

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 401

Chapter 401

“Where can I go to find someone who looks exactly like you?” Bradley couldn’t help but question her proposal. “It’s just a body double scene. All we’re looking for is the motion and the overall effect.”

“I know...” Guinevere said, looking regretful. “But I thought that you’re like me, a perfectionist in work.”

The manner in which she put it left Bradley with no choice but to swallow his words. In frustration, he kicked a chair by his feet.

Guinevere could clearly tell that he was raging.

Bradley did not bother hiding the fury etched on his face. He would’ve probably given up tolerating her behavior if it weren’t for her family.

Guinevere decided to take a step back and offer them a solution, “Ella looks somewhat like me, and she filmed her fighting scene well just now. Would she be able to serve as my double?”

Everyone turned to look at Stella upon Guinevere’s suggestion.

It was then that everyone realized that Stella did look somewhat like **Guinevere**.

Perhaps good-looking people all bore some resemblance to each other. Both Stella and Guinevere had bright and beautiful eyes, but unlike Stella, Guinevere often wore more make-up to

emphasize her features and make her look more captivating.

It also had the effect of aesthetic fatigue.

Stella’s features were as delicate as Guinevere’s but had a more enduring look to them that made one feel that she was more beautiful the more one looked at her. After Guinevere raised

her suggestion, everyone began finding it feasible. They asked Stella, “Ella, do you want to give it a go?”

Stella instinctively turned to look at Guinevere, sneering in her heart when she saw Guinevere give her a half-smile.

She knew that no matter how friendly Guinevere tried to portray herself on the surface, deep inside, she was still the same old Guinevere who would stop at nothing to exterminate anyone who was a threat to her.

If Weston was the source of all the tragedy that happened to Stella, then Guinevere was the trigger.

She had once wanted both her and her child dead

Seeing her remain silent, Guinevere hesitated, "...Oh, that's right. I didn't even seek your opinion about it. It's fine if you're not willing. After all, the moves are pretty difficult." The crew couldn't help but begin to persuade Stella. "Ella, you performed very well just now. Ms. Cohen just gave birth and it's only natural that she can't do these moves. Why don't you lend a helping hand? You've already been filming for quite a while; this additional scene wouldn't take up much time."

Instead of asking Stella for a favor, the way Guinevere and the crew members put it made Stella seem almost unreasonable if she were to reject the proposal.

She was about to open her mouth and respond when Bradley cut in, "She's a newcomer. How good an effect can she achieve? She could film that scene in one take only because she was very well prepared, diligent, and professional. If she really can help us film Guinevere's scene, then I, representing the entire crew, thank Ella. However, it's entirely reasonable too if she

can't."

Guinevere's face turned cold as she looked at Bradley. She couldn't even be bothered to preserve the friendly and approachable image she was trying to keep up. She didn't expect Bradley to come to Ella's defense in front of everyone. Stella looked at Bradley before nodding in agreement, "I can give it a go, though I can't guarantee how things will turn out." Bradley looked at her, slightly shocked. He didn't say anything, but she walked towards her and patted her shoulder, "I'll remember this favor you do for us." Stella flashed him a smile, maintaining her silence. Guinevere sneered in silence as she looked at both of them. "Thank you for your willingness to help me. Weston wouldn't let me do something so dangerous, so I have to trouble you to help

out..."

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Chapter 402 With that, Guinevere asked her assistant to present Stella with a welcome gift.

Each of the crew received an ordinary gift box, but this time, Stella received a wedding favor that Guinevere had given out previously.

Her assistant brought over a red gift box and handed it to Stella.

Stella did not immediately receive the gift, which made Guinevere appear to think of something, "Oh yes, I forgot. This is Weston and my wedding gift. It's just a little token that we prepared for everyone in the crew to share our joy.

I previously distributed it to the team, but I'm not sure if you received it. I want to make sure that you receive your portion..."

