

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 281

Eden curled his lips into a smile and yawned. Then he answered politely, "I enjoy working with Mr. Davila. He's strict with us and responsible. We get along well."

"The female lead is a newcomer. This is her first movie, and she hasn't been introduced to the public yet."

"I cannot expose more details about the movie yet. You won't be disappointed after seeing it in the theater." His words shocked all the reporters.

They couldn't believe Eden was working with a green

hand. Also, they became curious.

Eden was the most popular singer and dancer. He was the dream lover in many women's hearts.

"Could you tell us the name of the actress? Can we meet her today?"

"Mr. West, you work with a newcomer now. Why?"

The reporters couldn't help but ask more questions, being curious.

The smile was still on Eden's face. He answered, "She's a hardworking girl. You'll see her effort in the future."

Since he was unwilling to expose more details, the reporters asked Brock, "Mr. Davila, can you tell us who your sponsors are? Do they have anything to do with the new actress? Otherwise, why did you choose a newcomer? It's pretty risky."

"Is the actress pretty? What's her background?"

"Mr. Davila, you started to film a movie again. Aren't you afraid you'll fail again?"

"Your reputation has been tarnished. In the past, you plagiarized Mr. Simon's work. It's really a miracle Mr. Simon still talks to you nicely."

Finally, Roland felt delighted as his name was mentioned.

However, he responded as if he was defending Brock. "Please don't say that. Brock was my university classmate. He's talented. He was too young back then. Humans make mistakes."

He openly implied that Brock had plagiarized him and pretended to forgive

him. It was an evident humiliation.

Brock had known the reporters would question him about this matter when Roland arrived with a group of reporters.

He replied calmly, "Time will tell who has plagiarized."

"Do you want to meet my actress? Well, her beauty is beyond

description." "You can see her yourselves later."

Right after he finished speaking, a girl suddenly appeared in sight, attracting everyone's attention.

All people on the scene gazed at her, widening their eyes.

The girl dressed casually in only a white T-shirt, jeans, and white

sneakers. She trotted in fast like a rabbit.

Others' eyes were glued to her.

When she finally stood before them, their eyes lit up, and they were stunned.

The girl was 17 or 18 with a curved figure and a lovely appearance. Her ink-black eyes were crystal clear, making her lively and intelligent.

She looked childish but charming.

Her every expression and move showed she was easygoing.

She wasn't a girl with a perfect appearance, but she made others feel refreshed and

pleasant. Poppy stopped mid-step, looking at everyone in surprise.

She slightly blushed under their gazes, feeling shy.

Poppy swallowed hard and said to Brock, "I'm sorry, Mr. Davila. I met a traffic jam on the way. Sorry, I'm late."

"No, you are not. We'll hold the ceremony together later," Brock answered.

Only then did the stunned reporters return to their senses. They surrounded Poppy

immediately. "Excuse me, Miss. Are you the female lead of Mr. Davila's new movie?"

This was the first time Poppy had been interviewed since she was

born. She felt flattered and didn't know how to respond.

Her cheeks turned rosy because of the excitement, reminding others of the juicy peach.

Poppy smiled joyfully. "I'm pretty honored and excited. I never thought I would become an actress, just like winning a lottery."

The reporters were amazed by her silly smile and could tell she was overexcited.

"You are a newcomer in this business. How do you feel about it?" another reporter asked.

"I've never acted before, so I'm indeed joyful. Especially, I'm working with the famous Eden West. I'm so damn lucky." Poppy grinned ear-to-ear.

She looked simple-minded, and the reporters didn't have the heart to give her a hard time.

When they were about to ask Poppy more questions, she added, "I didn't know how Mr. Davila decided to let me play the role. I'm indeed lucky. I'll work hard and never let him down."

Her tone was sincere.

People could tell she wasn't flattering Brock because she wore a bright smile.

Gianna was also in the crowd. Earlier, when Brock contacted her for the female leading role, she rejected him.

Much to her surprise, Brock hired a green hand to play the role.

Gianna sneered secretly.

Although she looked down on Poppy, she was annoyed.

She had a large fan base, so she was supposed to be the focus of the start ceremony today, and the reporters should have interviewed her.

However, they seemed more interested in the new actress and repeatedly asked her questions.

Gianna was upset, and so was Roland.

He spent money inviting those reporters, but they seemed interested in Brock, interviewing him and his crew instead.

Evidently, Brock always did something to surprise others.

Seeing the reporters surrounding Poppy, he looked impatient.

After checking the time, he reminded the reporters, "Our ceremony stars now. Please stop asking questions."

Then he dragged Poppy closer and said to a staff member, "Start it."

The staff member hurriedly covered everything on the table with a specially prepared red

cloth. The table was full of food and fresh fruits.

The cameras were also covered with red cloth.

Then all the actors, actresses, directors, and other essential employees bowed and prayed before removing the red cloth.

Then Brock announced, "Switch on the cameras!"

Under the gaze of the reporters, Roland, and his crew, the startup ceremony

ended. Everything went smoothly with Brock's crew.

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In anger, Roland asked Brock, "Brock, you were an excellent student at university and always won scholarships. Shall we compete for the box office of our movies this time?"

Brock thought he was too bored. However, his unpleasant days over the years were all caused by Roland's conspiracy. The scumbag had stolen everything from him and ruined his family.

The thought sent him into a rage.

Brock asked without hesitation, "What will you do if my box office's record is higher?"

"If so, I... I'll quit being a director and resign from the entertainment business," Roland squeezed words between his teeth. He didn't believe Brock would make an excellent movie after stopping filming for so many years.

"If your box office's record is higher, I'll also resign and never come back," Brock replied coldly. Anyway, he had lost a lot of things, and he wouldn't mind risking everything.

The reporters enjoyed watching the fun, recording everything they said.

Roland glared at Brock angrily, wishing to skin him alive.

In his opinion, Brock had been defeated by him. However, he bounced back.

Although Roland despised Brock, he had to admit he was indeed pissed.

Since Brock's startup ceremony ended earlier, the reporters officially interviewed Roland's team, including Gianna and Zane. Nothing exciting happened.

Clearly, the reporters were absentminded.

When it was noon, they posted the reports on different platforms.

"Two startup ceremonies. The battle between university classmates. Who do you prefer, Brock Davila and Roland Simon?"

"The director who plagiarized bounced back. His actress is a newcomer."

"Eden West's first movie. Will you support him?"

"Brock Davila hired a green hand for his female leading role."

All the Twitter trends were about Brock and his new movie, attracting the netizens' attention.

Roland seethed with rage. When he scrolled down the trending list, he finally saw the topic "Angel and Demon on Earth", but it was because of his bet with Brock.

A few weeks ago, he had hyped up his movie on Twitter. However, no one paid attention to his movie's startup ceremony.

Instead, they all focused on Brock. Roland boiled over with anger.

