

Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband Chapter 1351

Chapter 1351

Goldie had been prepped about how to handle Cornelia, so she wasn't completely in the dark. But facing Cornelia's assertive questioning, she felt a bit jittery, "Cornelia, I own this house and I'm not hiding anything."

Cornelia looked at Goldie calmly, "Goldie, look me **in** the eyes and say that again."

Goldie looked at her, feeling a bit guilty, but she bit the bullet, "Cornelia, what's your deal? Has someone been whispering in your ear? Sit down and let's chat."

Cornelia chuckled, "Maybe I'm overthinking."

Goldie asked. "Overthinking about what?"

Cornelia shrugged it off, "Nothing."

Goldie paused, then offered, "Why don't you stay over? We can have a good talk tonight."

"No need for that. I'll head home." Cornelia turned and slowly walked out.

Her steps were slow. Each one was heavy obviously, like she was walking on lead.

When she left Goldie's house, she stumbled with her whole body swaying. Goldie immediately reached out to support her, "Cornelia, let me walk you home."

Cornelia waved her off, "It's okay, I can manage to walk."

After a few steps, Cornelia slowly squatted down and glanced back.

Ensuring Goldie wasn't looking, she suddenly collapsed in the snow with her eyes shut. She was playing possum. **If** her hunch was right, the man behind was Marcus. If he saw her collapse, he'd definitely show.

Snow was falling and the ground was cold. Even bundled up with layers, lying on **the** ground, Cornelia was surrounded by the chill. But she couldn't move. She didn't know what else she could do to make him appear.

Next, she heard Goldie's shriek, "Cornelia!"

Then, she heard footsteps. Footsteps were approaching from **a** distance, definitely not Goldie's.

Definitely a man's footsteps. Could it be Marcus? Could it be him? Cornelia didn't know.

Her heart was pounding, nearly in her throat. She heard the footsteps getting closer, then stopping beside her.

The next second, a strong hand grasped her wrist. Cornelia immediately struggled, gripping the hand, "Jeremy, you can't escape."

But when she opened her eyes, she didn't see the man she expected.

Ayden was a bit embarrassed, "Cornelia, it's me."

Cornelia held his hand, using it to stand up. Her disappointment was obvious, "Why are you here? Where's Marcus?"

Ayden replied, "Marcus had me protect you long ago. After your divorce, he didn't send me back, so..."

Cornelia didn't believe him, "He is the real owner of this villa, isn't he? Tell him to come out and meet me, I have questions."

Ayden responded, "I've been by your side, so I'm not sure what's going on with him."

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Score 9.9

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Chapter 1352

Cornelia was on the verge of losing it, “Doesn’t he want to see me? Fine, I’ll go find him myself. I don’t believe he can avoid me forever.”

She headed into the house. When she had arrived a few days ago, Goldie had told her the third floor was private territory. She wasn’t allowed up there without permission. If Marcus was anywhere in this villa, he would be on the third floor.

Cornelia marched straight for the third floor, with no one stopping her.

The third **floor** was the master bedroom, an extremely large suite. The room was spacious and orderly, but it felt like no one had lived there. There was certainly no sign of the Marcus that Cornelia was familiar with.

A bad feeling began to bubble up in Cornelia’s heart. Maybe, the rumors online about Marcus’s death weren’t baseless after all. Perhaps, what Zavier said was true. Marcus was truly gone from this world.

Suddenly, a sharp pain quickly spread throughout Cornelia’s body, making her lose all strength to stand. She whispered, “Did I arrive too late? Or did I find out the truth too late?”

The next second, she turned around, and saw a familiar face, “Granny?”

Granny Luisa raised her hand and gently wiped away the tears in Cornelia’s eyes, “Silly girl, why are you crying again? You’re carrying a baby now, you can’t let yourself get upset so easily. The baby inside you can feel your sadness.”

Cornelia grabbed Granny Luisa’s hand, “Granny, is it really you?”

