

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 511

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A happy man would always show a side of him that was completely different from usual. If those who knew Weston saw this side of him, they would be stunned.

He kept his words.

The next day, Stella returned to the villa, and Weston came back an hour late.

When he came back, she was sitting on the sofa looking at the script in her hand when she saw him standing at the entrance with a delicately packaged box in his hand.

She paused for a while and had a bad feeling. "... You're back."

He hummed, walked toward her, and carried her up from the sofa.

Joan was at the side, and Stella couldn't help but remind him, "There's people around..."

Seeing him frown, Joan said immediately, "I'll go to the kitchen now. You two can continue..."

Stella was at a loss for words.

Then, he lowered his head to look at her. "Can I do it now?"

"Do what?"

Before she could finish, he had already kissed her.

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There was a good-morning kiss before leaving in the morning, and there must be a welcome-home kiss after returning home **from work**.

Even if he didn't stipulate it, she had noticed that there would be at least two kisses every day.

The kiss went on for a while, and the sound of lips mashing together and tongues entangling with each other was loud enough to make Joan leave the kitchen while feeling **embarrassed**.

After a long time, Weston said in a hoarse voice, "Open it and see if you like it."

When she heard this, she slowly opened the delicately packaged velvet box.

She held her breath when she saw the dress inside the **next** second.

It was stunning.

No woman in this world wouldn't fall in love with it if they saw

such a beautiful dress.

She held the box in her hand and was so stunned that she forgot to put it down as she was unable to describe how she felt at this moment.

Such blood-red color was scarce. Red was a very intense color. If the color was slightly lighter, it would lose its beauty; if it was - darker, it would look old-fashioned. It needed to be just right. Only the most standard red would give others a strong visual contact.

It was solemn but not conservative, enthusiastic but not reckless.

The surprise in her eyes was visible.

Weston smiled and caressed her hair as he asked, "Do you like it?"

Her mouth was shut tightly. Even though she didn't answer his question, he could see the answer from her expression.

She reached inside the bag and carefully took out the dress.

Upon taking a closer look, she saw the smart designs of the **dress**.

At first glance, it seemed to be just a simple dress. However, the thin straps were made of strings of tiny pearls. No wonder it looked so bright.

The material of the clothes was also very high-grade, soft, and dense, and there was almost no trace of the seams. Just by looking at the shape, one would know that it would look good on the person.

No woman would dislike beautiful things.

Stella was no exception.

The words of rejection were at the edge of her mouth, yet she couldn't let them out.

Her fingers rubbed slowly on the skirt. Weston looked at her with satisfaction, took off the tie around his neck, and suddenly

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leaned in as he said, "Answer my question. Do you like it?"

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Her eyes flickered, but in the end, she nodded reluctantly. "It's beautiful..."

There was a light smile in the man's eyes, and he suddenly pinched her waist with both hands. "Put it on and let me see."

Under his gaze, she blushed instinctively.

How he looked at her was so unconcealed that almost everything was written in his eyes.

He had always been good at hiding his emotions, not letting anyone see his true self. But in front of her, all his desires were written in his eyes, without a trace of hiding; they were all shown to her.

"I want to see what it looks like on you."

After a while, she stood in front of the same mirror and looked at herself.

She felt a little strange looking at her reflection.

How long had it been since she dressed up?

She didn't know nor remember.

She was like every other little girl when her parents were still alive. She would spend a lot of time dressing up and clumsily learning makeup from those older girls, but she always had messed-up makeup.

Even so, it didn't stop her from loving dressing up.

People who loved life would naturally love beautiful things.

But after the death of her parents, she seemed to have lost this ability.

Most of the time, she focused on simplicity and comfort, and she rarely paid attention to how she looked.

Stella hesitated to move.

Weston no longer urged her, but turned around, picked up a red ribbon from the gift box, then walked behind her. "Do you want me to help you wear it?"

Instantly, she came to her senses and pushed him away. "No need. I can do it on my own."

"I thought you wanted my help cause you've been standing still just now."

She gave him a fixed look and insisted, "I can wear it myself."

It would be too embarrassing to let him help her wear it.

But Weston didn't care as he wrapped the red silk around his fingers. "Isn't it too late to say this now?"

When Stella heard this, she pursed her lips.

In a confrontation, she was always the losing one.

After a moment, Weston gently held the black hair on her shoulders, took off her nightgown, and then put on the red gown.

