

## Sweet Wife 381

### Chapter 381 Drinking for Business

"Where are those beauties you promised to bring over, George? I don't see them anywhere?"

"They're here, they're all here. Everyone can have their fun tonight."

With that, he winked at the girls outside. There were those who were unwilling in the crowd, but there were also those who wanted to grasp this chance, and they led the way in.

Laura followed at the end of the crowd, grumbling internally.

How was this supposed to be a business event?

This was using a business event as an excuse to have the girls drink with them.

Still, there were a lot of people there, which should be fine. She just had to keep herself as unnoticeable as possible. No matter how it went, she had to get it through tonight.

Thinking of that, she shrank her neck, trying to make herself look smaller and less attractive.

When they went inside the compartment, they found that there were plenty of people inside. The compartment was unbelievably big, at least a hundred square.

The sofa before them was seated with a slew of men and women, even a few somewhat famous actresses in the industry.

Laura looked at them, somewhat surprised.

She'd thought they were famous and high enough in the rungs of the entertainment business not to come to a scene like this.

And looking at the men seated beside them, she instantly knew that they were just like here, here to keep company and look pretty.

Who were the people appearing here tonight?

Laura was full of curiosity. At that moment, George murmured, "These are all media tycoons here tonight. If you know what's good for you, don't play the princess here just because you're a bit famous. It's up to you if you can fly up the chain!"

After that, he beamed at the crowd. "It's been a long time, good sirs. These are all new people here. They'll be in your care."

With that, he tugged two girls over and introduced them, having them introduce themselves as well.

"Hello, sir!"

"Nice to meet you, sir!"

"Hey, that's great, that's great."

Laura watched with her own eyes as one tycoon took a girl's hand, leering lustfully, while the other girl took a seat besides another media mogul.

Her face shifted as she gained a new understanding of the drinking party tonight.

This wasn't a drinking party at all; they were just being pimped out.

George must have been involved in this business a lot. As for those outer-circle girls, they might have a chance in emerging into the industry if they could gain the favor of some bigshot in the industry, so they were only happy to attend.

It was a mystery how Maria was connected to these people.

Laura was still thinking her scattered thoughts when George yanked her over and pressed her against an obese man.

"Mr. Jude, this is a piping hot star right now, and she's been in several shows now! You need to look after her a bit tonight."

The one called Mr. Jude grinned at Laura and nodded. "It's all right. I like this sort of pure, chaste celebrity."

With that, he reached out with a fat hand towards her. Laura felt a rolling sense of nausea in her stomach and felt the urge to run outside.

But she lifted her head and saw George's warning look, then finally suppressed her revulsion.

Forget it. On account of the money, she had to take it!

With that, she took her hand out without making a fuss and put up a wineglass, smiling, "A toast to you, Mr. Jude."

"Of course."

Seeing her so willing, Mr. Jude was clearly happy about it, and drained a glass with her.

Laura was fine with drinking, since she could handle it.

If drinking meant she was going to profit, she was okay drinking a bit more.

Finishing their arrangements, George left, and didn't appear again all throughout the night.

Laura was having plenty to drink. When they started off, Mr. Jude was nice and proper enough, but as time went on, he started to turn risqué.

His hands kept brushing up against her as if by accident, and he even tried to put his arm around her waist.

Laura shifted away without remarking on it, and Mr. Jude didn't force it. But his gaze, when it fell on her again, was tinted with a bit of displeasure.

"I heard you've been in a few shows before. What kind of shows were they? Can you talk to me about it?"

This Mr. Jude didn't seem to have too much to do with entertainment. Forcing a smile, Laura replied, "Just small productions, Mr. Jude. Let's drink instead."

With that, she reached for a glass, but Mr. Jude stopped her.

He could already tell that Laura could hold her liquor, even better than he could, so getting her drunk wasn't realistic.

So he beamed, "It's no rush. Drinking too much is bad for a girl's body. Let's talk about your acting career."

Laura squeezed out a dry smile. "Oh, okay."

"Actually, I have a contemporary drama at my hands right now. I think your image and aura all fit playing the female lead."

Any normal person would have been overjoyed to hear that.

Then they probably would have asked what sort of show it was, and if they had a chance at acting the role.

But Laura, on the other hand, just said "oh" and didn't follow up on it.

Mr. Jude frowned at her.

It'd been a whole evening. As patient as he was, he was losing his cool.

Did this girl really not get it, or was she playing dumb?

He waved a server over and leant into his ear, murmuring something.

The server left, nodding respectfully.

Mr. Jude shot Laura a look, smiling coldly.

Whether she really didn't understand or if she was pretending, since he'd set his eyes on her tonight, she could forget running away!

Laura didn't know what was running through Mr. Jude's head at the moment. She looked at the time as she sat there. It was already midnight, and people were leaving one by one from the compartment.

She was quite sure that, after a bit longer, the party was going to end!

She relaxed a bit. After all, she'd stayed alert all night, and was quite happy they could leave soon.

At that moment, the server came over and poured two glasses for them.

Mr. Jude lifted his wrist, looked at the time, and smiled, "It's getting late and I have to go back soon. It's a pleasure meeting you, Miss Davies. One last toast?"

Laura's eyes lit up and she lifted her glass. "Sure."

She didn't suspect anything and drank the whole thing. Then she found the taste a bit strange.

But they were leaving straight away so she didn't overthink it. Finishing her drink, Mr. Jude had stood up.

"Are you going to stay here, Miss Davies?"

"Er, no, I'm leaving too."

Really! The party was over, so what was the point of staying here?

She stood. Mr. Jude's eyes gleamed as he chuckled, "Then let's go out together."

"Oh, okay."

The two walked out, while the rest of the girls who'd come with Laura didn't think much about it.

Or, it should be said, no one even noticed them.

### **Chapter 382 Asking Him for Help**

Outside the compartment, Laura wanted to call George and ask where the car was.

He'd mentioned before they came that if they had travel problems getting back, they could give him a call and he'd send a car over.

But before she could even make the call, she felt her head swim.

Her vision blurred and the world spun around her.

Laura closed her eyes and shook her head.

Mr. Jude was walking in front. Seeing her state, he stopped, his tones concerned. "What's wrong, Miss Davies? Are you ill?"

"Oh... it's nothing, I must have had too much to drink. I'm fine."

"I think you've had too much to drink as well. You were slamming them down tonight. How about this! Where do you live? I'll take you back."

As he spoke, he tried to put a hand on her shoulder.

Laura hurriedly took a step back and managed a smile. "No need, Mr. Jude. I can get a taxi back."

"That won't do, will it? A lone girl getting a taxi at a time like this isn't safe. I can take you back!"

"There really is no need, Mr. Jude! What are you doing? Let go of me!"

Mr. Jude had wrapped an arm around her waist and tugged her up against him. Laura struggled desperately.

At this moment, Mr. Jude had lost every ounce of patience and torn off his mask of a gentle, well-mannered merchant, revealing his true colors.

With his arm around Laura, he sneered, "Give it a rest! What are you doing playing dumb at a time like this? Don't think I'm so ignorant I would know. There isn't a single clean one of you actresses. What

haven't you done to get to your position? Don't worry! One night with me, and the next show I invest in will definitely have you as the female lead! That is, if you service me nice and proper tonight!"

