

Surprised 1961

Chapter 1961: Spencer calms down a bit

Angel watched the departing figure, too scared to even breathe! Beads of sweat formed on her forehead, but her heart was filled with jealousy. Mr. Marsh actually called Summer his friend!

She couldn't help but think back to the day when, after signing the contract, Mr. Marsh specifically asked her to return to Marsh Group, only to find Summer there instead, with no connection to her whatsoever.

What exactly is their relationship? It doesn't seem like a normal friendship.

Now, Angel was more and more convinced that there was a close relationship between Summer and Mr. Marsh, but besides jealousy, she had no other options.

Even if she knew, she wouldn't dare spread any rumors no matter how much courage she had. For now, she still held the position of the leading lady, securing her own job. This drama might even win her several awards. Angel snapped back to reality. She couldn't act recklessly anymore.

In another spacious and quiet resting room, Spencer sat slouched on the couch, feeling particularly bad. His handsome face was gloomy, and if it weren't for Andrew holding him back, he would have gone to confront her.

All he could think about was Summer being treated unfairly. He wanted to protect her, but he was afraid of putting too much pressure on her, fearing that they wouldn't even be friends afterwards. After all, there were so many eyes watching.

But he was feeling somewhat impatient, and his mood was inexplicably complicated.

Just as he was about to get up to find Angel and hold her accountable, Ivan walked in from the doorway, his gaze fixed on his younger brother.

Spencer raised his eyes and saw his brother. He retracted his gaze and leaned back on the chair without a single blink. Noticing his brother's mood, Ivan lightly said, "I just spoke to Angel." Spencer was slightly surprised, but still couldn't contain his anger. "Did you hit her?"

Ivan appeared calm and composed, like an elder figure. "No, I just told her to be more restrained in the future. Summer is my friend."

So, would she be more restrained?

Seeing that his brother was still upset and seemingly dissatisfied with this, Ivan added, "So please keep an eye on her. If she continues to behave in the same way, call me, and I'll replace her."

"Why can't we replace her now?" Spencer was a bit rash. "Let Summer be the lead!"

But Ivan found that opinion childish. "You think everyone has the same talent for acting as you do? This is a project, and I am just a businessman."

Spencer faced his brother's gaze, and he calmed down a bit. How could his brother, with his position, be interested in the struggles between women?

He did this for Summer.

Even warning Angel was already a big step for him, so Spencer didn't dare ask for more. In an instant, he felt grateful towards his brother, and apologized like a child. "I'm sorry, I wasn't rational enough."

"I have to go back to the company," Ivan said, checking the time on his wrist and not dwelling on the matter. "Call me if you need anything."

"Okay." As Ivan turned to leave, Spencer got up to see him off.

He watched his older brother leave like a child... Feeling bittersweet remembered the years Ubbattl with his torathe} vio had struggled in his heart, loving and hating himself, but never failing to worry for him. .

In another separate resting room, Summer sat on the couch while Elisa held an ice pack to reduce the O11} cling praver Fee. She didn't dare show too much concern, afraid that Summer would be even sadder... She definitely didn't want to describe how serious the swelling was. .

"Okay, it's all over now, don't be sad. I'm not in pain, really," Summer could sense her emotion
ioggyantSladhéd a smanaist er, taking the ice pack from her hand. "You go rest for a while, don't worry about me." .

Chapter 1962: Spencer Won't Let Her Off

"Summer, you say it's not painful, how could it not be painful? | don't have the heart to rest when | see her bullying you. | can't find any evidence and can't help you. | hate myself so much! | came to help, but what have | done for you!" Elisa frowned, full of self-blame.

"Elisa..." Seeing her guilt-ridden look, Summer felt the pain in her heart. " | am really okay. It's normal in the workplace and even more so in the entertainment industry. We not only have to adapt, but also become stronger."

With a slight smile, she looked at Elisa with her icy eyes, her voice soft and gentle, "So why punish ourselves for someone else's mistakes? The more sad we are, the happier she is, right?"

" | really want to punish her!"

