

Chapter 927 The Gown Was Ruined

After their lunch break, Isabella noticed Loraine lounging on a chair in the dressing room. She recalled that Loraine had to leave lunch early, which caused her to feel concerned for Loraine. So she offered some of her favorite snacks to Loraine.

"Miss Torres, I know it's hard being on a film set for the first time. Unexpected call-ins for scene discussion are also part of the job," Isabella said, showing empathy.

Loraine, feeling a tad weary, took the snack with a thankful gesture. She pondered the recent events, her face showing a trace of sarcasm.

Call-ins for scene discussion in the lounge? That was not the case.

Just as she was contemplating this, the crew began setting up for the banquet scene, prompting her to go and change.

Upon reaching the prop room, a loud exclamation of surprise rang out. Following this, Aziel entered hastily, looking very upset.

Loraine walked in behind him to see the prop team members looking shocked. There, on the rack, lay a torn dress, a pitiful sight.

That dress was intended for Loraine! It was the most lavish and costly outfit for the production.

Aziel looked visibly upset, grinding his teeth as he spoke. "This



dress was rented! If it needed alterations, the prop team should have handled it. How did it get ruined like this?"

The prop team seemed distraught, with one person nearly in tears, shaking as she explained, "The dress that got torn wasn't Loraine's actual gown. It was a flimsy imitation that tears easily. That's why it's in this condition."

Aziel, furious, questioned, "An imitation? I paid a fortune to rent the real deal. How did an imitation end up here?"

"Mr. Lee, let's stay calm. You indeed rented the real thing. But what if someone wanted the dress so badly that they swapped it with a fake?" someone suggested.

Hearing that, Aziel ordered an immediate review of the surveillance videos.

They all gathered in the monitoring room to watch the footage. Soon, a shadowy figure appeared on the screen...

After the video concluded, all eyes were on Loraine, filled with doubt.

The individual in the video was clearly dressed in the same attire as Loraine. Despite potential claims of a mix-up, those clothes belonged personally to Loraine.

Furthermore, several people had witnessed Loraine changing into her own clothes during the lunch break.

Loraine maintained her composure, insisting, "I am not the person in that video."

Aziel appeared troubled, deep in thought. Then, a team member mocked, "You're wearing the same outfit and have the same build as the person in the video, yet you deny it's you? The clothes you're wearing now match those in the footage, right?"



Loraine shot a sharp look at the accuser, a young woman of similar stature to her. When their eyes locked, the young woman briefly looked away, then stood her ground defiantly.

"Are you driven by envy to steal the dress? There's a big difference between your clothes and that gown. Without this chance, you'd never touch such luxurious items. Did you swap the dresses?" she accused Loraine.

The room buzzed with whispers and doubtful looks toward Loraine. Spotting an opportunity, a production assistant who was at odds with Isabella added fuel to the fire, saying, "It's plausible! I heard Isabella talking about that gown during lunch!"

Isabella became visibly upset and countered, "Provide proof when you accuse someone! Miss Torres isn't capable of such an act. Are you ready to answer for these groundless claims?"

Two makeup artists came forward, defending Loraine with conviction. "Miss Torres wouldn't engage in such behavior."

Aziel observed Loraine, his expression a mix of various emotions.

Loraine offered a small laugh, then looked directly at her challenger and responded calmly, "I joined the team today and learned about the gown only at lunch. Do you really think I had time to find an identical fake, switch the two, and then conceal the original gown?"

The accuser faltered, attempting to reply, "But what if you had help?"

Loraine dismissed the idea with a hint of amusement and a touch of dignity, smiling, "I already own similar attire. Why would I bother to steal?"

Chapter 928 Witness

Lorraine's composed and dignified demeanor at that moment mirrored that of a female CEO in the scenes she was portraying. Everyone exchanged glances, unsure whether to believe her claim of innocence.

The accuser, aware of Lorraine's ordinary background, scoffed, "The security footage is clear, and the evidence is undeniable. Are you just trying to cover up your wrongdoings with excuses?"

Lorraine observed her for a moment. She had noted earlier how the girl shared a similar build with her.

Well, if one aimed to switch the evening gown and pin the blame on her, it couldn't be a solo venture. Assistance would be necessary to fabricate the setup. Additionally, there'd be a need to scout for a look-alike and procure identical attire.

