

Surprised 1951

Chapter 1951: Caught

The eyes of the two women exuded a sense of determination, but in Summer's gaze, there was a hint of coldness.

"In the past, I endured time after time because I respected you as my senior, so I didn't expose you," Summer said. "But you shouldn't push it too far."

Angel struggled to free her wrist, surprised at her strength!

After a while, when Angel's arrogance visibly subsided, Summer released her hand. "Don't go around slapping people, it doesn't make you superior."

With that, Summer walked away, not wanting to get entangled any further. When Summer emerged, she didn't run into Spencer. Angel, standing in place, stared at her reddened wrist, amazed at Summer's unexpected strength!

Summer didn't even text Elisa. Her entire mood had been disrupted by Angel, hoping today's warning would have some effect on her.

Back at the table, Summer wore a smile, as if nothing had happened. Spencer, a gentleman, sat there sipping tea, seemingly oblivious.

There was no hint of turmoil on his face, but the words she had just spoken to Angel matched her character. Spencer was feeling more and more familiar with her, the old stubborn and determined Summer seemed to have returned. "Summer, what is your dream?" Spencer brought up the topic again, wanting to know more about her.

But inadvertently looking up, he saw reporters lurking nearby, cameras aimed at him and her.

Spencer was momentarily stunned, showing no emotional change.

He hadn't arranged for the reporters, but he didn't intervene, or even warn Summer.

"My dream changes with my mood. Do you find that childish?" Summer answered him.

"Not at all, I'm the same way."

Elisa and Andrew seemed to have disappeared, not coming in...

Spencer and Summer chatted for nearly an hour.

The topic Spencer initiated later revolved around the drama "Noodle Couple" and the scenes to be filmed tomorrow...

This way, she wouldn't feel awkward, like there was an ocean in front of her and he had turned on the tap, letting the water flow continuously.

It had to be said that Spencer was a master at conversation, never letting it falter. If it was a girl he liked, he put in the effort.

As for Angel, she came out claiming to feel unwell, informed the director individually, and left without letting Summer catch on to her relationship with the director or giving this woman any leverage.

When they came out, Elisa had already driven Summer's car away... and Andrew was nowhere to be seen, which puzzled her a bit.

"Let me take you home?" Spencer offered candidly, looking at the girl. "Where do you live?" Through their recent interactions, Summer's perception of this man had changed. So, letting him take her home wasn't something she resisted internally.

"It's fine, I'll just take a cab. You must still be busy, and I don't want

they tagimuch. hats the truth," — said. .

"We're friends. Do you think I'd let " take a cab home a Spe

softly as ed, stepping SRward to

dpdh fAe'p passenger door. "Hop in?" Then he smiled at her. "Don't be polite with me." .

Meeting his gaze, Summer felt a bit embarrassed to refuse, so she got into his car. "Thank you."

As Spencer helped her close the

door, he caught a glim ge ofthei') rshet RN following

Aone he didn't say anything.

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Instead, he quickly returned to the driver's seat, his face gentle as he asked, "Miss Summer, where do you live?"

Chapter 1952 - Taking Her Home

"Living in Eastbury, should I set up the navigation for you?" she said, taking out her phone, "It's not too far away." "I know where it is," Spencer replied.

Because a club buddy lived there, and two nights ago when he was drunk, it was Spencer who drove the kid home. Spencer asked, "Which entrance do you usually use to get closer?"

How many entrances did he know? It seems like he is very familiar with the place, doesn't really need navigation.

"The third corner," Summer glanced at him, "Although it's more convenient for me, but it's not easy to get in with a car, so just stop here."

"No problem," Spencer had an idea in his mind, so he inquired, "Did you buy a house there?"

"Yes," Summer wasn't guarded, as it wasn't a very private matter.

And Spencer didn't ask any further, he didn't show much interest in getting to know her along the way. Even though she was so close to him now, Spencer's love for her was so strong, almost uncontrollable. But true love is about restraint, it makes people cautious, sometimes even like a different person.