He still hadn't known that he would be angrier shortly after.

...

Sitting in the lab, Sylvia browsed the news on her tablet.

"The movie is surprisingly eye-catching." Logan passed her a plate of sliced fruit and sat next to her.

Sylvia picked up a strawberry and ate it. "Brock Davila directed a movie again, so it must be eye-catching. Many people will pay attention to him."

Logan looked hesitant. "Boss, I wonder if I should tell you something."

"What is it?"

"Mr. Maskelyne added 300 million dollars to the movie."

Sylvia's hand holding the strawberry stiffened. In disbelief, she stared at him. "What are you talking about?"

Logan had to bite the bullet and tell her the investment in detail.

"Is he nuts?" Sylvia frowned. She picked up her phone and dialed Franklin's number.

She seldom took the initiative to call him.

In the ward of the hospital opposite, when Franklin saw her incoming call, he smiled. His intense eyes lit up.

"Hello."

Sylvia heard him answer the call, his voice low and mellow, sending a brisk thrill coursing through her veins.

Her ears reddened. Sylvia almost dropped her phone.

After taking a deep breath, she asked, "Are you nuts? Why did you invest 300 million dollars in my movie?"

"Your movie?" Franklin felt disappointed once he realized Sylvia was talking business with him.

He replied unhappily, "I want to invest in your movie. Can't I do it?"

'Mr. Maskelyne, you sounded like a fatuous and self-indulgent ruler,' Jasper's inner voice complained.

"That's too much." Sylvia wondered what was on his mind. "Brock asked me for 300 million dollars because the money could cover all the movie's expenses. Why did you add another 300 million? I know you are wealthy, but we don't need that much money."

"Sweetie, you want to make your dream come true, so I must support you. It's never verbal, and I must do it practically," Franklin replied, his voice as pleasant as a cello.

Lying on the bed against a big pillow. Franklin imagined how touched Sylvia was after hearing his words. "I

have money. I don't need you to do it practically," Sylvia replied.

Her words abruptly brought Franklin out of his scattered thoughts.

He sighed helplessly as Sylvia was indeed independent and stubborn.

After ending the call, Franklin shook his head.

He recovered recently, so he could check out a few days later.

However, the doctor reminded him to stay in bed for another few weeks before he fully recovered.

...

The night was deep.

Sylvia lay on the bed pretty early, closing her eyes.

She had taken the antidote to rid herself of Rejuvenator, so she needed plenty of rest. It

was almost midnight.

Suddenly, a tall, slender figure approached her bed slowly.

The man bowed his head, gazing at her face revealed from the thin quilt on the bed.

Her eyes were covered by her thick eyelashes. Her red lips were juicy and appealing on her delicate face.

After taking the antidote for a few days, Sylvia recovered well. She no longer looked as pale as before.

However, she has lost a lot of weight.

While sleeping, Sylvia sensed something wrong, as if she was being watched.

Frowning, she gradually opened her eyes and saw a handsome face in front of her.

Franklin was startled, seeing her wake up.

When he was wondering how to answer her questions to be asked, Sylvia rubbed her eyes dizzily and muttered, "Alas... Why do I dream of Franklin again?"

'Again? Has she dreamed of me before?'

Franklin felt pleased with this thought.

Franklin was overjoyed as his beloved woman missed him.

Suddenly, Sylvia wrapped her fair arms around his neck and pulled him down. Franklin bent over, clinging to her body. They

hadn't had sex for a long time. His body tightened immediately, and he started panting.

Sylvia said softly, "It's my dream. I can't miss the opportunity to kiss him."

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Franklin knew she hadn't woken up yet, but he thought she looked adorable at this moment. Chuckling, he held her in his arms.

Dawn broke the day. It was getting bright.

Sylvia felt uncomfortable after waking up, wondering if the antidote had stopped working.

The thought shocked her, and she immediately sat up. Then she found the man lying next to her.

His handsome face was with a sharp outline. Under his slightly raised eyebrows, his eyes were closed tight. His lips were pressed together under his straight nose.

Although he was sleeping, he looked tense.

'Franklin? Why is he here? Has he returned from his business trip?'

Sylvia looked at him in surprise. Then she checked herself and saw the kiss marks all over her skin. She blushed, realizing it wasn't her dream last night, and she did it again. Sylvia felt indeed embarrassed, covering her face.

Then she looked at Franklin's sleeping face, raised her hand, and rubbed his eyebrows. When her fingertips touched his forehead, his palm grabbed her hand.

His sharp eyes snapped open, and he looked at her on alert.

Seeing Sylvia, Franklin slowly got up and asked hoarsely, "Why did you wake up so early?" With scarlet cheeks, Sylvia asked, "When did you come back?"

Franklin looked at her up and down, a smile touching his eyes. Under the light, her skin was so fair. Her eyes reminded him of the stary night, and her eyelashes were long and thick. He couldn't take his gaze off her at all.

"When you were missing me," he answered.

Sylvia flushed hotly. After returning from abroad, Franklin became better at flirting. She was red-faced and hot, feeling the room's temperate rise.

When she lowered her eyes, she saw him wearing a black shirt.

In the past, whenever they were alone, Franklin always got naked and wished to show off his well-toned body. He worked out often, so he was proud of his pecs and abs.

However, he wore a shirt this time. Sylvia felt confused.

She looked up at his ink-black eyes, only to find him smiling at her leisurely and sexily. He emanated a charm that could drive every woman crazy.

Sylvia was obsessed.

Before she returned to her senses, Franklin pounced at her and pressed her against his chest. Sylvia almost stopped breathing.

Silence surrounded them.

The morning sunlight fell on their faces through the window, coloring them with halos. Franklin pressed a kiss on her lips but didn't move.

He stared at her quietly.

Her long eyelashes flapped slightly, exposing the affection in her lovely eyes. His mind was blank, and he slowed down all his movements.

Franklin slowly let go of her. Much to his surprise, Sylvia wrapped her arms around his neck and sighed on his lips, "Sweetie, you seemed to lose some weight."

He looked thinner.

"I couldn't have dishes cooked by you, so I lost some weight," Franklin answered, a sharp pang rising in his heart. Suddenly, he understood why Sylvia refused to tell him she was poisoned.

He also suffered a lot as he didn't want to worry her.

Although he knew she lied, he didn't have the heart to expose it.

They both had lied for each other's good but pretended to be careless. Closing his eyes, Franklin embraced Sylvia tightly.

"You've lost some weight, too," he muttered. Of course, Sylvia had.

She had spat blood on the first few days when she started taking the antidote. Whenever she did it, she became weaker. She had suffered every day, and Franklin watched her while

feeling extremely sorry for her.

How he wished to suffer on her behalf!

The previous night, he planned to leave after hugging her for a while but failed to repress his desire. Their making out last night exhausted him.

Well, he could keep everything he did for her to himself.