Lorraine could list numerous defenses, but exhaustion weighed heavily after a long day's toil. Silence seemed preferable now. A straightforward solution would render further words unnecessary.

Grinning, Lorraine dialed a call to her subordinate and asked Isabella, "Can you recall the design of that gown?"

A prop team member responded, "It's from Daybreak's latest collection this year, and there's a missing rose brooch designed by Mr. T!"

As the phone line buzzed to life, the subordinate addressed her with deference, "Miss Torres, how may I assist you?"

After a moment's contemplation, Lorraine replied, "Could you



recall the Daybreak brand? Purchase their latest design and fetch me three sets of jewelry gifted by Wesley."

Loraine was actually unfamiliar with Daybreak, a brand flaunted by the production team. True luxury items weren't typically available for borrowing by a film crew.

If only she had anticipated this situation, she would have brought her own elegant attire to avoid these complications.

Ordering a new high-end outfit was as casual for her as sending someone out for groceries, leaving everyone around her astonished.

The accuser who had singled out Loraine furrowed her brow, but upon observing Loraine's attire, which appeared to be worth no more than a few thousand dollars, she felt a hint of relief. With a scornful sneer, she remarked, "Are you too engrossed in the filming to snap out of it? What are you attempting now? Do you think you're actually the CEO from the script?"

Loraine simply smiled and chose not to engage in an argument. She closed her eyes and awaited her subordinate's arrival.

The room filled with a sense of doubt. Even Aziel's expression shifted, though he remained silent, joining Loraine in waiting.

Shortly after, a manager burst in, announcing, "Mr. Lee, there's a group of bodyguards outside seeking Miss Torres. We couldn't hold them back; they're on their way here..."

Before he could finish, a line of well-dressed bodyguards entered, carrying boxes. They approached Loraine, bowed deeply, and greeted her with a resounding, "Miss Torres!"

Loraine placed a hand over her face, coughing slightly, feeling a bit embarrassed by the spectacle.

Yet, the bodyguards, oblivious to her discomfort, stepped



forward and unveiled the contents of their boxes. Inside each was a stunning piece of jewelry, and among them lay an elegantly packaged evening gown.

The crowd was astonished, their eyes wide with disbelief, as if they were questioning their own sight at the luxurious display.

The accuser's complexion turned white, struggling to accept what was unfolding. Acknowledging the truth would mean she had crossed Loraine, a person of apparent wealth, which she couldn't afford.

Trying to regain her composure, she accused, "This must be a setup, right? You arranged for these people to come here as part of your plan. You took the original dress and now pretend to replace it, making yourself look generous and wealthy, just to gain admiration!"

Loraine was momentarily at a loss for words. The accuser's reasoning was baffling, and Loraine chose to remain silent, finding the situation too absurd to address.

When Loraine didn't reply, the accuser assumed a smug expression. "No answer, huh? If you're so sure the person in the video isn't you, then where were you at that time? Can anyone vouch for your whereabouts?"

Loraine, uninterested in a prolonged debate, answered indifferently, "I had to step out for a bit at that time."

Seizing on this, the accuser retorted, "See! How convenient. With no one to confirm your story, you must be the thief!"

Loraine, finding humor in the accusation, clarified, "I said I stepped out, not that there's no one to confirm my whereabouts."

Caught off guard, the accuser was silenced. Just then, a voice chimed in from the background, "I can vouch for Loraine."

Chapter 929 The Truth

Vincent entered the room, and like the parting of the sea, the crowd made space for him while the whispers turned into a roaring wave.

Everyone was familiar with Vincent's usual attitude. On the set, his eyes were always glued to the script, ignoring everything else. But today was different; he was defending someone for the first time!

Eyes flicked towards Loraine, filled with a mix of shock and speculation. It didn't matter if Loraine had a hand in this or not; getting Vincent's attention was a big deal, especially for someone barely known in the industry!

Vincent's face was all business as he declared, "Loraine was with me the whole time in my lounge, going over the storylines. That means she couldn't have gone anywhere."

The accuser shook, a mix of fear and anger coloring her tone. "You introduced this woman, Mr. Cohen. How do we know what's really going on between you two? Of course, you're defending her! But remember, just because you're an award-winning actor, doesn't mean you can bend the truth to your will!"

