

Surprised 1911

Chapter 1911 Now, She Doesn't Remember You Even in her hazy state, Ivan and Jennifer could feel his pain and sorrow. Is his heartache constant torment? As an elder brother, Ivan sincerely hopes that his younger brother can emerge from his emotional scars and embrace a healthy, happy life. "Those photos triggered him..." Ivan helped him lie down on the couch, then took Jennifer's hand and led her to the floor-to-ceiling window. "Spencer used to numb himself by pursuing women before, but now, because of those photos, she has brought back all memories, and they're stuck in the past..." Ivan analyzed. "He can't go on like this; he needs to see a psychologist," Jennifer said. "It's been ten years, and it's taking a toll on him." "I've found someone more suitable than a psychologist." But Ivan wasn't sure. "Who?" Ivan shared Summer's situation with his wife. Jennifer was shocked to hear, "You found her? And she has amnesia? Then... does she not remember Spencer?" "Summer loves Spencer very much, once tattooing 'Spencer' on her ankle, which was probably the most rebellious thing she did during her strict upbringing." "The breakup was initiated by Summer, which indicates the issue lies with Spencer. So, Summer doesn't remember him, which is a good thing for her, as the past can be easily erased." Ivan's analysis made Jennifer instantly understand. "You want Spencer to reappear in her life? To win her back?" "It's not impossible, because Spencer can't live without her." Ivan glanced at the man lying on the couch. "When he wakes up, I'll tell him about this. Let's see his reaction and let him make his decision." Jennifer didn't say anything more. She couldn't help but ponder, what is love after all? A youthful romance that tortures people like this. Youth is truly the most lingering sentiment. After a while, the sobering medicine took effect, and Spencer gradually regained consciousness, slowly opening his eyes. As he sat up, his gaze shifted from the scattered bottles on the coffee table to the two people sitting on the couch by the window. Why were his brother and sister-in-law here? "Spencer." Jennifer, seeing him, quickly walked over to him. "How are you? Do you feel any better? Headache?" Ivan also approached the coffee table and meticulously straightened the bottles in front of him. "These days, you've been using alcohol as your food." Ivan's tone was slightly heavy, his handsome face somewhat cold. Spencer didn't need to look at him to feel a chill. He sat on the couch with his head bowed, rubbing his still sore temples, feeling sorry for worrying his brother and sister-in-law. Jennifer poured him a glass of warm water. Ivan's aura was cold, his gaze fixated on him. "I found Summer."

That name made Spencer's breath hitch, and his thoughts geemedybll ininciali i=S He Ss Wel lifted his eyes, full of disbelief. "...". "I came here today to bring you some news about her," Ivan said. In Spencer's deep, gloomy eyes, a glimmer of light gradually appeared, the excitement in his heart indescribable.

"She's in Arkpool City, and soon you'll be able to meet her. shes currently) rking gggdsisiant to your partner, Angel, newly appointed." . "...," Spencer stared at him continuously, almost unable to believe what he was hearing. Angel's assistant??

Ivan told him, "However, she has amnesia and doesn't r empen {1} thingithat Hagpohed ten years ago. So, now, she doesn't remember you." .

