

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 271

The afternoon sunlight went through the window, falling on a man and a girl sitting

opposite. They were not as intimate as other lovebirds around them.

However, the atmosphere between them was harmonious.

The man was tall, sturdy, and handsome. The girl was pretty and petite. Her long hair hung over half her face. She was refreshed and appealing like a strawberry.

Aldo looked annoyed, his face darkening.

Trembling, he gaped at the girl's face, wondering why she was with

Brayden. Now he confirmed the girl with Brayden just now was her.

He couldn't believe she pressed her face into Brayden's chest in suburbs to prevent him from

recognizing her. Aldo wondered what on earth had happened.

He raised Jenna, but she intimately had a lovers' set meal with

another man. Aldo refused to believe it.

Trembling, he clenched his fists and wanted to walk to them. However, a soft hand stopped him and pulled him to the seat, "Mr. Carson, what's wrong? You look not well."

Cristal intimately took his arm, pressing him to sit on the seat.

"Nothing." Aldo battled a smile. "I just thought of Jenna. She's missing for many days. I'm worried."

Cristal felt irritated once hearing him mention his adopted girl. She replied unhappily, "She's a grownup. She can't be lost. She probably hooked up with a rich man and enjoys her life."

Although she remarked unintentionally, her words poked Aldo's raw

nerves. Aldo looked sullen, glancing at the two sitting by the window.

Jenna took a bite of the ice cream, and her eyes lit up. "It's so yummy! Better than I've imagined."

Brayden stared at her bright smile. Her slightly raised lips looked charming, on top of which was a touch of ice

cream. For some reason, he grabbed a paper napkin. Before realizing what he was doing, he wiped the ice cream off her lips. Brayden was taken aback.

It must be the intimacy between other couples that made him do so. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been so impulsive. Jenna slightly blushed, bowing her head to continue to eat.

Aldo didn't miss the scene.

He looked sullen. He brought up Jenna protectively with care, but now she stayed with Brayden and interacted intimately with Brayden.

He couldn't help wondering if they were

dating. Jealousy and reluctance came over

him.

Earlier, her figure looked familiar to him in the suburbs. And now, his guess was

confirmed. Cristal was annoyed when she noticed Aldo was absent-minded.

"Excuse me, Mr. Carson. We don't need to have dinner together if you don't have any appetite when you are with me." "Not really, Miss Chan. You misunderstood," Aldo answered indifferently and withdrew his gaze.

Dinner ended.

Brayden and Jenna left the restaurant.

"Jenna!" a man's angry voice sounded behind them.

In a surprise, Jenna turned around, only to find Aldo leaving the restaurant with a

woman. Seeing Cristal in a fashionable dress and high heels, Jenna paled.

She guessed the woman next to Aldo must be the rich girl who went on a blind date with him.

Aldo was from an affluent family with good character. Jenna believed that he deserved such a woman.

Jenna lowered her head to check her pink dress in shame. Earlier, she dared not to look at Cristal in the suburbs, but she did now. How Jenna wished to escape here!

She didn't expect to meet them at the restaurant entrance, feeling tense

somehow. Sweat oozed on her palms.

Suddenly, a big, warm hand held hers, and a man's mellow voice sounded, "This is Mr. Aldo Carson. Do you know him?" Brayden glanced at Aldo weirdly, seeing the jealousy and reluctance in Aldo's eyes.

He wondered if Jenna had anything to do with Aldo.

Although Brayden wasn't close to Aldo, in his impression, Aldo was always steady and calm and seldom exposed his mood. Jenna raised her head in a daze, looking at Brayden's handsome face.

Suddenly, she calmed down, her uneasiness fading.

Jenna took a deep breath and forced herself to look at Aldo. Then she noticed that he seemed to have lost some weight. "I'm sorry, mister, but I don't know you."

Aldo looked at Jenna with a weird look. Although Cristal was still standing next to him, he strode toward Jenna. "What's wrong, Jenna? What happened? Why didn't you go home? How could you have run away from home? Do you know how worried I am?"

He questioned Jenna as if she had made a huge mistake. Seizing her shoulders, he almost shook her

crazily. However, he repressed his urge.

When he approached, Jenna was like a hedgehog, subconsciously becoming self-protective. She didn't want Aldo to see her disfigured face.

She wished to escape here.

Jenna pried open his hands, dodged aside, and yelled, "Don't touch me!"

She reacted so fiercely that the hair covering her injured cheek loosed, her disfigured face being revealed. Aldo gaped at the wounds on her face and couldn't believe it was his precious girl.

Without letting go of her, he gripped her more tightly. He asked, the words thick in his throat, "How come? What happened to your face?"

"Let go of me!" Tears dropped from Jenna's big eyes, which were full of sorrow. Sure enough... her disfigured face disgusted Aldo.

A sharp pang raised in her chest, almost suffocating her.

She felt the piercing pain in her shoulders as if Aldo wished to crush her bones. Tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Stop it! Let me go!"

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Her voice ached with sorrow. Brayden rushed up without hesitation, pressing Aldo's hands sullenly. He snapped, "Please behave yourself. What do you want from my sister?"

The petite girl stood between the two tall men. Jenna looked up at Brayden tearfully for help.

Brayden was softened.

He forcibly removed Aldo's hands from Jenna's shoulders.

The next second, he held Jenna tightly, feeling her shivering helplessly. Brayden patted her back to calm her down. "Don't be afraid... Sh..."

Holding his waist tightly, Jenna pressed her face against his chest, her tears dripping.

Aldo's heart ached when he saw this scene.

The pain suffocated him.

Gazing at Brayden angrily and recalling what Brayden had said in the suburbs, he retorted ironically, "Your sister? When did Mrs. Wright give birth to such a daughter?"

Then his gaze fell on Jenna and ordered crossly, "Come here, Jenna!"

How he wished to break Brayden's hands! Brayden dared to hold the precious girl that he treasured the most.

Jenna had been disfigured. Aldo believed it must have something to do with Brayden or the Wright family. Therefore, Jenna refused to admit she knew him.

Aldo stared daggers at Brayden, wishing to skin him alive.

Jenna secretly raised her head in Brayden's arms, darted a glance at Aldo, and insisted, "I don't know you." Aldo's gaze without any love and care as before looked strange to her.

She was also horrified by his expression, so she refused to go to him.

In her opinion, Aldo must dislike her, for she had become ugly, so he glared at her in anger. Jenna couldn't accept it at all.

She used to countlessly imagine the scene where she reencountered Aldo. She was afraid Aldo would dislike her, but she also expected him would not.

However, the fact disappointed her greatly, and she had to face it. She believed Aldo disliked her ugly face.

Since they reencountered, he didn't ask her how she was doing in the past few days, where she stayed, and if she was all right.

All he wanted was to take her away from Brayden. His possessive gaze, aggressive tone, and attitude toward Brayden and her had indicated he didn't care about her.

He even didn't ask her how she had been injured. Jenna

was suffocated by her heartache.

