

Madam Winters's Fight For Her Children

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“Whittle Corporation was on the verge of bankruptcy last night.” Nerola explained without hesitation.

“And Paul seems to be missing. Some say that the company's shareholders accidentally got him injured and he had gone

abroad for treatment. In contrast, some say that he was caught by a mysterious organization and was taken to a place

ungoverned by any authority. I'm still not sure about this. These are just what I heard from the rumors.”

“Hey, I've also gotten news about Paul!” Lana, who just pulled out her phone and read through her notifications, exclaimed, “The

crew set informed us that he won't be participating in any future shooting.” “What?!”

Ninian frowned as she wondered, “Did Harold do this? It's impossible. He won't act so ruthlessly. He might teach Paul and the

Whittle family a lesson, but he will never hurt him too much or do anything that puts his life at risk.

‘These rumors must be wrong.’ “He won’t be participating in any future shooting? What about the previous shots? Will they be broadcast?” she asked.

‘If those shots that Paul was in would not be broadcast, this means that something really happened to him, and he’s been banned from the entertainment industry.’

Lana shook her head. “I’m not sure. They didn’t say anything about that.”

“Ninian, hurry up and call your brother. Ask him about this matter.” Nerola said, “Even though the Whittle family is not as powerful as your family, Paul has been in the entertainment industry for many years and has a lot of die-hard fans. I’m worried that you’ll get entangled in this matter.”

Ninian nodded.

She felt uneasy, not because she was worried that Paul’s matter would implicate herself, but because it turned out Paul was who she thought he was, and things seemed to be spiraling out of control.

Before you sent her message out, her phone rang.

“Pfft, this is too much. Someone is being lovey-dovey again.”

“When a single person dies of cringe from PDA, all the couples who just love showing off their love in public are to blame.”

Nerola and Lana teased her at the same time. She could not help but laugh. She then picked up Everett’s call.

“You like waffles and sausages, huh?” Everett said as he looked at the picture he sent her.

“Yes.” She nodded. “I love them, especially if they were made by my mother, but she’s always outstation. I don’t get to eat them often.”

“I see. I’ll take note of that.” He said, “I’ll ask my future mother-in-law for her recipe, then.”

She chuckled when she heard this.

‘I have to admit, men mature quite fast. A while ago, he blushed when he called me “honey“.

‘What a shame that it’s so rare to see such an innocent man.’

She smiled and changed the topic. “Have you gone to the set yet? You have a scene to shoot earlier than me, right?”

“No, I’ll fetch you later.” Everett said, “The director says that you’ll have more scenes to shoot. You might need to work longer hours in the future. Are you okay with that?”

“I have more scenes to shoot?” She raised her eyebrows, feeling a little surprised.

Nerola and Lana looked at her at the same time.

‘I’m just a rookie. When I first entered the crew set, I still needed to rely on Amber’s partner in order to get a minor role. People around me grew jealous of it.

‘Even though my character is pretty good, it doesn’t have much plot to it. Paul, who is the third lead character, has more plots than me. ‘I thought I’d stop acting after finishing my last two scenes.’

“Why am I suddenly assigned to act in more scenes? Did someone edit the script?” she asked.

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