

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 591

Chapter 591

Listening to the report on the other end of the phone, his expression was inexplicable as he asked, "How is Zachary?"

Weston's sudden question stunned the housekeeper for a minute before he replied, "Zack has been doing fine these

days!"

The person who was on the phone was the housekeeper in the villa. He had worked in the Ford family for many years and knew all the twists and turns inside.

He knew well that outsiders thought Weston and Guinevere were very affectionate, and they had a son together. But only those who worked in the Ford family knew that Weston rarely came home.

Although Guinevere had a busy career, she insisted on returning home every day, as if to declare her status as Weston's wife.

She seemed to be very obsessed with the title of Mrs. Ford.

The two of them were not so caring to Zachary. Guinevere was slightly better. At least she would put up an act of being close to him in front of Wendy. But Weston seldom

came home and only occasionally asked about Zachary.

He was their only child and the first grandson of the Ford family. In terms of ostentation, there was no one more striking than him.

But there was always an unspeakable sense of weirdness about the boy.

Weston hummed, but a tearful Stella appeared in front of his eyes, and an absurd thought appeared in his mind. "I can take him for a while."

"What?" The housekeeper thought he had heard it wrongly and then nodded ecstatically. "Sure! Ms. Cohen will be thrilled when she finds out!"

As the housekeeper spoke, he glanced toward the second floor. "I'll go tell her now. She's almost finished her work, and she should be able to go with Zack..."

"Don't disturb her." Weston interrupted him. "I will send someone to pick Zachary up. He will be with me during this time. I don't want anyone bothering us."

“But-” The housekeeper wanted to say something, but the man just hung up the phone.

The housekeeper looked at the phone, feeling inexplicable.

It was great that Weston was willing to take Zachary with him, but why didn't he want to tell Guinevere...

At this time, Wendy came downstairs with Zachary in her arms. “Who called?”

“It was Mr. Weston.” The housekeeper took Zachary from her arms. “Our young master will go to his father in a moment!”

“What do you mean?”

Wendy frowned. “Weston wants to pick Zachary up?”

Even she was a little surprised.

She knew her son the best, and he was never a tender man, yet he had the idea of taking care of Zachary?

“Does Guinevere know about this?”

“Mr. Weston said to not tell Ms. Cohen first.”

Wendy pursed her lips but said nothing.

After a moment, she said, “Get the car. I'm going out.”

“Okay.”

It rained last night, and the surrounding was moist.

Stella had calmed down a lot.

She had been keeping a balance between things with her and Weston, but when he suddenly mentioned the child, she had lost all control.

She shouldn't have screamed at him like that.

She should be obnoxiously obedient, not challenging him.

She closed her eyes to adjust her state, and she became a little dazed after a while.

What she didn't notice was that he was already standing behind

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Weston called out her name, but she didn't respond.

So, he walked in front of her and picked her up from the swing.

There was a stone table in the small garden, which had been cleaned by Joan just now.

He put Stella on it and trapped her between his arms." What are you thinking about?"

The man's voice was low as he leaned close to her ear and asked in a hoarse voice, "Hmm?"

The hot air he exhaled caused goosebumps to rise on her skin.

She shuddered for a moment, then returned to her senses instantly.

The minute she raised her head, she stared into a pair of deep dark eyes.

"Nothing," she answered.

Weston's charming face was right in front of her.

His face was elegantly beautiful, perhaps because he had mixed genes.

Especially those eyes, they looked like God had carefully carved them.

No matter from which angle, he looked unbelievably handsome.

He seemed pleased by her reaction as a smile appeared on his face before he lowered his head and kissed the tip of her nose. "Why do you always like to daydream?"

"I wasn't daydreaming."

"How should I punish you for lying?"

Stella paused and asked, dissatisfied, "Is this also punishable? Aren't you too petty..."

Weston didn't speak, but under her gaze, his eyes darkened, and a hint of danger flashed.

She immediately had the feeling that something terrible would happen and instinctively wanted to run away, but he grabbed her wrist and pulled her back again. "Where do you think you're going?"

"Let me go!" She hit the back of his hands, which were

trapping her like a metal cage.

She couldn't help struggling. "Stop messing around and let me go!"

He naturally wouldn't let go. Instead, he grabbed her chin and forced her to look into his eyes. "I'm not letting you go."

After speaking, he put her on the stone table and lifted her legs to wrap them around his waist.

With his other palm clasp the back of her head, he leaned over her involuntarily and kissed her affectionately.

The air was filled with electric flint, as if it could detonate the surrounding oxygen.