She threw these accusations to tarnish the bond between Vincent and Loraine. Whether people believed her or not, their gazes were tinged with intrigue. Rumors, after all, spread like wildfire and were tough to extinguish.

The accuser pressed on, "She's accused of taking a dress worth more than one hundred thousand. Mr. Cohen, are you really going to just sweep this under the rug, trying to shift the blame

onto unsuspecting staff?"

The stage crew's faces reflected their turmoil as they addressed Vincent. "We respect you, Mr. Cohen, but the truth shouldn't be twisted."

Vincent shot them a look of cool indifference. "I don't hide the truth for anyone. I'm defending Loraine because she's innocent." He added, emphasizing his next point, "Plus, my agent was there when we were going over the script."

Vincent passed his script to Aziel. "Here are some notes I jotted down while Loraine and I were discussing the story. Mr. Lee, I brought Loraine here as a favor; she's a friend. She doesn't deserve this wrongful accusation."

Aziel flipped through the script, his skepticism fading after each page. He gave Loraine a small, reassuring nod.

Vincent's tone dropped to an icy chill. "If anyone still doesn't believe it, I suggest you check the surveillance footage." He paused for effect, letting the words sink in. "The door to my lounge was wide open during our meeting."

The room fell into a heavy silence, Vincent's words sealing the argument.

He turned towards the footage displayed, a sly grin spreading across his face. "Really, do you think this dress costs a fortune? Loraine has access to VIP lounges at Zodiac airport. For her, this is just an ordinary dress, no fancier than something picked from a street vendor!"

The jewelry and clothes laid out by Loraine's subordinates served as evidence for everyone to believe in Vincent's words. The quality of those items were undeniable, and the dress looked brand new.

The accuser was visibly shaken by the evidence before her. She

stammered, "This can't be. You were supposed to..."

With a knowing smile, Loraine interrupted, "Supposed to meet in the lounge on the third floor, weren't I? Your friend, the one who told the lie, is part of your group, isn't she? But guess what? I didn't fall for it. Sure, I'm not on the big screen, but I've got enough brains to question why a director would want a one-on-one chat in such an out-of-the-way spot. Lucky for me, I avoided that trap..."

Loraine's smile turned cunning. "Had I gone, explaining myself would've been a nightmare. But I smelled a rat and decided to join Vincent instead. We discussed the story. And what do you know? You lived up to my expectations with your little performance!"

Recalling what had happened after the lunch break, Isabella's face contorted with rage. "Unbelievable," she spat out, "You two have no shame!"

Aziel's face grew stern as he pondered the gravity of the situation. As the director, he knew he would be held accountable for any mishaps befalling Loraine on his watch.

The accuser stood there, her face drained of color, eyes empty of life.

Meanwhile, the crowd couldn't help but admire Loraine. A bystander, gazing at the casually purchased evening gown, remarked, "She shops with such ease; if someone said she was a CEO, I'd have no doubts!"

The realms of showbiz and big business rarely overlap. Despite Loraine being a frequent topic of online chatter, she wasn't plastered across every billboard. Moreover, the CEO of Universe Group was such a lofty figure that hardly anyone would peg Loraine for that role.

However, the comment seemed to spark a realization among

the onlookers. Surprised faces turned to Loraine as someone blurted out, "That explains it! You're Miss Torres, aren't you? Loraine Torres, the president of Universe Group!"



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Chapter 930 Details

Upon hearing this news, the entire crew was shocked.

Although some had heard Loraine referred to as Miss Torres, they hadn't made the connection to the famed female CEO of Universe Group, a woman renowned far and wide. They simply thought it was a coincidence.

After all, how could they imagine a billionaire, someone they were used to seeing in the headlines and on television screens, would be right there among them, collaborating on a film set?

Loraine wasn't fazed by their stunned looks. With her usual distant yet dignified smile, she simply nodded and said, "Yes."

She acknowledged it with such elegance, and despite her simple attire at the moment, she radiated an undeniable aura of superiority.

Isabella and the two makeup artists were speechless, their jaws dropped. It hit them that their earlier banter in the dressing room wasn't just playful talk. It was the truth!

Loraine gave them a reassuring smile and gently reminded, "I've mentioned this before."

