

There He Is Again, My Ex-Husband - Chapter 421 Invitation

Nina stared at Emelia, her eyes reddening.

Although Emelia didn't tell others what she would write about, Nina knew it clearly.

Earlier, she joked with Emelia and asked Emelia to write a novel based on her love story. Emelia agreed. However, Emelia had a difficult time in the past few years, so she didn't start writing it.

Much to Nina's surprise, Emelia would start writing for real. Knowing the novel's title "Waiting For You, My Future", Nina was so moved that tears welled up in her eyes.

It poked at her soft spot in the heart. Nina couldn't help but shed tears. The hostess and the staff hurriedly handed tissues to Nina. Nina also tried her best to repress her tears, but she failed somehow.

Nina couldn't stop crying. The hostess and the staff on the site were shocked.

After all, Nina had famous sayings. When she was slandered, and at the rock bottom of her life, she told the public that she'd rather bleed instead of shed tears in the entertainment business.

To avoid impacting the interview, Nina stood up and left. "I'm sorry. I need to calm down. Please go on." Hence, Sherlyn accompanied her to go out of the studio. The hostess was envious and moved. "I do envy your friendship. Why can't I have such a good friend?"

Nina kicked the bully for protecting Emelia. Emelia would write a novel about Nina's own story. They both cared about each other much.

After the interview, Nina had almost calmed down.

In anger, she complained to Emelia, "Your surprise stimulated me a lot. I haven't cried so fiercely all my life."

Emelia teased her. "When Cameron comes back to you, you'll cry more miserably." "I won't. I'll laugh out loud." Nina snorted. "As long as he dares to come back." Emelia giggled.

Their photo shooting lasted till the evening. Julian kept calling Emelia the whole afternoon but always received a negative answer.

In the end, Julian couldn't keep calm. He went to the studio, watching them work.

He even said, "If you are afraid about the sales due to the poor quality of shooting too fast, I can buy all the magazines of this issue."

Emelia, the photographer, and all the staff members were wordless.

Although they didn't need to worry about the sales upon hearing Julian's promise, that was not what they had expected. They wished to have high sales because of the excellent magazine cover with an eye-catching story about the friendship between Emelia and Nina.

However, since Julian had come over, finally, the shooting finished at eight instead of ten as planned.

When it ended, Emelia felt too exhausted. Her feet were almost cramped because of wearing high heels for a whole day.

Wrapped in Julian's jacket, she complained to Nina in a weak tone, "It's so torturing to be a superstar."

"Exactly. Others only envy us for our fame and glory. No one knows how much we've suffered behind it." Nina seemed to be able to hang on. After all, she had been used to the workload.

When they bid the staff farewell outside the studio, the photographer took the initiative to give Emelia his business card. With a bright smile, he said, "Ms. Jones, I enjoyed working with you today. This is my business car. I'd love to shoot a set of ancient costume photos for you..."

Before he finished his words, Julian glanced at him with ice in his eyes.

Ancient costume? He didn't want them to torture Emelia again.
Julian had never thought to let Emelia work in the entertainment business. He didn't want her to suffer.

The photographer knew that Julian was warning him. However, he gritted his teeth and invited Emelia, "Here is the thing. Ms. Jones, your temperament fits our traditional style very much. Please trust my taste. If you agree, the photos will amaze the public."

He was an experienced photographer, so he had seen all kinds of faces. He also knew Emelia's facial outline and temperament were indeed rare. If he couldn't shoot photos for Emelia, those pictures would definitely raise a sensation.

Emelia didn't notice how unhappy Julian was. She was way too surprised.

She took over the photographer's business card politely. Then she asked in disbelief, "Are you inviting me to another photo shoot?"

Emelia knew that she was good-looking. After all, when she was in college, many boys wrote her love letters and pursued her.

However, she had never expected to be invited to a photo shoot by a professional photographer.

Nina clicked her tongue. "He's a famous photographer. Usually, he won't actively invite others. People will line up to ask him to shoot pictures."

Emelia hadn't answered yet, but Julian said to her coldly while holding her in his arms, "Do you still want to suffer again like today?"

Emelia didn't want to shoot the photos initially, as she wasn't interested in such a matter. She had agreed this time because of Nina.

Julian's words reminded her of the torture of the whole day. Instantly, she said to that photographer apologetically, "I'm so

embarrassed. It's my pleasure to be invited, but I don't think I'll accept your invitation. My hands are already full."

The photographer still hadn't given up. "Ms. Jones, I only need one day. It's enough. I can guarantee you won't be so exhausted as today. You're shooting the group photos today, so it's more torturing."

Julian snorted. "She has refused. What are you doing?" The photographer still wanted to convince Emelia. Nina tugged him, shaking her head at him.

Nina knew as long as Julian was there, the photographer couldn't convince Emelia.

Hence, the photographer had to give up.

Julian held Emelia to turn away. After a few steps, Emelia couldn't tolerate the pain in her feet. Hence, Julian lifted her up and carried her in his arms while walking to his car.

Nina said to the photographer, "Have you seen it? How much Mr. Hughes loves her, how jealous he is! How could he admit Emelia's beauty to be seen by so many people? Other men might covet her."

The photographer was enlightened. "I see."

From the perspective of art, he believed that Emelia's classical beauty should be appreciated by all people worldwide. However, standing in Julian's shoes, he could understand that this beautiful woman should be hidden.

Nina added, "I'll help you convince her later." The photographer was overjoyed. "Do you also hope her to shoot the photos?" Nina snorted. "Of course. She's so gorgeous. Why should she hide it?"

"Besides, Julian Hughes will be more alert if all people know how beautiful she is. In this case, he'll treasure her more." Nina did it for Emelia's own good, although she could tell that Julian indeed cared about Emelia now.

"Awesome!" The photographer was grateful. "In the future, if you need to shoot any photos, I will be on the call."

Nina asked with a smile, "May I make an appointment with you for my wedding photos?"

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“Your wedding photos?” The photographer was startled. “Are you getting married? Why there’s no news at all? Who is the lucky guy?”

Nina was the most popular superstar nowadays. If she got married or in love, the media should know the news more or less.

Nina threw up her hands. “I haven’t had a boyfriend yet. Whom I’ll marry to? As I said, I just want to make an appointment.”

The photographer looked helpless. “All right. I thought I would hear a piece of the shocking news of the entertainment business.” Nina patted him on his shoulder. “Chill.”

Then she bid others farewell before leaving with Sherlyn.

The photographer didn’t know that Nina would call him to shoot her wedding photos one day in the near future.

Actually, Nina herself didn’t expect that day to come so soon.

Julian drove Emelia back home. The latter was exhausted and sleepy. She fell asleep on the way. When they arrived home, Julian had to carry her into the house.

Also, he helped her remove the makeup, bathed her, and dried her hair.

When he finally put her on the bed, he was also exhausted.

He hadn’t expected it to be so troublesome to remove the makeup for a woman. If Emelia hadn’t instructed while fighting against her sleepiness, Julian wouldn’t have known how to wash her face.

He went to the studio and urged the progress because he wanted to go home faster to make love to Emelia. However, Emelia had fallen asleep on the way back home.

Seeing her so tired, Julian didn’t have the heart to do anything to her. He lowered his head and pecked her lips affectionately.

Then he got up and went to the bathroom.

After coming out of the bathroom, Julian went to the study to work for a long while because he would feel tortured during the long, sleepless night.