With that, he grinned lewdly and bent down to kiss the girl on the mouth.

Laura felt her stomach turn as the man's lips drew close. The heavy stench of tobacco and alcohol invaded her nostrils, making her want to vomit.

"Mr. Jude! Don't do this! Let go of me!"

"Let go of you? Ha! Even if I let you go now, could you still stand up straight?"

Mr. Jude leered, while Laura's heart jolted.

A sense of numbness rose from her gut and only took a few seconds to spread throughout her body.

Her limbs grew incredibly weak while her head turned dizzily. A heat spread out from from the inside of her body, forcing her to slide downwards.

Damnit!

She seemed to have been drugged!

Laura wasn't the sort of damsel who'd grown up in a greenhouse. If she still didn't understand what was going at this point, she wasn't worth her two decades of life.

Seeing her limp form, Mr. Jude shickered, pleased, the fat flesh on his face collecting into a lump, almost hiding his beady little eyes from view.

"Don't worry, Miss Davies, I'll give you some sweet loving tonight. Come here, baby!"

With that, he reached out inside her clothes with his greasy, blubbery hands.

Laura was both shocked and scared. In the opening when he reached out, she bent her knee and kicked him square in the crotch, then pushed him off and ran off.

"Agh! You bitch! You kicked me!"

"Mr. Jude, what's wrong?" The bodyguards behind him ran up.

"What are you doing just standing around? She's running! Chase her!"

The bodyguards looked at the direction Laura had fled and stared at each other.

Furious. Mr. Jude hammered his fist down on each of their heads. "Have you all gone deaf? If you don't get your hands on her today, you can all pack up your shit and piss off! Hear me?"

Only then did the bunglers react and respond, "Yes, sir!"

They left Mr. Jude behind and chased out.

Laura ran for her life.

Even though her feet were numb and weak, she knew that she hadn't held back with that kick.

If Mr. Jude got his hands on her tonight, she was done for!

So she had to escape.

Thinking of that, she hurriedly ran in front of the elevator and pressed the button.

But before the elevator could arrive, there came angry shouts from behind. "Stop right there!"

Laura's pupils expanded as she turned around and saw the bodyguards chasing her.

There were still plenty of guests in the hotel. Seeing the situation, they looked on, but none of them seemed like they were going to help.

Laura felt a chill and looked back at the elevator. It was only at the second floor.

At this rate, she'd be caught even before the elevator arrived.

What was she supposed to do?

She burned with panic. Seeing the people approach, she couldn't think about it too much and ran towards the other side.

She didn't know how long she'd run when she ran headfirst into a rock-hard chest.

"Sir, please help me! There's people chasing after me!"

She didn't even have time to look up to see who it was as she clutched at his clothes and babbled.

A shocked voice came from above. "You?"

Laura started.

She looked up and saw Max's frustratingly handsome face, covered with a smug smile.

"Oho, what's this? If you want to throw yourself into my arms, pick a place. With that many people there, what kind of scene are you trying to make?"

He said, and tutted at her teasingly as he took her hands off his suit's collar.

Laura hadn't thought she'd meet him here, either.

The things he said made her want to slap him silly, but at a time like this, it was better to meet him than meeting someone else.

At least, there was a voice deep in her telling her that, as bad as Max was, he just had a big mouth, and would never take advantage of her.

With that in mind, she suppressed the urge to retort, grabbing at him again, crying out desperately, "Max, help me."

Only then did Max notice there was something off with the girl.

Her cheeks were red, her forehead was beading with sweat, her breaths were shallow and swift, and her whole body was limp.

Lifting his head, he saw several men in black running over.

“That’s her! She’s there, grab her!”

His eyes darkened instantly.

Taking the girl up in his arms, his thin lips parted. “Barnes!”

“Yes, young master!”

A well-built man walked out behind him.

Max hadn’t given any orders, but a single glance put his meaning across entirely.

Barnes walked towards the bodyguards.

Together with Max were a few CEOs of listed companies. Seeing this scene, they were all somewhat confused.

Unable to put the pieces together, they asked curiously, “What’s going on?”

Max frowned.

Shrugging inside, he wondered how the heck he was supposed to know?

It had to be some trouble this woman got herself into!

He shot a grumbling look at the woman in his arms, then found that she’d lost consciousness and was collapsed in his arms, sweat all over her forehead, her face unbelievably red.

His gut jolted.

Max was used to hanging around places of ill repute. Seeing her current state, he didn’t need to check to get a basic grasp of what had gone down.

His handsome features instantly turned dark, his eyes growing colder than ice.

Damnit! The scum! They drugged her!

## **President’s Sweet Wife**

### **Chapter 383 Second Son of the Nixon Family**

The bodyguards chased over and didn’t think they’d be stopped halfway. They were wondering what was going on when, behind them, Mr. Jude had caught up.

“Huh? What are you doing stopping here? Where is she?”

The bodyguards looked groveling over at the girl in Max’s arms. Mr. Jude followed their gaze over and blinked.

Who was that? Why did he look so familiar?

Max always acted out, but people who really did get in contact with him actually weren’t high in number. Most people knew him from tabloids and gossip.

Besides, this was the evening. The corridors of the hotel were lit with various different colors, all dim.

Also, Mr. Jude had had plenty of drink, then Laura had kicked him, sending the drink circulating through his body, so his eyes weren't working too well.

He only saw a familiar-looking young man holding Laura in his arms. Thinking it was one of those young wealthy noblemen he'd met before, he snickered, "Heh, I was wondering where she'd gone, but turns out she found a backer."

As he sneered, he walked forward. "I'm the CEO of Aspen Enterprises, buddy. This woman took my money and ran. She even kicked me! Seeing as you're also a man of status, let's avoid the trouble. We'll get to know each other today, and I can introduce an even more beautiful woman to you some other time."

With that, he walked up and tried to pull Laura over.

But he'd taken all of two steps when Barnes stopped him.

"Who are you? What are you doing in my way?"

Barnes didn't say anything and only looked at him.

Seeing that, Mr. Jude didn't take him seriously. But the man was in his way and he couldn't get over. He was probably that young man's bodyguard.

Heh! Only having one bodyguard around meant his status wasn't anything special. For himself, he always left home with three to four bodyguards.

Since he wasn't anything special, then there was no need to hold back too much.

Considering that, Mr. Jude barked at his bodyguards, "What are you doing standing around? Hurry up and bring me that woman!"

The bodyguards didn't dare go against him, and walked up, complying.

At that moment, Max finally spoke.

"You say you're the CEO of Aspen Enterprises?"

Mr. Jude looked at him, nodding arrogantly. "Yep! What about it?"

He thought the young man had heard his title and was afraid, about to submit.

After all, Aspen might not have been a first-rate international group, but it still had a lot of influence in Equin.

More importantly, the Nixon family had Aspen's back, which meant they had an ironclad backer.

Even if they could afford to mess with him, they couldn't afford to mess with the Nixon family!

Unexpectedly, the young man opposite him wasn't just unintimidated, he was chuckling coldly.

He didn't say anything else, only took out his phone and dialed a number.



“You have three days’ time to make Aspen Enterprises disappear from Eqitin!”

What?

Make Aspen Enterprises disappear from Eqitin?

He didn’t hear things wrong, did he?!