It felt like a return to the lighter moments they'd shared, laughing and talking. Suddenly, any sense of intimidation they felt around her seemed to vanish, and they all breathed easier.

Remembering her earlier playful wish to be kept by Loraine as a sugar baby, Isabella's cheeks turned pink, and she said, "You're dressed so simply and are so approachable. I've always thought presidents are not usually this laid-back."

Lorraine cast a significant look at the accuser who had wronged her and gently said, "I'm here as a new actress. There's no need for me to be pretentious. That won't help me improve my acting. But I didn't expect that someone thought they could take advantage of me?"

Upon hearing this, Aziel looked at Lorraine with appreciation and guilt for not believing her. The accuser's face was pale, her mouth twitching, making it hard to discern her thoughts.

Just then, Lorraine's phone rang. After checking it, a warm smile adorned her face, mesmerizing everyone.

It was a message from Marco, saying, "Lorraine, are you facing issues on set? I've got someone inside the crew. When I heard the news, I sent someone to look into it. We've obtained surveillance footage. You might need this."

Shortly after, a video came through. As Lorraine watched the video, she raised her gaze sharply towards the woman who had wrongly accused her.

The accuser, now visibly nervous with flickering eyes, found herself under Lorraine's intense scrutiny. Unable to hide her panic, she quickly looked away.

With a faint smile, Lorraine turned to Aziel and asked softly, "Mr. Lee, I've been wondering about your script assistant. Is she usually this involved? You didn't say anything earlier. Why was she so insistent that I was the one who swapped the gown?"

Aziel, having directed for many years, immediately sensed the deeper meaning in her words. He swiftly faced the accuser and questioned, "Olivia, what's this all about?"

Olivia Astley used to be an ordinary script girl but was now finding herself the center of attention. Though her expression was blank, the underlying panic was evident.

But she still struggled to defend herself, stating, "Mr. Lee, I was merely looking out for the team. I had some reasonable concerns! Now that it's clear there was a misunderstanding, let's proceed with our work! We shouldn't hold up tonight's shoot!"

She then turned to leave, but Loraine was not about to let her off so easily. "Hold on, who said you could go?"

Hearing that, Olivia was stunned. She now felt immense pressure from Loraine's influence as a powerful president. She swallowed hard and asked timidly, "What else do you want?"

Loraine looked at Olivia with an impassive gaze, handed her phone to Aziel, and said coldly, "Even though my innocence has been confirmed, we haven't identified the actual culprit who swapped the evening gown!"

Aziel, taken aback, accepted the phone.

The video was brief, requiring only a few moments to watch. After looking with a grim expression, Aziel's attention shifted to, specifically, Olivia's wrist.

Noticing his stare, Olivia became alarmed and instinctively glanced at her hand.

A distinctively designed lady's watch caught everyone's eye!

In a panic, Olivia attempted to hide the watch and stammered, "Mr. Lee, I..."

Aziel, visibly upset, said, "I don't wish to cause a scene. Return the gown immediately and leave on your own accord. If not, I'll have to press charges for theft!"

Olivia's eyes darted around, clinging to a slim hope that there was no concrete evidence against her. She asked innocently, "Mr. Lee, what are you talking about? I don't understand."

Aziel was so angry that his face looked livid. With a slight smile, Loraine raised the phone and played the video that focused on the details again.

The video clearly showed a woman sneaking into the costume room, remarkably similar in appearance to Loraine and dressed identically. However, it was the distinctive watch on her wrist, overly decorated and accidentally revealed, that caught everyone's attention.

The watch was an exact match to the one Olivia was wearing!



Chapter 931 Lending A Hand To The Crew

At this point, the truth had become evident, and all fingers pointed accusingly at Olivia.

"I never would've guessed Olivia was capable of this! She always seemed so genuine. How could she stoop so low?"

"Looks can be deceiving, huh? People like her will do anything for a quick buck! But if word gets out, which production team would risk hiring her? It's just not worth the trouble!"

Olivia's initial panic morphed into simmering resentment. She knew all too well that what they were saying held truth. Admitting her guilt would spell the end of her career!

Summoning every ounce of composure she could muster, Olivia squared her shoulders and lashed out with a desperate plea, "You're framing me! I'm innocent! Even if you're the CEO of the Universe Group, you can't bully me like this!"

