she destroyed the brand's image, but she has also insulted Ashlyn. The brand's usual high-end clothing includes dresses, all of which are worn by acclaimed individuals in the film and television industries. Only female celebrities who achieved a certain amount of fame could earn the right to wear gowns from that brand. It's not that the brand classifies its customers into different categories. Instead, it's simply just how their brand is positioned. As a high-class brand, their customers are well-known socialites and wives of big-shot.

Ashlyn's given the opportunity to debut the gown globally because of her unique image. She's a famous figure who loves to provide public welfare and do good deeds. She's also a talented, world-class pianist. Most importantly, she's a woman of great virtue, devoid of any scandals. Her putting on the gown has profound meaning because many people are contributing to disaster relief right now. It deserves to be remembered by all. That's why everyone is waiting for Ashlyn to appear. Yet, this buffoon showed up with her dress.

When Alethea's vice CEO, Caylie Valentine, who was also present in the venue, saw Cindy walking into the building with the gown, she crumbled mentally. She could not believe her eyes.

Suppressing her emotions, she called the employee responsible for overseeing the gown while trembling.

She roared at a small voice, "What's going on? Why is a has-been wearing the gown? Give me an explanation now!"

Her face was as pale as a sheet.

The employee was puzzled. "I handed it to the magazine publishing company during the photoshoot yesterday. Did the company not give it to Ms. Berry? How did they take photos for the cover, then?"

"Look into this immediately! If you can't find out what's wrong, you're fired!" Caylie was so furious that she almost passed out. This is just fantastic! The gown is ruined since Cindy has worn it! No socialites will wear our dresses again now that everyone has seen it on a has-been!

The incident infuriated her so much that she almost cried in public. It's all over... How do I explain this to the CEO? Will we lose our clients? I feel as if the world's crashing down on me.

When Cindy heard Caylie's roar, her entire body stiffened. What should I do now? This is so embarrassing that I wish the ground will swallow me right now. I didn't expect to be insulted by the brand in public when I received this beautiful gown. I didn't check the brand because there wasn't a logo on the collar like most other dresses, so I thought it was just from an insignificant company and not Alethea, which always stitches its brand logo on the hem of its dresses. I feel so stupid and ashamed right now! This is the most embarrassing moment in my life!

[Chapter 926 Ashlyn Arrives](#)

Terry rushed to Caylie and bowed. "I'm sorry. We didn't know the gown was a new product from such a high-class brand. The dress is provided by a fashion studio we're working with. We... were delighted to receive such a gorgeous dress, given our current status, so we failed to inspect the brand of the gown in detail. I hope—"

"I don't care how you receive this gown or how she came to wear it. Please take it off right now! She has destroyed the value of that gown, but the value of our brand is more than just that. Do you realize how damaging this incident is to our brand?" Caylie interrupted the manager and glared at Cindy.

Cindy lowered her head. I've never been so humiliated before. I wish I could leave now. Why did this happen? How could things turn out like this because of a gown?

Suddenly, someone shouted, "Ashlyn's here!"

Upon hearing that name, Cindy shuddered. The last person I want to see at this embarrassing moment is Ashlyn! Will she mock and despise me like the others because I'm an insignificant actor who doesn't deserve to wear this gown? Why does she have to show up now...

Reflexively, she turned her head back toward the hotel entrance. There, she saw an attractive couple stepping in.

The towering man had a black suit on his slender figure. He was extraordinarily imposing, and his impeccably handsome face was unforgettable.

Holding his arm was a woman in a red-sequined high-slit gown. Her clothing perfectly illustrated her supple figure.

Her black hair, simple but wavy, made her appear dignified. Each movement she took was classy and elegant.

Moments later, Ashlyn's line of sight landed on Cindy's familiar figure.

Almost everyone was eager to laugh at Cindy, the has-been who had stolen Ashlyn's gown.

Since Ashlyn had arrived, everyone had a feeling of schadenfreude as they waited for the drama that would soon unfold.