Granny Luisa smiled, “If it’s not me, then who could it be?”

Before Cornelia could speak, Granny Luisa answered her question, “Nelly, due to some complicated reasons, I had to keep my distance from you. But you’re carrying Marc’s **baby**, so even though you two are divorced, I can’t just

leave you alone. I came here to stay with you. Don't worry, I'm just here to accompany you, nothing more. I won't take your baby away."

What Cornelia cared about at this moment wasn't this, "Granny, how is he? Is he okay?"

Who "he" referred to, they both knew very well,

Granny Luisa helped Cornelia sit down, ordered someone to bring her a cup of water, then slowly said, "Nelly, even though he's my grandson, he betrayed your marriage and got involved with another woman. Such a man should be despised. You don't have to think about him anymore."

Cornelia nervously held Granny Luisa's hand, "But the rumors outside..."

Granny Luisa replied, "The rumors say he's dead? That the identity of Marcus has been eliminated? These are all rumors he deliberately spread. He and that woman are living very comfortably right now."

Cornelia asked, "Really?" Had she been overthinking?

She asked again, "Why can't even Courtney find him?"

Granny Luisa explained, "Courtney used to have shares in the Hartley Group. As long as the Hartley Group made a profit, she could get a lot of money. But now that the Hartley Group has gone bankrupt, Courtney has no source of income. She's used to a luxurious lifestyle and wants to ask Marc for money every day. Since Marc has no feelings for her, of course, he wouldn't let her find him."

Cornelia asked, "Is that really the case?"

Granny Luisa told Cornelia, "Cornelia, you're divorced now, your relationship with him is over. You need to start a new life and shouldn't be stuck in the past."

Cornelia forced a smile, "Granny, I understand."

She didn't expect any possible relationship with Marcus, she just hoped that he could live healthily.

Granny Luisa said, "Cornelia."

Cornelia cut her off, "Granny, I'll go now. I've disturbed you and I'm really sorry!"

Granny Luisa said, "I'll have Goldie take you home."

Cornelia shook her head, "No thanks."

Dragging her pregnant body, she slowly walked towards the exit.

Granny Luisa watched her retreating figure, tears of heartache streaming down her face. Then she turned and headed towards the room at the southernmost end of the first floor, which was the one closest to the Duran family. "When will Marcus wake up?" Granny Luisa asked.

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Dr. Lester looked back at Granny Luisa, then at Marcus who lay on the bed unresponsive. "Granny Luisa, don't fret. Even though Marcus hasn't woken up yet, his vitals are stable." Dr. Lester said.

Hearing that Marcus' vitals were stable, Granny Luisa felt somewhat relieved.

Granny Luisa stepped into the room, her gaze falling on Marcus.

She said, "Marcus told me that Cornelia had found some clues and asked me to dash to the Capital to help him out immediately. I did as he wished, but I'm wondering, are we really minimizing the damage to Cornelia by doing this?"

Seeing the disappointed look on Cornelia's face, Granny Luisa realized she might have messed up. She was on the verge of spilling the beans to Cornelia, nearly brought her to see Marcus. But in the end, Granny Luisa decided to stick with Marcus' plan.

They had kept Cornelia in the dark for so long, they couldn't let their efforts go down the drain now.

Dr. Lester said, "I've tried to talk some sense into Marcus, but look at him now. His biggest fear is Cornelia seeing him in this state."

"Poor Cornelia." Granny Luisa sat by the bed, clasping Marcus' hand, "Marcus, Cornelia came looking for you just now, did you know?"

Marcus didn't respond to her. Granny Luisa squeezed his hand, "Cornelia is a smart girl. Xavier spoke to her today, probably spilled some beans she didn't know before. I guess she must know the real reason why you divorced her now. Cornelia is really upset. You need to wake up soon. We're all waiting for your guidance on how to comfort her. Marcus, please wake up soon. If you don't, what will happen to Cornelia and the baby?"

