

Chapter 1091

Xyla had always been someone who would do everything she could to get to the bottom of something. Unless... Yorrick had been toying with her the whole time!

“He wants to play, huh? Let’s play then!”

She made the call, but it did not go through, and it showed that the user had switched off his phone.

Xyla was stunned for a moment before it came to her realization that he had blocked her! No one had ever, except for Louis, dared to treat her this way.

‘Very well then. You’ve gotten my attention, kid!’

In the hotel suite...

Yorrick came out of the bathroom after taking his bath. While he was wiping his hair with a towel, he glanced at the phone on the table. He stood there for a while before heading to the cupboard and getting himself a glass and a bottle of dry red wine.

He was pouring the red liquid into the glass when his phone rang. It was an overseas number.”

He answered the phone, and a woman’s voice wafted into his ear. “Hi, Mr.

Hathaway. When are you coming back? I miss you so much.”

It was an unknown number. Yorrick did not have the habit of saving those women’s phone numbers. He did not even remember their names as they had no strings attached.

He put the wine bottle down and chuckled.

How much do you miss me?” “I miss you so much that I can’t even sleep. Didn’t you promise me that you’d bring me to the movies next month?”

Gripping on the glass, Yorrick replied, “I’m not free next month.”

“Then when will you be free?” the woman asked coquettishly. “Mr. Hathaway, could it be that you’ve forgotten me because you have a new woman?”

The woman was complaining, but Yorrick was not paying attention to her. His forte was flirting with women, but he was not in the mood tonight.

When he heard the doorbell ring, he held his glass of wine against his lips and ended the call without waiting for the woman to finish.

The doorbell rang a few more times, and

when Yorrick opened the door, he saw Xyla. She had covered her face entirely and was standing with her arms crossed in front of her chest.

Xyla removed the sunglasses and the face mask. She looked at him intently and said, “How dare you, Yorrick? How dare you toy me around like a fool? If you don’t give me a reasonable explanation tonight, I won’t go away.”

Yorrick looked at her for a while before leaning against the door and chuckled. 'Didn't I already make myself very clear? Our deal is over. You're not suitable for me, Ms. Mayweather.'

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Xyla pushed him into the room, the force so strong that Yorrick stumbled a few steps back. She closed the door and stood behind the door. "You were the one who approached me, and you're the one who ended our deal without giving me an explanation. If you think I'm not good at acting, then you should have told me earlier."

Xyla walked closer to her and tapped his shoulder with her finger. "It was three months initially, and I can understand that you shortened it to one month because you wanted to end it earlier. But you suddenly said I'm not fit to continue the performance for no reason and ended our contract directly. You wasted half a month of my time. If this is not fooling me around, then what is?"

Yorrick lowered his head to look at the finger on his shoulder. He lifted his eyelids and said, "So this is why you came for me?"

He waved her finger away and approached her. He stretched his arm forward and pressed it on the wall next to her face." Although I ended the deal, I've paid you as well. Isn't that enough to cover the half month you've lost?"

Xyla pushed him away and said, "Why should I take your money? \$15,000,000, right?"

She pulled a \$15,000,000-cheque out of her purse and threw it in his face. "I won't take your money for nothing. I would take it if you gave it to me according to the deal. But you're toying me around like a monkey. Don't you think you've gone too far? Do you really like to show off your wealth so much?"

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Yorrick lowered his head to look at the \$ 15,000,000-cheque beside his feet. The corner of his lips curled up a little as he said, "So you think you're good at acting?"

Xyla crossed her arms before her chest and looked at him with her chin raised.

Yorrick stopped in front of her, leaned forward to get closer to her, and continued. "Do you know how to act like a qualified lover for a man?"

Xyla frowned, and Yorrick clamped her chin with his hand. "If I want you to kiss me or to have s*x with me like a normal lover, partner, or girlfriend, will you do it?"

Xyla was stunned.

Yorrick looked at her intently. Although there were other women who were prettier than her, she had a highly recognizable and beautiful face.

"You won't. You're different from those women who willingly offer themselves to me, so you're not suitable.

Xyla was dumbfounded.

Yorrick released her and turned around. As he walked back into his room, he said, "Remember to close the door on your way out."

He was stunned for a moment when he heard the door close behind him. Then he sat down on the couch. The colorful neon outside the window was reflected on the glass window, but it couldn't disperse the room's dark, empty, and cold atmosphere.

At Stoslo, at the East Island villa...

As soon as Maisie stepped into this courtyard, she thought of the past events of more than a year ago and felt as if she was experiencing it once again. Nolan grabbed her into his arms from her back and her hair with his fingertips. "Why are you not going in?" Maisie turned her head around to look at him and chuckled before saying word by word, "I'm reminiscing."