Ashlyn stood before Cindy and spoke with a moderately loud yet extremely clear voice. "Yesterday, the managing editor of LEEL didn't hand this gown to me, and the magazine publishing company didn't use this gown during the photo shoot for the charity cover. So, how did you get your hands on this?"

The managing editor of LEEL? Her name's Sharon, right? Does Ashlyn mean Sharon's behind this? Did Sharon present Alethea's gown to the fashion studio before the studio passed it to Cindy? Is that what happened?

Everyone was desperate to discuss the matter among themselves, wondering if they understood the series of events correctly.

However, Ashlyn's and Lucas' presences were so overpowering that none of them dared to speak a word.

They could only watch the scene unfold silently.

The two female celebrities who insulted Cindy earlier were paling.

They could tell Ashlyn didn't plan to reprimand Cindy.

The crowd assumed it might be because Cindy was an employee of Nolan Entertainment.

Terry hastily rushed toward Lucas and bowed apologetically. "I'm sorry, Ms. Berry, Mr. Nolan. It's my

fault for working with an unreliable fashion studio. If I had known this gown was meant to be worn by Ms. Berry, I wouldn't have allowed Cindy to wear it!"

[Chapter 927 Not Your Fault](#)

Tears welled in Terry's eyes as he panicked.

Last year, when Cindy was getting popular, she met up with Lucas and did many things to attract his attention. That would've been enough reason for Ashlyn to deal with her. Yet, Ashlyn never did. In fact, she joined LX Corporation's product launch with Cindy. Now that I think about it, Ashlyn has never embarrassed or insulted Cindy. She's a magnanimous and graceful proprietress, considering she's even secretly helping and affecting Cindy.

In the past, Cindy always tried to generate scandals and suck up to tycoons. However, she's changed. Now, all she wants to do is improve her acting skills and learn more. While her exposure has decreased compared to the past, her acting skills have improved. Only those with excellent professionalism can establish themselves in this industry. At this moment, all I want for Cindy is another chance for her to escape the fate of being blacklisted by the industry and Nolan Entertainment.

Enduring the humiliation, Cindy approached Ashlyn, but she didn't have the nerve to meet her eyes.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Berry. It's all my fault. Regardless of what happened, it's undeniable that I stole your chance to debut this gown. I'm willing to bear any consequences Nolan Entertainment has in mind for me." Her eyes reddened as she resisted the urge to cry.

I have always admired Ashlyn and am proud to own a picture with the two of us in it. Whenever I think about how she is my employer, I'm filled with passion for my work. Maybe I won't be able to develop my career in showbiz in the future after being blacklisted or fired. It doesn't matter to me. I just hope I can earn her forgiveness.

Cindy stood there, upset and in agony. Bitterness swirled in her eyes. I really want to become just like Naomi, standing on the stage accepting a reward. I want to make Nolan Group proud and show Ashlyn that I'm no longer the indolent Cindy who only wants to butter up to moguls. I want her to see that I'm capable as well. Sadly, I'll never have the chance again.

"What are you afraid of? You're not the one in the wrong." Ashlyn's voice rang out in the silent lobby.

What? My ears aren't playing tricks on me, are they? Cindy raised her head and stared at Ashlyn. "What did you just say, Ms. Berry?"

"I won't repeat myself. Ask your manager." A look of irritation surfaced in Ashlyn's eyes. "Where's Sharon?"

Cassandra, who was standing behind, stepped forward. "I'll catch her here immediately and break her legs, Boss."

Upon hearing that, Spencer grabbed her. "You shouldn't say stuff like that often, Cassandra. It's unbecoming for a lady."

In response, she glanced at him with annoyance.

He isn't even an old man yet, but he's already nagging me like one. I almost lost my mind on our way here because of him. I still remember the stuff he said. "How are you? Are you an adult? How many people are there in your family? How tall are you? I'm one hundred and eighty-two centimeters. By the way, I'm single. Do you like to cosplay? Why do you like to dress up in lolita clothing?"

