

CHOSEN 981

Chapter 981

At this moment, Nathan was already holding Anya by the back of her clothes and lifting her up with one hand, his face full of displeasure.

Anya's limbs were flailing in mid-air.

Chloe moved forward to catch Anya to prevent her from falling, but Nathan was one step ahead and held her in his arms. "Anything else?"

Chloe placed the gifts she had prepared for Anya and Yulia at the entrance of the room, "No, nothing else."

"Then good night."

Nathan shut the door with a bang.

Chloe stood there dumbstruck for a few seconds. Having gotten used to Nathan's lazy demeanor, his current state was somewhat unsettling.

But... why was Yulia going on a date? Did Nathan and Yulia really have no plans of getting together?

Chloe remained rooted to the spot for a while before shaking her head and heading for the elevator.

She pressed the button for the elevator, noticing it was coming up from the sixth floor.

She waited for a bit, and when the elevator doors opened, Yulia was about to step out.

Upon seeing Chloe, Yulia's indifferent face showed a hint of surprise.

“Chloe, you’re back?”

Chloe smiled, “Yes, I brought gifts for you and Anya.” She pointed in the direction of her apartment.

“Thank you. Come in and sit for a while, it’s been ages since I last saw you.”

“No need, Damon should be back soon, I need to prepare some food.”

“Alright, come by when you have the time.”

Chloe nodded and stepped into the elevator. Just before the elevator doors closed, Chloe’s gaze swept over Yulia’s clothes, and then the doors closed completely.

Yulia entered the passcode and as soon as she walked past the foyer, she saw the man on the couch struggling to undress Anya.

Anya was crying hard. Yulia rushed forward, hitting Nathan on the head with her bag! She quickly picked up Anya and stepped back, glaring at the man on the sofa with a wary expression.

Nathan rubbed his head and looked at Yulia, who was holding Anya not far away.

Anya paused her crying at Yulia’s arrival, but then started crying even harder. “Mama, Nathan is mean. He’s so mean...”

Anya was crying hard; Yulia was patting her back, staring angrily at Nathan,

“Nathan! You’re such a pervert!”

Nathan's dark expression stiffened. His eyes swept over Anya, and after a couple of seconds, he looked even more embarrassed.

"Are you out of your mind?!" Yulia glared at him, "What the hell did you do to Anya?"

"I was undressing her!" Nathan admitted bluntly.

Yulia didn't respond, just fixed her gaze on him, as if to say, "you've admitted it, what excuses are you looking for?"

"I..." Nathan felt the more he spoke, the more embarrassed he felt. Seeing her stare, he was momentarily speechless.

"Get out!" Yulia couldn't stand it. She never thought this man would have such an abnormal fetish!

Yulia's usual gentle demeanor was replaced with cold mockery, which Nathan found unbearable, especially after his meeting with Ronald!

Nathan's heart was immediately filled with rage, "This is my home!"

Yulia stared at him for a long while, hearing his words, she nodded, "Alright, this is your home, so we should leave!"

With that, she picked up Anya, grabbed her bag from beside Nathan, pulled out her phone and dialed a number.

Nathan immediately stood up from the couch. Seeing Ronald's name on her screen, he snatched her phone, hung up and tossed it aside.

"What the hell?!" Nathan's towering figure emanated an unusual oppressive aura, his voice filled with anger, "What, now that you're back with your ex, I don't matter anymore, is that it?"

Yulia looked at him, her expression icy, "Isn't this what you wanted?"

Nathan paused, "...So you admit it?"

"There's nothing to admit. It was your idea, you asked about my progress with him every day! Aren't you just eager to get rid of me? Good, because I don't want to live under the same roof as a pedo

either!"

With that, she grabbed her bag and tried to leave, but Nathan grabbed her arm, quickly pulled Anya from her arms and placed her on the ground, then pushed Yulia onto the couch.

Nathan held down Yulia's struggling shoulders with one hand, while the other tightly gripped her chin.

"You say I don't matter? Have you forgotten why you planned all this in the first place? Is your chastity just something you've been deliberately keeping to blackmail me?"

"Slap-"

A crisp sound echoed as Nathan's face received a slap from Yulia. He was stunned for a moment, looking at Yulia unconsciously. He looked like a beast ready to pounce, yet all he saw was Yulia's teary eyes.

Although she tried to hide it, her grief was evident on her face.

His icy gaze softened a bit.

"Nathan, didn't I just tell the truth? Why are you so angry? Or should I say, you're not dispensable. You're the most important man in my life, would that make you happy?"

Yulia's words confused Nathan, but her later words touched him. His lips moved, and he was about to say something when he saw Yulia nod and sarcastically say, "Right, as long as your ego is satisfied, how could you possibly be unhappy?"

His brows furrowed, the emotions that had surged in his heart were suppressed. To be honest, he thought Yulia was right.

Which man could accept being told by a woman that he was dispensable? It was undoubtedly vanity at work.

After thinking for a while, he released Yulia's chin, and his leg that was resting on the sofa was also put down. He looked like he was about to stand up. However, the hand that was tightly gripping her shoulder loosened slightly, only to press down again, his towering figure leaning closer to her once more.

He once again restrained Yulia's movements, rendering her unable to move.

Yulia looked at him with vigilance. Nathan's got his eyes on her too, but he'd dialed down a notch, his voice losing most of its bite. His breath brushed against her face as he spoke.

"Take back what you just said! I am no pervert."

Chapter 982

Yulia frowned, "If you're not, then what were you doing to Anya?"

"I was helping her take off her clothes."

"Why would you do that?"

"Because her dress was ruined."

“And how did that happen?”

“...”

“And why was Anya crying so hard when you were helping her?”

Nathan was at a loss for words. How could he possibly tell her that he deliberately ruined Anya’s dress, forced it off her, just because it was bought by Ronald?

Watching Nathan’s serious expression, Yulia pushed him away and sat on the side of the sofa. Anya was staring wide-eyed, tears still in her eyes. She watched the two arguing in front of her.

She wasn’t sure if they were expressing concern for each other, or just fighting. Although she was heartbroken that her favorite princess dress was ruined, she didn’t want Nathan and Yulia to fight over it.

Seeing Anya on the verge of crying again, Yulia didn’t know how to respond all of a sudden. Now she didn’t care so much why Nathan would forcibly help Anya undress. It was not that she didn’t care about Anya, but she trusted that Nathan wasn’t that kind of person.

She took Anya into her arms, wiping away the tears at the corners of her eyes, “It’s okay, Anya, don’t cry anymore.”