Granny Luisa wiped her tears away and continued, "You might not care about me. I'm already old, but you must think about your wife and child."

Regardless of what Granny Luisa said, Marcus showed no sign of waking up.

Cornelia returned to the Duran family, running into the butler who was looking for her.

Seeing her pale face, the butler was very concerned, "Cornelia, did Xavier come to you again?"

Cornelia shook her head and continued walking. She nearly tripped, but the butler caught her in time.

Cornelia said, "Thank you."

"Anything you need help with, just let me know." The butler replied.

Cornelia asked, "Didn't you say our home's security system has been under frequent attacks?"

"Yes, do you have any leads?" The butler asked.

"Can we trace the IP address of the attacker?" Cornelia asked.

The butler shook his head. Cornelia continued, "Suppose, I'm just saying suppose. What would you do if everyone was hiding something from you, thinking it's for your **own** good?"

The butler thought for a moment, "If that's the case, I might choose to stay in the dark. I'd go along with their wishes, as long as they're happy."

After hearing the butler's advice, Cornelia had an epiphany, "Thank you. Now I know what to do."

The butler patted Cornelia's head, "**You** have **a** train to catch tomorrow, go get some rest."

Cornelia nodded, "Alright."

After watching Cornelia go upstairs, the butler went to the side room.

Grandpa Augustine wasn't sleeping. Instead, he was kneeling before a statue, murmuring, "Silvia, was I right or wrong to do this?"

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Grandpa Augustine said, "I originally did it for Nelly's sake. I didn't want her to lose her partner at such a young age, so I agreed to Marc's request to keep it a secret. After Nelly and Marc divorced, I played ignorant, cursing Marc on one hand and looking for a new partner for Nelly on the other, I thought there were many great guys around me, and Nelly could always find someone she liked, but things didn't go as I had expected. Silvia, seeing Nelly so upset, I started to doubt, was it a mistake to agree to keep Marc's secret?"

The butler interrupted Grandpa Augustine's soliloquy, "I've looked into it. Our neighbor Goldie is definitely up to no good."

"Is she one of Marc's guys?" Grandpa Augustine asked.

The butler nodded, "Yes. I suspect Nelly has figured it out, she just went over to ask.

Grandpa Augustine asked annoyed, "Marc is still stirring the pot, got energy for more tricks?"

"Do you want me to send someone to snoop around?" The butler asked.

"No need." Grandpa Augustine declined.

From the beginning, Old Augustine had made it clear to Marc that their connection would be completely cut off after that conversation, and what each of them did afterwards had nothing to do with the other.

The butler said worriedly, "I see Nelly is pretty upset."

Cornelia was upset, and so was Grandpa Augustine, "If you didn't let that Rivera family lad into the house, none of this would've happened."

The butler said, "Even if I don't let him in, Nelly would still go out to see him. It's safer to let Xavier come here than to let Nelly go out in such a bad weather. I just didn't expect the lad to bring up Acidbane."

Before the butler could finish, Old Augustine suddenly looked behind him, "Nelly, how come you're here?"

The butler was startled and turned around to see Cornelia standing at the door, staring at them.

Cornelia looked very calm, so calm it was frightening.

"I'm here to pay respects to Granny Rebecca." Cornelia moved forward, kneeling on a cushion with her pregnant belly, "This Christmas I didn't go back to Rosenberg to visit her, I wonder if she's upset."

Grandpa Augustine said, "You're pregnant and it's not convenient for you to travel. Granny Rebecca would understand. After you give birth, we'll go back to Rosenberg to pay respects to her next year."

"Ok." Cornelia nodded.

"Nelly, just now." Grandpa Augustine started to speak, then stopped.

Cornelia turned to look at Old Augustine, her smile bright, "Grandpa Augustine, you want to ask if I heard your conversation with the butler?"

Grandpa Augustine didn't reply.

Cornelia nodded, "I heard everything. So everyone knew the truth, and I was the only one left in the dark.