Cristal watched the scene in confusion.

As Elvis told her earlier, Jenna had been disfigured. How ugly!

However, she was surprised Aldo still couldn't forget that girl. 'What's so good about such an ugly girl?'

Ignored, Cristal walked to Aldo in irritation and gripped his hand. "Mr. Carson, I'm your girlfriend now. How can you pester another woman in my presence? Can't you respect me?"

Aldo shook off her hand, looking annoyed. "Miss Chan, I only agreed to have dinner with you. I haven't agreed to be your boyfriend. Please respect yourself."

"You agreed to have dinner with me. Wasn't it supposed to be a date? Aldo Carson, think I'm a fool?" Cristal glared at him, feeling humiliated in public as if he had slapped her across her face.

"Let's go..." Jenna muttered to Brayden, who hugged her tightly. The latter nodded his agreement, held her hand, and bypassed Aldo and Cristal, heading forward.

"Stop!" Aldo strode to follow the two, gloominess written all over his handsome face. "Jenna, you must go home with me." "Mr.

Carson, she doesn't know you at all," Brayden reminded him while scowling at him, a sneer playing on his lips.

Usually, he acted like a play boy, but now, he had a strong vibe.

Standing protectively before Jenna, he was as solid and firm as a mountain.

Although he filled the air with stress, Jenna felt warm and secure.

Gripping the hemline of his shirt, she felt Brayden was her last lifesaving straw.

"She's mine. She must go with me." Aldo looked at them coldly. His eyes were always with affection, but now they were so dark with unfathomable emotions, sending a chill down Jenna's spine.

"No! I don't want..." Jenna muttered, afraid Brayden would let Aldo take her away. She

had never seen Aldo be like this and was horrified.

"Mr. Carson, I'm afraid your wish cannot come true. How dare you take her away from me!" A murderous look appeared in Brayden's eyes. "Maskelyne Group has a piece of land, and I heard Carson Group wanted to buy it. Mr. Carson, don't you want it anymore?"

Aldo's expression stiffened. "You!"

"Humph!" Brayden darted a glance at him ironically. Holding Jenna's hand, he left.

After sitting in the car, Jenna held the steering wheel with her stiff hands and started the engine. She

couldn't help trembling, feeling freezing as if she had just been taken out from a frozen river.

It turned out she wasn't as important as she had imagined, only worth a land, as Aldo gave her up for it.

The real world was indeed cruel.

Noticing her frustration, Brayden held her hand. "Your hands are freezing. Pull over the car."

However, Jenna seemed not to hear him, driving forward while staring ahead blankly.

Although her mind was jumbled, she could skillfully dodge the cars on the road. Brayden

couldn't utter any word but worriedly stared at her.

He hadn't expected her to have something to do with the Carson family. He heard they had an adopted daughter suffering from autism.

At the National Day Gala, she seemed to perform with Sylvia together and attracted some attention. Brayden

decided to send Sylvia a private message on Facebook.

However, she didn't reply to him.

It seemed that Sylvia didn't care about him at all.

After arriving, Jenna finally calmed down and got off the car.

As soon as she entered the house, she locked herself in the bedroom, just like a turtle hiding in its shell.

Mrs. Wright could tell there was something wrong with Jenna. "What happened? Didn't she have a great time? Or did you do something to offend her?"

"Nah, Mom." Brayden didn't know how to tell his mother about things that had happened earlier. He decided to hide it from her. "Mom, do you know how Sylvia has been doing recently?"

"I don't know. She's super busy. We haven't enjoyed high tea together for a long time." Mrs. Wright shook her head.

Meanwhile, in the lab, Sylvia had just woken up from a coma. She had lost much weight in the past few days, her eyes bigger and brighter.

When Logan walked over with lunch boxes, he passed her fully-charged phone to her. "Boss, I ordered takeout from Royal Galaxy Restaurant. I heard it was prepared by Gage."

"Ehn." Sylvia took over the phone and turned it on. In fact, she had no appetite.

However, she knew she must take nutrition, which was helpful for detoxification, and she couldn't be willful. Gage

cooked four dishes and a soup for her.

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Sylvia opened the lid, the food fragrance spreading in the room.

While munching, she checked messages on the phone.

Suddenly, she saw a Facebook message from Brayden. "Miss Andrews, I have a question."

Sylvia replied, "What do you want to know?"

Then she tossed away her phone and concentrated on eating.

Shortly after, Franklin requested to have a video call with her.

Sylvia looked at Logan and asked, "Do I look all right? Haggard?"

Logan's heart tightened. "Nah. You look great."

"Don't lie to me." Sylvia didn't believe him.

She didn't straighten up herself. After waking up, she even didn't comb her hair.

How could she look great?

"I didn't lie." Logan raised his hand to swear. 'No matter what you look like, Mr. Maskelyne looks at you in the opposite building,' his inner voice added.

Sylvia swiped to answer Franklin's video request.

Instantly, she saw his charming face. For some reason, she thought Franklin had lost some weight, wondering if he hadn't gotten used to the weather abroad.

While her mind was wandering, Franklin said mellowly, "Hello, sweetie."

Sylvia put some food into her mouth. "Had breakfast yet?" she asked.

"Not yet." Franklin shook his head. Sylvia's face became smaller and looked pale, and he felt sorry for her.

He decided to get better soon and help her gain some weight.

After making up his mind, Franklin became delighted, gazing at Sylvia greedily.

"Why didn't you have breakfast? No wonder you've lost some weight." Sylvia glared at him. "Probably your abs will be gone soon."

Franklin chuckled, curling up his lips into a playful smile. "I can lift my shirt to let you check on them."

"No, thanks," Sylvia curled her lips.

Franklin changed the subject. "Remember your words in your office several days ago? Do they still count?"

A trace of embarrassment flashed through Sylvia's eyes. She seldom confessed to Franklin so boldly. Therefore, she denied it, "What did I say?"

"You said you'd stopped detesting me." Seeing her cheeks turn rosy gradually, Franklin chuckled, "Does it mean you like me?"

"You wish!" Sylvia snorted.

Franklin felt sweet. "All right. I'll take it as a yes."

"I don't want to talk to you now. You ruined my appetite." Sylvia ended the call immediately probably because she wanted to avoid talking about it or because she had no guts to face him.

Franklin could tell she panicked, lifting his brow.

He put down the phone and held the telescope again.

Every day, he checked on Sylvia in the ward which was arranged by Logan.

Whenever standing at the window, Franklin could see Sylvia through the telescope.

Just now, he saw Sylvia wake up, so he hurriedly requested a video call with her.

Sylvia had no idea that Franklin was watching her.

He told her he was on a business trip, but he took the time to recover.

Standing behind Franklin, Jasper reported to him, "Mr. Maskelyne, half a month later, Formula One World Championship will be held. Will our company's fleet join it?"

Franklin put down the telescope and looked back at him. "It's a world championship. We cannot miss it."

"OK." Jasper nodded immediately. "I wonder if you'll recover by then."

