

Surprised 1931

Chapter 1931: Overheard by Spencer

Summer's uniqueness was acknowledged by Angel. Therefore, the presence of such a woman on the set would definitely threaten her position. A moment of inattention could easily allow that bratty Summer to steal the spotlight. Once the show starts airing, it will be impossible to resist Summer's momentum. She might even generate her own buzz, so Angel needed to quickly drive Summer away.

Not far away, Summer set aside the script and turned to Elisa, saying, "I'll go to the restroom first." "Okay, turn right after you leave," Elisa reminded with a smile. "Got it." The girl rose and walked out, passing by Spencer from behind.

In the mirror, Spencer gazed at her, her beautiful profile moving past him in slow motion, just like a scene from a movie. He caught a faint scent emanating from her as he closed his eyes, greedily taking a deep breath.

Just as Summer walked out, Angel also stood up and followed her, trailing behind until they both reached the sink.

Angel used handwashing as a cover for her surveillance, gazing at her beautiful reflection in the mirror, suddenly feeling insecure, awaiting the woman's emergence.

In no time, Summer came out, unexpectedly meeting Angel. As Summer watched her handwashing, she paused her steps, intending to wait for this woman to leave before approaching the sink herself.

Summer remembered the words Sophia Violet had said when she left yesterday, something Angel had orchestrated. Even though she was uncertain why she did it, Summer tried to avoid confrontations with her directly.

Seeing that Summer had no intention of approaching, Angel casually flicked the water droplets off her hands, dried them, turned around, and stood in front of Summer, her gaze fixed firmly on her.

Two women stood just a few feet apart, locking eyes. Angel's lips curled slightly as she appraised her, then coldly taunted, "Summer, can you act?"

Outside the door, Spencer halted his steps, his gaze heavy. "Have you ever acted before? Why are you so overconfident?" Angel continued. Facing her mockery and sarcasm, Summer remained composed, "Is Miss Angel naturally gifted in acting?"

"Furthermore, even if I can't act, it's not for you to judge," Summer's tone was light, "You don't need to deliberately affect my mood on the first day."

"I'm just warning you, it's not too late to retreat now to avoid OMI on yourself later down the line," Angel's eyes grew colder, "Of course, if you don't heed my advice, I'll make sure you regret it."

And these fiercely spoken words happened to fall into Spencer's ears outside the door. Spencer pressed his thin lips together, his gaze cold and intense, exuding a daunting aura.

Before Summer could respond, Angel turned and confidently walked out. Just as she stepped out, she hurried into Spencer's arms, her face showing a hint of embarrassment, but she quickly moved past him, thinking to herself that Spencer had just arrived, right? He probably didn't hear anything.

But even if he did, so what? An established actress lecturing a newcomer is not unheard of in the entertainment industry, and Spencer surely would have no interest in such matters.

Summer stood still, taking only five seconds to compose herself, calmly finishing washing her hands, and then confidently walking. Just as Spencer was about to enter, he stepped forward, causing Summer to almost stumble into his arms. Instinctively stopping and stepping back, her gaze met his eyes directly for the first time in ten years, filled with a mutual understanding.

Chapter 1932: The Unforgettable Angel

Summer quickly came to her senses and apologetically moved aside to give him space, then glanced at him before walking away.

Spencer's expression softened slightly, stiffened by her swift departure, as he stood in place, the words "hello" stuck in his throat, a hint of disappointment rising in his heart.

The image flashed in his mind was the moment they locked eyes earlier... her eyes so beautiful, just like before, like a whirlpool that inevitably captivated.

Soon, the first scene began filming, Angel's scene. The crew was all in position, and all the equipment was checked.

She entered in high heels, under the bright lights indoors, Angel walked towards the couch while making a phone call which never connected, yet she portrayed it with such finesse.

Her lines didn't feel memorized at all, delivered naturally. The entire scene lasted three minutes, the room was utterly silent, all focus on her. The director didn't call for a stop throughout.

