

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 461

### Chapter 461

Weston froze for a moment. He got up, bent his knees, and looked down at the long scar around her waist.

“Does it hurt?”

His calloused slender fingers ran through her skin and the scar.

She closed her eyes. She didn't know if it was the medication, but she felt an uncontrollable itch and twisted her head to the other side.

“Not anymore. It stopped hurting a long time ago.” Weston did not believe her words and kissed her scar reverently.

She disliked the way he worshipped her like some treasure; as though he loved her so much.

Deep down inside, she knew he was the most heartless man one could ever meet. Her body heated up but her heart remained cold.

The body, however, yearned for him uncontrollably.

She reached out and wrapped her arms around his neck

Surprised by her action, he looked down at her and suddenly noticed that her face had an unnatural redness.

He frowned and asked in concern, “Feeling unwell?”

She shook her head, unable to speak. When she opened her mouth, she could feel her warm breath.

After a while, she got up again and hugged his neck. Feeling that there was something different about her today, his eyes slowly deepened. He stared at the woman on the sofa and brushed her hair away from her face, revealing her small face in its entirety.

“Stella, do you really want it?”

She shook her head. Her eyes were red and she seemed to be feeling guilty.

Hence, he sensed that something was wrong. “What's wrong with you? Tell me.”

He stood up immediately and pulled her into a sitting position. With hands on her shoulder, he made her look into his eyes.

But she was unwilling to open them.

She put one hand on his shoulder, while the other tugged the belt around his waist.

He became increasingly aware that something was wrong.

She looked like she was drugged.

“What’s wrong with you? Tell me.”

She took a deep breath and croaked ‘I am thirsty’ in a raspy voice. She seemed to regain her sobriety and looked straight at him.

This drug was mainly for treatment, and as long as she did not get into that state, she could control herself well.

She was only using this drug to stop herself from rejecting his touch. When he stopped, she could easily regain consciousness.

Weston was relieved when he saw the redness in her eyes dissipate. He touched her face and said, “Wait. I’ll get you some water.”

And he got up and left.

Staring at the tall figure, she closed her eyes and let out a breath. She suddenly hated herself a little: The man came back shortly and sat on the sofa. He let her lie in his arms and fed her some water. She took a sip from the glass he handed over. The man was still in his suit when she was only wearing her pajamas. When they leaned against each other, the warmth in her body had not subsided and transferred to him through the thin fabric. His Adam’s apple rolled up and down. He never deprived himself of that when he was with her., He had only stopped because he was worried that something might be wrong with her. Now that she was alright, he naturally wouldn’t hide his desire. After putting down the glass, he hugged her from the back and kissed her neck Taking her hand, he interlocked his fingers with hers.

“Stella, you still have me.” The child would not come back but he would always be with her.

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They might not have any more children in the future.

He did not want them either.

There was nothing wrong with just the two of them staying that way.

Weston could not understand Stella's obsession with children.

Even now, he only regretted a little losing the child. However, if there was a choice to do it all over again, he would have made a different decision.

Regardless, there were no 'ifs' in this world.

He never dwelled on the what-ifs but always seized the moment.

Stella sniggered.

It was because of him that she'd become like this.

She closed her eyes. Tears rolled down from its corners, but they quickly evaporated at her temples. She reached out and hooked her hand around the man's neck. It was as if the padlock was finally unlocked by the correct key. Everything was crazy. And dyed in charming colors. She knew there was no way she could turn back. With him, she could only fight like Kilkenny cats and there was no way to retreat unscathed.

Guinevere tried to call Weston but failed.

He called her in the morning, but she could no longer reach him in the afternoon.

It made her anxious.

She could not understand. She had already kicked Belle out and Weston had not seen any other women during this time either, so why was he still so busy?

When her manager saw her basically spending all her time on Weston, he could not help but remind her. "Guinevere, we have just made a comeback. This is our first movie. If the director is dissatisfied with our performance, it will likely affect our career..."

Guinevere was already very annoyed. When the manager said that, her face turned gloomy. "You are just like those outsiders who think that I cannot do it. I've simply bore a child. Why has your attitude towards me changed so much? Are you guys in some way prejudiced against

"Guinevere, I didn't mean it in that..."