"Our fleet will join the contest, so I must attend the opening ceremony to encourage them," Franklin answered expressionlessly. "No matter what, I must be there."

Jasper knew him well, so he didn't insist on stopping Franklin.

Meanwhile, in Sylvia's ward, the lab.

"The world championship this year will be held in half a month?" Sylvia lifted her brow. "Longevity Pharmaceuticals' fleet is just above average. Let them practice more."

The Formula One World Championship is well-known globally.

Longevity Pharmaceuticals' fleet only achieved the qualified level.

"Boss, you mean..." Logan gaped at her in disbelief. Her physical condition was bad.

"I'll try hard." Sylvia lowered her head to eat in silence.

...

The night was deep. The moon hung in the dark sky.

In the Evans family's Villa, yawning, Tiffany was about to get some water from the dining room downstairs.

While bypassing the old Evans' room, she heard him talking.

Tiffany wondered why her grandfather was still up and whom he was talking to.

She looked around, only to find all the doors were locked and the servants had already gone to bed.

Tiffany tiptoed to the old Evans' room door, clinging her ear to it.

"My darling, I'm so sorry. I was so stupid that I kicked Monica out of our family," she heard the old Evans sobbing in the room.

Tiffany blinked, realizing he was talking about her aunt named Monica. She knew her father had a younger sister but was kicked out after doing something to disgrace the family.

"I saw Monica's daughter. She is pretty and is a doctor."

"I regretted it, Darling. Monica is such an outstanding girl."

"Sorry. I disappointed you. I felt guilty when I saw Monica's daughter. What should I do to make it up to her?"

Tiffany listened to him for a while and realized that her grandfather was talking to her late grandmother.

It seemed her aunt's matter troubled her grandfather a lot.

Curling her lips, Tiffany felt disgusted. The thought that Sylvia would become her cousin sickened her.

She was unwilling to be Sylvia's cousin.

"Darling, should I let her be the heir of the Evans family? She's an excellent girl. I'm sure she could develop our family well and bring prosperity to our family in the future."

'What? Grandpa wants Sylvia Andrews to take over the Evans family in the future. Is he out of his mind? That bitch's family name isn't Evans at all.'

If Sylvia became the next master of the family, Tiffany didn't think she would lead a happy life.

She decided to stop her grandfather.

With a steely look, she wished to skin Sylvia alive. Sylvia was always against her; now, Sylvia was gonna steal the Evans family away.

The old Evans continued, "Darling, I must find her and tell her the truth back then. I want to expiate my sin."

'The truth? What truth?' Tiffany wondered, and suddenly a familiar voice sounded behind her, "What are you doing, Tiffany?"

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"What are you doing here?" Neve dragged Tiffany's arm and looked around cautiously. Fortunately, she didn't raise her voice earlier.

Otherwise, the old Evans would be alerted.

Gripping Tiffany's arm, Neve dragged her into her room.

"Mom... Just now..." Tiffany looked anxious. "You don't know what I've heard just

now." Neve didn't care. "Nothing matters. Did your grandfather miss his late wife

again?" "Nah, Mom..." Tiffany whispered in her ear.

Neve's lips twitched into a sneer.

"That old bastard still thinks about Sylvia Andrews. Monica Evans disgraced our family, so she was kicked out. Her daughter came back to steal our family properties. Although we're not an influential family, we're much better than the common ones."

"What should we do now, Mom?" Tiffany asked anxiously, as she didn't want Sylvia to come back.

"Let's make a move before he does. Before your grandfather talks to that little bitch, we must..." Neve's eyes were full of fierceness.

In the old Evans' room, lying on the bed, the old Evans stared at the ceiling in a daze, tears streaming down his cheeks.

He felt guilty for his youngest daughter. After seeing Sylvia, he failed to repress all his mixed feelings.

After so many years, he had never considered seeing Monica's daughter.

He slowly closed his eyes.

...

The next morning, when Sylvia woke up, she took two red pills as usual.

After the treatment in the past few days, she became much better than earlier.

Although she had lost some weight, she was spirited.

She had a walk in the yard behind the lab.

The morning sun fell on her, warming up her body.

Sylvia checked the time on her phone, wondering what Franklin was

doing. She realized there was a time difference between them.

Sitting in a deck chair under a tree, she fluttered her long eyelashes and pressed her tender, pink lips

together. She looked like a nymph who had just left the forest.

No one could resist such a beautiful view, and Franklin wasn't an exception.

Standing by the window, he held the telescope to watch her.

He couldn't tear his gaze off Sylvia's bright eyes. Suddenly, Logan walked out of the lab while holding a blanket. Then he covered her with it gently.

Jealousy and possessiveness filled Franklin's eyes.

Logan brought him a weird feeling.

Franklin had thought Logan had a crush on Sylvia, but most of the time, he didn't feel Logan was not possessive of Sylvia. However, Logan took great care of Sylvia, which couldn't be done if Logan had no feelings for her.

Franklin had met countless people, but he couldn't tell what was in Logan's mind.

He took a deep breath and checked the bandage on his chest.

The white gauze covered his muscled chest. Although his wound was healing, they hadn't scabbed yet.

Whenever he tightened his muscle, blood oozed.

"Mr. Maskelyne, breakfast is ready." Jasper pushed the door open and entered the ward.

Seeing him hold the telescope, Jasper knew Franklin was watching Sylvia again.

He thought Mr. Maskelyne had significantly sacrificed for Miss Andrews.

No ordinary man could have tolerated that pain, but Franklin did.

So far, he had never complained about it.

In the afternoon, Jasper brought him a pile of documents.

Franklin had to work in his ward.

Jasper felt sorry for him but couldn't do anything.

Franklin was super busy. After eating something for lunch quickly, he continued to work and didn't stop until three in the afternoon.

He was picky with food, so he only took a few bites of the lunch for the patient at

noon. He was starved and sleepy, looking spiritless.

When he was about to check the following file, his phone's tone reminded him of a message on Facebook.

He only followed three persons on Facebook, including Sylvia, Jasper, and Brayden.

Thinking of that, he picked up the phone, and his eyes lit

up. A smile blossomed across his face.

"Don't be picky about food when you are on a business trip. Or you'll suffer stomachache again."

It was a reminder without anything intimate, but it sent warmth to Franklin's chest.

He wondered if it meant Sylvia cared about him.

Franklin joyfully put down the file. Suddenly, he felt less suffering after having the patient's food for lunch.

Jasper, helping him deal with other work, suddenly heard Franklin's words. "I'm hungry."

Jasper was taken aback. Without hesitation, he rushed out of the ward to get some food.

'Gosh! Mr. Maskelyne actively wanted to eat something. What a miracle!'

Jasper went to Golden Restaurant immediately and returned in half an hour.

"Mr. Maskelyne, I bought several liquid foods for you. All nutritious for your recovery."

Jasper was joyful while holding several lunchboxes.

Franklin's meal was quite essential.