Mr. Jude burst out laughing as if he’d heard the best joke in the world.

“Young man! Who do you think you are? Make us disappear from Eqitin? Do you have any idea how big Aspen Enterprises is? Do you know who’s backing Aspen Enterprises? Oh me, saying something like that. My poor sides.”

Mr. Jude had no idea who he’d pissed off today, and what horrors he’d sown for himself.

But even if he had no idea, the businessmen besides Max did.

Hearing Max’s phone call, all their faces changed.

Everyone knew that the second son of the Nixon family might have been a flashy playboy, but he always meant what he said, and was extremely protective of his own.

From the words he’d exchanged bumping into this girl, everyone could see that they knew each other.

Since they knew each other and Max had helped her, he’d naturally help her till the end.

And Mr. Jude, in the meantime, was jumping straight into the tiger’s mouth. At a certain point, he was just asking for it.

Asking for it or not, he didn’t even know what situation he was in, the fool.

Thinking of that, everyone looked towards Mr. Jude with a bit more sympathy.

Mr. Jude still hadn’t reacted to things yet, and smirked, “Young man! Just give me the girl! You’re pretty handsome, and you can’t be short of women to the point you’ll try to take them from me, can you?”

Max laughed lightly, his eyes full of cold.

“You? Take someone from me? Give me a break!”

At that, Mr. Jude’s face changed.

His sneer twisted. “Heh, you just don’t know to quit when you’re ahead, do you? Fine, don’t blame me, then!”

He directed his bodyguards to advance. “Get over there and take the girl!”

The bodyguards could only obey, but before they could even step forward, there came a flickering shadow in front of them. Barnes was already moving.

His speed was off the charts. Under the lamplight, it was almost impossible to see how he’d struck. All four bodyguards had been taken down.

Mr. Jude was stunned.

“Y-y-you...”

Before he could get his words out, Barnes lunged forward. There was a screech. Mr. Jude’s wrist had been dislocated, and his fat body had been thrown over Barnes’ shoulder as it fell heavily to the ground.

Max scooped up the girl in his arms in a bridal carry.

“Barnes, investigate what tonight was about! And don’t let me see him again!”

“Sir!”

Max carried Laura out of the scene.

The businessmen standing around looked at each other, unsure of whether to follow or not.

Finally, one of them said, “Let’s go, then! The young master probably won’t have time to talk business for a while.”

“You’re right. We’ll discuss what happened today some other time.”

“Sure.”

The businessmen all left.

Mr. Jude was still groaning and yelling on the ground.

“You useless piece of trash! Four of you couldn’t take one of them?! Hurry and chase after them! They’ve got the balls to hit me – I won’t let you bastards go!”

But those bodyguards worked for money, and they weren’t professional. Getting taken down by Barnes’ wraithlike motions, they knew they’d come up on a wall, and not a single one of them dared go forward.

Getting hurt or even killed for several thousand a month – that was an idiot’s gig!

Besides, Mr. Jude didn’t treat them well, ordering them around like dogs. Who was going to stick with him now?

Seeing that he still had the nerve to throw tantrums, Barnes chuckled coldly and approached.

Mr. Jude trembled.

“You say that Aspen Enterprises is backed by the Nixon family. Then do you know who you’ve just been yelling at?”

Mr. Jude clutched his broken wrist, his face pale as he whimpered, “Who?”

“His name is Max Nixon!”

Mr. Jude was left speechless.

...

Max carried the girl to his car.

At this point, Laura had lost every ounce of strength, and her consciousness was fading. Thankfully, there hadn't been too much laced into the wine, so even though her body burned with heat, she could still control herself.

### **President's Sweet Wife**

#### **Chapter 384 Consent on Both Sides**

Even though she'd been too groggy and half-conscious to see all that had happened back there in the hotel, she knew that Max had saved her.

In the car, in his arms, she found the strength to say, "Thank you."

Max looked down at her.

He was out here today to talk business, and hadn't been in a good mood, so there weren't any women around him. He hadn't thought he'd meet her here.

In this state, no less.

Wasn't she shooting a show? Why was she with those scumbags?

It wasn't that he didn't know about the hidden rules of the entertainment business. He also knew that some people liked to fool around with actresses for the attention.

There was consent on both sides for those things, and he didn't pay too much attention to the exchanges of power and sex.

Even in Annie International, such things had happened. So long as both sides agreed to it, most of the time people kept one eye open and the other shut, and no one butted in.

After all, it was a rough world out there, and not everyone was a saint.

He'd never thought, though, that it'd happen to her one day.

Looking at the flushing, almost unconscious woman in his arms, his knuckles whitened, his only regret being that he'd been too soft and hadn't crippled that Jude fellow right then and there!

But that was fine, he could cripple him later!

There was no rush, he could take his time!

First, to figure out what had gone down today.

With that in mind, he lightly slapped her face.

"Hey, Davies, quit playing dead. Get up and tell me what's going on, will you?"

Laura's eyes were closed and she didn't respond at all.

Max frowned, dissatisfied.

He didn't want to believe that Laura was the sort of person who could throw away her pride and reputation to sell her own appearance and body to drink with that sort of crusty old man.

But looking at the way she was now, he probably wouldn't get any answers.

So Max didn't ask too much about it and drove her to the hospital.

Laura didn't stay unconscious for too long.

She woke after about two hours.

Opening her eyes, she looked at the white ceiling, and it took a few seconds for her to realize where she was.

As expected, she turned around and saw that man walking in through the doorway.

"You're awake?"

Max's face was cold, and his tones were unfriendly.

Laura blinked and supported herself as she stood.

"Why am I in the hospital? Did you take me here?"

Max smirked mockingly. "If I hadn't taken you to the hospital, was I supposed to let you fool around with me and use me as an antidote?"

Laura blinked and looked at him, a little confused.

"I was fooling around with you?"

"What do you think?"

"Uh..."

To be honest, even though she'd been drugged and drunk, the drug wasn't strong, so her memory was muddled, but it hadn't cut off.

She remembered getting saved by Max and getting groggily into his car, but she didn't remember putting moves on him.

She was confident in her self-restraint.

Besides...

She looked at Max's feminine, ridiculously delicate face.

She didn't like ladyboys.

Max saw her stare at him and thought she'd discovered her conscience after he'd saved her last night, and was feeling guilty for everything she'd said and done.

He was prepared to accept her apology and heartfelt confession when the girl shook her head.

Then, very calmly, she said, "That's not possible."

"..."

Laura said seriously, "I know full well what I did. At most, I leant against your shoulder and didn't do anything else. Don't scare me."

Max was at a loss for words.

Why did he feel like he'd saved an ungrateful swine?

Now he really wanted stuff her back inside that hotel and leave her to fend for herself!

Did he have a stroke yesterday? Saving her, then doing away with the entire Aspen Enterprise for her!

Laura didn't know what was going through his head and looked at the time. It was three in the morning.

She yelped, "Damn! It's this late!"

She had a scene to shoot in the morning, and Leroy was always stern when he was directing. She was already guilty enough inside for failing to perform up to par these few days. If she got back late and still couldn't get in condition to shoot tomorrow, she'd die of shame.

Thinking of that, she hurriedly got out of bed, put her jacket on and said to Max, "No matter how it went back then, thank you! I'm not an ungrateful person, and seeing as you saved me last night, I'll treat you to dinner another day. That's that, bye!"