She didn't know how long they had kissed, but she felt that her brain was beginning to lack oxygen, and it was getting hard to breathe.

Fireworks were bursting inside her mind, then they extinguished before lighting up again.

She had no room to think about other things, like seeing him and Guinevere in the hospital, or the child they were talking about...

Weston didn't give her the time to get distracted.

His lips were chasing after her every time she backed away as he didn't want to leave her lips and kissed her with everything he had.

She was struggling to break free at first, but she stopped after thumping him on the shoulder a few times. Instead, she did as he wished-she wrapped her hands around his neck and subconsciously pulled him toward her.

He opened his eyes and looked at her quietly.

Different from her passive acceptance before, he felt her initiative.

It might be the signal of reconciliation she was sending out, indicating that the cold war between them was about to end.

Of course, Weston accepted it.

He kissed her deeper and deeper, and the original peck became a messy entanglement.

He didn't stop until he felt every trace of air in Stella's lungs squeezed dry, then he slightly widened the gap between them. "Remember to take a breath."

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She didn't say a word, but her breathing was heavy.

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Weston raised his hand, tucked the little hair beside her cheek behind her ear, and then kissed the tip of her nose. "Don't look at me like that."

Hence, Stella closed her eyes obediently. "Is this all right, then?"

She was so obedient that there was no way he could be cold to her.

He pressed his forehead on hers and chuckled lightly. "Why are you so smart?"

As he spoke, he lowered his head and kissed her again without giving her the chance to react.

It was a little cold outside, and the cold breeze drifted in the pavilion.

The weather was chilly because it was spring.

Stella felt his changes. She knew what would happen next, and she was a little nervous.

He was still biting on her lips as he asked her in a hoarse voice, "Can we?"

She shut her eyes, knowing what he was asking about. She took a deep breath and nodded nervously. "Let's go back to the bedroom first... okay?"

After speaking, she buried her head in his neck, looking shy.

Weston cocked his head to the side, feeling a burst of warmth on his cheek while he chuckled. "Are you shy?"

She didn't respond but instead took a bite on his neck.

He wasn't angry and lifted her instantly, holding her bottom with one hand. "Hold on to me tighter."

He couldn't see her face, so he didn't realize that her expression didn't match her actions.

She should be shyly leaning against his neck and snuggling into his arms, like how he had imagined she would be.

But Stella's eyes were clear.

There was even a bit of extraordinary calmness.

The two went into the bedroom.

She felt him peck the side of her ear when she was laid down on the bed.

He used a little strength to avenge the bite earlier but restrained himself because he didn't want her to hurt.

Stella heard a clear male voice whispering in her ear, "Help me unbuckle it."

Following his movements, she sat up, put her hands on his waist, and unbuckled his belt.

She had always been so well-behaved, especially regarding this kind of thing.

Although she was shy at times and unwilling to make a move, she was highly obedient.

Weston caressed her head, and his fingers suddenly tightened on her hair as he pressed her down.

There was a flash of rejection in Stella's eyes, but she still held back and lowered her head.

She was so submissive that he suddenly lifted her chin and looked straight into her eyes. "Do you feel forced?"

She shook her head. "No."

She looked at the man's unchanged expression, and her eyes flashed. Perhaps he didn't want that answer. Then, she turned her head to the other side and said, "It doesn't

matter, because I have to do it..."

She seemed to be throwing a tantrum.

Weston released his grip and kissed her on the tip of her nose. "If you don't like it, don't do it."

"Really?" Stella raised her head and looked at him with hazy eyes.

Her look of feeling wronged but was still forced to be obedient softened his heart.

"When have I forced you?"

"You've never forced me, but you've always threatened
me."

She sniffed. The tip of her nose was red, and she looked like a little squirrel that had suffered so much grievances.

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She knew that Weston couldn't stand seeing her like this.

Sure enough, the man picked her up and put her on his lap. "If you don't like it, don't do it."

He kissed her forehead. "Now just lie down and enjoy, okay?"

Looking at Stella's reddened cheeks, he lowered his head and gently rubbed the tip of her nose.

She opened her eyes and asked, "Can you go wash up first?"

Weston looked down at her. "When did it become so difficult to serve you?"

"Don't you have OCD? Go clean up first...."

"Okay." He chuckled in a low voice.

The bathroom door was closed.

She let out a breath and sat up instantly before taking the medicine bottle from her bag and swallowing one.

It had rained last night, and the weather outside was nice.