"Nelly, I'm sorry." Grandpa Augustine's face was full of pain.

Cornelia smiled, "You don't have to apologize. We all make our own choices, and you all chose what you thought was best for me. I understand."

Everyone tried to protect her in the same way, but no one ever asked for her opinion. No one asked her what she really wanted.

Marcus was sick, Cornelia was willing to stay by his side and fight the disease with him.

But now, everyone had shut her out. Everyone knew about Marcus's condition; only she was kept in the dark.

If that was the case, then she would just be a puppet, doing as they wished.

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Before Grandpa Augustine could get a word in, Cornelia continued, "Grandpa Augustine, after I wrap up this job, I'm heading back to Riverton"

Hearing this, Grandpa Augustine got all jittery. "Nelly, are you mad at me?"

"No, Grandpa Augustine, I'm not mad at you Abby Zack and I agreed that since we started the studio together, I can't just keep splitting the profits without having a hand in running the place. You get me, right?"

"Yeah, you're right But Grandpa Augustine wanted to say something

Cornelia cut him off before he could finish. She looked at the statue and prayed, "Granny Rebecca, I've been doing good, living by your teachings. Hope will

be born soon, and when Christmas comes. I'll bring her to Rosenberg to see you"

With that, she stood up, "Grandpa Augustine, I'm off to bed. You should call it a night too."

"I'll walk you to your room." Grandpa Augustine offered.

"No need. I know you want to chat with Granny Rebecca a bit more. Take your time." Cornelia said.

Grandpa Augustine watched Cornelia with concern as he rose with her.

Cornelia gave him a reassuring smile, I'm really okay, don't worry about me."

Feeling helpless, Grandpa Augustine could only watch as Cornelia left. Once Cornelia was gone, Grandpa Augustine turned to the butler, "You think Nelly's really okay?"

The butler replied, "Yes"

Not satisfied, Grandpa Augustine grumbled, "Keeping her problems bottled up isn't okay."

The next day.

Cornelia got up early and headed for the train station.

After getting in touch with Hannah, they caught the train to Harbor City two hours ahead of time.

Hannah had just flown into the Capital last night and had only slept for two hours when she was woken up by Cornelia's call. She fell asleep as soon as she got on the train.

Cornelia hadn't slept a wink last night, but she didn't feel tired at all. She sat silently, staring out the window. The train sped out of the Capital with the city's tall buildings flashing by.

Despite having lived in the city for half a year, Cornelia still felt like a stranger to it. She spent her days at home writing scripts and painting. When she was tired, she'd take a walk in the yard. She never went out shopping.

Now that she was leaving the city, she didn't feel sad. She was born in Rosenberg, with the house she and Granny Rebecca used to live in. But without Granny Rebecca, she couldn't go back.

As for Riverton, where she went to college and bought a house when she got married, it was a place where she thought she could settle down. Now, it didn't seem like home to her.

Home? What was home, exactly?

Once, a man told her that he'd lived many places, but only where she was felt like home. That man, however, had coldly pushed her out of his life, excluding her completely.

Cornelia knew there were great differences between her and Marcus, and a huge gap in their statuses. He could find out everything about her with just a little effort. But if he didn't want to tell her anything about himself, she wouldn't be able to find out.

This information imbalance was all due to the difference in status and power between them. Like last night, she knew that everyone was lying to her, and that he was in that villa. But as long as he didn't want to see her, even though they were so close, she couldn't see him.

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This feeling of powerlessness and helplessness, it was like ten thousand needles stabbing deep into Cornelia's heart. It was painful, but numbed to the point where she couldn't even feel it

"Nelly, what are you staring at?" Hannah, who had been napping for three hours of their journey, finally woke up

Hannah had been awake for a while now, but Cornelia hadn't noticed, her eyes still glued to the window

Following Cornelia's gaze Hannah couldn't find anything interesting

“Are you awake?” Cornelia turned her head

“Yep. What are you looking at? Why don’t you take a rest?” Hannah responded

Not wanting her mood to rub off on Hannah, Cornelia made up a quick excuse, it’s my first time joining a production team as a nervous”

Hannah reached out and took Cornelia’s hand, Tm here, I’ll support you. You have nothing to be afraid of

Cornelia smiled. “Speaking of, what did Steven want with you?”

