

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 521

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Stella shook her head. She seemed unaffected. "I'm fine."

Bradley was relieved that she was not evasive about the matter, like Angelina was.

Guinevere walked to the group. Before she could speak, Bradley spoke first.

"I saw you chatting with the producer earlier. What were you talking about?" He initiated the conversation with Guinevere.

Guinevere smiled and said, "It seems like you're paying attention to me too. I thought your attention was only on these two now." As she spoke, she glanced at Stella and Angelina.

She seemed to be implying something, but she maintained her politeness on the surface.

Bradley did not explain too much about Stella and Angelina to her. Instead, he talked about other preparations.

Guinevere went along with him and talked about the same thing. Then, she suggested, "The producer said he'd like to meet you. Why don't we go over and talk?"

Bradley hesitated a little upon hearing that. After a short moment, he nodded in agreement and left with Guinevere.

He could tell that Angelina was very uncomfortable. Besides, Stella's relationship with Guinevere had been awkward and **tense**. Leaving with Guinevere at this time was the best choice.

After they left, Angelina breathed a sigh of relief. She was still holding the wine glass in her hand, and her fingertips were a little pale. "I was so scared. I was afraid that I might say or do something wrong,"

Stella smiled. "Is it that bad?"

“How is it not? Haven’t you seen the terrible things that happen to those who offend Guinevere...” Angelina was still chattering. “Mr. Lane isn’t the scariest in this crew. It’s Guinevere. If you accidentally upset her without knowing, she’ll quietly dispose of you without warning. Who wouldn’t be scared of her?”

Stella smiled and said nothing.

Angelina noticed Stella’s reaction and stopped talking about Guinevere. “Okay, let’s not talk about her anymore... It’s a headache. Do you see the actress over there? That’s my idol!”

Angelina suddenly got a little excited and grabbed Stella’s hand. “I want to go over and say hi to her...”

“Go ahead. She seems friendly.”

Angelina hesitated for a while and finally gave in to the desire in her heart. She told Stella, “I’ll go over and ask her for an autographed photo. Will you be okay alone?”

“Go ahead.” Stella nodded and watched her leave.

Joyce hesitated a little at first. When she saw that everyone around Stella had walked away, she understood what Guinevere meant by her words earlier.

Joyce was eager to give it a go. Besides, Guinevere would not

let her go unless she did as told. Therefore, she mustered her courage and walked to Stella.

“Ella, I can’t believe you still have the guts to stay here!” Joyce’s voice was loud enough to attract the attention of the people around her.

Smith was still chatting with another client about business and did not notice her leaving. She assumed that Joyce would be obedient and stay low.

Stella frowned at her. “Are you trying to cause trouble again?”

“I didn’t expect you to act like you don’t care about anything! I’ve underestimated you. No wonder you’re willing to get involved in other people’s relationships!”

Stella’s face immediately turned cold. She gave her a sharp look. “Mind your words. You should know who’s the real homewrecker.”

Joyce naturally knew the answer, but no mutual acquaintance that knew them both was present. She figured she could say anything she wanted.

“I didn’t think you’d call me out first! Ella, I didn’t expect you to be so disgusting. You hooked up with my man behind my back and refused to admit it! I’ve seen many people like you!”

She became more resentful as she said that and raised her hand to slap Stella.

Stella grabbed her wrist and shook her off. “Stop being crazy **here!**”

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The noise here soon attracted the attention of others.

Angelina had just asked for an autographed photo when she heard a big commotion over the other side. She heard from afar that Stella was arguing with someone...

“Who’s that? Why is she making trouble in a place like this...”

“I don’t know. Maybe it’s another fiasco where the wife confronts the mistress.”

“It seems like it...”

Such a scene was quite common in this circle. Everyone around was watching the show. Even Angelina did not expect Stella to get accused like this.

Her first reaction was to go to her side and defend her. “Did you mistake her for someone else? Ella isn’t such a person. She’d never get involved in other people’s relationships ...”

Stella’s eyelashes fluttered. She paled a little.

Joyce had already gone all out, so naturally, she would not stop right here. She continued to accuse her. “Look at her! She’s silent! Isn’t she admitting it in silence? She’s a shameless woman who loves to get involved in married people’s relationships. I don’t know how her parents raised,”

“Shut up!”

A loud slap sound. Stella suddenly walked forward and gave

Joyce a hard slap.