Nolan gave out a smothered laugh and picked her up from the ground. "Then let's go inside and reminisce." He put her on the couch, and just when he lowered his head to kiss her, Maisie stopped him by putting her finger on his lips. "Hold your horses, sir. Let's get to business first."

Nolan grabbed her finger and laughed hoarsely, "Okay." He sat beside her and grabbed her into his arms. "You can talk now."

"I'm going to open a branch at Zena. I've been here for some time and found a good location. The financial street is the best. It's accessible from all directions and has the most number of visitors."

Nolan stroked the corner of her lips with his finger and said, "The rent for one shop in the financial street is \$6,000,000 a year."

"Why do you think I'm telling you right now?" Maisie blinked her eyes.

He let out a boisterous laugh and replied, "Are you short of money now, Zee?"

"Yes, I am!" Maisie wrapped her arms around his neck and complained, "I don't earn as much as you do. Sigh, I'm such a disappointment, and I have no other choice but to depend on you. If you don't want to

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support me, do you want to save your money to support your other two, three, four, or five lovers?"

"Hmm... That's actually a good idea," Nolan replied with a grin on his face, earning himself a beating from Maisie.

He laughingly grabbed her wrist and secured her tightly in his arms, "Just one Zee is more than enough for me to handle."

He ran his hand over her cheek and added, "If there were a few more Zees, I would definitely die."

Maisie smoothed his collar and said, "When you're 50 or 60 years old, and I've become old, who knows if you'll be tempted since there are so many younger and more beautiful women than me?"

Nolan landed a kiss on the corner of her eyes and slowly moved toward her lips. "It

took me so much effort to make you my wife. I've given you everything, the best of me. I'd even get the moon or 'stars for you, so do you think you're the same as other women?"

She was tickled pink by his reply. She traced her fingertip over his face, and there was a smile at the corner of her eyes. "So, I'll take that as a yes then."

Nolan pressed on top of her and pulled off his tie. As he kissed her ear, he said, "It depends on your performance."

A week later...

Maisie got the contract for the store on the financial street with the name "Alice."

She came out of the shop with the contract, and just when she was about to put it in her purse, a man rammed into her and snatched her purse away.

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Maisie picked up the contract from the ground, kicked off her stilettos without any regard for her image, and chased after the man while shouting, "Stop running! He's a thief!"

The man was swerving about recklessly at the front while Maisie was chasing him from the back. Just when the man turned around to taunt Maisie, he was kicked to the ground by the woman who rushed over to Maisie.

The woman stepped forward and picked up the purse. Enraged, the man got up from the ground and pulled out a knife to stab the woman. The woman evaded his attack and twisted his wrist. The knife dropped to the ground, and she hurriedly followed up with a punch to his face. As the man fell to the ground in pain, the woman pinned him down and called the police.

It was only then Maisie arrived. As she huffed and puffed heavily, she took over the bag the woman handed to her. "Thank you."

When she lifted her head, she was stunned. She felt the woman in front of her was familiar. Suddenly, Maisie remembered something and shouted out in shock, "Aren't you Logan?"

Logan turned around when she heard Maisie calling her name. She was equally stunned when she saw Maisie. "Maisie?"

The police arrived and took the thief into the police car. Logan and Maisie stayed at the scene to give their statements to the police.

After the police were gone, Maisie looked at Logan and said, "Thank you for your help. It's good that I ran into you."

Otherwise, I would've lost my ID."

"Don't mention it."

"Why don't I buy you a meal since we haven't seen each other for four years and since you helped me today?" Maisie offered her a meal.

Logan hesitated for a while before agreeing in the end.

Maisie thought of something and lowered her head to look at her bare feet. She gave Logan an embarrassed smile and said, "I guess I need to get a new pair of shoes."

Logan followed her to buy a pair of new shoes. Then, they went to a restaurant together. After parting ways from the training camp four years ago, they thought they would not see each other again.

Logan was working as a bodyguard in Stoslo. Her employer was a wealthy person, but she had just resigned several days ago and was looking for a new job.

"What kind of job are you looking for?" Maisie asked.

Logan thought for a moment before replying, "I'm not sure about that either. I guess I'll take anything that's offered to me."

The waiter brought up the pastry, and while the two were eating, Logan suddenly said, "Raven is in Stoslo as well. Are you not going to meet up with her?"

Maisie was stunned. She remembered Francisco had told her that Raven had gotten into the headquarters. She lowered her head and smiled. "Well, we'll meet when we meet."

Logan looked at her and said, "I thought you guys were friends back in the training camp? Is it because of

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Wynona?"

Maisie chuckled. "It's all in the past. As long as she's doing well, it's all good."

"She's going to get married." Maisie was stunned. "Raven?"