Anya looked at her innocently, then asked, “Mom, are you and Nathan fighting?”

Yulia’s eyes flickered, then she shook her head, saying softly, “No.”

“But you both looked so angry just now...” Anya said, her eyes reddening again, “Mom, don’t fight with Nathan...”

Yulia nodded, “I was just defending you because he made you cry.”

“Okay. You guys shouldn’t fight, you should love each other.”

Anya took a deep breath, then said, “Nathan ruined my princess dress. You can let him buy me a prettier one, but you can’t fight with him. Nathan, will you buy me a princess dress?”

Looking at the child in front of him, her eyes red and seemingly aggrieved, his heart couldn’t help but soften, “Of course, I’ll buy you lots of beautiful princess dresses.”

Anya’s eyes instantly brightened and sparkled.

“Really? You’ll really buy me lots of beautiful princess dresses?”

“Mm, really.” Nathan nodded seriously.

Yulia sat silently by the side, while Anya clapped her hands happily, then said with great enthusiasm, “Okay, I’m not angry anymore. But, both me and mom, we need a hug.”

Anya ran to Yulia’s side, trying to pull her up, but failed.

“Mom, stand up.”

Seeing Yulia’s trying to suppress her laughter, she still stood up, then was pulled by Anya to Nathan.

“You hug mom, then hug me.”

Yulia’s face was a bit embarrassed, she looked up at Nathan.

Nathan was also looking down at her. Yulia felt uneasy as she tucked the stray hair behind her ear. Nathan’s sudden change

in attitude caught her off guard, and she found herself feeling a bit uncomfortable. She turned to Anya and said, "...Anya, Nathan and I didn't fight, so we don't need to hug..."

"Why? Is hugging only allowed after fighting?"

Looking at Yulia's stiff face, Nathan smirked.

"Not like that, Anya, because hugging is grown-up stuff. You're still small, so you can't watch..."

"That's not right, many adults not only hug, but they also kiss. They don't seem shy at all... If hugging is embarrassing, then let's just kiss..."

Yulia closed her eyes helplessly, not knowing who this little one had inherited this stubbornness and dominance from, and yet it was somewhat endearing.

If she didn't do anything today, Anya would probably keep nagging. With a sigh, she quickly glanced at Nathan, then walked a few steps towards him.

Standing in front of Nathan, Yulia looked at his broad chest, her face a little red. Nathan stood still, looking down at Yulia. "Mom, hurry up..." Anya urged.

Yulia's eyes flickered, and she moved forward again, slowly leaning against Nathan's chest, hearing his strong heartbeat. The moment Yulia got close, Nathan suddenly felt his heart race. Then he felt Yulia reach out, wrapping her arms around his waist.

Anya covered her eyes with her hands, then turned around, hiding behind the sofa.

A few seconds later, Yulia decided the time was enough, so she quickly tried to pull away from Nathan's embrace, but Nathan suddenly reached out his hand that was in his pocket, tightly wrapping it around her slim waist.

Yulia's face was flushed, and she pushed against his solid chest, trying to create a distance between them, while glaring at him.

Nathan seemed unfazed, he raised his eyebrows slightly, looking at her, "We still need a kiss."

His expression was indifferent, but his voice was low.

"No need." Yulia rejected him.

"But I don't want to disappoint you."

Nathan said this, he held Yulia tightly, his gaze falling on her moist lips.

Yulia realized his intention, she tried to cover her lips with her hand, but his handsome face had already leaned in.

Her eyes widened instantly, her body stiffened, and she stood there in a daze.

So soft. That was Nathan's thought.

Chapter 983

Yulia seemed a bit lost.

Nathan took the initiative completely. Before she could react, his tongue had easily slipped into her mouth.

Yulia blinked, took a deep breath, and pushed against Nathan's chest.

But his response was to wrap his arms tighter around her waist, his kiss deepening, his fiery breath seemed to set her ablaze from the inside. When he finally let her go, her lips were slightly swollen, turning from pink to a luscious red, gleaming enticingly.

Yulia took a moment to catch her breath, glaring at him, full of anger.

“You...”

“I just didn’t want to let Anya down,” Nathan let go of her, and took two steps back, his expression indifferent. There was a fleeting moment in his eyes that seemed to show a hint of disgust.

Yulia immediately shut her mouth, feeling as if a needle had pierced her heart, causing a sharp pain.

She bit her lip and laughed bitterly in her heart. Of course, how could Nathan, a rich man from the Harper Group, be interested in a woman who had given birth to a child?

Just now, it was only for Anya’s sake.

She gave a small smile, her eyes devoid of any emotions, “Don’t force yourself next time. Anya is still a child. I can handle her even if she doesn’t get what she wants.”

“Handle?” Nathan chuckled, “In my book, it’s either ‘satisfied’ or ‘not satisfied’.”

Yulia bit her lip, took a deep breath, and decided not to pay any more attention to him. When she turned around, Anya was no longer standing there, but crouching obediently behind the sofa.

Yulia’s heart lightened immediately. She walked over and held Anya, “Let’s go, I’ll take you to take a bath and sleep.”

Anya, with her big eyes, turned her head from Yulia’s shoulder to look at Nathan.

“Nathan, are you done with the kiss so quickly...”

Nathan seriously doubted, was this kid’s idea of a kiss just a simple peck?

Then shook his head, of course it was. She was so young, she wouldn’t understand much.

The relationship between him and Yulia was so “innocent”, she didn’t even have the chance to be corrupted...

His thoughts halted abruptly, and Nathan’s expression turned cold.

Watching Yulia leaving with Anya, he suddenly asked, “You came back so late, did you really go on a date?”

Yulia paused, “Hmm.”

When Nathan asked this kind of question, Yulia didn’t think it was too much in her mind.

Nathan had been texting her about her progress with Ronald these past few days, and now, he would habitually ask her this every day after he came back. He was eager to leave her, which she knew well. Their marriage was forced by her from the beginning, and she just wanted to secure her position in the company. They were like partners who had reached a

consensus.

However, Nathan’s expression darkened, he sneered, “Dressing like this for a date with a man, aren’t you afraid that not only will you not be able to keep Ronald, but you will also make him hate you?”

His words and tone sounded like he was really worried that Ronald might change his mind and give up on getting back together with Yulia.

Yulia looked down at her simple trench coat and uniform work clothes, took a deep breath and said, “I will keep that in

mind.”

Then, she carried Anya upstairs.

Nathan stood there, frowning at Yulia’s frail figure. What... should she keep in mind?

Nathan was a guy who loved to eat.