Ensuring that Stella received her portion was just an excuse for Guinevere to show off in front of her.

Stella remained calm and composed even as she witnessed Guinevere doing all she could to declare her ownership over Weston,

She reached out to receive the gift, after which Guinevere released her hand and said, "Apologies, I have to take a call, Please wait for a while..."

Stella said nothing further. She simply stood where she was and looked on expressionlessly as Guinevere spoke over the phone.

Guinevere turned to her side and said sweetly into the phone, "Yes, I'm already at work. Don't worry. The crew treats me very well. Weston, don't worry about me and take care of yourself..."

"Didn't we just meet yesterday? You don't need to fetch me, really. Don't worry!"

Her grumbling, groveling tone clearly reeked of pride. "Why are you so annoying? I've already said things are going pretty well on set and that I'm well taken care of. Don't be so worried..."

"Alright, I'll head home early once I'm done. Don't bother visiting the set to see me. I'm not a

kid..."

She went on a while before finally hanging up.

She then said apologetically to Stella, "I apologize for that."

She pointed to her phone, "That was Weston. Today is the first day I'm officially back at work, so he's rather concerned." Everyone could tell that Guinevere was deliberately showing off. Whatever it was, she did have the ability to show off.

Weston was her husband, after all.

Even ordinary men might not dote on their wives so much. Yet who was Weston Ford? He was the most powerful man in Ahn City who could command the winds and the waves, no less.

All along, he had Guinevere as his only woman, and he had cared so much for her.

People who wanted to get jealous found themselves in no position to do so.

Stella remained silent, unable to figure out what she was feeling inside.

Just yesterday night, Weston had been lying right next to her.

Guinevere was lying.

Given her personality, she wouldn't say such obvious lies if Weston called.

The call was probably not even from Weston. She should have found Guinevere amusing, to say the least, but had instead found her pitiful and miserable.

How could someone as proud as her end up behaving like this?

If she were Guinevere, she wouldn't waste her time with a man like Weston Ford, no matter how much she loved him.

And in the process, losing her dignity...

In the hospital.

Henry stared at his phone. Did he call the wrong number? Yet, he was sure that it was Guinevere's number he dialed. After hearing that bunch of nonsense from her, he finally figured out that she was probably trying to show off how much Weston cared for her to someone.

The corners of his lips curved upward into a mocking smile.

Guinevere did seem to be more anxious during this period, and he didn't want to expose her." Since you're busy, I'll hang up."

Silence ensued in the room once more.

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Chapter 403 Right after he put down the phone, someone knocked on his door.

It was his doctor doing his rounds. "How do you feel today?"

Henry was about to reply when he saw a woman following the doctor from behind.

The doctor explained, "She's here to observe me. Please ignore her."

Henry nodded, but he noticed someone familiar right next to the lady.

Xavier Ford.

Xavier had come looking for Zeta when he recalled that Henry also received treatment in this hospital.

He waved to him.

Zeta immediately told the doctor next to her, "I have something else to attend to, and I'm heading back to the office."

"Sure, go ahead."

She turned to leave, and Xavier instinctively trailed her. Zeta immediately said, "Stay here and chat with Henry. I'll go and be busy." With that, Zeta turned to leave in a hurry, seeming as though she was trying to avoid him.

Xavier said nothing more. He sneered and sat down on the couch, looking at Henry. "I have no choice but to come over and visit you."

Henry remained silent.

After a series of routine questions and running the usual checks, the doctor took his leave.

Only the two remained in the ward. A thought came to Henry's mind. "Was that woman just now your fiancée?" Xavier sneered. "What fiancée? Didn't you see that nasty look she shot me?" "You've always treated her very ordinarily. What's more, any of those girlfriends you have outside look more like your woman than her. If it weren't for the verbal marriage agreement between both your parents, you would never be associated with each other." "Just listen to yourself. If there weren't so many 'what-ifs' in the world, we wouldn't have to deal with so many troubles in life."