Logan nodded. She told Maisie that after Raven left the headquarters, she started a relationship with the painter that chased after her. Both of them had gotten engaged.

Maisie looked outside through the window and smiled. "That's great then."

When they finished their meal, Maisie thought of something and said to Logan. "If you haven't found a job, why don't you work for the de Arma family?"

Logan was dumbfounded for a while. She looked at Maisie and replied, "Let's wait until I can't find a satisfactory job."

After that, she waved her hand at Maisie and turned around to leave.

Maisie looked at Logan's figure, which was slowly disappearing from her vision. It seemed to Maisie that Logan hadn't changed even in the slightest bit.

Half a month later, at Bassburgh...

Other than filming, Xyla would spend the rest of her time with the rest of the crew while Yorrick had not appeared since then.

"I thought Xyla was having a relationship with that rich guy from Yaramoor? It's been a long time since I saw him come here."

"He's the richest man. I heard that he has countless women. I guess he was just flirting with her. There's no way a guy like him would start a real relationship with her."

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When Mindy heard their conversation, she looked at Xyla. However, Xyla seemed like she did not listen to what they were talking about at all.

She sighed and walked toward Xyla. "Xyla, what's going on between you and that person?" Until today, Mindy still did not understand everything that that person had said last time.

'veal? Xyla isn't suitable to continue the act with him? Could it be that their relationship is fake?'

Xyla lifted her head and said, "Why are you so interested in the things between us?"

Xyla reached out for the fruit tea on the table and took a sip. "In any case, I've been single since day one."

Mindy was shocked, "So he's another j*rk?"

'J*rk, huh?'

Xyla wanted to say that Yorrick was not a j* rk, but it was a truth that he had a lot of female partners. However, he did not flirt with all women as well. He was rather picky when it came to women, and he had a set of principles that he would follow.

Mindy squatted next to Xyla and whispered, "Xyla, let's find a day and go to consult a psychic. I know there some psychic nearby, and she's very good at predicting one's love life."

Xyla asked in confusion, "Why should I go to a psychic?"

"You can ask her to help you remove all your bad luck," Mindy said matter-of-factly. "You see. First, it was Nathan, and now it's Mr. Hathaway. You ran into two jerks in a row within a month. If you don't want to do that, you can ask the psychic about your love life too."

Xyla glanced at her and said, "You can go yourself if you want to."

She rose to her feet and walked toward the shooting studio.

When Xyla was leaving the shooting scene in the evening, someone called her. She was stunned, and when she turned her head around, she saw Howard walking toward her. "Is there anything I can help you with, Mr. Lindholm?"

Howard smiled and asked, "Are you free tonight? Let's have dinner together."

Xyla nodded. When she came to the restaurant at night, she realized that

Marione and other actors from the crew were there as well.

When one of the actresses saw Xyla, she went closer to Marione and asked, "Why did Mr. Lindholm invite her as well?"

Marione took a sip from the wine and did not say anything in return.

After Xyla took her seat, one of the actors laughed and said, "Xyla is very good at acting. I didn't expect you to have such a good performance even though this is the first time you shoot for a movie."

Xyla looked at him and offered him a smile, "Thank you."

Sensing her stiffness, Howard said, "All of us are from the same crew. Don't need to be so formal."

Another man chimed in, "Yeah. We wanted to invite you as well last time, but we were worried that you didn't want to come, so we didn't ask you."

Honestly, Xyla did not want to come either. It was just that she couldn't leave like that since she was already there.

Most of the crew members were talking to Xyla throughout the dinner. The two actresses looked at each other, and one of them interrupted their conversation purposely, "Oh yeah. By the way, I heard that you're dating Mr. Hathaway, the investor of our film, right, Ms.

Mayweather? Then where is he? Why didn't he come with you?"

The rest of the people looked at each other awkwardly. While eating her food slowly, Xyla said, "Who told you that I'm dating Mr. Hathaway? Did I ever admit that we're dating?"

The actress was stumped. "If you guys aren't dating, then why,"

"I just happened to know Mr. Hathaway. I'm still single." Xyla lifted her head, and there was a smile on her face. "I hope I didn't cause any misunderstanding."

The actress intended to humiliate Xyla. It was just that she did not expect that Xyla had never admitted that she was dating Yorrick, and the actress felt embarrassed.

Looking at Xyla, Marione said, "I'm sure you'll have a bright future ahead in the entertainment world given how good your acting is. I don't think you'll consider starting a relationship, right, Xyla?"

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Xyla lifted her head and offered Marione a smile, "You know me the best, Marione." Howard lifted the glass and said, "Alright, alright. Our food is getting cold. Let's eat while we talk."

The rest of the people lifted their glasses and offered each other a toast. The dinner lasted for two hours. Everyone had drunk some wine, and they had a lot of fun together.

