

Chapter 11 Is That What You Wanted To Hear

Lianne's POV:

Ethan stood there in a sharp black suit, his presence cold and distant.

First, he looked at Ivy, who was soaked in coffee and looked completely disheveled. Then his gaze moved to me, turning cold.

"What happened?" he asked, his voice low and tense.

Before I could answer, Ivy let out a soft whimper behind me.

Then she shrank back as if frightened and moved straight into Ethan's arms. She clutched his jacket tightly, her voice trembling.

"Ethan, I'm so cold." She lifted her head, her wet silk blouse clinging to her body and outlining her figure. Tears filled her eyes. "It's not Lianne's fault. It was my mistake. I didn't get the shooting schedule, so I was late. It's normal if she's upset."

"You didn't get the schedule?" Ethan frowned deeply. Without thinking he wrapped an arm around her shoulders and pulled her closer.

Watching this made my stomach turn.

At that point, I'd had enough.

I did not want to keep putting up with this or play along anymore.

Without hesitation, I pulled out my phone, opened the call records and the email confirmation, and held it up in front of Ivy.

"Miss Brooks, since your memory seems off, I'll help you remember," I said, staring straight at her. "Yesterday at 2:14 p.m., I emailed you myself. At 2:30 p.m., I sent you a message. At 3 p.m., I called your manager. And now you're saying you didn't get the notice?"

Ivy's face turned pale at once. She glanced at the phonescreen. A hint of panic flashed in her eyes, but it quickly shifted into a look of grievance.

"I really didn't see it. Maybe something was wrong with my phone," she said through sobs, pressing her face into Ethan's chest. "I really didn't mean to..."

"That's enough Lianne," Ethan cut in, his tone firm with warning. "Don't push it. Her phone might really have been out of service. She had a bad headache last night and didn't sleep at all. She came here as soon as she learned about the shoot. She's already had a rough time."

Ivy had a bad headache last night and didn't sleep at all?

Hearing that felt like a physical jolt to my system. I stood still, unable to move.

I recalled Ethan's absence last night and how frantic he sounded when he answered the phone.

So he had spent the entire night by her side.

While he was busy fussing over her, had he even spared a single thought for me?

I opened my mouth, but my throat felt as parched as a desert.

Every point I had tried to make earlier now felt completely ridiculous.

If anything the facts were of no importance to him at all.

He wasn't interested in being just. Instead, he simply wanted to ensure his old flame never had to face any consequences.

"I'm honestly let down by you, Lianne," Ethan said, his voice slicing through the air. "Ivy hasn't uttered a single negative thing about you. She even tried to stick up for you after you dumped coffee on her. Yet here you are, acting so spiteful and letting your envy ruin your professional life."

Was he seriously suggesting that I was envious of Ivy?

Each sentence he spoke felt like a blade twisting in my chest.

The agony was so sharp that my legs felt weak. I didn't even have the

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energy left to argue back.

I stared at the man I had given three years of my life to, but he glared at me like I was something he needed to throw away.

"I never touched that coffee," I stated, pulling in a long breath to keep my composure. "There are security cameras all over the studio. If you just watch the tape, you'll see she was the one who spilled it on herself."

"Please, Ethan, stop!" Ivy cried out as she wrapped her arms around his waist and began to sob. "Don't put Lianne on the spot like that. If people see that video, they'll know we were fighting and that's terrible for the company's reputation. I can handle a little pain if it means you'll stop being so upset."

How magnanimous of her. She made herself look like a saint who was willing to suffer just to keep the peace.

Meanwhile, I was being framed as the jealous, irrational villain of the story.

A warning bell went off in my head, stopping me before I could make a bigger fool of myself.

If Ethan actually cared about the facts, he could have just asked an aide to get the video or questioned the staff nearby.

But he chose not to do any of those things.

In fact, he didn't even bother checking the footage. He just put the blame on me.

So this was what his unforgettable first love meant to him.

Even though we were fated mates, I had never mattered as much as Ivy in his eyes.

I let out a quiet, bitter laugh, the corner of my lips lifting in self-mockery.

"Fine, I did it all." I looked straight at Ethan. "I was jealous of Ivy. I sent the wrong text on purpose. I spilled the coffee on her. Is that what you wanted to hear?"