His movements were swift, as if he was touching something valuable for fear of wrinkling her silky skin.

Stella lowered her head and looked at the man's solemn expression. It was as if he was dealing with a case with hundreds of millions **at stake**.

He focused on his movements as he carefully lifted the string with pearls and diamonds up her shoulders.

His purlicue had a thin callus as it caressed her skin, which felt different.

It was like a rough stone on smooth satin.

The thin rope was so tight that it might snap at any time.

But it was extremely strong to connect all the bright pearls.

It was just like her current mood.

It was as if she was dancing on a rip.

Looking at her in the mirror, Weston felt his mouth suddenly becoming dry, his Adam's apple rolled up and down with desire. He then pulled his bow tie open and threw it aside.

Stella still lowered her head as she sized up the dress, but she never raised her head to look into the mirror.

He suddenly walked behind her and lifted her chin. "Look at yourself."

He hugged her from behind and wrapped his giant palms in front of her, his purlicue choking her neck.

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The mirror reflected the tall man's figure and the petite figure of the woman.

The huge size difference made her look so vulnerable.

A thought suddenly came to his mind where he wanted to make her his.

That way, she would forget about the one-year deal and wouldn't want to leave him.

His thin lips moved down, resting on the back of her neck.

His warm breath hit her skin, and Stella closed her eyes subconsciously while saying in a hoarse voice, "Stop messing around..."

He didn't say a word but only chuckled in a low voice as his hands moved around her body, making her anxious.

His thin lips pressed behind her ears while he whispered in a hoarse voice, "I kind of regret letting you wear this dress."

She was beautiful, like the Siren.

"It's very late. I have to go to the banquet tomorrow, so I need a good rest..."

"Then I'll try to hurry up." Weston whispered, "I try to make you go to bed earlier."

Facts had proved that man's words were useless at such times.

"Do you want me to send you there?"

"No." She frowned. "I can go there by myself. Just ask the driver to take me to the crossroads. I'm meeting with someone else to go there together..."

"Who?"

"The girl that went shopping with me that day...."

She thought for a while and kept it simple as she didn't want to get into many details.

She couldn't understand Weston's temper and was unwilling to let him affect the people around her.

She had learned a lesson from the situation with Yvonne, and she didn't want to let any of her friends be affected by him anymore.

As if seeing through what she was thinking, Weston frowned and said in an affronted tone, "Am I that scary that you don't dare to introduce your friends to me?"

"That's not what I meant." She paused, tidying up her dress. "There's only half an hour left... I'll try to come back as soon as possible."

She changed the subject, and he didn't feel like troubling her anymore. "You don't need me to accompany you?"

"No." Her tone was firm. "I don't want those people outside to know about our relationship."

He didn't say a word but pulled her up from the sofa, lowered his head, and placed a kiss on her forehead. "If anything happens, call me. You don't have to deal with it alone, okay?"

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At the banquet.

It was buzzing with crowds and drinks. Before it started, the sight was already dazzling.

Stella and Angelina followed behind Bradley, looking very much like those minor actors who came out to see the world for the first time—although they indeed were.

Angelina tugged at Stella's dress. "Ella, why didn't you wear that dress you bought before?"

She could tell at a glance that the dress on Stella was expensive. It wasn't the one they had chosen before, and she felt a little conflicted.

They had agreed to wear ordinary dresses together, but Stella came wearing an expensive dress. It made her feel uncomfortable.

Stella knew she had misunderstood but didn't know how to explain it.

She couldn't possibly tell her that Weston tore up the dress and made her wear a new one he bought.

"Sorry. I ruined mine, so I had to change."

She was embarrassed. "My... My family bought this for me."

She didn't know how to describe her relationship with Weston, so she lied, saying her family bought it.

Angelina didn't think much about it but just stared fixedly at her. "It's okay. I just think yours looks pretty... The other day, I asked you to try the red one, but you didn't want to. See? Red dresses look better on you."

She smiled sincerely, and her eyes were full of admiration.

When Stella got in the car just now, Angelina had noticed her outfit.

The dress perfectly complemented Stella's beauty, but at the same time, it didn't feel excessive or overpowering.

One glance was all it took, and people wouldn't be able to keep their eyes off her.

Even Bradley was slightly stunned when he saw Stella for the first time.

It was as if he couldn't come to his senses.

After all, he had been in the entertainment industry for so long, and there were countless beauties he had met, so he quickly sorted out his emotions.