Henry remained silent as his thoughts drifted.

He probably wouldn't have treated her that way if there were really 'what-ifs' in this world.

If he had treated her slightly better, would she have stuck around? She wouldn't have stood idle seeing him in a wheelchair, disabled for the rest of his life, and still refusing to come out and see him.

However, she was that heartless.

Xavier saw how his face changed and asked, "Oh yes, I heard Weston say that you've been trying to find a particular person of late?"

"Did you hear that from him, or did you do some poking around privately?" Henry looked at him with a half-smile. Weston would never share their conversation with a third person. Growing up together and sharing unspoken chemistry, their brotherhood far outweighed the blood ties that the uncle and nephew pair shared. Xavier knew that Henry wasn't easily fooled, and he tapped his fingers against the table. "How about this. Let's strike a deal. Do me a favor, and I'll help you find the person you're looking for. What do you think?"

He looked straight into Henry's eyes. "I know who you're looking for. That little bodyguard of yours, right? However good a woman is at hiding, where could she possibly hide herself?"

Henry ignored him and instead pushed his wheelchair to the balcony, turning his focus to his potted plants again. Xavier suddenly recalled that day he had come to visit Henry with Weston. All he did was touch his cactus once, and Henry looked like he wanted to murder him. "Are these potted plants things that your little bodyguard likes?" His question invoked a dark scowl from Henry, and it all but confirmed his suspicion. "How about this. I'll help you dig up news about her, and I don't need you to do anything for me. However, if I manage to find something useful, we'll take it that you owe me one. How does that sound?"

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Chapter 404 "What exactly do you want?" Henry suddenly looked at him coldly. "I don't want anything except to be your friend."

Xavier cracked a nonchalant smile as he reached out a hand to pat him on his shoulder. "I know what you're worried about. Don't worry. You're Weston's friend, and I'm his uncle. How could I possibly do anything to harm him? At most, I'll just fight with him over the family inheritance. Don't be so worried."

On set.

Stella was prepared for what was to come.

The wire that was supposed to be strapped on Guinevere was now tightly secured on her back.

Both ladies were of similar build, and it didn't take much time to adjust the harness and wire. In order to run from this space to the other side of the cliff and then fly back down, the most critical thing was to maintain balance and keep the movements clean and sharp. That would help make for a good take.

Guinevere's movements for this scene differed from those Stella practiced earlier, as the swordsmanship between the young female warrior and the lead female warrior were from completely different factions.

The young female warrior, played by Stella, was more playful and less skilled in swordsmanship than the lead female warrior.

As such, there was a vast difference in the difficulty level of both scenes.

Stella tried to do what the instructor taught her earlier but found it rather laborious.

Behind the cameras.

Guinevere sat right next to Bradley and looked at Stella's performance through the lenses.

With arched brows, she complained, "Seems like she can't get the movements right, either. Why don't we switch to a real professional?"

Bradley remained silent.

Guinevere went on, "She's already tried a few times. I'm afraid if we go on, she might get herself injured..."

Bradley suddenly pulled out his earphones and looked at her, "When you first suggested for her to be your double, didn't you consider the fact that she might get injured? Now that we're in the middle of filming, you suddenly want to stop everything. What exactly do you want?"

He bellowed unceremoniously.

He didn't want to tolerate Guinevere's behavior any longer.

Guinevere decided to take a step back, "I was just concerned for her, that's all. Since she's

agreed to this, then we'll continue."

With that, she stood up and found another spot elsewhere to sit.

Her assistant immediately offered her a recliner.

She leaned back and picked up a glass of beverage, sipping on it. She saw Stella fall from the artificial cliff time and time again, each fall harder than the previous.

Some crew members could no longer take it.

Especially the assistant, who whispered into Bradley's ear, "Shall we take a break and try again later?"

Bradley kept silent and looked into the camera.

