

Spoiled 811

Chapter 811: Good Morning Kiss

Charlotte Thompson felt her body soften under Justin Battleson's teasing.

Her struggling hands also lost their strength, and she could only bite her teeth tightly and glance at Justin Battleson.

"Not here..."

But Justin Battleson kissed her lips directly and whispered softly, "Charlotte, I can't hold back anymore..."

...

Charlotte Thompson was so tormented by Justin Battleson that she didn't even have the strength to lift her hand, and by the time the two of them got home, Charlotte had already fallen asleep.

Justin Battleson gently picked up Charlotte Thompson and carried her back to the room, caressing her delicate and gorgeous cheeks with love, feeling his heart swell with endless affection.

He leaned over and kissed her smooth forehead.

What he cherished, he would protect with all his might.

...

The next day, Charlotte Thompson woke up in Justin Battleson's arms, her cheeks blushing as she remembered the absurdity of the previous day.

"Awake?"

Justin Battleson, who had been watching Charlotte Thompson's movements, couldn't help but laugh softly at her shy and cute appearance.

Charlotte blinked her eyes, feeling a wave of shyness surge through her, and with Justin's intense gaze, she couldn't help but bury half of her face into the blanket.

"Is Charlotte feeling shy?" Justin Battleson whispered in her ear.

Charlotte shrank back, and the sound of Justin's low chuckle came from above her head.

"Justin Battleson! What are you laughing at!"

Charlotte pushed at Justin Battleson, her pale cheeks now flushed red like a blooming flower.

Justin Battleson took hold of Charlotte's fingers and kissed them gently.

"No more laughing. Rest a bit longer, I'll go make breakfast."

Saying this, Justin ruffled Charlotte's hair and got dressed.

Charlotte watched Justin's departing figure, touching her burning cheeks.

But now she didn't feel like resting anymore; she got up, washed up in the bathroom, and after getting dressed, she went downstairs only to find Justin standing in the kitchen.

His shirt sleeves were slightly rolled up, revealing a segment of his muscular, pale arm, and he was wearing a cartoon apron previously chosen by Grace Thompson, which looked somewhat incongruous.

Charlotte approached and wrapped her arms around Justin's waist, pressing her cheek against his back.

Justin stopped what he was doing and turned his head to look at Charlotte behind him, his voice soft.

"Why did you come here? The kitchen is full of fumes; breakfast will be ready soon."

Charlotte continued to hold onto Justin, but she rubbed her cheek on his back as if pouting.

"What's for breakfast?"

Charlotte curiously peered ahead, but Justin covered her for fear that the kitchen fumes would irritate her.

Looking at the frying pan, Charlotte lifted her little face and said, "Can you make the fried eggs in the shape of a heart?"

"A heart?" Justin Battleson paused.

"Yeah, heart-shaped fried eggs," Charlotte nodded.

Looking down at Charlotte's mischievous smile, Justin helplessly laughed and said, "As you wish."

Charlotte turned to leave, but Justin wrapped his arms around her waist.

"Won't Charlotte give me a morning kiss?"

Charlotte let Justin hold her, tiptoed up to kiss his cheek, and then left the kitchen.

Charlotte wasn't idle; she prepared the cutlery and milk, and soon Justin had the breakfast ready.

Seeing the perfectly heart-shaped fried eggs on the plate, Charlotte blinked in surprise.

"How did you do that?"

"Probably because of someone's love," Justin Battleson said.

Charlotte pursed her lips and sat down to eat.

Chapter 812 Playing the Big Shot

Justin Battleson didn't normally cook, but Charlotte knew very well that his cooking skills were excellent.

"Delicious, Justin, I think if you opened a restaurant, it would definitely become an instant hit," Charlotte said to Justin Battleson.

"I wouldn't."

Justin Battleson reached out to me and used his thumb to wipe off a bit of food residue at the corner of Charlotte's mouth.

"Why?" Charlotte's face turned red from his gesture.

She was no longer a child, how could she still get food on her face.

"Because I only want to cook for you," Justin said mildly.