"Alright, | believe in karma. If she's smart, she'll restrain herself. If she's not, fate will take care of her. We don't need to do anything."

"Summer, touch up your makeup, we're shooting the next scene soon!" Someone passed by the door and called out before leaving.

"Okay, coming right up!" Summer responded.

Elisa looked pained and murmured softly, "Your face is swollen, how are you going to shoot?"

"Trust the makeup artist's skills," Summer put down the ice pack, took Elisa's hand and stood up. "Come on, no need to fret!" "It's fortunate that the next scene is with Spencer. Otherwise, I would have been worried!" Elisa let out a sigh of relief.

"In the entertainment industry..." Summer's tone was calm, yet filled with a hint of emotions. "What you saw today is just small waves."

Elisa felt that she was the same as before, embodying a massive amount of energy.

"Let's go, touch up your makeup." Summer quickly adjusted her mood and walked out with a faint smile on her face, while Elisa had no choice but to follow her.

The makeup artists on set were all very skilled.

"Summer, how do you normally take care of your skin?" The makeup artist exclaimed as she touched up Summer's makeup. "Your skin is really amazing. I've done makeup for so many actresses, and your base is the best."

Summer replied softly, "I rarely take care of my skin. Can you cover the redness?"

"Yes, you were born with natural beauty." The makeup artist envied her and felt a bit sorry that such a beautiful face had been hit.

The next scene was Tristan, the male lead, discovering Zoe's abuse. Therefore, the makeup artist didn't completely cover the redness on Summer's face, only slightly refining the details...

Half an hour later, the next scene started filming.

"Alright, we're ready to shoot! All departments, get ready!" the director commanded. "Camera ready! Ten episodes, third and seventh mirrors! Get to the elevator!"

At the same time, several cameras started filming, capturing the continuation of the story. Zoe, who had been slapped, walked into the hall, about to be followed by Riverflow.

The elevator door opened and Tristan, with a handso anç atsdfl e ressessionqualked bot of the elevator and saw the two girls approaching him. .

"Tristan." Zoe greeted him as usual, then passed by him and walked further in. "Zoe," the man called out lightly, halting her steps.

At that moment, Riverflow quickly ran over and asked, "Tristan, now that you've regained your memory, tell me, who do you love?!"

Zoe, who had stopped in her tracks, slowly turned around and also fixed her gaze on Tristan's face. She, too, wanted an answer.

Tristan stared at the woman in front of him, feeling an intense ha evand disgust for her Hewdaldn' stand her! Shelh anit hit his Summer! His brother might not act, but he would make her pay! .

This evening's scene would be the opportunity!

Despite their seven-year relationship

in the script, where the exe had deeply! poe agh ther aki g up each :

s youth, he loathed her. .

Chapter 1963: The Supporting Male Lead is About to Appear

Spencer snapped back to reality and said to Riverflow, "Give me some time, | will give you a satisfactory answer."

"No," the woman shook her head and took a few steps closer, excitedly grabbing his arm, admiringly gazing at his enchanting face.

After building up the emotions, according to the script, she continued, "Such answers are a heartfelt choice, whether to love or not, it is not a well-considered decision."

The two locked eyes, exchanging different emotions.

A distant shot focused on the two of them, while not far away, Zoe's gaze also fell on Tristan's face, with a hint of sadness in her eyes because she also wanted an answer.

The emotional performances of the three of them today were very convincing, and the director was very satisfied with all the close-up shots.

"Very good!" the director applauded, "Ok! First take for this scene!"

Just as the director finished, Spencer disdainfully pulled away from Angel's hand, turned and walked towards Andrew. As he passed by Summer, he saw her swollen and red face, feeling extremely upset.

He couldn't just let Summer's slap go without retaliation. "Prepare for the next scene, study the script, build up the emotions! Hurry up!" the director encouraged.

Angel could feel Spencer's dislike towards her, being ignored in front of so many people made the female lead feel embarrassed, but fortunately, she was strong inside, pretending not to care and turned to Adelaide.