"We'll see after she films this take." If they were to stop right now, all of Stella's efforts would have been in vain. Stella adjusted her posture and realized that charging from this distance made it difficult to carry out the required moves.

If she could run from a further distance, it would give her more time to execute the actions she needed to achieve.

She signaled to Bradley.

Bradley paused briefly and asked, "What's the matter?"

At that, she shared her thoughts with Bradley. "Sure, feel free to play around," Bradley said. "Just be careful not to hurt yourself." "I will," Stella nodded. Immersed in doing her task well, she wasn't even paying attention to Guinevere. Guinevere saw how unaffected Stella was, and her good mood gradually soured.

She thought that making things difficult for Stella would cause her to embarrass herself but didn't expect that she would take it in her stride so well.

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Chapter 405 She had originally intended for Stella to plead to her for mercy. After all, it was common for seniors to pick on juniors in the entertainment industry, and she had even tried to do it as subtly as she could in a bid to preserve her own reputation. As long as Stella said she couldn't do it, Guinevere was happy to smile and let things go. But since Stella insisted on pushing through, she couldn't blame Guinevere for standing idly by and watching her struggle.

Guinevere suddenly pulled out her phone to take a photo—a picture of Stella falling flat on her face on set, which she uploaded on social media.

Before she uploaded it, she pondered for a moment before deciding to block Weston from seeing her post.

She did not want Weston to see Ella in any form or manner.

That incident with Belle was like a thorn that pierced her heart.

Why did the women that Weston had affairs with have to resemble Stella Sealey so much?

Worse, out of all these kept women, Ella resembled Stella the most. It was almost as if they were the same person.

The previous time she met Ella at Yvonne's place, she could clearly sense some anomalies in Weston's behavior. He merely kept his feelings hidden in front of everyone.

She would never allow a woman who could affect Weston so much to appear before him.

At the Ford Mansion.

Chris had time today to spend with Wendy, and he stayed at home to take care of Zack.

Perhaps because he had been overly close to Guinevere, he felt rather guilty and would always come back to accompany Wendy whenever he found time.

Their relationship appeared as good as it was before.

Chris also became more patient with Wendy.

If it weren't for the occasional avoidance and distraction that Wendy noticed in his eyes, she would have thought that they really went back in time to when they were young.

She sat down on the couch with Zack in her arms, poking his nose gently as she said, "Look at his eyes. They look so much like yours..." Chris carried Zack stiffly in his arms, "Our son looks like me, after all. Naturally, our grandson looks like me, too."

Wendy smiled wordlessly.

"Don't you have work these few days? You've been returning home so early."

“What, are you not happy with that?” Chris deliberately said. Wendy cupped her cheeks in her hands and remained silent.

Chris felt slightly uncomfortable at being stared at like that by her. “Why are you looking at me that way?”

“Nothing, I just suddenly feel like we’ve both grown old.” Chris remarked casually, “That goes without saying. Look, Weston even has his own child, and we’re grandparents now. How could we not be old?” “Is that so? Then why do I still feel that there are still so many young women flocking around you, as many as there were in the past?” Wendy sighed.

When she was in her prime, many men vied for her attention, even when Chris was around.

She was the most beautiful in the entertainment industry, and she had as many pursuers as there were fishes in the water.

Perhaps because of the competition, Chris had treated her superbly, doting on her and caring for her like she was his precious treasure. However, with the passage of time, the number of people pursuing Wendy dwindled. Regardless of how beautiful she used to be, her age made her no match for those young, up-and-coming beauts in the circle. Conversely, age was kinder towards men—women continued throwing themselves at Chris, whereas she had lost her market value. She and Chris were no longer as loving as they used to be, despite trying to keep up appearances. She knew very clearly that Chris’ treatment was out of habit and routine and not truly from his heart.

