

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 667

Chapter 667

"If I don't head over earlier to prepare, other people might see these marks. How will I explain myself then?"

"There's no need to explain yourself to anyone," Weston found a hairdryer and switched it on.

A gust of warm air blew out of it as he combed his fingers through her wet hair.

Stella could only stand in front of him obediently, letting him have his way with her.

After he was finally done drying her hair, she grabbed her bag and was ready to charge out of the apartment. Weston stood at the door and pressed her shoulders down. "You really don't need me to send you there?"

"No need, just the driver will do." Stella hurriedly changed into a pair of shoes.

Weston carried her up, crouched down, and sat her on one of his knees. He used his other hand to put a shoe on her feet. "So clumsy."

—

Stella's feet were hauled off the ground, and she found herself sitting on his thigh the next moment.

Their body sizes stood in stark contrast.

Her whole body was securely nestled in his arms. She

instinctively reached out to hold onto his arm to stabilize herself, and she could feel his firm muscles through her palm. They were like bands of steel that held her in place.

Stella lowered her head to see Weston helping her with her shoes. She stood up and said, "Thank you. I'll be off then."

Weston pulled her wrist and looked down at her. He didn't say a word but was clearly hinting at something. Stella pursed her lips and turned around slowly. She stood on tiptoes and kissed the corner of his lips. "Will this do?"

Weston lowered his head and captured her lips in a kiss.

A moment later, he released a panting Stella. "That'll do."

The movie's filming phase was soon ending, and the crew's atmosphere was slightly different than usual, more solemn.

Stella arrived one and a half hours earlier than scheduled, but there were already people beginning preparation work.

She didn't have much time and was soon ready for her make-up and hair as she sat there waiting for the make up artist.

"Here so early today?"

The make-up artist carried her briefcase into the room and was shocked to see Stella. "Bradley isn't even here yet."

Stella looked at herself through the mirror. "I'm slightly nervous, so I wanted to come early and run through my lines once more and find that feeling. I'd hate to delay everyone's progress."

The make-up artist was in awe of her professionalism." Since you're the first to arrive, I'll help you with your make-up first."

Aside from Guinevere, who had her own dedicated make up artist, everyone else in the crew shared the same make -up artists, and they often had to wait for their turn.

After a while, other actors arrived successively.

The filming process went by relatively smoothly. The final episode was largely Guinevere's scenes, which were filmed very quickly.

She was originally prepared for Guinevere to come to her looking for trouble, but she didn't expect to see Guinevere behaving so professionally from the start to the end of filming. In fact, Guinevere was clearly immersed in her role.

She was not awarded the Best Actress in vain, after all. In no time, Stella was similarly immersed in her own character as well, thanks to Guinevere's outstanding acting

It was as if it wasn't Guinevere who stood before her but the senior warrior with whom she had a love-hate relationship.

After the scene was filmed, Bradley was immensely pleased with it. He nodded profusely and praised Guinevere non-stop. "Very good. This is the standard we go by."

He looked into the camera screen and waved his hands at Stella. "Ella performed pretty well, too. Take a break for now. There'll be an important fighting scene tomorrow. Go through the moves with the trainer and familiarize yourself with them. Please watch out for your safety." 1

TULI

Stella heaved a sigh of relief. "Sure. Thanks, Bradley."

She was about to leave when Guinevere suddenly called out to her. "Hang on, Ella. I have something to say to

you."

Stella halted in her footsteps and turned to look at her." What's the matter?"

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Guinevere walked toward her, looking stunning and exquisite as usual, no different from how she usually was.

But Stella had an inexplicable feeling that something was off.

Guinevere stood before her and said, "We're almost done filming the movie, and there's something I've been wanting to say to you. If I've offended you in any way previously, I'm very sorry."

With that, everyone on set fell silent.

No one expected the reason for Guinevere to call out for Stella to apologize.

Almost everyone broke out in cold sweat for Ella, thinking that Guinevere was creating trouble for her. Even her manager was ready to step forward to stop her. None of them expected Guinevere to apologize to Ella.

... Is she all right?

Since when did the arrogant and bossy Guinevere bow down to anyone?

What in the world was going on?

A glint flashed past Stella's eyes as she nodded calmly. "I didn't take it to heart, what's more, you didn't really

offend me anyway. I don't know what you are apologizing for."

