

Spoiled 711

Chapter 711: Evelyn Curtis Disappeared

Justin Battleson had already gone to work.

Charlotte Thompson was leisurely enjoying her breakfast.

After she finished eating, she put on her coat and was about to head to the film set.

Suddenly, her phone, which was in her pocket, rang. The name displaying on the screen was Justin Battleson's.

Why is he calling now?

Charlotte tilted her head to hold the phone with her shoulder, while changing shoes and answering: "What's up, I'm about to leave."

"Charlotte, don't go to the film set today."

On the other end of the phone, Justin's voice was low and serious.

Charlotte was taken aback, her actions paused as she heard his tone.

"Did something happen?"

Based on her understanding of Justin, something very important must have occurred!

"It's inconvenient to talk about it over the phone, I'll tell you when I see you."

Justin could sense her tension, he rubbed his slightly frowning eyebrows, and softened his voice.

Still confused, Charlotte hung up the phone. Jack already had the car ready.

She quickly got in the car and looked at Jack through the rear-view mirror.

"Jack, where are you taking me?"

"Mr. Battleson just told me to take you to Vanguard Jewelry."

"Vanguard Jewelry?"

Charlotte's confusion grew even larger, what would she do there?

"Mr. Battleson only gave the address, I don't know the details."

Jack shrugged his shoulders, looking innocently. Knowing he was not lying, Charlotte stopped asking.

The car quickly stopped in front of Vanguard Jewelry. Charlotte got out and walked into the company.

On entering, she saw Justin's tall figure, his black tailored suit making him look majestic.

Among the crowd, she noticed him at once.

"You're here, let's go upstairs."

Upon seeing her, a soft look appeared in Justin's eyes, which puzzled the onlooking staff.

They had never seen the normally aloof Mr. Battleson with such an expression.

"Okay." Charlotte glanced at the onlookers, giving a slight nod.

With so many people around, it wasn't the place to discuss anything.

She followed Justin to his office, where they were alone in a large room, so quiet you could hear a feather drop.

"Now, you can tell me, right?"

Charlotte sat down in the chair opposite him, her bag on the table.

Her beautiful eyes, filled with confusion, were fixed on him.

She hated this suspenseful feeling, it itched her whenever she was kept in the dark.

"Evelyn Curtis is missing."

Just a few quiet words, yet a heavy blow to Charlotte's heart.

Her eyes changed slightly, and her formerly relaxed face was suddenly covered with disbelief, as if she couldn't believe her ears.

"How could that be, wasn't she staying in prison? How could she disappear?"

A shiver ran down her spine, her voice trembling a little.

Evelyn Curtis tried to frame her and even tried to kill her!

If it weren't for Henry Hudson's timely arrival, she might not be alive today!

How could she not be scared of such a lunatic?

"Charlotte, don't worry."

Justin sighed lightly. Seeing her scared was painful for him.

This was why he had hesitated to tell her in the first place.

"Rest assured, I've already arranged for people to find her as soon as possible."

He took Charlotte's hand, giving it a slight squeeze. His warm touch comforted her, soothing all her unrest.

Charlotte looked into his eyes, seeing a depth of determination, which inexplicably reassured her, as if there were some sort of magic.

"Charlotte, I will never let you get hurt again!"

Chapter 712 I Believe You.

Charlotte's gaze met Justin Battleson's; an unusual emotion silently passed between them.

Charlotte gave a slight smile and nodded, "I trust you."

The past few days had been quiet, devoid of any incident.

That night.

Charlotte entered the bedroom to find Justin standing on the balcony.

He leaned against the railing, the silver moonlight illuminating his body, outlining his chiseled features—stark, aloof, dignified.

"There's still no news about Evelyn Curtis?"

Charlotte walked forward, standing next to him and looking up at his face.

Justin saw her, her expression relaxed yet still a hint of worry creasing her eyebrows.

He gently smoothed out her furrowed brows, "No news yet."

Upon receiving the news of Evelyn Curtis's disappearance seemed to be evaporating from the world, Justin had deployed his men everywhere to search for her.

However, after several days, there was no progress.

Evelyn seemed to have vanished into thin air without leaving a trace behind.

Charlotte's heart pounded a little faster, a wave of anxiety washed over her, causing her complexion to pale excessively.