With that, she waved at him and left out the door.

She left.

She left.

She left.

Max stood there, looked at the empty bed, thought about what he'd done a few hours ago, and felt like an absolute moron!

Goddamnit!

He clenched his teeth and roared, "Laura Davies, you ungrateful minx! See if I give another rat's ass about you from now on!"

But Laura had already gone far away, and couldn't hear him.

Finally, Max sat in a huff on the bed and gave Barnes a call.

"Go check exactly what it was that went on last night. Give me a call when you've found it out."

...

Laura showered when she went back to the cast, then fell asleep.

Then she woke up at nine.

They were shooting at ten, and period dramas called for style and makeup. The hair alone took two hours to fix.

So everyone usually arrived a few hours early. Seeing that she wasn't there, the director had people look for her at the hotel, knew that she was sleeping in, and didn't look happy about it in the morning.

"What were you doing last night? Waking so late today."

Laura smiled a little embarrassedly. "Sorry, director, I was out for business yesterday and got back late. Sorry for the delay."

"Hmph. All right, go get your makeup done."

"Okay."

Laura went to the dressing room. Sally looked at her hasty figure and scoffed.

Other people didn't know what she'd gotten up to last night, but she did.

Because...

She sneered, thought about the photo she'd received on her phone last night, and her mood instantly improved.

There was no rush. She had to play this right. It might have been a small thing, but if she played her cards right, it could be a happy surprise for her.

After all, nobody could have imagined that the female costar of a cast was going to that sort of place and getting in a scandal with a man like that!

At that point, the show wasn't airing yet, and the scandals would be flying everywhere. There was no guarantee she could keep that costar position.

Thinking of that, Sally chuckled, pleased. The director called her right at that moment to film the next scene, and she walked over to the set.

Laura walked back to the dressing room and started her styling.

In the gap between the makeup getting done, she took out her phone and called Maria about it.

### **President's Sweet Wife**

#### **Chapter 385 Touring the Set**

Last night had gone wrong, but the money should have been given to Maria in the first place, so it should be fine on that end.

As for that Mr. Jude, he deserved what he'd got!

She actually didn't know what Max had done to the man. She hadn't lost consciousness completely at that night that night, but she'd been getting confused.

So she didn't really hear what everyone had said clearly.

That's why she also didn't know that Max was purging all of Aspen Enterprises from Eqitin.

Dialing Maria's number, she hurriedly beamed, "Maria, I... the attendance fee I was supposed to get paid yesterday night, could you wire it to me now?"

On the other end, Maria's tone was helpless.

"Sorry, Laura, we might... not be able to get the money now."

Laura blinked.

"What?"

"Did something go wrong last night? They called today to say that you offended a very important customer, who took back all their previous investment, so..."

Laura was speechless.

"How about this! If you really need money, I've got some spare change on hand I can lend to you. You can return it any time you want, no rush."

Laura hurriedly said, "No need. Thanks, Maria."

After hanging up, Laura's mood plummeted.

She hadn't thought she wouldn't even get that sum of money from last night.

She clutched her head dejectedly, sighing.

At that moment, her phone rang again.

It was Diego.

Laura frowned and picked it up impatiently. "What is it this time?"

"The money you promised me, sweet daughter. When am I getting it? It's the twenty-fifth. It'll only be a few days before the month is over. They're putting a lot of pressure on me now."

Laura wanted to reach through the phone and strangle him.

She said through clenched teeth, "I told you I'm going to give it to you when the cast is done, and the show isn't done shooting yet, right? What's the rush?"

Diego snickered twice.

"Fine. At any rate, it's this month at the latest. If you can't produce the money by then or try to lie to me, don't blame me for what happens next!"

With that, Diego hung up.

Today, just as Laura arrived on set, she heard that there was a huge investor coming to tour the set.

After asking about it, she learned it was actually Max.

Even though the primary investor in the show was Annie International, there were other investors and companies.

Max was one of them.

Hearing the news, everyone was riled up.

Who was Max? He was the second son of the Nixon family, one of the four great families. He was famous for being one of the city's most eligible bachelors.

He was a regular in the tabloids and on everyone's lips all the time, but speaking of, not a lot of people had met him up close.

And all these years, Max had invested along with Archie in quite a few shows, but he'd never shown up to tour the set in person.

So, everyone who heard the news grew excited.

A few of the assistant girls on scene were mostly attracted by the sheer beauty that Max displayed on magazines, and wanted to see their god in person.

And those who'd seen Max in social occasions were planning something different all of their own.

Everyone knew that this second young master of the Nixon family was a playboy who really looked after his women.

They didn't have the chance to approach normally, and with an opportunity to get close contact today, of course they were going to pull out all the stops to get him to notice them.

As long as they could climb that tree, forget marrying into a noble family, even just being a female friend of his was worth envy.

So the actresses were losing their cool.

All of them put extra effort into dolling themselves up. Even Josephine, who was usually calm and collected, spent an additional half-hour on her makeup.

Of everyone there, only Laura was disdainful towards Max's arrival.

She grumbled inside. Tour? They might have called it a tour, but wasn't this just an inspection?

Each and every one of them were so happy. These people really did think they could just springboard off someone's head to the top, didn't they?

Laura shook her head, exasperated, and ignored those people as she finished her makeup and headed on her own to the set.

She was shooting three scenes today. A fight scene, and dialogue scene, and an emotional scene.

The emotional scene was first, which went well.

The second scene was the dialogue.

Max had arrived when she started shooting the dialogue.

The dialogue was speaking of how she, to find out the truth and take revenge, was acknowledging a wicked official as her adopted father.



Laura didn't notice Max's arrival and immersed herself fully in the role. The actor playing the official, though, noticed the boss man was here and didn't perform right. The director yelled for several retakes before they managed to pass.

As Laura was performing the scene, Sally had also arrived.

She was in a red dress today, standing not far from Max and looking at him in silence.

Her role was up next, so she was waiting here.

But she'd never thought that Max would come on the scene today. This was the first time she'd seen him in person from such a close distance. She didn't think the man would be this handsome.

Well-defined features, an elegant aura, the noble atmosphere that he just emanated, it was intoxicating like a good vintage.

Goodness! How could such a perfect man exist!

Handsome, with a powerful presence, and most importantly, rich!

Even though he sounded a bit like a playboy in the tabloids and rumors.

But he was a rich man, so of course he'd fool around!

And the way she saw it, Max didn't have a girlfriend, so it was natural to be a playboy. If a woman could claim his heart and fix it in place, he wouldn't be fooling around out there.

Thinking of that, Sally's gaze towards Max began to grow hot.

Max was here, so he was naturally the top dog at the scene.

Even the director was polite and respectful to him, discussing something with him quietly in person.

The filming got halfway when the assistant director at the side, handling the camera, suddenly shouted, "Cut!"

Then he ran over to yell at the actor playing Laura's serving man.

The serving man had been supposed to carry a stool for Laura to get on the carriage, but he'd taken up a pillow instead.

Obviously, Max's arrival wasn't just making the actresses nervous, but the actors too.

Seeing that, Sally sneered to the side, "That actor really can't be blamed for that. If the lead actress in the scene wasn't carrying the rhythm, of course he'd get nervous and make a mistake."