Summer stood not far away, knowing Angel would nail it in one go, and indeed she did, keeping up the great performance until the director led the applause, and the room erupted in enthusiastic applause-

"Well done!"

"This is how acting should be! The emotions were spot on!"

"Truly Angel, excellent!"

Angel truly aced it.

She set a high standard from the start, everyone was thrilled, especially the director, who was simply beaming. Elisa stood by Summer's side, glancing at Summer's profile, able to sense her nervousness and pressure.

Not far away, Spencer's gaze also fell on Summer's face, noticing her tension, his whole heart devoted to her. He wanted to help her.

But after a while, he withdrew his gaze, trying not to let her see his emotions.

Soon, Andrew came over, walking directly to Spencer, "Spencer, I'm here. From today onwards, let me take care of you." "I can't afford your salary, go back." Spencer walked towards the break area, not wanting to entertain him.

"Don't be like that! I'm not here on Mr. Marsh's orders to watch over you, I'm here to assist you." Andrew followed him. "Don't shoo me away, let me show you what I can do?"

Spencer glanced at him, "I don't have anything for you to do here," and did not stop in his tracks. "Then I'll stay and pour you some tea!"

Not far off, Elisa and Summer were heading towards them.

As they neared, Elisa immediately spotted Andrew, her eyes lighting up, waving her hand in surprise, "Hey, Andrew! "Elisa?" Andrew greeted with a warm smile.

And so, everyone came to a halt at a short distance, Elisa and Andrew exchanged greetings again.

Summer met Spencer's gaze for the second time.

"Isn't it a coincidence? I'm Summer's agent, and you're aa eae so that makes us... So rfiiseccriedt ly pit ce at Spencer. "Spencer, as a newcomer, this is Summer's first time acting with you. Can you... help her out?" .

Perhaps Spencer's cold demeanor threw her off a bit. "Hello, I'm Spencer." His gaze remained locked with Summer's, extending his hand warmly towards her.

Surprised by his initiative, Summer quickly regained her sehnlos ee smile for Ing orchet fip>'Mr LaWrén , hello, I'm Summer. It's a pleasure to meet you." She shook his hand. .

In that moment, it seemed a flower bloomed in Spencer's heart.

"Call me Spencer. I'm not used to being called Mr. Lawrence by athletes." There was a hint of earnestness in Spencer's gaze that wasn't there before. .

Chapter 1933: Elisa's Divine Assistance

"Spencer!" Elisa called out, smiling as she continued, "Can you spare some time to rehearse with us, Summer?" Her eyes were pleading and full of hope.

This was exactly what Summer wanted to ask, but Elisa beat her to it. This girl was amazing! Seeing the hopeful look in Summer's eyes, Spencer didn't hesitate and simply nodded, his tone light, "Sure."

Elisa was ecstatic and nearly jumped up in excitement. She covered her mouth, "That's wonderful! There's a lounge over there!" She quickly linked arms with Summer, "Let's go, let's rehearse!"

Being pulled along by Elisa, Summer smiled outwardly, but inside, she felt awkward, as if she had orchestrated this to get closer to Spencer.

Suddenly, Spencer's heart softened. Despite his hands in his pockets, his demeanor remained cool. Taking a step forward, his gaze lingered on Summer's figure, her dark, flowing hair just like he remembered. Thinking about the next three months they would spend together, Spencer felt a childlike joy, as if he had found a great treasure.

Andrew followed by his side, aware of their past. Like Elisa, he wanted to be a good actor and play matchmaker when the opportunity arose.

As they entered the lounge, Elisa spoke, "Um... we'll go get some water for you! We won't disturb you, focus on rehearsing." With that, she grabbed Andrew's arm and pulled him out.

The door was left open, in case Summer felt uncomfortable.

Summer indeed felt uncomfortable with Elisa's reaction, wondering if Spencer would misunderstand.