...
In the morning the next day, when Franklin didn't pay attention, Sylvia hid in the bathroom and took two antidote pills. Then she walked out.

"James and Romeo took the Wilson Group internship, right?" Franklin asked in her ear while buttoning his cuff-links elegantly.

Sylvia's ear turned red. Nodding, she answered, "They had nothing to do, anyway. It's almost summer vacation, so the internships in Wilson Group aren't bad."

Some other fresh graduates were also sent to Wilson Group with them.

"Why are you so interested in Wilson Group?" Franklin asked, his eyes looking tentative.

Arching a brow, Sylvia glanced at him. "Well... I can't tolerate that some people are using dirty tricks."

An enchanting smile played on her pink lips. She asked, "Why? Do you want to rat me out or what? I heard Wilson Group is a competitor to Maskelyne Group. Are you sure you'll take Clark Wilson's side?"

'Humph! How dare you not help me, Franklin! You do have guts!' thought Sylvia.

With a naughty smile, Franklin was about to speak, but Sylvia suddenly held his cheeks. They almost clung, their breath intertwining.

She could see the light spots on his pupils.

Studying Franklin in such a short distance, Sylvia had to admit his skin was flawless. When he lifted a brow, he put off a strong vibe, making him too seductive.

Gazing at his hot lips, Sylvia added, "Franklin, remember our relationship. While you were on the business trip, I suddenly figured out something."

"What was it?" Franklin asked deeply, looking into her eyes.

Her soft lips were so close to him, making his Adam's apple roll up and down. He could never resist her when she took the initiative to approach him.

"Life is tough. We must cherish everyone around us." Sylvia tiptoed and wanted to kiss him.

However, Franklin pushed her face away. With a stern look, he glared at her, "You don't want to remarry me but you are hitting on me, huh?"

Sylvia slightly raised her head, her heart fluctuating. Without hesitation, she approached him again.

She was active this morning, and Franklin almost lost control of his self-restraint. He seized her wrists, lifted her, and let her sit on his lap.

After darting a glance at her affectionately, he bent down his head and kissed her passionately. Sylvia was almost burned by his heated breath.

Franklin seemed to punish her, his blood boiling in his veins. His reason was gradually engulfed by his lust.

However, he repressed the urge to take her.

After letting go of her, he flinched.

Franklin hurriedly adjusted his mood. When he looked at Sylvia again, the lust and arousal had vanished from his eyes. "Sweetie, do you still have no intention to remarry me?"

Sylvia was taken aback for a moment. His words hammered her heart, something burning and bitter rising. After a long time, she replied, "Franklin, we shall date before remarrying."

Franklin narrowed his eyes slightly. He lowered his eyes to cover the mixed feelings in them. In desire, he asked, "Sweetie, don't you want to wear the wedding dress for me?"

Gritting her teeth, Sylvia answered, "Franklin, we've never dated. I want to date you and enjoy being in a romantic relationship." She had a virus and the uncleared Rejuvenator in her body, so she didn't think she deserved to remarry him like this.

Besides, she needed to find her mother's whereabouts and take revenge on the NN terror group. She never accepted suffering in vain. An eye for an eye. An ear for an ear.

If Franklin were involved in those matters, she would regret it all her life.

This time, she was almost killed by NN terror group, and she wouldn't let go of them quickly. NN terror group was too mysterious for Sylvia to find their base.

She just barely survived this time.

Franklin stiffened. Mixed feelings surged, causing his headache. He also felt disgraced. Sylvia always had a way of making him worry about her and then letting him down.

"You still don't trust me, do you?"

With those words, he strode away without looking back.

Staring at his stern, lonely back, Sylvia gritted her teeth and pressed her lips together.

...

In the headquarters of Wilson Group.

Romeo and James majored in finance, but they were assigned to the PR department. "What should we do in the PR department?" James lowered his voice to ask Romeo. "How am I supposed to know?" Romeo replied, looking blank.

Although they majored in finance, they had never thought of inheriting their families' companies. After all, their elder brothers could shelter them.

They only wanted to enjoy life, such as playing video games, hanging out in bars, and hooking up with girls. However, considering Sylvia's words to him that day, James wanted to make some achievements.

He couldn't continue to lead a dandy's life.

Since he had entered Wilson Group to take an internship, he decided to work hard.

If he entered Maskelyne Group, all employees would know his background, so they wouldn't let him do anything. However, no one knew him in Wilson Group, which was different.

"Let's do as the manager tells us to."

"I agree. We should obey the manager."

The two boys thought they needed to go out, drink with the clients, and sign some contracts.

However, the manager directly assigned them to a project, surprisingly. "The recent trends are harmful to our company."

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"What kind of trends?" Romeo was more confused, wondering what trends had to do with the PR department. "Beats me." James also knew nothing, his mind blank.

The manager added, "You are interns. Learn from your seniors on how to deal with a PR crisis." Then he announced in the department. "All of you, let's have a meeting now."

Without waiting for others' responses, the manager entered the meeting room of the PR department and projected a PowerPoint file.

"The movie, 'Angel and Demon on Earth,' is one of our most important projects. The male and female leads are performed by a popular idol and a famous actress. However, the Twitter trends only focused on another movie, 'Top Idol's Trash Picking up'. This is not good for our movie," the manager explained.

"What should we do now?"

"The first thing we need to do is to find the negative news of 'Top Idol's Trash Picking up' and reduce the netizens' expectation of this movie, including news about Eden West and Brock Davila. The key point is that the actress in their movie is a newcomer

who has never acted. Such an actress should have a lot of negative news. Before Brock erases all, we must find as much as possible to expose it online. Then the netizens and audiences would detest this movie."

While he explained, he clicked the slides.

When James saw the actress' photo of "Top Idol's Trash Picking up", he almost

fainted. It was Poppy!

Romeo also recognized her. He tugged Jame's sleeve and stammered, "Gosh! It... It's your younger

sister." "Shush..." James squeezed a word between his teeth.

"What's going on? Why did Poppy become an actress and play the female lead? Does Franklin know it?" thought James.

"Hey, interns. Why don't you listen carefully? Concentrate!" The manager darted a glance at the two boys coldly. "Or, do you have any good ideas?"

"No, we don't," James answered hurriedly. How could he do anything to harm his own younger sister?

"We are impressed by your PowerPoint file, Sir. We've learned a lot," Romeo hurriedly flattered the manager, plastering a smile.

"All right. All of you look for negative information about Brock Davila, Eden West, and the actress. After that, use our influential Twitter accounts to post negative news on Twitter. Then hire some paid posters to control the comments. I must tarnish the

reputation of 'Top Idol's Trash Picking

up!" The manager laughed viciously.

"Dismiss!"

Romeo and James remained in their seats.

Other colleagues also packed up their laptops and left the meeting room

expressionlessly. The stress in the air was suffocating.