Hannah replied, “He came to play chess with my dad, Jeo”

“You think I’d buy that?” Cornelia retorted.

crecounter, I’m a bit

Hannah sighed, “He really did just play a few rounds of chess with Jeo and left. I thought his girlfriend wasn’t satisfying him in bed and he needed my help. I was ready to deal with this annoying man, but he left right after finishing the chess game, not a word to me.”

Cornelia sighed. “They say a woman’s thoughts are impossible to fathom, but I think mens hearts are even more puzzing, always doing things that make no sense”

“Totally, I find men’s hearts even harder to figure out, impossible to guess. The funniest part is, I actually thought Steven looked at me with love and reluctance this time. I must have had my head slammed in the door to have such a stupid thought.” Hannah said

Cornelia said, “No matter what feelings he has for you, don’t give your heart to him too easily. As long as we protect our hearts, no one can hurt us.”

Hannah nodded, “Yeah. Nelly, why don’t you take a break?”

“Alright” Cornelia pressed the seat control and laid back comfortably. Even though she still couldn’t sleep, her mind was filled with chaotic thoughts

Cornelia lifted her hand, gently placing it on her round belly, feeling the lively little life inside. Her mood slowly calmed down

Even if the whole world was deceiving her, she still had her baby.

Her own little Hope..

Several hours later, Cornelia and Hannah arrived at Harbor City.

Hannah's team had been waiting at the train station. Cornelia followed Hannah onto a luxury business car which took them directly to the hotel arranged by the production team.

Hannah's schedule was tight, so the shooting process was very rushed

Cornelia had just checked in and hadn't even had a chance to sit and rest when she received a message asking everyone to hurry to the conference room for a script read-through

The director, producer, lead actress, supporting actors, and other department heads were all present.

Under the director's guidance, everyone went through the plot together, the actors also analyzed their roles. When everything was over, night had fallen and the leading man finally arrived fashionably late

Everyone else could clock out, but Cornelia and the director had to stay and go through his role with him. The male lead, Kellan, was known in the industry for his stunning looks. His appearance was indeed pleasing, but compared to the other men Cornelia knew, there was still some gap

By the time the script read-through ended, it was late at night. Exhausted from not sleeping the previous night, Cornelia quickly packed up her notebook, ready to return to her room, and rest

Kellan suddenly stopped her, "Ms. Stewart, do you not like me?" His question was provocative

Cornelia knew exactly what he meant, "Kellan, why would you think that? I'm a fan of yours, I really like your styles and your performances"

“Oh, which of my shows do you like?” Kellan asked

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Cornelia wasn't a starstruck type. When it came to watching TV shows or movies, she preferred performances by skilled actors. This actor named Kellan, she barely knew him.

The only reason she knew about Kellan was because of her friend, Abigail. Abigail had a knack for finding a new crush with every TV show she followed. For a while, she wouldn't stop yapping about how handsome this Kellan guy was.

Sure, many people reckoned Kellan was a good-looking chap, but beauty was in the eye of the beholder, right? Cornelia never quite fathomed what was so special about his looks. But she just fibbed, claiming to be his fan. If she couldn't even name one of his works now, she was bound to offend someone.

Cornelia wanted to whip out her phone and look it up, but Kellan's eyes were on her. How was she supposed to do that? Good thing she had been working alongside Marcus for so long, dealing with all sorts of situations. She knew how to handle this one.

“I really enjoy your work. This Christmas, I even re-watched one of your TV shows. While watching, I was taking notes. Can I bring them tomorrow, and could you autograph them for me?” Cornelia said.