He didn’t like snacks or desserts, and just liked to eat meals on time. If the food wasn’t good, he would eat less. If the food was good, he would eat more, so it was hard to tell how much he could eat.

His height and body shape determined his portion size, unlike Damon who was so refined and ate so little.

Yulia’s cooking wasn’t that great, just barely edible, but Nathan loved pasta, which she wasn’t adept at making, so most of the time, there were just frozen pasta in the fridge.

In the morning, Nathan showed up in the dining room at the usual time. When Yulia brought out pasta, he was already sitting at his usual spot.

She glanced at him, placed the pasta in front of him, and he started eating without a word.

Yulia ate very little, and left the table after just a few bites.

Nathan didn’t mind, it was always like this. Eating, changing clothes, going to work. The routine remained unchanged and was incredibly boring.

After Nathan finished his food, Yulia, who usually would be out the door by now, had not made a move.

He pushed the empty dish away, stood up, pulled back the chair, and went upstairs. When he went to Yulia's room and was about to knock on the door, the door suddenly opened.

Nathan looked down, his hand hanging in mid-air, his eyes moved and then froze.

In front of him, was a charming and slender figure. Yulia was wearing a mauve and gray knit skirt with a matching knit sweater. The skirt reached her knees, revealing a pair of straight and slender calves. In the not-so-warm autumn weather, her outfit easily caught people's attention.

She had put on a delicate light makeup today, with bright lipstick on her lips. She was wearing four-leaf clover crystal earrings and a necklace with the same design.

Normally, he only saw her wearing simple earrings, and he had never seen her wearing a necklace. But now, she was dressed up from head to toe, sweet yet sexy, bright and enticing.

"Do you need anything?" Seeing Nathan not speaking, Yulia asked in a calm tone. Thinking of Anya who was still sleeping in the room, she walked out and gently closed the door.

Her fragrance lingered in Nathan's nose, swirling around his heart and lungs.

"What are you dressed up like this for?" Nathan's gaze remained on her, he asked.

"I'm going to work." Yulia saw that he didn't have any substantial questions, and simply answered him, then walked towards the stairs.

Nathan's face turned cold instantly.

Dressed like this for work? Was she trying to seduce Ronald at the office?

A slim figure slowly moved away from Nathan, leaving him standing there, looking puzzled. By the time he came to his senses, Yulia was already leisurely descending the stairs.

Nathan furrowed his brows, hands in his pockets, and casually followed her down.

Yulia was at the entrance hall, having just opened the door. A nanny stood at the entrance with two bags in her hand. They were having a conversation.

As Nathan came downstairs, he heard Yulia say to the nanny in a soft and polite tone, "Thanks for your help." The nanny waved her hand with a smile, "No problem, Anya is such a sweetheart."

Perhaps Yulia was expressing gratitude for the nanny's hard work and care. Nathan didn't think too much into it and followed them.

The nanny greeted him and then carried the two bags of vegetables into the kitchen. Yulia turned and saw Nathan looking at her. She pursed her lips, didn't leave, but instead said,

"About last night... the incident with Anya's dress, I misunderstood... I thought... I thought you had some kind of fetish. Um... I apologize."

Nathan furrowed his brows. Recalling the events of the previous night, he felt angry.

A fetish? For Anya?

Seriously! What the hell was this woman thinking?

Seeing Nathan's sullen face, Yulia quickly left after speaking.

Watching her slim figure, Nathan felt a sudden unease. It was just work, why the need to dress so brightly? Wasn't it a bit too obvious?

Upon arriving at the office, Yulia, without a doubt, became the center of attention. Even some employees brazenly approached her, complimenting, "Ms. Yulia, you look stunning today. Do you have an important date or something?"

Yulia smiled slightly, her gaze falling on the handsome man by the elevator. He was looking at her, his eyes filled with clear admiration.

Yulia blinked, pursed her lips, "Aren't all dates important?"

Two female employees, with ambiguous smiles, said, "Ms. Yulia really likes Mr. Shaw, doesn't she?"

Their voices were loud, conveniently reaching Ronald. Clearly, they were trying to flatter him.

Standing in front of Ronald, Yulia nodded at him, "Good morning."

Her expression was very natural, without any shyness.

"Morning."

Ronald kept watching her. Although he was smiling and his tone was gentle, he felt a bit disappointed and helpless in his heart. Despite her agreement to give it another try, he could clearly feel that she had been trying hard to be with him these past few days.

The old Yulia, most of the time, would keep her head down shyly when she saw him. After getting familiar, she would laugh happily and play to her heart's content. Her smile was bright and natural, and the admiration and love for him could be seen in her sparkling eyes.

But now, her expression and attitude were incredibly natural. Was this a good thing? Not really.

She was this natural with everyone. To her, he was no longer that special person.

Even though it hurt, wasn't all this because he had hurt her first? Now, all he wanted was to be with her. Even if it meant using material conditions to keep her by his side, at least he would have a chance to make up for all the wrongs he had done towards her in the past.

"You look absolutely stunning today."

Ronald didn't hesitate to compliment her. His gentle face and deep, magnetic voice were very charming.

Yulia looked down at her clothes, and the image of Nathan standing at her door a while ago flashed through her mind.

"Thank you," she responded indifferently. The elevator doors opened, and they both entered the private elevator.

His eyes scanned her a few times, then he reached out and grabbed her hand. Yulia's heart raced, and she instinctively tried to pull her hand back, but he pulled her towards him.

Ronald squeezed her wrist, "You're as skinny as a stick, I'll try to fatten you up a bit."

"No need, I won't look good if I gain weight."

"You'll look even better with a bit more weight, just like before," Ronald softly said.

Yulia's face changed slightly. Ronald seemed to realize something, loosening his grip on Yulia's hand slightly.

"I'll go to my office and find it, I'll send it to you for reference later."

"Alright."

The two had a brief personal conversation but were quickly directed towards work–related topics by Yulia.

After work, Nathan returned home on time. Anya, who was sitting on the sofa watching cartoons, heard the sound and immediately ran to the door, jumping up and down with her arms wide open, happily saying

“Nathan’s back. Nathan, hug!”

She had long forgotten about Nathan’s “strictness” from the night before. Nathan also habitually picked up Anya, holding her under her armpits, lifting her high above and shaking her little body.

“My little chubster.”

Anya frowned at this, “Anya’s not fat! Mommy says Anya’s very slim!”

Nathan chuckled, picking up Anya, his arm supporting her little butt, displaying a skillful way of holding a child. As he was changing his shoes, he joked with Anya, “She just didn’t want to make you cry. That’s why she said that.”