Max and the director both looked up at her, surprised.

Seeing that she'd been noticed, a hint of pleasure flashed through Sally's eyes as she continued, "Of course, if the lead was an experienced actress, she should have known to use her own aura to bring her companions around her into the scene and follow her beat. If she'd done that, they wouldn't have been so easily distracted by things outside of the scene."

## **Chapter 386 She's Hurt**

Max cocked an eyebrow thoughtfully.

Seeing that, Sally thought that he'd taken in her words, and her smile grew even more contented.

On Laura's end, she didn't even know what had happened on this side.

The serving man behind her was making consistent mistakes because of his nerves, and with the assistant director scolding him for it, he grew even more nervous, shaping up to be a vicious cycle.

Laura paused, then smiled, "Assistant Director, I don't think his acting skills are the problem here. He might just be tired and nervous. How about a five-minute break for everyone to rest and recharge before trying again?"

The assistant director frowned, dissatisfied.

But he didn't say too much about it and agreed.

Seeing him agree, Laura smiled gratefully at him and walked back over to the actor playing the serving man.

In a low voice, she urged, "Rest up, don't get nervous. If you really can't manage, go have a drink of water. The investor is human too, he's not going to eat you. There's no need to be so nervous."

The actor looked pretty young. He was probably a rookie who'd just gotten started, having struggled to land this role with a few lines.

He hadn't thought that there'd be an investor coming to check on the scene, and he'd probably overthought it to result in his nerves and mistakes.

He looked at her gratefully and nodded. "Thank you, Laura, I'll do better."

Laura nodded back.

In the time afterwards, to get him to relax, Laura chatted with him for a while longer.

The actor already knew that he'd made a lot of mistakes today.

Since he'd been guilty about it, getting Laura to comfort him made him feel a lot better, and he was very thankful for it.

After all, rookies like them were always the bottom of the ladder. Usually in the cast, they got bullied.

They had to take being yelled at and being hit without yelling back or hitting back, but forget that. If things went well, that was fine, but if things weren't going well, they often got abused just for stress relief.

They had no status in the cast at all. Anyone could replace them, so they were always high-strung and cautious about everything, not knowing that it was even easier to make mistakes like this.

He'd almost thought that the director was going to switch him out, but it turned out it was just a five-minute break.

That was all thanks to Laura.

Thinking of that, he looked gratefully at her and sincerely said, "I really have to thank you this time, Laura."

Laura smiled at him. "You're welcome. I was a rookie once too, and I know it's not easy starting out. It'll be fine if you just wait a bit to get your head in the game, and don't make any more mistakes."

The man nodded heavily.

Laura smiled and patted his shoulder as encouragement.

Meanwhile.

Max's face sank.

His thin lips parted as he scoffed, "Leroy, did I invest all this money into the show to watch these actors flirt on set?"

Leroy flinched.

Flirting?

There wasn't any!

He'd always kept strict control over the set. Even play fighting wasn't allowed, so who'd have the nerve to flirt here?

And he didn't even remember any couples in the cast!

Seeing his clueless face, Max chuckled coldly, his smile stingy.

"Are actresses in the cast allowed to just speak for other actors? You used my money to hire this trash to act, Leroy?"

His sudden tantrum caught Leroy flush, and he only reacted after a long while.

Paling, he hurriedly said, "Don't be angry, Mr. Nixon, isn't everyone just nervous because you're here? Ahaha. I'll go and talk to them about it and there won't be any more mistakes."

As for Laura comforting the actor, he didn't bring up a word about it.

He could only act like he didn't understand.

Max's face sank as he scoffed.

Thankfully, the actor had taken Laura's words seriously, and after the break, it only took two more takes to pass.

The final scene was a fight scene.

Coincidentally, the fight scene was between Sally, a female side character, and Laura, the female costar.

The costar that Laura was playing was dressed as a man, while Sally, playing the concubine, had seen through her and threatened her for it, trying to blackmail her into using her position to change the previous Emperor's will, naming the concubine's son, the third prince, as the successor to the throne.

The costar didn't agree, and the concubine was going to let the word out before she stopped her. The two started fighting in the sealed chamber, with Laura's costar character finally winning.

The fight was a heavy scene that counted as a twist in the plot.

Because of that, it was very important.

The fight moves had already been choreographed by the martial arts director, and the two only needed to carry it out from memory to counter each other's blows.

With the scene set, the director yelled "Action" and the filming started!

Max sat on the director's chair and watched Laura act in silence.

This was the first time he was watching her act in person. The girl was dressed in men's clothes, and her heroic aura was intense, giving her the impression of a champion of the nation.

His lips curved up pleasingly.

Laura and Sally took the acting seriously, too. They carried out the fight up until the concubine was sent flying by one of Laura's blows. With blood in her mouth, she started laughing.

"Bitch! If you don't want to make my son the Emperor, I'll drag you to hell with me. Let's die together!"

With that, she pounced at her with no regard for preserving her own life.

There was a dagger hidden in her sleeve. In accordance with the script, she was going to try to stab and kill Laura with it, but Laura would kick it out of her hand.

Unexpectedly, that was where things diverged.

The choreography had been for her to stab with the dagger from the left, with Laura catching the strike and countering.

But the dagger had come thrusting from the right.

Laura hadn't expected that at all and her eyes widened.

It was too late to avoid it, so finally, she could only back up and tilt her body, but the dagger still brushed past her elbow and left a gash.

Someone on the scene started screaming right away.

"Ahh! Someone's hurt!"

The first person to react was Max, who sprang off his chair almost in an instant, growling, "What's going on?"

Sally's face changed too as she hurried to Laura's side.

"Are you okay, Laura? Are you all right?"

She spoke, going to check her wound.

Laura's gaze grew cold as she took a step back and avoided her hand.

Sally's motions froze.

At that moment, Max walked over and took her arm.

Because Laura had consciously covered her wound, it wasn't clear how badly she'd been hurt, but seeing blood seep out between her fingertips, it was obvious the injury was severe.

His handsome face darkened.

"What are you standing around for? Call a doctor!"

### **Chapter 387 Where the Blame Lies**

"Yes, hurry! Get a doctor over here!"

Leroy was in shock as well. He hadn't thought this kind of accident would happen, and hurriedly called for a doctor.

Max took Laura over to a chair by the side to sit down. Soon after, the doctor arrived.

Only then did Laura take her hand off her wound and let the doctor apply an ointment to her.

Fortunately, she'd dodged quickly, so the cut wasn't deep.

The doctor was attached regularly to the cast. Because it was a fantasy themed show, there were a lot of fight scenes. There'd been two accidents before, so they'd up and hired a doctor to deal with any emergency situations.

Max looked at her wound, his expression ugly.

"What was that all about?"

He glared at Sally.

Sally forced a smile and said awkwardly, "I don't know, we'd choreographed it before. I don't know why she didn't counter. I'd already started the stab, and I was panicking seeing her stay there without moving. I couldn't take the strike back. Thankfully nothing happened. If something really had happened, wouldn't I be a murderer?"

By her tones, she was clearly complaining about it.

Max frowned.

Laura's face was cold all throughout the moment as she looked coldly at Sally.

"Are you sure you stabbed in the direction we rehearsed it?"

With that, everyone there jolted.

What did she mean by that?