Joyce was startled. "How dare you slap me!"

"What's wrong with slapping you? That was for my parents!" Stella could endure anything but people insulting her family.

Joyce went all out and made a bigger scene. She covered the slap mark on her face and yelled at Stella, "Who do you think you are! How dare you hit me! Do you have a death wish?!"

Angelina was frightened by such a scene. She saw that everyone was looking over at them and hurriedly grabbed Stella.

She asked, "What's going on? She must have misunderstood something. Do you want to explain to her?"

Angelina panicked and did not want the matter to get out of **hand**.

Stella took a deep breath. She could sense the eyes looking at them and the unfriendly gazes.

She slowly clenched her fists and finally gritted her teeth. She looked at Joyce coldly. "We both know who's the real homewrecker here. Are you sure you want to cause trouble **here**?"

"How dare you accuse me! Everyone, be the judge! How can a shameless woman like her participate in such an important event! How could she be such a proud homewrecker?"

It turned out that empty vessels made the most noise.

Joyce made such a loud commotion and attracted plenty of attention. Soon, many ladies spoke on her behalf.

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"I can't believe they're fighting here..."

"What else can she do? The mistresses out there are very brazen now. They always show off in front of the original spouses in the name of true love."

"Seriously?"

"Whose mistress is this? Why is she so shameless..."

Everyone looked at Stella and Joyce.

The two women stood together. One was furious and going mad; the other one was angry too, but she still maintained her decency.

In any case, Stella looked more dignified than Joyce. This was precisely why Joyce, the 'wife', appeared to be a nuisance. This made the onlookers even more annoyed.

"She's acting all high and mighty... I wonder why she's showing that face..."

"Yeah. She's just an insignificant actress. She's so proud to be another man's mistress. Anyone can be an actress these days."

"The world is going mad. How outrageous that a mistress can stand here without shame!"

These words were basically mocking Stella.

Stella clenched her fist and sank her nails into her palms. She took a deep breath and looked at Joyce. "You should say those words to yourself."

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"I didn't expect a good-looking girl like her would be a homewrecker."

"Aren't all the young girls like this nowadays? They have no shame! They wouldn't stop at being just a **mistress**. **They even** shamelessly show up in front of their men's original spouses now!"

"It's funny looking at her cowering look as she gets yelled at..." "Wait! Isn't that one of the actresses in Bradley's cast? I think she came with Bradley..."

"How can a person like that be an actress? I won't watch her films..."

"I won't watch it either..."

The onlookers soon found a new way to attack her.

Angelina could not bear their gossiping anymore. "You don't know anything about her. How can you say that? We're colleagues in the same crew. She's very quiet and obedient, **except** when she's acting. There's no way she would do something like this!"

“Who’s this?”

“She seems to be the same as the woman named Ella. They’re cast in the same movie. Bradley brought them both here.”

“Could it be that...” Some people showed a meaningful smile on their faces. Although they did not finish their sentence, many could understand the implied meaning.

“I never thought there could be real friends in this industry...”

“Who knows. Maybe they’re real friends or they’re both serving the same man...”

They looked at Angelina as if she was Stella’s accomplice.

Angelina’s expression kept changing. She never thought she would get herself into trouble by standing up for Stella. Stella did not want to involve others in this. She looked at Angelina and said, “I’m fine... I’ll handle this myself.”

“But you,”

“It’s fine.” Stella shook her head firmly.

Angelina’s eyes flickered, and she held herself back. However, those people were still pointing at her. It seemed like they could condescendingly judge her morality without knowing the truth.

Yates stood not far away and noticed the farce. He frowned and **refused** to believe that Stella was such a person. Just as he **wanted** to speak to her, his manager, Brooke, stopped him.” What are you doing?”

Yates fell into a short silence before saying, “I just **want to say a few** words for her. If this gets out, it’ll hurt the crew’s reputation. It’ll affect us too.”

Brooke immediately saw through his mind. “Are you doing it for the crew or justice?”

Yates said nothing.

Brooke rubbed his temples and felt a slight headache. “I’m not trying to stop you, but you can’t control this situation. You’ll probably end up in bigger trouble.”

How could Yates not understand this? He had been in the entertainment industry for years. He knew many had gotten into trouble for speaking up for another person.

“You’re a veteran in this industry. I didn’t think you’d be this impulsive.”