"Then I certainly won't pay the chef Justin," Charlotte said, propping her chin up, looking at Justin.

Justin lifted his gaze, his dark pupils holding only the reflection of Charlotte.

"I would find it as sweet as candy."

His thin lips parted slightly, saying so slowly.

Charlotte felt a sweetness blooming within her and, feeling a bit embarrassed, she gently bit her lower lip and averted her gaze.

Today was the weekend, and both Justin and Charlotte had a rare day off, plus the kids were all with Jasmine, so the two got to enjoy some rare alone time.

Charlotte lazily nestled in Justin's arms while browsing a fashion magazine for inspiration, while Justin was organizing some documents on his tablet.

Neither of them spoke, yet there was a tranquil sense that time stood still.

Just then, Charlotte's phone, which was placed to the side, began to vibrate. She reached out to grab it, but the phone, acting as if it were broken, started to vibrate incessantly.

This drew the attention of both Charlotte and Justin, and Charlotte watched as her phone's screen flickered, refreshing with countless messages.

"What's happening?"

Charlotte blanked out for a moment, then picked up her phone only to discover these were private messages from Weibo.

How could so many people be messaging her privately all of a sudden?

At that moment, Coco called.

"Sister Charlotte, what's this thing trending on the hot search?"

"Hot search? What's happened now?" Charlotte frowned deeply, leaning close to Justin, using his tablet to refresh the real-time trending topics.

Charlotte suddenly understood, no wonder her private messages had exploded.

Wasn't her own name there in the first trending topic?

#CharlotteThompsonDivas#

#CharlotteThompsonBullying#

Charlotte felt a headache coming on as she looked at the keywords trending on the search, when had she ever done such things?

Charlotte clicked on the trending topic and found a long post made by a small account.

Charlotte quickly scanned through it.

The gist of it suggested that she, using her status as Miss Thompson, acted like a diva during the filming of "The Birth of Beautiful Clothes," demanding the director to prepare a separate luxury rest area, arriving late for shootings, and even abusing the director.

Listing item after item, they seemed intent on creating a whole book of her transgressions.

Accompanying were a few photos, including one of the "rest area" the director had prepared for her.

As soon as this Weibo post was made, it sparked considerable discussion among netizens.

"No way, Charlotte doesn't seem like someone who would act like a diva."

"Hilarious, Charlotte finally screwed up, didn't she? I've always thought she looked mean and harsh."

"Above commenter, if Charlotte looks mean and harsh, then wouldn't that make you look like a petty thief?"

"There's no shortage of divas, and since she's the bona fide Miss Thompson, acting a bit like a diva should be no big deal, right?"

"Who is this Charlotte Thompson anyway? Why do I keep seeing her on the hot search?"

"Aren't the netizens being too harsh? She's just a designer, not a celebrity in the entertainment industry."

"Regardless of her status or profession, at the very least there should be some respect for people, right?"

Chapter 813: Is it actually her?

Looking at the mixed comments below, Charlotte couldn't help but furrow her brow.

"Is this prepared by the assistant director for you?"

Looking at that lounge, Justin Battleson could already guess the gist of the situation.

It seemed that the production team had wanted to please Charlotte, but someone had spotted them, leading to the leak.

"Sister Charlotte, it's clear that someone is targeting you behind the scenes," Coco's voice came from the other end since the call wasn't hung up yet.

"It's okay, they're just minor reports, I'll clarify on Weibo in a bit."

This little storm wasn't much for Charlotte, but she could imagine the kind of comments that would appear once she posted the clarification.

"But..." Coco hesitated to continue, but Charlotte comforted her before she could finish.

"Don't worry, the reality show is almost over with just a few episodes left to be recorded."

After speaking for a bit longer with Coco, Charlotte hung up the phone.

Charlotte didn't even want to know who had done such a childish act.

Releasing such news during the filming of a reality show would ultimately impact its viewership.

If it were up to Charlotte, she would have waited until after the show aired to reveal such news.

Charlotte turned her head and noticed that Justin Battleson seemed to be looking at something.