Chris heard her comment and stiffened. “What nonsense. You’re the only woman in my heart

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Chapter 406 Even as he patted Zack on the back, Chris was watching for Wendy’s reaction—seeing that there was none, he presumed that she was just asking casually. Breathing a sigh of relief, he chuckled at her. “Really? Are you getting jealous like a teenage girl at your age?” Wendy raised a brow. “And I guess you’re an expert on young girls?” “You’re just giving me rope to hang myself, huh?” Chris retorted as he returned Zack to her. “That said, you’ll always be a young girl in my perspective.” As Zack put an arm over Wendy’s shoulder and leaned on her, she smiled. “You really shouldn’t listen to hearsay all the time. Don’t you know how I feel toward you? It’s been years, and you should start believing in me.”

Despite her smile, Wendy felt cold inwardly.

Are all men geniuses when it comes to deception? Did he not feel guilty at all when he said something like that?

Within the Ford Corporation offices, everyone in the meeting room was afraid to make a sound.

Weston was frowning as he listened to a proposal presentation, and there seemed to be a

chilling pressure weighing down on everyone around the conference table. After all, everyone could tell that Weston was upset.

“Who’s the head of the strategy department?” he asked icily after the presenter was finished. While everyone around the table was fidgeting nervously, a middle-aged man slowly rose to his feet. “... Mr. Ford, is there a problem?” “Is there a problem? I should be asking that, don’t you think?” Weston snapped, and flung the papers in front of him at the man. “None of this makes sense. What did I pay you for?!”

It was natural that there was a gap in work effectiveness between the branch in Fern City and the headquarters at Ahn City. The employees there were naturally under the impression that they could get a passing mark by posting the same numbers they did last year, and naturally did not expect that Weston could be so demanding.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Ford. There may have been a mistake with the initial budgeting...”

“Save it—I don’t need excuses. Just submit a new proposal before next week. I want results.”

With that, Weston rose to his feet.

Ben quickly issued further instructions before following Weston out of the meeting room. “Mr. Ford, we have another appointment soon. I don’t think we can make it back to Stardust Mansion tonight in time...”

“Yeah,” Weston replied. “Just remind me to call her when she’s done.”

They would be sitting around a dining table by then, and there was a chance that Weston would get too busy. As such, he should give Stella a head’s up so that she would not have to keep waiting alone back home. “Yes, Mr. Ford,” Ben said, and whipped out his phone to double-check the schedule for the rest of the day.

He tapped on the usual chat group by reflex, and paused when he saw a particular image.

He quickly looked up at Weston, but he had no idea if he should mention it.

Weston stopped in his tracks and turned toward him. "What is it?"

Ben hesitated again, and then said, "You should look at this, Mr. Ford..." He tapped on the image to show Weston. Weston frowned, and scowled the instant he looked at the screen—he promptly grabbed the phone and enlarged the image.

He noticed right away that it was Stella, and it was a picture of her taking a fall. While he was under the impression that she was filming, he then saw that her cuts and bruises were not fake. Tapping out of the image, he saw that it was Guinevere who sent it, and the caption was: (The dedication of this extra! She leaped off from this end of the cliff, and was dangling off a cable for hours without protective gear! It really is hard to make money these days!) Naturally, it was only available from Ben's account...

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Chapter 407 Weston whipped out his own phone and swiped through it, but Guinevere's post was not visible from his account. He chuckled coolly as a horrible glare appeared in his eyes. Beside him, Ben was sweating bullets —
— he had almost never seen such a reaction from Weston before. "Mr. Ford..." "Postpone all appointments for the day. We're paying the film crew a visit." "But..." Ben could not help trying to dissuade Weston. "You might upset Miss Cohen..." "Can't you tell that she's doing this on purpose?" Weston's expression turned darker.

Ben promptly lowered his head. "I mean... You're going to draw a lot of attention if you suddenly show up for Ella Steele's sake, and she wouldn't want that to happen..."

And that was the truth.