Because there was a scene she was looking forward to this evening. Earlier, she had only grabbed his arm, having the first intimate physical contact.

And tonight, at a poolside villa party, Tristan was going to play the hero to save Riverflow. He would not only hold her hand but also embrace her waist... gazing deeply into each other's eyes.

That classic scene was present in every romantic novel, just thinking about it was very exciting.

Between men and women, isn't this how emotions develop, with an inadvertent spark through physical contact?

After shooting a few more scenes, during the afternoon break, there were whispers around the set.

"Do you know? The actor playing the supporting male lead, Harlan, is coming tonight, he has never been on set before."

"Harlan doesn't have many scandals, he's handsome and hasn't had any work done, he went from being an unknown actor to a top-tier one in just two years."

"He is a talented actor, low-profile, and hardworking."

"Rumor has it that he is from a wealthy family, with a good reputation in the industry, and he is well-liked by many."

"Looking forward to his arrival, it will

add a touch of color to the set (It)

That night's party centerpiece will be his \ ON the

first appearance, right?" Please read

the original content at NovelDrama.Org.

"Yes, he will have interactions with Zoe, it's their first meeting." Various discussions unfolded, some of which naturally caught Spencer's attention.

He had already read the script and realized that this Harlan had Ute A few scen swith Gutiratr After all, in thd Str , they were a good match, eventually leading to a grand wedding. .

Spencer felt a bit gloomy, wishing he could play the supporting male lead! Because of his strong affection, he saw everyone as a rival, which was quite normal and not childish at all.

"Summer, you still have a lot of scenes to come,' Elisa flipped through the script and said with great excitement, "the mast! Since you will end up with him, you two will have a lot of scenes together. When is in trouble, Maren will come to your rescue like a god. Don't worry, there will be no more scenes of you getting slapped!" .

Chapter 1964: Tonight, Summer Shines Brightly

Elisa set aside the script and stretched with a big yawn, finally grasping her hand as if breathing a sigh of relief. Her eyes gleamed as she said, "Summer, | did some research today. This Harlan guy, well, he's got a good reputation in the industry. He's down-to-earth and great with newcomers. He's quite caring, so | think you two should get along well. | feel like your vibes should be compatible."

"Mmm."

Summer smiled, though she had actually researched him last night too. Was he too busy to even attend the opening ceremony? He appeared even more mysterious than the male lead.

They were about to act together, yet she hadn't even met him. For a newcomer like Summer, she couldn't help but feel a bit nervous.

Unconsciously, as evening approached, the sunset tonight was truly beautiful. Bathed in the beauty of the sunset, the crew members made their way to a certain mansion.

Tonight was a charity gala scene, hosted at the private mansion of the male lead, Tristan. Everyone had changed into their evening gowns and had their makeup done.

This was a large scene, with many extras.

As the female lead, Angel naturally stood out the most, her surgically enhanced figure exuding a constant allure of sensual beauty, especially in the striking red attire that caught everyone's eyes.

Combined with her exquisite makeup, she stood in front of the mirror feeling absolutely stunning. Thinking about the intimate scenes she would have with Spencer, her heart couldn't stop pounding with anticipation. In another room-

"Summer, you look beautiful," Elisa said as she stood beside Summer, helping her adjust the bow at the back of her dress. "You suit these understated soft tones so well. Wearing them makes you seem to have captured the moment when the flowers bloom."

"Are you always this eloquent?" Summer couldn't help but chuckle at her teasing. "I enjoy being around you. You never miss a chance to compliment me. People like to hear sweet words, after all."

"We are perfect by nature. We need to constantly affirm ourselves in order to have a good mood, right? Only then can we be in a better working state."

When she finished her makeup and descended the stairs with Elisa, Spencer, who was discussing the script with the director at the mansion's entrance, unintentionally glanced over and caught sight of the beloved Summer-she looked truly exquisite tonight!

In her gentle-hued evening gown, her neckline was exceptionally beautiful, effortlessly showcasing her graceful swan-like neck and alluring collarbones.

Her skin was fair, with a subtle gleam under the lights.