To avoid any embarrassment, he played a random song in the car -

"My appearance while waiting is not clear. Using my skin to feel the direction you are heading, you could actually take away the sunlight. I've mindlessly followed excessively."

"Like the wind, you approach until the clouds descend, you roll up thousands of layers of waves. | don't hide even though | rush in.... You're just like the wind, rustling when attacking, then announcing the return of clear skies, as if we never loved each other..."

Spencer felt it was quite fitting, but Summer might not understand.

As Spencer drove, he listened carefully to the lyrics, feeling a slight pain in his heart, wanting to look at her, yet afraid of being noticed.

As the sky grew dark, the bright moon shone in the sky, sprinkled with stars, the temperature gradually rising.

Summer looked at the night view of the city, the sparkling lights were hazy and beautiful, and she couldn't help but think of Angel again.

So, did Angel see her dining with Spencer? Will it end up in the hands of the journalists tomorrow? Summer was naive, even though she saw the director with her, she didn't think too much about it.

She thought it was just a simple discussion about the script, after all, she and Spencer had no relationship at all, just having a meal together.

Soon, Spencer drove the car into the front gate.

"How did you get in?" Summer was a bit surprised, why was she allowed in just now? She was thinking of greeting the security guard.

Spencer just gave her a light smile, "Where do you live?"

The girl quickly recovered, pointing forward with her hand, "Just stop there."

The car stopped steadily where she indicated, Spencer looked at her, "Goodnight, Summer."

The girl turned her head at the sound, gave him a slight smile, "Goodnight." Then she unfastened her seat belt, "Thank you for taking me home."

"Thank you for inviting me to dinner." He quickly replied, smiling. The girl said, "Then | thank you for helping me yesterday!"

"So, we're friends now, no need to thank each other any more." Spencer was happy to talk to her a little more. .

"Okay."

Summer got out of the car, and after closing the door, she bent down, waving to him through the window, 'EabaBhe seive safely back.' It was not a special concern, just politeness. .

Spencer smiled at her, then watched her walk towards the unit door. m Looking at the fargiljartigurési his rhamaty, H@leaned back in the seat, a beautiful curve appeared at the corner of his lips, his heart was as sweet as honey. .

He hadn't been this happy in a long, long time... genuinely happy, every cell in his body was jumping.

If the past self was like a walking shell, the current Spencer was completely alive.

Chapter 1953: Spencer Seems Persistently Persistent

In the car, Spencer took out his phone and dialed a number. "Weston, can you help me find out which floor a person named Summer lives on in Eastbury? Do you have a group chat?"

"Boss, are you near my place?" Weston, who was still at the club, asked curiously. Then he answered, "Summer lives right across from me. We've crossed paths before, she's quite beautiful. What's up? New target?"

"Shut up," Spencer rarely spoke seriously in front of that group of kids. "Okay, okay, I won't say anything." Weston was also witty. "Do you need something from her?" Spencer said to him, "Starting today, I'll be living here. Let's switch places."

"What?" Weston was baffled. "Boss, I just finished decorating this place, the wind hasn't even circulated properly yet. You know how tiny it is, why are you looking for trouble? Are you tired of living in a mansion?"

"Yes, tired of it. Stop talking." Spencer's tone was light. "My password is my birthday followed by two zeros. Feel free to use anything at home, but don't bring women back, got it?"

"..." Weston was shocked. "Boss, are you serious?" "When have I ever joked with you?" After saying that, Spencer hung up the phone. Spencer parked the car in the underground garage, then took the elevator up to Weston's floor, the 10th floor.

He already knew Weston's entry code; he had been there a few days ago, and Weston has always treated him like a big brother, the smartest and most obedient member of the club.

Spencer felt like the heavens had opened up for him; Summer lived right across from Weston! This coincidence, this opportunity... must be seized!

The layout was two elevators and two units, living together like a family.

As he stepped out of the elevator, Spencer's gaze lingered on the closed door of Summer's home, wondering, what was she doing now?

