

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 601

Chapter 601

"I've finished my scene today, but I have an appointment later, so I fixed my makeup. What's wrong?" Stella looked at her with a smile.

"You know what I'm asking about." Guinevere clenched her fists as she saw the provocation in her smile.

She stopped beating around the bush and asked, "It was Weston the other night, wasn't it?"

Stella looked confused, and she shrugged. "I don't know what you're talking about."

Guinevere took two steps forward and stared at her coldly. "I don't need to remind you of what happens to homewreckers, do I? I'm sure you know whether Joyce's accusations against you are true or not."

"Haven't I proved if her allegations are true or false?" Stella looked at her in confusion. "It's obvious that Joyce is the mistress. What does it have to do with me?"

She wanted to ask Guinevere a question. When she was still married to Weston, was Guinevere not acting like a homewrecker?

In any case, Stella was Weston's legal wife. Even if Guinevere dated him first, they had already broken up at that time. Weston was married to her, so Guinevere was clearly the third party.

How could she say these to her with such a straight face?

She only did that because she thought Stella was dead. She thought she was speaking to just Ella.

Guinevere did not know anything. In that case, she should give her a taste of what she had gone through back then.

Guinevere said in displeasure, "I mean, although you didn't steal a man from Joyce, you know what you did!"

"I really don't know what you're talking about. I hope you can explain."

"You..." Guinevere gritted her teeth and glared at her. "I know you're with Weston! Why aren't you admitting it?!"

"I'm sorry. I don't know what you're talking about.." Stella stood up. "If there's nothing else, I'm leaving now."

"Where are you going? Is Weston picking you up?" Guinevere mocked.

Stella stopped dead in her tracks. "If you're unsure about

Weston,

you could have asked him instead. Why make things difficult for me?"

"Of course, I'll ask him, but I'm also sick of you homewreckers! Is that a problem?"

Stella turned around and looked at her with interest. "Do you hate homewreckers so much? Does that mean you've never ruined anyone's marriage?"

Guinevere paused for a moment and seemed to have understood what she was implying. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing. I just heard that the woman who looks like me ... She seemed to have gone through some of the things you're saying now." Stella smiled meaningfully.

Guinevere widened her eyes at once. "Did Weston tell you about her?" She paled and trembled in great anger.

She should have known...

This Ella looked so much like Stella. Weston probably saw her as a replacement.

All those feelings of guilt he had for Stella were

transferred to her. He might have told Ella about everything about Stella. That was why Ella acted like she had no qualms in front of her.

"What's there to be proud of? All you have is just your face!"

Guinevere found it funny. "You should know your place. Weston treats you differently because you look like Stella. Who are you to stay by his side?"

"Didn't you just answer yourself? With my face..."

Stella looked at the bottles and jars on her dressing table and gently tapped her finger. "If Weston didn't need me at all, you wouldn't be here to warn me, would you? It seems like you're terrified of that woman, Stella..."

She smiled charmingly and said with a curious tone, "You're panicking just because of my face. It seems like that woman named Stella was a great threat to you."

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Stella propped her chin up and nodded softly. "It was probably more than an ordinary relationship issue, wasn't it?"

Guinevere turned her back to her and pressed her temple. It seemed that Weston had told her a little about Stella but not the details.

She sneered, "She was just a stupid woman who threatened Weston with suicide because she couldn't get him. Do you think Weston really loved her? He's just feeling guilty because of her death. That's why he's seeking comfort in you."

Stella did not say anything, but her eyes had turned cold.

Guinevere laughed again and said, "You're as naive as her. If Weston really loved Stella, why did he divorce her and be with me? In other words, I'm more important than any of you."

Stella curled the corners of her mouth with an unchanged expression.

Guinevere noticed that Stella was unmoved, then her eyes changed. "I'm not actually targeting you. I just want to

show you the right way... Besides, you're going to be in the entertainment business. I'm sure you don't want to be my enemy."

"Is there some kind of lesson you're trying to instil? I'm all ears." Stella smiled.

Guinevere said, "I don't want to see you around Weston anymore."