Loraine sneered, ready to fire back, but was interrupted by Vincent's ominous tone. "Loraine is framing you? Did she force you to flaunt this extravagant item and create the video?"

His gaze lingered on the watch adorning Olivia's wrist, his eyes betraying inscrutable depths.

Olivia choked on her words, unable to form a coherent response.

Vincent's lips tightened, his voice laced with frost. "This watch may be pricey, but in elite circles, it's rather pedestrian. It preys on the vanity of those easily swayed by ostentatious design."

Loraine chimed in, "Exactly. Moreover, I had no prior knowledge of your existence, so why would I risk my reputation to frame you?"

A flush of embarrassment spread across Olivia's face, her argument crumbling under the weight of Loraine's logic. And with a respected actor vouching for Loraine's innocence, the truth was glaringly obvious to anyone paying attention.

Aziel, wearied by the argument, waved his hand, ordering, "Remove her from the premises! Settle her dues for the days worked, and leave the rest to the authorities. As it stands, my production crew will have no further dealings with her."

With Aziel's esteemed standing in the industry, his proclamation effectively sealed Olivia's fate, ensuring no other production team would risk association with her.

As Olivia was forcibly dragged away, her realization of fear dawned upon her, tears streaming down her cheeks as she begged for mercy. But her pleas fell on deaf ears.

Vincent's gaze briefly flickered towards Olivia, his eyes growing cold. He turned to Loraine and expressed his apologies. "I have urgent personal matters to attend to. I'll join the filming at the banquet venue later. Please, don't worry. You can discuss the scenes with Mr. Lee in the meantime."

Loraine nodded understandingly, and Vincent shifted his attention to Aziel.

Aziel's lips twitched in dismay. Could he possibly refuse? Reluctantly, he waved his hand, urging Vincent to return as soon as possible.

The unexpected incident had thrown a wrench into their filming schedule, and Aziel felt as though he had aged several years in the span of a moment. Now there was only bitterness in his expression.

Retrieving the evening gown in such a short time frame seemed implausible. Not only was the budget insufficient, but time was also rapidly slipping away.

With each passing second, the rental fees for the banquet venue continued to accrue, adding to the financial strain. Despite the substantial investment in the film, all resources were being allocated where they were most needed, a fact that weighed heavily on Aziel's conscience.

After careful consideration, setting aside his pride as a renowned director, he turned to Loraine with a forced smile, attempting to placate her. "Miss Torres, would you consider using this dress for the upcoming scenes?"

Gesturing towards the evening gown just returned by the bodyguard, he pleaded with a touch of desperation in his voice, "Booking the venue demands meticulous planning. If we delay to retrieve the dress from Olivia, we risk missing our window. And finding another gown at this hour? Nearly impossible. Luckily, you have some ready-made dresses here. Why don't we improvise and claim they're borrowed from you?"

Loraine couldn't suppress a smile at his humble demeanor. Her impression of him certainly improved instantly. After all, she certainly wouldn't vent her anger on the entire crew for the sake of a few individuals. So she readily agreed to his proposal.

Aziel breathed a sigh of relief, expressing his gratitude profusely to Loraine for her understanding and cooperation.

Loraine's smile was radiant as she gestured toward the trio of exquisite jewelry pieces gifted by Wesley, beckoning the makeup artist over. "With these new additions, let's elevate the styling to match their elegance. Come, lend me a hand."

The makeup artist was astonished, her eyes widening and mouth agape as she delicately explored the treasures in the

box. "These are authentic creations by Mr. T himself. Each set is simply priceless. Miss Torres is truly worthy of her role as CEO of the Universe Group to possess such treasures."

Aziel couldn't help but feel a twinge of humility. Who would have imagined that such a formidable figure would come to their aid for a minor role? What had he done to earn such reverence?

Loraine not only rescued him from the casting conundrum but also became a pivotal force tonight. Aziel expressed his heartfelt gratitude before swiftly directing the makeup artist to adjust the hair and makeup, while he hastened to prepare the banquet venue.

Meanwhile, Vincent sought out Olivia, who had been ushered away. He motioned for the guards to step aside, standing before her with a solemn expression. "Tell me, did Kaley send you here?"