"What? Are you watching the whole process of me acting like a diva?" Charlotte moved closer, unable to resist teasing him.

Justin scowled and pulled her into his arms.

"I just checked, and this Weibo account seems to be a burner."

"A burner?" Charlotte asked curiously.

"Zoe Anne."

Justin Battleson slowly pronounced the name.

The name wasn't unfamiliar to Justin Battleson; after all, the Anne family was a prominent clan, and he had heard of several members.

"It's her?" Charlotte was somewhat surprised when she first heard the name.

But upon reflecting, the immature style of action indeed matched what the Anne family's young mistress would do.

"Is she also a judge on the show?" Justin asked, puzzled.

"No, she's a contestant who has always disliked me," Charlotte shrugged her shoulders and said indifferently.

Justin's eyes flickered, "Because of Adam Ross?"

"How did you know?"

Charlotte looked up curiously at Justin, "I didn't expect Mr. Battleson to also enjoy gossip."

With resignation, Justin rubbed Charlotte's head and said, "I've known Adam Ross for so long, I'm naturally aware of some things."

The Anne family's young mistress had been infatuated with Adam Ross for many years.

"She found out that Jack and Chad are Adam's children and therefore suspected me and..."

Charlotte began to say but stopped when she saw Justin's displeased expression and immediately closed her mouth.

Justin maintained his composure, but internally, he was already scheming.

"So I'm planning to meet Adam sometime to clarify things," Charlotte said.

After all, Jack and Chad were now being co-parented by her and Adam. Not to mention the numerous dalliances Adam had outside for years; Charlotte and Justin were already together.

If one day the real identities of the children were exposed, it could bring significant impact.

"You're not allowed to go," Justin Battleson directly disrupted Charlotte's train of thought.

Charlotte looked blankly at Justin.

"I'll clarify things with Adam myself. You don't have to," Justin said.

Justin had not forgotten that Adam Ross had once been infatuated with Charlotte; he might still harbor hopes now.

Chapter 814 Jealousy

Charlotte Thompson lifted her head from Justin Battleson's embrace, her nose twitching as she teased.

"Hey, why do I smell a sour scent in the air?"

No sooner had she spoken than Charlotte instantly regretted it.

She had intended to get up from Justin's embrace, but ended up being rubbed and kissed by him for a long while, as if in punishment.

"Yes, of course I'm jealous,"

Justin, clenching his back teeth, said to Charlotte, "Don't mention other men in front of me."

"Isn't Adam Ross your good friend?" Charlotte asked Justin, her lips a bit numb and her words unclear.

"He's my friend, not yours," Justin pressed down on Charlotte's waist, making her shiver.

"The trending topic on Weibo will be taken down soon."

Upon hearing this, Charlotte nodded. In fact, even without Justin's intervention, the Thompson family would not allow such a trending topic to remain online.

Charlotte picked up her phone and posted a clarifying message on Weibo, and the comments below held a variety of opinions, with some even digging up past trending topics and events involving Charlotte.

Charlotte felt a touch of emotion, wondering what it was about her that attracted such attention on social media.

"We should contact the kids first. They might be upset to see the trending topic," Charlotte said to Justin.

Just then, someone brought up a screenshot, with people actually going to Nina Adams' Weibo to ask about her thoughts on the matter.

After all, in recent days Nina and Charlotte had been publicly arguing like close sisters, drawing many spectators to her page.

However, Nina's response to the bullying allegations was somewhat ambiguous.

She said that although she and Charlotte were classmates, they hadn't been in touch for a long time, and that Charlotte tended to keep to herself while at school.

As soon as this comment was posted, netizens began to speculate.

Doesn't this imply that Charlotte has a bad temper, often bullied her classmates, and therefore didn't have any friends?

The netizens spoke with such certainty, as if they knew Charlotte personally.

Charlotte scrolled through the comments, finding some perverse amusement in them.

Indeed, when life gets tough, go check out the comments on Weibo.

Yet, as public opinion continued to brew, someone stepped forward to clarify the situation for Charlotte.