Kellan, naturally chuffed by her praise, responded, “We'll be working together soon, as colleagues. I can sign as many autographs as you'd like.”

To make her words more believable, Cornelia quickly stretched out her arm, “Could you autograph my sleeve? I've admired you for a long time. When I first saw you, I was too shy to speak.”

“I see.” Kellan finally got it.

He had been wondering why this woman didn't cheer like the others when she saw him. Turns out she was just too shy. He took out a pen, ready to sign on the front of Cornelia's shirt. She quickly stepped back, "Could you sign on my sleeve instead? This way, I can see your name whenever I turn my head."

Kellan promptly signed her sleeve, "You're working so hard while pregnant. Your husband really isn't taking his responsibilities seriously."

Cornelia chuckled, "He definitely isn't. That's why I have to work so hard."

Kellan nodded, "Yeah, you should rest now."

Cornelia responded, "I'll leave now."

"Go ahead." The director waved her off.

Watching Cornelia leave, Kellan's eyes revealed a trace of lewdness and greed. "I wonder what a pregnant woman tastes like."

The director warned him, "She's not someone you can mess with, rein it in."

Kellan retorted, "Who can't I mess with?"

Cornelia was just a rookie scriptwriter. For him to toy with her, **it'd** be as easy as squashing an ant.

After an exhausting day, Cornelia had planned to hit the sack as soon as she got back to her room. But because of her little white lie earlier, she had to find and watch a TV show of Kellan's. Not only that, she had to take notes and write impressions.

Kellan's acting was over the top and pretentious. It made her feel sick, but Cornelia gritted her teeth and soldiered on.

Finally, everything was done. Night fell, and silence descended. Cornelia went to bed and almost immediately fell asleep.

The next morning, Cornelia was awakened by the cold.

The winters in Harbor City were particularly harsh, and there was no central heating. If the hotel's heater failed, it was even colder inside than outside.

Cornelia called the front desk, asking for someone to check it out or to change her room. But the receptionist's reply left her surprised, "I'm sorry, all hotel rooms are fully booked. We can't change your room. As for the heater issue, it's not because our equipment is faulty. Your production crew decided to cut costs. The heater's been turned off in all rooms, except those of the male and female leads and a few important actors."

It was Cornelia's first time on a production team, and she didn't understand the specifics. She thought, if everyone else could bear it, she should be able to cope too. So, she didn't give it much thought.

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Waking up at this ungodly hour, Cornelia found herself unable to drift back to sleep, so she decided to get up and freshen up. To her dismay, she found that not only was the heater busted, but there was also no hot water supply.

Just then, there was a knock on the door.

"Who's there?" Cornelia asked.

A female voice came from outside, "Ms. Stewart, I'm Kellan's assistant."

Cornelia was puzzled as to why Kellan's assistant would come to her this early, but she opened the door anyway, "Hey there! What's up?"

The girl answered, "Your room has no heater or hot water, right?"

Cornelia replied, "Yeah, that's right."

The girl continued, "How are you gonna wash your face without hot water in this freezing weather? We have hot water in our room, wanna come over?"

Cornelia barely knew the girl and considering situation, how could she possibly go to another guy's room to freshen up?

"Thanks for the offer, I appreciate it. I'm used to washing my face with cold water at home, so it's all good." Cornelia said.

“Ms. Stewart, you really don’t want to come over?” The girl asked.

Cornelia replied, “Yeah, thanks a ton though!”

The girl confessed, “Actually, it was Kellan who wanted you to come over.”

Cornelia smiled in response. “Then I’ll personally thank him when I see him later.”

The girl gave Cornelia a hard look, eyed her stomach and then said, “You’re pregnant. Who do you think you are, acting high and mighty?”

“What?” Cornelia was taken aback by her comment.

“Seize the opportunity, don’t let it slip. If you can satisfy Kellan, you can save yourself years of struggle.” The girl said.