"You should talk to Weston about that." Stella said with an innocent look, "He's so powerful. If you can't even negotiate with him, how can a nobody like me refuse him?"

"You..." Guinevere seemed annoyed by her and laughed mockingly. "I think you've never wanted to refuse him. With a man like him by your side, you'll only try to please him more to climb the ladders!"

“Well, since you’ve said that, maybe I should comply with your wishes. Otherwise, wouldn’t it be meaningless for me to bear such a reputation?” Stella said, “I’ll consider your advice and climb the ladder with Weston’s power.”

She saw Guinevere’s face suddenly turn cold and felt nothing but pleasure. When Guinevere had pushed her to the verge back then, had she ever thought she would be in

this situation one day?

Guinevere kept staring at Stella’s face and muttered, “You’re not like her... You’re not like her at all...”

Ella was nothing like Stella, except for her face. Ella had a completely different personality from Stella. Stella would never talk to her like that.

“Only your face is like hers. Nothing else about you is similar. Aren’t you afraid that Weston will find out one day? Wouldn’t he lose interest in you after learning that you’re so different from Stella?”

“That’s a question for later.” Stella smiled. “I only live in the moment. After all, just like you said, I’m just a nobody and a small actress. If I refuse Weston, you can easily crush me in minutes. At least now, he’s around to protect me. You’ll have to consider what he’d think before you attack me, right?”

Guinevere laughed out loud at her reply. “Do you really think you’re somebody? Have you slept with him?”

Her expression suddenly turned fierce and vicious. “You seem confident about him protecting you. You must’ve served him well.”

Stella knew Guinevere was getting defensive. She

deliberately looked at her eyes and said nonchalantly, “Well, men... aren’t they all the same?”

She said indifferently, “They only care about how they feel in bed, but I don’t really care. I only care about the benefits I could gain from him... Well, Mr. Ford is good – looking and has a great body. He’s an outstanding man, and not many men are comparable to him. I have nothing to lose.”

She sounded incredibly comfortable and spoke like she was thinking about Weston’s performance in bed. “I enjoyed myself most of the time, but sometimes, it’s just too tiring...”

Then, Stella frowned, as if she was distressed. “Ms. Cohen, you should quench his desires. Don’t always let him torment me. I have work to do too...”

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Chapter 603

Stella’s words provoked Guinevere and made her furious.

“Shut up! You’re such a shameless woman!” Guinevere grabbed Stella’s neck savagely.

Stella slapped her hand away immediately. “Let me go! What are you doing?”

“You shameless woman! I’m his wife! Who do you think you are? How dare you show off in front of me! You’re just a despicable mistress!” Guinevere roared at her, “If I want to, I can publish the surveillance recording of our conversation earlier! You’ll be judged and despised by everyone else! Do you think you can stay in the entertainment business then? You’ll just be a woman who’s hated by many and be scorned everywhere you go!”

Guinevere wanted to tear her to pieces.

When Stella had agreed to come to this meeting earlier, she had thought about it already. Indeed, Guinevere might record their conversion. However, a prideful woman like her would never make their conversation public.

How could a proud and arrogant woman like her be

willing to destroy her public facade as a nice woman? How could she let the world know that her beloved husband was the same as any other man outside? No one must know that her husband could not stand the temptation and had a mistress.

If this got out, it would ruin her image as a successful career woman. Others would no longer look at her with envy. Instead, she would appear as a grumpy woman with a cheating husband.

Stella’s words had certainly made Guinevere calm down.

She refused to let others know about her sad life in the Ford family. She would never let anyone think that she had a bad life there.

She took a deep breath and calmed down. Then, she looked at Stella like she was pitying her. “Everything you have now is just because of your resemblance to Stella. You’re just a replacement! I feel so sorry for you...”

Stella looked at her in surprise. “Do you think every woman takes Weston’s love as important as you do? What’s wrong with treating me as a replacement or not? All I want is the benefits he gives...”

“So that’s your real intention! You don’t love him at all! You’re just sticking around for glory and wealth!”

“Don’t say things like that. Who doesn’t want glory and wealth?” Stella sighed. Fortunately, she had passed the age where she thought true love was the most important thing

In the past, she had asked for nothing. As a result, she could not protect those she had wanted to protect the most. He had trampled on her sincere heart and given her no right to speak.