She wasn't worried about her own safety; even if Evelyn tried to hurt her again, she would only worry for her children's safety.

"Justin, I think we should increase the protection around the children."

While frightened of what Evelyn might do to her, Charlotte feared more for her children.

Her children were her life, if anything happened to them, it would feel as though her heart was ripped out!

Understanding her concerns, Justin pulled her tightly into his arms.

With his head resting against Charlotte, he gently patted her back, soothing her unsettled emotions.

"I've already arranged for protection around our children, you don't need to worry."

Upon hearing that, Charlotte could finally breathe a sigh of relief.

She knew the capabilities of the people around Justin, with their protection, she couldn't entirely be at ease, but at least she wasn't as nervous as before.

Charlotte took a few deep breaths, forcing herself to calm down.

It was no use panicking now, the most important thing was to find Evelyn as soon as possible!

"Where do you think she could be?"

A living person can't simply disappear into thin air, even death leaves traces behind!

Justin's face turned serious, "What are your thoughts?"

"For her to escape from prison, it's not as simple as it seems, there must be a powerful force pulling strings from behind."

Prison isn't just any place, escaping from such intense surveillance is nearly impossible.

She didn't believe that Evelyn could have escaped on her own!

"I just can't figure out who it is."

Justin met her inquiring gaze and shook his head. He had been pondering for several days, but there was no lead.

"Once I find him, I will not let him off easily!"

Seeing Charlotte's slightly furrowed brows, Justin, not fond of her distressed look, gently kissed her.

"I will dispatch more people to continue the search. You don't need to worry about this."

A chilling glint flashed in his eyes, clear as day.

He wasn't a pushover. Those who dared to harm his loved ones must be prepared for a fate worse than death!

"Mm."

Charlotte nodded, giving him a faint smile, "You should freshen up first."

Watching Justin's figure disappear from the balcony, she finally took out her phone from her cloak pocket.

She dialed a number from her contacts.

Even though Justin was doing everything he could to investigate, she couldn't rest easy.

Charlotte didn't doubt his capabilities, but at this time, the more people involved, the quicker the matter would be resolved.

She couldn't bear to live in fear and anxiety day after day.

After several short rings, the call was answered.

Henry Thompson's lazy voice came from the other end, "Charlotte, what's up so late?"

She cut to the chase, "Henry, Evelyn Curtis is missing."

Chapter 713 All-Out Deployment

Upon hearing this, Henry Thompson's pupils dilated momentarily, but quickly returned to normal. He turned his head to comfort Charlotte.

"Don't worry, take your time," he said.

It was clear that the voice on the other side swallowed to calm herself.

"It's true that Evelyn Curtis has been incarcerated. She has disappeared. Because of this, Justin wanted me to avoid the shooting site."

"Hmm."

Even without face-to-face conversation, Charlotte could tell by his tone that Henry Thompson was frowning, his face etched with solemnity.

After a long pause, he spoke again, his voice softer than before.

"Charlotte, don't go anywhere. Take care of yourself. Leave this matter to me. I will find her for you."

A little dazed, Charlotte gazed at the ceiling through misty eyes. She forced herself to muster a faint smile, her voice trying to sound relaxed.

"Alright."

As soon as she hung up, Mr. Thompson entered the living room. Hearing Henry on the phone, he stopped at the door and asked, "Is that Charlotte?"

Deep in thought about what Charlotte had just said, Henry was startled. He almost dropped the phone from his shaking hand.

"Grandfather."

Realizing that Mr. Thompson must have noticed his agitated state, Henry forced a smile.

"What happened?"

Mr. Thompson, his eyebrows knitted together, noticed the hint of sweat forming on Henry's forehead.

"It was...Charlotte."

An impatient tone crept into Mr. Thompson's voice as he asked again, "What did Charlotte say?"

"She said...Evelyn Curtis has disappeared."

Upon offering comfort about Charlotte's situation, Mr. Thompson seemed even more anxious than Henry was.

Considering the peril Evelyn Curtis posed, even Mr. Thompson felt a chill down his spine.

"Any leads yet?"

"Justin Battleson has sent people to look for her, but they haven't found anything yet."

Mr. Thompson rubbed his thighs anxiously, he seemed as though he wanted to say something but ultimately held back, a sigh escaping his lips.