God, I almost went berserk. If it weren't for Boss, I would've decked him. Seriously, can't he stay far away from me? Why does Boss have to make him my partner? I really want to just roar out loud, but I can't. I need to tolerate him, and it's so painful.

It was then Spencer dialed someone's number. After the call ended, he turned to Lucas and Ashlyn. "She'll be here soon."

The lobby was eerily silent. No one dared to make a sound. Every second was agonizing for them.

[Chapter 928 Sharon Paled](#)

Meanwhile, Sharon was smugly scrolling through her phone because Twitter was reporting the situation in the charity auction live.

In fact, Twitter even had information about what clothing and makeup each celebrity was wearing.

The organizers' official account would post updates every few minutes.

When she saw Cindy in Alethea's gown, she grinned gleefully. "Oh, Ashlyn. How does it feel to have your opportunity to debut that gown get stolen by a has-been? I'm curious as to how you'll clean up this mess. This must be embarrassing for you."

Suddenly, Sharon heard a loud knock on the front door.

Shocked, she speedily left her room and saw a few men in black barging into her living room. "Who are you? What did you all barge into my home?"

"Are you Sharon?" the leader of the men in black asked.

"I-I am. Why are you asking me that—" Before she could finish her sentence, the men carried her out of the living room.

"What are you doing? This is kidnapping! You're committing a crime right now! Let me go! Ah!"

The leader slapped her. "Another word from you, and I'll stuff your mouth with a dirty sock."

Fearfully, Sharon looked at him. "Please, let me go. I don't have any money to give you!"

The men shoved her into a car. "Let's go!"

Moments later, the vehicle zoomed on the road, terrifying Sharon so much that she hugged her head and screamed.

After a few minutes, she was dragged out of the vehicle, disoriented.

It wasn't until she was tossed to the ground and landed before Ashlyn that she realized what was happening.

Sharon glared at Ashlyn. "It's you! It's you, isn't it?"

Ashlyn glanced at the pale Sharon and spoke composedly. "So what if it's me? Do you think it's fun messing with Alethea's gown, Sharon?"

Suppressing the urge to puke, Sharon acted as though she knew nothing. "What are you saying? I don't understand."

"What a stubborn woman." Ashlyn smirked. "Some people always think I'm a pushover just because I put up with them."

Holding her hand, Lucas suggested, "Let me handle this matter, Honey. You don't need to dirty your hand."

"You're in charge of the gown that my company delivered to yours. Don't you think you should explain why that very gown is on Cindy right now, Ms. Hinton?" Caylie strode toward Sharon and looked down on her. "Do you think an insignificant managing editor like you can make up for the losses dealt to our brand?"

Sharon paled. I didn't think about the matter too much back then. I just wanted to take my revenge on Ashlyn and embarrass her.

"What's the matter? You seem awful. Are you afraid?" Caylie sneered and turned to the chief editor. "How is your company planning to handle this? We trusted you all to deliver the gown to Ms. Berry, but she didn't receive it. I doubt other high-end brands will cooperate with your company again after this. Now I finally see the leading fashion magazine's true colors. Is this how it operates to gain that spot?"

She was infuriated because the backlash would be immense as her company regarded the event with great importance.

The chief editor scowled and glared at Sharon, who was still lying on the ground.

Then he flashed an apologetic smile at Caylie. "I apologize. This is a mistake on our part. I'll look into the truth of the matter. As for the loss—"

"Do you think you can compensate for it? Our gown is ruined!" Caylie said, breaking down.

"There's no need to get so worked up, Ms. Valentine." Ashlyn smiled. "Cindy will be starring as the main female lead in my latest movie, True Magnate."

[Chapter 929 An Uprising Female Lead](#)

"What did you just say? You want a has-been like her to star in your movie?" Caylie froze and gaped incredulously at Ashlyn.