Only a powerful person like Guinevere would say something so hypocritical.

She had loved Weston sincerely before, but what had he given her in return?

When she was still married and in love with Weston, Guinevere had never shown any respect to her.

She swore she would never give others her sincere heart again after losing the child. She would never fall in love with a hypocritical person ever again.

Guinevere did not seem to have expected her to be so assertive about it and went speechless.

After a short silence, she narrowed her eyes and asked, “What if I tell Weston about this? Will he still keep you by his side?”

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Stella shrugged indifferently. “You can tell him. So what? Besides, we’re never equal.”

She felt it was funny. “He can ruin my acting career at any time, but he can give me glory whenever he wants. Rather than worrying about what I’m doing wrong, I might as well go with the flow. Maybe my attitude is exactly what he likes.”

“You’re so shameless!” Guinevere raised her hand, wanting to slap her.

Stella said, smiling, “You can slap me now, but I don’t know what others will say when I walk out with this mark on my face. It’ll be hard to explain to Weston if he sees it, won’t it?”

“Are you threatening me?!” She even threatened her using Weston’s name?

“I’m just reminding you.” Stella smiled nonchalantly.

Guinevere’s face turned ashen. She covered her chest and took a step back. “Don’t be too complacent ! You can be arrogant, but so what? You’re just a mistress!”

“I don’t care about that. Besides, I don’t plan to stay with Weston that long...” Stella seemed troubled. “If you can get Weston out of my life, I’ll even thank you.”

“That’s enough!” Guinevere roared in anger.

Stella looked at her cold and sullen face and felt happy for a moment. Then, she felt sad for her.

As she turned to leave, she heard Guinevere call after her. “Do you know what happened to Belle?”

“That woman from Lowe Garden?”

Guinevere took a deep breath. “You actually knew? I guess Weston does tell you everything...”

She seemed to have suddenly regained her confidence and sense of superiority. “Although you’re now acting in the same cast as me, you’re just the same kind of person as Belle. I just need to say the word, and he’ll treat you like Belle.”

Stella’s face gradually turned grim, but she said nothing.

Guinevere was right. She was no different than Belle. Belle might willingly stay with Weston, while she herself was forced to stay with him.

Stella knew she was walking on the edge. If she was not careful, she might end up worse than Belle. Moreover, Guinevere hated her so much.

Stella’s silence made Guinevere feel victorious. “I just wanted to give you a word of advice. I know you’re smart. A man like Weston is unlikely to have a happy ending with you. He just wants to try something new.”

She walked up to Stella and patted her on the shoulder. “I don’t want to be too harsh, but Ella, I don’t want you to become the next Stella. Do I have to remind you what happened to her?”

After all, the last person who went against her was already dead.

After Stella had come out of Guinevere’s dressing room, Angelina immediately came over. “Ella, how was it? Did she give you a hard time...”

Her meeting with Guinevere had been brought to Bradley's attention. He had come to ask her about it because he was worried that Stella might get hurt.

He was the one who had sent Angelina over here.

Stella saw Angelina coming and shook her head. She said, smiling, "I'm fine. We just had a few words."

Angelina looked at Stella like she was an idiot. "Everyone knows she doesn't like you. What did she say? Did she bully you?"

"No, really..." Stella shook her head. "It's late. I still have something to do..."

"No, we agreed to go shopping together today." Angelina took her arm. "We only bought some evening dresses the last time. Let's go shopping again today! The rest of the cast will be there too."

Stella froze for a moment. "You didn't tell me..."

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“But I did tell you. I even texted you about it. Have you checked your phone lately?”

Stella shook her head in confusion and rubbed her brow.” I’m sorry. I really have something to do...”

“Okay.” Angelina let go of her in slight disappointment.” If you really have something to do, you’d better go back

first.”

Stella’s heart softened at Angelina’s disappointed look.” Okay. I’ll go with you.”

Angelina immediately smiled. “You’re the best!”

After arriving at the mall, Stella realized that most of the young actresses in the cast were there.