When he went back to the bedroom, he turned on the lamp on the nightstand, unbuttoning his pajamas. Suddenly, Emelia sat up while holding the quilt in a daze.

Julian thought she must still be drowsy, so he paused to look at her, unwilling to disturb her.

However, she asked him with sleepy eyes, "Why did you stop?"

Julian was wordless.

He wondered what she was doing.

He had never experienced such a scene and didn't know how to deal with it.

While he was taken aback, Emelia smiled brightly. She said with an obsessive look, "Julian, you look so handsome when unbuttoning your pajamas."

Julian felt his throat was dried out somehow. Her remark aroused him instantly. He wondered if he had been repressed too much in the past few days.

Thinking of that, he made up his mind. He lowered his voice, stared at her, and asked, "Shall I continue?" Emelia nodded on the bed. "Hurry up. I want to watch." Julian's hands trembled when unbuttoning. He couldn't bear her provocative words at all.

When his upper top was exposed, Emelia instantly cupped her chin with both hands and praised, drooling, "Whoa... I love your body!"

Julian took a deep breath.

He hadn't seen what Emelia looked like when she got drunk. However, she was way too bold currently. Usually, she wouldn't have spoken those words with such an expression.

However, Julian didn't expect that she would act boldly as well.

Emelia knelt on the bed, wrapped her arms around his waist, and muttered, "Your Adam's apple is so hot. May I bite it, please?" Julian was going nuts because of her temptation.

His powerful palms wrapped around her waist, and he said huskily, "Of course."

Emelia tilted her head and bit it. Of course, she didn't bite violently, but it made all blood in Julian's body surge into his brain.

He lost control, held her waist, and pushed her to the bed.

They made love wildly.

The following morning, Emelia woke up in soreness.

The feeling was familiar to her. However, she recalled that she had fallen asleep on the way back home while sitting in his car.

She didn't think she had had sex with Julian.

Rubbing her forehead, she tried hard to ring the bell about the previous night. Julian woke up beside her. He held her in his arms and said, "Morning."

Emelia turned to look at him, only to find a red print on his mark. She took a closer look and recognized it was a bite mark.

She was shocked and upset. "Julian Hughes!"

She had been with him for such a long time, but she had never bitten his Adam's apple when making love. However...

Emelia wondered if another woman had done it to him. How dare he hold her to sleep! Her eyes reddened instantly.

She could accept that Julian didn't love her, but she couldn't accept that he had cheated on her.

"What's wrong?" Julian was confused.

She was so enthusiastic last night, and they had a passionate night. He wondered why she cried as soon as waking up.

Emelia pushed him away in anger. "How dare you ask me what's wrong!"

Julia was more confused. Emelia pointed at his Adams's apple and complained, "What happened to your neck? Who bit it? How dare you cheat on me!"

Julian was amused by her in anger. "Who bit it?" Did he have another woman?

Why didn't he know about it?

"Did I say anything wrong?" Emelia's voice was trembling. "I... I couldn't have done such a brazen thing!" Julian finally understood what she was upset about.

She thought the bite mark on his neck was left by another woman.

Honestly speaking, if he hadn't experienced last night, he wouldn't have thought she could do such a thing.

However, what had happened in real had beyond his imagination. Hence, Julian told her what she had done in detail, especially where the bite mark on his neck came from.

Emelia blushed after listening to him.

It turned out that the nasty, wild woman was herself.

She pulled the quilt over to cover her face, muffling, "Impossible! You must be lying. I can never do such a thing!"

Emelia didn't admit it.

Julian dragged her out of the quilt and smiled evilly, "Why don't you bite me again? We can compare the two bite marks." Emelia struggled. "No way!"

Julian chuckled. "You're shy now? It means you've admitted it."

Emelia pressed her head on his chest in embarrassment. She wondered what had happened to her last night. How could she have done such a thing after being dazed with sleep?

She felt more awkward because she accused him of having another woman. To calm her down, Julian held her tight and said gently, "It's alright, Emelia. Don't be shy. I love it a lot.

"I like it when you do those things with me."

In the bedroom, men always liked their beloved women to be active. The more involved and seductive the women were, the more they enjoyed.

However, Emelia was always reserved and self-restrained, so Julian hadn't had such a chance before.

Upon hearing it, Emelia panicked more. She didn't want to get up with a blushed face in his arms.

"Don't you going to take the flight to the Capital?" Julian reminded her. Finally, Emelia sat up in a hurry.

"Go ahead to take a shower. I'll make breakfast. Then I'll drive you to the airport," said Julian. However, he still wrapped around her waist, reluctant to let her go.

He found it was so difficult for him to be in love. Either he and Emelia would be apart, or some accidents would happen.

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Probably Julian looked too reluctant to let her go. Emelia didn't want to leave for a moment.

However, she knew she must go. Hence, she pushed him away. However, Julian pressed her onto the bed and kissed her wildly again.

After seeing Emelia boarded the plane, Julian felt the emptiness in his heart. How he wished that his torturing day would end!

When Emelia's flight landed in the Capital, Vincent drove to pick her up. He directly sent her to the hotel where the training would take place. Hence, Emelia's half-month closed training began.

As soon as checking into her room and greeting her roommate, a young screenwriter, Emelia received a call from Julian. She wondered if he was calculating the time.

Julian requested a video call with her, but Emelia didn't think it was convenient because she had a roommate. Hence, she rejected it.

She dialed the audio call over. Julian complained, "Why didn't you pick up the video call? Don't you miss me at all?" Emelia explained to him that she had a roommate. She added, "We've just separated, haven't we?"

She implied that she didn't miss him at all.

Why would she?

They had just been apart for several hours.

However, Emelia knew him well. She added, "I do miss you, but it has nothing to do with the video call, right?" Julian reasoned with her, "I'll stop missing you too much when I see your face."

Emelia answered, "I can shoot a selfie and send it to you."

Hence, half a minute after hanging up the call, Julian received a selfie from Emelia.

It only shot half of her forehead. He didn't see her face but the ceiling above her head.

Julian replied, "Is this your so-called selfie?" Emelia messaged him, "Sorry. It's a mistake."

Then she sent him another picture. Julian tabbed to look, almost fainting. In this photo, her eyes were exposed, but he still couldn't see her face.

Julian wondered why she had become so naughty. Evidently, she was kidding with him.

Julian replied, "Do you want me to buy a ticket and fly to the Capital right now?"

Receiving his threat, Emelia finally sent him a full selfie.

She was standing on the balcony of the hotel room. The background was the scenery outside the hotel. She was smiling slightly, looking enchanting and pretty.

Julian couldn't help smiling. He replied, "You look gorgeous." Emelia entered, "Thank you for your compliment."

Julian wrote, "You are welcome. I'm telling the truth. After all, the top photographer wanted to shoot your photos. You are indeed a beauty."

Emelia could sense the intense jealousy from his words. Instantly, she changed the subject. "I need to sort out my suitcase. We'll have a kick-off meeting in the evening."

Finally, Julian was willing to finish chatting with her. Only then did Emelia have the time to sort out her belongings and sit down.

All the screenwriters in this training had checked in double rooms.

Earlier, when Julian heard that Emelia would have a roommate, he immediately wanted to arrange a single room for her, afraid that she wouldn't be used to having an unknown person as her roommate.

Emelia felt helpless. "When I was in college, I shared a room with a few girls. I can get used to it."

She asked, "Haven't you stayed in the college dormitory before?" "Nah," Julian answered without any hesitation.

