

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 391

Chapter 391

Joan scared herself by going into another room.

Stella fidgeted as she sat on Weston's lap, feeling his body's warmth even through their clothes. "You're really very warm. Why don't you take your temperature properly?" "Haven't I already done that a couple of times?"

Stella was speechless.

She recalled those few attempts at taking his temperature, which was probably inaccurate because Weston refused to cooperate. "You're no longer a child. Why are you being so difficult when it comes to taking your temperature? If you don't do it properly this time, I won't bother with you anymore." She heard a low chuckle coming from him. "I got it."

He even tried to make himself sound obedient and pliant.

A few minutes later, Weston proactively handed his thermometer to her. "Does it look accurate this time?" Stella looked at the window and reported, "102, almost 104 degrees." She was slightly taken aback. "Didn't I put a cool towel on your forehead just now to lower your temperature? Why did your fever worsen..." Weston was slightly annoyed and placed the thermometer at the side. He pulled Stella back into his arms. "I'm fine." "You're burning up and still dare to say you're fine?" "Are you worried about me?" Weston rubbed the tip of his nose against her ear. Even with such subtle movements, Stella could feel the heat emanating from his body. "No, I'm just worried that your family might come looking for me and hold me accountable if you were to turn silly from your fever."

"Then you shall be held accountable," Weston said casually. Stella knew it was just a passing remark and disregarded it. "If you continue having a fever, how will you go to work tomorrow?" "Still insisting you're not worried about me? Hmm?" Falling sick wasn't a big deal for Weston. He seldom fell ill, but if falling ill meant he could see Stella getting worried for him, it didn't seem like a bad idea.

Stella remained silent.

Was she worried about him?

She didn't exactly feel worried. If it were in the past, she would probably be panicking, seeing how high his fever had gotten. However, she didn't feel anything much now, except for mild concern.

If something really were to happen to him, she was more concerned that Guinevere might create trouble for her.

“Let’s continue watching the movie.”

He could sense Stella getting distracted with her thoughts again and caressed her head. “I’ll be fine after a night’s rest.”

Then shouldn’t you go to bed early?” “It’s still early now.” “Whatever it is, you’re sick now. It’s always ideal for getting more rest.” “I can’t fall asleep right now,” Weston cut her off. “Isn’t it good that I watch a movie with you? I might get really busy in the time to come.” “That’s fine. I’m about to join the crew and become busy, too.” Weston tightened his hold over her and rested his chin on her head. “Do you really want to so badly?” Stella sensed a sudden change in his tone and turned around to look at him. “You’ve already promised to let me stay on the crew and finish my role. You can’t go back on your word.” “I haven’t even said anything, and here you are getting worried,” Weston pinched her cheeks. “Did I say anything about not letting you act?” “What you said just now made me worried that you’d break your promise.”

“I’ll never break my promise to you.” Stella remained silent, but the look of sarcasm in her eyes was not lost on him.

Weston turned her head around. “Except for letting you go.”

“Whatever it is, you just need to remember our one—year timeline.” His face darkened. “The Stella Sealey of the past would never keep harping on the same thing.” She wouldn’t have tried to keep leaving him, either. Stella didn’t say anything further and took a deep breath. “If you don’t like it, I won’t say it again.” “Good.” Weston leaned in and kissed her on the lips. “Stay by my side, Stella. I’ll give you everything you want.”

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Chapter 392 Since Weston insisted that he was fine, Stella didn’t bother about him any further.

In any case, when he was relating to her about Compassvale University, he didn’t seem very affected by the fever. His logic remained impeccable, and his expressions clear and concise.

If it weren’t for the things he’d done to her in the past, Stella would’ve no doubt worshipped him.

A man like Weston was born to be of an extraordinary existence.

She had no idea why the heavens would bless someone so unfairly, granting him everything good.

Looks, abilities, intellect, family background, and unwavering self-control—these attributes gave him the de-facto right to do whatever he liked with women.

She never regretted meeting someone as outstanding as Weston during her schooling years, but even if she could turn back time, she would never choose to step into that marriage. The hurt that she experienced from it was too unforgettable. Losing something that she once had was infinitely more painful than never having something before.

Since Weston insisted that he was fine, Stella decided not to push it and focused on the movie.

They were halfway through the movie, but Weston continued holding her in his arms.

He was holding her from behind, and Stella only realized something was wrong when the movie ended, and the credits began rolling.

“Weston?” She called out.

Turning around, she saw that Weston had somehow fallen asleep.