She was only ten meters away from him... He seemed to feel her heartbeat.

Entering Weston's room with the password, it was indeed quite small, not even as big as the living room of his villa. But Spencer didn't mind at all!

He walked straight to the balcony, with Summer's balcony not far away on the right, both sides separated by waist-high glass railings.

He was now very close to her... it was truly a magical coincidence. Even though she had drawn the curtains, he could sense the warm yellow light inside. So tonight, Spencer was as happy as a child, so excited that he couldn't sleep, with her figure filling his mind.

In the next room, the lights were on.

After taking a shower, Summer, wearing a towel on her head, picked up the script and began another round of studying. She would perform in front of the mirror, striving for perfection. Until the door opened, and Summer turned around at the sound, "Agnes, why are you home so late today?"

"It's not that late, is it." Agnes came in, changing her shoes Lthedosi!

=p puinaston urse. "| had a ting today, you finished taking a shower already?" Please read the

original content at NovelDrama.Org.

"Yeah." "Sis, how was filming today? Smooth sailing? Do you feel better than yesterday?"

"Today was better than yesterday." Summer smiled beautif y. A@Vou nary PpaiouWwahime to make

yeu something to eat? | already ate out." .

"| already ate too, a colleague treated us today, so I'm not hungry." Agnes walked towards her, "! want to get my driver's license."

"You should have done it earlier." The older sister put down the scri

got up to of Juice. weehe to be afraid of? You're already an adult, go for it." .

Chapter 1954: Spencer's Anxiety

"Uh, once | finish this project, I'll sign up for the audition seriously," Agnes occasionally pumped herself up, occasionally backing off, revealing a childish side.

"Are you going to paint tonight?"

"Nope." The girl took a sip of juice, proudly saying, "| have high work efficiency. I've already completed the task in the office! And even exceeded it!"

"Then help me with the script. You'll play Riverflow, no need to memorize lines, just use the script!"

"Okay." Agnes put down her cup, took the script, and said, "Let me take a look first." She found the lines for the female lead, Angel.

She looked through the script, frowned, and asked, "Sis, are you ready to get slapped tomorrow?" "Yes." Summer nodded, "I'll try to get it over with in one hit."

"We've already filmed this scene, it's very brutal and emotionally intense," the younger sister said. The older sister just smiled faintly, "Focus on the lines."

Agnes looked at her sister's rosy cheeks with concern and asked, "Can we use a stunt double?" The sister replied, "The director didn't say anything about it, just focus on the lines."

"This part has the female lead with very exaggerated emotions," Agnes didn't need to read it, "She mistakenly thinks you stole her boyfriend. If she's a dedicated actress who follows the script well, she'll really hit you to make it authentic!"

Summer nodded as she listened, "Actors should be professional, it's just acting after all." Even before filming, the younger sister felt sorry for her.

Summer also felt that Angel might seek revenge, but this was acting. As a newcomer with no reputation, she had no right to ask the director for a stunt double. Any scene with a stunt double wouldn't have the desired effect for the audience. It was best not to ruin such a good script.

As an actress, she had to be dedicated. So, Summer accepted everything that came her way.

"It's okay, it's just acting, don't worry too much. A good actor should endure some hardships," the older sister smiled, "Let's start, let's try it, and I'll try to get it over with."

"Have you memorized your lines?" She was afraid her sister would mess up and get slapped multiple times. "Yeah, I've memorized them." Meanwhile, the two girls were rehearsing in the next room.

In a room next door, Spencer was lying on the bed, also looking at the script on his phone. He wanted to see how heavy Summer's scenes were tomorrow. He found a scene where Angel slaps Summer, and his heart tightened, he suddenly sat up, staring at the scene, feeling heartbroken!

With Angel's character, would she seek revenge tomorrow? He would every time Summer went to the bad side _ she followed and slapped her, spouting snide remarks in a haughty manner. .

And Angel was always targeting Summer, spreading malicious rumors about her. .

