



Chapter 138

"Are you interested in joining my team?"

Jenny had studied management and was very capable.

"Sure! I came back this time to team up with you," she said, raising her glass to clink with Lindsay's. "I was just looking for something to do, and you presented the perfect opportunity."

She added with a hint of self-deprecation, "I originally studied management for that lousy man, but now it turns out I could use it for myself."

Lindsay laughed. "Isn't that even better? What you've learned is truly yours. In the future, we'll expand this studio and make it thrive. You can stand in front of that worthless man, look down on him like a queen, and tell him to get lost. It'll be so satisfying."

From her perspective, she also felt Jenny deserved better.

Joey must have had some feelings for Jenny; otherwise, he wouldn't have let her chase after him for so many years. But he was as cold as a stone, always with that scheming assistant by his side. He was even worse than Justin and deserved to be tossed out with him.

Jenny thought about what Lindsay said and laughed. "You know, that would be incredibly satisfying. When the time comes, I'll tell him to get lost and take that little hypocrite with him."

She downed her drink. "From now on, I'm done chasing after worthless man. I'm going to be a powerful woman."



Lindsay also finished her drink. "Great! Let's build our careers together!"

The two happily ate skewers and drank, putting all their troubles behind them.

Meanwhile, the online controversy continued to escalate. Justin and Olivia were heavily criticized, and many fans unfollowed them.

At the Harper household, Alex and Olivia had been brought back by the car arranged by the production team. Alex eventually gave in to Olivia's tears and managed to calm her down.

When they arrived home, Olivia's eyes were red and swollen. Their father wasn't home, but their mother and the four Harper brothers were waiting in the living room.

As soon as Olivia entered and saw her mother and brothers, she greeted them softly, "Mom, Edmund, Oliver, Raymond, Brandon!"

Brandon noticed Olivia's tear-swollen eyes and frowned.

He immediately stood up, showing a look of concern. "Via, what happened? Who bullied you?"

Hearing her Brandon's words, Olivia's sense of grievance surged again.

She threw herself into Brandon's arms and started crying, first playing the victim. "I was framed and now so many people online are attacking me."

She didn't need to name who framed her; she trusted her brothers



would investigate.

Then she complained, "Unlike what they said online, Justin and I are just friends, but Alex not only didn't comfort me, he also didn't believe me and scolded me."

Brandon, heartbroken, held her and soothed her. "Don't be sad, Via. Edmund and Oliver are already looking into the person behind this. Once we find out who it is, we'll get revenge for you."

He then glared at Alex. "Alex is just an idiot. Why bother with him? I'll give him a good beating later to help you vent your anger."

Alex rubbed his nose. "I saw what was happening online and got heated. That's why I reacted that way."

Olivia, still leaning on Brandon, pouted at Alex. "Alex is so mean."

Alex clasped his hands together, begging for forgiveness. "Yes, yes, I'm mean. Please forgive me, my little sister."

He was genuinely afraid of upsetting her.

Brandon, with his arm around Olivia's shoulders, guided her to sit on the sofa. Raymond joined them, putting his arm around Olivia's waist and softly coaxing her until she smiled through her tears.

Although Edmund and Oliver didn't come over, they continued to comfort her from where they were, promising they wouldn't let the culprit go unpunished.

Grace watched her children and felt uneasy. In the past, she might not have thought much about it, but now she couldn't help but frown.



The adopted daughter was being held in the arms of her third and fourth sons, one on each side. It didn't look like the kind of behavior appropriate for adult siblings.

Her five sons seemed to center everything around the adopted daughter, constantly comforting and coaxing her. It looked less like they were soothing a sister and more like they were consoling a lover.

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