Xyla was able to hold her liquor, but when she reached her limit, she would get lightheaded. She tripped herself when she was walking toward the entrance, and Howard hurriedly went forward to support her. "You're not drunk, are you?" She waved her hand and said, "Yeah, don't worry. I'm still sober."

Howard grabbed her shoulder. "Let me send you back."

Before Xyla could say anything, another hand pulled her away from Howard's hand out of nowhere. She stumbled a few steps back and fell into the incoming man's arms. "She doesn't need you to send her back.

Xyla was momentarily stunned before she lifted her head to look at the man behind her. She became sober and exclaimed, "It's you!?"

Yorrick did not say anything in return. He just ordered his bodyguard to get his car.

Howard looked at him and asked, "May I ask about the relationship between you and Xyla, Mr. Hathaway?" Yorrick let out a smile and grabbed her into his arms. "What do you think?" When Xyla struggled to free herself from his embrace, he pressed her head harder toward his chest and brought her away.

They went into the elevator, and it took Xyla a lot of strength to push him away. She stumbled a few steps and rammed toward the wall. "Are you insane?"

Yorrick pressed the button, and the elevator started going down. He looked at the woman, who reeked of booze, but he did not say anything.

Xyla was struck by a dizzy spell and squatted down. When the door of the elevator was opened, Yorrick went forward and pulled her up from the floor.

The bodyguard was already waiting in the car. He shoved her into the backseat, and Xyla suddenly sat up straight. She combed through her hair with her fingers and said, "Are you trying to kill me, Yorrick?" "I hope I can do that as well." He closed the door and ordered the bodyguard to start the car.

The bodyguard gazed at him through the rear mirror and asked, "Mr. Hathaway, are we sending Ms. Mayweather back to her house or-"

"What makes you think that I need you to send me back?" Xyla interrupted. She tried to open the door but could not. She pounced toward the bodyguard, grabbed his collar, and shouted, "Open the door!"

Fortunately, the bodyguard hadn't started the car yet. He looked at Xyla helplessly and said, "Ms. Mayweather, you're drunk."

"I'm not drunk! Open the door now! Otherwise, I'll call the cops and say you're abducting me!"

Seeing that Xyla was about to tear the bodyguard's shirt apart, Yorrick pulled her back, and she fell into his arms.

He went stiff for a moment. When she realized she had sat on something, she sprang up and sat on the side.

She gazed down but swiftly averted her gaze. Yorrick caught her gaze and said blatantly, "Have you never eaten any fish that you rear, Ms. Mayweather?"

Xyla let out a burp. She reeked of booze so thick that the fragrance in the car couldn't cover it.

"Why should I eat the fish that I rear? Can't I rear them for fun? I have a lot of money, and I can rear however many I want. Not only that, but I'm also going to rear ducks!" The bodyguard stifled a smile while Yorrick placed his hand on his forehead and chuckled. "Do you think you're opening a farm? Do you have the money to take care of so many animals?"

Xyla went closer and stared at him intently. "You're looking down on me?"

She grabbed the collar of his shirt weakly and shouted, "You b*stard!"

Yorrick's eardrum nearly exploded from her shout. He pointed at Xyla's nose and said, "Let go." "Never!" Xyla exerted more strength on her hands, pulling one of the buttons on his collar out and exposing his skin to the air.

The bodyguard looked at her through the rear mirror and sucked in air sharply. Initially, he had been under the impression that Xyla was a reserved woman. He did not expect her to be so wild, and it seemed to him that their next destination would be the hotel.

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Xyla froze in place, and her gaze was fixed on his neck. And when the bodyguard made a turn at an intersection, Xyla lost balance and threw herself in his arms.

Throughout the whole chaotic disarray, she kissed his skin with her lips, leaving a lipstick mark behind, and Yorrick's eyes dimmed immediately.

Seeing that they were already starting to kiss, the bodyguard got the message and accelerated even more.

Xyla propped her arms against his body, got herself up, saw the lipstick mark, and quickly wiped it off for him. "I'm sorry, I have lipstick on."

Yorrick grasped her wrist. "Are you kidding me?" "Why should I kid you?" Xyla felt a lot dizzier all of a sudden and covered her mouth.

Yorrick realized something instantly and grabbed her by the shoulders immediately. "Xyla, you better hold it back,"

She vomited on his pants. Yorrick's expression dimmed in a matter of seconds. He turned his face away and lowered the window to dissipate the strong smell in the car.

When they arrived at the hotel, Yorrick dragged Xyla into the bathroom and threw her into the shower.

She fell to the marble floor, and the pain stiffened her palms.

Yorrick twisted the tap of the shower, and the water gushed out of the sprinkler and

spattered directly on her body. After vomiting in the car and getting splashed with icy cold water, Xyla had almost sobered up. "Aaah! What are you doing!?"