But Angelina couldn't help it and kept looking at her, thinking that she looked extremely beautiful tonight.

Seeing this, Stella was embarrassed and said, "You look good too..."

As the two were whispering, Bradley reminded them, "Don't whisper to each other like children. It doesn't look good to others. If you have something to say, say it freely."

Stella hummed in reply and subconsciously straightened her back.

Angelina also stood up straight and adjusted her posture.

After a while, she couldn't help but whisper in Stella's ear, "Do you think we're embarrassing him?"

Bradley saw her childish movements from the corner of his eye and said nothing. "You two sit here for a while, and I'll go say hello to the other investors."

"Okay..."

Angelina was a little nervous.

She sat on the spot, carefully looking at the celebrities who came and went.

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These people were famous, and they were all big shots in the circle.

"Look at that! It is said that he's the richest man in the place..."

Angelina and Stella counted the present celebrities, and as they spoke, Angelina suddenly thought of something and said, "By the way, do you remember the black luxury car we saw on the **street when we were** shopping?"

Stella's eyes flickered, knowing that she was talking about Weston's car. Her lips pursed slightly, and she answered uncomfortably, "Yeah. Why?"

"I went home and looked it up. It is said to be a global limited edition. There are only two in the world. One is now in a private museum, and the other is the one we saw on the street! Even the licence plate is so bold. I have never seen such a serial number, and some people wouldn't even get to see such a car in their entire life..."

The corner of Stella's mouth twitched, as if she was smiling, but she didn't say a word.

Angelina didn't notice anything wrong with her and continued to gossip.

"I heard that the car belonged to the richest man in Ahn City, Weston Ford. You should have heard of him, right?"

Anyone who had paid a little attention to the financial sector should be familiar with this name.

It was just that he was a very mysterious big shot. Everyone knew the existence of a powerful man in the financial world, but no one knew his identity because Weston barely accepted any interviews. His most widely known identity to the outside world was that he was Guinevere's fiancé.

The more Angelina spoke, the more excited she became, so much so that she didn't notice Stella's face changing.

"Now that I think about it, maybe we saw him that day because he went with Guinevere. Although he doesn't usually show up on set, he would visit her. Didn't Mrs. Ford come to visit her last time? The two of them should be married. They even have a child by now..."

Angelina sighed. "I heard Weston is still very young—not even 30 years old—and he has already achieved so much. It is really amazing... I wonder if I would be honored to meet him in my lifetime. It's just that the only person who can make him appear is Guinevere ... After all, she is recognized as a goddess in the entertainment industry. She is so beautiful and unattainable. Forget talking to her—we could only look at her from afar..."

As she spoke, she realized Guinevere had been making things difficult for Stella on set and quickly shut her mouth. "I'm sorry. I've said too much."

"It's okay." Stella didn't react. She took a sip of the juice placed before her and then put it back down.

Before leaving, Weston had warned her not to touch any of the wine at the banquet.

This kind of banquet was complicated, and it may look bright and beautiful on the surface, but the ugly truth behind it was so dark and twisted beyond her imagination. Many people would take this opportunity to spike drinks.

If she was targeted, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Stella didn't take his words seriously. Although there was some truth to it, Weston had also exaggerated.

She had come with Bradley. Besides, there was Angelina by her side anyway. The two girls could take care of each other. The situation he said probably wouldn't happen.

But even so, she didn't drink anything containing alcohol.

It was not because she listened to him, but because she wouldn't risk her safety to make him mad on purpose.

After some socializing, the two young actors were forgotten in the corner, chatting with some of their peers.

Stella felt at **ease**.

She was here to meet new people, but there was no need to be shameless and curry favor with people of higher status.

That seemed neither sincere nor of great use.

The two soon became **free**.

All the managers were racking their brains to promote their artists. Yates' manager had always been strict, but he left temporarily due to some reason.

Yates finally felt like he could breathe again.

Seeing this, he held a glass of red wine and walked toward Stella. "Ella..."

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He was wearing a white suit and dressed very ordinarily, except for a diamond button on his bow tie, which made him look like he had specially spent time picking out his outfit.

"I didn't see the two of you earlier... Why are you drinking here alone? Why don't you go and chat with everyone?"

He was well-mannered and spoke elegantly.

Angelina stood up immediately, not expecting that he would talk to the two of them, and said nervously, "It's fine, Mr. Yates. We'll just be here."

"You don't have to be so cautious."