Ashlyn swept a gaze across the astonished crowd. "What's wrong? Can't I do that? I'm still the producer who oversees the entire production, and Greg's still the director. Is the lead actress in such a film crew worthy of that gown of yours?"

"But... the movie has even yet to begin shooting. No one knows how it'll fare later at the box office." Caylie felt a little uneasy. Ashlyn's idea might prove useful to alleviate the damage done to their branding for the time being, but no one could tell what the future had in store for them.

"I'm going to tweet about this right now." Ashlyn turned on her phone and went on her Twitter account to make an official announcement about the launching of her new film, True Magnate, with Cindy cast as one of the two female leads. She even tagged Cindy and Greg on the tweet.

During the interim, Greg had just arrived at the auction hall when he heard the sound of Twitter's notification. Baffled, he launched the Twitter app, only to be left even more dumbfounded at the sight.

Huh? An official announcement of a new movie? Why's Cindy the female lead? Are you kidding me?

A good-for-nothing bimbo like Cindy only had a knack for drawing public attention, not to mention trying hard to get acquainted with those top producers.

One must have a death wish to cast her in a movie.

What on earth is Ms. Berry thinking?

Greg completely broke down.

Enraged, he clenched his phone and rushed toward Ashlyn frantically. "Ms. Berry, how could you pick Cindy of all people? She's inept at acting and has got nothing to offer!"

Watching Greg fly off the handle like that, Ashlyn unwittingly let out a chuckle. "People can change, you know. We'll go with it first and give her an audition. It's still not too late for you to go through the roof later."

Listening to Ashlyn's words, Greg had no choice but to suppress the boiling rage within and check his phone.

At that moment, his Twitter profile page was flooded with countless tweets from his fans and avid netizens alike.

A person wrote: Director Maxwell, is it true that you're going to star Cindy in your movie?

Another read: I heard she's Mr. Nolan's mistress!

Someone commented: How could a piece of trash like her be the lead actress in Producer Berry's film?

One of the netizens even declared: I won't have it! I'll boycott her!

Greg merely skimmed through the tweets without replying to any of them. On second thought, he retweeted Ashlyn's post to mean tacit agreement.

After all, Ashlyn had not once disappointed him.

Since she had personally selected Cindy, he reckoned that she must have a reason for doing so.

Cindy, for one, was even more confused than Greg.

It was as though a good deal had just fallen into her lap.

Before she even had the time to react, she already landed the starring role in Ashlyn's upcoming film.

How's this possible? I'm not dreaming, am I?

Terry was in seventh heaven, hugging Cindy tightly in his arms.

"This is incredible! I can't believe Producer Berry picked you to star in her film! Ah! Lady Luck must smile on you! Instead of finding fault with you, she's offering you resources. I knew you were born to shine, Cindy! You'll shoot to stardom for sure! People will finally see how you've been working your socks off."

Cindy was still in a daze, yet she found herself almost suffocating from Terry's embrace. "T-Terry, let me go first. I can barely breathe."

Only then did Terry realize that he had lost his composure. Immediately, he loosened his grip on the woman.

With emotions welling up in his chest, he zipped toward Ashlyn and bowed deeply at her. "Thank you so much, Producer Berry! Thank you for giving Cindy a chance."

Ashlyn regarded the man with an arched brow. "Be sure to guide her well."

Not another word came from her after that. The next second, Lucas showed up with a bunch of evidence in his hands and flung them right at Sharon's face.

"This is the chat history between you and the fashion studio."

Sharon crouched down and looked at the so-called evidence before shaking her head and denying, "No, this can't be. You all must've fabricated these."

There was no way she would confess to such claims, not in the presence of so many celebrities and influential individuals from the film industry.

In fact, that would be the last thing she would do.

Should she admit it, the entire film industry would blacklist her, and her future would be ruined.

[Chapter 930 Her Ample Bosom](#)

Spencer was the first to curl his lips into a sneer while pinning his gaze on Sharon. "The fashion studio also knows that this gown belongs to Alethea. So... care to explain, Sharon? You even pocketed an illegal profit of one hundred thousand from them because of this gown." He showed the woman the proof of transfer. "This is the bank transfer record of them sending money to you."