After all of them were gone, James whispered, "Is this so-called PR? How hilarious! Harming others?"

"Indeed. They purposely slander others and ruin others' reputations. Is this really PR? I'm shocked." Romeo was also dumbfounded.

"Well... Let me call Poppy..." James believed it was the most important thing to do now.

Poppy secretly became the movie's female lead. The entertainment business was too cruel for her. James wondered why she had done so.

She was a daughter from an influential family but was willing to become an

actress. Poppy was watching Eden perform.

She had to admit that Eden was so poor in acting that she was

impressed. Brock roared angrily on the film set, most of the time scolding

him.

"Pay attention to your position."

"Why didn't you face the camera?"

"Can you act or not?"

"What's wrong with your facial muscle? Can't you have an expression?"

"Feelings! Your eyes lack feelings!"

Eden was always flattered by others, but he was a green hand in acting. No matter how popular he was, he was indeed an unskilled actor.

Therefore, he never retorted to Brock. Instead, he apologized politely, "Sorry, Mr. Davila. Can you give me more

instructions?" After chiding him, Brock was pleased with his attitude and would always teach him.

He scolded Eden in disappointment, "Are you a dummy? How many times have I told you? Why can't you understand me? You are even worse than Poppy. She followed after I told her twice. How many times have I taught you?"

While Poppy watched him blame Eden, her phone rang.

Seeing the caller ID, she rushed into the ladies' room.

Then she called James back. "Did you call me, James? What's up?"

Frowning, James asked, "Why didn't you answer my call?"

"I... I didn't hear the ringing tone."

"Poppy, tell me. Where are you now? Be honest."

Poppy could tell he was serious from his voice, her heart sinking. "I..."

She hesitated whether to tell James the truth. However, if the movie was released, Franklin would also know

it. She couldn't keep the secret forever.

When she was about to tell James the truth, James snapped, "Stop stammering. Are you in a film set? Poppy, you are not a child anymore. In the past, you made trouble, but it was nothing. How could you act in a movie? You are even the female lead.

Who will believe it? Did you have any special relationship with that director? The entertainment business is too complicated for you, silly girl."

Although Poppy hadn't responded, James tried to convince her.

Pinching her phone, Poppy was shocked. She didn't expect James to know it, wondering when he had learned

it. Even if she told him the truth, he wouldn't believe why she had become the female lead.

Heaving a sigh helplessly, Poppy didn't know how to explain to him.

In the end, she said, "James, calm down. I'll explain to you after returning home. I'm still

busy." "You! I'm so pissed! You'd better get ready to explain to Franklin." James ended the

call.

Holding her phone, Poppy walked out of the ladies' room while lowering her

head. However, she bumped into a woman who let out a cry, "Ouch!"

Gianna was bumped as she was browsing the news on her phone while walking.

When she raised her head, she recognized Poppy, the female lead of the other crew.

In disdain, she curled her lips. "Oh, it's you. You are nothing, but you dream of becoming a superstar, huh?"

If she hadn't rejected Brock, the girl wouldn't have become the female lead. She believed Poppy gained the opportunity because of her refusal.

The more Gianna thought about it, the more she scorned Poppy and the angrier she became.

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As the female lead of "Angel and Demon on Earth," none of her news was on Twitter.

However, Brock's "Top Idol's Trash Picking up" had several trending topics, one of which was about this green-hand actress.

Gianna seethed with anger.

As an actress, she feared that there was no news about her.

She had just become famous and wasn't fully recognized by the entertainment business. After playing in a few soap operas, she had a large fan base but had no representative work.

The role in Roland's movie was the first time for her to play the female leading role, so she treasured the opportunity a lot, wishing to become more famous.

However, Gianna was defeated by a green hand. The newcomer could raise an uproar online, but Gianna couldn't. In her opinion, she was better than this newcomer in terms of popularity and appearance.

"What is your problem?" Poppy darted a glance at her. Earlier, she wanted to apologize to Gianna. However, before she did it, Gianna mocked her ironically.

Poppy was annoyed.

Gianna gaped at her. "Mind your language!"

"You deserved it! Think I'll talk nicely to a scumbag?" Poppy rolled her eyes at Gianna. "I apologize for bumping into you earlier. You mocked me as soon as you saw me. Don't you think you also owe me an apology?"

"You! An apology? Dream on!" Anger was written all over Gianna's face.

How she wished to skin Poppy alive.

All of her crew were polite to her, and this green hand had the guts to chide

her. Gianna couldn't let go of her easily.

"Humph!" Poppy rolled her eyes at Gianna again, ignoring such a rude, uneducated actress.

She turned away, but Gianna angrily reached to drag her. Coincidentally, she broke the straps of Poppy's dress.

The blue-striped dress slid down Poppy's body, revealing her fair, tender skin.

Poppy was shocked, hurriedly holding her dress up.

Gianna was taken aback. Looking down at her hands, she stammered, "I... I didn't do it on purpose.

I..." In anger, she stamped her feet. "It's not your day today. You provoked me first."

Then she ran away.

Poppy felt a hot surge of anger. 'Bitch! How dare you break my straps and run

away!' She wondered what to do as she couldn't walk to the film set while holding

the dress. Poppy was frustrated.

Suddenly, her phone rang.

"What's wrong with you? Come back. You'll play a part next. Hurry!" Eden snapped overbearingly.

Poppy circled anxiously. "I... I'm in the ladies' room ... I'm afraid I can only go back later."

"What happened? You've been there over 10

minutes." Poppy almost burst into tears. "I..."

"Did you fall into the toilet? I won't rescue you. You must stink," Eden teased her while

laughing. Poppy yelled angrily, "It must be your own experience. My... my dress' straps were

broken." Eden's mind was a mess, wondering if he was hearing things.

"What did you say?"

"My... my dress' straps were broken. Get me a dress. Hurry up!" Poppy roared at

him. Her voice reminded him of an angry kitten.

Eden recalled what she was wearing and refused, "I'm a man. How can I go to the ladies' room?"

"Do you want me to call others?" Poppy said in depression, "I wonder if Mr. Davila has any special preferences. I'm the only girl in the crew. Even the staff members were all males. I know you only."

Eden felt so awkward that his face turned scarlet. He had to agree.

Then he stood up hesitantly, picked up his jacket, and walked toward the ladies'

room. At the door, his heart was still thumping.

This was the first time he was so close to the ladies' room as he stood at the door.

His cheeks were rosy. Blinking his affectionate eyes, he plucked up his courage and said,

"Ahem..." "Poppy, come out."

"Poppy?"

Suddenly, a woman in her thirties walked out of the ladies' room, short and chubby. Seeing a handsome man at the door of the ladies' room, she exclaimed, "You pervert!"

"Think you can do anything with your handsome face,

huh?" She rushed to hit Eden.

When Eden's handsome face was almost slapped, Poppy rushed to them after hearing the noises.