Yorrick turned off the shower. "Are you sober now?" Xyla was drenched from head to toe and was in an embarrassing mess.

Yorrick squatted in front of her, pinched her chin, and made her look upward. "Did you do all these on purpose?"

Xyla flung his hand away. "You, get out! I want to take a bath!"

Yorrick was so exasperated that he scoffed, pulled her up from the floor, and pushed her against the wall. "Do you know what taking a bath at the man's residence means?"

The tiled wall felt cold, and her clothes were stuck to her wet body, so she started shivering. Her pale face made her look even more tender and weaker after being drenched.

Yorrick pinched her chin with his fingers and turned her face away, "I'm not interested in looking at your sickly appearance. Get yourself washed and cleaned before coming out."

He turned on the shower, put the retractable showerhead aside, and went out after the water started to heat up.

Xyla leaned against the wall and took a deep breath.

'Getting drunk is dangerous, getting drunk is too dangerous.'

She took a hot bath and walked out in a bathrobe. However, because of the cold temperature of the air conditioner, she sneezed.

Yorrick had already changed out of his suit. He stood in the mini kitchen and brewed a cup of hot tea. He then walked out with a cup of tea in his hand and saw Xyla wrapping herself in a blanket that she had found out of nowhere and sitting on the couch cross-legged.

He burst into laughter, walked over, and placed the teacup in front of her. "If I ever take care of you the next time you're drunk, I'll give up my last name and use yours for the rest of my life."

"I didn't ask you to take care of me, did I?" Xyla felt baffled as she picked up the teacup and took a sip of the hot tea, and her whole body warmed up instantly.

Yorrick sat opposite her with his legs crossed and stared at her. He did not know why he would care to even get involved in all this chaos.

'Even though I've not seen her for half a month, this woman has never gotten out of my eyesight. I can see her on posters, news, and advertising screens in office buildings. She's literally everywhere.

'Wouldn't she straight up conquer the world if she wasn't banned for a short period?' Xyla raised her head and met his gaze. She was startled and put down the teacup. "I'm sorry about tonight.

"Since you've apologized, I'll let tonight slide. However, whatever happened tonight will never happen again ." He smiled, stood up, and walked back to the room without looking back.

Xyla was sitting alone in the living room. She scratched her hair and lowered her head.

'That was ridiculous. I swear in the name of God that I'll never drink, never again!'

Yorrick lay flat on the bed and fell asleep, but he heard Xyla's voice while he was half-awake.

"Mr. Hathaway?"

He opened his eyes slightly. The lights surrounding him were intense and dazzling.

Xyla was lying on the other side of the bed, staring at him with the side of her forehead resting on her hand. She was wearing his white shirt-the smooth flesh underneath the neckline was only partially shrouded-while her long fair legs swayed back and forth, and there was a faint smile on her face.

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Xyla placed her fingertips on his lips and slowly slid her finger down before approaching him with her lips." Mr. Hathaway, didn't you say that I can't do kissing scenes? If that's so, can you teach me how to do it properly?"

Yorrick held her hand, and his Adam's apple rolled as he gulped. "Get off my bed.'

"Mr. Hathaway, are you telling me you don't want it?" Xyla approached him and kissed his chin lightly. Her winking eyes looked extremely seductive, and the silky and attractive black hair wrapped around his arm.

Yorrick turned over and trapped her under him in between his four limbs. "I won't hold myself responsible for the night." Xyla raised her eyebrows, giggled, stretched out her arms, and hugged him. "I won't need that from you either."

He lowered his head and kissed her lips, and strong thoughts flooded his mind in an instant. He wanted to gravely punish her, letting her know that this was the price that she had to pay for seducing him.

Their bodies intertwined and entangled with each other as every inch of her beauty was in sight, while her trembles, gasps, and voice, which rang right next to his ears, all felt so real.

Unfortunately, the sound of the alarm clock woke him up. He froze on the bed for a few seconds, flipped the blanket, turned over, and got out of bed. He opened the bedroom door and shouted, "Xyla Mayweather!"

The living area was empty, the unfinished cup of coffee was still on the table, and the blankets were still there.

He got into the guest room and pushed open the door. There was no trace of anyone sleeping in the guest room or living room last night.

He leaned against the door and covered his face with his palm.

'It was really a dream.

'But this dream...

'It felt so real that it almost killed me!'

Xyla had left at dawn and asked Mindy to bring her clothes over and pick her up from the hotel.

Mindy was driving the car when she took a glance at the person who was sitting in the rear seat, frowning. "Xy, you... Last night..." "I drank too much." Xyla was extremely irritated.

"What matters isn't whether you drank too much. It's that room... Isn't that Mr.