"@PeachGoodman: Seeing this trending topic really infuriated me. How could Sister Charlotte, such a good person, be slandered like this? If she really was a bullying diva, why would Sister Charlotte speak up for me when I accidentally bumped into her and was about to be expelled? And it was precisely because she helped me that Sister Charlotte was late..."

Charlotte didn't read the lengthy Weibo post in its entirety, but seeing the ID "PeachGoodman," she recalled the little girl named Peach Goodman that she had encountered.

Charlotte felt warmed by the thought and couldn't help but admire the young girl's courage to stand up and clear her name at this moment.

Soon after, Peach released a signed autograph she had received from Charlotte.

Many people who had worked with Charlotte began to clarify on her behalf, including a few highly respected seniors in the industry.

When the truth came to light, netizens marveled at Charlotte's powerful network of connections.

Some even said that even without the title of Miss Thompson, just with her connections as a designer collaborating with celebrities, she would have numerous cards up her sleeve.

Moreover, with both the Thompson and Battleson families yet to intervene, if these two powerful families took action, the waves it would generate would surely be significant.

Chapter 815: Apology

"@Lincoln Smith: I thought one day I'd finally see Charlotte Thompson throw a diva tantrum, but it turns out it was still just a rumor."

When Lincoln Smith spoke up, he briefly mentioned how he had invited Charlotte Thompson initially, which resulted in a wave of mockery from netizens.

No one expected Joy, a hotshot designer in the fashion circle, to be such a big foodie.

Someone even made memes of Charlotte Thompson's expressions, with most of them showing her eating.

Charlotte Thompson noticed her followers seemed to have increased quite a bit.

Watching the trend of comments online, Charlotte Thompson vaguely felt like she was becoming a comedian.

However, the turnaround in Charlotte's situation wasn't the only hot gossip.

Those fans who had defended Charlotte, seeing that she had finally been "vindicated," now started to act all high and mighty.

Somebody exposed the account that had been bullying Charlotte with its posts.

It was Zoe Anne.

Then, netizens discovered that the real diva was this Miss Anne of the Anne family.

A staff member revealed that when Zoe Anne was recording a show, someone had to "plead" with her to participate. Once, a staff member waited for her in the rain, only to be dismissed casually with an excuse by her, leaving the staff member soaked all day long and sick for a long while afterward.

There were also instances of her grabbing the center spot, insulting stylists... and various other scandals were all uncovered.

Some even directly posted photos.

In an instant, Zoe Anne's previously accumulated good reputation shattered completely and utterly.

Although there were still many fans defending Zoe Anne, her appeal among the general public was completely gone.

With things having reached this stage, Charlotte Thompson felt no longer interested in keeping track of the situation.

But for Zoe Anne, things were probably not as relaxed as they were for her now.

Just as Charlotte Thompson expected, Zoe Anne panicked upon seeing the reversal of public opinion online.

"Call the PR team right away, get them to pull down the trending searches!" Zoe Anne screamed at her manager incessantly.

She watched her followers decrease constantly along with the private messages of fans disowning her, almost throwing her phone out in frustration to smash it.

"I've already contacted them, but the trending topic just can't be pulled down," her manager was also very anxious.

"Why on earth did you choose to make a fake account and slander Charlotte Thompson?"

"Who slandered her!" Zoe Anne couldn't help but shout.

"Whether you slandered her or not isn't important now, you need to apologize immediately," the manager urgently checked her phone.

"Apologize?" Zoe Anne's tone rose sharply, "Why should I apologize!"

"You did something wrong in the first place. If you don't apologize, do you want all your fans to unfollow you? I told you before to keep a low profile, but you wouldn't listen..."

"Shut up!"

Zoe Anne could no longer contain herself and rebuked her manager, "I'll post it now..."

Zoe Anne bit her lower lip and composed an apology on her blog.

Although there were controlled comments and words of comfort from her fans below, Zoe Anne knew this situation would significantly affect her.

However, what Zoe Anne didn't expect was that even after she had posted her apology, the trending searches about her still hadn't gone down.

Zoe Anne felt sure that Charlotte Thompson was behind this.