The manager did not expect that his advice would make Guinevere so angry. He thought that she might just be experiencing emotional instability after labor, and she was supposed to know how loyal he was alter so many years. How could he do something against her?

“You did not mean that? Then what did you mean?”

She stood up suddenly. “Do you think that I should just stay at home with the child?”

“Of course not...” He was speechless. “If you stay at home, I will lose my job.”

She took a deep breath and calmed down a little. “Maybe I’m just a little tired these days.”

“I can see that.” He did not dare to say anything else. “Get some rest. Your performance has been good. It’s just that the director is a bit fussy.”

She nodded. “I used to be the best actress. It is only natural he demands more of me.”

He sighed silently without saying anything. One of the trickiest things in the entertainment industry was the inability to clearly determine one’s position.

There was no eternal status in this circle, only eternal interest.

Many divas, at one point, had also fallen from the altar.

Although there was still a huge group supporting Guinevere, who was to be certain that it would stay that way?

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Chapter 463 Guinevere had just gotten home when Wendy came with Zachary in her arms. “I thought you weren’t coming home today.” “Why not? This is where I live.”

Wendy chuckled and reverted to her old, aloof self.

Guinevere sometimes felt that she wasn’t the one who had lost control of her emotions, but Wendy. Otherwise, why was she unable to figure out this woman’s mind? She was about to return to her room when Wendy suddenly called her. “By the way, the actress in the cast named Ella...”

Hearing Ella’s name, Guinevere stopped dead in her tracks. “What are you asking her for?”

She seemed very sensitive at the mention of that name. To her, that person was like a time bomb. Her face looked so much like Stella and even her name sounded so similar; if it were not for the DNA test that proved that they weren’t the same person, she would’ve really thought that Stella had come back for revenge with a new identity. “Why are you so worked up? She is just an actress.”

Wendy did not expect such a big reaction from her.

Guinevere calmed herself. "You are not in the entertainment industry anymore. Why are you prying so much?"

Wendy did not like to hear this. "When I was in the entertainment industry, my status was much higher than yours. The juniors had better stay humble."

Guinevere clenched her fists, having no desire to be humble in front of her. Smiling, she replied, "Is that so? The new overthrow the old. After all, if you were really as good as you say, you would be acting with me. What kind of person keeps reminiscing about their former glory days? It couldn't be someone who's still going uphill."

Wendy's face instantly turned gloomy.

Guinevere walked straight into her room.

Just as she closed the door, her phone rang. Her eyes twitched and she picked up the phone. "How's it going? Did you find out anything?" "That woman has been very quiet recently and has not met Mr. Ford. But there is one thing..." The person on the other side hesitated.

Guinevere said impatiently, "If you have something to say, say it."

"It seems that someone is investigating that kidnapper..."

"What?" Guinevere's eyes widened immediately. "How is that possible?!"

She believed that the evidence would've been gone after such a long time, not to mention that kidnapper was in a vegetative state and was similar to a living dead. Thus, all she needed to do was to wait patiently until the day he died and all the evidence of murder would vanish. Only Weston, Stella, and her knew the inside story of the kidnapping that day. Who else would try to investigate the incident? Could Stella have really come back from the dead?

Impossible.

She witnessed the fall herself. They fell from such a high place that day and even the kidnapper had been seriously injured to the point of complete paralysis, his life hanging by a thread.

Stella was in a poor physical condition and pregnant at that time. There was no way she could have survived.

"You must find out who exactly is the person secretly investigating the incident! You hear

me?"

“Yes, Ms. Cohen.” Guinevere hung up and became more and more restless.

She wanted to call Weston, but no matter how many times she called his number, no one answered.

This had never happened before.

If he did not pick up, she would know that he was at work and would stop calling. Today, however, she knew she had to get through to him before she could stop.

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But when the call got through, and she heard the man’s raspy voice, Guinevere did not know what to say. “Yes?”

Weston sounded a bit irritated. “What’s the matter?” Guinevere paused for a moment before saying, “Why didn’t you answer the phone when I called you just now?” “I was in a meeting.” He glanced at his watch. “What the hell is going on?” “Nothing...” She was uneasy and a little sad because of his attitude. “I just want to talk to you.” There was a long silence. “Guinevere, I’m in the middle of something.” “I know.” Guinevere rubbed her eyebrows. “Your mother brought Zachary to the set today.” “So?”