Covering her chest with one hand, she held the hemline of her dress with the other.

"Sorry, ma'am. My dress was broken, so my older brother sent a jacket to

me." "He's not a pervert. I swear..."

"Sorry!"

Poppy blushed. Her revealed skin was snow-white, glittering charmingly under the sunshine.

Seeing the jacket in Eden's hands, she hurriedly grabbed it and put it on.

His jacket was oversized, wrapping up her petite body perfectly.

Poppy breathed a sigh of relief, not afraid that her dress would slide down anymore.

The chubby woman snorted and glared at Eden before leaving while cursing.

Eden's face reddened in anger. He glared at Poppy fiercely and said, "You owe me a favor. Remember to return it to me!"

He felt humiliated.

This was the first time someone called him a pervert.

"Also, I'm not your older brother. Stop telling others

lies!"

Poppy's face turned scarlet to her ears, her heart hammering. It was awkward and embarrassing indeed.

She inwardly cursed Gianna for breaking her dress.

In frustration, Poppy stormed forward in Eden's jacket.

Neither of them knew someone secretly recorded the scene.

Soon, it was uploaded to Twitter.

Half an hour later, a trending topic became the top Twitter trend, titled "Eden West's mysterious girlfriend."

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"The most famous singer's girlfriend."

"She gained the female leading role because of her boyfriend." When

James saw the news, he went ballistic.

"Shit! They set up Poppy!"

He checked the video clip and saw Eden and Poppy standing in front of the ladies' room, his face livid. "Eden

West! How dare you hit on my sister!"

"Calm down, James. There must be some misunderstandings. I know you don't trust Eden West, but you must trust Poppy." Romeo hurriedly stopped James from blowing up.

"The person taking the video must be an employee of Wilson Group!" James yelled angrily.

"Shush!" Romeo looked around. "I don't know if it's done by Wilson Group. Let's calm down. It's not simple." Meanwhile, the headquarters, Maskelyne Group.

Franklin sternly stared at Poppy's photo on the Twitter trends.

"Why is she making trouble all day long?"

"Mr. Maskelyne, we must check this matter in detail." Jasper had an intense migraine, wondering why Lady Poppy had become an actress suddenly.

"Remove this trend. Take her to me." Franklin looked expressionless. "Send her abroad."

"Yes, Mr. Maskelyne." Jasper bowed his head and left the office, heading for the PR department to remove the trend.

He could imagine how angry Franklin was. Poppy was the Maskelyne family's daughter, but netizens cursed and insulted her. After Poppy became the trending topic, Eden's fans commented on the topic and cursed her.

They insulted her viciously, thinking she used Eden to climb the ladder.

They all believed she was an ambitious bitch.

Brock was baffled.

"Are you coupling together?"

"Why are you in the trends suddenly?"

"What were you doing alone at the door of the restroom?"

His gaze swept between Poppy and Eden, thinking they matched each other well. Poppy

read those negative comments, her mind blank.

She hadn't gained much attention since she was born. She had never been cursed so fiercely.

Reading those abuses from tens of thousands of netizens, she had mixed feelings...

Eden felt embarrassed. He scratched his hair, looked at Poppy, who was silent, and said apologetically, "Sorry, Poppy, My fans are a little bit unreasonable. Please..."

When he wanted to console Poppy, he heard her burst into laughter.

"Does it mean I've become famous? I've attracted much attention."

Poppy raised her head excitedly, and her eyes lit up.

Everyone thought she was upset, but she was happy about her popularity.

Eden's lips twitched. He thought she was indeed a weirdo.

"Your older brother is dealing with this matter now," suddenly, a man's cold voice sounded at the door of the film set.

People turned around, seeing a tall, slender woman standing there.

She was wearing a blue dress and high heels. She

was striding toward Poppy with a strong vibe. Poppy

was confused. "Gosh! Why are you here?"

"I'm one of the sponsors for this movie. Why can't I be here?" Sylvia stood before her, poking her nose tip. "Silly girl, you became the female lead. Did your family know it?"

"No, they didn't..." Poppy looked at Sylvia, her eyes glimmering with worship. "If Franklin knew it, I wouldn't be able to play the role."

"He's a tyrant, isn't he?" Sylvia curled her lips into a smile.

In the next second, several men in black rushed into the film set.

Jasper, in a suit, was the man in the lead.

He walked up to Poppy and said, "Lady Poppy, please go home with me. Mr. Maskelyne said you must go abroad."

The crew members gaped at the scene in shock.

'Lady Poppy? Isn't she Eden's assistant? Why does she seem to be from an affluent family?'

Poppy paled, biting her lip. "I won't go home. I don't want to go abroad."

Others were amazed as going abroad sounded simple to the wealthy.

"It's Mr. Maskelyne's order. You must go." Jasper didn't expect Sylvia to be here, so his tone lacked confidence.

Poppy panicked. Tugging Sylvia's arm, she begged, her eyes entreating, "No, Sylvia. Please help me..."

"Poppy, I didn't expect you to be the female lead of my movie." Sylvia looked at her up and down, a smile touching her eyes. "If you work hard and play the role well, I'll talk to your brother and ask him not to send you abroad."

"Really?" Poppy hugged her in excitement, feeling touched. "Rest assured, Sylvia. I'll work hard. I must play the role well."

"No matter the gender, you must have your life path. If you only want to play a game or seek excitement, I cannot help you," Sylvia continued indifferently, "As long as you work hard, I'll convince your brother."

"I will, Sylvia, my dear sister-in-law. Please trust me. I will." Tears almost streamed down Poppy's cheeks.

She wouldn't want to stay abroad alone, wishing to remain in Larro forever.

Therefore, Poppy was determined to study how to act and work hard.

Sylvia darted a glance at Jasper, who looked shocked. "Tell Franklin. I want Poppy to stay." Jasper

stammered, "Miss Andrews... Uh... Mr. Maskelyne ordered me to do so... I... I don't think..."

"I'll tell him personally. You can leave now." Sylvia waved her hand at Jasper masterfully so the latter had to lead his men to return.

Others gaped at the scene.

They could tell Poppy was close to Sylvia and heard Poppy call her "sister-in-law," wondering if Sylvia was the rumored wife of Franklin.

Rumors had it that Sylvia was Franklin's mistress.

Therefore, the onlookers were impressed that Sylvia had behaved like his wife.

Besides, Poppy was the daughter of the Maskelyne family. They wondered why she had become Eden's assistant.

Thinking Poppy must have found the job to experience real life, they looked at her weirdly.

Brock calmed down and walked to Sylvia, "Good day, Miss Andrews."

"How is it going?" Sylvia looked around the film base.

Then she sent a private message on Facebook. "Send them all in."

"The male and female leads haven't got into the right state yet, especially Eden. He's even poorer in performance than Poppy." Brock was straightforward and didn't hide anything from Sylvia or flatter Eden.