When he was at school, he had never stayed in the dormitory. Later, he went to study abroad. His grandfather had bought a house next to his university and hired maids, servants, and drivers to take care of him. How could he have stayed in a dormitory?

Emelia remarked, "All right. You are indeed from a wealthy family." She added, "You don't need to arrange a single room for me. I don't want to be different because of that."

Other screenwriters would share a double room with another person. If she stayed in a single room, it would be too eye-catching.

She was afraid that others might isolate her.

In the future, she would still develop in the screenwriting circle. She didn't want to offend all the screenwriters in training.

Seeing that she insisted, Julian gave up his idea.

Emelia felt lucky. The young screenwriter who shared her room was pretty easygoing. Shortly after, they enjoyed chatting with each other.

The screenwriter was two years younger than Emelia. She has a baby face, quite adorable. She was also a foodie. Whenever they talked about food, her eyes lit up.

In the evening, all the trainees gathered and had dinner in the hotel's buffet restaurant as the kick-off meeting. They got to know each other roughly.

Emelia felt lucky that she had a roommate so that she didn't feel so shy and awkward.

After dinner, as soon as Emelia returned to her room, Julian called her again.

"Will Winston Hopkins give you lessons?" Julian sounded jealous. He felt a bit upset that he didn't know Winston was a trainer of Emelia's training until now.

"Yes." Emelia had to tell him honestly, "He's from the culture sector, so he's in charge of this training. It's normal that he's one of the trainers."

Julian gritted his teeth. "Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

He missed Emelia too much, so he asked David to find him information about Emelia's training program. Much to his surprise, he saw Winston's name among the trainers at the first glimpse.

"You didn't ask me, did you?" In fact, she purposely hid it from Julian. She was afraid that he would stop her from attending the training.

Fortunately, Julian had only asked her about the hotel address and if she would have roommates. He hadn't asked her about the training content, so she didn't tell him.

Julian snorted. "You did it deliberately, didn't you?"

Emelia felt helpless. "He's just a friend of mine. My father's family was close to his family. I can't ignore him rudely, can I? "I didn't mention it to you because I didn't want you to make a storm in a teacup on this trifle."

"Did I make a storm in a teacup?" Julian was angered by her remark.

He could become jealous easily because he loved her too much.

Since they discussed this topic, Emelia said bluntly to him, “Julian, I wonder what has happened to you. Aren’t you the proud and fearless Julian Hughes? Why are you always jealous of other men? We’ve been so intimate now. Do you think I’ll have any relationship with him?”

Julian was rendered speechless.

Emelia’s words indirectly admitted her love for him. Julian felt delighted. However, he didn’t think it was enough.

Hence, he said, “Then, tell me you love me in person, and I’m the only man in your heart all your life.”

Emelia was wordless.

She had loved him determinedly all through the years. She didn’t understand why he insisted on asking her to make a verbal commitment.

There He Is Again, My Ex-Husband - Chapter 424 I’ll Visit You in a Few Days

Emelia was good at writing, but she couldn’t talk sweet. She found it difficult to speak those words to him.

Julian knew she wanted to skip when hearing the silence. He pushed her, “If you don’t make me feel secure, how would I stop feeling jealous?”

Emelia couldn’t do anything. Hence, she lowered her voice and whispered, “Julian, you are the only man in my heart. Please don’t be jealous of other men in the future.”

Thinking for a moment, she added, “No matter Harry Zink or Winston Hopkins, they are just my friends.”

Emelia especially mentioned the two men’s names. She would work with them in the future, so she wished that Julian would stop being jealous of them.

With her promise, Julian finally felt better.
He said, "I'll make time to visit you in a few days." "Not necessary." Emelia was shocked. "We'll have a closing study. We can't leave the hotel."

The training organizer had reserved the top two floors in the hotel for their training. They stayed on one floor, and the other was used for meetings, study, and activities.

However, the trainees were allowed to leave the hotel actually. After all, there was a weekend between the two weeks. Since they gathered in the Capital, they couldn't always stay in the hotel.

Emelia said that because she didn't want Julian to come to see her. She was just in training, and she didn't think he needed to come over.

She understood that he missed her, but she hoped he restrain it for the time being.

In the past, when he was on business trips, she also missed him. She was always sleepless at night, but she had never wanted to go to see him in another city.

Probably, Emelia was way too rational. Or, probably, she knew that he didn't like her at that time, so she didn't even have such an idea.

Julian said determinedly, "Let's meet in the hotel then."

After a pause, he added, "Don't you miss me at all?"

Emelia heaved a sigh. "Julian, is your mind full of love?"

"You are a mature man, the president of the Hughes Group. You should put much effort into your career."

Julian answered indifferently, "My career has been successful, but I still don't have a wife. Of course, my mind is full of love now." Emelia was amused by his words in anger.
He indeed had a lot of excuses.

However, she had to admit that his words made sense.

His career had been successful indeed. All fields of the Hughes Group had become the top, except for the newly developed chip factory in Grafstin.

However, the competent woman, Maisie, was in charge of it, so Julian didn't need to be worried.

Hence, Emelia agreed, "If you want to come over, up to you. I might not have time."
Julian didn't speak, only laughed meaningfully.

Finally, their call ended. When Emelia returned to the bedroom from the balcony, the young screenwriter asked mysteriously, "Honey, may I ask you a question, please?"

Emelia smiled and said, "Sure. Go ahead."

The screenwriter asked, "Are all those calls from Mr. Julian Hughes?"

"Yes, they are," Emelia answered helplessly.

This young screenwriter's name was Olivia. Emelia thought she was cute and straightforward, so she didn't hide anything from Olivia.

Besides, Emelia was dating Julian now, though their relationship hadn't been announced to the public.

Olivia said enviously, "You do love each other deeply. I have seen Mr. Hughes call you several times in a row."

Emelia felt shy. "Not really."

Olivia's eyes lit up. She asked, "Do you know if Mr. Hughes's HGH has recently invested in any dramas or movies? Or does he have any plans to invest in any?"

Emelia shook her head. "I don't know much about his business."

She was telling the truth. She had only cooperated with Julian in "Princess Leilania".
Then she had never asked Julian about his work.

She was like that when she was his wife for three years. Right now, she was also like that.

After the collaboration on “Princess Leilania”, she broke up with Julian. Hence, she had no chance to talk about his work with him.

“Really?” Olivia looked unconvinced. “You love each other so much, and you are a screenwriter. How can you not know the plan of Mr. Hughes’ HGH? Hasn’t Mr. Hughes asked you to be the screenwriter of any dramas or movies?”

Somehow, Emelia was annoyed by Olivia’s questions. She wondered if Olivia had thought, or probably all others had thought, Julian would ask her to be the screenwriter for all his

invested dramas and movies. Was it because they were intimate?

Emelia explained solemnly. “Julian and I are two individuals. I’ve never asked him about his work, and he can distinguish public and private well. If he wants to find a screenwriter for any dramas or movies he has invested in, there will be a fair competition to select the most suitable screenwriter.”

“I didn’t mean anything. I just think you should use the relationship between you and Mr. Hughes,” Olivia explained with a smile, pulling her arm.

Probably her smile looked sincere. Emelia put down her unhappiness and smiled. “It’s alright.”

They stopped talking and went to bed.

The following day, they started classes. Winston gave them the lecture on the third day.