“Can you come once too?”

He paused for a moment and said, “I will let Ben arrange for it. If I have time, I will go.”

“Really?”

Her eyes lit up. She realized that she seemed ever more submissive, hoping that Weston would actually look at her for once.

“So you are not returning to Ahn City for a while?” “Yes.”

After getting confirmation from him, she was relieved yet felt a little depressed at the same time. “Alright then, take care of yourself.” “Is there anything else?”

“No...”

After ending the call, her face changed instantly, and she started packing up, telling the chauffeur that she wanted to leave.

When Wendy saw her going out, she called her. “Where are you going?”

Guinevere said, “I have to go out for something.”

Then, she walked up to Wendy and looked at Zachary, who was in Wendy's arms. She pinched his cheek, saying, "Mummy is going out, and she will be back soon."

Seeing her suddenly motherly demeanor, Wendy looked at her with surprise. "What's wrong with you today?" Guinevere laughed. "What is so weird about me being nice to my son?" Wendy said nothing, and her gaze seemed fixated on her for a while. She had a feeling that there was something strange about Guinevere.

Regardless, she thought little of it. As she stared at Guinevere, she shook her head and returned to her room.

Guinevere only had the chance to go to the hospital when Weston wasn't in Ahn City.

He had hired many bodyguards to surround the ward, making exiting and entering the ward a nightmare.

It took some effort for her to get them to relax a little.

When she entered the ward, a bodyguard in a black suit came hurriedly and whispered into her ear. "Ms. Cohen, you only have a few minutes. They will soon find out that something is wrong. If Mr. Ford finds out about this, he will tighten the security, and it will be even more difficult to get in..." "I understand."

She waved at him, and he left immediately.

Then, she walked to the bedside of the dying man.

She wondered if he had been lying so long, so much so that he lost much weight and changed his looks.

She almost couldn't recognize this man. She took out a vial from her bag and took a deep breath. In fact, she could've just hired an assassin, but she didn't.

It was a bit scary to do this kind of thing herself.

However, she did not feel secure leaving this to others. She was worried Weston might discover it, and others would know her secret once it was exposed.

Hence, she chose to do it herself to get rid of everything.

The surveillance camera in the ward was destroyed, so no one would know. She took a deep breath and injected the drug into the entry valve.

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Her hands were shaking, but she had little choice. "Don't blame me for being ruthless. It was you who did a bad job after taking my money. You should have fallen to your death that day. There is no point in living like this now. Just let me help you to depart."

The ECG machine beside her suddenly emitted a piercing beep. She was startled, and the syringe fell out of her hand.

But it did not matter.

Hastily, she picked it up and shoved it into her bag. To be on the safe side, she had brought an extra vial. A small enough was sufficient to exterminate a healthy adult, let alone a dying man. Sure enough, the ECG rate fluctuated, and the wave gradually flattened into a line after the ear-splitting sound. She took a deep breath while watching the man struggling on the bed.

After a while, it was a dead silence.

She reached out her hand to probe under his nose.

There was no more breathing.

Half an hour later, she left the ward.

What she did not know was that another man arrived shortly after.

Wearing a mask, no one recognized Ben and blocked him. "Sorry, no stranger here." Ben took off the mask, and the man recognized him instantly. "I am very sorry, Mr. Sullivan."

With a distant face, Ben said, "Why were you not here just now? What did you do?"

The bodyguard quickly explained, "There was an accident just now, so we went to help out, and we had to leave for a while. But it was only a short while. There shouldn't be any accidents

"Is that so?"

Ben pushed him away and opened the door to enter the ward.

The moment he saw the ashen face of the man on the bed, his eyes widened at once. "Get a doctor!"

The bodyguards panicked, not knowing what had happened.

When they rushed in to take a look, they realized that the man had stopped breathing.

In the meantime, Weston's phone rang.

"She has done it."

The man's face darkened, oblivious as to what had provoked Guinevere today to the point she decided to make an early move. Regardless, he had already moved that man to another ward. "Keep an eye on her, and don't let her get away with it."

"Yes, Mr. Ford."

When he ended the call, the car had stopped at the entrance of the villa,

He purposely slowed down her pace when he entered the house. Weston looked at Joan as she came out. "Is she asleep?"

