## **Chapter 13 Broke Again?**

When Cathy arrived at the set, she continued to play her part in the scene where she lost the battle.

She was the second female character who was beaten until she was paralyzed yesterday. In the end, the director only let her go after receiving Willow's approval after a long day of shooting.

Today, they would be shooting her death scene, which would be crueler than before.

Cathy was Willow's stuntperson and was the one who would dash headfirst into danger. Willow, on the other hand, was getting interviewed by reporters nearby.

"Xavier and I have known each other for many years and have been together for ages."

"Yes, it was love at first sight."

"He told me that he had feelings for me the first time he saw me..."

"We never openly dated because I had a friend who had a crush on my boyfriend, and I did not want to crush her hopes..."

Willow's kittenish replies were like cold knives sinking into Cathy's heart, curling around her belly.

She said that they did not openly date because they did not want to burst her dreams.

Willow and Xavier twisted the six years she spent together with Xavier and their six years of tender loving into a one-sided crush.

"Get out of the way!"

A scream of fear jerked Cathy out of her reverie, but it was too late as the actor had sliced through her armor and nicked her left shoulder with the blade in his hand.

Blood spurted out of her shoulder.

Pain assailed Cathy as the crew immediately jumped into action to treat her wound.

Cathy was grateful that she was wearing a thick armor, which meant that the blade could only nick her shoulder. Otherwise, she could have sustained a serious injury.

"Who changed the props?!"

As a safety measure, most of the props on set are fake to protect the actors. But the blade that cut Cathy this time was the real deal.

"I changed it."

After the interview, Willow stalked toward her arrogantly. "I made them change it because I thought the props looked fake."

She looked down at Cathy condescendingly, "Do you have anything to say about it?"

Cathy balled her fists up in anger upon hearing Willow's taunts.

What a bully!

After Cathy had discovered Willow and Xavier's relationship, Willow found ways to oppose her.

Although she has been patient with Willow's antics, Willow has crossed the line this time!

This time, Cathy got hurt in the shoulder – what if they get her heart the next time?

Cathy ripped the costume off, yelling, "I will not be your stunt person again!"

Willow crossed her arms across her chest. "I paid three times the rate of a regular stuntperson to get you."

"You signed the agreement. If you break the deal, you will have to pay me back six times what I paid you!"

Cathy squinted slightly.

Was that why Willow paid her three times the regular rates? Was she waiting for this moment?

Right now, there were two options laid before Cathy.

The first was that she could continue to swallow her pride as Willow's stuntperson.

And the second was that she could leave but pay Willow six times her wages!

Just so you know, she had given all her savings to Xavier to build his online fanbase.

When she thought about it, Cathy balled her fists up in anger.

She did not like either of Willow's options!

Cathy suppressed the anger bubbling up within her heart and walked up to Willow. She whispered, "Do you think I have no way out of this?"

Willow's eyes glimmered with glee as she nodded. "You should know that your life is as insignificant as an ant, Cathy. Both are equally dispensable."

"Is that true?" Cathy chuckled before adding, "I remember that the script is supposed to be topsecret."

"Did you know that I made a copy of your script when you sent a copy to me for analysis?"

"Tell me, if I took the script for the second female character and went to the producer and director, how much would it cost you for breaking your agreement with them? How many times my salary you would have to pay?"

Willow's eyes nearly popped out of her head.

"That is impossible!"

Cathy never made a copy of the script!

"Why is that impossible?"

Cathy stared at Willow calmly. There was not a hint of deception in her face.

Willow took a step back and steeled herself, "Do you think you can score an appointment with the director and the producer? You are a nobody!"

A smile tugged at the corner of Cathy's lips. "Would you like to bet on it?"

Willow took a deep breath in to compose herself.

Cathy was a trapped bird within her snare – Willow could have stamped the life out of her, just like how she could stamp the life out of a random insect on the sidewalk.

Instead, Willow was now a pawn in Cathy's web!

Willow stared into Cathy's eyes as she seethed with rage. She bit down on her lips harshly, knowing that she would not dare to gamble her future away!

Cathy was a nobody, a nameless stuntperson, but Willow had many things on the line!

Her budding career was all she had. And if she was known to have leaked her script, her journey to stardom would die in its infancy.

Furthermore, if Cathy were to expose why she revealed her script, she would be in deep waters...

Blanching, Willow grabbed Cathy's hand and glared with hatred. "You despicable little wench!"

"I gave you the script because I trusted you!"

"You treacherous little fox!"

Cathy shook Willow's hand away with a smile that did not reach her eyes. "You have lost the privilege of calling me those names." She whispered before turning and walking away.

Willow's assistant rushed up to her to support her. "Are you going to let her go like that, Miss Xenos?"

"Let her have her fun for a moment." Willow groused while glaring at Cathy's retreating profile.

Using her script as blackmail will not last long.

What would she do after the shooting when everyone finds out about the plot? The entire crew will know what her script will be about, and Cathy will no longer have the upper hand!

Cathy received a phone call the moment she left the set.

"I miss you, my dear daughter..." A deep voice slurred, making Cathy pause for a moment.

"You need more money, don't you?"

"Yes." The man guffawed, "I'm home. Send it to me."

Immediately after instructing her, the man hangs up without any concern for Cathy.

The man on the phone was none other than Cathy's biological father, Chris Jensen.

Chris was a drunkard who lived in the slums. He was debt-ridden and barely returned to Ryzan. If he did, he would ask for money from Cathy.

After they had reunited when she was eighteen years old, she wanted him to change his ways. However, she came to realize that she was stubborn because he was the same and decided that she could not do anything to change him.

"Enough is enough!"

Chris giggled as he hunched over a stack of money, counting his treasure in his dirty and musty bedroom. "You are the only one who is good to me."

"Damn Ember. I raised her for eighteen years, but she hasn't given me anything even though she has her own business!"

"You shouldn't drink so much." Cathy screwed her nose up at the stench of alcohol permeating the room.

"I'm married, which means that I would not be able to give you any money whenever you need it. You need to learn how to take care of yourself." She turned to leave, but Chris called out to her.

"Wait! You're married?"

Cathy nodded.

"I have nothing for you, even though I'm your father." Chris said before suddenly turning around and scurrying to the sofa. Sticking his hand under the sofa, he groped around until he found the thing he was looking for -a jade ornament.

"Your mother left this for you. Keep it."

"Great."

"Don't let anyone see this jade ornament. Treasure it, just like how you hid away the birthmark on your lower back."

"I know that." Cathy turned to leave.

Chris stared at her receding back and let out a bark of laughter in exasperation. "They look so alike. There's no doubt that she is her daughter..."

"Ask your brother what he would like for dinner, Arius." Cathy made a call while walking out of the slums when a flurry of footsteps rang out behind her.

"I would like..." Before Abner could finish his sentence, Cathy felt something hit her head and lost consciousness.

"Mom! Mom! Are you there? Can you hear us?"

The cell phone lay abandoned in the alley, and the boys' nervous screams reverberated through the space.