Hearing the pressing of buttons, Henry looked up,

"Search all train stations and hotels in Druarus for any information on Evelyn Curtis. Don't leave any stone unturned."

The reply from the other side was swift: "Understood."

Having delegated the task, Mr. Thompson's brow was still furrowed. He pulled out his phone again and swiftly dialled a series of numbers.

"Arrange for the best bodyguards from Thompson family, and send them to protect Charlotte's safety in Druarus."

After Mr. Thompson finished giving instructions, Henry hesitated before speaking softly, "We already have the Battleson's taking on responsibilities, there is no need for you go to this extent..."

"When it comes to Charlotte, I prefer to have my own people handling it. It gives me peace of mind."

Given Mr. Thompson's determination, Henry knew that any further objections were futile.

"If we introduce too many people into the situation, we might startle the snake in the grass."

"The more people involved, the greater the chance we have of finding her."

Following Mr. Thompson's command, the best bodyguards from Ashford City assembled. United in a fleet of black luxury vehicles, they set off for Thompson's private airport.

The parade of vehicles, stretching several dozen meters in length, caught the attention of passers-by who stopped to marvel, assuming it was a bridal convoy.

"The planes Mr. Thompson arranged are ready. Quickly get in line and board."

At the instruction of the security guards, everyone exited their vehicles and split into two orderly lines to board the planes.

Accompanied by the roar of propellers, two planes took off from a landing strip in the Thompson's suburbs, heading straight for Charlotte.

You're safe, don't worry.

Henry chanted silently in his heart.

Chapter 714: Worry

The next day, Justin Battleson still wouldn't allow Charlotte Thompson to go to the film set, insisting on keeping her by his side.

After Justin pulled Charlotte into Vanguard Jewelry, he did provide her with a comfortably lavish lounge.

A small refrigerator in the corner piqued her interest.

She walked over and opened the fridge door. On the top shelf lay several brands of bread she liked, all of them fresh. They must have been specially prepared for her arrival here.

Her phone suddenly rang, and the ringtone resonated in the spacious lounge, breaking the silence.

"Charlotte, is there something special happening today? We've got the set ready here, you need to get here ASAP."

Apart from this call, the call records showed that the production team had called her twice before. For some reason, she had not answered them.

"Okay, I'll be there soon."

Charlotte attempted to twist the door handle of the room. The door was not locked, and within the next moment, she was standing in the hallway.

"Justin?"

She called out tentatively, but there was no reply.

Through the floor-to-ceiling window of an office ahead, she could faintly discern Justin hunched over a computer desk.

"How did you get here?"

Seeing her, Justin seemed quite surprised.

"The door wasn't locked, so I left." Charlotte raised her phone, "I got a call from the set just now, saying time is running out, I have to rush over."

"Running out of time?" Justin furrowed his brows in response.

"Yes."

He pondered for a few seconds, then called his chauffeur: "Take her there."

Like the crew on set, Coco was eagerly anticipating her arrival, already waiting at the entrance as the car pulled up.

"Hurry and get your make-up done, everything's prepared for you." Coco helped Charlotte out of the car.

Only after seeing Charlotte safely enter the set, did the nanny car drive away from the studio.

"You saw the news last night, right? Close your eyes."

Charlotte lightly closed her eyes, allowing Coco to apply make-up to her face.

"Hmm." she simply responded.

"Alright, you can open your eyes now. Did you check out the comment section, it was bustling."

Still immersed in thoughts about Evelyn Curtis's whereabouts, Charlotte mechanically nodded.

"I was really worried for you, fretting over how to handle this. But everything seems calm today."

No matter how animatedly Coco spoke, Charlotte just forced a small smile at the corners of her lips, pretending to be happy.

"You don't seem in a good mood today."

Coco finally noticed her unusual behavior.

"Huh? I... I'm fine."

No matter what she said, Coco would only see it as an excuse.

"Tell me, what's really going on."

Charlotte's eyes fell to the floor.

"Evelyn Curtis, she's missing."

"What?" A wave of chill permeated Coco's body, her voice trembling as she spoke again.

"She's missing? Where could she have gone?"

"Justin and my older brother are already helping me to find her. There's just no news yet."