When Jasper entered the ward, he saw Franklin smiling at his phone.

Then Franklin looked at him. "Put them down. Open the lids."

Jasper hurriedly put them down, opened the lunch boxes' lids, and brought them to the table before Franklin.

Seemingly doing it deliberately, Franklin put his phone toward the food and swiped the screen.

Jasper darted a glance at the phone screen unintentionally, only to find it was a chat box.

"OK, sweetie. I'll eat properly and regularly."

"I will never work overtime."

Sylvia replied, "I only sent you one line. Why did you reply so many words to

me?" "I must make things clear, so you'll rest assured."

Jasper was wordless, feeling Franklin do PDA on

purposely. He blamed himself for checking on Franklin's

phone.

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While eating, Franklin naturally put away his phone. Jasper watched it,

sensing something wrong.

Only then did he realize Franklin purposely showed off to him, feeling slightly depressed.

'Mr. Maskelyne, how could you do it? You haven't remarried Miss Andrews yet. Stop showing off! Is it so funny to do PDA?' Jasper thought.

...

In the president's office of Wilson Group, Mrs. Carson sat on the sofa holding Clark's hand, her eyes reddish, and said sincerely, "Clark, since your mother passed away, I've been missing her. Last night, she was in my dream and asked me to check on you."

"What do you want, Aunt? Go straight to the point," Clark replied expressionlessly. He had stopped

treasuring the family affection long ago.

Besides, he knew Mrs. Carson had come over for something. Although she was

his aunt, she seldom contacted him.

In recent years, the Carson family gained an excellent reputation due to Aldo's position in the fire department. Therefore, they

looked down on Clark, for he had been too ruthless.

"Well... Nothing serious. I want to invest in a movie, Carson Group lacks funds recently, so I wonder if you are interested in the investment."

Mrs. Carson wiped her tears, wearing a flattering smile. "Oh, really?"

Clark lifted an eyebrow without any interest.

From time to time, Wilson Group also invested in some soap operas or movies, but unlike Maskelyne Group, they didn't run a specific entertainment company.

Mrs. Carson could tell he wasn't appealed, but she added, "If the movie is released, it'll become popular. The playscript was written by the wife of the most famous director, Roland Simon. Roland Simon will direct the movie in person. The leading roles will be played by actors and actresses with large fan bases. Would you like to read the playscript first?"

Clark had heard of Roland before. He was a talented director and won international prizes when he was young. "Where is the playscript?"

"Here you go." Mrs. Carson immediately pulled out a playscript from her bag and passed it to him. "It's romance. An angel fell from Heaven, and so did the demon. Youngsters love this kind of story, and they are the major consumers in the movie industry. Let's hype up the news between the leading roles and make some rumors. The movie will definitely become popular."

Clark cast down his eyes and turned the first page. He thought it

was not bad to invest in a movie.

With a ghost of a smile on his lips, he turned the pages at random. "I agree with you, Aunt. The production team and director have good reputations. This one should become a blockbuster. However, I have a condition."

His words lit up Mrs. Carson's eyes. She asked, "What condition?"

Clark's smile became broader, his eyes glittering with shrewdness. "The distribution and production rights of this movie shall belong to me."

"Clark? You mean..." Mrs. Carson was shocked.

She realized that she couldn't take any advantage of Clark. However, she indeed

lacked the money.

Although Carson Group had a good reputation, they lacked the working capital to let her invest in the movie.

Mrs. Carson used to work in the entertainment business. After winning the award for the best actress, she resigned and became a housewife.

In the past decades, she worked as a producer and participated in soap operas that were not popular. This would be the first time she participated in a movie.

If the movie became a blockbuster, she would be recognized as an excellent producer in the industry.

"Aunt, you are a producer. Wilson Group will be the production issuer, which has no conflict against you. You still have a lot of rights," Clark coaxed her, "Especially, don't you think working with me is much better than working with others?"

"How much can you invest, Clark," Mrs. Carson gritted her teeth and asked.

"It's a romance movie, so I'll invest 100 million dollars. What about you?" Clark's words were like a bombshell to Mrs. Carson. "100 million dollars?" She had thought Clark would be generous enough if he was willing to invest 10 million dollars.

"Right. I know Carson Group will also sponsor this movie." Clark smiled at her, but the smile didn't touch his eyes. "How much does Carson Group plan to invest?"

Mrs. Carson blushed in embarrassment. "We can only invest 50 million dollars."

The gap between Carson Group and Wilson Group or Maskelyne Group had become bigger and bigger.

"Don't worry, Aunt. We're family. I'll help you if you need." Clark patted Mrs. Carson's hand. "In the future, if you need more money, feel free to let me know. I have extra working capital. When will the filming start?"

"Next Friday is a good day," Mrs. Carson answered awkwardly. Clark was known as a heartless businessman. However, he was too kind to her. Mrs. Carson couldn't help wondering what was on his mind and what he planned to gain from this movie.

She was no longer naive or straightforward, so she wouldn't think Clark did it only because he had seen the potential of this movie in the market.

However, she couldn't do anything when facing the cruel reality. She had to work

with Clark.

"Not bad. Wish everything goes smoothly. I'll let my finance department contact you about the fund." Clark stared at her expressionlessly, his feminine-looking steely.

Mrs. Carson was joyful as she had gained the investment from Clark, but she was worried for some reason.

That evening, the movie appeared on Twitter trends. "Roland Simon, the talented director, will soon direct a new movie." "When an angel and a demon are in love, which one do you prefer?"

"Shipping Gianna Krause and Zane Holt."

Three topics of the movie occupied the trends.

The actress of the female lead, Gianna Krause, was a young actress with a large fan base. After filming a campus romance drama, she became famous.

However, this would also be her first time performing in a movie.

The actor for the male lead, Zane Holt, was handsome and bright. He used to be in a music band in Hayaland and had just returned to Larro.

His topics frequently appeared on Twitter trends, and he had many romantic rumors with countless female superstars. Now he coupled with Gianna to hype up the news for the new movie.

The trend topics instantly attracted many people's attention.

The netizens commented on the news and celebrated their idols.

Meanwhile, Brock was browsing the news on Twitter while munching some potato chips in a shabby house. After reading the introduction of Roland's new movie, he tossed his phone away and sneered.

Then he picked up a playscript and studied it.

Roland's new movie was just a fast-food commercial romance. Brock didn't think it could be compared to his playscript. The longer he studied the playscript, the more upset he became.

For some reason, he plucked up his courage and dialed the number of the woman who had sent him the playscript the other day. However, her phone was powered off.

Brock thought he had dialed the wrong number, so he called her again but failed to reach her. Disappointed, he tossed his phone away, sitting on the bench in silence.

That woman should be a liar, right? She made a fool of him on purpose.

Earlier, he had been hesitant, wondering if he should trust her.

However, he couldn't reach her on the phone after he had decided to trust her.

His reputation had been ruined because of his deeds in the past. Therefore, he didn't think anyone would hire him to film a movie anymore.