Chapter 1912: Spencer Regrets Upon hearing these words, Spencer's emotions were like a rollercoaster, soaring high into the sky only to plummet back down to the depths of the valley, leaving his heart chilled to its core. Ivan calmly relayed the details of his investigation to Spencer, allowing him to slowly accept and digest the information, including the tragic car accident that occurred in the early hours of the morning. As Spencer listened, his heart tightened bit by bit, feeling as if he was suffocating, drowning in despair and sadness. "If you truly do not want to miss out on her again, I suggest you re-enter her life and pursue her once more," Ivan analyzed, "She has been suffering from amnesia for ten years, likely with no chance of recovering her memories. She will not remember you, nor will she long for the past." Though Spencer remained silent, his exhausted expression carried an indescribable pain, as if his heart was being torn apart and bleeding! His thoughts were still trapped in the horrific car accident, unable to think about what he should do next. Summer was lucky to have survived. How much pain was she in at the time? She spent half a year in the hospital... And where was he during that time? Spencer absolutely loathed himself! His already dim eyes now clouded over with mist. Why wasn't he by her side during her most difficult moments? Both Ivan and Jennifer could sense his sorrow and self-blame. It was getting late, and everything that needed to be said had been said. As Ivan stood up, his gaze still fixed on Spencer, he lightly said, "Take some time to think about whether you want to attend tomorrow's kick-off ceremony." Earlier, he had stated he would not participate in any ceremonies, only focusing on his role in the script. With that, Ivan and Jennifer left. After they departed, Spencer remained seated on the couch, feeling like a puppet drained of thoughts, still unable to process the situation. Summer is now Angel's assistant? Through the phone call from Angel that day, Spencer concluded that she was a scheming woman. How would someone like her be to work with? Would Summer be mistreated by staying by her side? How could such a coincidence happen? He searched for her for many years... and now, there's suddenly a collaboration. Although Spencer's heart was still immensely complex at the moment, he was certain he would attend the kick-off ceremony the next day. That night, Spencer couldn't sleep. He wasn't sure if he should feel fortunate or not. The next morning, he rose early, shaved his beard meticulously, and carefully applied skincare products. Dressed in a bespoke shirt, he exuded a vibrant aura, yet his mood remained complex and heavy. Angel also woke up early, needing to create a flawless makeup look to meet the heartthrob Spencer and leave a good first impression.

Finally getting the opportunity to work with him, she was determined) ie YAN EAY she appeared before him, she looked her most beautiful. . He was Mr. Marsh's brother, and if she could have a romantic relationship with him, her popularity would surely skyrocket.

All the actors were up early, preparing for the kick-off ceremony. N would the eogjva ved arvelopes, but there 50! also be publicity photos. No one wanted to be outdone. . Summer arrived early as well. As an assistant, she had many tasks to attend to today. As she entered the lobby, she hurriedly made her way towards the elevator.

In a large makeup room upstairs, Angel locked eyes with Adelai after a nod from Adelaide. Angel looked at her as if she had been tasked with something. In no time, Summer entered, "Good morning, Miss Angel."

Chapter 1913: A Dug Hole "I don't currently need any help from you here, having Adelaide is enough," Angel said calmly to her. "Go around and learn, the artists are almost all here, communicate more with their assistants, observe with your own eyes, assistants are usually busy with what." This good? Will she be given time to study? "Okay, thank you, Miss Angel." Summer didn't realize this was a trap, at least at this moment, she was still grateful to her in her heart. The dressing room was very large, covering several hundred square meters, with each dressing table separated by a moderate distance, everyone's position being designated by their role. The indoor lighting was as bright as glass. Summer looked at the makeup artist next to her, opened the tool kit, and was about to apply makeup to Angel. She turned and took a step towards Adelaide's direction, as Adelaide deliberately glanced at her back. Angel stared at her beautiful self in the mirror, her pretty face showing no ripples. The artists had all arrived one after another, almost every seat was occupied. "Hey, hey, can you do me a favor?" Someone called out to stop Summer's steps, she turned to look at the unfamiliar girl sitting in the chair, judging from her demeanor, she probably played an important role as well. Seeing her stop, the girl smiled, "Can you help me get a dress from the next dressing room? The first one you see when you enter, hanging on the rack with a big bow on the chest. I'm about to do makeup and don't have time to get it." Summer looked at her, her makeup artist next to her started to get busy, and her assistant seemed not to have arrived yet. "Okay, please wait." Kind-hearted as she was, she agreed, also taking the opportunity to go to the next dressing room and familiarize herself with the environment. "Thanks!" The girl artist was quite polite. This seemingly ordinary matter was not difficult, Summer entered the dressing room and saw the dress the artist described at first sight. As white as snow, with a waist-cinching design, it gave a sense of tranquility and elegance. She carefully took it down, cradling it in her arms, with a faint fragrance wafting through. Summer dared not crease it, she took special care to hold the dress, turned and stepped out. Just as she was about to leave, a girl appeared out of nowhere and bumped into her arms. "ARI The girl's left hand soup bowl and right hand chicken leg smashed onto the pristine dress! The soy sauce-colored soup stained half of the skirt and kept dripping down. After standing firm, Summer checked the dress for the first time, her icy eyes filled with disbelief! She looked up at the girl holding the bowl! "I-I'm sorry, I didn't mean to!" The girl quickly bowed and then ran away! "Hey!" Summer shouted after the figure, but couldn't stop her. That figure quickly disappeared like smoke.