Hathaway's room? Did you-*

"What's the dirty thought that you have in your mind?" She raised her head, leaned back in the seat, and looked up at the roof of the car. "I slept in the living room last night."

I didn't wake Yorrick up when I left earlier this morning. After all, I'm completely sober now. But I'm not shameless enough to take the initiative to go meet him again after what I did last night!

'Moreover, he might not even want to see me now.'

She really wanted to slap herself at the moment.

'He already said that the contract was over, and I've managed to make it seem like I'm still trying to get involved with him.

'I kept pestering Louis back then, but I would never pester any man again, especially a man who has nothing to do with me.'

When they arrived at the studio, Xyla went into the dressing room for makeup and just so happened to meet Howard, who was putting his wig on at the moment.

He turned and glanced at Xyla, who looked listless. "Are you okay?" Xyla nodded and smiled. "I'm fine, I drank too much last night, it's just a hangover." "This is tea with lemon slices soaked in it. I brought it over this morning." Howard shifted a thermos before her "Thank you, Mr. Lindholm." She was stunned for a short moment. She then asked Mindy to go get her a disposable paper cup, poured half of a cup for herself, lifted her head, and finished it in one go.

Howard had finished putting on his wig and asked with a smile, "Did Mr. Hathaway send you home safely last night?"

She paused for a split second, looked at Mindy in the mirror, and nodded. "Yes, he did send me home... And I did arrive safely."

"Glad to hear that." He stood up. "I'm going to change into my clothes already." Xyla smiled and nodded.

She leaned against Mindy. "Were you followed by any paparazzo when you came to pick me up this morning?"

Mindy lowered her voice. "It's six o'clock in the morning, even the paparazzi need their daily dose of sleep, don't they?"

Xyla did not speak.

The scene they were shooting at noon was Lily LeBlanc dancing in the pool to charm and seduce the king because she wanted to take revenge on Alvin Stokes, and she had to bewitch the king to do so.

The person who played the king was a very experienced senior in the film industry, and all his fans call him Mr. Donnell. He had played many roles in film and television, which all could be regarded as classic characters that had ever graced the industry, and his acting skills were even known to be textbook.

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Mr. Donnell had a very strong opinion against actors who used stand-ins while filming, so Xyla acted in the scene personally, but she had gone through a few NG shots ever since the crew started filming.

However, Mr. Donnell did not get angry but enlightened her patiently instead. "Xyla, you should let your concerns go and just act. It's been so long since you've joined the crew, and I have faith in your acting." "I'm sorry, Mr. Donnell. I'll make some adjustments to my emotions." Xyla was really nervous. After all, this scene was the boldest and the most open scene that she had in this film.

Although she had already mentally prepared herself multiple times for the scene, she was not really sure when it was time for her to act.

The director started the next shoot, but in order to make Xyla perform better, he had decided to clear all the staff members out of the studio, leaving only a few videographers there.

Xyla went into the water again and managed to dance gracefully when the live music sounded. The thin feathered clothes matched her graceful dance moves perfectly, allowing her to give off a unique charm while in the pool.

While everything was going on smoothly, Yorrick appeared out of nowhere and stood behind the director. It was the director's assistant who realized that he was there first and stood up immediately. "Mr.

Hathaway--"

Yorrick placed his finger in front of his lips and shushed him while staring at the video recording screen.

Lily LeBlanc would frown and chuckle when she looked back at the king, all of which were secretly enticing and enchanting him.

She then accidentally fell into the king's arms, and the king managed to catch her. 'Is this a surprise for me, milady?"

Lily LeBlanc picked up the golden jug and goblet from the edge of the pool and complained captivatingly, "It 's not fun for Your Majesty to drink alone. Just as the saying goes, 'Fine wine will only taste great when it's coupled with a fine drinking companion'."

The king was delighted, laughed loudly, and lifted her face by her chin. "My dear Lily, you're truly a wonderful person, and I'm quite fond of you."

She placed her index finger on his lips. "So, does that mean that Your Majesty fancies my companionship?" The king was fascinated. "I like it. The harem has hundreds or even thousands of beauties, but I'll only pamper you, Lily."

Xyla and Mr. Donnell both got out of the pool after the director ended the scene. Mr. Donnell then nodded and complimented Xyla with satisfaction, "That's it. It looks a lot better than the previous few takes. You do have great potential when it comes to acting."

Mindy brought Xyla a towel and wrapped it around her while Xyla nodded at Mr.

Donnell and gave off a grin. "Thank you, sir."

She then sneezed twice in a row and started to feel a little light-headed.

"Mr. Hathaway, since when did you come?" The director was also taken aback by Yorrick's sudden appearance.

Hearing the commotion, Xyla was astonished for a moment when she glanced in the direction of the noises

'Yorrick really came to the studio!'