He snorted, thinking dreams were just games for the wealthy. He heaved a sigh.

The next second, he grabbed a bottle of liquor from the table and wanted to gulp the liquid down. However, the bottle was empty.

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Brock was confused as he hadn't drunk the liquor.

Right then, his son returned home from school. Seeing him holding a bottle of liquor, the boy snapped stubbornly, "Drink again. I'll run away from home."

Brock glared at him. "Did you empty my liquor?"

"Humph! I'll empty your bottles if you dare to drink it again." The boy put down his schoolbag and started to work on his homework.

He had recently become aggressive toward his father, especially for the drinking matter. Brock

couldn't do anything but put down the bottle. His son restrained him strictly nowadays. Noticing his

reaction, the boy curled his lips into a smile while writing his homework.

The method that the pretty lady taught him last time worked well.

Recently, his father had been studying a playscript, and the boy was delighted.

He would never want to live with a drunkard anymore, although Brock was his father.

...

When Sylvia woke up again, it was already dark.

Feeling exhausted, she got off the bed to wash her face.

The night breeze blew into the room. The air was filled with peace and silence. Sylvia turned

on her phone and saw two incoming calls from an unknown number.

Frowning, she gazed at the number for a while but couldn't figure out who the caller was. However,

she dialed the number to call back.

"Hello?"

Brock was sleepy, with no TV set or computer in his shabby apartment. When he felt

bored, he wanted to sleep.

His phone, however, suddenly rang when he almost fell asleep. The caller

was Sylvia Andrews.

Instantly, Brock sobered and swiped to answer enthusiastically, "Hello, Miss Andrews. This is Brock Davila."

"Mr. Davila, did you call me earlier?" Sylvia was amused by his tense tone. "You called me twice. Did you make up your mind?"

"Yes, Miss Andrews." Brock looked excited, his heart racing. The excitement that he would return to be a director again surged in his chest.

Earlier during the day, he had been desperate. However, he had a ray of hope now. Sylvia called

him back.

She wasn't a liar!

"All right. Come to see me tomorrow morning." Sylvia sent the lab's address to him. After the

conversation ended, Brock still felt dizzy, wondering if he was dreaming. He would film a

good movie upon an excellent playscript for real.

Although he didn't like the crew, he believed he could teach them well. After all, he had no right to be picky with actors and actresses.

He had no longer been the proud director as before. Instead, he was slightly self-abased.

His life in the past few years had tortured him, but he still wanted to be a director in his favorite industry.

...

In the early morning, Eden was woken up by his agent. Rubbing his messy hair, he looked at his agent sleepily. "What's your problem? It's so early now. I didn't finish recording the variety show program until 2 A.M."

He almost went nuts.

His agent was a man in his thirties. Pushing Eden toward the bathroom, he prompted, "Hurry! Your brother called you about a movie."

"Mr. Maskelyne disagreed with letting you film a movie, but your brother wants to introduce you to a director. Do you want this opportunity?"

Eden looked at him in a daze. "What did you say?"

"I said your brother wanted to let you film a movie. Hurry up and get ready." The

agent pushed him into the bathroom and closed the door considerately. Eden blinked

at himself in the mirror before taking a shower.

An hour later, a minivan slowly pulled up to a house in the lab's yard. Eden

yawned and got off the car.

"Why did my brother ask me to meet him here?"

"Let's go in." His agent dragged him toward the house.

Franklin disagreed with letting Eden film a movie as he didn't think Eden was good at acting. If Eden acted, his reputation might be tarnished, which could impact his career in the future.

Franklin would rather let him continue singing.

In the early morning, Brock put on his most decent black shirt and jeans before going to the lab. When he

arrived, he thought he had gone to the wrong address.

'Miss Andrews is so weird. Why did she ask me to meet her here?' he thought.

Once entering the yard, Brock saw the young man hopping down a minivan, and he gaped.

Faintly, he recalled that Sylvia mentioned letting Eden be the leading role. Much to Brock's surprise, she indeed hired Eden. In

Brock's opinion, Eden was good for nothing except for his handsome face.

He couldn't accept Eden as the male lead of his movie, but still, he walked toward the lounge where Sylvia was. As soon

as Brock arrived at the door, he saw Eden enter. Pressing his lips, he followed suit.

The lounge was clean and tidy, with a bedroom suite where Sylvia stayed. She was

curling up on a couch, discussing with Logan.

She was in a white dress, which showed her pretty figure. Her gorgeous face looked lethally attractive under the morning sunshine.

Before Brock greeted her, Eden chirped, "Holy shit! Aren't you Sylvia Andrews? Why did you lose so much weight? Are you on a diet?"

"Be respectful!" Logan patted his head. "You should address her as Miss Andrews."

Eden curled his lips. He wasn't close to Sylvia but had read a lot of Twitter trends about her. He had always thought she hooked up with Logan for money and fame.

Sylvia darted a glance at him without speaking to him.

Instead, she smiled at Brock. "Morning, Mr. Davila. Please have a seat." Only then

did Brock nod at him and Logan in greetings.

Sylvia was holding a playscript. "Have you finished reading the playscript?"

"Yes, I have." Brock nodded. He was passionate when talking about his beloved career. "I like the playscript. It implies some events in real life and has many storylines. The climax plot and the theme are both refreshed and attractive. It's hard for the audience to forget."

"Mr. Davila, I didn't expect you like the playscript so much." A smile flashed across Sylvia's pale face.

"The playscript? Logan, didn't you want me to play in a movie? Why didn't I receive any playscript?" Eden asked unhappily. Sylvia darted a glance at Logan, and the latter tossed a playscript to Eden's head. "Here you are!"

Eden cried in pain and caught the playscript. The name "Wynter" on the cover lit up his eyes. He yelled excitedly, "My gosh! It's written by Wynter? Really? My idol even wrote a playscript for me. He must love me very much!"

"Logan, how did you convince my idol?"

"Argh! Logan, you are the best. When can you introduce me to Wynter?"

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Eden was too excited to stop talking.

Brock looked at Eden expressionlessly, a trace of disdain flashing through his eyes.

"Stop it, Eden. Remember your public image? If your fans saw you like this, do you know what would happen?" Eden's agent wanted to stop him.

Eden was always an aloof and self-restrained young man in his fans' eyes.

However, he was a careless and straightforward young man who was too talkative.

Whenever he became excited, he couldn't stop speaking at all.

He could hold a talk show continuously for several hours.

"It's alright. His fans are not here. He needs some rest," Sylvia stopped Eden's agent, flicking her hands at him. "Mr. Davila, you should have known all the implications in the playscript. We'll start the filming when it's ready. Eden West will be the male lead. Mr. Davila, please select other actors and actresses by yourself. I won't interfere with your decision."

"Miss Andrews..." Brock was surprised again, as he had never thought Sylvia to give him such great rights.

The entertainment business was based on sponsorship and driven by money.

The directors' rights had been reduced. They were like the puppets of the sponsors.