Sally jolted too, and a bit of doubt flashed through her eyes, but she stood her ground and explained, "Of course, did you forget? We talked about it. I stab from the right, you catch it, then counter."

Laura scoffed.

“Then why did I remember it was the left?”

“The left? That’s not possible!”

Sally didn’t even think about it as she shook her head. “You must be misremembering.”

Seeing that, Leroy felt that something was wrong and his brow furrowed. “What’s going on? You can’t even tell left from right now?”

Sally pouted resentfully. “Director, the choreography really was for us to stab from the right. You can ask the martial arts choreographer about it.”

At that moment, the choreographer who’d been standing not far away walked up, cleared his throat and nodded. “Yes, the moves we rehearsed really was the stab from the right. Laura was probably tired from shooting three scenes in one day, so she didn’t remember it correctly.”

Sally took over. “See, I was right.”

With that, she sighed and looked irritably at Laura.

“But really, no one was going to blame you for making a mistake, so why push it onto me? You’re not trying to make a good impression with Mr. Nixon’s arrival today, and framing me for it, are you?”

At that, Laura had to laugh with sheer exasperation.

Because the fight scenes were all taken care off by the choreographer, the director didn’t know the tangible details.

Hearing Sally say this and with Max there, he could only say, “You might really be tired after shooting so many scenes today, Laura. How about a rest to wait for your wound to close up?”

Laura said coldly, “That won’t be necessary.”

She turned to look at Leroy, her voice low. “As tired as I get, Director, I never forget choreographed moves that we rehearsed beforehand. I clearly remember that our choreography was to stab from the left, but she changed it to the right. I definitely didn’t remember it wrong.”

The director blinked.

Hearing that, Sally frowned.

“Why are you still so stubborn at a time like this, Laura? I already said that no one’s blaming you even if you made a mistake, but with the truth for all to see, you’re still trying to stick the blame with me. Isn’t that going too far?”

Everyone else seemed to think it was going too far as well as they started whispering among themselves.

After all, even the martial arts choreographer was saying it was the right, so wasn’t Laura just sticking with a clearly false story by insisting it was the left?

Even if Max was here and she wanted to save face without admitting fault, she couldn’t push the blame onto someone else!

So, in a moment, everyone's gaze towards Laura became filled with a certain degree of content.

This person looked so pure and graceful usually, but she was actually this conniving!

Picking a day where Mr. Nixon arrived to frame someone – what was she plotting for?

Sally clearly noticed everyone's reaction and couldn't help but feel a bit pleased.

Ah Laura Laura Laura. Let's see how she could survive in the cast after today.

But that was just the start, there was still the big finish coming!

She was thinking of all that when Laura walked up in front of the choreographer and said lowly, "Sam, are you sure the choreography was for her to stab from the right?"

Sam's gaze flickered for a moment at that, but he still nodded surely. "Yes, I'm certain."

"Heh, all right."

She scoffed and turned to look at Leroy.

"Director, if I'm remembering things correctly, there should be CCTV on set, shouldn't there? Since each side has their own story right now, how about we take a look at the recording, so people wouldn't say that I framed her!"

At that, both Sally and Sam changed their faces.

They hadn't considered that Laura would suggest checking the recording.

Since everyone had rehearsed the show for a long time, and on-set recording was a must, it had definitely been recorded.

Now what were they supposed to do?

Sally forced a smile. "I already told you that we weren't going to press the matter, Laura, so what are we looking at the recording for? All right, all right, no matter how it is, I hurt you, so it's my fault; I'll apologize; sorry, okay!"

Leroy didn't think there was a need to look at the CCTV footage either.

They were all in the same set, and having something this small get big would affect the reputation of the cast. By then, if word got out that Laura didn't get along with her castmates, it would affect her too.

Most importantly, Max was here, and he didn't want Max to think that a crew under him had this much infighting. It was bad for his image.

Because of that, Leroy tried to smooth things over and said, "Laura, let's leave it."

But Laura was insistent.

"I think it's still better to take a look, director. After all, however big or small this incident was, it's best for everyone to clear the air. I'm not saying to pin the blame on anyone, but whoever's responsible for it should take responsibility. If we just let it pass like this, I don't think anyone would be too okay with it,

and it'd get in the way of everyone getting along. Besides, it wouldn't take that long to look at the recording, wouldn't you say, director?"

Leroy was still hesitant, but Max had already spoken.

"Get the recording."

At that, Leroy didn't have anything to add and had people fetch the recording.

While waiting for it, Sally and Sam didn't look too good.

### **Chapter 388 Uncovering the Truth**

They knew that the moment the recording was fetched, the two of them were done for.

If it'd just been Sally, fine, she could just say that she misremembered and get away with an apology.

But Sam had taken her side back then. As the choreographer, he'd designed the moves himself. He couldn't say that he of all people had forgotten.

Thinking of that, Sam glared at Sally.

It was all this woman's fault. She'd wanted to make an impression in front of Max and step on Laura while she was at it, and she'd come up with that plan on the spot.

Great, she'd made an impression, so what now?

Sally was in a bit of a panic too.

If Max caught wind that she was deliberately framing Laura, forget the costar position, she might not even keep her side character role.

At that moment, Sam suddenly backed up.

Someone immediately called, "Where are you going, Sam?"

Sam laughed it off. "Stomachache. Heading to the bathroom."

"Oh, then hurry up. The recording will be here soon. Head back as soon as you're done."

"Sure, all right."

Sam left hastily.

Laura looked at the direction he'd gone and smiled coldly.

...

Two minutes later, a corner from the recording room.

Sam hurriedly blocked off the path of an assistant who'd just got the recording tapes.

"Give me the tapes."

"Sam, I..."



“Do you want to keep staying on set from now on? You know full well how thick my resume is. Name one director who doesn’t respect me, eh? If you want to keep surviving in this circle, you’d better not make enemies of me, got it?”

The assistant jolted, put on the spot.

At that moment, a cool voice rang out.

“Sam, were you just going to the toilet as an excuse and trying to get rid of the evidence through threats?”

Sam trembled.

Turning around, he saw Laura and Max and Leroy and the others standing there.

His face changed.

Leroy was already furious at the scene.

He pointed at Sam and growled, “I can’t believe you’d do this, Sam! Back there, Laura said you might be going to get the recording, and I even stood up for you, but you really... damn it! How could you!”

Leroy’s relationship with Sam had always been fine. He didn’t much agree with the man’s private life, but they were men. Men made friends on just how stand-up they were with each other, and never considered private life as a factor.

Then this had happened.

Sam was a bit pale, but even if he wanted to make excuses, there were none left.

Behind the crowd, Sally’s face was ashen.

Laura turned to look at Leroy, asking, “Does that prove my innocence, director?”

Leroy was panting with rage as he nodded.

“It wasn’t your fault. Don’t worry, I’ll stand up for you over today.”

That wasn’t just said for her, but for Max.

Max’s face was cold as he looked at the two perpetrators as if he was looking down on rubbish.

“From now on, I don’t want to see these two anywhere near the business.”

With that, he turned to leave.

Sam and Sally both went pale.

That meant... they were getting kicked out of the whole entertainment industry! Were they going to be boycotted?

Sally hurriedly explained, “Mr. Nixon, listen to me. I-I didn’t mean to frame Laura. It’s all Sam’s fault, he forced me...”