“What are you talking about?” Cornelia was utterly confused by the girl’s words.

“Don’t play dumb.” The girl retorted.

Cornelia didn’t know much about the ins and outs of the crew, apart from Hannah, she didn’t know anyone else. And right now, she felt like she was on someone else’s turf. She knew she couldn’t go against the tide; she had to play it smart.

“Lady, I don’t know who you are, but if you smear Kellan’s name, I won’t let it slide.” Cornelia’s words left the girl dumbstruck.

Just the effect Cornelia wanted, and she continued, “In my eyes, Kellan is a very respected man, I won’t let people like you tarnish his reputation.”

Cornelia’s fiery words left the girl with a sour expression, and finally, she turned around and left.

Watching the girl leave, Cornelia went back into her room, immediately bolted the door and carefully checked every corner inside. After making sure there were no hidden cameras or anything, she finally relaxed. But if Kellan really wanted to do something to her, even she managed to stop them this time, they would definitely find other ways next time. She had to think ahead of how to deal with it.

Cornelia mulled over her options while washing with cold water, her face and nose were red from the cold after she was done. Just then, there was another knock on her door.

Cornelia jumped in fright, then heard Hannah's voice.

"Nelly, are you awake?" Hannah asked.

Cornelia hurried to open the door. When she opened the door, Hannah was holding a steaming hot breakfast.

"Welly, this is the breakfast my assistant prepared for me, I brought it to share with you." Hannah said.

Cornelia sneezed.

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Hannah saw that Cornelia's cheeks, nose, and hands were all red. She asked, "Cornelia, it's so cold, why don't you turn on the heater?" Cornelia replied. "I thought the heater was broken. The reception said to cut costs, only the main actors' rooms can have the heater on." Hannah, who had been in the entertainment industry for many years and encountered all sorts of odd situations, found this sort of thing rather normal, "I'm staying in a suite, you can bunk with me."

Cornelia accepted the breakfast Hannah offered and placed it on the small table in her room.

"If I stay in your room, won't you be worried that I'd overhear your business secrets or swipe your personal photos?" Cornelia asked.

"Are you that kind of person?" Hannah shot back.

Comelia replied, "Not right now, but who knows about the future. People's hearts are the most unpredictable. With your special status, you should be more careful and not let others know too much about you."

Hannah retorted, “I’m just offering you a place to stay. If you don’t want to, then forget it. Stop going on about it and eat your breakfast. Enough chit–chat.”

Cornelia chuckled. “You’re a popular star, the youngest Best Actress winner, and you’re personally bringing me breakfast. I must be pretty lucky.”

Hannah replied. “To the capitalists, all these titles are just a joke.”

Cornelia didn’t respond. Hannah was stating a fact.

Hannah continued, “Today at ten past ten, we’re holding the commencement ceremony, there will be a lot of media. I’m going back to my room to get ready soon, want to tag along? As the scriptwriter, you should attend too.”

“I don’t really want to be in the limelight, what should I do?” Cornelia patted her stomach.

Hannah said,
“If you’re not comfortable being in front, you can stand at the back. You’re a newbie scriptwriter and the film isn’t popular yet, so not many people will notice you.”

Cornelia nodded, “Alright.”

Hannah continued, “Also, Kellan doesn’t have the best reputation in the industry. Try to avoid him as much as possible, besides necessary work contact.”

After the events of last night and this morning, Cornelia was well aware that Kellan wasn’t a good person. “I remember the lead actor wasn’t Kellan before, why the sudden change?”

Hannah replied, “Changing the lead actors right before shooting starts is pretty common. Most of the time, casting isn’t about the actor’s acting skills or how well they fit the role, but about the politics of capital.”

“Wasn’t the previous lead actor recommended by the investors of this film?” Cornelia asked.

Hannah said, "You might not know, but our investors have changed. I'm not sure who the new investors are, but the director wants us to have dinner with them tonight."