“Mommy didn’t lie to me, Uncle Ronald also said I’m pretty!”

Nathan paused for a moment, then seriously said,

“Try to stay away from that Uncle Ronald in the future. He’s not a good guy, so he’s also lying to you, got it?”

“But he gave me a princess dress, and he’s also nice to mommy...”

He’s not genuinely caring for you guys!

“He wants to be your stepfather, understand?”

“What’s a stepfather?”

Nathan was silent for a moment, then said,

“...It’s like a wolf in sheep’s clothing. When your mom is not around, he’ll turn into a wolf and hurt you!”

Nathan’s words were scary, his expression serious, scaring Anya into tightly hugging Nathan’s neck.

Chapter 985

“Big bad wolf is so scary. Anya doesn’t like big bad wolf.”

“Yeah. As long as you like me, that’s all that matters. I’ll buy you even more beautiful princess dresses.”

“Mmm...Anya likes Nathan the best.”

Nathan smiled, scoring a sweet kiss from Anya.

He played with Anya in the living room for a while, before Margo called them for dinner. Noticing there were only two bowls on the table, he placed Anya in a chair, checked his watch, and realized it was usual dinner time.

Margo finally served a bowl of soup, placing it in the center of the table.

“Where’s Yulia? Isn’t she coming home tonight?”

Margo had been working here for quite a while, and she had witnessed the unique dynamics between the couple, gaining some understanding. Times had changed, and so had people. Nothing surprised her anymore.

Upon hearing Nathan's question, Margo nodded, "Yeah, she said so this morning. She won't be home for dinner and asked me not to prepare food for her."

Nathan's face turned cold, "Not coming back?"

"I'm not sure about that. She told me to wait for her. If she doesn't come back tonight, I should stay here."

Only then did Nathan remember the conversation Yulia and Margo had at the door this morning.

But wasn't it usually him who came back to take care of the child? Why wasn't Margo allowed to leave today?

And also- Not coming back?

Just as he was thinking about this, his phone rang. It was Yulia.

"Hello, you..."

He was ready to ask her what was going on, but was met with Yulia's indifferent voice.

"Hey, it's me. I'm out for dinner tonight and then going to see a movie. If it gets late..."

Yulia paused for a few seconds before continuing, "I might not come back. I've entrusted Margo with bathing Anya and putting her to sleep. You should get some rest early."

Nathan's eyes narrowed, his tone cold but sarcastic, "Sounds like you guys are going to have some progress tonight, huh?"

Yulia saw Ronald coming, hummed in response, and ended the call.

The car door opened, Ronald took the driver's seat, and turned to look at Yulia, who had just put away her phone.

"Calling Anya?" he asked gently as he started the car.

"Mhm." Yulia answered softly, tidying her disheveled hair and calmly watching the road as the car merged into traffic.

Nathan, left with a disconnected call, placed his fingers on the clean dining table. He stood there silently for a few seconds before throwing the phone aside and pulling out the nearby chair.

Once Margo brought Anya her small soup spoon, she quickly asked, "Mr. Harper, is Yulia coming back tonight?"

"Not sure."

Out for dinner? Watching a movie? And not coming back?

He tried to pick up a mouthful of pasta with his fork, but it suddenly broke.

With a "snap", Margo was startled by the broken fork. But looking at Nathan's face, there was little change. She quickly fetched a new fork from the kitchen, carefully handed it to Nathan, then sat next to Anya, feeding her carefully.

By the time Anya was almost done with her pasta, Nathan's plate was still half full.

“Nathan, you eat so slow.”

Even Anya noticed something was off about Nathan, let alone Margo.

“Mr. Harper, is... is it not to your taste?”

Nathan looked up at her. Sensing a flash of understanding and sympathy in her eyes, he replied with a frown,

“No, it’s delicious.”

With that, he quickly finished half a plate of pasta.

He sat on the living room couch with Anya in his arms, her big eyes shining brightly at him.

“Nathan, you’re amazing, you ate so much pasta.”

Yes, he was good at everything! But his stomach felt uncomfortably bloated. The food hadn’t digested, making him feel sick.

Margo came out after cleaning the kitchen and saw Anya sitting quietly in Nathan’s arms watching TV. She didn’t know what to do.

Nathan sent Margo home. After all, he was the man of the house. Margo agreed and left.

Anya sat on Nathan’s lap, leaning against him, his belly occasionally shifting forward.

After a few times, Anya grew impatient.

“Nathan, can you stop moving...”

Nathan looked gloomy, “You’re really ungrateful. Can’t you see I’m uncomfortable?”

With that, he moved again.

Anya turned to look at him, her big eyes filled with confusion and innocence.

“Nathan, are you not feeling well?”

Nathan belched, and Anya’s small hand on his stomach felt the movement. This was the stomach that had been poking her just now.

Nathan looked down at her innocent and cute face, saying, “Yeah, I’m very uncomfortable. I can’t take care of you properly right now. Call your mom and ask her to come back and be with you.”

Anya’s little face crumpled, “Mom is very tired... I can’t bother her...”

After saying this, she looked worriedly at Nathan and asked hesitantly,

“Nathan, are you very uncomfortable? Do you really want my mom to come back and take care of you?”

Nathan belched again. He handed his phone to Anya, “Call her and tell her you miss her.”

Anya shook her head, “I don’t miss mom...”

Nathan was speechless.

Yulia and Ronald left the restaurant. Her cheeks were flushed, her head clear, but her feet felt a little unsteady. Her plan for tonight was not to go home. As for what might happen, she wasn’t sure she could truly accept hooking up with Ronald.

In the past, she loved him. She thought she could fall in love with him again, but she found....

She couldn't.

He had abandoned her, left her when she needed help the most. Otherwise, she wouldn't...

Wouldn't have any involvement with Nathan....

Because she couldn't fully accept having sex with Ronald, she had a little bit of alcohol to help her. It was a kind of liquor with a strong aftertaste. After that, she planned to watch a movie, wait for the alcohol to dissipate, and then go home with

Ronald.

Chapter 986

As for what was gonna happen next, let's just play it by ear.

Ronald strolled by her side, holding her hand, cautiously guiding her towards the car. Yulia lowered her head, staring at Ronald's hand tightly holding her wrist, silently following him forward without saying a word.

Her heart was a whirlwind of conflicting emotions. She tried to recall the good times with him, but all her memories were scattered by the image of him pushing her away with another woman in his arms, impossible to piece back together.