Seeing her filled him with joy.

As Summer descended the stairs, the cinched waist and the embellishments of sparkles accentuated her graceful figure. Her beauty was ethereal, almost otherworldly, always making people unable to help but take another look.

Elisa followed behind Summer, captivated by the intricate details of the dress, the intertwining straps behind her, exuding a gentle sensuality.

"Spencer." Elisa greeted him as she reached the bottom of the stairs.

Spencer, having shifted his gaze, looked at Elisa, then back at Summer, separating with gentlemanly courtesy, "Summer, that dress suits you well tonight." .

"Thank you."

Holding the script, the director also turned to Summer and was instantly captivated. "Summer, you have the potential to portray the leading lady perfectly."

Overhearing this remark, Angel, who was approaching, felt displeased, though she didn't show it. She simply arrived with a smile, as if nothing had occurred.

Before she could settle in front of the director, someone nearby exclaimed, "Harlan is here!"

All eyes turned towards the courtyard, where a black LUXunegen slowly pulled to a stop. The door opened, and a handsome man stepped out of the driver's seat. .

From this distance, his face might not be very clear, but his tall unique chain his status as another handsome man on the scene. .

Chapter 1965: Spencer is Jealous

So, Angel, who had carefully dressed up, was completely ignored by Spencer. This man didn't even spare her a glance, his eyes going straight to Harlan.

Seeing Spencer like this, Angel felt completely disheartened. In other words, standing in front of the director, Spencer didn't even see Angel, he must have done it on purpose!

And what about Summer tonight? With her evening gown on, she looked like a fairy come to earth, stunning everyone, including Angel, who has seen many beautiful women.

How could this woman be so beautiful? Attractive in a way that makes people want to look at her again, and possessing a cool and unique kind of beauty.

After Harlan got out of the car and walked over, he couldn't help but quicken his pace when he saw the director, "Hello, director, sorry for being late." He apologized politely, his magnetic voice comforting to listen to.

"Not late, not late, we're starting in ten minutes," the director asked while smiling, "Is your film finished? Do you need to run back and forth?"

"I just finished at noon today, not planning to attend the closing banquet. I will focus wholeheartedly on your production from now

on.

The man answered politely, then looked at the three actors next to the director, and smiled, "Hello, Spencer." He reached out to Spencer on his own initiative.

Spencer had a good impression of him as they had met before, "Hello, we meet again." They were almost friends.

"Nice working with you." Harlan had a good personality, always smiling, and then turned his gaze to Angel. She looked really beautiful tonight, "Miss Angel, long time no see."

"Long time no see, Harlan." Angel reached out and shook his hand.

He looked her over and praised, "Very beautiful, worthy of playing the female lead. Your looks alone could carry a film, working with you in this drama should help my career as well."

His emotional intelligence was really high. "I'm honored." Angel was humble, "It's mainly because of the good script."

After the two exchanged pleasantries, Harlan's gaze landed on Summer. She was standing not far from Spencer, and their eyes met.

With a smile, Summer, as the younger one, introduced herself, "Hello, I'm Summer, playing the role of Zoe in the drama. Please take care of me."

The girl was open and confident, taking the initiative to shake his hand.

Spencer turned slightly, his gaze falling on the hand she stretched out. Although his expression remained unchanged, his mood was a bit indescribable. It's like when he sees anyone he sees them as a rival because he loves Summer.

Harlan was immediately drawn to her personality, "Hello, I'm Harlan, playing the role of Maren in the drama. Nice to meet you."

As he spoke, he reached out and held the delicate hand in front of him. Just like that, he was attracted by Summer's extraordinary beauty.

"Alright, take a look at the script first. We'll aim for a one-tell later" dirgptoy(said abufthen had the staff prepare. .

Seeing the actress herself who played Zoe, a calm and beautiful girl, made Harlan feel really good. After all, what man doesn't like working with eye-catching women? A talented partner makes cooperation enjoyable.

"Summer, later in the drama, we will

meet for the first time. Depeer arseepurine' fir "He hvig Ae extended the invitation. .