After saying that, Brooke looked at Yates meaningfully. “You’re treating her a little differently.”

Yates immediately restrained his expression and said apologetically, “Sorry. This won’t happen again.”

“Good.” Brooke withdrew his gaze.

It seemed like Stella was left to fight alone.

She gave Joyce a cold look and suddenly smiled. “It seems like you’re sure that no one here knows us...”

She took out her phone and suddenly waved it in front of her.

Joyce said suspiciously, “Stop spouting nonsense here! I know you’re trying to get yourself out of this situation. But no matter what you say, everyone will know that you’re the shameless homewrecker that destroys other people’s family,”

Before Joyce could finish her sentence, Stella interrupted her. “Well, you keep saying I’ve destroyed your family and hooked up

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with your man. I’ll have to ask... Who’s your husband?”

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Stella’s question was what everyone else wanted to hear.

Everyone only saw the two women scolding each other but not the man in question. The man did not show up at all.

The people in the circle were well acquainted with each other, but they had never met these two women.

“Who’s the man who has relations with them?”

“I don’t know...”

Many people at the scene knew each other. However, they had never heard of someone with such a wife or lover.

Smith had noticed Joyce some time ago. When he saw her arguing with Stella, his face turned ashen. He wanted to go up and pull her away. However, he was too late. **Everyone was** already watching their argument.

If he rushed over, he would be admitting to everyone that he had a mistress outside. Such a thing was not uncommon in the circle, but it was shameful to admit it openly.

Besides, he was a businessman. If his business partners **saw** him get into such a drama, would they proceed with their business negotiation? If they had other options, would they stop collaborating with him?

Smith was sick of Joyce. Even so, he could not stand up at this moment. He was afraid to get into big trouble.

He dropped his head more when he heard Stella's question and refused to get involved in this matter.

"Smith, where are you going?" A man stopped him when Smith turned around to leave. He thought they were having a nice conversation and was confused at Smith's sudden departure .

Joyce heard the noises from the crowd and became a little nervous. She looked at Stella. "This has nothing to do with him. You're the one who seduced him! Don't drag him into this!"

"You're still defending your husband at this point. It seems like you're really deep in love with him." Stella curled her lips. "There are so many men in the room. Should we question each of them for you?"

No one expected Stella to be such a strong woman.

Joyce was a little overwhelmed. "What do you mean? Are you threatening me?"

"You're accusing me in front of so many people. Shouldn't you be more specific and make it clear? How can you condemn me with just a few words of yours? That would be too hasty."

Some people gradually came to their senses when they heard Stella's words.

"That's right. If what she said is true, why isn't she letting her husband come out to deal with this?"

“Besides, this is not a one-sided thing. It takes two to tango. Why is she defending her husband?”

“Who knows... If you're really angry, why don't you make him

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step forward? Let everyone judge impartially,” someone said.

The expression on

Joyce's face kept changing, then she finally turned pale. There was no way for her to call Smith out. If someone broke the news to Mrs. Smith, she would be in trouble.

“Why is she suddenly quiet? Look at her face. Did we get it right?”

“Maybe she's just trying to protect her husband. She's not the third party! It's the other woman who should be blamed, right?” Some people still insisted that Stella was at fault.

Stella suddenly took out her phone and dialed a number. Then, she turned on the speakerphone.

“Hello, is this Mrs. Smith? I saw an acquaintance at a banquet ...

“Yes, it's Joyce ... You can ask your husband where he is now..”

Joyce was dumbfounded. Not long after, Mrs. Smith called back.

“Durn it! They're really together!”

Joyce did not expect Stella to call Mrs. Smith directly. She hurriedly stepped forward and wanted to snatch her phone away, “What are you doing? Are you crazy?”

Stella took a step back and looked at her coldly with the phone in her hand, “Since you're so arrogant, let's have a confrontation here. You kept calling me the homewrecker. Let's wait until Mrs. Smith arrives and see who's the real homewrecker!”

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There was a commotion outside the crowd.

Mrs. Smith happened to be nearby. She knew Smith was attending the event. She had planned to wait for him to finish and go home with him.

Smith had said he was bringing his secretary, but it turned out to be this little sl*t, Joyce!

Mrs. Smith rushed to the scene in a fury and slapped Jayce in front of everyone.