Before Max could say anything, Sam’s face went red with fury.

“What do you mean by that, Sally? With the truth in the open, you’re trying to push it all on me? You were the one who was jealous of how pretty she was and the amount of resources she had, to go this far to take it for yourself. You even seduced me and promised me a night in bed today. Why else would I help you with something this low-down!”

At that, everyone was taken aback.

Everyone knew that this sort of deal wasn’t rare in the business, but no one had really seen people talk about it in the open like this.

Having been revealed in her entirety, Sally was left in an awkward state.

Max, though, had his interest piqued as he looked at Sam with a half-smile.

“Oh? She said she’d spend the night with you?”

“Yes.”

Sam pleaded. “I was just seduced for a moment, Mr. Nixon. That’s why I lied for her. Please give me a chance. I trained martial arts for over a decade. If I can’t be a choreographer, my life is completely over, and my training would have been for nothing.”

Hearing that, Leroy felt a bit of pity.

But considering what had just happened for him to end up like this, he deserved whatever he got coming to him!

He looked up at Max.

Max was sneering coldly. “You’re right. If your skills went to waste, it would be a shame. How about this? I know a boxing ring that’s been missing a fighter recently. If you can last three days in there, I’ll let you off. How about that?”

With that, he smiled, as if he was really trying to give him a way out.

Hearing that, Sam’s eyes widened with fear.

Other people didn’t know what those underground rings were about, but how would someone like him be unaware?

Forget his future, he couldn’t be sure if he could come back out alive if he went there!

His lips trembled as he whimpered, “Mr. Nixon, I can’t go to a place like that. Please, have mercy and let me go. I won’t be a martial arts choreographer anymore, just please don’t send me there.”

Max couldn’t be bothered to listen to him any longer.

“Barnes.”

“Here, sir.”

“Bring him over there.”

“Yes, sir.”

Barnes ended up taking Sam away anyway.

Everyone in the cast gaped at each other.

Sally was already too terrified to speak. She was afraid that Max would give her the same treatment he'd given Sam.

Thankfully, she was a woman, and Max didn't do anything with her. But she could forget staying in the entertainment industry. As for the rest, Max didn't care to split hairs over a woman.

But even an exile from the entertainment industry was heavy punishment for Sally.

After all, she was twenty-eight this year. It had taken so much money and so much effort for her to climb to this position today.

Since she'd made her debut at eighteen, it had been a full decade. She couldn't do anything else.

Now, with Max chasing her out of the industry, her future had been severed.

That was all thanks to Laura!

With that, she shot Laura a cold glance.

If she wanted to make enemies of her, she wouldn't let her off easy.

If she couldn't stay in the entertainment business anymore, then neither could Laura survive as well!

### **Chapter 389 Deliberately Targeted**

The incident soon died down, having been perfectly resolved.

With Sally chased off, the show that'd been about to wrap up shooting obviously couldn't finish as they'd originally planned.

The female side character's position needed someone to come up and fill in, and it wasn't a choice that could be made right away, so nobody knew how long this was going to drag on.

Considering that, Laura frowned, troubled.

But she didn't have too much time to think about it, because the moment the incident was resolved, Max took her away.

As Max was taking her off, everyone saw it, and the gossip flames in their eyes felt like they were going to burn her.

But her hand was in the man's grip, and she couldn't get loose.

Laura was panting by the time he dragged her onto the car. She wrenched free and asked irritably, "What are you doing?"

Max scoffed and told the driver, "Drive. We're going to the hospital."

Laura blinked.

"What are we going to the hospital for? My hand is all bandaged up. It's just a small wound, I'm fine."

But no one listened to her. Soon, the driver had driven to a private hospital nearby.

The man dragged Laura off the car and tossed her over to the doctor.

“Check her arm injury and give her a tetanus shot.”

The hospital was under the Nixon name, so the doctor naturally knew Max.

Hearing him, he hurriedly nodded. “Yes, Mr. Nixon, don’t worry. I’ll take her there.”

With that, he took Laura away.

Before Laura could react, she’d been taken to a room and sat on a chair.

Quickly afterwards, two doctors attentively took the bandages on her arm off, reapplied a poultice, while another nurse went to ready a tetanus shot.

Her slender body was surrounded in the middle, and for the first time, she felt what it was like to be put on a pedestal.

The environment was just a little strange.

Laura was a bit exasperated as she lifted her head at the man leaning against the doorframe with his arms crossed, chuckling, “You’re making too much of this, aren’t you? It’s really not that serious, and there’s no need for a tetanus shot. Besides, the cast doctor already treated the wound back there. Isn’t it just asking for trouble to treat it again?”

Max scoffed. “Quit overthinking it. I’m just being humane and afraid your arm might have to get lopped off, so I had people check you again.”

After all, he didn’t know what the cast doctor’s abilities were like. If he was good or not, or if he was just an amateur, wouldn’t that make things worse?

He didn’t say all that to Laura, though.

Laura sighed helplessly and let them keep working on her.

About half an hour later, everything was done. She turned to the doctor and asked, “Well? I’m fine, right?”

The doctor smiled, “It’s fine, ma’am. The wound looks serious, but it was really just a scratch. If you don’t leave it near water and rest for a while, it’ll heal up fine.”

Laura nodded.

Then she turned to the man at the door and shot him a look that said “see, I’m fine”.

Max turned his head to the side and didn’t look at her.

Inside, though, he was grumbling.

This damn woman didn’t know what was good for her!

Soon, Laura's wound had been treated, and she rubbed her arms as she stood, thinking that even though Max had a filthy mouth, his heart was in the right place.

At least, he cared about her.

She was feeling a bit of warmth when at that precise moment, he dragged her to the checkout window.

"The bill."

"What?"

Laura blinked.

Max cocked his eyebrow mockingly.

"The poultice, the bandages, the shot, they cost money, you know? So pay up."

"..."

So he wasn't concerned about her and had only dragged her here to his family hospital to squeeze her for money!

Ha. Ha ha.

Laura was so furious she almost laughed.

All the warmth and gratefulness she'd been feeling vanished into the wind!

Laura snapped, "I didn't bring money."

Max cocked his eyebrow. "You didn't bring money, eh? That's a kerfuffle."

Laura was about to blow her top.

She smiled coldly instead. "Max, you can't be this stingy! Forget that you dragged me here today, I was injured while filming, so it counts as a work injury, right? As a boss, aren't you supposed to pay for the hospital bill?"

Max grinned at her. "Are you sure it's a work injury? You weren't deliberately targeted because of that woman's grudge with you?"

Laura jolted.

Gritting her teeth, she snarled, "Max! You're really pushing it!"

Seeing her lose her temper, Max knew that it was time to rein it in, so he laughed it off and said, 'Hey, it's just a joke! So serious, jeez! When have I ever let a woman pay?'

Besides, the hospital was his family's, so it didn't even make sense to pay money anyway.

Laura watched him hand down his orders to the cashier, then crossed her arms and left.

Max hurriedly followed her.

"Hey. Where are you going?"

Laura replied coldly, "Where else? Back to the set! I need to shoot!"

"What do you think you're shooting in this state? I already asked for a holiday. Don't worry, I'm a stand-up guy. Even though your injury will set things back and probably waste more of my investment, I still told Leroy to let you rest for a few days and heal up."