She bit her colorless lower lip gently to hide the fear in her heart.

"It's okay, we're all with you."

Despite her reassurances, the image of Evelyn putting Charlotte in a life-and-death situation once popped into Coco's mind.

They were almost parted by life and death.

This time it was Charlotte comforting Coco, "Don't worry too much. I have people protecting me, and many others looking for her. Nothing like what happened last time will occur."

While they were talking, the voice of the director could be heard from outside the make-up room, "Are you two done yet? It's time to go on set!"

"We're coming!"

Charlotte's voice sounded much more cheerful.

"Let's go, we should head over."

Chapter 715: Your Acquaintance

The show was halfway through recording when the director's voice suddenly came through: "Cut! Thanks for your hard work everyone, time for a break."

The director approached with a cheery grin, eyes squinted into narrow slits.

"Miss Thompson performs quite naturally in front of the camera, it's rare to see a judge with such ease."

Charlotte chuckled, "I still have to thank the director and the producer for providing me with this platform."

What's the big deal? Isn't she just a judge? What's unnatural about that?

Attractive, cooperative, and eloquent, Charlotte was a favorite with the director who continued to chat with her about this and that.

Charlotte exchanged a few pleasantries with the director before heading to her exclusive break room.

She was still troubled by Evelyn Curtis' issue, her heart subtly trembling.

As Charlotte was resting on the couch, eyes half-closed, someone knocked on the door.

Thinking that the show must be starting again, she stood up, straightened her clothes and prepared to walk out, only to find Coco standing at the door.

Before Charlotte could say anything, Coco hurriedly spoke up: "Charlotte, someone wants to see you outside. He said he's an acquaintance."

Taken aback, Charlotte wondered, who could it be?

Noticing her confusion, Coco added, "He's a man, looks a bit anxious, and rather handsome." Then she giggled to Charlotte, "Mr. Battleson would be jealous if he found out."

Charlotte shot Coco a look, "Then let him in." she said hesitantly, wondering who could have come to the set.

Coco turned to go and fetch the visitor but was stopped by Charlotte.

"Never mind, I'll meet him myself."

Explaining her thoughts to Coco's curious glance, Charlotte said, "It wouldn't be appropriate to meet on set, it might stir up rumors. Where is he? I'll meet him myself."

Upon hearing this, Coco gave Charlotte the name of a coffee shop in the building.

Charlotte nodded, put on her sunglasses, and headed out after instructing Coco, "Call me when it's time to shoot."

Taking a few steps away from her trailer, she still couldn't figure out who would want to see her now.

As she approached the entrance of the coffee shop, she felt tense. Though she wanted to turn back, she figured she might as well go in.

So she took a deep breath and walked in.

The café had a vintage décor with a few old vinyl albums playing. Despite its high-end location, it wasn't too crowded. Most of the crowd were either engrossed in their phones or working.

However, Charlotte quickly noticed the man in a black suit that Coco had mentioned. Sporting a red rose pinned to his chest and a cup of coffee in front of him, he sat at a window seat.

Despite the crowd, his solitary figure felt out of place.

He kept glancing out the window, seemingly waiting for her arrival.

Looking at the profile of the man, Charlotte felt a strange familiarity, and a growing unease.

As she walked tentatively into the café, the man turned to look directly at her.

Their eyes met, causing Charlotte's blood to run cold. She felt as though her legs have been filled with lead, preventing her from moving. She just stood there, mouth slightly agape in shock.

There was no denying it, she knew this face only too well, but she had no idea why he was here.

The man who had been involved with Emily Allen five years ago, "Mr. Scumbag," Ryan Richard.

She did feel like she'd gone blind to ever fall for someone like him.

Charlotte couldn't bear the sight of him, turning around to leave without hesitation.

Chapter 716: Harassment

Efficiently turning to leave and praying he hadn't seen her, Charlotte Thompson really didn't want any connection with this kind of person or Emily Allen.

Unfortunately, things didn't go as planned. The voice of Ryan Richard was faintly heard from behind, "Miss, could you please wait for a moment?"

Silently cursing, she continued to walk without stopping, showing no intention of pausing.

The door was just within reach, her hand had even touched the handle, but the force to push it open had been greatly reduced.