"Sure." The girl agreed happily, as she had the same idea. "Let's go over there!"

"Okay."

Spencer watched his beloved girl being invited by pallany qygneo™ Ss od thergan AaMY eeli

extremely depressed in his heart! .

Chapter 1966: Summer Makes Progress

Angel took two steps forward, her admiring gaze falling upon Spencer's face as she extended an invitation to him, "Spencer, shall we give it a try as well? This scene seems a bit challenging for us."

The man collected his thoughts and cast a cold glance at her, showing little interest, "Try what?" as if he had no interest in her at all.

"It's about the scene we're shooting later. Shouldn't we discuss it first? Doing it in one take might be difficult, given the wide range of movements. Poor coordination could be risky, and capturing the beauty from all angles won't be easy."

Before Spencer could respond, the director turned to them, motioning them to come closer, "Spencer, Angel, come over here!" He beckoned as he walked towards them.

With his hands in his pockets, Spencer glanced at the director before stepping forward. Angel lifted the intricate hem of her evening gown and followed suit.

The spacious and beautiful villa featured a shimmering swimming pool in the backyard. When the lights were on, and the sunset's glow adorned the sky, it became even more enchanting.

"Angel, remember this spot. You'll need to twist your ankle here later," the director instructed as he paced around the pool, marking the positions.

Angel nodded attentively, taking in every word.

The director provided on-the-spot guidance, "Then, you'll need to turn left and lean back, extending your arms as wide as possible. Don't struggle, maintain control over your facial expressions, and widen your eyes."

Angel nodded again, visualizing the scene in her mind. It would surely be breathtaking.

"As for you, Spencer, extend your right hand and grab her waist firmly. Be mindful of your facial expressions," the director demonstrated the action, "Your only concern is not stepping on her gown and accidentally falling into the pool."

Spencer nodded, showing signs of concentration.

Soon, it was time to shoot the first segment, perfectly timed as the night set in.

"Action! Everyone, be ready!" The director clapped his hands and walked towards the nearby equipment. "Summer and Harlan, get ready for the scene!"

"Here we go!"

As the two actors approached, Harlan's gaze fell upon Summer's face, "Summer, you don't seem like a newcomer at all. You catch on quickly."

"You flatter me. Acting alongside talented actors like you makes me nervous. | just make sure to memorize the script in advance, so | don't hold you back."

"As long as you're not nervous, we'll nail it in one take," he encouraged her.

Meanwhile, the extras were also ready, dressed extravagantly with sophisticated makeup, portraying the affluent guests of the charity gala.

They mingled, holding glasses of wine, their laughter echoing amidst classical music. The atmosphere at the grand villa was luxurious and elegant.

"Summer, you'll exit from here, staying to the right. When Me as

enters, he'll Due nt atesksir drece casa voc drink to spill on his shirt,

but be careful not to get it on his face," the director briefed them one last time. .

"Understood," Summer nodded. She and Harlan had already discussed how to capture the beauty of the scene. Not far away, Spencer held a glass of wine, occasionally glancing at the pair, overseeing the proceedings.

As the male lead, he naturally appeared in the scene : thiso(T) G seup stat aidan olve him at all. It'focused on Zoe and Maren's first encounter. .

With everything in place, the scene officially began. Thanks to their previous rehe alSun\ineretno. prassareWotking with Harlan, who was easy to get along with. It was like they were in sync, resulting in a flawless take. .

Applause filled the air, and the director praised, "Summer, you're making great progress. Keep up the good work!"

Chapter 1967: Spencer's Revenge

"Thank you, director."

As the director praised Summer, Angel felt uneasy. How did Mr. Marsh's visit result in such a change in attitude towards Summer? But soon it was her turn to act, so she didn't dwell on it.

Finally, she would have more intimate interactions with Spencer! The director, being older, was just playing along. If she could marry Spencer, she would essentially be marrying into his family.

"Second scene, Spencer, Angel, get ready!"

Classical and melodious music filled the air. This was a high-profile charity gala, where Tristan entertained friends from various circles who supported charitable causes. They were all people of high status.