They came to a newly built and fully functional mall. Many had gone to the cinema.

The crew was filming next to this mall, so people usually came over to relax. They did not worry about being recognized by others while shopping at night.

This mall was known to be the place where some celebrities would come to shop. Many fans would come here to meet their favorite star on purpose. Therefore, the security of the mall was great too.

Angelina wore a mask and said, “Actually, no one will recognize me. I don’t know why I have to be fully covered.”

Stella glanced at the other actresses that were also wearing hats and sunglasses. She said, “It’s better to wear them if everyone else is wearing them too. Better be safe than sorry.”

“You’re right.” Angelina nodded.

The crew had split into small groups. Those who were close grouped and shopped together. After shopping for a while , Angelina suddenly put her hand on her stomach and said, “Hey, I’m not feeling well. You can go to the store first. I’ll come back later...”

Stella helped her carry her bag and watched her go to the bathroom. Then, she went shopping in a random store by herself.

After she had agreed to go shopping with Angelina , she had told Weston she would be late tonight.

Weston did not say anything about that. He told her that the driver would wait for her at the same place.

Stella was not used to Weston’s sudden change in attitude. He was suddenly so easy to talk to and nice to her. However, she did not think much about it.

She still had her black card lying in her bag. Weston might be unhappy if the card remained untouched.

Stella thought about it and decided that this was a good opportunity to use his card. Anyway, she just had to let Weston know she was not intentionally separating things between them. If he wanted her to act like it, she would

do it.

Stella went into a random clothing store. She had not heard of the niche brand before.

When she went in, she saw two staff at the front desk playing with their phones with their heads down. The cashier’s side was empty too. No one was around. There was no sales assistant around either. It seemed like the

store did not have a good business.

She was happy that the store was quiet, so she just browsed around the store. She would feel uncomfortable

with an overly enthusiastic saleslady around her.

Stella found a simple trench coat with an elegant cut in camel color. It seemed to suit her style.

The fabric was textured, but it did not look particularly luxurious.

She had her eyes on it at first glance and asked the staff to help her get a suitable size to try on. “Excuse me,”

Before she could finish speaking, a sudden noise came from behind her.

She turned back and saw Guinevere walking in with several other people. Some actresses from the cast surrounded her and followed her around. They were usually on good terms, so they flattered her and asked, "Ms. Cohen, do you like this brand too?"

Guinevere saw Stella when she came in. She only glanced at her once, then ignored her. She replied faintly, "Yeah. It's a very niche brand. I don't like to wear the same clothes as others."

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The actress next to her immediately said, "Of course! Ms. Cohen, you have great taste!"

"Yeah. Who doesn't know you're the benchmark for the latest fashion? Many tried to imitate your style, but they can't do it well!"

The staff who looked bored earlier all looked this way. They knew Guinevere was a big shot at first glance, so they hastened to service her with a good attitude.

"Hello, beautiful ladies. How can I help?"

Stella finally realized that these people were just judging a book by its cover. They would not treat everyone coldly. She curled the corner of her mouth in a sarcastic smile.

After realizing that, she put down the long trench coat in her hand. When she was about to turn to leave, she heard Guinevere say something behind her.

"Wait, there's someone over there buying clothes too." Guinevere sounded like she was reminding the saleslady about her.

The salespeople had already noticed Stella when she

came in. They did not pay attention to her because she was just looking around. They were in a hurry to close a big sale now, so they had no time to serve Stella.

The saleslady said impatiently, "I know ... Does she want to try on the coat? She'd better check the tag price before deciding whether to try..."

Her tone seemed neutral, but what she said was rude. She was close to calling Stella broke and unable to afford the

coat.

Stella's expression tensed a little. Then, she frowned.

She did not check the tag price earlier, and there was no need to check anymore.

Many luxury stores would evaluate their customer's spending power, but they would not directly judge them this way. It was humiliating to the customers.

Besides...

Stella glanced at Guinevere.

Guinevere happened to be looking at her too.

Stella smiled and glanced casually at the price tag on the trench coat's sleeve. "I've seen the tag price... I'll try this."

Her original plan was to buy an item and use the card. She did not want more trouble.