He was well-known for being strict. Everyone was equal on his film set.

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Right then, all the crew members were standing under the sun. Those who didn't have the scenes to film were not allowed to leave. They must watch and study.

"Do you mean Poppy is better than Eden in performance?" Sylvia smiled at Poppy. She didn't expect Poppy to have a talent for acting.

Poppy blushed shyly.

Feeling delighted, she said, "Mr. Davila is a good teacher."

Suddenly, her inner voice encouraged her to work hard to impress Sylvia. Since Sylvia was the sponsor, she would never let Sylvia down. At least she couldn't ruin the movie's box office because of her.

Poppy decided to perform well.

She wished Sylvia would compliment her one day, rubbing her hair gently like her mother. Right

then, several men in the uniform of a bubble tea shop entered the film set.

All held nicely packed drinks.

Seeing Sylvia, the man in the lead said respectfully, "Miss Andrews, we've delivered the bubble tea as you ordered. Anything else I can do for you?"

"Please send it to all staff members on the scene. Thank you," Sylvia replied. "Thank you,

Miss Andrews."

"Miss Andrews, it's so nice of you."

"Sylvia, how did you know I liked the bubble tea from this store?" Poppy asked after taking over a cup of bubble tea.

Since she moved out of her house, she didn't earn much money. Also, she had decided not to spend a penny from the Maskelyne family, so she didn't take any bank card with the allowance from Franklin.

She had been saving money and couldn't afford bubble tea.

Suddenly, Poppy felt extremely happy.

The crew next door overheard their laughter. Roland

frowned and called in irritation, "Cut!"

Gianna swung toward him. "Mr. Simon, what's wrong? Did I do something wrong for the scene just now?" Roland

glanced at her and said to his assistant crossly, "It's so hot! Get me a bottle of water!"

Gianna hurriedly stopped him, "Mr. Simon, please calm down. I'll buy the drinks for everyone on the scene."

With those words, she sent her assistant to buy the drinks. There were supermarkets and stores nearby the film and television base. She didn't think it was challenging to get some water.

Roland calmed down slightly, thinking Gianna was indeed sensible.

Everyone in Roland's crew knew what had happened between Roland and Brock before.

Gianna remarked deliberately, like complaining, "They are so noisy! Why don't they just focus on filming? They've impacted us." She

wondered how Poppy had managed to come out of the ladies' room.

In complacency, she decided to trick Poppy again if seeing her next time.

...

Maskelyne Group.

Upon hearing the footsteps, Franklin slightly raised his head. The footsteps didn't sound like Jasper's but Sylvia's. Franklin's

heart trembled slightly. He wondered if his guess was correct.

They had been married for four years. Including the past six months after they divorced, Sylvia had never shown up in public because he had purposely hidden her.

Since they had fallen in love and Sylvia wanted to date him instead of remarrying him, Franklin felt disappointed but had to agree with her.

After all, he loved her deeply.

Surprisingly, she took the initiative to see him. Franklin wondered if she was worried after he left in anger due to the remarrying matter.

'Humph! She must come here to gain my heart back.'

Franklin decided to put on the air to make her remember that he loved her, so he agreed with her on everything and doted on her. However, he was still a man and wanted her respect.

Expectation flashed through his eyes. Franklin gazed at the door without blinking.

The glass door was slowly pushed open, and a tall, slender figure appeared in sight. Franklin felt

Sylvia was enveloped in a halo, entering his office like a fairy.

He almost stopped breathing while looking at Sylvia in a suit. She seldom wore a suit, looking like a tough businesswoman. Seeing

Franklin sitting on the leather chair with his legs crossed, she walked in under his sharp gaze.

"Sweetie..." Franklin felt his throat dry while staring at her, his Adam's apple bobbing. "Are you here..."

Sylvia looked at his gorgeous face, lifted a brow, and interrupted him, "Poppy is the female lead of my movie. Don't send her abroad."

Her words were short and neat, straight to the point. Franklin's heart

fell back to his chest from his mouth.

All the thoughts that surged in his mind vanished after he heard Sylvia's request.

Franklin believed he should have sent Poppy abroad earlier, as she had attracted Sylvia's attention. He didn't

expect Sylvia to come to him for Poppy's sake, and he was indeed jealous.

Franklin took a deep breath and became more determined to send Poppy abroad. "She doesn't fit living in Larro."

"Why not? She'll be like an orphan when staying abroad alone. How pitiful!" Sylvia retorted expressionlessly, thinking he was indeed heartless.

Besides, Brock was an expert in selecting his crew members. Since he personally chose Poppy, it meant Poppy suited that role. Sylvia trusted Brock.

Franklin's gaze trailed from her long, black hair and red lips. Under the sunlight of his office, she took his breath away. 'What an ungrateful woman!'

"Why don't you pity me? I'm a divorced man, just like an orphan."

Franklin stood up, his features under the shadow. The elegance of his lovely face was replaced by a thrilling look. He

looked stern.

When Jasper arrived at the office door, he saw the scene in the office. In fear, he stopped mid-step and turned to cling to the wall.

'What did Mr. Maskelyne say? Like an orphan? Did he ask Miss Andrews to pity him? Holy shit!' Jasper

wondered if his life would end today because of overhearing Franklin's words.

His heart was thumping, and he was all his ears. Sylvia

answered coldly, "Franklin, stop pretending." Then Jasper

poked his head, peeking into the office.

The tall, slender woman approached Franklin slowly and raised his rock-hard chin with her finger. 'Bravo! Miss Andrews is really impressed!'

Franklin narrowed his eyes, feeling her fingers rub his stubble. Thrill rose, sending heat into his vein, which went all the way to a particular part of his body.

The room temperature rose abruptly.

Franklin sucked in his breath, pushed her away, and snorted coldly, "Humph!" "Think I'll

agree with you after you hit on me again?"

He wondered if Sylvia had her kicks from hitting on him.

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She continuously flirted with him and hit on him, but she refused to remarry him. The

thought annoyed Franklin.

He was more annoyed because she came to him due to Poppy's matter. 'What

am I to her? Just a tool?'

Let alone she used him to relieve her virus before.

Franklin suddenly looked back, staring at Sylvia worriedly.

He couldn't help wondering if she had recovered entirely before getting busy with her movie.

'Damn it! Logan is just a loser. She's too weak now. Sure enough, I cannot trust any of them.' thought Franklin.

Franklin reached out and dragged her into his arms. Feeling sorry for her, he said, "Good girl, I agree with everything you said. Please promise me you'll take good care of yourself."

'What a twist, Mr. Maskelyne! Don't you feel embarrassed?'

Jasper blinked. Didn't Mr. Maskelyne refuse Miss Andrews to hit on him?

Pressing her head against Franklin's firm chest, Sylvia blushed. A smile played on her lips. Franklin

heaved a sigh. He had to admit that she had completely gotten control of him.