He saw the embarrassment on her face, smiled, and interrupted her. "Just call me Yates."

"I don't think that's a good idea, Mr. Yates –" Angelina quickly covered her mouth again before she could finish her sentence.

He no longer troubled her but turned to Stella, sized her up and down, then expressed his sincere admiration. "Your dress is gorgeous."

It suited her very well.

That stunning red lit up her whole body.

He had always known she was beautiful, but when she put on this dress, he realized that her beauty was so eye-catching that it was hard not to stare at her.

Stella had heard Angelina's compliments countless times today, so she was immune to these words and smiled at him. "Thank you, Mr. Yates. You are very handsome today as well."

Her compliments sounded official, with polite courtesy.

Yates smiled and clinked glasses with her.

It was her senior who was making a toast to her, so she naturally couldn't just drink juice.

After hesitating, she eventually picked up the cocktail glass, clinked glasses with him, and took a shallow sip.

Yates didn't notice her subtle movement.

After all, in this circle, unless they were allergic to alcohol, it was very common to drink a few **glasses**.

Those who didn't come from a wealthy family and wanted to climb to the top, especially, wouldn't say no to drinks.

Because of the manager, some things could not be explained too clearly in the past.

After Yates drank his drink, he suddenly said to her, "You should understand what I mean..."

Her eyes flickered, and she nodded slowly. "I didn't take it to heart."

He breathed a sigh of relief and looked a little more relaxed. "I thought you would hate me for alienating you."

He shrugged. "I don't have a choice. This is how it is. I can only listen to my manager..."

His breath reeked of alcohol.

Stella was a little surprised when she heard him say these and asked, "Mr. Yates, have you had too much to drink?"

Yates chuckled when he heard her words, and his eyes flickered.

There were only Ella and Angelina present, so he stopped being so careful and said to the two of them, "Sometimes, I actually envy your current state. You can choose how you want to act and do whatever you want. ..." :

Seeing this, Angelina whispered in Stella's ear, "It looks like he's drunk..."

How could two minor actors like them do whatever they wanted?

Only a star like him could have such freedom.

Although an agent managed him, he was far better than the two, who didn't even have an agent.

Stella didn't say anything. She just looked at the cocktail in her hand and said lightly, "Mr. Yates, should we call your manager for you?"

Yates shook his head and seemed to have sobered up. "Maybe

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He laughed at himself. "Maybe I really drank too much."

After speaking, he gave Stella a meaningful look. "Just pretend I never say it, okay? It's a secret between the three of us."

Angelina hurriedly raised her hand. "Don't worry, Mr. Yates. We won't let your manager know that you told us bad things about

him..."

Yates smiled and then looked at her, thinking she was surprisingly a very clever little girl,

He nodded at the two of them. "I'll go now."

Looking at his back, Angelina sighed, "Actually, he is a good person..."

Stella nodded and said nothing.

Angelina continued, "It's just that he keeps to his own, and he doesn't seem to have any weakness. But his manager is a little scary, and seems to have a lot of power..."

Stella's eyes flickered, but she remained silent.

Angelina sighed, "Why do I feel like you have become quiet after he came?"

Stella smiled and denied. "No."

She could also feel that Yates was deliberately avoiding rumors with her.

After all, in the film, the two of them had some romantic scenes together. Perhaps his agent worried that she would use this to make up scandals with him.

But they had over-thought things.

She didn't even have a team behind her; how could she have the energy to make up scandals?

Even if there were some scandals, with Weston around, the news wouldn't spread out.

"If we become popular in the future, should we also find an agent?" Angelina was thinking way too far into the future.

"It's still too early to think of these."

"Hey, look over there! Guinevere seems to be watching you..." Angelina's eyes suddenly lit up as she pointed in the direction Yates had left.

Stella paused, then looked over.

On the other side.

Yates held the wine glass and walked to Guinevere's side.

Guinevere was chatting and laughing with Bradley. When she heard footsteps approaching her, she looked over and saw Stella from a distance. She raised her glass and greeted her, sending her a friendly signal.

Angelina was stunned for a moment. "What's the matter? She **seems to be** greeting you."

'Don't Guinevere hate Ella? Why would she suddenly be friendly

toward her?' Angelina wondered.

Even Stella didn't know what was happening but naturally lifted her glass as a courtesy.

Guinevere retracted her gaze and cast her eyes at Yates with a smile. "I saw you and Ella chatting happily just now. What did you talk about?"