That time, she swallowed her pride of a lifetime. The result? This once gentle and considerate man ruthlessly trampled on her pride and dignity. His coldness was as if all his love and pampering for her were just waiting for the most appropriate time to deliver the deadliest blow.

How could she possibly make up with him?

Luckily, she had a goal. She wanted the shares in his hands. She might not love him anymore, but she could get what she wanted from him.

It was worth it.

“Are you okay?”

Ronald stood by the car, looking down at her with a voice full of concern.

Yulia looked up and gave a faint smile, shaking her head, “I’m fine.”

Seeing her plastic smile, a trace of bitterness flashed in Ronald’s eyes. But he quickly covered it up and opened the passenger door.

“Get in the car, let’s go see a movie.”

“Sure.”

Yulia agreed, but her phone rang first. She paused, picking up the call.

“Mom, mom, can you come back now?”

Anya’s childish voice came from the phone, Yulia frowned, glanced at Ronald, and then stepped aside.

“What’s the matter, Anya?”

“Nathan is sick, and he looks very uncomfortable. You need to come back to take care of him...”

Yulia tightened her lips, “Isn’t Margo there? You call Margo...”

“But Margo has already left...”

Yulia rubbed her forehead, “What’s wrong with him?”

Nathan had put Yulia on speaker when he called, hearing her ask like this, he immediately leaned back on the sofa and closed his eyes. Anya looked back at him, saw that he had already closed his eyes, and started to cry.

“Mom, mom come back quickly, Nathan is dead...Nathan...”

Yulia’s heartbeat accelerated, and hearing Anya’s heart-wrenching cries, her heart also tightened.

“Don’t cry, Anya, I’ll be right back!”

After hanging up the phone, she didn’t have time to put her phone back in her bag, and quickly walked to Ronald.

“I have to go home right now, Nathan is sick. Anya is home alone and very scared...”

Yulia couldn’t stand Anya’s crying. Anya didn’t cry very often, especially now that she was a little older and understood and cared for her more; her obedience was sad.

Now that she was crying so sadly, how could anyone not feel heartbroken?

Ronald didn’t hesitate. Seeing Yulia get in the car, he followed suit, then drove away from the restaurant.

When the car stopped downstairs, Yulia immediately opened the car door and ran down.

When Ronald turned off the car, and unbuckled his seatbelt, Yulia had already run into the apartment lobby. He opened the door and got out, only to see two people coming from the parking spot next to him.

nfusion

Chloe looked at the hastily departing Yulia with some confusion, then turned to Damon beside her and asked, "What happened to Yulia?"

Damon just looked at Ronald standing in front of the car. He didn't speak, his expression dull. Those deep eyes were quietly staring at him, like he was waiting for his explanation.

Chloe also followed Damon's gaze, also waiting for an answer.

"Nathan is sick, and Anya is crying badly. Yulia is very worried." Ronald calmly said.

Damon, the CEO of the Harper Group, in control of the entire group's fate.

Chloe, the CEO of Starlight International, internationally renowned perfumer champion.

These two figures were household names.

Although Damon had always kept a low profile, he was Nathan's brother. Of course, he knew him.

What he didn't expect was that these two prominent figures, privately, were...together.

Hearing Ronald say this, Chloe's eyes flickered slightly, her gaze lingering on Ronald for two seconds. Her waist was suddenly gripped tightly by the person next to her. She felt the breath of the man next to her, sourly domineering.

This man was extremely possessive.

However, her gaze did not completely leave Ronald. She stood next to Damon and calmly asked,

“So Yulia is in such a hurry because Nathan is sick or because Anya is crying?”

Ronald gave a bitter smile. Yeah, this question had been bothering him all the way. He had countless times wanted to ask, but it was hard to speak, and he didn’t want to hear the answer.

To say she was worried about Nathan, he would naturally feel uncomfortable. To say she was worried about Anya, he would think it was fake.

“I don’t know, maybe worried about both.”

Chloe nodded, “That’s true, if Nathan hadn’t been sick, Anya wouldn’t have cried, and Yulia naturally wouldn’t have been in such a hurry.”

So, simply put, everything was because Nathan got sick. Ronald looked up at Chloe. He also understood what Chloe

wanted to tell him.

He gave a faint smile and said, “Anya is Yulia’s sister.”

After saying this, he got in the car.

Chloe was taken aback.

At this point, Yulia had already gone upstairs. He hadn’t received a phone call yet, indicating that Nathan was probably fine. It seemed that Yulia didn’t need him tonight.

He started the car, turned around, and left.

Damon walked into the apartment lobby with Chloe in his arms.

“Do you know what that guy’s last sentence meant?” Chloe turned to Damon and asked.

Damon pressed the elevator button, his voice was indifferent and low.

“That girl is just Yulia’s sister, not her and Nathan’s daughter, so there’s no real tie that binds them. And the girl’s dependence and fondness for Nathan, could also be developed towards him.”

Chloe chuckled, “So that’s how it is, was that guy just now trying to hit on Yulia?”

Damon scowled, “She’s my little brother’s wife.”

Chloe gave a small smile at this overly protective attitude.

Only allowing himself to mess with Nathan, but getting all wound up if anyone else so much as made a move.

Damon stepped into the elevator and immediately hit the button for the sixteenth floor.

Chapter 987

Nathan wasn’t really sick. After Anya hung up the phone, she burst into tears. Nathan quickly opened his eyes and cradled her on his belly.

“Stop crying, I’m perfectly okay, aren’t I?”

“Nathan... Nathan isn’t dead...”

Anya wiped her eyes with her little hand.

“I’m not dead yet.” Nathan burped and placed Anya’s hand on his stomach.

“I have indigestion, so give me a little massage.”

Anya burped as well while sobbing, clutching Nathan’s shirt, “...if I massage you, you won’t die, right?”

“Uh... but you’re not massaging, you’re clutching.”

Anya’s eyes were red from crying. She massaged Nathan’s stomach while talking to him.

Nathan didn’t know what to say to her, so he just picked a random topic.

“Look at your sister, doesn’t she know you’re still little? Why isn’t she home at this late hour?”

Anya pouted, clearly unhappy. “Mom... is working...”

Nathan glared at her, said seriously,

“She’s your sister, not your mom. We’re married. If you call her mom, then what am I to you?”

Anya pouted.

“Nathan... don’t you like Anya...Anya is so cute...”

Nathan glanced at her. Her big eyes blinked and blinked, full of grief. That was too much!

“Do you think Anya isn’t well-behaved...”

Her big grape-like eyes were full of tears.