Guinevere's eyes turned dark, but she covered it up with a chuckle. "It's good that you weren't offended. I was still worried that there might be a misunderstanding between the both of us. After all, the conflict between our characters in the movie is rather significant. I'm afraid we get so immersed in our roles that we might bring that relationship from reel to real life."

She nuanced her words very carefully by shifting the blame onto their professionalism. "Whatever it is, I should still apologize to you," Guinevere leaned closer to her ear and whispered, "After all, I've been rather busy during this period, and need to bother you to serve Weston on my behalf. It's saved me quite some time and energy. In fact, I might have to spend some money hiring a nanny from elsewhere."

Stella knew that her apology was but an act put on for others to see. She smiled back at Guinevere and said, "There's no need for that. He's very generous in compensating me, too. I didn't want to do such tedious work to begin with, but he's the one who refused to let me go."

Guinevere gritted her teeth, but her smile remained plastered on her face. "As long as you don't mind."

Guinevere had just stepped away when Angelina walked

toward Stella and exclaimed in disbelief, "Ella, what just happened? Was I hallucinating or did she actually apologize to you?"

Stella remained composed, guessing that Guinevere's apology was probably Weston's doing.

However, she really didn't care for such an unwilling, insincere apology.

She didn't want to dwell on this topic any further, and instead asked Angelina, "You're done filming your scenes?"

"Almost done," she was not done with talking about Guinevere. "Don't you find it strange? That's Guinevere we're talking about, and she actually apologized to you! The sun's rising from the west!"

Everyone else on set was discussing what Guinevere had just done.

"Has Guinevere really changed in character recently?"

"Seems so. She treats the crew members much better nowadays, and she even took the initiative to apologize to Ella just now..."

“For all you know, it’s really because she just gave birth and has post partum depression, that’s why.” “We should sympathize more with someone who just gave birth...”

“Yeah, it’s not easy going through labor and taking care of a baby...”

In the washroom.

Stella removed her make-up and overheard everyone talking about Guinevere.

Just a simple apology was enough to turn the tables on public opinion about her.

For people like them who were used to being in high positions, bowing down once was like a huge compromise for them.

She shut her eyes, her face paling.

Everyone seemed to have forgotten how Guinevere treated her previously.

Indeed, such things had a time limit; no one would remember the injustice you faced except for yourself.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 669

Chapter 669

When she opened her eyes again, beads of tears hung on her eyelashes, and she felt a chill running down her spine.

She would never forget how Guinevere once almost took her life and killed her only child.

Now that Roger had gone overseas, she had nothing else to worry about.

At this point, nothing else could stir her up more than the thought of exacting revenge.

Because of Bradley’s schedule, the crew brought forward the dinner to celebrate the end of filming.

Stella couldn’t find any reason to reject the invitation and joined the dinner with Angelina.

DL

Weston did not return to Stardust Mansion over the past few days, and she did not contact him. Her phone remained silent, and she did not receive multiple missed calls.

As much as the atmosphere in this crew was considered relatively harmonious, it was inevitable that the members were divided according to rank and status.

Stella was naturally relegated to the same table as

Angelina, whereas Bradley was seated with Guinevere.

However, as their tables were very near to each other, Guinevere proposed for dinner to be her treat, and she would cover all expenses for the night.

Everyone was eager to sing their praises of her, clearly knowing her well-established position in the industry. Everyone familiar with the industry learned how important it was to get into her good books.

"Thanks, Gwen, for watching after the entire crew during this period. Here's a toast to you."

With that, he subconsciously glanced toward Stella.

Stella, however, was oblivious to the look he shot her.

His eyes turned bleak as he lowered his head to sip his wine.

The manager observed him the whole time, and his brows furrowed, looking solemn.

One of the actors, possibly rather tipsy from too much alcohol, offered to drink on Guinevere's behalf. "Gwen has to take care of her baby! How can she drink? It won't be good for breastfeeding."

Everyone exchanged glances, not expecting something like this to happen and worried that Guinevere might be offended.

Guinevere sighed. "What are you guys thinking? My child

is almost one year old. It's about time to wean him off. What's more, my child takes formula milk. It's fine for me to drink a little."

"Yes, yes. Mr. Ford dotes on Gwen so much; he couldn't bear to let her suffer!"