Turning to look, she saw Ryan Richard surprisingly standing behind her, holding the cafe's door firmly, his eyes staring intently at her who was almost a head shorter.

Repeating the phrase: "Miss, could you please wait a moment?"

All Charlotte wanted to do was curse. Leaving the house must have been ill-fated. She concealed her displeasure and adjusted her sunglasses before clearing her throat and speaking coldly: "Sir, is there something you need?"

Upon hearing this, Ryan Richard instead grabbed onto Charlotte who was trying to shake off his hand, her attempt failed due to the significant difference in strength between men and women.

Silent, Charlotte rolled her eyes beneath her sunglasses, "Sir, I don't know you. If you persist, I will report you for harassment. Also, are you sure you want to stay blocking the door and hurt the business?"

At her words, Ryan Richard turned and found that a shop assistant was indeed staring at them both.

He remained silent for a while but then moved her to an adjacent wall, his hands keeping her in place so there was nowhere to escape.

With what he assumed was a charming and affectionate smile on his face, Ryan Richard whispered into Charlotte's ear: "Sophie Allen, do you know how much I've missed you? I've finally found you."

Listening to his profession of love, all Charlotte could think of was the sight of Ryan Richard and Emily Allen together five years ago.

It was so unbelievable... even now, in retrospect, it felt like swallowing a fly.

Pushing him away a little, Charlotte tightened her eyebrows: "Sir, I think you've made a mistake, I am not Sophie Allen."

She tried to leave, but got pulled back once again.

Ryan Richard chuckled lightly: "If you say you're not Sophie Allen, why did you try to run when you saw me? Admit it, you're Charlotte."

Seeing the situation, Charlotte gave up trying to leave, swiftly wiping off his hand from her clothes, her eyes filled with disgust.

"I still have unfinished work. Please, do not bother me anymore."

Upon hearing this, a pampered smile spread across Ryan's face, his gaze fixed on Charlotte, not uttering a word. He seemed to ignore what she had said and was convinced he had found Sophie Allen.

The situation was giving Charlotte a headache. Just as she began to consider calling the police, the appearance of Coco at the entrance gave her a glimmer of hope.

Waving to Coco, who was looking around trying to locate her, Coco immediately walked over: "Sister Charlotte, are you okay? They are about to start, and you didn't answer my calls."

Charlotte gave a silent signal with her eyes, and although Coco didn't fully understand what had transpired, she got the gist of the situation, promptly grabbing Charlotte's hand and trying to lead her away.

But Ryan Richard pulled Charlotte back yet again.

Even Charlotte, known for her good temper, had the urge to explode. However, Coco held her back and turned to Ryan adopting a distant attitude: "I'm sorry, sir, our designer has to get back to work. If you want to take a picture or an autograph, maybe another time, please don't interfere with Sister Charlotte's work."

At Coco's words, Ryan Richard promptly released his grip, and Coco hurriedly led Charlotte into the elevator.

Before they could even catch their breath, Ryan Richard stepped in as well, with one hand in his pocket he offered them a gentlemanly nod.

Chapter 717: Do You Still Remember Emily Allen?

"You don't mind me visiting the idol's work scene, do you?"

Charlotte Thompson kept her mouth shut and remained silent, an eerie calm pervading the elevator as it ascended, cloaking the trio in a strange quiet.

When the elevator arrived at the thirteenth floor, Charlotte Thompson took the lead in stepping out, followed closely by Ryan Richard striding along with an air of nonchalance.

She had intended to ignore him and go touch up her makeup, but seeing Ryan about to follow her, she could no longer suppress the anger in her heart.

Charlotte almost gritted her teeth and asked, "Sir, what exactly do you want?"

Ryan, however, spread out his hands in an innocent manner, "I just want to talk to you."

Without a moment's hesitation, Charlotte retorted sarcastically, "We don't know each other, there's nothing to talk about, there's no need to waste each other's time."

"There is a need," Ryan edged closer, Charlotte's reflection mirrored in his eyes, "Sophie Allen, I want to talk to you."

Impatiently she hoped to dispel his fantasy: "Sir, I've said it many times, I am not nor do I know the Sophie Allen you speak of, I think you've mistaken me for someone else."

At her words, he didn't seem angry, continuing unperturbed, "In fact, you haven't changed much. I mean I recognized you the moment I saw you, coming here was just to confirm, and now I indeed have."