He just couldn't understand why it was so difficult to be her husband again.

...

The film set.

Poppy called James excitedly and told him Franklin wouldn't send her abroad. James was envious. "Did Sylvia

talk to Franklin in person?"

"She's so nice to you. Sylvia sent Romeo and me to Wilson Group for the internship but treated you so kindly. Humph!" James remarked in jealousy.

"She even arranged a job for you, James. Doesn't she treat you well? I found the job by myself." Poppy also envied James after hearing his words.

A man and a woman walked to Poppy and said respectfully, "Miss Maskelyne, we're tutors hired by Miss Andrews for you. We'll train you to act."

Poppy gaped at them in a daze.

James happened to overhear their words on the phone. He angrily hung up the phone immediately.

'No! I can't let Poppy occupy Sylvia's kindness only. I must attract Sylvia's attention and let her know I'm also outstanding.' At least

James didn't think he was less competent than Poppy.

Poppy shoved her phone into her pocket and asked, "Aren't... Aren't you the tutors from the drama academy? Mr. Dane Lane and Ms. Ashly Moyer, right?"

The two tutors used to join a performing variety show and were famous. She

didn't believe Sylvia hired them to be her tutors.

Poppy was so moved that she almost burst into tears.

Sylvia was such a great sister-in-law, and Poppy felt indeed happy.

"Yes. We'll teach you from the fundamental things, Miss Maskelyne. You'll definitely make great progress soon." The two

tutors worked hard. They tutored her in detail and patiently whenever Poppy finished filming her part. Moreover, they also

gave Eden and other crew members some suggestions.

The tutors would tell them everything in detail whenever someone asked them questions. Brock

immediately felt his burdens had been relieved a lot.

One day, Poppy picked up a glass of water and took a sip. Suddenly, she felt a burning sensation in her throat and something weird in her body.

Frowning, she wondered what was going on.

Raising the water glass, Poppy wondered if something was wrong with the water or if she had talked too much during the training.

However, before she thought it through, she had to start the next scene.

She didn't know a woman was spying on her. After seeing Poppy finish the water, she stomped angrily.

Gianna slapped her assistant across her face. "Didn't you tell me that's the glass for the sponsor named Sylvia Andrews? Why did Poppy Maskelyne drink it?"

A mysterious man gave her a pill without any smell or taste. The person who took it could easily get into an accident. Gianna was

instructed how to use it and got the pill, but she didn't let Sylvia take it.

Cursing inwardly, she slapped her assistant again.

She had thought the movie wouldn't continue if something happened to Sylvia. However, Poppy took the pill. It was

useless as Poppy was a green hand and unimportant to the movie.

Lowering her head, the assistant covered her cheeks in silence.

Feeling the burning pain in her face, she repressed her anger and reluctance. She had worked for Gianna for years. If she hadn't been too poor and Gianna hadn't paid her well, she would have quit the job long ago.

However, thinking about her mother lying in the hospital, the assistant had to tolerate Gianna's abuse.

Gianna was never as easygoing and sweet as she looked in public. Instead, she was short-tempered, vicious, and violent. "Sorry,

Gianna. It's all my fault."

Gianna glared at her in a fury. That was the only pill she had. However, it didn't achieve her goal.

Seething with rage, she pinched the assistant's arm with all her strength.

"You loser! I asked you to check the information before doing it, but you failed." The

assistant paled. "Have mercy, Gianna. It will never happen again."

"Idiot!" Gianna repeatedly pinched her. When she was exhausted, she stopped. "Go back! Why are you still standing here? Want them to find you?"

She turned away angrily.

The assistant wiped the tears off her cheeks and followed them.

...

The Evans family's Villa.

Early morning, the old Evans got ready and let the driver take him out.

Tiffany and her mother watched him and could tell he was joyful and looked spirited. Tiffany

asked, "Grandpa, it's so early in the morning. Where are you going?"

The old Evans stopped mid-step and smiled faintly, "I'll meet an old friend of mine." The

morning sunlight fell into the living room. The sunny day made him more joyful. Without

speaking more, he left the house with the chauffeur.

Watching his back, Neve looked vicious. "Old bastard! He must be going to see Sylvia Andrews."

"Mom, what should we do now? Shall we watch Sylvia Andrews come back without doing anything?" Tiffany asked anxiously. Sylvia

hadn't returned, but Tiffany was ignored already.

If Sylvia came back, Tiffany believed Sylvia would be the future heir of the Evans family. "Let's go!"

Neve sneered, her eyes full of gloominess.

Then she followed the old Evans with Tiffany.

On the street, a black Mercedes was running among the bustling traffic.

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The old Evans was resting with his eyes closed in the car.

He had made an appointment with Sylvia in a coffeehouse the moment he got up in the morning. Thinking of

the fact that they were going to talk face to face about the past, he was excited.

When the chauffeur was driving at an intersection near the coffeehouse, all of a sudden, a truck came out of nowhere and hit them.

The Benz crashed and was almost ruined.

The old Evans felt the world spinning and his head was hit hard. Blood came out. He tried to

hold himself together to call the chauffeur, "Zac! Zac!"

However, the chauffeur had passed out.

The old Evans wanted to open the door but failed. He was

flustered. He couldn't die!

He hadn't told Sylvia what he wanted to say. What could he do now? Sylvia arrived

at the coffeehouse five minutes early.

Just when Vaild parked the car and she got out of it, she heard a loud sound of cars crashing. She turned

her head and saw the Benz being hit hard.

A car accident? What was

wrong?

Some passersby had gathered at the accident scene and some started shooting photos and videos of the accident. Sylvia

immediately called 911.

As she was calling, she strode over and Vaild followed her.

After the truck driver hit the Benz, he got out of it and wanted to escape.

Sylvia stopped him before he did and shouted at him, "Where are you going? You hit someone!" The driver

looked in his thirties and was in a panic, "Bitch! Mind your own business!"

Sylvia left him to Vaild. "Watch him and don't let him escape!" As she said,

she ran towards the Benz.

Soon, she saw the familiar old man in the car.

She was shocked and said to the old Evans, "Mr. Evans? Are you okay?"

In a daze, the old Evans seemed to hear someone calling him. He slowly opened his eyes and saw a blurry figure. "Monica? Is

that you? Are you here to take me away?"

He was alive!

Looking at the closed door and the distorted car body, she tried to open the door, but because of the crash just now, she couldn't no matter how hard she tried.

She looked at the broken engine that was smoking. The car might explode at any time.

Just then, the police arrived.

They helped get the old Evans and Zac out of the car.

Sylvia immediately started to check for the old Evans. "His head was hit and there seemed to be multiple injuries to him. There might also be internal bleeding."

The ambulance had also arrived.

The medical personnel saw Sylvia as soon as they got out of the car. "Dr. Sylvia! Why are you here?" "How many injured people are there?"