It was already very late. He was busy attending a meeting today at the office, while Stella returned early and headed to bed after washing up.

Joan nodded.

Weston went straight into the bedroom and instantly saw Stella curled up under the blanket. She was sleeping peacefully. She seemed to have stopped having nightmares for a few days, which was a good sign.

After washing up, he laid down next to her and took her into his arms.

She was sleeping soundly. When he kissed her forehead, he suddenly discovered that her body temperature was slightly high. He touched her forehead.

Her body temperature had been fluctuating for the past few days.

A man's body temperature was normally higher than a woman's, so even if her body temperature changed, it was actually similar to his.

Hence, it was hard for him to notice.

He got up and took a thermometer to take her temperature. The touch of the cold instrument woke her up.

She opened her eyes in some confusion and looked at the man in front of her. "You're back."

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Stella's husky, confused voice turned Weston on. He leaned over and planted a deep and passionate kiss on her lips. She was almost out of breath when he finally let her go.

"What's that?" Stella asked, still in a daze. "What are you doing? It's uncomfortable."

"Don't move," Weston commanded. "I'm taking your temperature. Did you catch a cold?"

"No," Stella shook her head. "But your body has been hot and cold these past two days. Are you sure you're not sick?" Stella shook her head again.

"I feel fine..." she insisted.

The medicine worked really well when she took it last night, and she hardly experienced any negative side effects. Even Weston noticed that she was especially compliant last night, although he would have never suspected it was the effect of the drug.

"You must tell me if you're feeling unwell, okay?" he told her while stroking her hair gently. "Okay..." Stella replied simply, aroused by Weston's warm breath on her face.

Stella usually took her medicine early in the evening before Weston came home because she didn't want him to see it. However, she did not anticipate him coming home so late today, meaning that the drug had long taken effect without her having any chance of getting released. She wrapped her arms around the nape of his neck, barely able to contain herself any longer. Weston noticed that she had been so much more proactive lately.

"You haven't eaten, have you?" "What?" Stella replied, puzzled. "I have. I've eaten a lot this evening."

"Then why do you still look so hungry?"

Stella knew what he meant instantly. She gave him a look and quickly withdrew her arms. Weston knew too well that she was just shy. He grabbed her hands and pinned them down above her head before pouncing on her with a deep, voracious kiss.

It was well after midnight when they were finally done.

Stella's entire body was soaking wet as if she had just come up from a swimming pool. She was leaning against Weston's shoulder with her eyes closed, drifting into sleep. Her scorching body temperature was also gradually cooling down.

Weston gently listed her and carried her to the bathroom. He placed her in the bathtub and began to clean her body. Often, he'd become remarkably patient once his carnal desire had been quenched, Stella could order him around and make him do anything, and he would obey her without as much as uttering a word.

“Lift up your arms,” he told her as he sat down behind her in the bathtub. “I’m giving you a scrub.”

Stella lifted her arms, after which Weston proceeded to scrub her back. Then he said, “Turn around.” Stella turned around to face Weston, but she crossed her arms over her breasts. “I’ve seen it all by now,” he teased her with a cheeky smile. “Isn’t it a little too late to be shy? Just put your arms down.”

Stella remained motionless.

Weston got up and turned off the light. The bathroom was now only illuminated by the dim flicker of the scented candles.

“Now, would you put your arms down?”

Stella still hesitated.

Weston sighed and told her, “If I wanted to do it, it wouldn’t have made any difference even if you had a dozen layers of clothes on.” “Besides,” he added in a deep gruff voice, “we’ve already done it twice today. I’m completely satiated, for now. So don’t worry, okay?” Stella stared at him, unsure if she should trust him, but ultimately decided she should give him a chance.

Without saying a word, Weston went on to scrub her whole body. Once he was done, he quickly wrapped her up in a towel and carried her to the bed. He then took a quick shower himself and returned to bed.

Weston pulled Stella into his arms, and they both fell into a deep sleep, completely ignoring the endlessly vibrating phone on the nightstand.

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The next day, Stella was woken up by the sound of a familiar ringtone.