“You little b*tch. Didn’t you learn your lesson last time? What are you trying to do this time? What tricks did you use to make Smith bring you here!”

Some of the ladies recognized her after the fuss.

“Isn’t that Smith’s wife?”

“What’s going on? Why did she suddenly hit hier?”

“Was it all a show?”

“That means the little actress is right. She’s not a homewrecker at all. The other woman who made up the story and accused her is the real homewrecker!”

The situation suddenly became uncontrollable.

Guinevere was watching the commotion at first, but her expression turned ugly at Mrs. Smith’s arrival.

Joyce could not even do such a small thing well. What was the use of her?

Feeling disappointed, she got up and left. Bradley followed behind her and frowned at the commotion. “What’s going on?”

“I guess your actress caused some trouble.” Guinevere’s tone showed a hint of sarcasm.

Bradley looked at her with scrutiny in his eyes. “You don’t seem surprised at all.”

Guinevere said indifferently, “I’ve seen this in the circle a lot, but I didn’t expect Ella to get accused ... What’s wrong? Aren’t you going over to comfort her?” The mockery in her tone was clear.

Bradley did not comment further. “I thought we had spoken about this and made it clear before.”

“Of course.” Guinevere smiled. “Aren’t I cooperating with you now? I just introduced an important producer to you. Mr. Lane, you don’t think I’m going against you, do you?”

Bradley said nothing, so Guinevere did not continue to stay any longer.

Yates had been paying attention to the commotion too. He was relieved to see Mrs. Smith's arrival. He seemed glad that Stella was not involved in a love affair.

Yates believed in Stella, but his belief was slightly shaken because of Joyce's strong accusation. Fortunately, Stella did not fail his trust.

"Why are you alone? Where's Smith?" Mrs. Smith scolded her while beating her up.

Joyce sobbed, "Smith... I—I don't know..."

Smith was annoyed and troubled by this. Since Mrs. Smith was here, it would not be long for the rest to know of his involvement. He had to bite the bullet.

Smith went forward and tried to pull Mrs. Smith away. His wife was so angry that she punched and kicked him.

Joyce tried to beg for mercy from Smith. However, Smith was already very upset from the situation and pushed her away. "I shouldn't have taken a woman like you here! You're an embarrassment!"

Joyce's crying voice came.

Stella shook her head and stopped paying attention to her.

Angelina hurriedly walked to her. "I was so scared. Thankfully, you called Mrs. Smith over..."

Stella looked quite upset. Fortunately, she resolved this crisis. She only said, "Let's go to Mr. Lane."

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Everyone thought this was the end of the farce.

While Joyce exited the scene in shame, a figure suddenly appeared in front of her. She looked up...

She thought Guinevere was coming for her, but she did not expect it to be Stella.

She hesitated a little and called her name. "Ella?" Then, she retracted her gaze. "You must be laughing at me. Are you happy now?"

Stella sneered, "You don't deserve my attention with your situation now."

She suddenly walked up to Joyce and pulled her by the collar. She slammed her against the wall and questioned, "Is someone behind this?"

When she met Joyce in the restroom earlier, she could tell that she did not want to cause trouble. However, she changed her mind in just half an hour. Someone must have been involved in this.

Joyce did not expect Stella to be so keen. Her first reaction was to deny it. "No! What are you talking about?" Her reaction was a telling sign.

Stella could tell that something fishy was going on. She narrowed her eyes and looked at her sharply. "I'll give you one more chance, Joyce. Haven't you had enough of Mrs. Smith's lesson?"

Joyce did not know why Stella was like a different person. She did not even dare to look at her.

She covered her face and tried to hide the slap mark. Her eyes reddened as she said to her, "You've won already. Why do you want to push me to the verge?"

"I just want to know. Did someone tell you something after we met in the restroom?"

Otherwise, there was no reason for her to make a scene and accuse her.

Joyce was indeed a little impulsive, but she was definitely not a fool.

Joyce's eyes flickered a little. Then, she smiled. "It seems like I'm not the only one who hates you... You can handle someone like me, but can you handle someone like her?"

As she spoke, she suddenly laughed. "I didn't expect to find another woman who hates you as much as I do!"

Joyce laughed so hard that tears fell. She wiped them with the back of her hand and said, "I really hate your high-and-mighty look. One day, you'll become a laughing stock too! I'm waiting for that!"