When the light shone through the drawn curtains during the afternoon, the light in the room turned orange, with a sense of warmth.

When she was put onto the bed again, she couldn't help but think about how absurd it was for them.

In this matter, Weston had never had any restraint.

Especially when they were married, he didn't pay much attention to her, but he focused on her body.

Stella wasn't keen on this kind of thing, but since she loved him wholeheartedly, she was willing to do it to please him.

Maybe she had loved him with a very lowly attitude, and she just wanted to see him indulge in herself in every possible way that she ignored her feelings.

After reuniting, Weston suppressed himself for a while and never touched her, but ever since the first time it happened, he had been out of control.

The urge seemed to be more challenging to control than before.

The curtains were so thick that the light outside could not shine through.

The hazy sight set the mood even more than a dark or bright scene.

Stella's body was soaked with a thin layer of sweat.

The medicine had started to work. She raised her hand and let Weston kiss her fingertips.

He held her knee and pushed her up. When his fingers reached her ankle, he suddenly remembered that she had just applied medicine.

The place where she was hurt hadn't healed yet, and when he lowered her head, he could see a little blood oozing out from there.

He lost interest instantly.

He got down from her and immediately cuddled her in his

arms. He then lowered his head and kissed her on the forehead. "I'll let you go today."

Hearing this, she opened her eyes immediately.

The steaming heat made her uncomfortable, but she still looked at the man in front of her with some doubts.

"What's wrong? Did I do something wrong..." she instinctively asked.

She was doing this to please him. If he had stopped suddenly, it must be because she had done something wrong

Perhaps she had acted too obediently and proactively, which bored him.

He liked the way she was before, with a bit of shyness.

Hearing this, Weston looked into her eyes fixedly, lowered his head, and took a bite on her nose with a hint of punishment. "... Does it still hurt? If it does, I won't keep going."

The look on her face earlier was so irresistible that he had forgotten about her physical condition for a moment.

Besides the injury to her ankle, she had just recovered from a cold, so she couldn't stand his torment.

Stella had initially thought that her performance was not good enough, causing him to lose interest, but she didn't expect that he was just worried about her and was a little stunned for a while.

After a while, she turned her head to the other side and said, "It hurts a little."

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She had originally wanted to say that she was not in pain and could continue.

But seeing how Weston cared about her, she suddenly felt that it was unnecessary.

If it were in the past, she would appreciate that he stopped, but now that she had taken the medicine, she would only suffer if he stopped.

She didn't want to be bewitched by his gentleness, and she tried to use this unbearable torture to constantly remind herself not to be immersed in these gentle illusions.

If he left one day, what would be left to her would only be a hundred times more cruel than it was now.

It was rare for her to admit that she was in pain, and he seemed to enjoy it. He carried her in his arms and gently patted her back as he comforted her.

He was treating her like a fragile treasure.

Stella nestled in his arms, which should have been a very secure embrace, but she only felt like she was drifting.

The pervasive heat gnawed at her, and the closer he got to her, the more uncomfortable she felt.

As soon as night fell, she went back to the bedroom to sleep.

Weston gave her plenty of time to rest.

The man was no longer around when she woke up the following day.

She felt much better, and her consciousness had become clearer. She saw a black card on the bedside table.

She was stunned.

Before this, Weston also gave her a card, but she had never really used it.

She knew that he was doing this to remind her.

Her eyes flashed, then she reached out and put the card in her wallet.

The crew was already finishing their work, and she rushed over after receiving a call from Bradley.

Angelina was already waiting for her on set. When she saw her coming, she hurriedly greeted her. "Where have you been these two days? You didn't reply when I sent you a message..."

After leaving the banquet last time, she texted them that she got home safe but didn't contact them again.

She was worried that Stella would be upset because of what had happened at the banquet.

Initially, she had wanted to invite her to shop together, but Stella never answered her phone call.

Stella shook her head. "It's nothing. It's just that I had something to do in the past two days, so I didn't have time to answer the phone. By the way..."

She asked, "What is the progress today?"

"They're almost done. After Guinevere finishes her part, it will be your turn."

Stella nodded and went to change her clothes.

When Bradley saw this, he walked over and asked Angelina, "How is she?"

“She looks fine,” Angelina answered. “Don’t worry too much, *Mr. Lane*. We will do well.”

Bradley chuckled and said, “Make fewer mistakes, and I won’t be this worried.”

Guinevere was putting on makeup, and when she heard a burst of laughter outside, she rubbed her brows frustratingly. “Ella’s here?”