He was graceful and elegant, quite knowledgeable. After a class, all the female screenwriters were obsessed with him.

When Winston was leaving, he called Emelia over individually. They talked at the end of the corridor for a while.

He asked Emelia how she liked the training and how she had been doing recently.

Winston only took her as a younger sister now. Emelia had chosen Julian, and the two had experienced ups and downs, even life and death. Hence, Winston didn't think it would make sense for him to be persistent with Emelia.

After he left, Emelia went back to the hotel room for a lunch break with Olivia. While they were walking, Olivia asked, "Holy smoke! Is Mr. Hopkins your friend?"

Emelia explained simply, "His parents are friends of my parents."

Olivia exclaimed, "Emelia, your network is huge. You must use it well."

Emelia paused her paces, glancing at her. "Use it?"

In Emelia's opinion, she wouldn't use her relationships with Julian or Winston to get benefits or create shortcuts.

"Right," Olivia answered, feeling a sense of guilt.

Although Emelia was looking at her calmly, Olivia could somehow tell that she was unhappy.

Emelia withdrew her gaze, kept silent, and walked forward.

There He Is Again, My Ex-Husband - Chapter 425 Wrong Impression

They returned to the room. Olivia glanced at her gingerly. Then she picked up her laptop and walked to Emelia's bed. She said in embarrassment, "I have been in charge of a drama project recently. The storyline stretches from campus life to marriage. I wonder if you could take a look at it and give me your comments?"

Olivia seemed to ask her for help modestly, so Emelia had to agree, "Okay."

Hence, during the two-hour noon break, Emelia didn't nap. She held the laptop, reading Olivia's project.

Emelia finished reading it at noon and gave her some suggestions according to her experience.

Olivia accepted them modestly. "Okay. I'll edit it."

"Okay," Emelia answered.

She had been working in this field for many years. In the beginning, Kelaina mentored her in person. She had independently written the script for "Princess Leilania" and Vincent's new drama recently. Olivia was a green hand who had less than two years of experience in this field, so Emelia didn't mind giving her some suggestions.

Two days later, Olivia finished editing her project according to Emelia's suggestions. Emelia read it again and felt that it had become much better.

She praised Olivia generously. Olivia was overjoyed. She said to Emelia with a smile, "Since you like my project, can you recommend it to Mr. Hughes on my behalf?"

Emelia was taken aback.

Olivia wanted her to recommend her project to Julian?

Emelia had never done such a thing before. She had only met Olivia a few days ago. Olivia tried to pry open the door of Julian's investment through her relationship. Emelia didn't think it was proper.

Although she liked Olivia's script, it wasn't that excellent to meet the standards to win HGH's investment.

Seeing that she was shocked, Olivia had a hidden trace of impatience flashing through her eyes. Then she looked upset and added, "No way, Honey. Don't you want to help me?"

"We've been roommates for a whole week. I've taken you as my bestie. Mr. Hughes is obedient to you now. You can just put on good words for me."

Upon hearing her words, Emelia had a strong sense of moral kidnapping.

Why should she help Olivia just because Julian loved her and Olivia treated her as the so-called bestie?

Emelia was quite annoyed by her words.

Julian invested in a drama or movie to make profits. Olivia's script couldn't become a blockbuster at all. Emelia was unwilling to suffer a loss because of the investment.

She didn't want Julian to be deceived on account of his generosity.

Although Julian didn't lack money, he couldn't spend money recklessly.

Even Julian wanted to waste money. He earned money by his own effort. Emelia would feel sorry for him if he was deceived.

"Olivia." Emelia was calm. "Here is the thing. I felt embarrassed to tell you earlier.

"Your script with the story from the campus life to the wedding is popular in the market. However, the plots are too plain without any eye-catching moments. It hasn't reached the investment standards of HGH."

Olivia also knew the high quality of the dramas and movies invested by HGH.

Otherwise, HGH wouldn't have had such a good reputation.

Olivia looked annoyed. "I see. I got it. I know ifs because I'm not well-known."

Emelia frowned and said unhappily, "You've misunderstood. I didn't mention your fame earlier. I just told you HGH paid a lot of attention to the quality of the scripts.

"If you want your script to be picked up by the Hughes Group, you should write better scrips and work harder on the plots. If you have an eye-catching script, the Hughes Group will definitely see it."

Emelia felt that Olivia seemed to become a different person after she turned Olivia down. Olivia also twisted the fact. Emelia hadn't mentioned her fame at all.

Olivia chuckled. "I thought you'd read it and modify it for me. Then the Hughes Group can also be interested in it." Emelia was choked in anger. She was irritated by Olivia's thoughts.

She had just helped Olivia modify her script and gave her some suggestions. Olivia seemed to want to bind her with the script forcibly.

Emelia couldn't retort her because she was too angry.
Right then, her phone rang. It was a call from Julian.

Emelia took the chance to pick up the phone. Earlier, she answered the phone on the room's balcony, but she didn't want to stay in the room any longer. She directly took her phone out of the room.

Julian said, "I've just landed in the Capital. Let's have dinner together tonight, shall we?"

Julian had told her that he would make time to see her. It would be the weekend the following day, so he had come to the Capital city as promised.

"We've been busy studying in the past few days. It's the weekend tomorrow. We will have a group dinner tonight." Emelia was upset by Olivia's words and attitude earlier, so she sounded a bit frustrated.

Julian could tell it from her tone. He asked, "What happened? Are you in a bad mood?"

Emelia didn't expect him to notice it. She had been trying hard to suppress her anger. She didn't want to tell Julian about her conflicts with Olivia.

Hence, she denied it with a low voice, "Nah." She hadn't been so fragile to tell Julian about her small argument with another person.

Julian paused a bit on the phone. Later, he said in disappointment, "If you feel upset because I've come to see you, let's not meet. I know you're busy studying."

Emelia didn't expect him to misunderstand that she was unwilling to meet him. She immediately explained, "It has nothing to do with you, Julian. Just some trifles."

"You've just landed. You should take a rest first." Emelia planned to tell the dinner organizer tonight that she wouldn't join them.

Due to what Olivia had done and said, Emelia was unwilling to join the group dinner in the evening. She realized she had made a mistake regarding what kind of person Olivia was.

The schemes in Olivia's mind didn't match the simplicity and innocence shown on her face.

After ending her call with Julian, Emelia took a deep breath and returned to her room. However, when she stood at the door and was about to swipe the card to enter, she overheard Olivia speaking.

Behind the door, she said, "I'm so annoyed. I didn't expect Emelia Jones to be so stubborn. I've been trying to fawn over her for a whole week, but she still doesn't want to recommend my script to Julian Hughes.

"Are you kidding me? Why would I make friends with such a woman? I'm using her. After my goal is achieved, I'll kick her away."

Olivia seemed to be confident that Emelia would talk with Julian on the phone for a long time, so she spoke wantonly. Her voice was much louder than usual.

However, her every word stabbed Emelia's heart heavily.

There He Is Again, My Ex-Husband - Chapter 426 You Did Nothing Wrong

In the previous conversation with Olivia, Emelia was just feeling a little uncomfortable. But at this moment to hear these words, Emelia was angry, plus sad.

This whole week, Emelia had thought she was sincere to Olivia. Olivia asked her to help read the script, and she spent the whole noon reading with her. Olivia wanted to read her notes made in class, so she took them out without reservation.

When Olivia's stomach was upset during her period, Emelia bought her painkiller and gave her a heating pad.