Stella was puzzled. "What have you done wrong to *you*? Why do you hate me so much?"

“Do I need a reason to hate you? I just hate you and everything about you!”

Stella pressed her lips. “But I’ve never taken anything away from you...”

“So what? Your existence alone is the most annoying to me!”

Stella suddenly lost interest in speaking. She was tired of this. She rubbed her temple and said, “You’re so pathetic.”

“I’m pathetic? You’re the pathetic one!”

Joyce laughed hysterically. “You’ve pissed off that important woman. I’m waiting to see what will happen to you!”

Stella was about to leave. When she heard Joyce’s words, she stopped in her tracks. “Are you implying that Guinevere is that important woman? Is that right?”

She turned around to Joyce with a sarcastic smile on her face.

Joyce was stunned. She did not realize that she had given away such crucial information. “Who said it was Guinevere...”

Stella walked to her step by step. Her eyes gradually turned cold. “Joyce, I’m telling you. Even if you try your best to see my fall, I still have many ways to get back on my feet.”

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“Humans could be humble, but should never be despicable,” she enunciated slowly. “Someone like you isn’t qualified to be my opponent.”

In the empty restroom, there was a burst of applause after Joyce left crying.

“That speech was so wonderful.” Guinevere came out of the shadow slowly and looked at Stella’s face. “You really look so much like her...”

She could not help but sigh.

“You’re really like that woman, but with a different personality.”

If it was that old Stella, she would never be so harsh on Joyce. The old Stella was always forgiving and willing to let things go.

Ella was different. She would fight back.

Stella walked to her directly. "Why are you targeting me?"

This was the first time Stella had questioned Guinevere in so many days.

She knew Guinevere was behind this. Otherwise, Joyce would not have changed so much.

Joyce deserved her fate. However, the one behind her was unharmed. She stood in front of Stella and eyed her up and down.

"I'm really curious. Why do you have so many enemies?"

Guinevere could not understand it. "Aren't you quite likeable in the crew? Why are there so many people who hate you?"

When Guinevere said this, she did not realize the jealousy in her own tone.

"Earlier, Angelina even spoke up for you. If Brooke had not stopped Yates, he might have stood up for you too. There's Bradley too... Ella, why are you blessed?"

"You're exaggerating. We're just helping each other as friends. I'm more curious about your purpose. Why are you targeting me?"

Guinevere's question did not distract Stella, who insisted on saying, "Before this, you deliberately threw a tantrum in the set for no reason. When you were acting with me, you deliberately made mistakes. You even made me work as your body double. I have been keeping track of these. Guinevere, tell me—did you do these on purpose?"

Guinevere's smile disappeared as she looked at her clear eyes. There was nothing but gloom. "What else can it be? Well, I really hate you."

Stella's mouth was set in a tight line.

Guinevere had always pretended to be friendly in front of outsiders. It was the first time she had expressed her hate so straightforwardly.

Stella got used to seeing Guinevere in a perfect mask and acting like a goddess in front of everyone.

It was rare to see her reveal her true, ugly colors.

"Just because I have a face exactly like your old friend?"

"You already have the answer. Why do you have to ask me again? Is it really necessary?"

"You want to kill me just because of my face?"

Stella

found Guinevere ridiculous. She was still the same as before. In the past, she deliberately set up a kidnapping just to test Weston's love for her. She forced him to choose between them.

She gambled with others' lives.

Guinevere was still the same. She was as self-willed as before.

"Do you really think you're so high and mighty that you could dictate the fate of others?" Stella's voice suddenly became cold. "I have to say you're really just like Weston. You're a good match for him. You're both... disgusting

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Chapter 528 "Disgusting?" No one had ever called Guinevere that. Her expression immediately turned ugly. "Do you know who you're talking to?"

"So what? Haven't you considered the consequences when you did those things?"

Stella shook her head and walked up to her. "I know you're an important person. Everyone is willing to flatter you, but not me. I'm not going to play this boring game with you."

"Are you threatening me now?"

"I'm just warning you. Guinevere, if this happens again, you'll pay the price for it!"

"Who doesn't know how to act tough? You're just an insignificant actress. Do you know who I am? Do you know my status in the circle? Even Bradley has to listen to me. Who are you to speak like this in front of me?"