Laura stopped in her tracks.

She turned to look at him, her gaze icy.

"All right, tell me the truth, Max, what do you want? Why do I feel like you keep trying to go against me?"

She was so pressed for money right now she was about to go mad. Now this bastard had chased Sally off, and the cast couldn't finish shooting, while she couldn't get her money.

Just considering that, Laura's temper flared.

She knew that Max had done this to stand up for her.

But she just felt like this man's goals weren't so simple.

Max raised an eyebrow, a bit of insecurity flashing through his eyes.

"What do you mean I'm going against you! Really, you... thinking so lowly of my good intentions. I'm just helping you on account of our friendship when we were small. Don't think you're so important everyone's going after you."

He said that, clearly not meaning a word of it.

Laura couldn't be bothered to keep tangling with him.

"Fine, whatever your purpose is, please stay away from my life. I'm going back to the set. See you later!"

She paused, then harshly corrected, "No – see you never!"

With that, she took a taxi and left.

Max looked at the car receding into the distance, his cheeks puffing up in a pout.

He kicked a pebble into a nearby bush, growling, "This ungrateful girl!"

Because of Laura's injury and the female side character having to be recast, the cast had to stop shooting and go for a few days' holiday.

Unexpectedly, on the first day of said holiday, something happened.

Some obscure big account online suddenly released several photos.

The photo showed the corridor of a large entertainment center, where a man with a bulging gut had his arm around a young girl.

**President's Sweet Wife**

**Chapter 390 He Likes Her**

The people in the photo were none other than Mr. Jude and Laura from the bar last time.

The moment that photo came out, it made huge waves on the internet.

Some of Laura's past had been dragged out as well.

For example, her past intimacy with certain male actors in certain shows, seeming like they were being coupled deliberately, or other instances of another show where she'd gone to a director's room in the middle of the night to talk about the script, seeming like she was trying to sleep her way to the position.

All in all, heavily speculative items rushed up like a tide, as if someone had prepared them beforehand.

And Laura's show this time might have been a period drama, but because it'd been a hot property before, and the director was the famed genius Leroy, it'd always received plenty of attention.

From declaring the script finished a year ago to the casting to the final shooting, whether it was in the industry or online, everyone was looking forward to it.

The show had even taken an award for the most hyped show by the audience in the beginning of the year.

From that alone it was clear how hot this show was on the internet.

And as the costar, the scenes Laura had were second only to the lead, but then this scandal had happened, and the internet lost its collective mind right away.

The caption underneath the photo was simple and brutal.

The Pure Actress' True Face Revealed#

And below the search bar, the comments were already calling for blood.

"Well, shit! I thought she'd taken the role with real talent, but she actually slept her way there?"

"That's a familiar looking hotel. Isn't this that one nightclub that's been getting famous lately? I hear there's a lot of those kinds of dealings going on inside, why would she go to a place like that?"

"She's probably a regular, just acts pure."

"That man looks like the CEO of Aspen Enterprises! That's a huge entertainment company, maybe the two really have something to do with each other."

"Just look at the way they're clinging to each other. It's obvious."

"That gross? Wasn't she playing up the hard worker, go-getter personality? It's that type of hard work, then!"

"What an embarrassment, this sort of person should get out of the entertainment business!"

"Yeah! Get the hell out of entertainment!"

Soon, #CancelLauraDavies# had gotten on the top hashtags of the internet.

As for Laura, she was still asleep and didn't know what was going on.

It was nice that she got a few days' holiday. Even though there was plenty to worry about later on, she could still take a break. After all, trouble or not, the day would pass all the same.

Laura was fine with it, but her agent Maria was jumping on coals.

Because she kept her phone on silent whenever she slept, Maria couldn't contact her at all.

At a loss, she called Elsa.

Elsa couldn't contact her either, but considering that Laura's relationship with Natalia was pretty good, she ended up calling Natalia.

Coincidentally, when Natalia took the call, she happened to be in Archie's office.

And other than her, there was one more person in Archie's office, and that happened to be Max.

Max had come here in a rare occasion for no other reason than that he was bored and had come around for a spin.

Then the moment he arrived, he'd heard the big news.

And he expressed right away that for something this small, why'd Natalia need to step in personally anyway?

He was free with nothing to do, so he could help.

Natalia looked at him with a half-smile and teased, "Say, Max, why do I feel like the moment Laura's involved, you're especially active about it? It's not that you like her, right?"

Max's face was a bit awkward at getting called out like that.

But he didn't deny it.

Seeing that, Natalia handed him the whole thing to resolve on a platter.

Having permission, Max was overjoyed and left happily.

After he left, Natalia looked at the time and found it was getting late. She still had to stop by the office, so she said goodbye to Archie.

Laura's incident was resolved soon enough.

After all, with Max there, he had plenty of Mr. Jude's dirty secrets in hand, and he had video of Laura's dispute with Sally on set.

Aside from Sally, no one else could have done this.

After investigating, he found that it really was her.

Max forwarded all the information and HR documents to Elsa, and Elsa had Sally exposed right away, and the incident died down.

On the other end, Archie was going out of the country for a few days.



Natalia could clearly feel how close the man had stuck to her in this time. Thankfully, Felix hadn't done anything so far and hadn't come between them, so the two were still lovey-dovey as ever.

This time, Archie was leaving the country for business, and Natalia had promised to pick him up at the airport when he came back.

Today, Archie was taking the morning flight, and was expected to arrive at noon.

Natalia finished shooting her scenes in the morning, hurried back to the hotel, took her makeup off and changed, then rushed to the airport.

The two hadn't seen each other for days, and absence made the hearts grow fonder.

But before Natalia could reach the airport, she suddenly received a phone call from Victoria.

The moment it connected, a female whimper came from the other end.

"Natalia, help me!"

Natalia jumped, swerved the car to the side, and screeched to a halt next to the road.

"What's wrong?" she demanded urgently.

"I'm at the Musi Hotel, Room 5003, come save me..."

The call ended there and suddenly hung up with a clack.

With no explanation of what had happened, and no request to call the police, it had just hung up like that.

Natalia looked at the dark screen and felt a surge of panic.

She instinctively thought of Charlie.

She tried to call him, then remembered that because the two of them didn't get along, she hadn't saved his number.

It was too late to go look for it now.

Besides, she didn't fully trust Charlie Peck. That man could betray Victoria once, and what's to say he wouldn't betray her a second time?

Maybe it was he who'd done whatever to Victoria!

Considering that, Natalia's panic intensified.

She ended up sending a rushed text to Archie and speeding towards the hotel.

The Musi wasn't far from her position, and it was only about a quarter-hour's drive.

Natalia walked into the hotel, got inside the elevator, and went to the fifteenth floor, coming across Room 5003 as Victoria had said.

She placed a hand on the door and was debating if she ought to knock or get the hotel staff to open the door when a pain came from her lower neck. A current surged through her body and her vision went black, then her consciousness faded.

Meanwhile, Archie had just gotten off the plane.

The moment he disembarked, he took out his phone, then received Natalia's text.

Reading the contents, his face changed.

He hurriedly dialed back, and after five or six trills, the phone connected.

But a stunning sound was playing on the other end.

"Felix... not so hard... mmm..."