Weston closed his eyes, remembering that dignity and reputation mattered more than anything else to Stella. The fact that he had forced her to stay with him was no different from taking away her wings, and if everyone realized that she was his, he could imagine how embarrassed she would be.

He just could not get it—
why would she keep those unnecessary moral codes? What was going on between them was common in society, and there was so much he could give her, and yet she refused everything. "I don't want to see her get hurt again," Weston growled as if to himself, suddenly opening his eyes again. Ben watched his reaction and quietly sighed. Although he was Weston's longest serving—

assistant and one of his most loyal subordinates, he had no idea who Weston was actually more interested in—Guinevere or Stella.

In the case of the former, aside from being in her company out of courtesy, Weston appeared to have no intention of lingering around her unnecessarily.

And yet, in the case of the latter, Weston was reluctant to even make her his legitimate partner—even on the most elementary level.

Given what Ben knew about Weston, he was never one who willingly went with his family's arrangements, and yet his marriage to Guinevere was not a simple marriage of convenience between the Cohens and the Fords either.

Naturally, Ben just could not understand why the legendary king of commerce, known for being decisive and inspiring fear among the masses, would be so terrible in relationships.

After trying and failing countless times, Stella poised herself again and asked Bradley, "Ready for another round?" At first, Bradley thought that it was ideal to have Stella make it through the sequence as soon

as possible, but as he studied her condition, he could not help suggesting, "You should take a break. Don't rush things." "No, I think I'm getting the hang of it," Stella replied, wiping sweat off her brow. "Let's go again—I'll make it this time!" Hearing her say that, Bradley naturally nodded. "Don't push yourself. Just do what you can." "Yeah." Stella grinned. "I know my limits."

Just as she finished, her assistant held out a bottle of water at her. "Please have a drink first."

Stella took the bottle and slowly drank up half of it, before returning it to her assistant and said, "Thanks."

Nearby, Guinevere was watching them, her initial catharsis having since faded. She had wanted to watch as 'Ella Steele' made a fool of herself, only for everyone to offer a helping hand.

That was something she simply could not understand—was everyone taking pity on her just because she appeared delicate? 'What a pretentious woman,' she thought to herself. In fact, she had never liked Ella, and now actually felt disgust toward her. It was not just her face either—Ella's very existence annoyed Guinevere!

Chapter 408 Feeling utterly grumpy, Guinevere flung her phone off to a corner.

Her assistant was nearby, and when he heard the racket, he quickly sprang to his feet in panic, worried that Guinevere was upset about his work performance. "What's the matter, Miss Cohen?"

If it had been any other day, Guinevere would have thought nothing of her assistant's overreaction. However, it was a complete eyesore for her right now.

What was with that look? Was he worried that she was going to kill him? Was she really that intimidating?

Guinevere never thought highly of her assistant before, but now, she was upset, especially with Ella's assistant serving as a stark contrast nearby.

Had she been unfair to these people? Why were they all acting so afraid of her?!

"It's nothing. Mind your own business!"

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CHAPTER 409

Even as those frustrating thoughts clouded her mind, she sprang to her feet and stormed off without looking back.

Her assistant was left behind, turning pale and unsure as to how he had angered her this time. He traded glances with the other assistant, unsure of what he should say just then.

Meanwhile, back at the film set, Stella leapt off the cliff directly, and it was finally a good shot.

"Cut!" Bradley yelled, and she promptly dropped limply on the ground. Seeing that, Bradley promptly ran up to her and helped her up, while medical personnel at the set also encircled Stella. "Are you alright?" Bradley asked.

Stella nodded. "Just a little tired."

She was smiling as she spoke—
despite being battered and bruised, she told them to relax, and not to worry about her.

Bradley naturally felt a little guilty right then. Pausing for a moment, he then said, “You should take a break over the next few days. I’ll arrange for some extras to take over your parts ... Your health takes priority—you must not push yourself.”