Guinevere seemed

to have been provoked. She suddenly pushed her and threatened, "Don't you think you can show off in front of me because you have the same face as her! She was just a loser to me! You're just a fake! Who do you think you are?!"

She was very worked up and had lost her temper. She knew the woman in front of her was Ella Steele, not Stella Sealey. However, for some reason, she felt Stella was looking at her, not Ella.

Guinevere quickly shook her head and tried to get rid of this thought. No matter how much they looked alike, they were not the same person.

Guinevere did not believe it at first, but the DNA test could not be wrong. She could not go on worrying like this.

She must quickly get rid of Ella, just like she did Stella. Then, she could have peace.

“Is that so? Then why are you so worked up because of a face similar to hers?”

Stella suddenly smiled, as if she had realized something. “You seem to be really bothered by the woman who looks just like me ... What was her name again? Was it Stella? You told me that she was so crazy about Weston that she jumped off a building... But Guinevere, if she was so insignificant, why are you overreacting when you hear her name?”

Stella walked up to Guinevere and played with a strand of hair.” Did you do something bad to her?”

“You’re spewing nonsense!” Guinevere pushed her away and huffed heavily.

The image of Stella falling down the building that day flashed before her eyes again. She remembered how Stella took the kidnapppers with her and fell down the building.

She was as beautiful as a desperate devil as she leaped off in front of everyone.

Guinevere was reluctant to admit it, but she could not deny it. The image of Stella from that day had been imprinted deep in

her mind. She could never forget it.

Sometimes, she still dreamed of Stella covered in blood, asking her why she was so cruel to her.

Her hands were clean and never stained with blood before that day. However, she began to have trouble sleeping and eating after that day.

She reassured herself that it was a sign of clear conscience . However, after Ella came along, she realized she had no guilty conscience. She wanted to do the same thing to Ella and get her out of her life. She never wanted to worry about her again.

“You’re wrong! She deserved to die!” Guinevere shouted hysterically, “She deserved it!”

Stella's eyes trembled. At that moment, all the hatred overwhelmed her.

She deserved to die? Why did she deserve to die?

She would have died if it weren't because of her good luck. She was so close to death and almost died. Fortunately, death denied her and let her crawl back from hell..

In that case, she had to let Guinevere know.

Someday, she would pay the price for all her sins. It might not be now, but it was only a matter of time.

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"It seems like you really hate her a lot..." Stella said with a mocking smile.

Guinevere was slightly startled. For some reason, she felt like she saw a glint of hatred flash past Stella's eyes. However, she might have seen it wrongly.

Stella was calm again in the next moment. "I won't let this slide so easily."

"Is that so?" Guinevere was amused. "How are you going to deal with me? Can you afford to do it with your current status?"

Before she could finish speaking, Stella suddenly took out a voice recorder.

"I've recorded every word you said to me earlier. Say, if I make this recording public, won't it damage your reputation? Guinevere, you're suppressing me just because I look like one of your enemies?"

Guinevere

widened her eyes in surprise. She reached out, wanting to snatch the recorder away from Stella. "You sc*mbag! How dare you record that!"

Stella had long anticipated her reaction and stepped back." Don't assume everyone is as simple-minded as you. You're brave enough to do such a thing, but you're afraid that others will have evidence?"

"Ella!" Guinevere trembled in anger. She had not been this angry

for a long time. "Do you know who's behind me? I have the Ford and Cohen family's support. Would the media dare to publish negative news about me?"

“It’s now the era of self-publishing. I know it’s easy for you to block audio posted online, but before that... guess how fast it’ll spread. And how fast can you stop it?”

Stella smiled nonchalantly. “You can have a team manage marketing accounts and control the news, but can you keep

everything clean? Or do you want to make a bet...”

Her confident tone made Guinevere panic. “Have you considered the consequences? What’s in it for you? Do you want to go down with me?”

“You’re the one who started it!” Stella’s eyes turned cold. “Don’t tell me you have nothing to do with Joyce’s sudden madness!”

“1—

Guinevere wanted to explain, but when she saw the look in Stella’s eyes, she knew there was no point explaining. Besides, she had nothing to explain. She was the one who did it.

Joyce would not have been so rash and brainless if it weren’t for her. However, Joyce’s reckless action was due to her own stupidity.

Stella shook off her hand, not wanting to listen to her anymore. “You’re hoping your enemies would get bullied and beaten up while you just watch on the sidelines? There’s no free lunch in the world.”