The make-up artist was drawing her eyebrows. She was already scared of making any mistakes. But when she heard the question, her hand shook, and one of her eyebrows was drawn crookedly.

Seeing that Guinevere’s face had suddenly turned cold, the makeup artist quickly apologized. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to do that... I’m sorry!”

Instantly, Guinevere clenched her fist.

Was she that scary?

Why would they joke around Ella but walk on eggshells with her?

Were they doing this on purpose?

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Guinevere was in a bad mood and said impatiently, “Enough. It’s only a crooked eyebrow. I just asked you one question. Did you have to be that scared?”

“No, no. I am to blame...”

The makeup artist kept apologizing. “It was my mistake. I’m sorry!”

Guinevere clenched her fists. “Enough is enough. Get away!”

When her manager saw this, he could only go forward to comfort her. “How come you change so much whenever Ella appears? How can she compare to you? Stop comparing yourself to—”

“When have I compared myself with her? Why do you even think she deserves to be compared with me!”

She suddenly raised her hand and slapped on the makeup table, saying, "Do all of you think that I care about Ella that much? Or is it because she stole my limelight at the banquet, so you think I'm targeting her?"

"Guinevere, don't say that. None of us feel that way..."

Besides, Ella was embarrassed at the banquet, and she didn't steal the show. So, why would we think she can be compared with you?"

Guinevere calmed down a little when she heard this." Indeed. Women like her are always involved with some men and stirring up drama..."

Her manager immediately added, "Yes, unlike you. You have Mr. Ford, who loves you, and no one can compare to that. You don't know how much those people envy you."

His words made her feel a little vain, but at the same time, a wave of uncontrollable anger stirred up inside her.

Because she knew very well in her heart that Weston was very different from the image he portrayed to the public.

Their relationship wasn't as loving as how these people thought it was.

Until now, they weren't married.

Some time ago, Wendy had brought Zachary on set to let everyone know she had a son with Weston.

After giving birth, she had the idea of letting out the news to the media. But her manager stopped her, saying that she and Weston hadn't gotten married yet, and it would hurt her reputation if they were exposed at that time. So,

she gave up.

She only revealed the news to certain crowds to let people know they were married but had never officially declared

1. it.

With this, she could pressure Weston. If it was revealed that they didn't get married, she could say that she had never spread the news and blame others.

But Wendy's sudden appearance with Zachary had confirmed the news.

This put her in a very passive situation, so she could only pretend they were a loving and harmonious family.

Although this was what Guinevere had wanted, she couldn't help but feel a little apprehensive.

What if the truth was exposed one day?

She immediately clenched her fist.

No. It was impossible.

She would never let that happen.

She couldn't stand to see how people's gaze on her would turn from envy to pity.

She could only accept if others looked up and were jealous

of her, but not if they pitied or looked down on her.

Not even Weston.

In the dressing room of the other actors, Stella was doing her makeup when she saw an assistant hurry over.

"Is there any other makeup artist? Something happened on Ms. Cohen's side. Who would like to go over and help her with makeup?"

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Chapter 597 No one came forward.

Stella didn't say a word but exchanged glances with Angelina

Angelina merely shook her head and shrugged, as if she was not surprised.

Guinevere's good reputation was all faked. Everyone knew she was hard to get along with.

It was just that she was willing to bribe people with money, and most people in the circle were also keen to say good things about her. Meanwhile, those who weren't short of money, or were annoyed by her and were unwilling to say good things about her, were all suppressed by her, so the public refused to believe the negative comments about her.

After all, she had a strong status-she had such a powerful family background, and she was married to Weston. Anyone with common sense wouldn't dare to

offend her.

Like right now.

The makeup artist had angered Guinevere . Anyone who went over would have to clean up the mess and might even get scolded. So, no one dared to come forward.

When the assistant saw this, she panicked.

If she couldn't find a makeup artist, Guinevere would get mad at her. Therefore , she had no choice but to beg one by one.

After finally finding one makeup artist, they hurried over.

After they left, someone from the crew complained in a low voice, "It's like this every day! She keeps nitpicking. That makeup artist has just finished my base makeup. What should I do now?"

"Stop talking. If it gets to her ears, you'll only suffer..."

Another actor reminded the girl.

"Why are you all so afraid of Guinevere? I heard that she's nice."

The rest just smiled and said nothing.

Fortunately, Guinevere only released all her anger on the makeup artist. After that, she didn't cause trouble for the other staff, and everything went smoothly until the

filming

After the filming started, Guinevere restrained her temper and finished filming smoothly, perhaps because Bradley was there.