Feeling touched, Brock looked at Sylvia, his eyes glimmering with hidden worship.

Logan was familiar with this kind of gaze as Romeo and James always gazed at Sylvia so weirdly.

Logan believed that in the near future, more people would stare at Sylvia with such a gaze, such as Eden, this talkative stupid young boy.

Eden had no idea what was in Logan's mind. He was studying the playscript. When he realized the image of the male lead, he was agitated again.

"My goodness! I love the male lead's persona. He's an idol but loves collecting garbage. Wynter's mind is so creative. I love her!"

"Oh, my gosh! This male lead is exactly like me. We are both handsome, good at singing and dancing, and kind-hearted. We both like collecting garbage. Argh!"

"My idol is so nice to me. She didn't assign me a girlfriend in the movie but let me concentrate on collecting the garbage. She must be worried my fans would leave me if I had a girlfriend in this movie."

...

All people gaped at Eden upon hearing his narcissistic remarks.

Brock was shocked, wondering if he needed to work with such a nagging

boy. He felt it was the end of the world.

However, Sylvia nominated Eden to be the male lead personally, so Brock had to repress the urge to kick Eden out of the room and continue to talk to Sylvia.

"Miss Andrews, this movie is science fiction. Although the sci-fi scenes only take a small part, the special effects need some money, so we need more funds than usual."

"How much approximately?" Sylvia asked seriously. She listened to Brock sincerely.

Brock felt respected. After glancing at her, he plucked up his courage and answered, "Approximately... 300 million dollars." It wasn't a tiny figure.

For many people, it was a sky-high price. Most people couldn't make much money after working hard for a lifetime.

Brock was also a poor man and had never seen such a considerable amount of money.

However, he aimed to film a great

movie. If not, that money would be

spent in vain.

Feeling stressed, he still answered Sylvia's question honestly.

Sylvia didn't respond immediately but kept silent.

Brock had been studying her expression, afraid she would refuse. When she was silent, his heart sank. He wondered if she lacked that much money. Even though she was Logan's girlfriend, she shouldn't be able to afford it.

Brock stammered, "Well... If 300 million dollars are too much, we... we can invite other companies to invest in this movie. A movie can have more than one sponsor. Some even have more than ten sponsors."

Sylvia looked up at him. "Is just 300 million enough?"

"What? I beg your pardon?" Brock didn't understand what she meant.

Then he watched Sylvia pull out a checkbook and write on the top page.

The next second, he gaped at the check from her and saw 300 million

dollars. Sylvia gave him so much money without hesitation.

"If not enough, do let me know." Sylvia beamed at him. "Fund guarantees the movie's quality. Mr. Davila, please don't let me down."

Eden poked his head to look at the check curiously.

"Whoa... Sylvia, why are you so rich? Did you use my brother's money?"

Logan felt so ashamed upon watching his brother's reaction. "Shut up!" he snapped.

Eden snorted, "Humph! Forget it. For my brother's sake."

He quieted down and continued to study the playscript. It was too appealing for him to stop reading.

After all, Eden was still young. After being flattered by others in the entertainment business, he became reckless and arrogant.

Sylvia darted a glance at him and said to Brock, "He's still young and reckless. Please pay more attention to him. I believe you can change him eventually."

Brock felt an intense migraine, shaking his head. "Miss Andrews, I'll select the actors and actresses for this movie, including the female lead."

"Of course. The ball is in your court. Need anything, please tell me." Sylvia sounded as if she was only responsible for giving him the money.

She fully trusted Brock.

Being trusted and given much responsibility by Sylvia, Brock couldn't help feeling excited and overjoyed. Inwardly, he swore he would make this movie a hit.

After several years, this was his only opportunity to turn the tables.

If he missed it, he would live in the shabby house and darkness for the rest of his life.

...

"Filming a movie?" Franklin was confused after listening to Jasper's words.

In the morning, he saw Eden appear in the lab opposite and thought he had an

illusion. Later, he saw Brock, a once-popular director.

After investigating what had happened, Jasper immediately returned and reported it to him.

"Yes, Mr. Maskelyne. Miss Andrews invested 300 million dollars."

"300 million dollars? How could she have so much money? Did Logan give it to her?" Franklin frowned. Anything that could be resolved with money was never a problem.

He continued, "Add 300 million dollars to her movie. After all, Eden is under the entertainment company run by Maskelyne Group. We should sponsor him."

In the past, he didn't want Eden to film the movie written by Sylvia. After all, Eden was too handsome, and Franklin tried to distance him from Sylvia.

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However, since Sylvia wanted to film a movie, Franklin would definitely support her in her career. After all, she was his wife.

He must be fully supportive no matter what she wanted to do.

Therefore, that afternoon, Brock received another 300 million dollars from Jasper.

He gaped at the check in disbelief and hurriedly called Sylvia. "Hello, Miss Andrews. Uh..."

Before he told her Franklin had invested another 300 million dollars, Sylvia said, "Mr. Davila, I've let my lawyer team work on the agreement and contract. What's the matter, Mr. Davila?"

Her voice was calm. Brock parted his lips in excitement. "Miss Andrews, here is the thing..."

"Mr. Davila, the prop team seems to have some problems. Can you come over for a moment?" a staff member suddenly yelled at Brock, so he had to bite back the words at his lips. "I'm sorry, Miss Andrews. I have to deal with something urgent. I'll call you back."

Then he ended the call and went to deal with the matter.

He wanted the popular actress, Gianna Krause, to be the female lead. In Wynter's playscript, there was no love story. The female lead was the male lead's assistant. When others mocked and questioned the male leading role, only the assistant defended him.

Since childhood, the assistant had lived in a village with a river. All people in her town relied on it. However, one day, a paper manufacturer was established on the bank and always discharged wasted water into the river. Gradually, people in the village became sick. After using and drinking the polluted water, the population in the town decreased.

The assistant's relatives passed away one after another.

Therefore, the male lead protected the environment, and his assistant fully supported him.

The female lead was a very likable character.

Gianna had joined the crew of the movie, "Angel and Demon on Earth", but she hadn't signed the official contract yet.

When her agent told her Brock invited her to play the female lead, a young woman from a village who became her idol's assistant, Gianna snorted ironically.

"Brock Davila? He was once famous but had become unknown for many years. Who would pay for the ticket to his movie? The audience or the sponsors?"

"I agree with you. Mr. Simon's movie will definitely be popular. It's a romance with a good market base," her agent echoed. "Brock Davila was criticized and hated by the audience in the past."

"Exactly. If I joined his crew, I would also be insulted," Gianna sneered.

"All right. I'll reject him," her agent answered and made the decision. "I don't think he can find a good actor for the male lead. Probably just an online celebrity. How could he be compared to your reputation?"

"You are right." Gianna nodded.

When Brock received the refusal from Gianna's agent, he was taken aback.

He knew he had vanished for several years. Suddenly, he bounced back, and no one would accept him.

However, he didn't give up.