She gave her heart to Olivia, but she didn't expect to be used by Olivia. Emelia stared at the door of the room in front of her and pursed her lips.

Olivia's voice continued to ring out from inside, "I specially asked someone to arrange for me to stay in the same room with her, but I didn't expect it to be a waste of effort. I'm really angry!"

Emelia tugged her lips and gave a cold sneer.

It turned out that living with her was deliberately arranged by Olivia, so Olivia just wanted to use her from the beginning, she used to believe Olivia was a very nice girl.

“Okay, okay, no more, she’s probably going to call back, I’ll keep convincing her to try again, there’s still a week of training time, isn’t there? If I can’t get her to help me push the script in front of Julian, then I’ll have wasted this trip.”

The voice inside rose and fell, never to be heard again.

Emelia was going to swipe her card and go back to her room, but now she was in no mood to do so.

She turned away and redialed Julian with her hand which was trembling with anger.

She had wanted to go to her room to clean up and then tell the dinner group that she wasn’t going to dinner and then go to Julian, but now she didn’t want to go back to see Olivia’s face.

Olivia also said something about continuing to convince her, Emelia felt sick to her stomach just thinking about it.

The call was answered, and the man’s warm and nice voice rang out, “What’s wrong?”

The moment Emelia heard Julian’s voice, she wanted to cry.

She asked in a low voice while walking with her phone in her hand, “Where are you staying tonight?” “The hotel where you are,” Julian told the truth.

Emelia added, “Didn’t you live downstairs from me before? Can we stay there tonight?”

Emelia didn’t want to stay in a hotel with Julian, it’s not like they don’t have a house in the Capital.

And staying here might be seen by the people they trained together, after Olivia, Emelia had trust issues now, what if there was another person who tried to approach Julian from her?

“We?” Julian keenly caught the meaning revealed between her words, and his tone instantly became cheerful, “You’re coming out to live with me?”

“Yes,” Emelia answered in a low voice.

Julian added, “I’ll be at your hotel soon, just in time to pick you up.” “Okay.” Emelia only said one word.

She had already taken the elevator to the lobby. She had just come out to answer Julian’s phone call, so she didn’t even put on her coat, she was only wearing a sweater and jeans.

The temperature was still low in the early spring weather, but she didn’t want to go back to her room to get her coat either, so it was a good thing Julian was arriving soon.

A few minutes later Julian’s car pulled up in front of the hotel and Emelia opened the door and got in.

Julian saw at once that she was not even wearing a jacket and wrapped the coat he was carrying on his arm around her at first, before asking her in a somber tone, “What happened?”

Julian knew that she was mild-mannered and good-tempered, but now someone made her go out without even wearing a coat, it must be something that made her extremely angry.

And how despicable must they be to annoy a good-natured person like her?

Faced with Julian’s question, Emelia did not say anything, only buried herself in his arms.

She doesn’t want to talk right now, and with a driver in the car, it’s not convenient to say anything.

Julian didn’t force her; he just held her tight and told the driver to drive away.

Twenty minutes later, the car pulled up underneath their place.

Julian carried his suitcase in one hand and put his arm around Emelia in the elevator.

When it was time to press the floor, Julian asked the woman in his arms warmly, "Shall we go to your place or my place?" "Whatever." Emelia's tone was still sullen.

Julian pressed the floor where he lives, since she was his woman, it is natural to live in his place.

When they entered the house, Julian didn't bother to unpack his own suitcase, he wrapped his arms around her at first, gazing down at her bleak face, and asked, "Did the person you live with mess with you?"

Emelia looked up at him with some surprise, not expecting him to guess it without her saying anything.

Julian explained, "I could tell when that Olivia girl called you in the car and you didn't answer."

He had been in contact with Emelia for the past few days, and Emelia had told him a lot about her roommate, so Julian knew about Olivia.

Just now they were on the road her phone rang, he glanced at the name displayed on it was Olivia, but she did not answer, and a hint of disgust appeared on her face when she saw the call, he saw it all.

When he thought about the fact that she wasn't wearing a jacket, he naturally knew who had messed with her.

If it was someone else, how could she not even return to her room?

Since Julian had guessed it, Emelia didn't have to explain any further, wrapped her arms around his waist, and leaned into his broad embrace, telling him what Olivia had done.

"It's not worth getting angry over those scumbags," Julian whispered and comforted the person in his arms.

But the bottom of his eyes was a seeping chill, how dare someone use this to hurt his beloved woman, that Olivia will never be able to make a living in the screenwriting circle in this life.

“That’s quite harsh.” Emelia was helpless by his words for a while and raised her hand in his arms to poke him in the chest.

Even if Olivia had used her, it’s not like him to call someone a scumbag.

Julian snorted, “She asked for it!”

Emelia sighed, “I’m not so angry now, I just don’t understand how there can be such shameless people who don’t want to work hard, but only want to suck blood from others.”

If you want something, you can work hard for that goal, right?

For example, she wanted to be a screenwriter and she had been working hard all these years, even after working under Kelaina for several years as an unknown scriptwriter, she had no complaints because she knew that success requires accumulation.

But people like Olivia would only consider all kinds of shortcuts, wanting to work little but gain a lot.

“There are all kinds of people in this world.” Julian’s heart ached.

If he could, he would love to protect Emelia for the rest of her life, and he would love to spare her from this kind of harm.

But he also knew that since she chose to survive in this society, these dirty people and nasty things, she would have to face them sooner or later.

Emelia blamed herself, “It’s all my fault for being too stupid and not knowing people well.”

“What does this have to do with you?” Julian was very protective of her, “You didn’t do anything wrong! It’s their fault.”

There He Is Again, My Ex-Husband - Chapter 427 Wife Diplomacy

While they were talking, Emelia's cell phone rang again, and it was Olivia calling.

Emelia tugged the corner of her lips and smiled mockingly, "She probably sees me haven't been back for so long and calls to pretend to care about me."

Emelia added, "I'm not going to pretend with her anymore, I'm just going to tell her I know so I don't have to keep living with her."

"Yeah." Julian put his arm around her and said, He doesn't approve of Emelia's continued involvement with Olivia either, the mere thought of it is disgusting.

Since Emelia had made her decision, Emelia took the call.

Olivia's intimate voice came out of the phone, "Honey, what took you so long to answer the phone and not come back?" Emelia said coldly, "I heard everything you said on the phone."

There was a sudden, dead silence on the other end of the line.

Emelia took the lead and said, "So Olivia, you don't have to pretend to be a nice person anymore. I'll go back tomorrow and pack my things and find another place to live."

Emelia was not that mean-spirited after all and did not make her words so vicious and impersonal.

"Emelia!" Seeing that Emelia was about to hang up the phone, Olivia hurriedly stopped her.

"I'm sorry." Olivia apologized at the other end, "At first I really wanted to use you, but after being with you for a week, I found out that you are a very good and gentle person, I, I really want to be friends with you."

It was like she was afraid that Emelia did not believe her words, Olivia said sharply, "If you do not believe my sincerity, I can swear that I will not mention half a word about letting you recommend my script to Mr. Hughes."

But Olivia's hasty statement did not make Emelia feel a trace of sincerity, instead, Emelia felt that it was Olivia's plan to stall her.

Olivia just didn't want to completely lose touch with her, as long as she could stick with her and continue to have interactions,

even if she was no longer close to Julian, she still has big names like Vincent around her, and Emelia herself was now famous in the screenwriting world, it would always help Olivia.