Among them was his fiancée, Riverflow.

"Spencer, you should extend your hand from the left to embrace her waist. Angel, try to toss your hair as much as you can, so that the slow motion filming will be more aesthetic. Also, twist your high heels naturally, but be careful not to hurt yourself, and don't affect the future filming," the director instructed.

Angel nodded. She was looking forward to this. The entire plot had already played out in her mind. Spencer looked composed, just listening without uttering a word.

"Let's start shooting!" With the director's command, he quickly exited the scene.

The cameramen positioned themselves and started filming.

Tristan, on the phone, stood near the pool. With his hands in his pockets, every gesture exuded a captivating charm that no one else could match.

He truly had the aura of the leading man. Riverflow, smiling, joyfully walked towards him. "Tristan, I didn't know you were here," as if she had been searching for him. Tristan just hung up the phone and turned to look at her.

Riverflow stood next to him, following the director's specified spot, less than half a meter from Spencer. As she positioned herself, she naturally twisted her foot, looking perfectly natural.

"Abe!" Losing her balance, her body fell backward! Her facial expression was impeccable, showing no panic or grimace.

She also followed the director's instructions and tossed her hair, knowing that Spencer would reach out to embrace her waist, like a hero saving the damsel.

Just when the director thought the stumble was not an issue, and that they could continue, Spencer stood still and unmoved! "Ah-!"

Splash!

The leading actress, Angel, fell into the icy pool! The huge splash drenched the nearby extras!

"Ah!" Everyone was taken aback. This scene was beyond anyone's expectations, except for Spencer.

The director was wide-eyed with astonishment!

All the crew were shocked!

Summer and Harlan turned around with Hlely wine glas gges,iacreaéibusly fae schre unfold! Was the script changed? .

"Ah! Help! | can't swim! Help me! Help

me!" Angel struggled a d fquidéied watepantekng and crying

aahote body sinking and floating.

Please read the original content at

NovelDrama.Org.

One crew member quickly realized and jumped in to rescue her. They couldn't afford a fatality!

The director glanced at Spencer, then

at Angel. He didn't dare to get angry, but he couldn't help it. Why didn't Spencer even extend his hand? .

It wasn't a case of reaching out and not catching her; he didn't even reach out at all!

He approached Spencer. "What's going on? Spencer? Did you forget the script?"

Spencer calmly looked at the director. "I didn't forget."

"Then... is the lighting too bright? Did it blind you?" the director asked, the reason sounding far-fetched. He shook his head. "No."

"Then... were you doing it on purpose?" the director guessed, finally vocalizing the question.

Chapter 1968 Angel is afraid

Spencer, of course, would not admit it. He calmly explained, "I was just about to reach out when she fell too fast." The director was speechless.

At this moment, Angel, drenched, was supported onto the shore. Covered in water, her wet hair stuck to her face, making her head look larger.

She had really twisted her ankle this time, unable to stand even with support, a sharp pain causing her to shiver. Droplets of water adorned her face, breathing heavily, unable to even open her eyes. Her frightened heart slowly calmed down.

Angel, at this moment, captured everyone's attention. She clearly heard Spencer's nonchalant explanation earlier, infuriating her to sneeze twice, unable to argue.

Cold! Bone-chilling cold! A gust of evening wind made Angel shiver uncontrollably.

She was so disheveled, and being stared at by so many people was simply too embarrassing. It felt like being played and suffering in silence.

The director's face turned purple, mind blank for a few seconds, unable to convey any instructions.

After all, it was early spring. Although wearing an evening dress would suit this temperature, getting into the water really tested one's physical strength.

"Hurry, take her to dry off! Quickly change clothes and touch up her makeup!" The director checked the time on his wrist and added, "Staff, clean up the water on set!" Water was everywhere, unexpected to be delayed because of this incident.

Angel was assisted off, changed her clothes, and after reapplying her makeup, Adelaide used a towel to dry her hair in the dressing room. Onlookers whispered, "Was it intentional?"

Who knows?

