

Chapter 7 President Yates's Personal Appearance

The door to the hall nally opened. The person in charge informed everyone that they would be holding auditions for the role of advocate before that of the host.

“Number One, please get ready!”

The auditioners who were sitting in neat rows at the back looked around and wondered who would be going rst.

They had yet to hear of anyone getting the rst slot. Even Queenie, who had such a powerful background, had only been placed second in line.

Who could this mysterious person be?

While everyone was speculating and whispering amongst themselves, Sandra stood up.

Feeling frustrated, Kim tugged at a corner of Sandra’s outt. However, she simply pushed her hand away and walked into the hall elegantly...

She left behind a crowd of shocked faces.

“That... that obsolete parasite... she’s Number One?”

Sandra made her way into the hall. Unexpectedly, Samuel Quentin, Brian’s father, was one of the judges.

Queenie was like a walking advertisement for Quentin’s Group. No wonder she had been acting so arrogantly outside.

Samuel naturally had not expected Sandra to come. The two of them looked at each other awkwardly. Before she stepped onto the stage, Samuel took the initiative to greet her. “Sandra, you’re here!”

“I just wanted to join in the fun.” Sandra’s tone was indifferent.

Samuel simply thought that this naive future daughter-in-law of his was feeling bored and he did not think too much of her answer. “Sandra, don’t forget that the board of directors will be elected at 10 o’clock tomorrow morning.”

“How could I forget that? I’m denitely going to support you,” said Sandra with a sweet smile.

Looking at his satised smile, she suddenly asked, “Mr. Quentin, will you be supporting me today then?”

Samuel had no time to hide the awkwardness in his gaze. Sandra gave him a cold smile and ignored him.

“Number One, please come onto the stage!”

Sandra greeted everyone with a broad smile and said gracefully, “Hello to all judges.”

“Miss Simons, please introduce yourself and, in your own time, elaborate on why you are suitable to be the advocate for LOS.”

“You are looking for someone who is vibrant, healthy, and preferably with some experience in dance. There will be a lot of ghting scenes in the shoot and it will require someone with suitable posture and elegant movements. I’ve been learning dance since a young age...”

Sandra had done her research before coming and she answered very precisely and to the point. She also had a very good temperament and made them feel very comfortable. The panel of judges all nodded their heads. However, as for her popularity... there was quite a big discrepancy from what she had and what they were looking for.

“Miss Simons, please show us some tapes of your past dances. You can then go back and wait to hear from us.”

“Okay, goodbye!”

Just as Sandra was about to turn around, a cold voice came from behind. “Why don’t you do some freestyle and let us see how good your skills are?”

A man stepped onto the stage in one big stride. Sandra lifted her gaze met with his deep, black eyes.

The man was tall and well-built. He had a perfect jawline and his hair was combed meticulously. His every move was graceful and calm.

Sandra was shocked. This man’s temperament was exactly the same as that of the man in the Parisian hotel from that night.

But he was not Xavier Yates!

They looked alike, but...

“President Yates!”

“What brought you here personally?”

Several judges stood up in unison.

President Yates... the mysterious Christopher Yates from the business world?

While Sandra was still lost in thought, Christopher walked up and reached out his hand to her.

Sandra had no choice but to pull herself together and take his hand. He led her to the center of the stage with his strong grasp and everyone under the stage did not even dare to breathe.

Christopher took the initiative to put his arm around her slender waist and lean over to whisper in her ear.

“Who allowed you to mistake another man for me?”

His icy-cold voice slipped out of his throat. It was low and hoarse, and it disrupted her breathing.