What to do now? This was a situation Summer hadn't anticipated. She had to fend for herself and carefully considered her options. Even as a new assistant, she knew how important this dress was to that artist, but now...

Luckily, there was still time. She decided to go and see if there were any backup options. So, she quickly took the dress and walked into the makeup room. Summer approached the artist, bowed respectfully, and said earnestly, "Sorry, miss, I stained the dress."

The female artist turned her gaze, her face changing color. "What?!" The next moment, she Sioa Qatiyya Abra, : ourkiding fe?! How did it get like this?! Are you intentionally sabotaging me? Are you afraid I'll steal Angel's spotlight?!" .

Chapter 1914: Slapped in the Face "I'm sorry, it wasn't intentional," Summer tried to calm the situation, explaining, "It was my own fault, and has nothing to do with Miss Angel." "It was all Angel's doing!" the female artist exploded in the dressing room, her voice rising, "You deliberately didn't let me wear the most beautiful dress!" Summer knew she was in the wrong, but she didn't expect her to have such a bad temper, completely different from the sweet smile she had just asked for help with. "No," Summer stood tall, explaining once more, "This lady, it was my fault, but | want to point out that | was forcefully bumped at the dressing room door, the speed was fast, as if she came out of nowhere. If we're talking about responsibility, | suggest checking the surveillance at the door first to see what happened." Did she just say so much? The female artist was momentarily intimidated by her presence, her mind going blank for a moment. At that moment, Summer met her gaze and spoke again, "If you wash now, it definitely won't be in time, but if you choose another outfit now, there will still be time." "You..." the female artist was very angry, unable to speak properly, and raised her hand, delivering a hard slap to Summer's cheek! Smack! Summer couldn't dodge in time, the slap landing on her face! The crisp sound of the slap caught the attention of many around, Summer turned her face after being hit, a sharp pain spreading from her cheek to her ear. Everyone gasped, some shocked, some wide-eyed. Summer gritted her teeth, quickly regained her composure, and turned to look at the female artist who had slapped her, her eyes shooting anger. When the female artist met her gaze, she couldn't help but shiver slightly. Summer felt like there was something more to this situation, but the surveillance here wasn't something she could easily access. But she had no grudge against this female artist, so why was she targeting her? Summer angrily tossed the soiled dress onto the makeup table, knocking over a few foundation bottles, creating a disturbance, causing the female artist to step back instinctively. The female artist was a bit intimidated by her, steadied her mind, and kept eye contact with her. At that moment, Angel, who had been watching from a distance, stepped towards them, her face cold, her red lips pursed, "That's enough." Summer heard her voice and turned to see Angel's haughty demeanor, thinking she was about to erupt. However, Angel just coldly stared at the female artist, "Deal with your own affairs from now on, find your assistant instead." "Yes, senior Angel," the other party's arrogance deflated instantly.

Then Angel glanced at Summer, turned, and del elipn ey Hekapot Stymirrier Bifshing as she followed behind. . Summer couldn't understand, she felt like there was something fishy about this whole situation. "Miss Angel, thank you," she said as they walked. Until Angel sat back in her spot, she didn't acknowledge her.