"Mr. Evans here and his chauffeur over there," Sylvia answered.

The medical staff soon helped Zac and the old Evans into the ambulance. Sylvia got in with them.

Vaild handed the truck driver to the police before he drove to the hospital as well. The old Evans was sent to the emergency room.

Sylvia didn't go in. She was a bit tired.

She hadn't recovered and knew that she shouldn't operate for any surgery now. Moreover, she was still on leave.

The Evans family got here as soon as they received the news and were all surprised when they saw Sylvia standing at the door of the emergency room.

Neve walked up to her and was about to slap her in the face. "You are such a jinx! He got into an accident all because of you! It's all your fault!"

Sylvia stood there still while Vaild gripped Neve's wrist to stop her. "Mind your language!" "Why did she ask my dad to meet her? She must have ill intentions!" Neve cursed in anger. Tiffany said to her in a low voice, "Mom, maybe it's just an accident. Don't get angry."

Then, she looked at Sylvia and apologized, "I'm sorry, Dr. Sylvia. My mom was just too worried."

"Is that so?" Sylvia raised her eyebrows. She remembered that when the old Evans asked her to meet him yesterday, he said he did not tell any of his family about this appointment.

How did Neve know it?

Sylvia didn't say anything more.

The Evans all looked at her in anger. Because Sylvia and Monica looked so alike.

They were annoyed at the sight of her.

Monica was the nightmare of everyone in the Evans family. She had been a genius since she was a child and she learned everything fast. She finished learning all high school courses when she was just a primary student.

She was terribly smart.

All the other Evans kids were ordinary compared to her. It was as if she was born to be a star in the sky while they could only look up at her.

They got irritated simply by looking at Sylvia's face. Her face reminded them of the past.

They had always been overshadowed by Monica when she was still around.

They couldn't help suspecting that Sylvia was her daughter. Otherwise, why would the old Evans want to see her? Sylvia didn't know what they were thinking. She just waited at the emergency room door.

It was getting dark.

The lights were turned on and the moon had climbed up in the sky. Somewhere else.

Brock clapped his hands. "Cut! Everyone, you can get off work now!"

Poppy nodded her head wearily. She hadn't removed her makeup and walked straight towards the hotel. She was exhausted after a day's shooting.

She felt very unwell. Her stomach seemed to be burning. Did she eat something that had gone bad?

As she thought, she pushed open the door of Eden's room. As his assistant, she always put him first. She made him dinner, cleaned his clothes, and got the bath water ready.

Then, she was about to walk back to her room.

However, as soon as she turned around, she felt dizzy and the world was spinning. She fell to the ground.

She tried hard to open her eyes, but her vision had been blurred and she couldn't stand up. Struck by dizziness, she tried to stand up, but she felt weak all over her body.

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A while later. "That doofus drugged her? What a waste! I heard that the pill was the only one made so far!"

One of the men in black crouched down and was about to stuff Poppy into a sack.

"What a loser!"

Another man said coldly, "Hurry. We need to leave ASAP."

"Since she has taken it, maybe she's just that unlucky."

The two had finished stuffing her into the sack.

After that, they were about to leave.

"Take the fire exit."

They exchanged glances and walked towards the fire exit.

Eden was hiding in the fire exit with his agent, his face covered with a mask.

"Those fans are crazy!"

"Luckily, we ran fast enough. Do you know? One of them almost grabbed my hand!"

"Let's take the stairs. They must be waiting in the elevator now."

His agent wiped the sweat off his forehead. He was still holding the takeout food in his hands and it was still warm. Eden couldn't have spicy food, so this was for him and Poppy.

He was already a middle-aged man and he had to run away from the fans with Eden every day.

As they reached the third floor, they bumped into two men in black and one of them was carrying a huge sack on his shoulder.

Eden glanced at them and felt something off about them.

He didn't think much and walked past them.

In the sack, Poppy felt stuffy and hot.

She couldn't help moving and trying to breathe but found that her mouth was taped.

"Hmm..."

What was going on?

She remembered she passed out in Eden's room.

The men in black didn't expect her to wake up so soon and she even started to struggle.

They immediately quickened their paces.

As he walked past them, Eden seemed to hear the noises from the sack.

He thought of the brutal murders he had read about in the news...

Without thinking, he stopped the two men. "Guys, what's in your sack?"

"It's none of your business."

Another man said, "Don't waste our time on him."

Then he kicked Eden, "Fuck off!"

Eden looked like a chatterbox, but he could be stubborn sometimes.

"Hey! Did you kick me? Is there a human in there?"

He was about to grab the sack.

When Poppy heard his voice, her heart was pounding. Her limbs were tied and her mouth was taped.

She couldn't say anything, all she could do was try and make some noises.

'Help me! Eden!'

When the agent saw Eden fighting one of the men, he plucked up his courage and threw the food at the other, who was trying to sneak away.

He was thrown at with the hot food.

"Ah!"

He screamed in pain.

Some of the hot sauce got to his eyes.

He let go of the sack immediately to wipe it off his eyes.

Seeing this, the agent immediately undid the sack.

When it was opened, he was in shock.

"Poppy?"

Poppy's face was covered with tears and her makeup was ruined. Moreover, her mouth was taped.

The agent was furious. "You bastards! How dare you do that to a girl!"

Then, he grabbed the box of food and threw it at the man fighting Eden again.

The man was hit in the head and felt dizzy.

Eden took the opportunity to punch him in the face.

Their fighting attracted some of the roomers here and one of the roomers had called the security guards.

Seeing that more and more people were gathering, the two men exchanged glances and ran away.

Eden had wanted to chase after them, but seeing Poppy in the sack, he stopped.

All the actors and actresses were staying there. There might be rumors which were not good for her career.

It was better to call the police to prevent rumors.

Without thinking, he covered her head with the sack, carried her on his shoulder, and strode towards his room.

"Poppy, hold on. You don't want others to see you like this." The agent had been working for Eden for years and had seen a lot of dirty things in showbiz.

While walking, he comforted Poppy.

Everyone could see Eden carrying a sack but didn't know there was a person there.

They soon arrived at the room.

Seeing Eden with sweat all over his forehead and bruises on his face, Poppy was moved to tears.

It was the first time someone had risked his life to save her.

She was both scared and excited. When the tape was removed, she threw herself into Eden's arms and cried.

"Eden! I thought I was gonna die!"

"What happened exactly?" Eden was stunned and then stroked her back.

He had been an idol and his fans didn't like to see him dating anyone.

And he had seldom acted in movies and had never been so intimate with any actress.

Eden had never been in any relationship.

It was the first time he had been so close to a girl and he couldn't help blushing.

"Don't worry, they are gone and you're safe now."

After Poppy calmed down, she told them everything that had happened today.

"I think it's because of the water." Eden frowned.