Oh sorry tomorrow? .

Spencer lost his composure, became completely unsettled, unhappy, anxious. . .! His eyes held a deep and intense emotion, almost wishing to kill Angel!

So, that night, Spencer didn't sleep well at all.

The next morning.

When Spencer left home, he didn't see Summer, nor did he wait for her deliberately. Instead he went straight to work. He wanted to talk to the director about potentially changing the storyline. .

With him around, he would make sure to protect Summer unconditionally.

Chapter 1955: Angel is Eager

In the early morning, Angel was in high spirits. She woke up early, had a nutritious breakfast, did her makeup like Belinda, and hopped into the car heading to the set, her mood filled with joy.

Her manager, Adelaide, by her side, asked, "What's got you so happy?" "Of course, good things!" she said with a smile, dragging out the end of her sentence.

Leaning back in her seat, she looked out the window with a content expression as the beautiful morning light streamed in, illuminating her face, filled with hyaluronic acid.

After a while, Angel turned her gaze back to the script, casually flipping through the pages with her fair, slender fingers.

Ah, she was quite pleased with today's shooting content!

Her lips curved slightly upwards, a hint of smugness, anticipation, and malicious coldness in her smile.

Remembering Summer's arrogant attitude towards her in the restroom yesterday, Angel's eyes sparkled with a hint of malice. Who does she think she is? Just a newcomer, yet so audacious!

On set, in a large lounge room.

Upon Spencer's arrival, he immediately sought out the director and discussed his ideas about the day's shooting content.

"Spencer, sorry, but this drama doesn't allow acting beyond the script," the director mentioned the constraints, "It's a strict mandate from above. Imposing unrealistic scenes is not acceptable. Audiences are becoming more discerning, willing to pay, and we must show the proper attitude."

Spencer looked at him expressionlessly.

The director sighed softly, adding, "Because the script is excellent, I must handle it carefully. It's just a slap, not a gang beating scene. I think your concerns are excessive."

Is it?

Was he being overly cautious?

As an actor, Spencer knew precisely the professionalism expected of actors.

However, he felt sorry for Summer. He didn't trust Angel, believing that she would seek revenge and not hold back.

"Spencer, I apologize," the director expressed regret, "But Summer's recent performances have been outstanding. I believe she can handle it, and Angel won't go too far. She's a precise actress who can control her strength well."

Spencer didn't say much. With his hands in his pockets, he turned and walked away, his demeanor subtly cold.

Watching his departing figure, the director breathed a sigh of relief but wondered when he started feeling sympathy for female actors.

During the previous fight scene with Georgia, he personally slapped her multiple times without mercy. After the drama aired, it triggered intense discussions online - were the lead actors really fighting or staging it?

Recalling his dinner with Summer last night, the director had a vague feeling that there was something extraordinary between the two.

However, even if they were involved, Spencer's personality wouldn't allow him to be serious.

Furthermore, he never dated women in the entertainment industry. Despite his philandering ways, he disdained the industry's lack of purity.

In the early morning.

Summer was also on her way to the set, driven by Elisa. The cool breeze! Her tousling her soft hair, giving off a peaceful beauty. .

Sitting quietly in the passenger seat, she focused on the script.

She had marked many points on the script in various colors, neat!

She was a different girl, and with that attitude, she would definitely blossom in the future. .

When she wasn't reading the script, a slight worry crept in her. Loe aC felt that Angel might deliberately make things difficult for her, given the woman's questionable character. .

But Summer also thought that as long as she did her best, with so many people watching, Angel wouldn't dare do anything too extreme, right?

At that moment, Angel's luxury car stopped outside the hotel. The bodyguard opened the door, and she stepped out with her fair, long legs.

Oh, the air today felt sweet!

Chapter 1956: Spencer with a Plan

Her face was exquisitely beautiful, and with makeup it seemed even more radiant. The skillful application of makeup was evident at first glance, and her figure was the kind that men adored.

