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Hannah offered an apologetic smile to the crew. "Sorry for holding up the works, folks!"

The director waved it off. "No worries, no need to apologize."

Who would dare to blame the main man, Steven? And who would dare to mess with the lady who had the power to send Steven away?

Hannah's smile was strained. "Don't worry, director. I'll make sure he doesn't come around causing trouble again."

"It's all good, Hannah. These little hiccups happen. Don't sweat it."

Hannah turned to apologize to her male co-star, who verbally accepted her apology, but was clearly shaken. Each time he tried to deliver a line, his gaze flickered towards the door, half-expecting Steven, the charmer with a temper, to barge in and give him the boot-literally.

That kick he had received earlier had almost taken him out. One more, and he might've been done for.

The male lead couldn't get back into character, and so they had to cut and reshoot take after take, which meant Hannah wrapped up her day's work way later than planned.

After the day's shooting, Hannah's assistant whispered, "Hannah, President Dixon has been waiting outside for you."

Without a word, Hannah settled in front of the makeup mirror and closed her eyes, as the makeup artist began removing the day's facade. Suddenly, she sensed a different touch and snapped her eyes open. Sure enough, reflected in the mirror was Steven, that relentless ex of hers. She touched her forehead wearily. "Steven, can't you take a hint and leave me be?"

Steven's voice was full of wounded innocence. "Today was the day we marked on the calendar. I came specially to keep our appointment."

After the issue with Daniela was resolved, Hannah was still anxiously waiting for a positive pregnancy test. Desperate for a child, she had struck a deal with Steven. On her fertile days, he could come over to help her conceive. In return, Steven had asked for a chance to court her anew, to pursue her like any man wooing a woman, aiming for an honest-to-goodness romance.

One seeking a child, the other seeking love—different goals that brought them together in an odd agreement where neither felt shortchanged.

Today was the agreed day, and Steven had shown up. Hannah really had nothing to say against that. She closed her eyes again, allowing Steven to continue with the makeup

removal.

Steven murmured with a touch of martyrdom, "Hannah, I've been waiting for you for ages. I was worried you'd stand me up and not have dinner with me."

His tone was so full of sadness, that an outsider might have thought Hannah was the villain of the piece. But while he spoke, his hands felt gentle on her skin, his touch lighter than the makeup artist's. He was cautious not to mar Hannah's delicate complexion.

Hannah sighed, "If you hadn't stormed in this afternoon and kicked my co-star, he wouldn't have been so jittery, and I wouldn't be wrapping up this late, would I?"

Steven offered a meek, "I'm sorry."

Hannah shook her head. "You can't just say 'sorry' every time and never change."

Steven pondered. "What if I get Rick to pick out some nice gifts, and I go apologize to the guy myself?"

Hannah laughed dryly. "Forget it. If you go looking for him, you'll scare him so much he'll never be able to act again."

Steven fell silent, a small smile on his face Hannah still cared enough to worry about him.