"Spencer," Summer looked up at him, her beautiful face tinged with embarrassment, "Sorry for taking up your time." "It's fine, I'm available now." He looked into her eyes.

Their gaze met once again. The girl smiled slightly, "Yesterday | analyzed Zoe's character and memorized the lines. Shall we give it a try?"

"Okay." Spencer was also familiar with the script. He gazed at her lovingly, "I like you."

Caught off guard by his intense gaze, Summer hesitated slightly, then realized he was acting.

From his eyes, she sensed a hint of tenderness and asked seriously, "Do you really like me? What do you like about me?" As the two enacted the scene, the door left ajar allowed passersby to witness, finding the situation unbelievable.

"Oh my, Spencer is not only early, but when did he become so patient?"

"He's directing a newcomer in acting? | can't believe this, Summer is truly honored to have this opportunity!"

Stunned by the scene, two artists remarked without noticing Angel approaching.

They continued discussing quietly:

"Wow, does Summer have some kind of magic? She inexplicably gave! | female puppet role." .

"But it's not inexplicable, she's Mr. Marsh's woman."

"Spencer is so dedicated to her, | don't think even Angateceives is true! Please read the original

content at NovelDrama.Org.

"| bet Spencer hasn't even looked at Angel properly."

These words reached Angel's ears, making her face turn sour. S O stopped in front of the artists and barked in a commanding tone, "What were you just talking about?" .

The two women froze and met her angry gaze.

Then, they redirected their focus to Summer.

Chapter 1934: Encouragement for Newcomers

"Miss Angel, Spencer is rehearsing with Summer in lounge 3," a voice whispered.

Angel's eyes flashed with disbelief as she glanced in that direction. "You should go check it out. It's the first time Spencer has been so close to a woman," the two actors sneaked away after speaking.

Not one to indulge in gossip, Angel stood frozen in place for a few moments, feeling a sense of shock. Then, she took a step forward towards lounge 3.

What she saw was beyond belief-Spencer sitting on the sofa with Summer, both holding scripts, their proximity and whispered words creating an intimate scene.

Angel couldn't wrap her head around it. If she hadn't seen it with her own eyes, she wouldn't believe it was real!

With Spencer's usual aloof demeanor towards the crew in mind, Angel felt a surge of anger. Wasn't it clear that Summer was overshadowing her?

"How dare she!" Angel fumed.

"Getting into character's emotions is not a task achieved overnight," Spencer, holding the script, turned to the girl next to him, speaking softly. "You must fully understand the role and immerse yourself in her world. If you have time, thoroughly study the entire script and maybe even read the novel."

"Yes, I'll remember that," Summer replied, sitting beside him, meeting his gaze. "Thank you, Mr. Lawrence." "Call me Spencer," he looked at her, earnestly saying, "Remember that."

"... Spencer," the girl smiled, feeling a sense of closeness with him that would hopefully ease her nerves during the upcoming shoot.

"Let's go, it's our turn next," Spencer's expression softened as he stood up, his gaze still fixed on her face. Sensing a different aura from the man, she finally relaxed a bit. "I'll do my best." "I believe in you," he said. "Your aura suits the character of Zoe."

Meanwhile outside the door, Angel didn't want to feel embarrassed. She stormed into the lounge, slamming the door into Adelaide's hand in her rage.

Seating herself angrily on the couch, she questioned, "Why her?!" Recalling Spencer's dismissive attitude towards her, Angel felt a strong sense of injustice. "Why Summer?!"

Adelaide handed her a glass of warm water, calmly suggesting, "Relax, don't ruin your makeup. You have a scene with Spencer coming up."

"Why does she get special treatment? She's just a lucky assistant!" Angel's frustration showed. Meeting her gaze coolly, Adelaide replied, "Because she's Mr. Marsh's woman."

Silence fell between the two. The pieces of the puzzle seemed to click for Angel.

Understanding dawned on her. If she was Mr. Marsh's woman, then let everyone in the crew know! Let her face the consequences!