Listening to the certainty in Ryan's voice, Charlotte felt a shiver in her heart, though she didn't let it show on her face. Instead, she patiently explained, "Sir, let me say it one more time and this will be the last, my name is Joy, I'm a designer, not the Sophie Allen you're talking about. You're causing me a great deal of distress."

He appeared to turn a deaf ear to her explanations, casually reaching for her hand, his voice gentle, "Charlotte, don't you remember our college days? We barely knew each other back then but hit it off because we had so much to talk about. We both liked to read books in the library, and we walked around the sports ground and ate sweet and sour ribs together in the cafeteria..."

Ryan's words were tinged with longing, his tone somewhat enticing.

It successfully evoked memories in Charlotte.

Indeed, their college days were undeniably beautiful.

She would never forget how they had to talk their way back into the dormitory after coming back late from a midnight snack, or how Ryan would always line up early in the dining hall because he knew she loved the sweet and sour pork ribs there, and how he would reserve a seat in the library in the morning...

These are things she would never forget and were hard to forget.

Even with their current circumstances, even after what happened later, she would never deny those beautiful days. Those days would always linger in her mind.

The affection and love of those innocent years, she did, indeed, genuinely like Ryan at that time. But that was in the past.

Because memories are, after all, memories.

She would never forget what the man standing in front of her had done. These were not things that could be erased with an apology, sweet words, or reminiscing about the past.

The Ryan she loved was long dead.

Betrayal!

And moreover, the person he cheated on her with was Emily Allen, her wicked and detestable stepsister.

For her, at that time, it was devastating. She felt as if the sky was falling.

Now the instigator acted like nothing had happened and came to talk about the old times, the thought itself was disgusting enough to make her want to vomit.

Charlotte's gaze towards Ryan was filled with undisguised loathing, causing a sting in his eyes.

Without any hesitation, she took out her phone, called the security, and kept a distance from him, watching him warily at the same time.

Ryan, however, didn't panic, and upon seeing the rushing security, he hurriedly asked, "Do you still remember Emily Allen?"

Chapter 718: Not a Good Girl

Emily Allen?

A name that hit her hard as a thunderbolt, Charlotte Thompson's forward steps faltered, leaving her standing in her tracks.

The mere two syllables of the name awakened in her the boundless nightmare.

The dark, abandoned warehouse, the repetitive blows landing on her flesh.

"You were quite talkative before, what happened now?"

The tone in Emily Allen's voice was mocking, calling forth yet another slap landing firmly onto Charlotte's cheek.

Accompanying this were her cries, as well as the disdainful laughter of her malicious stepmother, who took pleasure in her misery.

Ryan Richard was there too, gripping her hair as she recoiled, leaving her no choice but to endure their cruel torment in silence.

And he now had the nerve to ask if she remembered Emily Allen?

At that time, it was the most horrific point in her life.

"Emily Allen? I'm not sure who she is."

Charlotte turned her head away, the corners of her mouth quirking up in a vague arc. But deep within those clear eyes, an icy chill prevailed.

"Sir, I have things to do, I don't have time to engage in fruitless discussions with you."

With her gaze, she signaled to Coco that she did not want to stay any longer.

Coco caught her drift perfectly, stepping forward to grab Charlotte's wrist: "Sir, Miss Thompson has work to do this morning, we're in a hurry, please make way!"

Despite seeing Charlotte's indifferent attitude towards Emily, whether she were dead or alive, Ryan Richard remained undeterred, flipping through something on his phone's screen.

"Sophie Allen, no, Miss Charlotte. Please take a look at this photo, it might help you remember who she is."

Without waiting for her consent, Ryan Richard approached her and presented her with the photo displayed on his screen.

How could Charlotte forget that joyful laughter?

In the photo, Emily Allen was shining brightly with a vibrant bouquet of flowers in her hands, the stage lights casting her features in an enchantingly beautiful light.

In the surrounding darkness, you could vaguely discern that the name on the signboard was Emily Allen's.

"Is this a promotional photo of Miss Emily Allen? She's very beautiful, but I'm afraid I still don't have any recollection of her."

"It's okay if you don't remember, I can tell you what kind of person she was."