“Anya can be better... Please don’t leave mom and Anya...”

As she spoke, her teardrops fell. She lowered her head, but her little hands didn’t stop massaging Nathan’s stomach. She looked so obedient and pitiful. It was so heartbreaking.

“Hey, hey, hey, I didn’t say I’m leaving you guys. Why are you crying? Stop crying, I didn’t say I’m leaving you and your mom!”

“Really?”

Nathan nodded, “Really.”

Anya blinked her big eyes, still looking a bit uneasy.

Nathan took a deep breath, pointed at his own face, “Come, give me a kiss. That’s proof that I’m not lying to you.”

Anya blinked her big eyes, climbed from Nathan’s belly to his chest, and held his face with her soft little hands.

“Smack-”

“Muah-”

“Pop-”

Anya kept kissing his face.

“Alright, alright, you’ve slobbered all over my face!”

Nathan dodged Anya’s “wet kisses” with a disgusted look.

Anya looked at Nathan’s face and giggled.

Nathan burped, looked at Anya’s cute little face, and after a while, suddenly said,

“Little one, will you call me dad?”

As soon as the words came out, Nathan felt a bit flustered. The word “dad” sounded too distant for him.

It didn’t suit him.

Anya seemed to be thinking about something too. After hearing Nathan’s words, she was stunned for a while.

Π

“...Is Nathan going to be my dad?”

Nathan’s lips tightened, an unnatural expression appearing on his handsome face.

“No, you and Yulia share the same father. Yulia is already this big, that means your father is already old. I’m too young to be your father.”

After saying that, he moved Anya from his chest to his belly, and said seriously,

“We need to keep a distance in the future. I’m your sister’s husband, remember that.”

Anya pouted, her face showing a sense of loss.

“Anya likes Nathan...”

Nathan reached out and rubbed Anya’s soft little face, “Keep massaging me. My tummy doesn’t feel good.”

“...Okay.”

When Yulia came back, she saw Anya sitting on top of Nathan, massaging his chest with all her strength. Yulia’s face changed slightly and she quickly walked over.

“What’s wrong? Are you not feeling well?”

“Mom...” Anya called out softly. She had been scared and worried, but now that Yulia was back, her tension eased and tears welled up in her eyes.

Yulia picked up Anya and comforted her softly, “It’s okay now.”

Anya buried her head in Yulia’s neck and sobbed softly. Yulia sat next to Nathan, looked at him who had already opened his eyes, and asked again,

“Where do you feel uncomfortable?”

Nathan was staring at Yulia who had just returned. She looked the same as when she left in the morning.

She must have touched up her makeup. Perhaps because she had rushed back, her cheeks were more flushed than usual. Maybe...

As the chill on her body dissipated, Nathan finally asked, "Have you been drinking?"

Yulia frowned, got up with Anya in her arms, "You seem fine to me."

Nathan quickly grabbed Yulia's wrist, "You heartless woman, my stomach hurts!"

Yulia was pulled back onto the sofa by his force. She looked at his stomach, where the shirt was badly wrinkled, obviously massaged by Anya.

"Did you eat something bad, or..."

"I ate too much, indigestion!"

To make his claim more convincing, he burped.

Yulia smiled faintly.

"How much did you eat that you could have indigestion?"

Nathan didn't answer for a moment.

Yulia took a deep breath, put Anya aside, took out a first-aid kit from under the table, then stood up and helped Nathan up as well.

On Nathan's back, shoulders, and arms, Yulia tapped and kneaded, ignoring Nathan's complaints. After a while, she took a piece of thin thread and wound it around his thumb.

Seeing Yulia holding a sharp needle, Nathan watched her warily.

“You want to kill me?”

Nathan scoffed lightly, kill him with a needle? Was this a joke?

However, just as his sarcastic laughter was still echoing in the air, he suddenly felt a sharp pain in his thumb, followed by a gush of dark blood.

This ruthless woman.

Chapter 988

Later, Yulia gently rubbed his arm to get his blood flowing, and then told him to “Take a deep breath.”

Nathan complied, and the result was a long, loud belch.

Nathan might not have the most likable personality, but there was an undeniable elegance that seeped through his every action and word, even when he was cursing, it came with a unique flair.

In terms of manners, belching loudly was an absolute no—no. Now this belch he just let out was both long and loud, a rarity, and it put him in a bit of an awkward spot.

“Ha—ha—” Yulia rarely saw Nathan like this, and she couldn’t help but chuckle.

Nathan’s handsome face turned a shade of red, clearly embarrassed.

“Stop laughing!” Nathan chastised.

Yulia didn’t reply, instead, she turned around to pack up her medical kit.

Nathan sat on the sofa, only able to see half of her face illuminated by the light, her skin so smooth that not a single pore was visible. Her gray, wide-collar striped sweater and skirt gave her a calm and gentle appearance, utterly captivating.

All dolled up for a date with Ronald.

The room's air conditioning was perfectly set, but Nathan's mood was fluctuating with irritation.

"What have you been doing all day?" Nathan's tone was rather harsh, almost accusatory.

"I've been working, and eating." Yulia replied calmly without stopping her movements. She was used to Nathan's probing questions. He had suggested that she get back together with Ronald, hoping to get rid of her, so it was only natural for him to want to know about their situation.

"Oh... did you do anything else?"

She bent down to put the medical kit under the table, and asked, "Like what?"

Behind her, Nathan's gaze was cold and piercing, "Like... holding hands, kissing..."

Yulia paused for a moment, then turned to look at him, "You need to know about that too?"

"Isn't that the most straightforward way to gauge progress? Isn't dating just a sequence of holding hands, kissing, and then having sex?"

Yulia bit her lip, a chill surged within her.

"... Yes. If it weren't for Anya's call, I probably wouldn't have come back tonight. So, do you think if we have held hands and kissed or not?"

Nathan squinted his eyes, "Seems like kissing is pretty routine for you."

"Isn't it normal for couples to hold hands and kiss?" Yulia said, trying to suppress the chill in her heart, then sighed, "You don't need to rush me. You've been patient for so long, what's the rush now? I know my own limits. Once everything is settled, I'll let you know. I don't like being pressured. If you push too hard, I might resist and that would only delay the process, which wouldn't be beneficial for either of us."

What was she planning to settle? What was she going to tell him? That she and Ronald had finally taken things to the next

level?

A wave of inexplicable anger welled up in his chest, raging within him. Seeing Yulia's calm and indifferent demeanor only added fuel to his fury.

"It seems you're quite eager too."