Mindy looked over too. "Xy, is he here for you?"

“Are you kidding-” The tip of Xyla’s nose felt extremely itchy, causing her to sneeze again. She threw the towel back to Mindy and said, “I’m going to change my clothes.”

She left the scene in a hurry.

She went to the locker room to change out of her wet clothes, however, her dizziness worsened when she came out of the fitting room, and her vision started to turn blurry.

A hand pulled her into someone’s arms abruptly. And before Xyla could react to the sudden jerk, two warm lips had already sealed her lips.

Xyla’s pupils constricted!

The sudden kiss made Xyla’s head go blank. In addition to the drowsiness that was already catching up to her, the sudden shock made her lose the strength to keep her feet under her body.

Yorrick held her cheek with his palms, felt a fiery sensation, and took his lips off hers. And the first thing that caught Yorrick’s attention was Xyla falling backward in a daze, so he immediately brought her back into his arms. “Hey-”

He placed the back of his hand on her

forehead to get a better read of her body temperature, picked her up almost instantly, and dashed out.

Marione and the other actresses were dumbfounded when they saw Yorrick leaving the fitting room with Xyla in his arms.

“Isn’t that... Mr. Hathaway?” “I thought Xyla denied that they’re dating each other? What’s going on now?” Xyla had a high fever, so she was hospitalized for an intravenous drip. When she regained consciousness, she heard her parents’ voices.

Chapter 1099

“Is our daughter dating the investor of their film? Why are there so many rumors going around when I recently visited the crew?” Mrs. Mayweather was sitting on a chair next to the bed and peeling an apple. She was really curious and kicked Mr. Mayweather, motioning him to answer the questions.

Mr. Mayweather responded helplessly, “You don’t have to care whether it’s true or not. We’ll know that when you ask our daughter about it when she wakes up.”

Mrs. Mayweather reached out and placed a sliced apple next to his mouth. “Can’t you see that I’m curious? You should go and ask around the industry to see if that gentleman is married, how many people are there in his family, and how many girlfriends he has had in the past. If they’re really dating each other, then we do have to feel happy for our daughter, don’t we?”

Mr. Mayweather ate the apple that his wife cut for him and laughed. “Alright, my wife is always right. Okay, I’ll go and ask around some other day.”

Mrs. Mayweather placed another piece of apple next to her husband’s mouth, noticed something, and turned her head toward the hospital bed.

Xyla was lying there, staring at them with disgust. "Just how shameless can you two be? You're actually showing off your revolting affection in front of a patient like me?"

Mr. Mayweather got up with a worried look on his face. "Xyla, are you feeling any better now?" "I didn't die, did I?" Xyla sat up slowly and glanced out the window. "How long have I been out?"

Mrs. Mayweather put down the apple. "You've slept for four hours. And how could you go to the studio to film when you already knew that you're not feeling well? This will scorch your brain and turn you into a retard."

After saying that, she asked tentatively, "Xyla, the investor who sent you here to the hospital, you guys."

"I'm not dating him, and I have nothing to do with him. So, don't you even think about going there." Xyla interrupted Mrs. Mayweather's thoughts.

Mrs. Mayweather was astounded for a moment. "But how come you two are not dating each other, the... The news is spreading like wildfire among the crew members..." "Rumors and scandals are something inevitable that all entertainers in the entertainment industry have to bear with, so why do you believe whatever they say?" Xyla lay back on the bed and turned her back to them. "Don't try to come up with any thoughts. He's totally out of my league."

Mrs. Mayweather and Mr. Mayweather looked at each other, and Mr. Mayweather sat on the edge of the bed. "What does it mean that he's out of your league? Does he look down on those who work in the entertainment industry?"

Xyla smiled. "Dad, he's the richest man in the world, the heir of the Hathaways of Yaramoor. Does he look like someone who would give a damn about your company?"

Mrs. Mayweather and Mr. Mayweather

were shocked.

At the Lucas family's villa...

Ryleigh was scrolling through her Twitter feed during dinner when she saw something inadvertently. She then elbowed Louis lightly on his arm, leaned over to him, and shoved the phone up his face, asking him to take a look at the news article.

Louis raised his head and took a glance.

Ryleigh asked in a low voice. "Are they really?"

"You'll get to know if it's true or false as long as you direct the question to her yourself." Louis fetched himself a dollop of mashed potatoes and could not help but chuckle. "Aren't you pretty close friends with her?" "Who are you talking about?" Larissa, sitting opposite them, lifted her head when she heard the two of them whispering to each other.

Louis did not shy away. "Xyla."

Larissa was dumbfounded and frowned. "You're talking about your ex in front of your wife, are you—" "Mother." Ryleigh interrupted her and squinted while giving off a grin. "Xyla and I aren't on any bad terms. We even went to visit her when she was hospitalized."