“I’m fine,” Stella insisted. “I just need a small break since I’m not hurt. The doctors said that it’s just cuts and bruises. Moreover, we’re shooting a period drama—no one would spot a thing under these dresses!” Bradley could not resist a chuckle. “Honestly, how naive could you be? Smiling even after you’ve been put through the grinder?” “Why not?” Stella replied. “It took me great lengths to clear this sequence. Of course I can smile—I’ll only cry if I keep messing it up.” Bradley smiled begrudgingly and sighed at the sight of her face, which was caked with dirt.

“You’re really...” He could not find the right words to describe Stella, however, and so simply said, “Anyway, your goal for the day is done. Now go and take a well-deserved rest.”

“Got it.”

Meanwhile, Guinevere was still sulking in her private room at the backstage lounge. Some of the film crew were standing outside the door, afraid to go in.

They had no idea what put her in a bad mood out of nowhere. Moreover, Ella had succeeded with her sequence and they could now film the rest.

So, what had got her goat now?

Naturally, after settling the matter with Stella, Bradley was told that Guinevere was throwing a fit. Scowling, he asked, “Where is she now?”

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Chapter 410

Bradley said nothing, but merely kept his eyes fixed on Guinevere, as if he had seen through her in an instant.

She made a face, but simply walked away to sit in front of her dressing table, staring at her own reflection as she said, “Don’t worry. This won’t happen again.”

Bradley left once he had her assurance, but as soon as he was gone, Guinevere swept every cosmetic product off the table, sending them crashing to the floor. Though she appeared in control just a moment ago, there was every sign of her losing control once again. She worked hard to calm her heartbeat, and took the bottle of pills from the pouch she carried everywhere, and took one Still, it took her a long while to calm down. Suddenly, her phone started ringing, and her eyes lit up the instant she saw who was calling. "Weston?" she exclaimed his name in delight. "What's up?" After all, she did not expect a call from him at this hour-he should be at work right now, and they usually called each other in their spare time.

However, Weston said something on the other end, and Guinevere's delighted expression soon stiffened.

Then, after a long while, she grumbled in discontent, "I know... Is that all you have to say to me?"

Shooting was over for the day, but when Stella was ready to leave work, she spotted Guinevere quickly removing her makeup and leaving.

A film crew member nearby muttered, "Why is our superstar leaving so early today, I wonder?"

"She was just passing the time anyway... Didn't you see the look on the director's face? It was simply terrible!"

Stella did not say anything, since she was unwilling to talk about Guinevere with the others it was especially inappropriate to do so given her position. Hence, she quietly packed her things, and the others nearby left as well, since there was no point to talk to Stella about Guinevere when she refused to.

Even so, it was likely that Stella would be shunned later on since she was the type who was reluctant to badmouth others. That is not a problem early on, but as time goes by, everyone would realize that they have no leverage against her, which in turn would lead them to feel insecure.

Meanwhile, Stella was done packing her belongings when she found Guinevere walking toward her. She seemed to be answering a call, and paused to nod at Stella in greeting when

she saw her.

Stella nodded politely in return since she could not pretend not to notice. She had no idea why Guinevere was acting as if they were on good terms, when things tended to get frosty whenever they met.

However, as Guinevere walked past her, Stella could hear her saying, " ... That's fine. You can come and pick me up — just drive safe, Weston."

It appeared to be another call from Weston, but Stella did not pay it much heed. She was going to take a taxi after removing her makeup anyway, and she had told Weston not to send her a chauffeur this morning, since she was worried that one of the film crew might recognize her.

This was not the training center, and there were all sorts of people in showbiz-who knows if someone would suddenly recognize her, not to mention that Weston was not a typical face in the crowd. Moreover, many would have their eyes on a superstar like Guinevere, and even slightest of hints might somehow be linked to Stella.

As such, Weston was forced to agree with her choice.

Be that as it may, while Stella presumed that Weston was spending the rest of the day with Guinevere, she had just left the film set when he called. "Where are you?" he growled over the phone.