However, this time Zoe Anne had wrongly accused Charlotte Thompson.

Even if Charlotte Thompson did nothing, Zoe Anne had already offended some people in the entertainment industry, and now they naturally wanted to kick her while she was down.

Fortunately, the Anne family backed Zoe Anne, and after giving her a severe scolding, they managed to smooth things over.

Chapter 816: Impacting Progress

Because of the trending topic, Zoe Anne felt many different gazes on her when she arrived at the set the next day.

Zoe clenched her teeth, trying her best to ignore those looks.

She even sensed a difference in the eyes of the actors who were performing with her.

Finally unable to bear it, Zoe threw the prop in her hand to the side.

The noise attracted the attention of the crew members on set.

"What's the matter?" the director asked with some displeasure, lifting his head from the monitor.

Seeing this, Zoe's agent quickly came forward, draping the coat in her hand over Zoe's shoulders.

"I'm really sorry, Director. Zoe has been sick these past few days, so she's not in the best condition. She's been pushing herself for quite a while, can we let her rest for a bit?"

The agent smiled at the director, but the hand hidden by the clothes gently patted Zoe's arm.

A cold light flashed in Zoe's eyes. She quickly pressed her hand to her temple, and her steps faltered, eventually leaning weakly into the agent's arms.

"Zoe!" The agent was startled.

"It's okay, I can keep going," Zoe said "weakly," as if struggling to stand back up.

Seeing this, the director's brows furrowed involuntarily.

"If you're not well, you should rest. If you force yourself and something happens on set, who will be responsible?"

Now that the news about Zoe being bullied on set had been leaked, the crew members who already had complaints against her all showed their dissatisfaction.

Such sharp and sarcastic words filled Zoe with resentment, but her agent pressed down on her hand and then spoke with an apologetic face.

"I'm really sorry for disrupting the shooting schedule."

After saying this, the agent supported Zoe towards the rest room.

"Everyone else can take a break too," the director waved his hand at the rest of the crew.

Back in the rest room, Zoe immediately tore off the jacket from her body and threw it to the ground.

"Who gave him the nerve to talk to me like that!" Zoe fumed, sitting down on the couch.

"Oh dear, my precious, could you please tone it down a bit?" the agent said reproachfully, glancing at Zoe.

Hearing this, Zoe couldn't help but let out a cold laugh. "Now that I'm in trouble, everyone comes to step on me, right? Everyone starts to bully me!"

The agent, upon hearing this, immediately began to persuade her earnestly. "That's why you need to adjust your attitude and temper, to win those fans back."

"If they chose to unfollow, it shows they didn't like me that much to begin with. Why should I bother to please them?"

Zoe snorted disdainfully.

Always holding herself in high regard, Zoe was pampered by elders at home and protected by fans outside, which naturally made her a self-centered person.

"What are you saying?" the agent's voice turned colder.

Zoe simply didn't care to listen anymore.

Just then, someone knocked on the door of her rest room, and Zoe quickly put on a weak facade again.

The agent went to open the door and found the producer standing outside.

"Mr. Anson, what brings you here?" The agent hurriedly welcomed him in.

Zoe lifted her eyes, and upon seeing Mr. Anson, she struggled to stand but he signaled for her to sit back down.

"Miss Anne, if you're not feeling well, don't push yourself."

"Mr. Anson, why have you come? Is the director ready to start filming?"

Chapter 817: The Lead Actress is Removed

Mr. Anson's expression was somewhat awkward as he pushed his glasses up, rubbed his palms together, and slowly began to speak,

"Actually, I came here to inform Miss Anne about something."

"What matter requires the producer to come in person?" The agent asked, while Zoe Anne, sitting quietly on the sofa, also pricked up her ears.

"The thing is, our drama has not long started filming, but now Miss Anne's health isn't very good, and you are also aware of the online public opinion..."

Mr. Anson's voice was somewhat unclear, and he dared not look at the agent's face.

"Mr. Anson, what do you mean by that?" The agent's voice deepened a few notches.