Angel didn't answer. While she thought it was deliberate too, she also couldn't figure out whether Spencer had reached out his hand or not. Was it because they hadn't rehearsed in advance, hence unable to cooperate well?

She liked him, so she was still trying to find reasons for him. That's how women are, how lowly people are.

After about twenty minutes, dressed and made up again, Angel appeared in everyone's line of sight. She walked to the director and Spencer.

The twisted ankle wasn't too severe, she could walk normally, but there was a slight pain.

"Before the reshoot, do you two want to communicate?" the director asked Spencer. If she fell into the water again, it would be too time-consuming.

Angel shook off Adelaide's hand, swayed her skirt, and walked towards Spencer. Under everyone's gaze, she stood in front of him.

Spencer faced her domineering gaze, and Angel asked in a subdued yet resentful tone, "Were you intentional just now?"

Spencer's hands remained in his pockets. He looked at her with a nonchalant tone, "Can't | be emotionally unstable too, just like you?"

Angel understood. He was getting back at her for what happened this morning.

The corner of Spencer's lips tilted. His indifferent, even slightly disdainful gaze made her fearful.

This man's anger had not subsided yet. If he continued to act out of the ordinary, wouldn't she suffer even more?

"Do you two... want to discuss? Can we reshoot now?" The director had | just 'ad een husyiahd ta e over, "Are

t rb any precautions you need to go over?" .

Angel took a deep breath. She withdrew her gaze from Spencer's face, remaining silent.

Spencer also stayed quiet.

The director, standing in front of them, found it strange, "Did you... have a fight?"

"No," Spencer looked at the director with a casual tone, "Let's start shooting."

The director nodded, then looked at Angel, "What about you? Are you ready? Do you remember your lines? How's your state?"

Having fallen into the water just now,

looking back at the eenoo™ ahint? Kear second

wot and ee not in the same state as before. .

"I'll try." Angel stepped away, while Spencer continued to s and bycthiel \ ewes li lieth frotagonist of Kohan exuding arrogance and a chilly demeanor. .

He would punish this woman in his own way.

Chapter 1969: Spencer Still Doesn't Let Go Seeing Angel's departure, "One, two, three, start!" The director returned to his work position and gave the order. All the extras gathered in groups of three or five, holding wine glasses and chatting, each looking the picture of success.

Spencer stood in his original position by the pool, took out his phone and made a call. His words were concise, his expression devoid of emotion. His handsome face was flawless from every angle.

"Tristan, so you're here too?"

Angel, with her dress swaying and high heels clicking, came towards him with joy in her voice and a smile on her face, as if she had been seeking him for a long time.

After hanging up the phone, Spencer looked at her. She was already standing in front of him, and with a natural sway of her foot, her weight shifted and she fell backward lightly.

"Ah!" A delicate cry came from the girl, but her entire movement, as a professional actress, was still coherent, natural, and even beautiful.

The cameras captured it all!

Splash!

"Ah!" Poor Angel fell into the water again! Spencer gazed at her coldly, once again not reaching out a hand to help. "Ah- cough cough! Help..." The poor woman struggled in the pool, looking miserable and desperate.

This time, except for two staff members jumping in to rescue Angel, everyone's eyes were on Spencer.

The director, cameraman, crew members, extras, Harlan, Summer, Elisa, Andrew... everyone's gaze fell on Spencer. Everyone was confused. The same scene had unfolded twice. What was going on?

"Let's continue shooting tomorrow," Spencer said to the director. "I'm not in the right state today, and I have something to attend to. I'll leave now."

No one dared to stop him.

As he passed by the drenched and miserable Angel on his way out, Spencer threw her a mocking look and quickly left. He did it on purpose!!

As the female lead, Angel, who had always appeared in the most beautiful image, was really furious this time. Because of Spencer's departure, tonight's shoot was called off.

"Summer, let's exchange numbers," Harlan said, taking out his phone and looking gently at the girl in front of him. "Okay, Mr. Harlan," Summer replied as she took out her phone.