Since Olivia was so good at manipulation, how could she let Emelia go so easily? But Emelia has not yet to replied, Julian, who was hugging her, took her phone away from her.

He said in an extremely unpleasant tone, "How can anyone come to you and call themselves friends? Who gave them the right? Hang up the phone."

Olivia on the other end heard Julian's extremely unpleasant and mocking words and looked at her phone which was hung up, her face pale.

How could she have been so unlucky that Emelia had heard what she was saying? She thought Emelia and Julian were going to talk for a long time on the phone again, but she didn't expect...

Olivia was so discouraged and annoyed, to get close to Emilia, she had gone to great lengths to get this opportunity to study screenwriting, and she had asked someone to arrange for her to live in the same room with Emelia, but she didn't expect it would all go to waste in the end.

Some people wanted to ask her why she went to such lengths to get close to Emelia, Julian is a business tycoon, and also a big investor in the film and television industry, Vincent is a well-known screenwriter and novelist, Emelia's teacher was Kelaina, and now she also knew that Emelia and Winston also know each other, Emelia's every network, would be able to make others jealous and envy.

If she succeeded in making friends with Emelia, she wouldn't have to worry about her career path in the screenwriting circle.

On the other side, Julian hung up the phone with Emelia and changed the subject, "What do you want to eat tonight? I'll call and order."

Emelia was originally going to a dinner party, Julian also just got off the plane, both of them is hungry at the moment, Emelia leaned in Julian's arms, and ordered a few dishes with him.

The phone has just been put down. Emelia was pressed into the couch by Julian. They kissed passionately, as if a week of longing was transformed into this long and hot kiss.

When the kiss was over, Julian could not restrain himself; he got up and wanted to leave first.

The two of them have not washed up and had not eaten dinner yet, so it was not the right time to do anything. And she is not in a good mood, so he must feed her stomach first, before thinking about anything else.

But Emelia wrapped her arms around his waist and wouldn't let him go. She was a little bit like a helpless bunny after being hurt tonight, nestled in his arms, and said sadly, "Julian, am I too stupid?"

"I don't know how to judge people's hearts when they are nice to me. I would just give them my trust."

Julian soothed her, "You are just too nice, that's why those people dare to be like this, from now on, act fierce on the outside, don't be afraid to offend people, and both I and Mr. Longerich are enough to let you do whatever you want in this circle."

Emelia was amused by his words but also felt warm inside.

Julian put his arm around her and said in a serious tone, "However, you will have to get used to having such calculating people around you."

"As our relationship slowly becomes public, there will be many people who will go for the 'wife diplomacy' policy, and they will start with you to make good relations with you, so as to achieve the purpose of cooperation with me."

Emelia froze.

Of course, she knew about “wife diplomacy”, the wives of the rich and powerful, which was also a kind of invisible power to attract people’s attention, but she had never experienced it.

In the previous three years of marriage, she, Mrs. Hughes, had not seen anyone at all, so naturally, no one approached her intentionally to draw her in, but now...

Today was only one Olivia for a little benefit, there would be countless men’s partners to make friends with.

To be honest, Emelia had a bit of headache thinking about all the ladies and girlfriends she had to deal with.

“If you don’t like it, you don’t have to cross paths with them.” Julian didn’t seem to care, but in his current position, they are probably just sucking up to him, so it’s okay if she didn’t show them respect.

“I will... try to get used to it,” Emelia responded.

But after that, Emelia felt a little awkward, and she was unconsciously manipulated by Julian.

He said something about “wife diplomacy.” When did she become his wife?

At this point, Emelia angrily got up, pushed him away, and helped him unpack.

Julian tugged his lips and chuckled. He took the phone and texted.

Although he seemed quite calm about what happened to Emelia and Olivia today, he had already made up his mind about how to deal with Olivia.

One might say that a man of his stature would be a bit of a bully to take on an unknown little writer, but he didn’t care.

When Olivia guilt-tripped Emelia, did she care about Emelia’s feelings? While Olivia was preoccupied with exploiting Emelia, did she think about the consequences of her action?

And, if he didn't act on it, word would spread that Emelia was going to be seen as a pushover in the writing circle and even in the film industry.

So he won't let anyone who messed with Emelia get away with it.

Well, some little lady wasn't tough enough, so he had to be.

There He Is Again, My Ex-Husband - Chapter 428 Smile for Him

After the delivery, the two had dinner, and Emelia went upstairs to pick up some clothes. When she returned, Julian had washed and gone to his study.

After coming out of the bathroom, Emelia thought for a moment and stepped into the study.

When she went in, Julian had just received a phone call when Emelia went up to him and asked, "Not quite finished?"

"There is one more file to go through." As Julian was about to sit down in his chair, Emelia suddenly put her arm around his waist.

"Will you stop working?" Murmured Emelia, leaning into his arms.

She's never been the type to be rude, especially when Julian was working, and she never bothered him.

But tonight...

Emelia was hurt and vulnerable, and she just wanted Julian to be there for her.

As for Julian, who was thrown into the arms of his lover, he couldn't bear the sight of such beauty for a moment. You know, for all this time, she's never been this forward.

But he also knew that Olivia must have hit her hard and that she needed his comfort and company.

That file was not that important, he simply closed it, raised his hand to hold her up on his desk, and asked, "If I'm not working anymore, what do we do?"

The man's breath was hot, Emelia was a little embarrassed, but the next second she was bold, raised her arms around his neck close to him, and kissed him, the temperature in the study quickly climbed.

Other women who were aggrieved would always come back to their husbands and take it out on them.

When Amber was aggrieved, she became clingy.

Julian kissed the woman in his arms; he couldn't describe how happy he was.

The night was hot and joyful.

The next morning Emelia was still asleep in Julian's arms when Vincent's phone call came. Vincent didn't know about Emelia's incident with Olivia and thought she was still at the training hotel.

Vincent asked her warmly, "You don't have class today, do you want to go home and stay?"

"Yes." Emelia agreed without hesitation.

Julian, who was holding the beautiful woman in his arms, "..."

She was going back to Vincent's house, what about him?

Last night she kissed and hugged him with passion, but now she's being aloof to him, again?

Vincent said to Emelia on the phone again, "Then I'll pick you up from the hotel later."

"No, no, I'll just call a taxi myself." Emelia didn't have the heart to tell Vincent that she spent the night with Julian last night.

Vincent insisted, "I don't have anything to do either, it's better to drive and pick you up."

Vincent was not comfortable with Emelia taking a taxi by herself and wanted to do everything he could do for his daughter himself.

Emelia had to say, "... dad, I'm at the place where I live now." Vincent instantly understood what she meant, "Don't tell me you're with Julian." "Yes ... " Emelia's tone was guilty.

Vincent was so angry that he took a deep breath at that end; he didn't know whether to be annoyed with Julian's obsession or his own daughter's lack of determination.

"It's just that, so can you still come back for dinner?" Vincent asked again. Emelia hurriedly said, "Well, I'll be back later." Even if she was in love, she couldn't ignore her family.

Vincent didn't say anything else. He couldn't take the initiative to invite Julian to his home for dinner, and he wasn't really welcomed either.

After finishing the call with Vincent, Emelia was immediately pressed into the bed by Julian and complained discontentedly, "What will I do when you leave?"

Emelia nudged him, "I was already with you last night, wasn't I?"

"Not enough," Julian replied, not at all politely.