Squatting down, he held Sharon by the chin, his eyes shining with frostiness. "What else do you have to say for yourself in light of all this evidence in front of you?"

The more Spencer spoke, the paler Sharon's face became, so much so that she looked as white as a sheet.

A tinge of panic flashed across her eyes. "No... You guys are accusing me!"

"We'll be handing the evidence over to the police. As for whether or not we're accusing you, the truth will shed light on that very soon."

Spencer rose to his feet with a grim mien and turned to look at the hall entrance, only to find several police officers already striding over in their direction.

"Which one of you is Sharon Hinton?"

Sharon's entire body stiffened. She could not stop herself from collapsing to the floor. Even her gaze turned maniacal. "No... I didn't do it! It wasn't me! Don't arrest me!"

A pucker formed between the policemen's brows. "You're suspected of committing a crime. Please come with us to the police station."

"No! I'm not going with you! I don't want to go to jail!"

"You made use of a gown worth several million without authorization and even accepted a handsome cut of one hundred thousand. You've got to take responsibility for that," said Lucas coldly, directing his line of sight to the police.

As signaled, the police approached Sharon and seized her arms, dragging her outside then and there.

"Don't arrest me... Ashlyn! I hate you! I hate you, X!" Sharon's shrill scream resonated across the entire hall.

On the heels of that, tension filled the atmosphere.

It was as if time had come to a standstill as everyone held their breaths.

"Any damage done to the gown will be brought to the minimum." Ashlyn threw a glance at the crowd before her gaze finally landed on Caylie. "Now that everyone knows that Cindy will be starring in my new film, the news must've topped the trending list."

"The way you handled it was not bad at all, Ms. Berry, but the news media already published the press release about Cindy being the world's first wearer of this gown. Our branding, including Cindy herself, was completely ridiculed." The frustration in Caylie did not abate. "Even though the public knows that she'll be cast in your new film, how does that help in tackling the poor opinions they have about her and our branding? How's that going to turn the public's view around?"

"Think about self-deprecation!" Ashlyn could not help but burst into laughter. "Do I have to educate you on such fundamentals of crisis management?"

"Self-deprecation?" Caylie was stupefied as she gawked at Ashlyn.

"That's right..." Ashlyn held out her hand to Caylie. "Lend me your phone."

That merely added to Caylie's confusion. Still, she unlocked the screen and passed her phone over to Ashlyn.

The latter then launched the Twitter app on Caylie's phone.

The next thing she did was tap her fingers rapidly on the keypad. Moments later, she returned Caylie the

phone.

“It's done.”

“What's that supposed to mean?” Puzzlement inundated Caylie as she checked her phone. “What were you doing just now?”

As soon as she dropped that question, she was greeted by gazillions of replies coming from her Twitter account. Her phone was chiming endlessly.

Perplexed, she opened her Twitter app. What she saw next shocked her.

Ashlyn had leveraged her identity as Alethea's vice CEO to post a tweet on her profile page: We sincerely apologize for screwing up the gown and failing to cater to Cindy's bosom.

A photo of Cindy wearing the said gown was also attached. In that photo, Cindy's cleavage was exceptionally eye-catching.

If anything, that tweet only served to imply that Caylie had acknowledged the fact that Cindy was the first in the world who wore that gown.

On top of that, Caylie would be seen as one who disparaged their own gown and showcased Cindy's glorious racks.

As expected, all eyes fell upon Cindy's breasts in an instant.

After all, they were indeed ample.

Those who had been following the news of Ashlyn not being the world's first to wear the gown were distracted as well.

Then came a wave of replies to that tweet: What the heck? Who would've known that Cindy had such a majestic front?

That reply was followed by a shout-out: Speaking of which, I think brand companies should spare a thought for those socialites with big boobs! Don't always come up with skinny and flat-chested designs!