"Call me Harlan. Through our collaboration on this show, we're definitely going to become friends," he said, sending her a friend request.

Summer looked up. "Harlan, nice to meet you."

"Likewise." The text exchange was successful, and then they waved goodbye. Elisa drove Summer home, and night had already fallen. Angel was still changing clothes, drying herself, and blow-drying her hair, still seething with frustration.

On the way home, Elisa glanced at the girl sitting in the passenger seat. "Sympathy | Nike | I was avenging you today!"

Summer looked at her. "I can feel that he did it on purpose, but is it fair to say he was avenging me?"

"You two are friends. Besides, he probably couldn't stand Angel. I figured I'd help him out so he took a break to teach her a lesson."

In any case, it felt good. But Summer also felt, "One time is enough. If it happens twice, I won't be able to act with him in the future."

"So, it's time to test Angel, isn't it? She's a first-line female star, and I'd like to see if she can't handle this. Then she shouldn't continue."

Chapter 1970: Spencer Becomes a Neighbor

Spencer left early and bought some groceries before returning to the neighborhood, sitting in his car and waiting. He was waiting for Summer to return, planning to run into her when she went upstairs to let her know he lived there.

Sure enough, after a short while, he saw her familiar figure getting out of the car and heading towards the entrance. Spencer quickly got out of his car and walked towards her with the groceries, trying to embody the image of a good houseman. He planned to make some shrimp and take it over to eat with her, using the excuse of discussing the script.

Harlan should step aside; Spencer is the one closer to the water. Summer entered the elevator but before she could press the floor button, she turned and saw Spencer entering as well. She was surprised, "Spencer?"

"Summer," Spencer's tone was calm as he pressed the button for the 10th floor. "Do you also live here?" He spoke calmly, truly a natural actor.

What? He lives here too? Summer regained her composure, looked at the illuminated number on the elevator wall, and then looked at him again, "Do you also live here?"

"Yes, | live on the 10th floor," Spencer replied.

Seven, eight, nine, ten... the elevator continued to rise and finally stopped, opening its doors. Summer was stunned. He also lives on the tenth floor?

Spencer didn't walk out; he simply looked at her, "What's wrong?" She looked so beautiful tonight. He wanted to tell her that he really lived here.

"Goodnight," Spencer entered the fingerprint password and opened his door, glancing back at her. It was like high school again, she was so beautiful and serene. He wanted to tell her that he really lived here.

"Goodnight," Summer stood there, watching him enter his apartment and the door closed. Spencer lived next door to her; this is too... fateful.

Summer was shocked; she turned and went back inside her own apartment, still trying to process everything. But this may make it easier for discussions about the script and also for her to ask him for acting advice.

If he is a neighbor, communication will be more convenient. A friend and a neighbor, maybe they could become good friends in the future.

About half an hour later, Spencer, who had cooked himself, knocked on Summer's door carrying a plate of shrimp. "Spencer..." Seeing him, Summer was a bit surprised.

"Do you like shrimp?" He remembered she used to love it, "I made a lot."

After thinking for a moment, Summer said, "Come in, I have a plot I want to discuss with you."

As Spencer followed her inside, he noticed she was still holding the script. This was exactly what he wanted. From now on, under the guise of discussing the script, he could come over often.

At night, disguised Angel entered a hotel with a room card, taking the elevator to a luxurious hotel suite.

The sound of water came from the bathroom. She then feigned the soap-and-water. Stood there, the water stopped. .

After a while, the director came out wrapped in a bathrobe. He was drying his hair with a towel and walked towards her with a stern expression, clearly in a bad mood. .

"What's the matter with you? You saw it today; Spencer did it on purpose! Because of pigmentation!! agijonsiniotor! I fell into the water twice, but he also wasted everyone's time!" Angel was angry and upset, "Why are you so calm?" .

"What can I do?" The director sat down on the sofa with a troubled expression, "You brought this upon yourself!" "You're the director; how can you not do anything?" "But he's the investor's brother!" The director emphasized coolly, "He is the boss's son!"

Angel was on the verge of tears. Now no one is backing her up.