Without waiting for Emelia to say anything, Julian suggested again, "Since you're going back, I'll go with you to visit—"

"I'm not ready yet, another time." Emelia hurriedly interrupted him and finished with the intention of getting up.

Julian reached out with his long arm and hooked her into his arms, his dark eyes gazing at her and asking, "When is the next time? Last time I mentioned this, you said you weren't ready!"

Emelia was helpless, "We're together now, what's your hurry to meet my family?"

Julian said, "How can I not be in a hurry? Meeting your family is the only way to finalize our relationship."

"Do you think my family will approve of you?" Emelia didn't mean to bring Julian to meet the Longerich family.

In most relationships, meeting the parents was basically an affirmation of the relationship, but with her family, it's not.

The Longeriches didn't have a very good impression of Julian, so maybe they would say something bad when they saw him, and then they would throw him out.

Julian could see that Emelia just didn't want to take him back to her family.

Angrily, he pushed her to the bed and fucked her hard.

"Julian, aren't you afraid of ED?" Emelia blushed and snapped at him

Julian sighed comfortably. "I used to have this kind of exercise all the time, what am I afraid of?"

It was the weekend, and there was nothing to do, so they stayed in bed until noon.

Emelia was mortified at the thought of having to walk home to Vincent's at dinner time, but Julian wouldn't let her go, insisting that she promise to return to him at night.

Emelia didn't know how to deal with his insistence, so she had to say yes.

Julian was reluctant to let her go, and Emelia finally had time to pick up her phone.

But as soon as she took one look, she winced slightly, "Why are the people in our training group saying, Olivia has left, not to participate in the training after?"

"It's perfect, isn't it? You don't have to see her or change rooms now," Julian said lazily, leaning against the headboard.

Emelia looked at him and asked, "Did you do it?"

Julian's the only one who knows about her and Olivia. Who else could it be?

"Yes," Julian confessed. "I can't keep her around to make things worse for you."

Emelia sighed, "Now I've offended her completely."

Julian put his arm around her, "I got someone to check her details, she is a third-rate screenwriter without any notable achievements, and she got this training place only after a lot of calculation to replace someone else."

“Replace for someone else? She’s really despicable.” Emelia had no sympathy for Olivia being driven away by Julian, but she pitied whoever was supposed to come to this training.

This training was very beneficial to Emelia in terms of both content and depth and was a great event that was very meaningful for young screenwriters like them.

“Olivia is bent on climbing up to you to take a step to the top, except that others are not stupid. I have already secretly given the evidence of her calculating the one who was supposed to participate in this training, and they will be looking for her after Olivia returns.”

Emelia answered, then came over and kissed him on the cheek, “Thank you.” Thank him for protecting her in every way.

The joy in her eyes was unconcealed, and Julian’s heart warmed at the sight.

She never seemed to have laughed so freely in front of him, most of the time her emotions were collected, or she was running away from his gaze.

But now, the smile on her face was because of him.

It felt so good.

There He Is Again, My Ex-Husband - Chapter 429 Boyfriend is too Clingy

Julian was reluctant but Emelia still had to leave for Vincent’s place for dinner. When she was leaving, Julian warned her in her ear, “If you don’t come back tonight, I will come to your house to look for you.” Emelia felt that he was so childish, but she still pacified him, “I know.”

Emelia received a phone call from another scriptwriter she was training with, who first exchanged pleasantries with her and then said kindly, “Olivia said you had blocked her contact, so she asked me to tell you that she wanted to say sorry to you and hoped you would be generous enough to forgive her.”

Emelia knew that he also had good intentions and thought that we should not make such an unpleasant situation when we know each other, so he helped Olivia to pass on this message.

So she said gently, "I am not angry with her, so there is nothing to forgive." He said, "Then why did you block her? If you are not angry, can you give her a call?"

Emelia's tone remained calm, "Just because you're not angry doesn't mean you're willing to continue to have contact with this person."

"Although I don't know what exactly happened between you two, I think we are all peers and have such a destiny to come together for this training-"

He was obviously here to persuade her to make peace, or more likely to persuade her to bring Olivia back to class, so Emelia interrupted at the right time, "Sorry, I'll interrupt you for a moment. I think it's better for you to ask her what she has done and said before you come to persuade me to forgive her."

Choked by Emelia, he went silent for a while before answering, "Okay."

"Sorry I'm driving, I'll hang up now." Emelia simply hung up the phone.

She does not want to make peace with Olivia.

There is no need to make peace, and she doesn't want to pretend to be at peace with her.

Having seen Olivia's character, she just wanted to never talk to Olivia.

This incident passed, and Emelia soon arrived at Vincent's house.

Vincent and Naomi had already prepared lunch, and the three of them had a very cordial atmosphere for dinner.

In the afternoon, Emelia went to visit her grandparents with Vincent and Naomi and stayed to have dinner with her grandparents.

However, Emelia's cell phone never stopped ringing this afternoon; it rang almost every

5 minutes.

It was all Julian's messages to her, and Emelia was getting annoyed by him.

What he did in the afternoon, he sent messages to report them one by one.

My lunch.

Just read a little.

Miss you.

When are you coming back?

Drinking coffee.

I miss you so much that I can't stand it. Come back soon.

I'm going to have dinner with someone tonight.

Emelia saw his message and finally breathed a sigh of relief.

He was going to have dinner with someone tonight, so she wouldn't have to rush back in the evening, and she wouldn't have to be bombarded with messages from him.

The next thing she knew, he sent another message, Which suit would be better for me to wear?

Emelia wanted to ask him to stop being so clingy, stop pestering her all day, but then remembered what he said before, he said his main task now is to enjoy being in love to try to solve his love problem early, then she did not want to say anything about him.

In the two sets of clothes Julian sent, she randomly pointed out a set of choices to him, she hurried to listen to her grandma talk to her seriously again.

She was tempted to go to Reddit and ask what to do if her boyfriend was clingy.

Julian was having dinner with Trevor in the evening. Trevor learned that he was in the Capital so he asked him to meet him and report to him about the audition casting for "I Gotta Find You" during this period.

Trevor was now completely broken up with Tara. If he went to his wife and asked her to make peace with him, she easily forgave him and maybe he would still be in contact with Tara.

This was how men were cheap, when women took them seriously, they were lawless. When women ignored them, they were nervous and careless.

Trevor was such, his wife did not even let him into the house, she let him brace the wind and snow, and he immediately gave his heart to his wife, and also was disgusted with Tara.

He even blamed Tara for his wife's cold shoulder towards him, so when Tara came to him a few times, he just humiliated her.

After taking his seat Trevor took the initiative to report to Julian, "Some time ago the first wave of auditions ended, the director and I have always felt that Harry Zink is quite suitable and that Zella Sabir is also good."

Trevor later told him about the actors and actresses selected for some other roles, which were basically settled.

Julian took an elegant sip of wine, "Are you sure Harry Zink is suitable?"

Trevor is such a clever one, he took a look at Julian's face and immediately asked, "You don't want to cast him?"

Trevor was considered the producer of I Gotta Find You.

But he also knew that in this circle, the director and the producer do not have a say, the capital has the most say, and money is on the top of the pyramid.

Julian was the capitalist, if Julian didn't want to cast Harry, even if he and the director thought he was suitable, it would be useless.

Julian glanced at Trevor, "There is no other suitable person?" Trevor told the truth, "We have auditioned several people in the past few days, but they don't really feel the same."