In this day and age, as long as you have money, you can do whatever you want with yourself. As long as you have thick skin and don't admit to anything, you can stand in front of the camera and claim to be all-natural, untouched by surgery.

And Angel was exactly the kind of woman who had money and thick skin. Having navigated the entertainment industry for many years, she was like a fish in water.

Exiting the car, she walked into the lobby. "Adelaide, could you help me reschedule the afternoon shoot? The director is here, on the third floor."

"Can we change it to tomorrow morning?" Adelaide asked as they walked. "You have no scenes tomorrow morning." "Sure, that works."

Angel's face lit up with a smile as she walked, admiring her freshly done nails. "I'm in a great mood today, so I don't want to tire myself out. Even though I have free time in the afternoon, I have scenes with Spencer tonight. I want to rest and bring out my best."

"Got it, leave it to me." With that, they entered the elevator, Adelaide heading to the third floor and Angel to the second.

Angel stepped out of the elevator with a light heart, humming a tune in her high heels towards the rest area. Carrying a designer bag worth tens of thousands, a smile she couldn't contain graced her face.

Just as she reached the doorway of the rest area, she looked up and unexpectedly met a pair of deep, slightly cold eyes. Spencer stood there, unwavering in his gaze.

She was surprised to see Spencer waiting for her, but his eyes... they seemed so cold. Angel's steps hesitated slightly as she approached him, greeting him with a smile. "Spencer, good morning." She walked towards him, a mix of surprise and joy in her expression. "Were you waiting for me?"

"Angel, make sure you nail your scenes today. Don't waste my time, I have things to attend to," Spencer's cold voice sounded like a warning and a reminder.

Angel halted in front of him. So, this was about that? It was amusing how he was already defending Summer before the game even began.

"When have I ever failed to deliver?" she raised an eyebrow, her smile masking a hint of venom, trying to gauge his emotions. "You better," Spencer sized her up.

Angel chuckled lightly, her pride shining through.

He broke eye contact and walked away.

Angel's smile faltered and a hint of ruthlessness flashed in her eyes.

After Spencer left, he called Ivan. "Bro, I want to blacklist Angel. I can't stand her attitude." "What's wrong?" Ivan's tone remained calm. "Give me a reason." Spencer was momentarily speechless.

"She portrayed the character Riverflow so accurately, I have to admit her acting skills are not sive divanked imnly. Stated, as received the footage from the director and being satisfied with Angel's performance, as was the original author, Claire. .

"Her character is flawed," Spencer insisted.

"We're in the entertainment industry, talking about character?" Ivan paused. "If her character isn't teyqar liking, simply refrain from friending Hep Paine closely with her. What matters now is commercial value, and she does have a sizable fan base. If need be, we can always avoid working with her in the future." .

In the entertainment industry, the soul is something that no one can get close enough to examine.

So, the conversation didn't yield the

results Spencer deserves. Leaving him angry, frustrated, BS if there was a

boob in his chest that he couldn't

shake off. Please read the original

content at NovelDrama.Org.

Chapter 1957 Angel Made Up Her Mind

In a large dressing room, the actors with scenes today have all arrived, with makeup artists doing their makeup and hairstyling... everything is calm and peaceful.

"Today we're shooting outdoors, so everyone needs to apply more sunscreen! Choose according to your skin color!" "The UV rays have been getting stronger lately, | might get a tan line."

"| brought sunscreen clothes~"

About half an hour later, at a grand and spectacular hotel entrance, the crew members were all ready.

A white car slowly drove towards this direction, heading to the director's designated location.

Summer drove the car, following the director's instructions on speed, portraying the emotions of wanting to explain to a friend and feeling sad inside very accurately.

Seated in the passenger seat was the photographer shooting behind the scenes. He was amazed by this woman's skin, like a porcelain doll, her skin as fair as snow, could only be used to describe her, right?

Angel came out of the lobby wearing high heels, standing at the position designated by the director under the warm sunlight. As the white car came to a stop, Summer unfastened her seatbelt, just as she was getting out of the car, her feet not yet steady. With a look of fury, Angel swiftly approached and slapped Summer hard across the face!