Placing his hand over his mouth, Mr. Anson coughed, clearing his throat,

"It's just that our directorial team had a discussion, and we no longer need Miss Anne to play the lead role."

"What did you say?"

Hearing this, Zoe Anne no longer pretended to be frail and directly spoke up to question.

Mr. Anson was startled by Zoe Anne, his expression somewhat confused as he turned to look at the agent, "This..."

"Why does the production team suddenly want to change the role? Moreover, the production has already started." The agent challenged.

Mr. Anson also sighed helplessly, "Miss Anne, the things on the internet right now are disadvantageous to you and greatly affect our filming."

"Affect? How do they affect?"

Zoe Anne scoffed, "Don't forget, the Anne family has also invested in this play."

As long as she brought up the Anne family, these people from the production team probably wouldn't make rash moves.

However, completely contrary to Zoe Anne's expectations, Mr. Anson blatantly ignored her words, stood up, and said.

"The decision to change the role has been made, and we will pay the agreed salary to Miss Anne. Please take good care of your health, Miss Anne. Our biggest concern is that you might become even more ill from overwork."

Having said that, Mr. Anson hurriedly left.

However, just outside the door, the smile on Mr. Anson's face instantly turned grim. He turned his head and glanced at Zoe Anne's dressing room, snorting coldly.

"Without the Anne family, who cares about you!"

Inside the dressing room, Zoe Anne was now fuming with rage, her chest heaving violently, her originally beautiful face somewhat distorted.

"How dare they?" Zoe Anne pointed toward the door, her fingertips trembling.

The agent had not anticipated such severe consequences as a sudden role change.

"I will have Dad withdraw our investment, and then they can try to shoot!"

Saying this, Zoe Anne was about to take out her phone to call her father, but the agent, as if something occurred to him, stretched out his hand to hold her wrist.

"Withdrawing investment won't help," the agent shook his head.

"Why not?"

Zoe Anne looked at the agent, not understanding.

"Didn't you see Mr. Anson's lack of reaction when you mentioned the investment just now? That suggests that he no longer cares whether the Anne family has invested or not."

The agent now realized,

The directorial team might have found another investor, and the amount must be much more than what the Anne family offered, hence the team could easily change the role.

They probably want to promote someone pushed by the new investors.

"So they want to promote someone else now?" Zoe Anne's almond eyes widened.

The agent couldn't help but nod.

But the agent was also deeply worried. Zoe Anne had already lost a wave of fans due to the hot search scandal, and if news of the role change broke out...

While the agent was pondering what to do, Zoe Anne had already stormed out of the dressing room.

Chapter 818: Snatching the Role

"Mr. Zhuang, rest assured, the lead actress has already been decided, and it's Miss Allen," said the director with a beaming smile, shaking hands with the middle-aged man in front of him.

Standing beside the middle-aged man was Emily Allen herself.

She wore a bashful smile on her face, looking up at the director, "Thank you for your recognition, Director. I will work hard."

Mr. Zhuang said cheerfully next to them, "I hope it's not too late to discuss the cast with you and that it doesn't cause you any trouble."

The director hurriedly waved his hands, "Mr. Zhuang, what are you talking about? We have been friends for many years."

"Emily is an actress I highly value. Your production team better not let her down," Mr. Zhuang instructed.

"How could we possibly do that?"

The director reassured Mr. Zhuang and then turned to instruct the staff to take Emily Allen for makeup and photoshoot.

After Emily followed the staff away, a triumphant smile finally spread across her face.

To land this role, she had employed numerous strategies.

But fortunately, her efforts were rewarded.

Now she had become the leading lady.

At this thought, the smile at the corners of Emily's mouth brightened even more.

However, before Emily even walked into the makeup room, she caught a glimpse of a figure rushing towards them out of the corner of her eye.

"Isn't this Miss Anne?" Emily spoke up, stopping the person in front of her.

"Emily Allen?"

Zoe Anne flashed a look of disgust when she saw Emily, "What are you doing here?"

She remembered that Emily wasn't even part of this cast.

"Coming to the set means I'm here to act," Emily retorted, "The director said I am more suitable for the lead role than Miss Anne."