Trevor finished and immediately patted his chest and Julian assured, "But don't worry, I'll talk to the director and audition a few more, as you know, the male lead of our show is very popular, a lot of male stars are scrambling to audition."

Julian gritted his teeth, and after some thoughtful struggle spat out four words, "Harry, then."

Whenever Emelia visited the set he would follow, so that Harry didn't have a single chance to get close to Emelia, he didn't believe that Harry would be able to do anything to her.

Trevor was confused by Julian's attitude; Julian was not very satisfied with Harry just now? How come he was now determined to cast him again?

Julian gave Trevor a cold stare, Trevor reacted with hindsight, Julian was not jealous of Harry, right?

Harry was recommended by Emelia, such a young and handsome young man got Emelia's favor, thinking about it, it did make Julian uncomfortable.

The two of them ate for a while, and after a few glasses of wine Trevor was slightly drunk, "Mr. Hughes, I have a personal question to ask you."

"What?" Julian asked nonchalantly.

Trevor sighed heavily, "May I ask how you got Miss. Jones to come around? My wife simply won't answer my calls now, and I don't know how to get her back."

Julian gracefully picks up a piece of steak into his mouth, "Are you sure you really want to get back?"

"I do." Trevor nodded heavily.

He was truly repentant. The absurdity of his youth was so vivid in his mind that he found it hard to talk about it himself.

For the rest of his life, he just wanted to work hard and live in peace with his wife and kids.

Julian threw him a line, "Then you have to be shameless."

Trevor was silent.

There He Is Again, My Ex-Husband - Chapter 430 Mr. Hughes Would Do this for Her!

Trevor was stunned there because he didn't know how to react.

Julian told him to be shameless, that must be Julian's own experience. But Trevor couldn't imagine what Julian; such a decisive and high-minded man was like when he was shameless.

As well, Emelia, such a seemingly gentle and small girl, dared to give Julian a cold shoulder? Does Julian lower his voice in front of her?

Julian glanced at Trevor and continued again, "Not only do you have to be shameless, but you have to mean it." Trevor wiped his face to bring himself back and looked like he was all ears.

In fact, he would like Julian to give an example of how to be shameless, but he did not dare.

Julian stressed again, "I repeat, my experience is based on your sincere desire to redeem, if your heart is still on those messy women out there, forget I said it."

"I really want to get her back." Trevor repented.

Julian looked at Trevor's face and pointed out nonchalantly, "To put it mildly, I'm afraid you don't have a chance."

Trevor has made so many mistakes and wasted so many years, his wife's heart has long since died in all his ridiculousness over the years.

"Especially since you both have grown children and they're all on your wife's side, you can't even get in touch with her through the kids."

"You weren't there when she was most tired and needed you the most, and now you have no need to exist in her life."

Julian's words were hard to bear, but they were also true.

Trevor lowered his eyes slightly. "I know."

"It's all in the doing," Julian reassured Trevor and said nothing more.

Whether it works or not, it's between Trevor and his wife, and maybe they won't get back together even after three or five years, or maybe his wife's heart will melt over time, or maybe it will stay that way for the rest of their lives.

As soon as nine o'clock passed, Trevor was enjoying himself and was about to have another bottle of wine opened when Julian asked him mercilessly, "Are you finished?"

Trevor belched. "What, hat?" "If you are finished, we should leave, I'm in a hurry to get back," said Julian, about to get up and leave.

"What? Already? It's only 9:00 isn't it?" Trevor said drunkenly. "Didn't Miss. Jones eat at her grandparents' house? She wouldn't come home that early?"

Trevor tugged at Julian. "We should drink more, drink more."

Julian said angrily, "Trevor if you keep acting like this, you'll never get your wife back."
Trevor didn't get it.

Julian added, "Even if Emelia doesn't come back, I can still drink like no one cares?"
"Big mistake."

"Because she hadn't come back, I had to go back first and clean myself up, and if I could, ask her when she was coming back and take the initiative to draw a bath."

"If she hadn't told me not to go to the Longerich house, I would have picked her up myself."

Trevor picked his ear.

What did he just hear?

What Julian said and did, was he still the same Julian he knew?

And, Emelia won't let Julian go to the Longerich house?

Trevor immediately felt unjust for him and said, "Mr. Hughes, is this— is this inappropriate? She would let you go to the Longerich house? Doesn't she want you to come to the house?"

Julian didn't want to say a word to Trevor, and it looked like his wife didn't give him enough shit, and he hadn't fully realized what he was getting himself into.

Julian got up and walked away, leaving Trevor sitting there drunkenly only to realize later that he really was shameless right now.

When Julian was waiting for the driver to pick him up at the restaurant, he saw Tara.

Apparently, Tara was here to get back with Trevor again.

Julian looked down at these women, who only wanted to cling to a man, not try to make it on their own.

Working her way up the entertainment ladder, Nina started out as minor characters and worked her way up to the top. It's been hard, but for Nina, her accomplishments are more secure, because she's earned them all on her own.

Tara and Nina were more or less the same generations of actors, and initially, Tara had a bit of a run on Trevor, back when Nina was still playing supporting roles on the cast.

But now you can see the differences, and over the years, Tara has become so complacent with the resources Trevor has provided that her acting skills have not improved at all, and she is slowly being criticized.

Trevor hadn't done a lot of shows over the years, but there was no one out there who would cast Tara as the female lead, and Tara couldn't accept herself playing the supporting role; plus she was picky and choosey. Now she was on the fringe of unemployment, no wonder she wouldn't leave Trevor alone.

Tara, too, had seen Julian, awkwardly furling her fur coat under Julian's watchful eye, and she hurried into the dining room.

She found out Trevor was having dinner with Julian Tonight, so she came over early and waited.

She couldn't help it. Trevor's really done with her this time.

Naturally, Julian ignored Tara and walked into his car, and drove away.

Once inside, he called Emelia to ask when she would be back.

Emelia, who was at the Longerich house, didn't answer Julian's phone, but texted him back, I'm going to be with my grandparents for another ten minutes.

Julian was so bored, that he told the driver to wait outside the Longerich family. He couldn't enter the Longerich's door, nor in the presence of the Longerich family. He would just follow her car in silence.

It was getting late, and he was worried that it would take her half an hour to drive her from the Longerich family's old house back to their house.

Julian didn't know what's gotten into him, and all he could think about was Emelia.

As long as he's not working or socializing, he missed her when it's quiet.

Emelia, Vincent, and Naomi left the Longerich family home and parted ways. Vincent and Naomi went back to their place while Emelia drove back to her and Julian's place.

Knowing that Julian was in the Capital, Naomi secretly persuaded Vincent not to keep Emelia in the house overnight.

The young couple was in love and it would be bad to force them apart.

But Emelia drove on the road and always felt that there was a car following her.

At first, she thought it was her own imagination, but later she secretly changed her route several times and found that the car never left her more than two cars away, so she couldn't help but feel a little panic.

Julian's car in the Capital was not familiar to Emelia, so she didn't think it would be him, and he also said he had dinner with someone tonight, so Emelia thought he was still at the dinner at this time.

After taking another look at the car in the rearview mirror, Emelia took a deep breath to calm her down and then hurriedly dialed Julian's phone number.

Julian's voice was gentle, "What's wrong?"

"I've run into something." Emelia tried to keep the long story short, "I'm driving back, but there's a car following me. What should I do?"

Julian, in the back of the car, was rendered wordless.