Yulia nodded, "I can't keep clinging to you forever. Do you think you can be my husband for life?"

He closed his eyes for a moment, then reopened them, his gaze colder and more domineering.

Yulia's heart skipped a beat, but the contempt and hatred he subsequently displayed made her feel as if she was plunged

into ice.

"What do you think?"

Yulia forced a smile but said nothing.

The unspoken understanding between them was clear. Of course, he wouldn't be her husband for life. He was Nathan, and he could have any woman he wanted. Why would he choose her, a woman who had a boyfriend before, who was still tangled up with her ex, and who had once plotted against him?

He could find plenty of high-born ladies who fancied him. In his eyes, she was probably the least deserving, even like an insult to him.

The two of them didn't speak after that, and Yulia took Anya to wash up and go to sleep.

Nathan sat on the sofa, looking at his thumb where Yulia had just given him a shot. His finger still ached a bit.

Thankfully, Chloe and Damon's years of efficient work habits had resolved most of the company's accumulated issues in no time.

As Chloe finally breathed a sigh of relief, a chat box popped up on her computer screen with a link sent by her secretary.

[Ms. Summers, take a look at this.]

Chloe clicked on the link, it was a video.

[Infinity Media's actress Beverly is getting married to internationally renowned stylist Jacob.]

She raised an eyebrow at the couple in the video.

In the entertainment industry, it was necessary to have a certain understanding of both domestic and foreign circles. Especially for Chloe, she was the kind of person who liked to be prepared for anything.

Beverly was a beauty queen, coveted by major entertainment companies back then, but ultimately chose the steady-backed Infinity Media.

She had starred in a few TV dramas and films, but none had made a significant impact. Recently, she also snatched up a few endorsements and shows from Starlight International's artists, drawing the attention of the company's public relations department.

Beverly first came to fame for her role as the third female lead in a martial arts drama where she played a cold-hearted villainess who died for the male lead, winning the audience's tears and affection with her contrasting character arc.

Even without any works, she managed to stay relevant through airport fashion shows and runway walks.

Beside her was an internationally renowned stylist, who was also her fiancé, named Jacob. Of course, Chloe knew Jacob. Besides being a famous stylist, he was also a friend of Miles, right?

So, who was this Beverly then?

Remembering Jacob's arrogant and narcissistic demeanor when she saw him at Miles's studio, she couldn't help but shake her head. His character wasn't exactly stellar.

And when Jacob told Miles he was getting married to Beverly, Miles's expression was clearly off. Was there any emotional entanglement going on here?

Chloe's hand rested on her desk, her gaze fixed on the news on her screen, her fingers tapping rhythmically on the surface. A small smile tugged at the corner of her mouth.

Announcing the engagement of the TV drama leading actress and the renowned stylist at this moment was truly high-profile.

Chapter 989

Beverly was dressed to the nines in a figure-hugging white gown.

She closed her laptop nonchalantly, her hands resting on the armrests of her large chair. Turning her chair towards the floor-to-ceiling window, she crossed her arms and gazed into the distance, lost in thought.

After some time, she rose from her seat, donned her trench coat, and grabbed her purse before leaving the office. Her secretary immediately stood up, “Ms. Summers, where are you heading?”

Without pause, Chloe responded, “Not sure, just call me if anything comes up.”

The secretary stuttered, “...Alright.”

Chloe found her car and sat in the driver’s seat for a moment, unsure of where to go.

All she knew was that staying in the office wouldn’t get her anywhere.

She pulled out her phone, intending to browse the internet but quickly thought better of it.

Finally, she opened WhatsApp and checked the only group chat named Royal Scum.

Scum...

She composed herself before opening the group chat.

Chloe [Anyone around?]

Kane [Yep!]

Hans [Yep!]

Ella [Yep!]

Noah [Yep!]

Sawyer [Yep!]

Seth [Yes.]

Kane [Can the last one just ruin the pattern like that?]

Seth [I don't think I am the last one.]

A few seconds later-

Seth [...]

!

Kane [Probably Damon is busy... But Seth, aren't you usually the coldest? How come you replied so fast? What have you been up to? We haven't seen you around.]

Seth [Missing me?]

Kane [Buzz off! You've had enough! Chloe, What's up?]

Chloe, with a small smile, typed on her phone-

[Seth, have you ever chased after a female celebrity?]

Kane, Hans, Ella... [LOL, this is some juicy stuff!]

Seth [What? You're a journalist now?]

Chloe [Nope, just bored. Any cool places you can recommend?]

Seth [Your future husband's bed.]

Chloe's mouth twitched, this petty man, his revenge was swift.

Not long after, Seth sent another message-

[If you're bored, try the movie city. You might discover some up-and-coming talents.]

Chloe paused, remembering that Winston had a cameo today. After thanking Seth, she drove off.

P City had a sizeable movie city. Upon arrival, Chloe saw a group of people of various shapes and sizes. Most of them were good-looking, well-built young men and women. Without any resources or connections, they started here as extras, hoping to be noticed by a director or screenwriter and eventually become stars. There were also some shabbily dressed loafers and beggars waiting for free food.

Chloe got out of the car, and the people who were originally looking at her with anticipation had a hint of obvious disappointment on their faces.

A woman, in the eyes of entertainment industry folks, must surely have connections. However, she didn't seem to be any famous actress, which meant she was of no use to them.

"Sigh, looks like we'll be waiting in vain today."

"When will my benefactor show up?"

“Was that woman just now the CEO of Infinity Media?”

Chloe frowned at the news. The CEO of Infinity Media?

“Yes, nowadays, there are female bigwigs in the entertainment industry too. Don’t underestimate women. Look, here comes another one, better put on a good show.”

“You’re joking, right? How many women in the entertainment industry are big shots? I’d rather save my energy and wait for the CEO of Infinity Media. She should be coming out soon.”

A beautiful young woman lazily glanced at Chloe, not giving her a second look, before turning her gaze back to the gate.

Several people came out from the gate.

Seeing the person surrounded by two others, Chloe couldn’t help but sneer. She had been wondering why Beverly and Jacob had announced their engagement so openly, and now she realized it was because of her presence.

“Ms. Wendy, I hope you can take a look at this script, even if it’s just a glance.”

A man who had chased after her stood panting at the entrance, speaking to Wendy. His clothes were tattered, his face haggard, and his long hair was messy due to lack of care. Even though he seemed to be begging, his voice was brimming with confidence.

Annoyance flashed across Wendy’s face; it seemed she was already fed up with him. She looked at him helplessly, holding her hand up to her nose, unable to hide her disgust.