A female actress who was rather advanced in years and a mother herself recalled her own experience in child rearing and chimed in, "Infants are notoriously hard to take care of. It's sometimes truly torturous! Thankfully, Gwen, you have a husband who loves and dotes on you."

Guinevere turned bashful at the mention of Weston. "He does treat me pretty well."

Everyone began teasing her.

She responded to all of them with a smile and finally raised her glass. "Let me share some good news with everyone. Zack is about to celebrate his first birthday. If everyone doesn't mind, please join us at his party. It's been great working with you over this period, and I've long treated everyone like family, and that's why I want to share this joy with everyone."

Everyone around the table was stunned for a moment before standing up.

"We'll be there. We'll be there!"

They weren't silly, after all, and knew what kind of people would attend Zack's birthday banquet. For all they

knew, a golden opportunity lay in wait.

Everyone at that table was cheering and toasting away, whereas Stella's table behaved more mildly.

Angelina didn't think much of things and only cared about eating the food before her.

Stella was bored to tears with Guinevere's performance at the other table. She pulled out her phone and realized that she had missed multiple calls from Weston.

She replied to one of his messages: "I'm at a dinner gathering."

She thought he wouldn't reply quickly, given that she had missed all his calls. She didn't expect him to call her back right away.

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Stella's eyes darkened as she whispered to her colleagues seated next to her, "I'll take this call."

Angelina was still busy eating and said in between chews, "Go ahead."

Stella left the table in a hurry.

On the other end, Yates looked pensively at her retreating figure and said to his manager, "I'm a little tipsy. I'll head out for some fresh air." His manager furrowed his brows. "You didn't drink much just now. Sit down."

Yates' face fell. "Do I not have freedom of movement now?"

He was already repulsed at how his manager overly interfered with his life, especially over these few years when he finally gained a footing for himself in the industry. The more that was so, the more he felt himself living under other people's control.

The manager clearly sensed Yates' annoyance and found him rather ungrateful but couldn't confront him about it either. He could only warn him in quietly. "You better watch yourself. You know how you earned your good reputation and how far we've come, step by painful step.

I hope you remember all of that and don't ruin everything just because of a moment's rashness!"

Yates remained silent, his face dark as he stood to leave the table.

Guinevere noticed the commotion and asked, "What's the matter?"

The manager immediately shot her a smile, "Nothing. Yates can't really hold his liquor, so he's heading out for some fresh air."

Guinevere arched her brow, "Then he needs to drink more. How can a man like him not know how to hold his liquor?"

The manager simply chuckled.

Guinevere saw the direction in which Yates left, and the corner of her lips lifted as a look of disdain flashed past her eyes.

At the end of the corridor.

There weren't many people on the small balcony.

Stella walked over and glanced around her before answering the call. "Hello?" A man's low voice sounded from the other end, "Where is the dinner."

Stella told him the address and was greeted with a long moment of silence.

She didn't know if it was because of the wine she drank just now, but she was soon out of patience and rubbed in between her brows. "Is there anything else? Otherwise, I'll hang up." Did he call her so many times just now just to listen to her breathing?

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Immediately after that, she heard Weston laugh in frustration, "Stella, are you doing this on purpose?"

Stella shook her head to wake herself up. "You didn't say anything, so I thought you had nothing else to talk about

..."

"If I had nothing else, why would I call you so many times? Stella, don't play dumb."

Stella leaned against the railing and stared at her toes. "Don't you always accuse me of being silly? For all you know, I really am dumb."

Silence ensued on the other end, clearly stunned by her words.

Her words harmed herself as much as they served to harm her opponent.

Stella lowered her head and chuckled, her hair falling down her shoulders as darkness shrouded her.

From an angle, it didn't seem like she was on the phone. Rather, it looked more like she was spacing out.

Her slender and lithe figure looked ethereal in the dim light.

It was the scene that Yates saw when he came over.

He slowed down, loathing to ruin such a beautiful scene. He stood there for a moment before finally stepping forward.

"Don't you feel lonely staying out here by yourself?" He said.

Stella jumped back in shock and immediately straightened her torso. She looked back.

Weston's low voice sounded from her phone, "Who's there?"

Stella pursed her lips and pointed to her phone.

That was when Yates realized she was on the phone and looked vexed. He gestured to her and pointed to his own mouth before turning to leave with a wave of his hand.

Stella exhaled.