"It's nothing." He always maintained a decent smile in front of outsiders as he went over to say hello.

After all, they were all actors in the crew. Guinevere nodded and didn't think much about it.

Yates was an impeccable star. He had a particular reputation and status in the circle. Although he was far from her level, he was also a capable faction with certain power.

He was able to get to where he was today all thanks to his agent, as they could be said to be impeccable to the outside world.

Whether it was a minor actor like Ella or a senior like her, he could quickly get along with them.

At the least, he did the superficial part perfectly, and no single fault could be picked out.

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Chapter 518 Guinevere was naturally willing to be friends with such people.

"If there is more work in the future, you can directly arrange it with my manager."

"Alright. Thank you."

Guinevere suddenly walked up to him and commented, "You **seem to have a** good relationship with Ella."

Yates was stunned for a moment, wondering why she had said that, and subconsciously shook his head. "We're just normal colleagues."

She smiled and patted him on the shoulder. "I heard that you want to act in a themed movie. After the filming, I can introduce you to a good producer . I won a n award before. He produced that film..."

He was taken aback by her action and was at a loss for words."

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"Don't say anything. It's my responsibility to take care of the younger generation." She smiled charmingly at him.

She had a charming face.

But for some unknown reason, Stella's face appeared in front of him, making him a little dazed.

While in a daze, he heard Guinevere whispering, "As long as you do me a favor..."

Inside the washroom.

There was a loud hustle and bustle outside.

Stella came over to take a breather. At this time, no one would be willing to waste time on such trivial matters.

She washed her face and sobered up.

Just as she was about to go back, she turned around and bumped into a woman who came in the bathroom

"Ah!"

The two collided.

Stella took a step back and subconsciously apologized. "I'm sorry... Are you alright?"

"Do you not look where you're going! Do you know how much my dress cost?"

A familiar female voice sounded.

Stella froze, as if she did not expect to hear this voice here.

The woman lifted her head, and just as she was about to **scream**, she was stunned to see Stella. She didn't seem to expect it to be her. "Why are you here?"

Joyce's voice was full of doubts. "Who let you into this kind of banquet?"

Ever since Mrs. Smith discovered her affair with Smith at Yvonne's training institution, she couldn't bring herself **to stay**

there.

In addition, the training institution had to close its doors. After that, she never saw Stella again, and so she naturally wouldn't know that she was an actress now. .

Stella didn't speak. She pursed the corner of her mouth and said, "Please step aside."

"Don't go!" Joyce suddenly became interested and stood before her. "Which rich man are you clinging onto now?"

Stella frowned, and her voice suddenly became cold as she warned, "Get out of the way. I don't want to say it a third time."

"You're acting so tough, huh? It looks like you've got some man with lots of money..."

Seeing her again welled up all the old and new resentment in Joyce.

The embarrassing scene of that day was still vivid in her mind, so there was no way she could let Stella go like that. "Ella, you acted so arrogantly before me, but aren't you the same now? Stop pretending!"

Stella frowned as she initially had no plans to care about her.

But seeing the smug on her face, she stopped in her tracks. "It seems that you and Smith are doing well..."

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That one sentence reminded Joyce of her shameful identity, and her face immediately turned dark. "Why does it concern you? Besides, aren't you the same too! You must've come in here because you hooked up with some rich men,"

Before she could finish speaking, Stella suddenly approached her. "Really? What evidence do you have?"

"Is there a need for evidence?" Joyce refused to give in.

Stella's eyes were piercing as she stared at her. "Let's not talk about how I got here. Remember how every

one of us saw you getting beaten by Mrs. Smith? Maybe someone took a video and circulated it in the group..."

"You..." Joyce suddenly panicked. "Who took the video? Who could be so shameless!"

Stella said nothing as she stared at her, but there was not much hospitality in her **eyes**.

"Joyce, I don't have any grudge against you. It doesn't matter to me how you want to live your life, but if you mess with me

again, you won't be as lucky as last time."

Her solemn tone stunned Joyce for a moment that she didn't **even dare to refute**.

With that, Stella walked **away**.

Joyce's eyes were dark as she stared at her back and gritted her **teeth**.

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Immediately, she touched up her makeup and left with her bag.

Only then did Guinevere slowly walk out of the cubicle. She looked at herself in the mirror as she recalled their conversation and curled the corner of her mouth.

Smith had just finished entertaining a client when he saw Joyce come over in a huff.

He was a little impatient. "What's the matter with you this time?"