The man standing next to Wendy immediately said, “Ms. Wendy, don’t bother with him. He’s very persistent. Every director in the movie city probably has a copy of his script, and there’s still no news. If it were really good, would it still be here?”

Wendy had no intention of dealing with this unkempt man. His appearance was a mess, how could he write a good script? But when she saw so many people watching her at the gate, she clenched her lips,

held her breath to avoid the man's smell, and still accepted the script.

"I'll take a look."

The man smiled, said a thank you, and then stepped aside.

Wendy slightly raised the corner of her mouth and walked out of the gate under the protection of the security guard.

The eyes of the extras were like hungry wolves, hoping to win her favor. But the result disappointed them.

Chloe stood not far away, blocked by a group of excited extras. Wendy didn't notice her and just kept walking, stopping at the corner to casually throw the script into a trash can before continuing on her way.

Chloe immediately frowned, walked to the trash can where the script was discarded, surrounded by leftovers from the extras' meals. It was greasy.

Without hesitation, she picked up the script, carefully brushing off the food scraps stuck to the back. The front part was still as good as new.

Even though the man looked unkempt, she had noticed that the script he held was brand new, and the white paper was spotless. This showed how much he cherished this script.

A creator's work was like their child. How harsh and cruel was it when your own kid got ditched and mocked?

She was a creator too. Remembering the feeling when the perfume she designed with full confidence was chucked and smashed, or when everyone thought her work was a rip-off, no one could understand that kind of heartache and sorrow.

Seeing her actions, everyone had different reactions.

Chapter 990

Some people were disgusted, while others were moved.

They were the bottom of the barrel in the social circle. Life ain't easy for any of them. They were burning their youth, time and energy, yet they can't even scrape up a smidgen of respect. However, in the present society, no matter what you did, there was always a horde of folks ready to rip you apart for all sorts of reasons.

When they saw what Chloe was doing, some folks just furrowed their brows and rolled their eyes.

"Playing the saint now, are we?"

"Isn't this just a ploy to grab attention?"

Wendy heard the chatter behind her, paused, and turned around. What she saw was Chloe holding the script she just chucked away.

"Looky there, she managed to hog the limelight."

"What a conniving little..."

Chloe turned to glance at Wendy.

Wendy just gave a slight smile, glanced at the script in her hand, nodded at her with a hint of disdain and sarcasm flashing across her face, and then hailed a cab. She didn't bother to greet Chloe, as they weren't exactly on good terms.

After all, weren't these people looking down on her? Trying to get her attention? Let them think what they want.

More snickers followed from behind. "What a waste of effort."

"Such a drama queen."

"Odd, she seems familiar."

"Right, right! I thought she looked familiar too."

At that point, Chloe turned around, her face impassive. She scanned the crowd, causing those who laughed at her to involuntarily shrink back and shut up. Turning back, she spotted a scruffy-looking man standing in the corner, staring at her. His face was calm, devoid of any emotion. It was as if he was used to all this.

Chloe didn't say a word, but she saw Manuel trotting over. He spotted her right away and waved at her excitedly.

"Chloe! Chloe! I'm here!"

Everyone at the entrance turned to look at her, their eyes filled with curiosity.

"Isn't that Winston's assistant?" someone suddenly asked.

"What? Winston's assistant?!"

“Ah! I remember now! She...she is...” someone suddenly exclaimed.

At that moment, the electric gate opened, and Chloe walked in. As she did, Winston appeared in everyone’s line of sight.

“Winston! It’s really Winston!”

“Ah! Winston!”

Suddenly, everyone at the gate turned into super fans, screaming. Chloe frowned and headed for the gate.

Winston seemed aloof, exuding an untouchable vibe. His icy demeanor only served to skyrocket his popularity inexplicably.

“What brings you here?” Winston looked down at her and asked softly.

“Just bored, thought I’d drop by to see if there are any new talents worth grooming.”

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“Find anyone?”

Chloe shook her head.

Winston took her hand, “Let’s take a look inside. Each troupe has some minor actors with some experience and training.

You might want to take a look at them.”

Outside, a crowd was watching.

They all envied Chloe.

“Who is she? Why is she so close to Winston?”

“She drives a pretty ordinary car. Could she be Winston’s sugar baby?”

“A sugar baby would be so bold?”

“Well, men are easily swayed by women. Maybe she’s trying to force Winston to acknowledge their relationship.”

“Such a schemer...”

“Guys, what are you talking about?! Don’t you recognize her? That woman... that woman is Chloe, the CEO of Starlight International!”

“What...”

The people who were laughing at Chloe were all taken aback, still in shock. They all wore a look of surprise.

The CEO of Starlight International?

“She...why would she come here?”

“She looks even more beautiful in person than on camera. I wouldn’t have recognized her if not for the mention.” “Yeah, right. I never thought such a high-profile person would come here, let alone mingle with us extras.”

“Didn’t you hear her earlier? She said she’s here to scout for talents.”

Those who were laughing at Chloe earlier were now pale as ghosts. Looking at Chloe, although she was not far away, it felt like she was a world away.

Winston’s suggestion made sense. Chloe nodded, then turned to Manuel and said,

“Manuel, wait here for a bit. I’ve ordered some coffee and tea for you.”

Manuel immediately made an OK sign.

“Alright, Ms. Summers, don’t worry!”

Chloe nodded, glanced at the script in her hand, then looked at the scruffy man nearby.

The man walked over, looked at the script in her hand, and said softly, “Thank you.”

Chloe gave a slight smile, then followed Winston into the film base.

“You seem pretty confident about this script.”

Winston glanced at her, then looked back at the man. The man was taken aback, a hint of surprise crossing his face. He’d been here for over two months, and everyone’d been avoiding him. Script being discarded, thrown into trash cans, used as fans, as seat wipes, you name it.

It hurt, but what can he do about it?

So when Chloe initiated a conversation about the script, he was almost shocked into disbelief. He hurried to catch up and replied, “Yes.”

Chloe pulled her hand out of Winston's, flipped open the first page of the script as they walked, then smiled slightly.

"Is it a historical drama?"

The man nodded, "Yes."

Chloe closed the script, not bothering to read further. A hint of disappointment crossed the man's face, but it was as if he expected it.

"A few years ago, historical dramas were all the rage, and some high-quality classics came out that still stand unrivaled today. Audiences are getting weary of this genre, and those classics have made them

even pickier. Making another historical drama might seem like biting off more than you can chew to others. Are you really confident?"

Chloe kinda got why his script just sank like a stone, with no one giving a hoot.