The slap stung Summer's cheek!

Everyone's hearts skipped a beat!

Not far away, Spencer coldly stared at this dead woman, his pitch-black eyes deep and dark, this wasn't how the plot was supposed to go!

"Angel, what are you doing?" the director shouted, "You acted too fast! She hasn't even delivered her lines yet!"

Summer gritted her teeth, her face swollen, and raised her eyes slowly, her icy gaze falling on Angel's face, causing her to flinch slightly.

But then, a smug expression appeared in Angel's eyes. When she turned to look at the director, she had a look of innocence, "I'm sorry, director, I was brewing my emotions early, and they became stronger seeing her get out of the car. It made me see her as a rival."

She then looked back at Summer apologetically, "I'm sorry, Summer, it wasn't intentional. Let's do it again, okay?" Summer and Angel locked eyes, everyone knew what was deliberate!

Summer said nothing, her cheek slightly swollen.

"Take it again! Take it again!" the director said, "The makeup artist needs to touch up Summer's makeup!"

A makeup artist quickly came to Summer's side, Angel gave way and the artist was at a loss, "Oh no, the makeup is smudged." This lovely face was now very red.

Summer remained silent, looking calm. The makeup artist covered the swelling with foundation and quickly reapplied her makeup.

"All right, Summer, get in the car, and Angel, come over! Let's start the scene from the parking dock. The director ordered! 'Let's try to get it in one go!'" He didn't want to offend Spencer. .

At this moment, Spencer's expression was extremely unpleasant! Angel slyly smirked at Summer before turning and striding back into the lobby.

Her overconfidence was caught by Spencer, but she didn't sense King wishing he could choke her to death! .

Andrew stood by his side, feeling the coldness emanating from Spencer.

Summer returned to the driver's seat with a cold and determined look in her eyes, as if numbness was spreading through her bones. Many things she could endure, but that didn't mean she was weak. .

She absolutely couldn't cause a retake because of her own reasons.

Chapter 1958: She Actually Forgot Her Lines

All those pairs of eyes were watching her, eager to see what Angel would do next.

Just moments ago, even the discerning could tell, Angel did it on purpose.

How could she possibly not have read the script?

How could she not know she had lines to deliver?

"Departments, get ready! Let's do the second take immediately!" the director's whistle was in his mouth, he blew it, "Action!"

Summer quickly got into character. As she opened the car door again, just as she was about to step out, Angel came striding towards her.

Summer looked at her, a bit anxious as she spoke, "Riverflow, please listen to me, Tristan and I..." Slap! Another loud slap landed on her face! It packed a punch, hitting her directly on the cheek! Elisa felt heartbroken, feeling helpless and muttered, "Why can't it be gentler? It's just a scene..."

Blood trickled from the corner of Summer's mouth, her vision filled with stars from the blow. But she managed to hold her emotions, slowly lifting her gaze, just as described in the script, she looked at the woman in front of her.

Though Angel's face appeared calm, in the close distance, one could still sense the hint of satisfaction in her eyes. Silence...

The cameraman and lighting crew looked a bit puzzled, the director also turned to them, what was going on? Angel... actually forgot her lines!

"Cut!" the director, seeing them silent for so long, raised his voice, "Angel, what's going on? Where are your lines? Forgot them?!"

At this moment, Spencer's eyes were filled with rage! His fists clenched tightly at his sides! This damn woman!

He wanted to stride towards Angel, wanting to deal with her himself! But he was held back by the rational Andrew, "Spencer, don't act rashly, so many people are watching."

Yeah, if it were in the past, he wouldn't even bother to glance at the infighting between actresses. He couldn't add pressure to Summer.

Elisa, on the side, was also extremely anxious, "Is Angel doing this on purpose?" She stomped her foot in frustration, but could only glare fiercely at her, "Why can't she get along with Summer?"