Initially, after the mess last time, he didn't want to have any contact with Joyce anymore. Nevertheless, she had some dirt on him!

He was a swindler who frequently changed his lover. However, he had a daughter at home, so he wouldn't mess around too much.

After realizing that Joyce had that intention, he didn't plan to let her have her way anymore, but he had no choice since she knew his secret.

Joyce could hear the half-heartedness in his words and was repulsed by it. But she knew he wouldn't do anything to her, so she hooked her arms around his and said, "Nothing. It's just that I **saw someone I hate...**"

When Smith heard this, his face immediately darkened." Remember your status. Don't go out and cause trouble for me!"

“I was doing it for you,” She wanted to explain herself, but he cut her off with annoyance.

“Enough. My wife doesn’t know that I took you out. Don’t cause trouble. None of us will have a good time if it gets to her ears!”

She took it in but felt indignant in her heart.

Why did she have to suffer such grievances?

Although she had Smith’s dirt in her hand, she was in a weak position. She only had that one card in her hand and didn’t dare to play it easily. It was already good enough that she could use it to gain benefits. She wouldn’t go overboard as she was scared he would lose his patience with her.

She was a little depressed. Just as she walked to a secluded corner, a beautiful figure appeared next to her.

“Why are you here alone?”

Guinevere was so dazzlingly beautiful that people couldn’t take their eyes off her.

When she appeared, Joyce immediately became a little nervous and hurriedly lowered her head to check her outfit, fearing it would be too embarrassing. “I—I’m just taking in the fresh air...”

“Don’t be nervous. I just wanted to chat with you.”

Guinevere was holding a champagne glass. She looked gorgeous and aristocratic; her entire manner was unlike Joyce’s.

After a while, Joyce immediately rejected her.

“No, I can’t do that. I can’t make trouble here...”

“You’re with him only for money.” Guinevere reminded her, “And you don’t like Ella either, do you?”

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As soon as Stella returned, she saw Bradley standing there, as if he had been waiting for her.

Angelina also stood beside him and looked around, obviously looking in her direction.

Seeing this, she walked toward the two of them.

As soon as she walked in front of Bradley, she heard him ask, "Where did you go?"

"I went to the bathroom to get some air. What's wrong?"

"Nothing." He raised his chin and gestured to her. "I'll take you two to meet some people later."

Stella nodded.

"For real..." Angelina immediately grabbed her wrist with some excitement. Although Stella didn't say a word, she could see the joy in her **eyes**.

For someone like Bradley, the people he would introduce were naturally big shots in the circle. They didn't come for nothing.

On the other side.

Joyce was a little hesitant at first, but when she saw Stella standing next to Bradley, she became more and more uncertain..

So, the man behind her was Bradley.

Who wouldn't know a famous director in the industry?

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"If I offend Stella, I'll offend Bradley as well. I don't want to take this risk..."

She couldn't take such a risk even if she was offered money.

Guinevere had a little smile in her eyes. "Who do you think is more powerful—Bradley or I?"

Joyce couldn't wrap her mind around it. "Do you have any grudges with Ella...?"

Guinevere raised her glass to cover her expression.

She shouldn't have done this by herself.

She could always keep her composure. Perhaps she couldn't keep her sanity because Ella's face was almost identical to

Stella's.

She didn't even think about it; she just wanted to get rid of her.

"These are not things you should be concerned about." She paused for a moment, and a hint of danger suddenly appeared in her eyes. "I am not discussing with you. If things are done properly, I will not mistreat you. On the contrary..."

She didn't continue, but not even the glass could cover the wicked smile on her face.

Joyce immediately understood what she meant and looked like she was in a dilemma, but she still nodded. "I understand. But Bradley..."

"I'll handle that."

Angelina found that Bradley wasn't as serious as he was on the sets, so she asked a few more questions.

Seeing Guinevere walking toward them, she immediately closed her mouth. "Guinevere is coming..."

When Bradley heard this, he only nodded. "Why do you look nervous? Are you afraid of her?"

"Of course not..." Angelina immediately lowered her head.

Her actions suggested the opposite.

Bradley smiled and looked at Stella subconsciously. "Ella, perhaps you should excuse yourself."

He could see Guinevere's hostility toward her.

Although he didn't know what conflict happened between the two, after spending time together, he understood Stella's character and knew she was not the kind of person who would cause trouble.

Guinevere was indeed arrogant, so he asked her to hide for a while.