Since Guinevere insisted on annoying her, she should take the chance to make her upset too.

The saleslady was stunned to hear her quick answer and felt like she might have offended someone important." Okay, I'll get my colleague to help you..."

The other saleslady was good at reading the room too. After all, they were in the service industry. It was impossible to really ignore Stella in the shop.

Seeing that she might buy the coat, another saleslady hurried to her and served her with a smile. "I'm really sorry for earlier. I'll get your size now. May I know your usual size? Do you like it loose or fitting..."

Stella did not mind her earlier attitude and casually quoted a size. Then, the saleslady turned around and went to the storage room.

Stella glanced at Guinevere and went straight into the fitting room.

Guinevere refused to give up and picked out a dress too.

She suddenly stopped before she entered the fitting room. Then, she looked at the saleslady and whispered

something in her ear.

The saleslady's face changed at once.

Meanwhile, in the fitting room.

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Stella removed her jacket, then took the trench coat and a matching white shirt from the saleslady.

She wore a turtleneck sweater inside, but it did not match the coat well. Therefore, the saleslady got her a matching shirt to try on. However, she did not expect the size of the shirt to be a little smaller. It fit well except around her chest, which felt a little tight.

Stella glanced down and pursed her lips. She had been wearing this size, but this time... it seemed like she had grown a little.

She wondered if it was because of Weston. She could not button the part on her chest because it was a bit tight.

She wanted to ask the saleslady to get another size for her. Then, there was a sudden knock on the door.

“Excuse me, ma’am! Are you done?”

Stella frowned. After a short moment, she said, “The white shirt is a bit small. Can you get me a bigger size?”

When the saleslady heard that, she recalled Guinevere’s reminder earlier. Her expression turned ugly, and she

barged into the fitting room directly. “I’m sorry, but there’s no bigger size. You can try at another store!”

Earlier, she had thought Stella could afford the clothes here. She did not expect her to be the kind of person who would take photos in the fitting room and get the imitation product online!

If the lady hadn’t told her that Stella had done this in several stores, she would have served her well.

Stella did not expect such a sudden change in her attitude. She said with a frown, “I’m still changing. Can you go out first?”

“I’m sorry. We don’t have your size! Please try at another store!”

The saleslady insisted and repeated herself. Then, she reached out to grab the long trench coat from her and even tried to remove her white shirt.

Stella avoided her hand in annoyance. “Is this your store’s service attitude? Can you touch the customer’s body as you like?”

The saleslady was already impatient enough and wanted to serve Guinevere only. When she heard Stella's question, she glared at her and said in disdain, "I'm

sorry, miss! I hope you understand your position! We're a high-end shop! We only serve those who can afford the clothes here! You're not in our customer group!"

She was no longer implying her dislike for Stella. She was mocking her directly and looking down on her. It was as if

she owned the store.

Stella was not someone who liked to have a head-on conflict with others. Even so, she understood others would only take advantage of her if she continued to endure the mistreatment.

She did not bother looking at this person in front of her and walked to another saleslady. "What's your complaint number here?"

Her tone was so cold that even the group of actresses waiting outside looked over. They all recognized her, but none stepped forward to help.

They were clever. After working with the cast for so long, they could tell that Guinevere disliked Stella. They were kind enough not to join in on hurting her.

When the saleslady heard that Stella wanted to complain about the service, she faltered and did not tell her the phone number. She said vaguely, "It's no use complaining to us... Besides, our service has been good.

You're just not the right customer group we aim to serve Let's not waste each other's time."

This saleslady was not as arrogant as the other saleslady before, but she was the same kind of person.

Stella took a deep breath. "Are you sure you won't tell me the complaint number?"

This saleslady still had some concerns. She did not want to receive any complaints . When she saw the saleslady earlier come out of the fitting room, she hurriedly cast her glance for help

Guinevere had already exposed her as someone who would only try and not buy genuine goods. Instead, she would buy imitation clothes online. Why was she so stubborn and even wanted to complain about them!

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Chapter 608

Seeing that things were not going to end well, the saleslady earlier eased her tone. "Miss, you may have misunderstood. We didn't mean anything. Didn't you say the shirt is a little small? Our clothes are all custom sizes. Besides, you don't look like you're buying it. If you continue trying but in the end come up with reasons to not buy, wouldn't it waste both our time?"

The only thing she didn't say out loud was that she felt Stella was the kind of person who would try all sorts of clothes but not buy them.

Stella frowned and pointed to the coat behind her. "I'll just take the long trench coat in camel color. Wrap it up."

The air froze after she had finished her sentence.

The salesladies did not move and exchanged glances.

Stella looked at the two salesladies in front of her. "Is it hard to understand what I said?"

At the same time, someone pushed open the door of another fitting room. Guinevere came out of the fitting room and said, "Since she wants it, why not let her buy

She said, smiling, "She's an actress with our crew. Maybe she's financially capable ... It's just five-figure clothes. She might be able to afford it."

She looked like she was trying to help Stella, but she was trying to intimidate her with the price.

Stella turned around and glanced at her. Her lips twitched a little.

Before she said more, another saleslady hurriedly said, "Sorry, miss. We really don't have a size larger here. Our store is a store for high-end and custom-made goods. We only have one piece of each. You should reconsider."

"I said, wrap it up." Stella cut her off and took out a card from her bag. She put the card on the counter. "Also, give me your complaint number."

Guinevere was just watching the show at first, but she began to change her mind after seeing Stella's card. Her expression turned ugly.

Everyone else in the store also shut up and stared at the card Stella had just taken out.

Many people present were quite knowledgeable. The actresses in the crew and the staff in the luxury store naturally recognized the kind of credit card only rich

people would use.

A card like this had no upper limit. Those who used it were super wealthy. It was impossible to get this kind of card unless one was extremely rich.

Among those in Ahn City, Guinevere's fiance was one of them with such a status.

No one expected Stella's background to be so strong. She was comparable to Guinevere. Everyone gasped and knew they had offended her.

"I'm really sorry... I'm sorry... It's all a misunderstanding. We'll wrap it up for you now! Is there any other style you like?"

Their attitude changed completely.

Stella did not want to waste more time with them. She only told them to wrap the long trench coat.

Guinevere's expression turned extremely ugly as she clenched her fists in anger.

Everyone else recognized that the card was unusual, including her. Guinevere was sure that the card could only be Weston's. She had thought Weston was just treating Ella as a replacement. She had known he might spoil her, but she had never thought he would give his

supplementary card to her.

She took a deep breath and glared at Stella fiercely, wanting to tear her to pieces.

Guinevere had never asked Weston for money. She felt she was different from those stupid women who were proud of their husband's wealth, so she had never asked for a single penny from him.

She did not expect Weston to give Stella his supplementary card!

The two salesladies suddenly became very attentive and served her well. The way they looked at Stella had changed, and their arrogance earlier was gone completely. Instead, they put on a more pleasing and flattering smile than when they had served Guinevere earlier.

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"I'm really sorry, Miss. It was all just a misunderstanding . Do you need anything else? Do you need tea or any drinks?"

Stella felt uncomfortable with the salesladies' big change in attitude.

She frowned and declined. "No, thanks."

As expected, people would simply change because of influence and bend for power. Sometimes, life was just so absurd.

"Wrap this coat for me. Also, I need your complaint number." Stella insisted.

The saleslady looked embarrassed but did not dare to say anything. She just kept apologizing. "I'm so sorry... We'll apologize sincerely!"

These people simply ignored Guinevere and left her aside. The group of actresses also started whispering to each other.

"Didn't she say Ella got her resources because of the director? Why does it seem like it's not just the director..."

"She's just a newcomer, but she got such a big role for a debut film. Maybe she's from a powerful family."

"Yeah. If she were just an ordinary girl, she wouldn't have been able to get close to the director at all."

"Is it possible that Ella is a lady from a rich family herself?"

Those who had thought Stella had gotten her role from connections saw a trace of suspicion and fear rising in each other's eyes.

What if Stella was really some wealthy lady who had come to experience life? That meant they had offended her, right? Besides, they had never offered her any help either

Guinevere clenched her teeth in anger. She could not allow these people to change their attitudes toward Stella so easily. She glanced at the black card with cold eyes. "I didn't expect you to have this card."

Guinevere calmed down and chuckled. She leaned on the counter and took off her sunglasses. "I only know of a person who has this card in the entire Ahn City... I happen to know him, so I'm wondering... Where did you get your card from?"

The shop fell into a dead silence after Guinevere's words fell. No one spoke for a moment, and everyone looked at Guinevere in a daze.

The saleslady's expression kept changing. She seemed surprised to see Guinevere's face behind the sunglasses !

They heard about a film crew that was filming nearby. They knew some celebrities would come to the mall and shop. They might occasionally meet them by chance, but they had never thought they would be so lucky to meet Guinevere in person!

Everyone believed in her words because of her status.

Earlier, Guinevere had claimed that Stella looked around in other stores and only bought imitation goods online. Maybe the card was a fake too...

As the saleslady thought of that, she returned to her senses and looked at Stella with strange eyes.

She had panicked when she saw the card earlier. Once she had calmed down, she felt that something was strange.

It was indeed rare to see such a card. Only a few people in Ahn City had them.

Besides, the card was obviously specially made. Guinevere

claimed she knew someone who had the card. From the tone of her voice, it was obviously not the woman in front of her...

There was a good chance that Ella did not own the card. Therefore, the reason that she had the card became intriguing

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The saleslady's mouth twitched. She looked at her with doubts. However, after the lesson earlier, she did not act first but pushed the POS machine to Stella.

"In that case, please swipe the card first and enter the PIN!"

Stella hesitated for a short moment. Then, she entered a series of numbers without changing her face.

The POS machine beeped. "Incorrect PIN."

Guinevere immediately smiled in relief. She relaxed and comforted herself. She was too worked up and had thought Weston had given the card to Ella. Maybe Ella had just taken the card without him knowing.

She should not have doubted Weston.

The saleslady's face turned a little ugly seeing that. She fixed her eyes at Stella for a short while and said, "Sorry, the PIN is incorrect."

At first, they had only looked down on her because they had thought she would keep trying on clothes and buy fake imitations instead of genuine goods. However, after

knowing that she had secretly taken someone else's card and the fact that the card might be fake ... The nature of the two scenarios was very different.

"Miss, the PIN is wrong. Please try again."

Stella frowned and entered a chain of numbers again. However, it was still wrong.

The saleslady took a breath and looked at Stella with a complicated expression. "If you enter the PIN wrong too many times, the bank might freeze the card... Miss, are you sure this card is yours?"

Stella seemed like she had not expected her to ask such a question. She looked up at her. "This card is mine. What do you mean by your question?"

"I didn't mean anything. If this is your card, you should know the PIN, right?"

"I forgot!" Stella frowned and looked at her impatiently. "Are you suspecting that this card is not mine?"

She asked straightforwardly, so the saleslady also stopped beating around the bush.

The saleslady was very confident because of Guinevere's claims, "Miss, I'm so sorry. The owner of the card has to swipe the card in person. If you're using someone else's card, you might not be able to make a purchase..."

"I said this card is mine!" Stella raised her voice in displeasure.

"Then why can't you get the PIN right?"

"I said I forgot!" 1

Guinevere sneered beside her and walked to the cashier. "Wrap this up for me."

"Okay, Miss."

The actresses around were watching Stella's misery. No one came forward to help her out.

Stella frowned with an irritable and restless face. Her expression kept changing, so others thought she was a credit card thief.

When Guinevere looked at her reaction, she was sure that she must have secretly taken the card from Weston.

Unexpectedly, she heard Stella say in the next second, "Let me try again."

"Miss, I advise you not to test your luck. You've entered the wrong PIN twice..."

Before she could finish speaking, Stella quickly punched in the numbers. This time, the correct PIN prompt could be heard.

The air in the store froze.

Stella arched her brows. Her expression was completely different from her restless look earlier. She looked at Guinevere provocatively. "Ah, I think I got it right this time."

The smile on Guinevere's had not faded and went stiff. She seemed to have realized something and looked at Stella in disbelief.