It seemed someone had been trying to reach Weston since last night. His phone had been ringing all night, but neither of them had paid any attention. Stella glanced at Weston, who was still fast asleep. It was the first time that he slept more soundly than her. She reached over and grabbed his phone. Her eyes darkened when she saw the name of the caller on the screen. Just as she silently stared at the phone, Weston opened his eyes. Stella happened to look over, and her eyes met with his stormy ones. “Why aren’t you answering the phone?” he asked with a faintly hoarse voice while looking straight at her as though trying to plumb the depths of her soul. “It’s your phone,” she replied, handing it to him. Half propped up on his elbows, Weston pulled

Stella into his arms so that she would lean on his chest. Then with his other hand, he reached out of the blanket and answered the phone.

“What is it?” he asked.

“Finally!” came the angry voice on the phone. “God d\*mn it, Weston! I’ve been calling you all night! I thought you were dead or something!” “What’s the matter?” asked Weston, half-frowning. “The kidnapper has died suddenly in the hospital!” “And?” replied Weston. He’d already known, so he wasn’t surprised by the news.

“Oh...” Henry Moore sighed in relief. He could guess from Weston’s tone that he’d already found out about it. “I just thought that it might be important to you...” Henry had no idea what exactly went on between Weston, Guinevere, and Stella, but he was pretty sure that the kidnapper must harbor some secrets. Weston wouldn’t have kept him alive all this time, otherwise.

Guinevere seemed very wary of the man too. She even visited him herself yesterday, although the visit ultimately cost him his life.

“What exactly is going on between you and Gwen, Weston?” he asked. “What were you guys doing with a thug like that?”

“I’ll explain everything when the dust settles,” Weston answered, his face glum.

“Don’t bother,” said Henry. “I don’t really care. I have no interest in getting roped into the mess between you and Gwen.”

“You can easily stay out of this as long as you can say no to Guinevere, but you can’t do that, can you?”

Henry hated the cynicism in Weston’s voice. He pushed his wheelchair to the balcony and

casually picked off a thorn from the cactus plant.

“You know full well that I would’ve died long ago if it hadn’t been for Gwen,” he said. “I owe her my life.”

“I don’t care what goes on between the two of you,” Weston stated plainly. “It has nothing to do with me.”

“Don’t you think its a little too cold of you? Everyone knows Gwen would do anything for you! She’s completely devoted to you! It’s all come this far, Weston. Why don’t you just settle down with her and stop messing around and making her feel insecure?”

"That's none of your business," replied Weston before hanging up abruptly. He turned to Stella and was met with her piercing gaze.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" he asked, hugging her tight. "Wanna do it again?" "Shut up!" Stella scowled. "Can't your brain think of anything else?"

"Actually," he argued, "it would be ludicrous of me not to think about it, considering the position we are in now."

Stella looked down and blushed deeply. "You seem to be pretty close with Henry Moore," she observed, resting her head on Weston's chest.

"Why? Are you interested in him?" he lifted her chin with a finger, his tone laced with scrutiny. "I don't like it when you show interest in other men."

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Weston was so blunt that it rendered Stella speechless for a moment. Then, she burst out laughing

"Are you kidding me?" Stella asked incredulously. "He's your friend! I've nothing to do with him! Am I not even allowed to ask a simple question?"

"It's best that you've nothing to do with him," Weston held her in his arms and stroked her hair. "I want it to stay that way." He had no idea why he would be so possessive of her, and he simply couldn't bear to see her being even mildly interested in other men. "You're mine, Stella. You're mine alone." Stella merely found those words amusing and thought nothing of it. "By the way," she added casually after a long pause, "I heard you guys talking about a... kidnapper? What was that about?"

The way she put it sounded as if she cared little about it, but Weston could clearly see that she was keenly interested from how her eyes darted in excitement.

He sighed and kissed her forehead.

"Do you still remember that day... when you fell from that building?"

Weston had asked very carefully, aware that the incident was still a raw gash in their relationship and caused them immense pain whenever the issue was touched upon.

"Of course, I still remember," Stella pursed her lips. "How could I ever forget?" "Well," Weston's voice croaked, "Those thugs died, except for one... you probably remember the guy." Stella did indeed. It was the man who stood behind her, threatening that if she didn't quietly obey their orders, she would die a slow and agonizing death. He was on of

those men who promised her that once Weston abandoned her, they would have their way with her, and once they were bored with her, they'd kill her. They warned her that Guinevere Cohen would never give her an easy death. "So what happened to him?" Stella asked. "Is he still alive?" "He's been in a coma," Weston replied. "Just now, his condition suddenly worsened, and he died."