Upon hearing these words, Zoe Anne's pupils shrank sharply.

"It was you?"

Zoe wanted to confront the director directly, and she had been wondering who had such powerful backing that they could just drop in and push her out of the role.

Never in her wildest dreams did she expect that person to be Emily Allen.

If she thought about it, there was a past between Zoe Anne and Emily Allen.

In the past, Zoe Anne had a cameo in a production where the role was initially intended for Emily but ultimately given to Zoe instead.

Looking back now, it seemed as if the tables had turned.

However, Zoe had never taken Emily seriously, and now, she had been thoroughly disgusted by her.

"Of course, I have Miss Anne to thank for this."

Emily gazed at Zoe with a gleeful smile, "So this is how it feels to covet someone else's role."

Remembering the way Zoe had mocked and ridiculed her before, Emily felt an unparalleled sense of satisfaction.

What no one expected, however, was for Zoe to lash out and slap Emily square on the face in the next second.

The crisp sound left the staff and Emily's assistant standing nearby dumbstruck.

Emily, holding her cheek in shock, looked up, "What are you doing!"

She clenched her dress tight, fighting to keep her voice from sounding too sharp.

"You, a tramp who climbed your way up by sleeping around, dare to compete with me?"

Zoe shook her hand dismissively, pulling out a tissue from her pocket to wipe off the foundation from her palm.

Emily, biting her lip, kept silent.

"Oh, what happened to the great star Emily? Why don't you speak? Tell me how it feels to steal someone else's role?"

Zoe stepped forward, her tone aggressive and confrontational.

Emily glared at Zoe with loathing before letting out a cold laugh,

"Zoe Anne, have you forgotten why you lost the lead role in the first place? Are you trying to exit the entertainment industry with this behavior?"

Chapter 819: You're Plotting Against Me Behind My Back!

This sentence struck a nerve for Zoe Anne, and without hesitation, she reached out and grabbed Emily Allen's hair directly.

Emily never expected Zoe to dare to use physical force. The pain on her scalp made her cry out involuntarily.

"Zoe Anne! Have you lost your mind!"

"Who do you think you are? You can also step on my head?"

Zoe said mercilessly, "Even someone as lowly as you can offend me now?"

Emily struggled in pain, her face twisted in agony. Suddenly, she seemed to remember something and screamed loudly:

"Zoe Anne! Charlotte Thompson is my sister! Dare to hit me again!"

Since the exposure of Charlotte's identity as the Thompson Family heiress, Emily had been living in fear, worrying that Charlotte might seek revenge on her.

But Charlotte seemed to have no reaction for a long time, and instead, some people started to approach Emily deliberately, thinking that they might meet Charlotte through Emily due to her once being known as Charlotte's sister.

It was then that Emily realized things seemed to have changed.

She only regretted being too foolish, not immediately riding the wave of Charlotte's public identity exposure.

"Charlotte Thompson?"

Far from calming the rage in Zoe's heart, that name added fuel to the fire.

"Yes! If you dare to hit me, I will make sure Charlotte Thompson won't let you off!"

Emily felt as though stars were exploding before her eyes, a metallic taste spreading in her mouth.

However, Emily was unaware of the extent of Zoe's hatred toward Charlotte.

Zoe's eyes were bloodshot, already beyond reason, as she slapped Emily's face again fiercely.

"Charlotte Thompson... You wretch, it's all because of you! You plotted against me from behind!"

Zoe screamed loudly, and the agent who had rushed over was nearly faint at the scene unfolding before her.

Seeing that a number of the crew members had already gathered around, the agent hurriedly pushed forward, restraining Zoe.

"Have you gone mad! Do you really no longer wish to stay in the entertainment industry?"

Zoe was gripping the agent's arm so tightly that her nails dug into the agent's flesh.

"It's all Charlotte Thompson, she framed me, she ruined everything for me! And now she's sending her sister to disgust me!"

Emily covered her face with her hands, crying pitifully. She looked around before rushing in front of Zoe.

"I'm sorry, Miss Anne; it's all my fault. You can hit or scold me, just don't trouble my sister Charlotte."