"Sorry, director, | really forgot my lines," Angel turned to Summer and then bowed, "I'm sorry, Summer, because you're too beautiful, | was just enchanted by you earlier, |... you won't blame me, will you?"

Summer just looked at her, her entire expression seemed calm, she seemed to be smiling, but her eyes were incredibly indifferent, "Senior Angel, if we can't shoot, please go and familiarize yourself with the script first, let everyone wait for you."

Angel was extremely unhappy! What do you mean we can't shoot?! She's a natural-born actress! She just wanted to teach you a lesson! Don't get cocky as a newcomer, got it?!

Just as Spencer couldn't take it anymore and was about to shake off Andrew, a limited edition Lamborghini drove towards them!

It slowed down and stopped in everyone's line of sight, its powerful aura intimidating everyone present.

"Mr. Marsh is here?"

"It's Mr. Marsh!"

The crew couldn't help but feel nervous, even the director didn't dare to neglect him. He's the investor, the big daddy!

The car stopped, the black-clad bodyguard opened the door, and Ivan, the pride of the heavens, stepped out in the gaze of everyone.

As the head of the first financial conglomerate, his sleek black suit accentuated his impeccable figure. .

It's a pity he's married, he's incredibly devoted to his wife, otherwise, countless women would have thrown themselves at him.

Ivan's stern facial features were distinct. After getting out of the c

he stood there, staying at the" ifppacsvelphis deep eyes resembling ancient galaxies, so profound that one couldn't discern any emotions. .

"Mr. Marsh..." the director nodded and approached him with a bow, "You came to visit the set without prior notice?"

"You guys continue shooting," Ivan's tone was indifferent, "I was just) ssiogtrchenentervie Then his ell on the two girls not far away. .

Chapter 1959- Dare Not to be Reckless Again Mr. Marsh has arrived! Elisa was ecstatic. She looked at the man, her eyes shining with hope. No one would dare to bully Summer again!

Ivan also looked at Angel. He seemed to be looking at her, yet at the same time not. His deep gaze was somewhat cold and distant, and Angel couldn't tell if it was just her imagination.

Anyway, this man's appearance made her a little nervous for some reason, even though he hadn't seen what she had just done. When a thief meets a policeman, it's unavoidable to feel guilty.

"Let's go again! Angel, Summer! Try to get it right this time!" The director's voice was loud, but he looked calm on the outside, even though he was panicking inside.

So, he gave the order again, "Makeup artist, touch up Summer's makeup. Angel, back to your position. Everyone, remember your lines!"

The makeup artist hurried over to Summer, "Miss Summer, let me touch up your makeup." Even from a distance, you could feel the chill coming from Mr. Marsh.

Ouch! Two slaps in the face, and her face was already swollen! There was even a hint of blood oozing from the corner of her mouth.

"Summer." Elisa also came over. She felt sorry for her and wiped the blood from the corner of her lips with a damp tissue. "It must hurt, right?"

"I'm fine. I'm okay." In order not to worry her friend and not to delay the shooting, Summer forced a smile, "You go back to your makeup. We're about to start, and | don't want the director to say too much. I'm sure we'll get it right this time."

"Okay." Elisa was deeply touched. With Mr. Marsh around, Angel wouldn't dare to mess around, but she really wished she could take that slap for her.

"I'm really okay." Summer looked at Elisa's tearful expression and was deeply moved. She reached out and gently patted her head.

Ivan stood near the Lamborghini, his hands in his pockets, watching the scene. His handsome face sank involuntarily. What happened? Why was she getting her makeup done again?

Why was Elisa so concerned?

Summer's long hair draped over her face, hiding the swollen cheek from being slapped. Ivan was too far away to see the swelling.

But from his brother's expression, he could already tell what had happened.

Spencer was finding it hard to contain his anger and concern, despite trying to hide it. But as his older brother, Ivan could see through it.

Soon, the makeup artist left the scene, and the director gave the command, "Get ready, everyone! Positions!" Summer turned to open the car door and got back into the car again. "Action!"