Summer stood beside her, contemplating, before fiaallyc OT! posing uno co we access t l — here? | just..." .

"Access the surveillance for you?" Angel turned, arose asking 1) holeeijiy WON is? She's the director's niece! Do you want to make this a bigger issue?" . Her implication was that the matter was already settled. Taking a deep breath, Summer ultimately remained silent.

Chapter 1915: Spencer Has Arrived Angel intentionally ignored her, exuding a cool and distant aura throughout her body. The slap marks on her face were becoming more clearly visible, a bright red hue that indicated she had been struck hard. This could be considered her official first day at work. Despite not feeling aggrieved, Summer was internally strong and recognized that today, someone had taught her a lesson. But who was this person? She did not have a clear guess at the moment. Just arrived, still not familiar with the dynamics of the people here. Angel leaned back in her chair, her hands folded across her chest, closing her eyes as someone began to apply makeup to her face. After a while, Summer's phone rang, and she answered the call from her neighbor, quietly greeting them, "Hello." Upon hearing what the caller said, the girl's expression changed slightly. "Alright, I'll be right there," she replied, with a hint of calmness shining through. Ending the call, she approached Angel calmly, "Miss Angel, | apologize, but my mother suddenly fainted, and my father is not here. | need to go to the hospital to see her, it shouldn't take too long." Angel seemed to not hear her words, remaining silent for a few seconds. Observing her expression, Summer furrowed her brows lightly. Just as Summer was about to say something else, Angel raised her hand and gestured for her to go. "Thank you," Summer bowed to her and then turned to leave. In the moment she left the dressing room, she quickly ran to the elevator! Just as she was getting into her car, a luxurious Maserati drove past her, stopping elegantly at the grand entrance. Causing quite a stir around, with many people discreetly taking photos. The car door opened, and two impeccably dressed men quickly got out, assisting the man inside the car. Following a slow-motion movie scene, a shiny shoe stepped out, revealing Spencer, who had a perfect figure and handsome face. As he alighted from the car, his mesmerizing peach blossom eyes appeared deep and alluring. Every time he appeared, Spencer did not like to smile, always carrying a natural air of arrogance. "Wow, it's really Spencer, | finally caught a glimpse of him!" "Quick, take a photo, he's so handsome, truly the film emperor!" Spencer strode towards the glass doors, paying no attention to his surroundings, his only focus on seeing Summer as soon as possible. Accompanied by two assistants, Spencer walked towards the elevator in the lobby. Is Summer upstairs? What is she doing? The moment of reunion he had long awaited, filled with tenderness, anticipation, and a hint of a touching emotion made a warm wave flow within him. She had lost her memory, she did not remember him... Spencer couldn't help but feel a bit melancholic. Focusing on the rising numbers in the elevator, Spencer forcibly suppressed the rush of emotions coursing through his body. As the elevator doors opened, his heart felt a painful tug of attraction.

"Look, Spencer is here!" "It's Spencer!" Pleagerpad he origina coteft at NovelDrama.Org.

"He's so handsome! | love hi Sad like an shia! floes the origina) ntent at NovelDrama.Org.

In a big-budget drama production, there were surely many people involved, not just the actors but numerous crew members. Nowadays, most young people were fans of Spencer, as the drama he worked on with Georgia had skyrocketed, firmly establishing his position as the film emperor. .