He then scrutinized Siella's expressions. He would immediately stop talking about this topic if he even detected a trace of her being upset or unsettled.

But there were no such signs on her face. She simply stared into space, her eyes vacant.

After a long silence, she finally said, "I want to see him."

"But he's already dead."

"I know. I just want to see his corpse with my own eyes."

Right now, Stella no longer harbored any hope that Weston would believe her if she told him it was Guinevere who had sent all those men after her.

In fact, she was sure he wouldn't believe her.

She realized that in her current state, she was so powerless that she couldn't even escape Weston's grasp, let alone seek revenge.

If there came a day when she gained some strength and power, she would let them all pay their debts with their blood. She would never forgive nor forget those who had caused the death of her child.

Weston noticed the flash of hostility in her eyes. His heart sank. But now was not that time. One day, he would explain everything to her when the time was right.

The next morning, Weston told Henry of his plans.

"What?" Henry gasped, completely astounded. "Ella wants to see that guy? Why?" Weston did not answer him. He merely added, "I don't want anyone else to know about this, so make sure absolutely no one catches a whiff of this, understand?"

Henry had been his closest friend for umpteen years now. They understood each other without having to say much. Henry was much more like family to him compared to his uncle Xavier.

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Thus, something dawned on Henry. "Don't tell me the most unlikely scenario that could happen just happened..."

Whenever Guinevere couldn't get the kind of treatment she wanted from Weston, she would constantly go to him, complaining and asking for help. Henry learned of Weston's love life from her, and he could guess that this Ella he spoke about was the person that, according to Guinevere, was a substitute Weston was using for Stella Sealey.

It was understandable that anyone would be reminded of Stella when they saw Ella since they looked so uncannily similar, yet to Henry...

After all, he was the one who had done Ella's DNA identification and saw with his own eyes that Stella Sealey and Ella Steele were not the same people.

He simply could not believe that a man like Weston would fall in love with Stella's substitute. Besides, Ella was completely unaffected by the kidnapping. Or was Weston trying to mold and shape Ella into the real Stella Sealey?

"I don't want anyone else to know about this," Weston asserted without answering Henry's question. "I'm not joking, Henry."

Henry was momentarily speechless. He had never heard anyone use such a stern voice to deal with him, especially not from his best friend, Weston.

"Okay," he replied, massaging his temples. "I got it. Seriously though..."

At that moment, Henry couldn't guess what Weston was thinking or what he was trying to do at all.

Meanwhile, Stella was now approaching from the other end of the hallway.

"I'll explain it to you later," Weston told Henry before quickly hanging up.

Henry scowled and cursed under his breath as he heard the beeping tone. He could hardly believe it, but it seemed that the powerful and invincible Weston was completely under a woman's spell

Weston swiftly put his phone back into his pocket, but Stella had long been watching him when she walked over

"Who were you talking to?" she asked when she reached his side

"Henry Moore," he replied, not planning to lie to her. He then took her hand and asked, "Do you want me to go with you?"

It was evident from his pastures that he wanted to go with Stella. She saw no reason to refuse him, yosh 100ded

As they entered the hospital room, they saw the corpse of the kidnapper still lying on the patient's bed, yet to be taken care of. It was ghostly pale and gray. He was discovered dead last night and should have been moved to the mortuary, but the body was still there because Stella

wanted to see him.

Stella scrutinized the lifeless face. Her brows then knitted. "I don't think he looks like that man..." she muttered. That man's face had been carved in her memory. She could still remember it in detail. Although this dead man looked similar, Stella thought he somehow looked different. "He must've lost a lot of weight since he'd been bedridden for so long," Weston explained. Stella thought that made sense. She no longer wanted to dwell on it.

"You're done?" Weston asked as he walked to her side. "Are you satisfied now?" "Satisfied?" she scoffed. "He almost killed me! My... My baby died because of him! Do you think I'd be so easily satisfied?"

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"What can I do to satisfy you?"