"Mr. Davila, why don't you let my assistant take this role?" Eden yawned.

"Your assistant had no acting experience." Brock didn't think Eden was reliable.

Eden sat next to him leisurely. "She used to play some small roles in the movies. Besides, you don't need to pay her much money. She has a certain tacit understanding with me while working. The assistant role suits her well. After all, she is my assistant."

Right then, a slim girl appeared in front of Brock. She wore a white T-shirt, denim shorts, and white sneakers, looking clean and refreshed.

Her face was delicate, her eyes were big and round, and her nose was adorable. Clearly, she could suit the role very well.

Brock glanced at her several times.

Eden asked, "What do you think? Not bad, huh?"

"What's not bad?" Poppy sat next to Eden gracefully.

"Girl, are you interested in acting in a movie?"

Eden stared at Poppy with affectionate eyes.

He hired Poppy last month. She wasn't brilliant but was good-looking. However, she always made mistakes while working for him.

She was similar to the assistant in the playscript. In Eden's opinion, Poppy was a girl from a village without common sense or the ability to do things right. Many people looked down on her.

Poppy pointed at her nose. "What did you say? Me? Act in a movie? May I? I... I cannot do anything."

"The assistant's role is just like you. You can just be yourself. Idiot!" Eden took over the glass water from her. After taking a sip, he became angry and roared in irritation, "I asked you to make honey pomelo juice. Why did you get me honey lemonade again?"

Anger was written all over his handsome face, and he glared at Poppy. Poppy's

hands trembled. "Shoot! I made it my favorite honey lemonade again."

Earlier, she didn't want to be a useless girl relying on Franklin's allowance anymore, so she decided to find a job.

Without a domestic degree, she hadn't graduated from the university overseas. Besides, she was unwilling to go abroad again.

Coincidentally, she saw Maskelyne Entertainment hiring an assistant for an actor. The requirements were not high, and the meal and accommodation were included.

Therefore, Poppy joined the interview and was selected.

Since then, she had become Eden's assistant, taking care of him daily. She

also secretly moved out of her house and into the company dormitory.

Usually, she looked after Eden and dealt with his daily trifles.

Since childhood, Poppy had been taken care of by her maids and servants. This was the first time she had to look after another person, so she encountered many difficulties.

She couldn't get used to the new lifestyle.

Luckily, Eden was only nagging but a decent man. Some assistants of other actors and actresses told her many superstars appeared easygoing and kind on the screen, but in private, they were short-tempered. Some even abused or tortured their assistants, such as offering leftovers to the assistants or burning them with cigarette butts.

Poppy felt lucky.

Eden roared at her. In the past, she might blow up, but now, she was just a humble assistant to him. She had no right to argue with him.

If it were another actress, probably, the water would be splashed onto her face.

Poppy was indeed adept at consoling herself and adjusting her mood.

After reminding herself for a while, she felt less upset after Eden roared at her.

Instead, she hurriedly made a glass of honey pomelo juice.

Poppy kept reminding herself inwardly that she was just Eden's assistant instead of the daughter of the Maskelyne family, and no one on the film set knew him.

She had sworn to be independent and impress Sylvia. Eden

just roared at her, and it was nothing.

It was just a trifle that she could easily overcome in her life. It was nothing. Brock

watched the scene in silence, looking at Poppy up and down in criticism.

The girl looked pretty with a graceful temperament. She didn't look as timid as other assistants or get angry because of Eden's angry tone.

When she poured the water, she looked very clumsy. Brock could tell she didn't fake it.

Watching her fair, tender hands, Brock guessed that she should be from a wealthy family.

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Brock didn't think Poppy was from a poor family or from a village. He could tell from her hands that she wasn't good at doing those things.

As a director, he was always careful.

The girl's eyes were full of purity and naiveness without any shrewdness. Her innocent look lit up

Brock's eyes. When Eden interacted with her earlier, their natural performances matched the scenes

in the playscript.

Finally, Brock withdrew his gaze from Poppy and asked her sincerely, "Miss, are you interested in acting in my movie? You'll perform the male lead's assistant."

"Me? May I act in your movie for real?" Poppy widened her eyes in surprise, disbelief filling her

eyes. She couldn't believe the director was talking to her.

"Come on. Try to perform a scene." Brock opened the playscript and pointed at an easy scene to her. "Act this part. The male lead is sick, and you need to help him walk to the sidewalk and hail a taxi to go to the hospital."

Poppy blushed slightly. Although she was Eden's assistant and had been with him for more than a month, she had never been so close to him.

She even needed to help him walk...

However, she was curious about the movie, and feeling excited.

Poppy had never known anything about the film industry. Although Maskelyne Entertainment was a famous company in the business, she had always relied on Franklin.

'No, I cannot be an assistant all the time. This is a good opportunity. I must gain this role. I will become an actress. Although I didn't major in performing, I'm still young. I... I must achieve something and impress Sylvia.'

At this moment, Poppy became self-

confident. "OK. Let me have a try."

She studied the assistant's character, habits, and hobbies and remembered

them all. Then she thought about the scene appointed by Brock.

Around ten minutes later, she bit her lip and walked to Brock. "I'm ready, Mr. Davila."

Eden suggested it to Brock casually earlier. Much to his surprise, his assistant prepared for the scene

thoughtfully. He actively stood up. "OK. I'll cooperate with you."

He lay on the sofa, looking weak.

The assistant pushed the door open and entered. As usual, she put the lunchboxes on the table and said, "I bought some spaghetti from Sunrise Restaurant. Get up and have some food."

However, the male lead didn't answer.

The assistant looked confused, walking toward the sofa. After approaching him, she found something wrong

with him. She asked in surprise, "What's wrong? Are you all right?"

Eden gradually opened his eyes and replied in a weak tone, "I'm probably on a fever."

"On a fever? You have a variety show to record this evening. What should we do?" The assistant paced around the room anxiously. Suddenly, gritting her teeth, she helped Eden stand up, put his arm on her shoulders, and said, "Let me take you to the hospital."

With difficulty, she burdened Eden's weight, moving toward

the door. The scene was simple.

It would be perfect if Poppy showed her anxiety and worry toward the

idol. Brock said, "Cut!"

Instantly, Poppy escaped from Eden. He was so close to her that she could even feel

his breath. Her heart pounded as she smelled his mint scent.

When she was close to him, she found that his skin was smooth and his pores were

invisible. It was the first time that Poppy was so close to a boy after growing up.

Eden frowned, glaring at her unhappily. "Why are you running away so fast? I almost fall."

Many fans wanted to be as close to him as possible, but this girl didn't treasure the

opportunity. She even couldn't wait to push him away.

As a handsome idol with a large fan base, Eden couldn't believe a girl had escaped from him.

Therefore, he understood why his agent hired Poppy.

There was no obsession toward him in her eyes. Suddenly, Eden found that he had never seen amazement in Poppy's eyes when they met.