Chapter 1916: Which Miss Violet? With his cool appearance and his frequent awards for representing the country in competitions, Spencer gained a lot of admirers. Ignoring all the sounds around him, he strode towards the dressing room with his assistant. As he reached the door, a commotion erupted in the dressing room once again- "Look, Spencer is here! Spencer is here!" "Wow...!" Almost everyone cast envious and admiring glances at him! After he entered, his gaze swept across the spacious room, silently searching for that familiar yet long-lost figure. As his partner and fangirl, Angel, just finished her exquisite makeup, quickly stood up and hurried towards him. With each step of this woman's approach, Spencer finally noticed her. But next to where she had just risen, there was no sign of Summer. "Spencer, you're here?" Angel stepped towards him in high heels, her smile bright and her voice dripping with sweetness, "I'm Angel, the lead actress in this drama, your new partner. It's nice to meet you." Brother said Summer is Angel's assistant, where is she? Spencer scanned the room once again, before finally turning his gaze to the woman in front of him, pondering for two seconds before shaking her hand, considering Summer's face. Despite Spencer's reserved demeanor, Angel was overjoyed! Finally, she had physical contact with him! Her smile became even sweeter and brighter! Remembering the day Spencer hung up on her phone call, Angel's attitude today was truly a 180-degree turnaround, and she could only hope for better days ahead. "Where's your assistant?" Spencer's gaze fell on her face. At that moment, Adelaide came over, and Angel quickly introduced her, "This is my agent, Adelaide. My assistant had an urgent matter and just left. Normally, I only have these two people with me. I am an independent artist who can take care of myself and not a fan of being surrounded by entourage." She praised herself intentionally. An urgent matter? What happened? Before Spencer could think further, Adelaide greeted Spencer as well. Seeing Angel successfully shake hands with him, many other girls also surrounded them. "Spencer, hello! Can I shake your hand?" "Spencer, I'm your fan." "Spencer, I really like you!" Wherever he went, Spencer was always surrounded by fans, one wave after another. Seeing the hands of these women reaching out to him, he took a step back, and his two assistants stopped them, with one of them saying, "Everyone, this is not an event. We will all be working together, so please focus on your duties and do them well." "Thank you all for your support, Spencer. Please take care of your artists and analyze the script if you're an artist, try to get it right in one take for every scene." Spencer walked out of the dressing room, his face expressionless, but inside, he felt full of disappointment. He hadn't seen Summer. "I heard Spencer wasn't attending the ceremony, why did he come today?" "Yeah, I heard the same. He only shows up when he has scenes."

Listening to the murmurs of the people around him, Leylah floated at her just new! And he even shook hands with her! . His palm felt warm! Spencer stayed for the ceremony, and the director and production crew were pleased.

Around ten in the morning, just as the ceremony was winding (Spanier) 3 preparing lay he overheard 1 girls nearby whispering- . "Do you know? Today, Miss Violet slapped Summer with all her might." "I saw it

too. When Summer left, her cheeks were red and swollen.” Spencer's eyes darkened. He halted his steps, turned around, and walked towards the two girls. "Spencer?!" "Wow!" The two girls immediately went starry-eyed, gazing at him with admiration.

"Which Miss Violet?" Spencer didn't ask for a reason, bogus naghatte! the reason anié Wiss Violet would not get away with it. .

Chapter 1917: Spencer Will Not Stand Idly By

"Ah?" The girl didn't react, unaware that he had overheard the previous discussion, so she didn't understand what he meant for a moment.

Spencer looked at her with a gentle gaze, even a hint of a mischievous smile at the corner of his lips. "Which Miss Violet slapped Summer?" he asked again.

The two girls were slightly shocked. Did the movie star Spencer also find women's conflicts interesting? But since he was asking, it meant he had heard the previous conversation.

So, the girl lightly pursed her lips, pointed to a nearby place, and whispered, "See that? The girl in the pink dress, her name is Sophia Violet. She slapped Angel's assistant Summer. It's said she's the director's..."

Before the girl could finish speaking, Spencer, hands in his pockets, turned and walked away, remembering the name.

The two girls exchanged glances, feeling a bit strange. He just left like that? Without causing trouble for Sophia Violet, or even finding out the whole story, he just left? Was he interested in this matter, or not?

They didn't think much about it, but Spencer was really handsome! Even his posture while walking was handsome, even his back view was handsome!

It wasn't until they watched him disappear from sight that they snapped back to reality and didn't think about the matter further.