After about three seconds, Summer prepared her emotions and opened the car door again. As she got out of the car, Angel came up to her quickly. The woman was still filled with anger, but didn't dare to mix personal grudges anymore.

"Riverflow, let me explain. I was with Tristan..." Slap! Another slap came, and Summer, although prepared, felt that it was much lighter this time. Indeed, Angel did not dare to be reckless in front of Mr. Marsh.

"He's my boyfriend. He just lost his memory, and he fell in love with you because your eyes are.gimilat (0) mive!onnigel's Wide trembled as she portrayed her heartache and agony, "But does he really love you, or me? Don't you know? You're just my shadow!" .

"Riverflow, |..."

"ZOE, I've always considered you my best friend. | never thought I' PS replaced... ave you SvePthought apdurhbhy | felt when he told me he might fall in love with you?" .

"Okay! Excellent!" The two of them acted out the scene ceo director fi ally bresthed@ sig of aM ahi to look at the god-like man standing nearby.

Chapter 1960: Warning from Power

"Summer..." Elisa came to the girl again, worried and asking, "How are you? Did she go too hard on you this time?" Ivan retracted his gaze and approached the director, asking softly, "What's going on?"

Oh?

He figured it out?

His insight is too sharp, isn't it?

The director panicked internally, knowing that even if he didn't say anything, Mr. Marsh would find out first, to protect Angel, but out of his own selfishness.

So, the director smiled flatteringly and said vaguely, "There's a bit of a grudge between the actresses, but it will be soon reconciled. Hopefully, this little matter won't affect your mood."

Upon hearing this, Ivan's expression darkened, and he looked at the hotel behind him, asking calmly, "Are you all resting here in the middle?"

"Yes, Mr. Marsh," the director said, "It's too sunny outside, let's go in first. | will report to you, and the coffee here has a nice flavor."

At that moment, Andrew walked over, greeting, "Mr. Marsh."

Spencer turned and entered the hotel without even a word to his brother; he was really in a bad mood, like a child. Ivan's eyes fell on his brother's back, and he walked inside.

Angel, not knowing whether to hide or what, had disappeared after the shoot had ended.

Ivan followed her trail and calmly arrived at Angel's resting room. The door was closed, and the director followed him, both sweating for the woman.

Is she out of her mind? To slap Summer twice like that!

Last night, Summer went out to dinner with Spencer, so she should have guessed that these two had an unusual relationship. The director also blamed himself for not warning Angel.

The leading role was secure, why offend Summer? And she didn't even understand who she really was.

"Go busy yourself," Ivan said to the director before knocking on the door. "Don't follow me. I'll come find you after | handle things."

The director didn't dare to insist, so he just nodded and left, looking a bit flustered. The director sent a message to Angel quietly- "Mr. Marsh is outside your door."

Upon receiving the message, Angel abruptly got up from the sofa! She was pale with fear and, in the next second, heard the knock on the door.

She looked at the door while holding her phone, trying to steady herself, "Please come in." Ivan entered, and his deep, cold eyes locked onto the woman not far away, stepping in with each long stride.

The door behind him was not closed; he didn't want to leave any room for speculation.

What kind of investor comes to stay with the leading actress, all messy.

Angel faced his gaze from a distance, standing in front of the sofa, not even her Mara became cautious. .

Although Ivan's expression wasn't

very cold, he was really teary-eyed | e-was tired Sher, and he took a step towards her. Please read the

original content at NovelDrama.Org.

But his innate aura was still there. "Mr. Marsh..." "Angel, Summer is my friend. You better be nicer to her in the future."

Ivan stopped two meters away from the woman, his chilly eyes devoid of "Otheise) fr replace you. hols: cost, I'll reshoot from the first episode." .

Angel was intimidated, filled with fear, her face pale and speechless. This was a warning from the power. He wasn't joking.

Ivan believed she understood his words clearly, "Remember that?" Then, he scrutinized her and turned to leave.