Stella shook her head. "He's dead now. There's nothing more that you can do. Perhaps if the mastermind behind that kidnapping is caught, I might be..." Stella paused and glanced at Weston. Her implications were clear. She had always been sure that Guinevere Cohen was the one who planned the kidnapping. "I will tell you everything you want to know," Weston tightened his grip on her hands, "but not right now." He didn't want to make any promises right now. He wanted to wait till the dust settled when this whole thing was over. The last thing he wanted to do was to give Stella false hope. But from Stella's perspective, it was clear that Weston was just protecting Guinevere Cohen. He had never believed her that she was guilty.

After a long silence, Stella pursed her lips. "Forget it. I no longer expect you to believe me."

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Weston suddenly pulled her into his arms and gently patted her back "I know what you're thinking, Stella. Please just give me a little more time." Stella closed her eyes. She no longer had any trust in him.

The shooting had finally progressed up to the original schedule. Bradley too had been in a good mood lately. He feared that because of the rush, they might have to sacrifice the quality of the work. But after a short overtime stint, everything turned out surprisingly well, and they were even on schedule now.

Guinevere had been uncharacteristically quiet these couple of days. She did not trouble Stella even once. That was because her mind was occupied by the fear that her connection to the kidnapper might be exposed. But so far, there was still no news of Weston taking any action since the kidnapper died. Everything was quickly dealt with, and with news of the man's death being hushed, no one else caught wind of it. Seeing this, Guinevere could finally feel at ease. She did not raise their suspicion after all.

Today Guinevere and Stella would be acting in the same scene. They'd done that before, but this time their characters would be directly confronting each other head-on for the first time.

Bradley had come and talked to Stella earlier, so she was mentally prepared. But even so, she could never help losing control of her emotions every time she faced Guinevere. She took a deep breath, steadied herself, and walked slowly towards Guinevere. "I hope you will guide me if I make a mistake," she told her flatly. The disdain on Ella's face was clear to Guinevere. From the start, Ella had never cared to keep up appearances with her. Everyone else would do anything to try to please her and get on her good side, yet Ella had always treated her with cold civility.

"Guide you?" Guinevere retorted. "Oh, I wouldn't dare! Everyone on set loves you!"

She looked almost convincingly humble and friendly when she said that, but her voice was unmistakably laced with derision.

The first scene they would be shooting was when their master had just brought back Dahlia, the heroine of the movie played by Guinevere, after having gone missing for many years.

Sophie, a junior disciple played by Stella, hadn't yet harbored any resentment towards Dahlia at this point in fact, she even wholeheartedly welcomed her senior

But soon enough, Sophie noticed that Dahlia was hogging everyone's attention. For the first time in her life, bitterness rose in her heart. As time went on, that bitterness grew like vines that overcame her and eventually turned her to the dark side.

In the next scene, Dahlia found out in the middle of her crucial training that the one who had

been trying to harm her all this time... was the harmless and innocent Sophie!

Trapped in a water prison, Dahlia stared wide-eyed at the slowly approaching Sophie. "So it's you!" Dahlia hissed, coughing out a mouthful of blood.

Stella was now completely in character as Sophie. Her makeup and costume were roughly unchanged from the scene when Sophie was still an innocent young disciple, but her expressions and her eyes glimmered with a terrifying aura.

Even Bradley, who was behind the camera, was taken aback by the subtle change on Stella's face. He held his breath. Stella had managed to pull him straight into the story.

"Are you surprised to see me, Dahlia?"

Sophie was now standing over Dahlia, looking down condescendingly at her.

Dahlia was at the critical point of gruesome training, but now she was helplessly trapped by her own junior disciple. Her eyes were red. She was desolate and utterly humiliated. "How could you?!" she spat, glaring at Sophie with fiery eyes. "I'm your senior! Let me go right now before it's too late to-" "Even now, you're still speaking of all this nonsense!" Sophie bluntly cut her off. Then Sophie suddenly erupted into a peal of wild and maniacal laughter. "Oh, Dahlia! How I pity you! Things have gotten this bad, yet you're still so naive!"

Stella lifted Guinevere's chin and was about to say the rest of her lines when Guinevere's expression changed. "Wait!" she shouted, pushing Stella away. "Stop! Stop!"

"I think the acting was a little off just now!" Guinevere complained.