Inside the departing car, Spencer sat in the passenger seat, looking out the window with a serious gaze. After a while, he picked up his phone and dialed a number, his handsome face tense.

At that time, Ivan was in his office, sitting in front of his desk, approving an important report. His private phone rang, but he was too busy writing on the report to check the screen.

Seeing the caller ID, Andrew reminded him, "Mr. Marsh, it's Spencer." "Answer it, put it on speaker," Ivan said without looking at the screen.

Andrew did as instructed and placed the connected phone in front of Ivan. Ivan, still focused on the report, asked, "What's the matter? Speak."

"A member of the cast named Sophia Violet wants Summer to play her role," Spencer's voice was low and deep.

"Reason?" Ivan wasn't very surprised, he just calmly asked for an explanation.

"She slapped Summer today. | don't want to see that kind of pest, it's disgusting," Spencer's mood seemed off.

Ivan remained silent. After a while, Spencer hung up.

He knew his brother would handle it, or he would deal with it his own way, and it wouldn't be as simple as just driving her away. Ivan's goal was simple, he wanted Spencer to be happy, so he would definitely take care of it.

"Did you hear that?" Ivan continued approving the report and instructed Andrew, "You handle this."

Andrew paused and asked, "How should | handle it?"

Ivan paused with his pen, looking at Andrew, "Do I need to teach you?" "No, no need." But Andrew really didn't know how to handle entertainment industry matters. Spencer's car drove on the main road, a red sedan passing by his Maybach...

Summer was driving, she had just come out of the hospital. Her father had a slight concussion, but the doctor said it was not serious, and her father had also arrived. .

At that moment, Spencer was leaning

back in the passenger-seat, George! and

.

She had been slapped... she must be upset and in pain, right?

"Summer, rest assured, as long as I'm here, I won't let you suffer anymore," he silently swore in his heart. Clenching his hand into a fist with prominent knuckles, blaming himself for not arriving earlier today. .

If he had been there, she wouldn't have been hit.

Chapter 1918: Rolling Up And Leaving

Soon, Sophia Violet's face drooped, tears brimming in her eyes as she clutched a bag with an unzipped zipper, filled to the brim with her personal belongings, some of which were spilling out. Struggling to hold it, she appeared slightly disheveled.

Exiting the elevator, she mechanically made her way towards the lobby like a walking corpse.

Having finally secured a role through connections, she had been directly manipulated by someone, and Angel's tactic of using another to do her dirty work was truly cunning. She couldn't understand why she alone had to bear the consequences in the end, while Angel emerged unscathed.

The director claimed it was Mr. Marsh's decision, leaving him with no choice but to comply. But why would Mr. Marsh intervene in such matters? Rumors had circulated that Summer was Mr. Marsh's woman... a thought that Sophia Violet couldn't even fathom.

Walking out desolately, feeling utterly disheartened, she reached the door only to unexpectedly encounter Summer, who had just arrived from a car.

Instinctively halting her steps, their gazes met. A flicker of panic passed through Sophia Violet's eyes, her swollen gaze betraying her distressed state. Observing her in this state, though outwardly calm, Summer couldn't help but be slightly surprised. What had transpired for her to look like she was about to roll up and leave?

However, moments later, Summer resumed her path, wanting to pass by without confrontation.

"Wait," Sophia Violet called out, stopping her in her tracks.

Summer halted beside her, the distance of less than half a meter between them.

"Today's events... Angel instructed me to do so," Sophia Violet softly confessed, without glancing at her.

Summer hesitated, turning to peer at her profile while Sophia Violet kept her gaze fixed forward. After a moment, she continued, "Angel wanted to drive you away. When you couldn't bear the job anymore, you would resign on your own."

"And what about you?" Summer inquired. "Why is it you who's leaving?"

Aslight smirk played on Sophia Violet's lips as she let out a bitter laugh. Then, turning to face her, she said coldly, "Congratulations. You've been promoted from a new assistant to the third female lead."

The third female lead? Sophia Violet said nothing more, departing without another word.

With confusion and bewilderment, Summer continued onwards. As she ascended the stairs, two crew members entered the elevator with her, chatting nonchalantly without recognizing her.

"Sophia Violet is the director's relative, with such strong connections. If she can be replaced so easily, who is this Summer?" "I have no idea. I've never seen this person before."

"I heard she's a new assistant, Angel's right hand."

"This Angel is quite cunning. I didn't expect even those around her to be so manipulative."

"I think this Summer is even more cunning. Since when does the director change personnel so easily?"

"I heard Summer is Mr. Marsh's woman, anyway, switching people was Mr. Marsh's decision." "What? Mr. Marsh?" "Shh, it's just hearsay..."

The elevator dinged and the doors opened, the two girls stepping out. Summer stood beside them, listening to the conversation about her supposed relationship with Mr. Marsh, sending a shiver down her spine.

Where did that rumor come from? Such rumors were the most frightening, once they spread, what would the backlash be like online?

Sure enough, as she exited the elevator and as the actress began to feel the

heavy gazes directed her way.

"Miss Angel," Summer approached Angel, "I'm back."

Angel cast a sly glance at her, thinking to herself, where did this

come from? A She who had managed to sway Sophia Violet but also

secured the position of the female lead. .

Chapter 1919: Receiving The Role In A Peculiar Way

Summer felt Angel's gaze on her, recalling Sophia Violet's words downstairs earlier that day about Angel orchestrating the events. However, Summer trusted her instincts and did not have concrete evidence, merely remaining cautious and not fully believing.

"Summer, what is your relationship with Mr. Marsh?" Angel inquired, her tone teasing as she rose from the sofa to scrutinize her with a condescending look, insinuatingly asking if she was Mr. Marsh's lover.

Summer felt as though she would explode! Every nerve in her body tensed, a cold glint flashing in her eyes. "Of course not!" she replied firmly.

The two women locked eyes, and Summer remembered the day she was summoned by Mr. Marsh, an incident known only to her.

"Are you just speculating and spreading rumors on purpose?" Summer stared at her, suppressing her anger. "| overheard such discussions in the elevator."

"If you want to keep something a secret, don't do it in the first place. | don't believe that there's nothing between you and Mr. Marsh," Angel disdainfully remarked before turning and leaving.

Before departing, Adelaide informed Summer, "Starting today, you are no longer Angel's assistant. The director will come to see you shortly. Take care of yourself."

Summer was speechless!

Shortly after, the director indeed arrived and handed her a script. Indifferently, he said, "Prepare yourself. You have your first scene at 8 AM tomorrow. | hope you don't have too many NGs, as it will affect the filming schedule. | don't care who you are associated with, I'll replace you either way."

With that, the director walked off without glancing back at her. A moment ago, he didn't even give her a proper look. Summer took the script, feeling bewildered.

She landed a role??

In such a bizarre manner??

Why did Sophia Violet leave? Why did Mr. Marsh let her go?

Was it because of the morning incident? Did Mr. Marsh stand up for her? How was that possible? Mr. Marsh was always busy, how could he have time to intervene?

And how did Mr. Marsh even find out about this matter?

Summer was very clear about her relationship with Mr. Marsh; they were practically strangers, having only met once, hardly even acquaintances.

Summer couldn't understand why all this was happening...

But she knew that Sophia Violet being replaced was a reality. Since she had a dream of performance, this debut role had to be played well. She had to prove herself with her skills, not hold anyone back.

The opening ceremony had ended, and many artists took a break and left with their assistants. The entire building, once bustling with activity in the morning, gradually grew deserted.

Summer returned home with the script, setting aside her complex emotions. She spent all her time poring over the script, underlining her lines with a highlighter.

She then rehearsed her expressions in front of the mirror multiple times, brewing her emotions.

In the morning, Agnes completed her discharge procedures, and Ansel drove her to the Marsh Group building.

"You don't have to wait, goodbye, thank you for bringing me here," Agnes exclaimed as she got out of the car, waving to Ansel. "Take care on your way!" .

"When do you finish work? Shall I come pick you up?" Ansel liked her and wanted to be of service to her.

"No need, it's my first day, I need to

familiarize myself with the company. Vironene knows how

late I might be here. You go on," she

declined. Please read the original

content at NovelDrama.Org.

With that, she briskly walked inside.

Marsh Group was truly magnificent and luxurious! It was truly deserving of being a landmark building. As she entered, Andrew emerged from the elevator, noticing her immediately.

Andrew approached her with a smile, "Hey, Miss Bubu!"

"Hello, Andrew!" the girl stepped towards him, smiling

Buby from now on, our syllables are too cumbersome" .

Chapter 1920: Bubu Reports In

"Don't call me Andrew either, it feels strange," Andrew stopped in front of her, his voice gentle, "Just call me Andrew, we are already friends, aren't we?"

"Good morning, Andrew!" The girl's smile was bright, her clear eyes and white teeth truly adorable. "Good morning, Bubu," he said to her, "Follow me, your office is on the 7th floor." "Alright." The girl walked with him towards the elevator.

Andrew introduced, "All four elevators on this side can go directly to the seventh floor. Our company's working hours are from 9 o'clock, clocking in before 9 o'clock is no problem."

They entered the elevator. "I won't be late, I live nearby, about ten minutes away." "By the way, is your foot completely healed?"

"Completely healed!" The girl smiled at him, "Don't worry, from now on, I will protect myself, I won't get hurt or sick again, I will try to finish the project within the stipulated time, and do it well!"

"I believe in you."

They exited the elevator, he led her to the right, "The comic department is over here, for easier communication, there's a large office where all workstations are together. Mr. Marsh even specially arranged a separate office for you, so you are free to work wherever you like."

"That's so nice? It's really considerate, please thank him for me." The girl was a little surprised and delighted, she was a particularly sunny girl, her smile was infectious.

Andrew said, "Mr. Marsh is your fan, he has read all the comic collections you published, everything that catches his eye is definitely good stuff."

"It's my honor, I will continue to work hard in the future." "This way." Andrew led her into the comic department office, the boys and girls working at their desks looked up. "Today, let me introduce you all, this is your main writer, Bubu Loves Cat, Miss Agnes." Andrew smiled, his voice gentle.

Agnes smiled and greeted everyone, "Hello, you can call me Bubu, we're friends now! Let's discuss a lot and have a pleasant cooperation!"

Everyone was shocked, each one of them opened their mouths wide, such a famous Bubu, turned out to be a young girl?? Isn't she too young?

As they really interacted, Bubu was particularly gentle, cheerful, and easy-going.

She really didn't have the air of a big shot, when asked questions by her peers, she would patiently explain.

They had a small meeting to brainstorm the script, they discussed together, and then everyone shared their ideas and concepts, everyone writing them down, including Bubu.

Although Bubu was the main writer, she accepted everyone's viewpoints.

She didn't want to take credit alone,

she genuinely had a passion for it | she loved to write from the bottom of

her heart, and wanted to do this

project well. Please read the original

content at NovelDrama.Org.

In the evening.

Agnes finished reading the entire script in the company he analyzed

ii righ poćtpotrite) an especially dy e story written by Claire.

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"Spencer plays the male lead, Angel plays the female lead, the lineup of

this drama is really po erfulcsoxdun

depania hh iSo needs to kee hard."

Bubu confidently said to everyone, "Not to surpass the impact of TV dramas, but at least we should compete with the audio department." .

"Yes, Bubu, with you as our collaborator, | think there will be no problem." "| also think there will be no problem, Bubu, our comic goddess, we believe in you!" "Let's go!"

"Let's go! Let's go together!"