'Although they're each other's exes, it's all in the past. Besides, it's impossible for them to get back together now.'

Larissa stared at Louis, and the latter nodded.

"It's great if you're able to let bygones be bygones." She did not say anything else but thought of something out of the blue. "By the way, Zee told me that your grandfather has returned to the mansion. Your grandfather hasn't met Ryleigh before this, so bring Ryleigh to the de Armas mansion to visit your grandfather whenever you have the time."

Louis paused. "But didn't Grandpa—"

Larissa explained, "Zee and I only found out later that your grandfather is still alive, but he got paralyzed in the accident four years ago and has been recuperating in DePaul Town all this while."

Chapter 1100

Louis was momentarily stunned. He then nodded and grabbed Ryleigh's hand. "Okay, we'll travel to Stoslo to visit Grandpa in the short future."

Ryleigh approached him and asked in a low voice, "Is your grandfather fierce?"

Louis smiled and put on his serious look in an instant. "He'll definitely give you h*ll if you're a disobedient

girl."

"Tsk! How dare you scare your own wife?" Larissa clicked her tongue and comforted Ryleigh after saying that. "Don't worry. His grandfather won't give you any h*ll. Louis would be the one to suffer his wrath even if something were to go terribly wrong."

Ryleigh smiled and nodded.

It was already very late in the night when Xyla returned home from the hospital. She went back to her room, lay on the bed, and stared at the ceiling.

The scene in which Yorrick kissed her flashed across her mind as if it was a roll film.

"He's really good at kissing, so good that I still can't get my mind off it.

Tsk, he's definitely a player.'

She sat up irritably, and her gaze landed on the violin figure that was placed on the counter. She had ordered the violin figure back then because of Louis, and she had placed it on the bedside cupboard and had not been able to make up her mind to move it.

She stared at it for a while, picked it up, and put it away in the drawer.

A few days later, Xyla came to the studio and was surrounded by reporters in front of the car. She wore sunglasses and a cap and lowered her head while Mindy blocked the cameras for her.

“Xyla, can we ask you about your relationship with Mr. Hathaway from Yaramoor?”

“We heard that you and Mr. Hathaway from Yaramoor are dating in the studio unscrupulously. Is that true?” All kinds of questions were thrown at Xyla. The path to the studio had been blocked, and she had no other way to go, so she took off her sunglasses and smiled at the reporters. “There’s no such thing. Mr.

Hathaway and I can only be considered relatively close friends. We’re not dating each other, so please don’t overthink and overcomplicate things.”

“But someone took a photo of you leaving the dressing room with Mr. Hathaway. Can you please tell us what the both of you were doing in the dressing room at that time?”

The question touched on a sensitive and personal affair, but it was still brought up in public unscrupulously

Mindy was about to respond on her behalf when Xyla looked straight at the reporter. “I passed out in the dressing room due to a fever, and Mr. Hathaway was the one who found me first. Do you need me to put forward my diagnosis from that day?”

The reporter choked on his own words.

But another reporter did not give up on getting to the bottom of the affair. “But someone also took a photo of you and Mr. Hathaway leaving a hotel together, and you two look very intimate in the photo.”

Xyla paused for a split second. ‘It was during the day when I got drunk...’ Mindy replied to the reporter, “Xyla got very drunk that day. That was why Mr. Hathaway helped her into the car and sent her back out of kindness. Even so, what does that imply? Xyla is in a rush to start the filming of the day, so please let us through. Thank you very much.”

Mindy fought her way through the reporters in front of them and dragged Xyla out of the crowd. The two then ran back to the set, and that was how they got rid of those reporters.

On the other side of the city...

Eastwood Enterprise had just adjourned a meeting. That was also when Anthony, two other senior executives, and Yorrick came out of the conference room.

Anthony asked Yorrick, “Mr. Hathaway, you seem to be rather absent-minded about the questions we raised during the meeting. Is there something wrong about the project that bothers you?”

Yorrick gave off a smile, but his expression returned to normal almost instantly. “No, it’s just that I’ve been having a lot on my plate recently. I believe that you’re more than equipped and qualified to manage the project, Mr. Topaz.”

Anthony nodded and did not bother him with any more questions. “Now that I know you have so much trust in me, it’s only natural for me to want to live up to your expectations, Mr. Hathaway.”

“Do you drink?” Yorrick asked abruptly.

The question caught Anthony off guard for a moment. “Drink?”

Yorrick let off a casual grin. “Oh, it’s just that I haven’t been able to find someone to drink with recently, and you most probably don’t have time either.”

Anthony understood what he meant. “If you want someone to accompany you while you drink, I can have a few drinks with you, Mr. Hathaway.”