Guinevere gritted her teeth and said nothing.

It was halfway through the event. The grand finale was coming.

The event was a commercial party. Most of such events packaged themselves as a charity dinner. This one was no exception. Meanwhile, a charity auction was the most common form of a charity event.

Bradley attended the event representing the cast and crew. Therefore, he had prepared several items for auction.

Most of the donated items were commemorative and valuable in terms of cost and other aspects.

The value of such items would generally be dependent on the fan’s support. The fans would basically pay for the base value and all the additional cost of the auctioned item.

However, the money would go to those who needed it at the end of the day.

People like Guinevere would always shine in auctions like this. She had always been in the limelight at such events. Besides, her male companion even spent a fortune to win the bid for the historic agate bracelet.

Everyone

knew that Guinevere had Weston. She was probably married to him or had even given birth to his child. It was simply an unspoken secret in the circle. However, no one expected a married woman like her would attract a male partner to purchase a piece of priceless jewelry for her. This incident raised her charm and glamour to another level.

“Who’s the man beside Ms. Cohen?”

“He seems to be her admirer. He’s also a famous rich boy.”

“She’s the winner in life! She has such an excellent and powerful husband and even gave birth to a child. She’s doing so well in her career and has a group of suitors!”

“It’s just... I don’t think that man is comparable to Weston. I heard Weston doesn’t appear in public because he’s too handsome. It’ll cause widespread commotion...”

“Isn’t that obvious? How many in the world are as impressive as a man like Weston?”

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 530

Chapter 530

Guinevere had gotten used to being admired wherever she went.

She raised her neck with the grace of a white swan and walked to her partner. Everyone watched her with admiring eyes.

However, a great regret surged in her heart at that moment—she wished Weston was here. Unfortunately, he had never liked to attend events like this. He would never accompany her to such events.

She put her hand on her partner’s arm and slowly entered the dance floor. The soft music started to play.

Bradley told Stella and Angelina, “If you two want to dance, you can invite anyone to dance with you. I’m sure there are plenty of gentlemen here.”

Angelina asked reflexively, “What about you, Mr. Lane?”

Bradley said, "Well, I'm going to invite the producer to dance."

Guinevere had introduced Bradley to a top-tier producer in the

circle. Although he had a good time talking to her, he did not want to limit himself to her. He also enjoyed chatting with another producer from before.

After Bradley left, another male actor in the cast came over and invited Angelina for a dance. "Would you dance with me?"

"Of course." Angelina put her hand in his palm.

Stella smiled and watched them leave. She did not realize

something was wrong until everyone entered the dance floor .

Perhaps no one dared to invite her to dance because of the previous farce.

Many people turned their gaze to her but hesitated. None of them took the first step.

Although she had cleared her name from Joyce's accusation, many remembered her farce. It was understandable for them to be apprehensive. Besides, no one would want to be the center of attention at such a time.

Stella was happy and did not mind it. It was just a dance, so she did not care much.

However, when she was going to get some dessert while holding champagne in her hand, she heard someone next to her say, "The other woman was deliberately throwing dirt at her, but I heard she's a troublemaker in the cast..."

"Really? Ella?"

"It's true. There's no smoke without fire. There must be a reason behind her bad reputation. That means she's a shameless person!"

"Anyway, I've heard that Ms. Cohen doesn't seem to like her very much..."

"Are you serious?"

"Yeah. Earlier, someone heard them quarrel in the restroom ..."

"Oh, my God! Who is she? An insignificant actress like her actually dares to challenge Ms. Cohen..."

"Yeah. She must have a strong man supporting her. Otherwise, how can she be so arrogant in front of Ms. Cohen?"

Sometimes, words could be scary. Just a little detail in the rumor could be magnified as the conclusion.

Stella closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

Since she wanted to join the entertainment industry, she should have known that this was only normal.

It was human nature to worship the strong and bully the weak. She did not have Guinevere's status or connections. Since they were enemies, it only made sense for most to stand by Guinevere's side.

"Did she forget to bring her partner over?"

"I don't know... Doesn't she know it's embarrassing to be left out on the dance floor?"

"Maybe a minor actress like her doesn't know the rules..."

"That's not necessarily true. Her friend was invited to dance. She's the only one left alone. If I were her, I would hide in embarrassment..."