When she looked at him, she never looked obsessed or amazed by his

handsome face. 'Is she blind? How could she ignore my charm?' his inner voice

complained.

Poppy didn't know what was on Eden's mind and didn't care.

All she wanted to know was Brock's opinion of her performance. Therefore, she trotted to him and asked him expectantly, "Mr. Davila, did I..."

"You need the training to act, but not bad," Brock remarked objectively, "If you really wish to be an actress, you must be modest and willing to work hard. You cannot play a game while acting. Nor can you show off. It's a profession, and you must respect and treasure your career. If you're ready, we can sign the contract."

Poppy bowed her head instead of looking at Brock.

After thinking for a while, she looked up at him, her pretty eyes full of determination. "I'm willing to sign the contract, Mr. Davila. I don't have any acting experience, but I'm willing to learn."

Brock nodded at her. He didn't have an assistant, so he pulled out two copies of the contract. "Here is the contract with two copies. One for you and one for me."

He had just returned to directing a movie, so it would be difficult to invite a famous actress to join

this movie. However, he had confidence in Poppy. If she was willing to learn, he would teach her

well.

Poppy probably couldn't be compared to the award-winning actresses, but he expected her to exceed the famous

actresses. After all, he found the innocence and purity of Poppy, which had vanished from the experienced

actresses.

Naiveness was requested for the assistant role as she was a simple-minded girl from a village.

Coincidentally, Poppy had such a character as she hadn't been impacted by the real world.

In the following days, Brock found several actors and actresses for different roles in the movie.

Some were experienced performers who had only played minor roles. Some had played many supporting roles but hadn't become famous.

Anyone famous was unwilling to join his crew.

Brock knew his reputation had been tarnished, so he understood it.

He also didn't insist on inviting famous actors or actresses with large fan bases to hype up his

movie. He wished to let the public know him again according to the movie's quality and

reputation.

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Soon, the filming started.

Much to Brock's surprise, the crew of "Angel and Demon on Earth" also chose the same day to start filming in the film and television base.

In the past few weeks, Angel and Demon on Earth hyped up news online and became trending topics on Twitter frequently.

On the day of the startup ceremony, all the crew members, staff members, directors, and scriptwriters arrived on the scene.

Roland wore a dark-gray suit, looking elegant and spirited.

The leading roles, Zane and Gianna, stood on either side of him.

"Angel and Demon on Earth" was the most critical movie invested in by Carson Entertainment, so the startup ceremony was grand.

Not only many famous reporters had been invited, but some famous online media workers were also invited.

Wearing a red dress, Gianna put on delicate makeup. Her blonde curly hair hung over her shoulders, making her eye-catching.

Zane was handsome in a white suit. As the reporters requested, he struck poses to let them take photos.

Roland stood in the center, answering the reporters' questions.

"I film this movie for youngsters. Only the young will feel the purity and beauty of love. I hope other audiences can see this movie in the future, as it can help them recall their youth."

"Everyone has their right to recall their youth."

"I believe the audience will be moved when seeing my movie. They will definitely think about the good old days when they were still young."

Roland answered the questions and introduced his movies gracefully.

When he was excited, the sound of firecrackers suddenly interrupted the ceremony.

Roland's expression changed as he hadn't talked about the critical points yet. He still hadn't fully expressed his opinions, so he wondered who played the firecrackers.

After all, it was forbidden to play the firecrackers in public.

However, in front of the reporters, Roland had to repress his anger to avoid showing his short-tempered side.

Waving his hand at the deputy director, he asked harshly, "What's going on?"

"Another crew is also holding a startup ceremony," the deputy director told him.

"I don't care if they hold a startup ceremony, but why do they play firecrackers? It's too noisy," Roland complained unhappily, "Tell them not to impact us."

"Yes, Mr. Simon. I'll inform them now," the deputy director answered while nodding.

"Wait a moment," Roland said coldly, "I'll go there myself. Let me see which crew is so bold to provoke me."

Then he walked toward the next door.

All the reporters followed him. Earlier, they had only heard "Angel and Demon on Earth" would hold a startup ceremony but didn't know another movie would also start to film.

Especially, Roland wanted to check on them in person, so they believed there should be a drama soon.

After all, many sponsors and directors treated the startup ceremony seriously. They only wished to see good signs.

However, the other crew also wanted a good sign, so Eden played firecrackers.

The sounds made their crew eye-catching.

They didn't invite reporters or online anchors, so no one paid attention to their crew.

However, they could celebrate it by themselves.

After the firecrackers had been lit, everyone covered their ears and waited for it to end, and the scene was amusing.

When Roland arrived with a group of reporters, he saw the scene coincidentally.

All people on the scene seemed to be junk to him. They even stood with their backs toward him while chatting and laughing.

In Roland's opinion, a startup ceremony was essential.

However, the crew members dressed casually. He even saw one staff member wearing slippers.

They disrespected the art.

Roland didn't think they were professional actors and actresses. He didn't know anyone of them except for a man named Keith, who had played a lot of minor characters.

Roland snorted and didn't think this crew deserved to hold the startup ceremony on the same day as his crew.

With a stern look, he walked toward the group.

Right then, the firecrackers ended.

Then he heard a familiar voice. "Hurry! Let's clean the scene."

Roland stiffened. He knew the voice so well that his heart tightened.

It was him!

It had been years, and although they hadn't met once, Roland could still immediately recognize him from his voice.

He stopped mid-step, gazing at the man who was talking.

Suddenly, the man turned round while holding a sweep.

They locked eyes.

Suffocation spread in the air.

Brock narrowed his eyes, tightening his grip on the sweep.

He hadn't expected to see Roland, the scumbag who had plagiarized his playscript and stolen his wife.

Roland returned to his senses quickly. He walked up to Brock, looking surprised. "Brock, why are you here? It's been years. You are still as handsome as before."

Brock darted a glance at him with an ironic smile. "Stop being so hypocritical. Aren't you tired? You shouldn't be a director but an actor. You can even win the best actor award."

Roland looked annoyed. "Brock, I know you dislike me, but you don't need to insult me this way."

"Do I look as if I care how you feel?" Brock sneered.

Roland's patience ran out. Since Brock had exposed him, he stopped faking it. "Brock Davila, don't take my respect for you for granted. Will you film a new movie?"

"Right. I will. What's it up to you?"

"Don't be kidding. You are the hoodoo for the ticket box. Who invested in your movie? Who has the guts to invest in you?"

Roland laughed as if Brock had told a big joke.

"No matter who our sponsor is, it's none of your business," suddenly, a young man's voice sounded nearby.

Before Roland recognized him, the reporters shouted excitedly, "Eden West!"

"Goodness me! Eden!"

"Why is he here?"

The reporters immediately rushed to surround Eden.

"Mr. West, are you performing in this movie?"

"Are you working with Mr. Davila?"

"What's your movie about?"

"Who is the female lead? Which actress?"

"Mr. West, how do you feel working with Mr. Davila so far? It's said he's short-tempered and difficult to get along with."