Next, it was Stella's turn.

Usually, Guinevere would leave after her part was done. But she stayed back today and watched Stella.

In front of the camera, Stella could feel someone was staring at her, and she felt a little uncomfortable.

The set had an unwritten rule. Except for Bradley and other producers, no one could give off-site guidance casually because it would affect the actors' performance.

But Guinevere didn't intend to abide by this rule, or perhaps she purposely went against it. When Stella was filming , Guinevere whispered to the people around her.

“Did Ella miss a word in these lines here?”

“I don’t think so...”

Immediately, she frowned. “What do you mean? She did miss a word!”

The person next to her paused before quickly agreeing with her. “Yes, it seems that she did.”

They weren’t exactly quiet, so Stella couldn’t ignore them.

Bradley noticed it and cast his gaze toward Guinevere.

But it was as if she didn’t seem to see it. She still held the script in her hand, turned the page over, and continued to point at the filming site.

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Guinevere’s manager held the fruit in his hand and fed it to her mouth.

Her favorite drink was placed on the table next to her. This leisure she was having was in stark contrast to Stella’s current situation.

Stella was wearing thick makeup. Because it was a costume drama, her clothes had some weight. Plus, she had to do complex movements, so she was exhausted.

“Isn’t Ella’s backflip too simple?” Guinevere spoke again.

“Mr. Bradley said it just for the sake of it. Later, he will let a stunt double do it...”

“I see.” Guinevere clicked her tongue. “But won’t the effect look subpar?”

She often used a stunt double. Bradley knew she was trying to stir up drama again but was doing it with some subtleness.

Seeing the frown on his face, she stopped and quieted down.

Bradley rubbed his eyebrows in frustration. “Let Ella continue.”

Stella knew that Guinevere was trying to mess with her head.

The masked man who had suddenly appeared at the banquet last time had made her suspicious . Maybe she had already known that person was Weston, so she was going against her now.

She took a deep breath and adjusted her emotions, knowing that this day would come anyway.

After having that mindset, she immersed herself in that character even quicker.

“... We used to have such a good relationship, but ever since the appearance of Dahlia, all your eyes have been on her. What did I do wrong that you’re treating me this way!

This scene was close to the end, and Sophie, whom Stella was acting as, finally broke down.

Everyone knew that she was the villain and blamed her.

“Are you still the innocent and pure Sophie from before?”

Tears pooled around Stella’s eyes as she smiled. “If you had just looked at me for once, you’d know I was under a

spell... but you never did! All of you only paid attention to Dahlia. No matter what she did wrong, you all will protect her!

“But if I didn’t do what all of you wanted, you guys would start treating me harshly!

“Just because I’m not talented like her, and I didn’t get lost when I was a child, and because my life isn’t as miserable as hers, she is right in everything, and I am wrong in everything! You guys were at fault first. Why should I be blamed?”

“You are so stubborn!”

The master, who had always doted on her, was disappointed in her.

Stella’s heart was broken, and demonic energy suddenly appeared around her body.

The disciples immediately stepped back with wide eyes.” Sophie is enchanted!”

She had suddenly become the enemy.

“You will pay for what you did!”

Stella’s eyes suddenly turned red.

Although it had been planned long ago that the editing team would apply red eye drops and reshoot the scene for close-up special effects, Bradley felt that her performance was good enough that there wasn't any need for special effects.

"Cut!" he called out.

Stella was still immersed in Sophie's emotions and couldn't recover for a long time.

Even Guinevere wasn't in a rush to find problems in Ella's acting. Instead, she looked at her with a dignified look as she didn't expect her progress to be so significant.

At first, she did see that Stella had some talent in acting, but she had been in the industry for so many years after all, so she didn't take her seriously.

Who would've thought that in just short filming, she could get to this high level!

She didn't expect this at all.

Her expression was ugly as she thought to herself that if Stella maintained like this, her acting skills were likely to beat hers in the finale. a

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Especially now that many people liked villains in movies.

Stella's character would most likely shine if the editing team edited it well.

Guinevere merely sneered and left the place.

When the rest saw that she didn't cause problems for Stella, they thought that she had finally recognized Stella's acting skills and were glad for her.

Angelina was the happiest when she saw that Bradley was delighted. She quickly walked up to Stella and said, "Fortunately, you were not affected by Guinevere. I was worried for you just now, but I didn't expect you to perform so well!"

She played a minor role but contributed a lot of comedic relief.

This was also a vital part of the movie.

Even a serious movie would have some relaxing parts.