Ryan Richard spread his arms, blocking Charlotte's way.

"She was a third-tier actress, and used to be my girlfriend, but she wasn't a good girl."

Charlotte noticed Ryan Richard's eyes dilating when he said "not a good girl," they were as frigid as an Arctic glacier.

How amusing, when the two were sneaking around together back then, they appeared to be so smitten.

"Miss Thompson, I'm not afraid to make a fool of myself."

The arrogance in Ryan Richard's voice from before had vanished, his smile held a trace of bitterness.

"Just to gain more resources, during the time I was with her, the number of 'green hats' I had worn for her would stack up to meters high."

As he spoke, he gestured around one and a half meters with his hand, took a deep breath, and reopened his mouth, this time with a more pronounced dissatisfaction, suppressing the simmering rage.

"In order to get a role or for a film shoot, drinking with others was already her usual habit. No matter how much I expressed my discontent, she never listened."

Despite her slight frown, Charlotte didn't deny her relationship with Emily, nor did she wish to engage in the conversation anymore.

"I've lost count of how many times someone called me to pick her up from a hotel while she was miserably drunk. All the way, she constantly prattled on about her dreams for the future once she became famous."

She vented her dissatisfaction towards me, claiming that I couldn't offer her anything and that the people she drank with promised her a better future."

When she woke the next day, she acted like nothing had happened, but she never changed, or thought about changing."

At this point, the light in Ryan Richard's eyes visibly dimmed.

"But what I couldn't stand the most was that time..."

Chapter 719: Past Events

Three years ago.

Emily Allen was in the ascendant period of her career, tirelessly shuttling between different film sets.

Although Ryan Richard was dissatisfied with the decrease in their time alone, he never stopped her.

Until one day, Ryan Richard was already in bed.

In his groggy state, a patch of the bed beside him sank, and a strong smell of alcohol hit him.

Startled awake, Ryan Richard sat up and switched on the bedside light.

"Don't..."

Emily Allen dived into the bed without even removing her makeup.

Perhaps unable to adapt to the intense light, she covered her face with her arm, curling up into a ball.

"Emily, wake up!"

Ryan Richard saw her drunk as a skunk, and even without getting close he could smell the pungent aroma of alcohol, knowing she must have drunk a lot.

He furrowed his brow slightly, reaching out to pat her burning cheek.

"Don't bother me!"

Emily Allen reached out to push Ryan Richard, and her formerly covered chest was suddenly exposed.

Ryan Richard hesitated for a moment, his gaze glued to her fair chest and neck.

On her snowy skin, several brownish marks lay glaringly!

Ryan Richard wasn't a man unfamiliar with the world, so he recognized these hickeys at once.

A nameless fire began to burn at the bottom of his heart, swallowing his calmness with jealousy.

The combination of drunkenness and hickeys made his thoughts uncontrollably veer in a horrible direction.

He took a few deep breaths, then pulled her up from the bed, shaking her shoulders.

"Emily, wake up!"

Emily Allen just hummed a few times without even opening her eyes.

Ryan Richard temporarily gave up on trying to wake her and question her, so he just helped her change into her pajamas.

The next day, bright morning light pierced through thick curtains, illuminating the grayish room.

"Ah..."

Emily Allen rubbed her aching head, slowly getting up from the bed.

The hangover from last night hadn't completely passed, and she still felt foggy, her head throbbing as if being torn apart.

"Have some water."

Ryan Richard handed her a glass of water.

"Thank you." Emily Allen took the glass and drank half of it before she started to feel refreshed.

"How much do you remember about what happened last night?"

Ryan Richard sat down in the rattan chair across from her, his eyes as sharp as a hawk's, firmly fixed on her face.

"Just wrapped up filming, had a get-together with the crew, then had a few drinks. I didn't expect to drink too much."

Emily Allen lowered her eyes, her eyelashes, long like butterfly wings, hiding the emotions behind her eyes.

Ryan Richard made a sound of acknowledgment, then asked casually, "Just a get-together with drinks?"

Emily Allen heard the hidden meaning in his words and sharply raised her eyes to meet his.

But she saw that Ryan Richard's expression was as usual, revealing no emotions.

"I remember it was just a get-together, but then I got drunk and somewhat lost my memory."

"Then how did you get the hickeys on your neck?"