After being slapped by Zoe, Emily's cheeks were swollen and red, her speech was slurred, and coupled with her already awkward acting skills, the combination gave a comical impression.

"You! You!" Zoe pointed at Emily, her body trembling uncontrollably.

It was at this moment that the director arrived at the scene, asking, "What is this all about!"

"Director..."

Emily, appearing to have found a backer, weakly rushed over to him.

The agent, seeing the dire situation, quickly stopped the bystanders who were recording the incident: "If any of you dare to take pictures secretly, I can sue you all!"

The onlookers exchanged glances.

The agent then turned to the director: "I'm really sorry, director. Zoe got a bit too emotional. I'll take her away now."

The agent dragged Zoe away, her expression utterly grim.

She knew clearly that, after today's incident, Zoe's acting career was utterly ruined.

Chapter 820: Tricky and Cunning

"Everyone disperse, please, everyone just disperse."

The director looked at Emily Allen, who was crying on the side, and dispersed the onlookers.

Now that Emily had been beaten to this state, it seemed impossible to take the makeup photos for today.

They had no choice but to have Emily's assistant take her back.

On her way out of the filming set, Emily kept wiping her tears, but the moment she sat back in the nanny van, she burst out laughing like crazy.

Emily turned to her assistant, "Did you get it all on video?"

"It's been recorded for a while." The assistant nodded, then sent the video from the phone to Emily.

"Perfect."

When Zoe Anne attacked her, Emily had already signalled to her assistant to start recording immediately.

Now with this recording, she could once again sell her pitiful story online.

Just then, Emily's phone rang. She looked at the caller ID, quickly answered, and her voice turned sweet and alluring.

"Mr. Jacob, what's the matter?"

Hearing the response on the other end of the phone, Emily's eyes instantly lit up.

"Really? The role has been decided for me?"

Listening, Emily chuckled softly, talking in a coquettish tone on the phone, "Mr. Jacob, you're so naughty. If that's the case, I'll see you tonight."

After hanging up the phone, Emily's expression was once again filled with smug satisfaction.

She straightened her hair, but accidentally touched her swollen cheek, and the pain made her gasp sharply.

"Zoe Anne, that bitch."

Emily snorted coldly, "What does it matter if you're the Anne family's princess... In the end, your role still ended up in my hands."

"Emily, put the ice pack on your face." The assistant handed over what she was holding to Emily.

Emily placed the ice bag on her face, half-closing her eyes.

The phone on the side rang again. Emily, somewhat impatient, glanced at it. She was about to hang up directly, but hesitated for a moment and finally answered.

"What is it?"

Emily's voice carried a touch of impatience.

"What does this text mean? Why won't you let me come back?" Ryan Richard's voice came from the other end of the phone.

"If I say don't come back, then don't. I have important things to deal with, don't ruin it for me." Emily responded carelessly.

"Emily? What good things could you possibly have, I know all about the things you've done!"

Ryan had already guessed what Emily was referring to, and he began to struggle to contain the anger in his chest.

"Emily, can't you have a little self-respect and dignity?"

"Self-respect and dignity?"

Emily laughed as if she had just heard a joke, "Ryan, if you want self-respect and dignity, go ahead, but what I want is a future! A future! Do you understand?"

"Emily!" Ryan roared angrily.

However, Emily had no intention of paying him any attention, "Ryan, I'll say it once more, don't come back tonight."

With that, she hung up the phone.

"Emily! Emily!"

Hearing the disconnect tone on the other side, Ryan yelled into the phone, drawing the attention of people nearby.

He clenched his phone tightly, his jaw set, and immediately hailed a taxi on the roadside to rush back.

Meanwhile, back at their home, Emily, who had redone her makeup, welcomed the middle-aged man inside.

The man looked at Emily, dressed provocatively, and his eyes instantly glowed with lust, pulling her into his embrace, about to steal a kiss.

But Emily pushed the man away, and spoke enticingly, "Mr. Jacob, don't be in such a hurry, hm? Was what you said earlier about the role true?"