Angelina played the kind of minor role that would leave a deep impression on the audience as long as she played it well, similar to Stella's.

It was just that Stella's character had more emotional elements.

Therefore, the two could understand the source of each other's pressure very well.

They were afraid that they would not perform well and that the audience would not like them, saying that they were stealing the show.

Stella hadn't expected that her filming would go so smoothly. Maybe it was because she had spent a lot of time figuring out the role whenever she had the time, no matter how quickly she could get into character.

She glanced in Guinevere's direction and said to Angelina, "I'm fine. You must do well too."

Backstage.

Guinevere gritted her teeth and wanted to push everything on the table to the ground.

She suddenly thought of something as she placed her hands up and stopped.

She took a deep breath, followed the method Lucas had

taught her, and gradually calmed down before a sneer appeared on her face.

On the side, Davis, who had always known her, felt a little scared.

"Guinevere, have you been a little tired lately?"

She said nothing and just stared at herself in the mirror.

Although she didn't want to admit it, she knew clearly that the man who had appeared at the banquet that night was Weston.

She didn't know when Ella had hooked up with Weston.

She knew that Ella wasn't as simple as she seemed on the surface. She was a great actress, and even someone like Weston was bewildered by her.

No wonder she was so bold on set. She had Bradley protecting her, and now, Weston.

Guinevere couldn't sit still like this any longer!

"Guinevere!" Her assistant suddenly barged in with her phone in hand.

"What happened?"

Davis immediately shot a look at the assistant, telling her that Guinevere was in a bad mood through his eyes.

The assistant shut her mouth and was a little hesitant. But when she saw the coldness on Guinevere's face, she didn't dare to say anything and only whispered in the manager's ear.

The manager's expression changed, and he asked the assistant to leave first.

When Guinevere had calmed down a little, he said to her, "Don't be angry at these unimportant people. It's not worth it... By the way, the people from the Ford family said that someone took Zachary out."

Since Guinevere had given birth, her temper had become more and more elusive.

As a mother, she naturally loved her children.

But sometimes, she just hated him so much.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 600

Chapter 600 The others didn't overthink it but thought she was just depressed after giving birth.

Hence, she didn't react much when hearing someone had taken Zachary out.

Guinevere was already annoyed, but she was even more irritated after hearing it. "It must be Wendy who took him out to play. Why are you making a fuss about such a small matter? Get Ella in here."

Davis was taken aback and asked, "Why do you want to see her?"

'Could it be that she is still mad and wants to trouble her?' he thought.

Guinevere sneered coldly, "I just want to exchange some knowledge about acting with her."

No one with a brain would believe her.

But since she had said that, the manager had no choice but to go out and talk to Stella.

Stella wasn't surprised when she saw Guinevere's manager walking toward her.

Since the banquet had ended that day, she had known Guinevere would confront her one day.

It was just that she didn't expect it to be so soon.

Davis was relieved when he saw that she wasn't the least shocked. "Seems like you knew Guinevere would want to see you."

Stella smiled. "Seems that you knew too."

"You're a smart person, so I won't go beating around the bush with you... It's not good to go against Guinevere. You know what I mean."

"Of course, I know that," Stella said. "What do you want me to do?"

"No matter what, we are all from the same crew. Her mood hasn't been stable lately. I hope you can tolerate her..."

"Of course. She is my senior, and I won't say anything over the line." Stella smiled.

Seeing her being so eloquent, he didn't say anything

more. "Guinevere is waiting for you backstage. Just keep your mouth shut and take in whatever she says later. You won't be mistreated."

"Thank you for that."

After he had left, Stella was left alone backstage.

She looked at herself in the mirror and spaced out.

After a while, she picked up the makeup on the table and began to put it on.

She wasn't good at these and had always let the makeup artist do it for her. But after some observation, she had learned a trick or two.

Mainly because she had just finished filming, and her makeup hadn't been completely removed, all she needed was a little touch-up.

Her makeup was heavy and so delicate that she didn't look like herself anymore.

She didn't want to always be the one who suffered passively.

This time, she wanted to take the initiative and strike.

When Guinevere saw Stella coming over, she smiled coldly, with a bit of irony. "You even went to touch up?"

She walked in front of Stella and closed the door. "Sit."

A star like Guinevere had her special lounge , while the rest were crowded together in one.

Stella found a place and sat.

“I did. So what?”

Guinevere was stunned seeing that Stella had admitted it so frankly. “You’re done with your scene, yet you went to touch up before coming to see me?”