Ryan Richard asked casually, but Emily Allen caught a flash of anger from the depths of his eyes.

The matter had been spinning in his head all night, always leading his thoughts in a negative direction!

If he didn't get a reasonable explanation soon, he was going to lose it!

Emily Allen's eyes turned red. Her glistening eyes welled up with tears, and she looked pitiful like a little rabbit.

"They're some thugs who took advantage of me when I was drunk. You have to believe me!"

Seeing her in this state, Ryan Richard's anger was instantly extinguished, replaced by a feeling of pity.

"Alright, promise me, don't do this again."

He reached out to wipe the tears from the corner of Emily's eyes. Emily obediently nodded.

But this harmony didn't last long, as the same thing happened again and again.

Left with no other option, Ryan Richard could only resort to tailing her.

Chapter 720: Treachery

Watching Emily Allen in heavy makeup entering the nightclub late at night, Ryan Richard pulled the brim of his hat lower and quickly followed her in.

The waiter welcomed her familiarly: "Miss Allen, you're here again, same seat as usual."

"Alright." Emily Allen smoothed a wisp of hair at her temple, glanced at herself in the mirror in the hallway, then proceeded inside.

A small weight sunk in Ryan's heart, he never knew Emily was a regular patron here!

Capitalizing on the waiter's distraction welcoming new guests, Ryan quickly followed her unnoticed.

In the hallway lit with deep red light, there were occasional bursts of raucous laughter from the private rooms.

Emily Allen turned into a room at the end of the hallway.

As soon as the door opened, the sound of a microphone resonated from inside the room.

"Ah, our star Emily has finally arrived!"

Subsequently, a lively commotion ensued.

After she entered, Ryan took a quick step forward, barely stopping the door from closing entirely, leaving a small crack.

Inside the room colorful lights were flashing and the atmosphere was seductive, several scantily clad women surrounded a few middle-aged men.

"Director, I was delayed by other matters."

Emily Allen picked up a drink from the table, her smile radiant as she settled onto a man's lap.

Her voice was so coquettish, she almost sounded flirtatious!

"I see, you probably couldn't bear to leave your man, could you!"

Another producer came over, discreetly pinching Emily from behind just above her waist.

"Absolutely not, what is that Ryan compared to you? Just a small pretty boy, how could he compare to you!"

Emily Allen scoffed mockingly, as if implying that being with him had tainted her.

Ryan's grip on the doorknob tightened sharply, his veins bulging, and his knuckles turned white from the intense pressure.

He took several deep breaths, endeavoring to quell the anger welling up in his heart, stopping himself from storming in.

"Director, we really ought to enjoy ourselves today!"

Emily said as the strap of her dress slid off her fair shoulder, revealing a large portion of her skin.

Her actions appeared too familiar, clearly, she had done this many times before!

"Don't worry, we can certainly satisfy you more than Ryan Richard!"

Emily lowered her eyes with a slight smile, one hand pulling at the director's tie: "I trust you."

The men and women started to huddle together, indecent moans began to seep out from the room.

Ryan gently closed the door, his eyes bloodshot.

He knew Emily had been doing things behind his back, but he never expected the truth to be this appalling!

Ryan approached the front desk: "Hello, I need some information."

He discreetly slipped a 500 bill into the palm of the front desk lady.

The receptionist looked down, her smile becoming even more accommodating: "Please, sir, go ahead."

"Does the guest in room 8 come here often?"

The receptionist flipped through the register: "Yes, they are regular customers here, they come every Sunday night."

"Thank you."

Ryan's eyes had turned crimson, his fists clenched tightly, he stormed out in frustration.

The following Sunday afternoon, he came to the club ahead of time and wired a pinhole camera into room 8.

That night, the group activity in the room was recorded in detail.

He pressed the send button, and the video was emailed out.

In a moment, his phone rang loudly.

"What the hell are you doing, how did you get this video?"

The voice on the other end of the phone was the director from that night.

"That's none of your concern, all you need to know is if you don't want to lose face, wire me a million!"

"Are you insane, I can't give you that much!"

A cold sneer tugged at the corners of Ryan's mouth, his eyes icy: "I'll give you five seconds to consider, reject it and say hello to the headlines!"

"Five, four..."

"I agree!"