Cornelia sighed, "This industry is even more complicated than I thought."

Hannah smiled, "For a newcomer with no connections, success is really hard to come by. Just like when I started, if I hadn't gotten Steven's support, I might still be playing supporting roles, or even have changed careers."

Cornelia added, "Thankfully, *you* persevered. Now you can choose your scripts, and decide whether to shoot or not."

Hannah shook her head, "You're too naive to think that. The only reason I can choose now is because those people don't know that my backer has broken up with me. If they knew, their attitude towards me would definitely change."

"There are fewer and fewer people really pursuing their dreams." Cornelia sighed.

Hannah agreed, "Yeah, everything is about profits now. The fact that you can enjoy drawing your comics and not getting involved in the outside fights is quite a feat."

Cornelia said, "I only take care of the creative content, everything else is handled by Zack and Abby. If not for them, I'd have to deal with all of this myself."

Hannah sighed, "Let's not talk about these things that make us uncomfortable and we can't change. Nelly, if I'm too busy on set, you can let my assistant know **if** you need anything."

"Alright." Cornelia nodded.

Hannah, still worried, reiterated, "Don't just say it, make sure you do it if something comes up."

Hannah knew very well that Cornelia didn't like to bother others.

Chapter 1360

She gave Cornelia a detailed rundown of a bunch of stuff, really worried she might get a raw deal. At ten in the morning, they showed up together at the kickoff event.

Hannah, being the leading lady, was instantly surrounded by a crowd, all eager to chat her up. Cornelia, not knowing anyone, quietly slipped to the back and found a discreet spot to stand. But then, the next second, someone called her name, “Cornelia...”

Cornelia turned around to see Kellan grinning at her.

“Kellan, good morning!” Cornelia greeted him.

“Did you bring your notebook?” Kellan asked.

The notebook that Cornelia had stayed up all night to finish was in her bag. She quickly pulled it out and handed it to Kellan. “I didn’t want to bother you, surprise to know you’d remember.”

Kellan took the notebook, casually flipped through it, then pulled out a lipstick and wrote a few words on the cover page.

– Come to my room tonight.

Cornelia calmly looked at the words, extending her hand to take back her notebook.

Instead of letting go, Kellan moved in closer to Cornelia, “I’ve never tasted a pregnant woman before. You should feel honored.”

Cornelia wrestled her notebook back, scoffing, “You? Honored?”

“Don’t get too cocky.” Kellan sneered.

Kellan was so arrogant, Cornelia figured he must’ve screwed up quite a bit in the past. She wasn’t going to play nice with this sort of guy. “You think I can’t get you kicked off this project, or even out of this industry?”

Kellan laughed, “Let’s see tonight. Either I leave, or you come to my room for some fun. We’ll find out who can last!”

Cornelia clenched her fists, not saying another word. She was curious to see, who would be the last one standing.

Meanwhile, Hannah had run into someone herself. The last person she expected to see was the new investor, someone she knew.

The woman wore large sunglasses that hid half her face, but Hannah recognized her instantly. Hannah instinctively tried to avoid eye contact, but the woman confidently approached her, "Ms. Dixon, how lovely to see you!"

"Ms. Daniela, hello!" Hannah forced a smile, but it looked fake.

Seeing they knew each other, the director was thrilled, "Ms. Daniela, Hannah, you two know each other?"

Yes, we're quite familiar. Daniela gracefully lifted her hand and slowly took off her sunglasses, "Some say she looks like me. What do you think,

Director?*

Director looked at Daniela, then at Hannah, "There's a resemblance, but you're definitely more stunning, especially that noble aura. It's something others

can't copy."

But Hannah didn't need Daniela's reminder. The second she saw her, she was instantly reminded of her years as Daniela's stand-in. She'd lived in this woman's shadow for many years. So much so that, many times when she was with Steven, he would call her- Daniela.

Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband

Score 9.9

"Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband"