

Surprised 1941

Chapter 1941: Spencer's Caution

Adelaide calmly considered the situation and said to her, "Let's remain calm for now and refrain from taking any action. Let's observe for the time being."

Angel remained silent, concerned about her position as the leading lady.

Seeing Angel's worry, Adelaide reassured her, "There's no reason to replace you now. Your performance today impressed the director and producer. Summer is simply a newcomer, don't think Spencer supporting her with a few words poses a threat to you."

She then added, "Spencer might not be supporting her, but rather Mr. Marsh." With this assurance, Angel felt less anxious and gradually regained her confidence. There was no need to feel pressured in front of Summer, no matter how beautiful she may be. She was not a goddess!

In the hall, the reporters had already dispersed with Spencer, eager to dig up more news from him, as he was the key to generating traffic.

"Let's go as well," Elisa said as she linked arms with Summer and looked at her.

The girl snapped out of her thoughts, smiled, and replied, "Okay."

They walked out, and unexpectedly Spencer had resolved everything for her, something she hadn't anticipated. Outside the hall, they noticed several reporters blocking Spencer's car, holding microphones for an interview.

"Spencer, Summer is just a new actress, as a movie emperor, are you showing special favor to her? Do you have feelings for her?"

"Spencer, will she be your next girlfriend?" "Spencer, are you single now?"

Spencer had no intention of discussing matters of the heart or his past relationships, and any topic related to Summer would prick him.

Accidentally, Spencer's gaze shifted and caught sight of the two girls coming out of the hall.

Summer also looked straight at him, about seven to eight meters away. Their eyes met, and she had heard the reporters' questions.

Quickly diverting his gaze, Spencer faced the reporters and patiently replied, "I'm only doing what is just, devoid of any emotions."

He then opened the car door, swiftly got in, and chose not to respond to any further questions from the reporters.

Andrew followed suit, addressing the reporters, "Sorry, but Spencer doesn't like to entertain such boring questions. Please refrain from asking in the future."

With that, he closed the car door, and shortly after, the car drove off. Summer found it hard to imagine that he was a man who changed partners as easily as changing clothes in relationships.

Based on their interactions today, discussing the script together, him speaking on her behalf in front of the director, and helping her handle the tricky questions from the journalists, he was completely different from the person she had seen online.

Was there possibly two souls inhabiting the same body?

In the departing Maybach, Spencer peered out at the sky through the car window, the sunset looked beautiful today. His thoughts involuntarily drifted back to that summer many years ago.

On the vibrant school campus, he jogged with her along the paths, discussing dreams and the future together. .

Her smile was so sweet, so beautiful, and her eyes were captivating Witt' thejplight enbet 'hue, as if there was a vortex within them. .

There was a faint fragrance emanating from her, and he curiously asked, "Summer, what brand of perfume are you wearing?" "I'm not wearing any perfume."

"But I can smell a subtle fragrance coming from you," Spencer earnestly remarked.

Summer reiterated that she truly wasn't wearing any perfume.

It wasn't until many years later that Spencer stumbled upon a st loa the news syagastingthar if'you truly lves eone, you can smell a distinctive scent emanating from them. .

Chapter 1942: Summer's Impression of Spencer Changes

Since that time, this girl had become a part of his life, giving him unprecedented warmth. He loved her deeply, more than anything else.

Having lacked the companionship of parents since childhood, Spencer grew up deprived of love. No one had taught him how to love, how to make others feel safe, or how to cherish. But whose youth comes without scars?

Fortunately, fate smiled upon him, allowing him to meet Summer again... So this time, Spencer would never give up on her no matter what.

Thinking back to when she had been in a car accident, lying unconscious in the hospital for a long time, he couldn't forgive himself for not being by her side during her most difficult moments.

In another car, Summer was driving with Elisa in the passenger seat. Feeling sorry, Elisa looked at the girl driving and said, "Summer, starting tomorrow, let me drive you home after work?"

"What's the big deal?" Summer glanced at her while driving and smiled, "Don't be so polite, | consider you a sister."

Hearing this, Elisa felt warm inside. She couldn't help but recall the time in her senior year when she had just met Summer. Summer had said the same thing to her: 'What's the big deal? | consider you a sister.'

Watching her, Elisa thought, perhaps this is fate. Those meant to meet will reunite in some way in a vast sea of people. She and Summer were like that, and so were Spencer and Summer.

"| never imagined Spencer had such a sense of justice," Summer initiated the conversation, chuckling, "| always thought he was a playboy without much sense of responsibility, probably always late for filming, and would leave as soon as it's done without caring about anything."

"It could also be related to protecting his brother's reputation." Elisa replied, "Maybe he's just being protective." Elisa had to ensure that Summer didn't notice anything from how Spencer carefully handled the interview near the car. "Yes," Summer nodded, "But even if it's for his brother, he did help me out of a bind. I'm quite thankful to him for that."

Observing her expression, Elisa noticed that despite Summer's beauty having a cold and distant aura, she was an exceptionally strong and intelligent girl. Her beauty also held a hint of determination.

"But if you keep your gratitude to yourself, the other person wouldn't even know," Elisa suggested. "I think it would be better to thank him properly if you run into him tomorrow."

"| see. Perhaps befriending him could stabilize your position on the set," Elisa added, "I think he has quite a say in front of the director. If you become friends, it might benefit you in the future."

This reminded Summer of what Sophia Violet had said that day, mM making her thi {Aad oresdgain sommakirid fiends with Spencer wouldn't be such a bad idea; it might even help put Angel in his place. .

"Alright," Summer agreed, "I'll see if there's a suitable moment tomorrow."

In the evening, after showering, Summer sat in her room with lights on studying *tiGeerint* and *thigh tes* with a highlighter, completely engrossed. .

She not only noted down all the lines but also read through the entire story, delving deep into the fate of *Sach chataet r*. Summer found herself increasingly drawn to the character of Zoe. .

She hesitated before finally asking for and dialing the phone number of the original author, Claire.

Chapter 1943: Tristan's Prepared Surprise

On the other end of the phone, Summer greeted with a smile, her voice light and gentle, "Hello, may I ask if you are Claire, the author of 'Noodle Couple'?"

"Yes, and who might you be?" Claire responded. "Hello, I'm Summer, the actress playing Zoe in our drama that started shooting today." "Hello, hello." Claire felt surprised and happy to receive a call from an actress, sensing an inexplicable familiarity.

"I am a newcomer to acting, but I've always had a dream of performing, and I cherish this opportunity to work on this play. I really like the character Zoe, but I want to portray her essence and do better. So, I thought of discussing Zoe with you, if you have the time."

"I do, I do." Claire was willing to talk about the character with her. Summer loved Zoe, and Claire also had a special affection for the character. Despite not being the protagonist, Zoe had a distinct and vivid personality.

Thus, these two strangers, brought together by the allure of Zoe, conversed as if they had known each other for ages, chatting without any barriers...

Claire was a person of great compassion, and every character she created felt like her own flesh and blood. And Summer was eager to embody the soul of this character... So the conversation went on joyfully, with two girls who had never met, chatting for a whole hour.

The intelligent Summer grasped the message the character needed to convey even more, of resilience, kindness, and unwavering love.

Claire was kind, and she encouraged Summer a lot. Though not having met her, she felt that Summer was a person with a passionate heart.

That night, Summer stayed up late, studying the script after the call, not wanting to lag behind in the production of the play, striving for perfection.

She felt a bit pressured, but she was also working very hard. At night, a car parked in the yard in front of a villa. Tristan and Monica got out of the car, hand in hand, and walked into the living room.

It had been another wonderful and fulfilling day. They had gone rock climbing together, tried new things, and discovered their courage.

They had taken the old-fashioned green train to the neighboring ancient town, strolled hand in hand along the cobblestone steps in the town, tasted local snacks, watched a grand live performance, and visited a waterfall hanging on a cliff...

They went to an orchard, picked ripe fruits, and later gave them to Algerone and Belinda when they returned to the city... They went horseback riding together, chased the sunset together...

After taking a bath, they changed into couple pajamas and went to the study.

Monica, as usual, sat on Tristan's lap.

In front of them was an open computer. The wedding plans were almost finalized, with a dreamy visual design and attention to detail being perfected.

They would discuss and plan together and often think of the same ideas. In the commemorative book of 100 things they needed to complete, the dates were filling up, and thumbprints were multiplying... It was almost bursting at the seams.

"I'm a bit tired." A feeling of exhaustion swept over Monica as she turned and hugged his neck, "I think the wedding plan is already very good."

Tristan held her hand, glanced out the window, and saw the moonlight pouring down.

Monica stood up, "Good night, you should rest early too," getting ready to leave. He stood up and gently turned her shoulder, "Let me take you to the roof to catch some fresh air."

"I don't want to go. I'm really tired today," the girl's voice. Spence must have climbed ten thousand steps in that ancient town."

But Tristan held her shoulder, gazing deeply into her eyes, "It won't take long, just a moment." Why was he so insistent?

No matter what in the past, he had

always followed her

So... did he have something to tell her tonight? "Alright then," Monica agreed, feeling a bit curious, wanting to know what he had in store. And so, Tristan led her out, up the stairs to the rooftop.

The warm yellow ambient lights flickered, and pots of different varieties were in bloom. The rhododendrons shone brightly, the wind swaying the flowers in its embrace.

This must be a carefully maintained courtyard scene.

Tristan knelt on one knee, took out a small box, and presented a ring from inside...

Chapter 1944: Good Morning

Monica looked down at him in astonishment, still unable to recover from the shock. "... He was proposing?"

Tristan raised his gaze, holding a ring in one hand and clasping her hand with the other, his eyes full of tenderness. "Monica, marry me! Let the moon bear witness, | will give you the happiness you desire, | will be a qualified husband."

Facing the man's deep gaze and sincere eyes, Monica's eyes couldn't help but moisten.

She had imagined countless proposal scenes, but today's situation was something she had not anticipated... Sometimes grandeur is not necessary, it is the unexpected surprises that touch us the most.

Happily, the girl reached out and covered her lips, and Tristan carefully and gently placed the ring on her finger. Then he stood up, pulling her tightly into his arms.

Tristan loved her very, very much...

Monica was also very moved and a bit impatient about marrying him.

As the night grew deeper...

Morning came.

In the dressing room of the crew, Spencer, as usual, arrived early, still causing whispers among the others- "Is Spencer planning to come this early every day from now on?"

"He doesn't have scenes until the afternoon today, why come so early?"

"Have you noticed how much more handsome Spencer looks every day?"

"It's Spencer! A wonderful day begins! Seeing him makes me so excited."

Downstairs, Elisa held her phone, standing at the door waiting, and soon Summer's car came into view.

As the car stopped and the door opened, Elisa took a step forward, "Summer, good morning!"

"Good morning." Summer got out of the car. "Have you been waiting long?"

"Not really, I just got here too." Elisa looked at her face and couldn't help but worry, "Did you not sleep well last night? Why do you have such dark circles under your eyes?"

Summer touched her eyes, "It's fine." "Did you stay up late last night?"

"Yeah." Summer stepped inside, happily telling her, "I was researching the script all night, even called felt really productive."

"Go upstairs quickly, you really need to cover up those dark circles, otherwise it'll look like you have panda eyes in the photos." "Is it that bad?" "A little bit, well, I could tell right away that you didn't sleep well last night, but you're still looking okay."

As they walked, Summer glanced back and smiled, "Maybe you're just too concerned about me."

The two of them chatted as they entered the elevator together. Summer felt a sense of familiarity with Elisa, even though they had just met. Upstairs.

Spencer appeared in the corridor with a cup of coffee, walking toward the resing area) abi off a suave and unique charm. .

Summer and Elisa came out of the elevator and just turned to the right when they saw Spencer approaching. Everyone saw each other, and Spencer felt happy inside, stopping a short distance away from each other.

"Good morning." Summer's lips curved up slightly. of gratitude for yesterday's events. .

Spencer had been waiting for her, so seeing her now made it quite it) spine remained calm.

"I'll go to the restroom first." With that, Elisa quickly slipped away. Leaving Summer feeling a bit awkward for some reason, did she need to leave at this moment?

Spencer's gaze remained on the girl's bare face, but even without makeup, she looked beautiful.

Chapter 1945: Spencer Takes the Initiative

"Did you not sleep well last night?" Spencer gently and caringly inquired.

The girl wondered if her dark circles were truly noticeable. Feeling slightly embarrassed by his question, she replied with a faint smile, "I'm fine."

Remembering Elisa's words from the previous day, Summer felt it was the perfect time to express her gratitude. She looked into his eyes and earnestly said, "Thank you for yesterday."

"Which part are you referring to?" Spencer seemed interested in engaging with her, holding a coffee cup and wearing a slightly playful expression, feigning forgetfulness like a nobleman, his deep gaze fixed on the girl's face.

By continuing the conversation, he prolonged their time alone together. Summer pondered for a moment.

He gently reminded her, "We went over the script yesterday, discussed your role, I spoke up for you in front of the director, and helped diffuse the situation with the reporters. So, Miss Summer, which part are you thanking me for?"

In just one day, Summer owed him so many favors, making her feel quite embarrassed.

"The most important thing is you defusing the situation with the reporters. Without you, today's news... would probably be unsightly, right?" Her tone conveyed a mix of relief and resignation.

Upon waking up that morning, her first task was to check the news. Seeing no reports of any scandal with Mr. Marsh, she let out a long sigh of relief. Otherwise, stepping out today would have exposed her to rotten eggs. Spencer understood the gravity of the situation.

Meeting her gaze, he nodded, "Yes, but is a simple 'thank you' all you have to offer?" Huh? The girl was slightly taken aback, seeing a hint of a smile in his eyes.

Spencer thought for a moment before suggesting, "How about you treat me and my agent to dinner? Just the three of us, shouldn't be too costly."

"Sure, of course." Summer quickly replied, reluctant to refuse and feeling it was appropriate to treat him for such a great favor. Hence, she promptly agreed, "I'll bring my agent along as well."

Spencer nodded, "Let's make it tonight, I'll send you a text." Taking a sip of his coffee, he took out his phone.

"I'll send you the address shortly."

"Alright." They swiftly exchanged numbers, and he walked past her towards the lounge.

Why did he call out to Andrew?

To prevent Summer from feeling pressured, ensuring she didn't misconstrue his invitation as a personal favor knowing that despite her amnesia, her ingrained manners remained intact. He knew she wasn't the type to casually agree to a one-on-one outing with a guy. .

Today, Summer had minimal scenes and dialogue, even more free time to study the script, analyzing gaps and researching the novel. She worked harder than anyone on set. .

Angel remained particularly low-key today, fearing Spencer's agent hadn't slept well last night even after experiencing a nightmare. Despite her aversion to Summer, she cooperated well today as Spencer watched nearby. .

Even if she wanted to make things difficult for Summer, the current plot didn't offer a suitable opportunity.

"Troublesome." Elisa stood beside Andrew, glancing at him, "Summer invited Spencer to dinner, why did she involve us? | thought she would invite him alone."

"Let's play it by ear. Words are static, but we are adaptable." Andrew crossed his arms, smiling as if he had already devised a plan, "We'll slip away together later."

Chapter 1946: The Wedding Date Approaches

In the afternoon, in the luxurious, comfortable, spacious, and quiet private lounge arranged for the lead actor, Spencer reclined on the sofa. He wasn't playing any games, and in front of him was the latte that Andrew had brought, a coffee he usually enjoyed, but today he had no mood for it. There was also a script of "Noodle Couple" on the side table, but he had no desire to read it. Holding his phone, he stared at the screen, flipping through Summer's posts.

It felt like entering a new land, carefully reading through every post, trying to understand her feelings when she posted them. This was a domain he could never reach before. Although her updates were sparse, each one was read carefully by him. Whether it was an emoji, a few words, or a picture... they all made the corners of his lips curl up.

He used to miss her and could only sneak a peek at her social media account, but she had been inactive for a long time. Only about five updates in a month. Unknowingly, he scrolled back to four years ago...

Suddenly, a text message popped up, a dinner invitation from Summer. Spencer stared at the name, a hint of a smile tugged at the corner of his lips. Since he got her number, he had been waiting for her message. Now, he finally got it, and he felt like a child with pure joy.

Staring at the message for a long time, he replied with just two words: "OK." His mood was ecstatic and excited, as if this was a date for just the two of them.

Not long after, it was Summer's turn to film on set. She prepared herself before stepping onto the stage, with Elisa nervously waiting by her side, cheering her on, "Go, Summer, you're the best!"

At the director's command, all crew members were ready, and the scene began. Back in the lounge, Andrew entered from the door. "Spencer, do you want to go out and watch? Miss Summer is filming."

Spencer gazed at the lovely and delicate selfie on his phone, a hint of indulgent smile on his lips. "No need." After all, he would be having dinner with her soon.

Although Andrew didn't understand why, he nodded and said, "Join me for dinner later." Spencer looked up at him, "Figure it out by yourself how to do it."

"..." After three seconds, Andrew nodded in response. It truly was a test of acting skills to accompany him and find a chance to leave without anyone noticing. Andrew felt like he could debut after three months of mixing around here.

The weather had been wonderful in the past few days, sunny and pleasant. A warm and romantic beach wedding with the hustle and bustle of the city, in a lush coconut grove, with the blue sky and white clouds above, the vast sea in the distance, and the golden sand beneath their feet... The crew members were busy in an orderly manner. .

The theme of this wedding was "Encounter." White guest chairs, pink drapes and balloons, an arch decorated with a light blue carpet... Oversized bridal photos were visible everywhere. The groom was handsome and composed, and the bride was beautiful and playful, truly a match made in heaven. .

In Arkpool City's largest bridal store, brightly lit with crystal chandeliers emitting a dazzling glow, Jennie and Belinda, accompanied by Monica, who had finished trying on the wedding gowns. All three gowns were custom-made, and Monica tried them all on, choosing the most fitted and favorite one to wear on her wedding day. .

As she put on the final gown, coupled with her princess-like aura, Monica looked stunning. Her skin was already fair, and with the purity of the wedding gown, she seemed to glow.

Chapter 1947: Spencer's Date

The bridal photoshoot with Tristan was reminiscent of Belinda and Algerone's wedding, capturing the stunning couple in all their glory. Their undeniable beauty shone through every frame, much like the previous royal wedding photoshoot in Lu Layeka that garnered widespread acclaim.

"Such a beautiful sight," Jennifer, helping Monica adjust her veil, complimented with a smile, "Your figure is truly exquisite."

"Thank you," Monica's voice sweetened with gratitude, her heart overflowing with warmth. The wedding day drawing closer, she was finally to marry her beloved Tristan...

With a smile, Monica gazed at her reflection in the mirror, delicately lifting the hem of her gown. Beside her, Belinda beamed with happiness, her heart filled with countless emotions.

"Are these the shoes to complement the ensemble?" Katherine, resplendent in her attire, emerged from behind a door, holding a pair of crystal heels with a smile of good wishes on her face.

Everyone turned towards her as Jennifer replied, "Yes, they are crafted by the same designer."

"No wonder they look so exquisite, a true testament to your taste," Katherine joyfully placed the shoes before Monica, "Come, let's adorn our princess with them! You'll look even more beautiful."

Assisted by Jennifer and with Belinda's support, Monica slipped into the crystal shoes. "Thank you, mothers," a grateful and tender Monica expressed, her heart brimming with emotion.

Both mothers raised their gaze, smiling at their beautiful daughter in unison, "You're welcome!" before returning their focus to aiding her.

As Katherine helped Monica with her shoes, she mentioned, "Your father will be boarding a plane soon, as he just messaged me about some royal matters that require his attention."

"Mhmm," Monica shared, "My brother and sister-in-law are in Bali and are preparing to return as well. They mentioned booking today's flight."

"Look at all these relatives personally witnessing your moment of happiness," Jennifer linked arms with Monica, "You and my brother will surely find immense joy together."

"Monica." Algerone approached from afar, his daughter, clothed in a bridal gown, radiant as a beam of light, "You must be happy, may you both grow old together in happiness!"

Looking up at him, Monica softly replied, "Thank you, Algerone! | wish you endless bliss!"

"Monica, you will be the most beautiful bride tomorrow," Jennifer, helping her adjust her shoes, grabbed her camera hanging around her neck, "Let me capture a few photos of you both.?"

"Yes, yes, please do. Tomorrow will be quite hectic," Belinda exclaimed eagerly.

The group gathered around Monica, beaming with happiness and creating lasting memories in front of the camera. Today was merely a bridal trial, yet everyone was still overwhelmed with joy and excitement.

As preparations continued for the wedding... a romantic ceremony was on the horizon.

Another couple would soon walk down the aisle, having weathered numerous trials and carrying the blessings of all.

As dusk approached. The day of the "Noodle Couple" shoot had come to an end, and they began wrapping up, everything proceeding smoothly.

Spencer sat in the passenger seat, with Andrew at the wheel. T

headed to the diner Gestion provide y Summer, approximately a twenty-minute drive away. .

Glancing out the window, Spencer admired the beautiful sunset, the recent weather had been excellent.

His lips curled into a slight smile as he looked out at the SSIs Ose by. Tonight dinaentéitRe a RevrAnicmns date, and every minute of it was eagerly anticipated. .

Reflecting, he realized he had never taken Summer out for a meal back in high school...

Her strict upbringing and the school's regulations had kept them apach and that timeaha Was chug ess, failing to-even present her with a small gift.

Yet, that vague sense of yearning was the most beautiful and unforgettable experience of his life.

Chapter 1948: Summer'S Rapid Progress

In order to meet her, he had just brushed his teeth, changed into a clean shirt, and even polished his shoes... He was somewhat excited, a little nervous, and mostly thrilled.

Meanwhile, Andrew was pondering on how to make a smooth exit later. What would be the most opportune moment? Should they have dinner or not? Leave immediately after or stay for a bit? Would that raise suspicions? Summer was indeed a clever woman.

Spencer had not given clear instructions, only advising to act opportunistically. But what opportunity exactly? This was causing a lot of mental stress for Andrew, as he was not a born actor! Mr. Marsh, what kind of job had he arranged for him?

At that moment, Elisa and Summer had just set off. They were a bit behind schedule, having stopped to chat with the producer in the hallway.

Today, Elisa was driving with Summer in the passenger seat. Elisa was looking forward to this meeting happening so quickly, even faster than she had anticipated.

Later, they must find a way to give Andrew a chance to retreat! Allow time for Summer and Spencer, this pair of star-crossed lovers, to hopefully spark a flame of love without missing another opportunity.

"Summer, you showed great progress in today's shooting," remarked Elisa as she drove, glancing over at her. "| even heard the director praising you."

"Thank you," Summer smiled, "I also feel like | performed better during filming today. The lines didn't feel like pure memorization, and | was able to convey emotions more convincingly."

"Yes, we observers felt the same way."

"Perhaps the phone call to the novelist Claire last night was helpful," Summer recalled, "We seem to have a common friend named Zoe, through whom | was able to solidify this character and get to know Zoe better."

"She must be a very gentle girl, right?"

Summer nodded, "Yes, | looked her up. She married the king of Lu Layeka, the genius doctor Rowan. | believe she is a kind and fortunate girl."

Elisa began to imagine that beautiful scene, a young and beautiful woman becoming the queen. "With any luck, | really hope to meet her someday," Summer expressed.

"It should be possible, it's just a matter of timing," Elisa reassured her.

"Fingers crossed."

The car headed towards the agreed dinner location...

The sunset today was like a painting hanging in the sky, captivatingly beautiful that Summer couldn't resist taking a couple of photos with her phone.

On a plane from Bali to Arkpool City, Claire sat beside the window, leaning against Rowan' @inehsha

resting. gently on her abdomen, gazing softly at the sunset-tinged clouds outside, a blissful smile on her face... .

Rowan's handsome chin lightly rested on her soft, flowing hair a

held her hand, admigiaglthe Siew with Hen tHe Sey was truly stunning today, with dazzling light cascading onto the layers of clouds. .

They were returning to Arkpool City for Monica and Tristan's wedding. Since finding his sister, Rowan felt truly fulfilled in life... Arkpool City, an upscale and elegantly-designed restaurant, was bathed in the red glow of the sunset outside.

Spencer and Summer sat across from each other at different

Andrew b side Gosnidei and lisa beside ummer, facing each other. Their gazes occasionally met. .

The meal was plentiful, with all the dishes Summer had ordered already served. The server had set out four sets of utensils.

Elisa didn't feel like leaving at that moment, so she glanced at Andrew, silently signaling to wait a little longer.

Chapter 1949: Have We Met Before?

"Spencer, thank you," Summer smiled at the man sitting across from her, "and thank you for taking the time to have dinner together."

Spencer paused for a moment, "I'm actually not busy at all, and | should thank you for inviting us to dinner."

"No problem, it's the least I could do. This fish is a specialty dish, you should try it and see if it suits your taste," Summer said to him.

Spencer replied in a gentlemanly manner, "Having dinner with Miss Summer makes any meal delicious."

Her cheeks flushed at his words, was she being flirted with? And with that irresistibly attractive face, no wonder so many girls wanted to be close to him.

"Let's eat before it gets cold," Spencer picked up his chopsticks, "I heard you did very well today, with both scenes done in one take."

"I spoke with the original author last night to better understand this character," Summer replied.

Spencer was slightly surprised, then praised, "Well done, that kind of dedication is worth emulating."

As they ate and discussed the script, the direction of the plot, and the overall conclusion, all four of them had something to say. Without realizing it, ten minutes had passed...

Elisa suddenly remembered something and set down her chopsticks to take out her phone, "I'm sorry, I need to call my mom. My dad was hospitalized today, I need to check on him, I almost forgot..." apologizing, she stood up and left, "Please continue eating, don't wait for me."

About three minutes later, Andrew's phone rang.

He glanced at it, seeing it was Elisa calling. Subconsciously, he silenced his phone, "Mr. Marsh is calling, I need to take this," he said, also getting up and leaving.

And just like that, the two of them seized the moment and left the dining table, leaving only Spencer and Summer.

At that moment, Angel entered wearing a black waist-cinched dress and carrying a limited edition Gucci bag. She was accompanied by a director in his fifties, walking closely together.

As they entered, they immediately spotted Spencer and Summer dining together.

The director hesitated for a moment, thinking of retreating, but Spencer happened to look up and caught his gaze briefly. The director thought to himself, it's just a dinner in public, no need to panic.

"What's the matter?" Angel asked curiously, following his gaze and seeing the two of them not far away.

First, a hint of guilt flashed in her eyes, then she thought she had underestimated Summer.

This woman actually wants to get close to Spencer! And she managed to invite Spencer out! Quite impressive!

Unaware of their presence as she had her back turned, Summer did not pay attention to irrelevant people.

"You've been to this restaurant before, haven't you?" Angel asked, starting a conversation while eating.

Summer shook her head, smiling, "I've been here once before." "No wonder you know the menu so well," Spencer remarked politely, "Miss Summer, are we friends?" After giving it some thought, Summer met his gaze, "Of course."

"I am honored to be friends with Miss

Summer," Spencer said.

Summer smiled quietly

in his heart.

Summer gazed at him, suddenly feeling a familiar sensation, a bit absent-minded, then asked, "Have we met before?"

Like a slow-motion scene from a movie, Spencer slowly lifted his eyes, and their gazes met...

Chapter 1950: Angel, are you looking for trouble?

"What's wrong? Miss Summer, do you feel a sense of familiarity towards me?" Spencer asked softly.

He suddenly felt a bit scared, scared that she hadn't fallen in love with him again. If she regained her memory, would she still leave decisively like before?

Spencer's charm had not yet been emitted in front of her, would she still dislike him like before? Summer smiled and shook her head, "No, | just feel... we're not that unfamiliar."

"Perhaps, we've met in a past life," Spencer jokingly said to her, "When souls recognize each other, there's a feeling of instant connection. That's why some people can become friends quickly, while others, even after three years, can't get close."

Summer was amused by him. Not far away, Angel and the director sat down, both feeling uneasy.

Spencer was very perceptive. From the director's hesitation and attempt to turn back when entering, he could tell that their private relationship was not ordinary.

Why hasn't Elisa returned yet? Summer was starting to feel restless.

She felt that being alone with Spencer would be awkward... and she was worried about being photographed. It would be indefensible then.

So, Summer smiled slightly and said to him, "I'm going to the restroom." Then she got up and left.

Spencer leaned back in his chair, picked up his cup, and casually looked at the girl's figure. It was fine not to look, but once he did, he noticed that Angel also got up and followed Summer.

Spencer's gaze darkened slightly. He put down his cup, got up, and followed her. He wanted to protect his Summer!

As for Angel, in her high heels, she crossed her arms and glared at Summer's back, following her steps without noticing the person behind her.

"Summer." At the sink, Summer stopped at the sound and turned around, only to see Angel standing arrogantly behind her.

Meanwhile, Spencer turned around to conceal himself, but he pricked up his ears, his face showing a serious expression listening for any movement inside.

Summer had not expected Angel to be here. A flicker of surprise passed through her amber eyes.

Angel stood straight with a cold snort and directly mocked, "You couldn't hold onto Mr. Marsh's thigh, so you decided to cling to Spencer's?"

Had she seen herself dining with Spencer?

"You don't have to be so harsh." Summer furrowed her eyebrows slightly, her gentle tone hinting at determination, "Don't think | don't know about the things you've done."

Angel looked indifferent. After all, she was now together with the director, what did she have to fear?

"Sophia Violet told me everything before leaving." Summer star

her, "I do 'understand Why a an Ansa ar, a senior, you would go to such lengths against a newcomer like me." .

Upon hearing this, Angel's expression slightly changed. She already knew?

"Did you spread the rumors too?" Summer's voice was not loud, but the displeasure and determination in her eyes intimidated the other party.

Angel fell silent...

Outside, Spencer's expression changed in an instant. Leaning against the wall with his eyes quite hidden, his face darkened, and his lips curled evilly. He listened intently for any movement inside. .

"There are some things I don't need to spell out. You know what you've done, what you're thinking, you know how I feel. Was not easily

done with, she said to her, "There's nothing shady between me and Spencer, I don't need to cling to anyone's thigh, because I'm not like you!" .

"You..." Angel was enraged, "You're looking for trouble!" She raised her hand to slap her.

But Summer quickly grabbed the raised hand, "Angel, I won't provoke you, I hope you won't provoke me either, otherwise no one will have a good day ahead!"

Spencer's chest tightened, his lips pressed tightly together, and his eyes were filled with anger in an instant. Angel, are you looking for trouble?