Let her leave in disgrace!

Let her be exposed to the press! Let the whole world know!

It was the ultimate leverage.

"Leave it to me," Adelaide assured. "Focus on your acting, don't let her ruin your mood." With her manager's reassurance, Angel finally focused on her script.

Soon enough, it was Spencer and Summer's turn to take the stage (The Apieclst Ongar thiéal \$dmne instructions Heat directed pressure towards Summer. .

"Summer, it's your debut, give it your best shot. Don't keep the whole set! iting Every minute wasted by one 'eed is an hour for sixty people!" .

Even before the performance began, Summer was already scolded. Nervously, she nodded repeatedly, trying to contain the anxiety that threatened to overwhelm her.

In response, Spencer's expression darkened. Looking at the director (Kh asieg steely give) he spoke up,

" Neome

rs should be encouraged." .

Chapter 1935: Spencer's Heartache

Summer looked at him in surprise, never expecting him to speak up like this. The director, too, was taken aback by Spencer's defense of her and immediately sensed his displeasure and discontent. Lightly tapping his heart, the director quickly shifted from a serious expression to a smile, "Spencer, that's not what I meant. You're right, we should encourage newcomers more."

"Action," the assistant director chimed in, "Take it slow." He helped diffuse the tension and hoped Spencer wouldn't blame anyone further. But the mood had been affected, making it difficult for everyone to shoot the scene well.

Spencer averted his gaze, taking steps forward to the shooting spot, with Summer trailing behind him. In the bright light, they truly looked like a perfect match, his handsome features complementing her beauty.

"Rolling!" The camera was ready, and the record button was pressed. Handsome Spencer slowly turned around, standing in front of the girl, gazing at her beautiful face-her white skin, her amber eyes, all bringing him joy.

Summer, bathed in his affectionate gaze, awaited his lines. But why wasn't he speaking? Did he forget his lines? Not just Summer, even the crew on set were puzzled.

As he stared at her, Spencer seemed lost in thought. Summer felt a bit strange being stared at for so long; she couldn't help but feel a little anxious, not daring to speak, simply meeting his intense gaze.

"I like you," Spencer told her, his voice sincere, not liking Zoe, but liking Summer. Did he slip up on a name?

Caught off guard by his sudden confession, Summer, thrown off her rhythm, hesitated for a few seconds before asking, "Do you really like me?"

"Yes," Spencer quickly responded. There were still lines left unspoken, how could he... did he add lines himself?

His words had completely thrown Summer's thoughts into disarray. Though she remembered her lines, facing this unexpected situation for the first time, her emotions were clearly out of place.

"So, what do you like about me?" she quickly asked him.

"Cut!" Unable to watch any longer, the director stood up and asked, "Summer, what's wrong with you?" Spencer's eyes met the director's angry gaze.

Silenced, she bit her lip, "Director, I'm sorry, let's do it again."

Spencer also snapped out of it and apologized to Summer, "I'm sorry for not being familiar with the lines and adding words without permission."

The director immediately smiled, "Adding lines is normal, and the one you added didn't seem out of place. But Summer, you need to be flexible! The script is fixed, but you're alive! What were you thinking? Are you distracted? If this is your state in the first episode, how will you perform later?"

Feeling everyone's eyes on her, Summer felt guilty and began to reflect. She needed to adapt to these unexpected deviations from the script.

"It's my fault," Spencer looked at the director casually. "Let's start over

rv) Who said a sepnueiiaie ore in Opp tane? \Ps irector doesn't have the patience for the first episode, how will they shoot the entire series?" .

Spencer just challenged the director?? Everyone dared not sneak. The Hee ou iie as Jothee 's words held some truth-it was simply a lack of patience with the new actors. .

The director composed himself, "Reset, camera ready!"

"Action!"

"Zoë, I like you," Spencer gazed deeply at the girl in front of him. At this moment, he felt a heartbroken for her. He wanted to hold her. Even though he was by her side, he had still caused her distress. .

Chapter 1936: Elisa Can't Sit Still Anymore

"Do you really like me?" Summer looked into his eyes with a hint of uncertain expectation and a bit of fear, reminiscent of holding onto this love in her heart for many years.

Spencer silently gazed at her, not speaking a word, but his eyes already conveyed a thousand words. He really wanted to tell her, yes, silly girl, I have always deeply loved you, always... it's true.

The girl faced his gaze, a slight curl at the corner of her lips, the light in her amber eyes seemed to hold a glimmer, "So, what do you like about me?"

Her voice was like a feather, lightly drifting into his heart, the tone exactly the same as in his memory ten years ago. "A feeling." He earnestly replied, "A feeling that I can't quite describe." As they stood there exchanging lines, Summer was gradually getting into the scene that Spencer led her into.

Due to his efforts in studying the script extensively, there were no unfamiliar lines, so Summer's performance this time was quite good, exceeding the director's expectations.

Meanwhile, rumors of Summer being Mr. Marsh's lover had already spread within the crew, escalating from mere speculation to more concrete talk.

In the bathroom, Elisa heard the footsteps of someone entering, along with the gossiping voices-

"Do you know why Summer was promoted from assistant to the third female lead within a few hours? I heard she has a complicated relationship with Mr. Marsh."

"And the replaced Sophia Violet is said to be the director's niece, it was her first time acting." "Now, it's all about who has the strongest connections everywhere." "So, if Summer didn't perform well, that's why Spencer isn't angry and is patient with her."

"That doesn't make sense, is Mr. Marsh's affair with other women public? And even approved by Mr. Marsh's brother? Why is Spencer so good to her? So... does Jennifer's position as Mrs. Marsh still stand?"

"Now, rich men all have two families, it's already common knowledge."

Listening to these words, Elisa was almost shocked, oh my god!! How could such rumors spread?

This is too terrifying!

Too unbelievable!

This is absolutely outrageous!

After they left, Elisa came out and calmly thought by the sink.

What to do, what to do?

This matter must be dealt with immediately! Otherwise, how will her Summer face these people in the future!

But this matter is too big, clearly beyond Elisa's capability. She can't explain to everyone individually, and she can't explain in front of public opinion.

So, after leaving the bathroom, she immediately found Andrew, "Andrew, I..."

"Call me Andrew." He emphasized once again, having remigdechey' \ earlier. therphandiant's corner of his libs at her, "What's the matter? Elisa." .

"Can you give me Mr. Marsh's phone number? He gave aay sina Seid butii@lat! Arne. | want to give him a call, right now." .

Seeing her urgent expression, Andrew's smile faded, asking seriously, "What's wrong? Is something wrong?"

"Um." Elisa's gaze firm, she nodded, "But it's not a big deal [just eeehealth! rahe hae att with him]." .

Without asking more, Andrew gave her a number, which Elisa saved, "Thank you!" then turned and left. Watching her quickly departing figure, Andrew couldn't help but worry a bit, thinking, what's going on? But if she doesn't say, he can't pursue further.

This girl Elisa really doesn't waste any time, she arrived at a quieter place and dialed Ivan's number.

At that moment, Ivan had just finished a video conference.

Chapter 1937: You Better Handle This

He glanced at the caller ID - because of the incident with Summer, he had saved Elisa's number before assigning her as a broker. Today was the first time this girl had called him, and he couldn't figure out what it was about. But he quickly answered, "Hello, Elisa."

"Mr. Marsh, I need to tell you something. Do you have time right now?" "Yes, go ahead." And so, this girl told him all the rumors she had heard, damaging not only Summer's reputation but also Mr. Marsh's.

As Ivan listened, his brows furrowed slightly, his handsome face taking on a serious expression. After Elisa finished reporting and expressing her concerns, he simply said to her, "Alright, leave this matter to me to handle."

After the call ended, Ivan analyzed the situation. Since such malicious rumors had spread, it was certain that someone was intentionally slandering. But who was this person? Answers could only be found through investigation; though there was a prime suspect, blind guesses couldn't be made, evidence had to be considered. However, this matter needed to be clarified immediately, no harm should be done to Jennifer.

At that moment, on set. After shooting the scene with Spencer and Summer four times, the director was finally satisfied. Yet Summer did not relax; she felt apologetic. "I'm sorry for wasting everyone's time," she bowed deeply to everyone.

Everyone accepted her apology, applauding. With Spencer around, the director dared not say anything. Standing before her, Spencer gazed at her despondent face, truly feeling sorry for her.

"What is this little setback?" he said casually, hands in his pockets. "The entertainment industry is darker than any workplace; it tests the strength of one's heart."

She looked up at him, meeting his gaze. She felt grateful for his patience. Spencer continued, "Every non-talented actor goes through this at the beginning; you need not only work hard but also bear pressure."

Fortunately, he did not blame her for wasting his time. So, Summer was filled with gratitude towards Spencer. "Thank you," she sincerely expressed her thanks.

For fear of the fragility of love, Spencer handled it cautiously, like bubble that could burst at any touch.

Meanwhile, nearby, Angel was feeling extremely uneasy seeing their closeness after the shoot. She had greeted him twice that morning, but he didn't even acknowledge her, not even a glance. What kind of magic did Summer possess to drive both brothers crazy?

Bit! At that moment, Spencer's phone rang. Andrew handed him the phone, "Spencer, it's Mr. Marsh on the line." Taking the phone, Spencer answered, "Brother." He then started walking, "What's the matter?"

"Rumors are spreading on your set that Summer is my woman, Spencer. You'd better sort this out quickly," Ivan's voice was low, "I'm helping you, but I've brought trouble upon myself. How am I going to explain this to my wife?"

"Is this true?" Spencer was clueless. "Just handle it," Ivan hung up directly.

Spencer was a bit slow to react, looking perplexed. He collected his thoughts, sensing their truth. .

And Andrew? He had no idea what Mr. Marsh had told him, but he was smart enough to think that something was wrong. .

"God damn it, a blabbermouth! So conniving!" Andrew was curious, "Spencer, what just happened?"

Spencer didn't need to ask Elisa; he believed her words to be true because of her devotion to Summer. Through their interactions today, it was clear she was wholeheartedly helping Summer. .

Chapter 1938: Summer Surrounded by Media

Spencer turned to Andrew, "Go investigate and find out who is spreading rumors behind the scenes, saying that Summer got into the group through my brother's connections."

Listening to this, Andrew was also shocked. There are rumors like this too? Summer is Mr. Marsh's woman? Isn't that too far-fetched? Even if all the men in the world cheat, Mr. Marsh will never cheat!! Absolutely not!

Spencer was really annoyed, he put his hands on his waist, and said in a particularly speechless manner, "Is it getting boring?" He was about to explode inside! Then he took a step forward.

Andrew quickly regained his composure and walked beside him, both of them walking fast.

Two girls in front were gossiping about Summer and Mr. Marsh as they walked, and every word fell into Spencer's ears. He had no expression on his face, just softly said, "Stop right there."

Spencer's voice?

The two women felt a chill down their spine, slowly stopped their steps, and dared not look back, even holding their breath. Spencer stood behind them, asking, "Where did you hear the information you just spread?"

It didn't sound like blame, more like questioning.

The two girls breathed a sigh of relief, tightly holding hands and slowly turning back.

One of the girls smiled awkwardly, her voice small, "Spencer, we don't know, we just know that everyone is talking about it." Spencer's mood was not good all afternoon, very gloomy.

He observed secretly, everyone's gaze towards Summer was full of malice.

He occasionally saw girls whispering, even though he couldn't hear what they were saying, it was definitely not good words. Andrew was still investigating the source of the rumors.

In the afternoon, Summer also had a scene, indoors. She focused on studying her lines, not paying attention to her surroundings at all.

Her beauty was tranquil, otherworldly.

As evening approached, today's scenes finally ended.

Summer and Elisa had just come downstairs, heading towards the lobby after exiting the elevator. "They're here, they're here!"

A group of reporters swarmed towards them, about twenty or thirty of them, surrounding Summer and Elisa directly! All microphones were thrust in front of them in an instant, this was a scene they had never encountered before, it was really hard to deal with. They were stopped in their tracks, feeling a bit unsteady.

"Miss, can you tell us what your relationship with Mr. Marsh is?" "Someone said you are Mr. Marsh's mistress, is that true?"

"Did you become the third lead because of Mr. Marsh?"

"Summer, please respond to the rumors from the outside world!"

Questions came one after another sharper and sharper, I rep

were especially crowded everywhere, all wanting to capture her face with their cameras! .

Elisa supported Summer, who almost fell from being pushed. These questions were too baffling, they didn't know how to respond, what kind of nonsense questions were these?

Summer stared at them, her icy eyes facing these seemingly friendly actually malicious faces. She remembered what Sophia Violet said when she left that day. .

It was very likely that Angel was spreading rumors.

At this moment, in the descending elevator, Spencer stood with hands in his pockets, his face cold and composed, "How's the investigation going?" .

"The surveillance footage is being accessed," Andrew said, "we will have results soon." Ding, the elevator stopped, the doors opened-

The scene of Summer and Elisa being surrounded by countless reporters fell into Spencer's deep eyes!

Chapter 1939: Spencer Comes to Her Rescue Andrew turned his gaze, noticing the subtle change in Spencer's eyes as he strode forward with a cold, determined expression. "Miss Summer, please respond," Spencer urged.

"Miss Summer, do you know Mrs. Marsh is pregnant? Why do women make things difficult for each other?" another reporter questioned.

"Miss Summer, how long have you been with Mr. Marsh? Will he divorce his wife for you? Has he made any promises to you or planned for your future together?" the inquiries continued.

"When did you start seeing each other?" someone else chimed in.

"I haven't!" Summer faced the malicious stares with unwavering resolve, her icy gaze holding firm. "Mr. Marsh and I have no relationship! We are not acquainted! Please refrain from malicious accusations."

"How is that possible? You two are not acquainted?" a reporter jeered. "You clearly secured the position of the third female lead through his influence!"

"Are you saying it's true just because you say so?" Summer stood her ground as reporters continued to press her. Elisa joined in, raising her voice, "And are you saying it's false just because you claim so? Show us some evidence!"

At that moment, Spencer, with a stern expression, swiftly approached the reporters from behind, his hands, with distinct knuckles, emerging from his pockets to push aside two female reporters directly.

Though his actions seemed effortless, they contained tremendous force, nearly sending them flying back several steps. Stepping forward, he stood beside Summer.

Meeting Spencer's cold, mesmerizing profile, Summer was taken aback. Even the seasoned journalists were shocked by his sudden intervention, momentarily frozen in place.

"If you've captured it on camera, release the news immediately! Then come back to interview her or surround my brother at the company entrance," Spencer declared, his upright demeanor scanning each reporter present with a warning tone. "But if you spread baseless rumors or write false news, with Marsh Group's power, we will take you to court!"

His words served as a wakeup call! The reporters fell silent, intimidated and instantly enlightened.

Summer looked at Spencer again, outwardly composed but internally slightly shaken. It felt as though, in a momentary daze, disbelief clouded her mind. How could he have come to her rescue like this?

Elisa, on the other hand, was ecstatic, peeking at Spencer from behind Summer, an angle that accentuated his undeniably handsome and responsible appearance. A 360-degree, death-free handsome?

Amanly hero with a sense of justice! He knew how to protect Summer!

Meanwhile, only Angel and Adelaide were in the descending elevator.

Angel expressed satisfaction with the rapid spread of today's rumors, musing, "If Spencer were to find out about the air between Summer and his brother, he would be disgusted, wouldn't he?" .

"Actually, Mr. Marsh meeting Summer that day may not necessarily prove a relationship between them," Adelaide, having faith in Mr. Marsh's character, countered.

"Well, it's definitely not a casual relationship. When I asked her, she kept it highly confident, Angel!!! ascertained, drawing from her experience in the entertainment industry where many men meticulously crafted their public image. .

Ding! The elevator halted, and the doors parted, revealing Angel and Adelaide stepping out into the lobby. Downstairs in the lobby, Spencer could sense Summer's eyes on him, but he refrained from meeting her gaze.

Maintaining his cold and commanding presence, he

addressed the reporters. "I will personally

identify the source of the slander for my brother! We will track down the origin and hold them legally accountable." .

Chapter 1940: Angel is Afraid

Angel and Adelaide were startled, instinctively turning and walking to the staircase. Their faces paled as they pressed their backs against the wall, out of the camera's view. They could hear the commotion outside, Spencer's voice reaching them clearly.

Those who have done something wrong are bound to feel a bit guilty. Summer felt grateful towards Spencer deep down, and the reporters quieted down. She thought the matter had come to a close, but he spoke again, addressing the reporters, "Why was Sophia Violet, the director's niece, replaced at the last minute by Miss Summer? Are you all wondering if there is a force behind Miss Summer that surpasses the director?"

All microphones flocked to Spencer, as everyone was interested in this topic and eager for answers. And today, he was willing to speak. "So, let me first show you some surveillance footage," Spencer said calmly as he took out his phone.

Even Summer and Elisa were stunned. They focused on his actions, knowing that for the moment, he was on their side. Meanwhile, nearby, Angel and Adelaide, puzzled yet anxious, were hiding. What surveillance footage?

They cautiously peeked out half of their heads, looking towards the bustling crowd and seeing Spencer pull out his phone. Spencer turned the phone screen towards the reporters, showing them the footage of Sophia Violet slapping Summer!

The reporters expressed shock. "Oh my God, did Sophia Violet really slap that girl?!" "Heavens, a slap even before filming began."

Summer and Elisa only heard the sound and didn't see the footage. Summer couldn't help feeling a bit embarrassed. She looked composed, subtly biting her lip, her beauty evoking a sense of pity.

Spencer retrieved his phone, stating, "There is no force surpassing the director, nor does it have anything to do with my brother. I didn't agree with the chaos in the crew, so I strongly requested a replacement. Otherwise, I would not act."

Upon hearing this, Summer's eyes showed a hint of shock as she looked at him again. Angel's chest tightened, thinking, he already has access to surveillance footage? Could this investigation possibly affect her too?

Hastily pulling Adelaide along, Angel left through the back door. She couldn't linger in this place even for a moment; she needed to calm down.

Summer could hardly believe that Spencer had done this secretly. Her perception of him had always been based on the tabloid news online, but she never expected him to have another side to him, a sense of justice.

Spencer then addressed everyone, "So, let's all disperse now. The Sophia Violet news should be enough for you to write about. Due to the sudden need for an actress, Miss Summer, with her acting dream and fitting appearance, was chosen for the role of the second female lead."

Finishing his statement, Spencer didn't look at Summer as he said 'He said of dating lost in those eyes again. .

Therefore, he took a step forward, and the reporters automatically made way for him. Andrew followed closely behind.

Elisa linked arms with Summer, who watched Spencer leave. The reporters gradually dispersed as well, with as much tactfulness as they couldn't afford to smear Mr. Marsh for a meager sum and risk repercussions from the capital. .

In the car leaving the scene, Angel gazed out the window, lost in her thought. Adelaide, now seated, seemed to add "Spreading rumors is not the best way to handle this. If the source is traced, it could easily lead back to us." .

Angel became even more anxious at her words. She turned to Adelaide, asking, "What should we do now?"