He rested her chin on her shoulders, and she could feel his weight. She reached out and nudged him slightly. “Weston, wake up.” He ignored her and kept his eyes closed. His body, however, had become noticeably warmer. Stella’s brows furrowed, and her instincts told her something was wrong. She yelled out loud, “Joan!”

Joan was about to retire for the night when she heard Stella yelling for her. She quickly got changed and ran over. “Ms. Steele, what’s the matter?”

“Do you have the family doctor’s number? Weston’s fever seems to be getting worse.”

Joan said anxiously, “I’ll find it right away!”

Joan was already worried about Weston’s condition, to begin with, and she brought a cold towel to Stella after calling the family doctor. “I’ve called the doctor, and he said he’ll be here

soon. Don’t worry.”

Stella nodded and couldn’t help but grumble, “I already told him to let the doctor take a look at him, but he

kept insisting that he was fine.” Joan said helplessly, “Perhaps Mr. Ford wanted you to show more concern to him.” Stella paused for a moment without saying a word. She held Weston up and sat him on the couch in the hall as they waited for the doctor to arrive.

The doctor was there in no time and measured Weston’s temperature. After a quick check, he said, “It’s probably a bad bout of cold. Don’t be too worried. He’ll be fine once his temperature gradually goes down.” Joan heaved a sigh of relief. Stella was about to stand up when Weston suddenly opened his eyes and grabbed her hand. “Where are you going?” Stella said, “I’m heading to the washroom.”

He pursed his lips and let go of her hand reluctantly.

The doctor put a needle into Weston’s arm connected to an intravenous drip. While Stella was in the toilet, Weston kept his gaze in that direction.

The previous few times that the doctor came, it was for Stella. Yet this time, it was Weston’s turn to fall sick.

The doctor could sense a change in the air between them, but out of his professionalism, he kept his inquisitive looks to himself and focused on prescribing Weston some medicine.

The moment Stella left, he could sense the air around Weston turning cold. When Stella returned, Weston’s hard gaze immediately softened and became more tender. Stella sat by Weston’s side as he asked her, “Were you frightened just now?” “What?” Stella didn’t understand his question. “I agreed to watch the movie with you.”

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Chapter 393 Stella responded, “I told you way earlier that you should see the doctor, but you insisted not to. You had to faint before you allowed the doctor to look at you.” “I didn’t faint,” Weston’s face fell as he corrected her. “I was just a little tired and fell asleep.”

“Fine, whatever you say.”

He furrowed his brows, unhappy that Stella was just trying to patronize him.

He reached out, grabbed her wrist, and pulled her close. “Sit here and keep me company. Don’t go anywhere else.”

Stella wanted to go to her workroom to read her script, but she now had no choice but to sit back down.

The family doctor couldn't help but tease, "When I give you an injection later, do you want to cover his eyes, Ms. Steele?"

He would only dare to joke like that because Stella was around.

For some reason, he felt that Weston wouldn't get angry because Stella was around.

As he had expected, Weston looked at him with mild annoyance but did not pursue the matter.

Stella chuckled and turned to Weston, teasing him further, "If you're afraid of injections, just say the word. I'll definitely save you."

His face darkened, but he remained silent and shut his eyes, not willing to stoop to her level.

Stella's interest was piqued as she saw how the doctor started looking for the vein at the back of his hand.

Weston had a pair of strong, good-looking hands. His knuckles were well-defined on his long fingers, and the veins under his skin were faintly visible. It was probably a pair of arms that were very easy to inject. The needle pierced through, and blood began flowing through the tubes. Stella looked, finding him completely unaffected, and found it boring. "So calm even during an injection. You're no fun at all..."

"Do you think I'm like you, needing to cover my eyes before I can get an injection?" Weston joked.

Stella suddenly recalled the time she was forced to donate blood to Guinevere and the smile on her face immediately faded.

The corners of her lips twitched, but she said nothing.

Weston did not know what the reason behind her sudden change in mood was, but he held her hands.

After the injection, the family doctor began to prescribe some medicine for Weston.

As Weston took his medicine, the doctor started packing his bag. "Although the fever is rather high, it wouldn't be much of an issue as long as his temperature comes down. The drugs should come into effect soon."

Stella nodded. "Thank you, Doctor." "Don't mention it. It's my job," the doctor replied.

With that, he stood up.

Joan walked over and said, "Why don't you stay over for the night? I'll clean up a guest room for you. If Mr. Ford's fever doesn't subside in the middle of the night, it'll be easier for you to help." Stella thought it was a good idea. Turning to Weston, she asked, "What do you think?" Weston caressed her head. "You decide. You're the mistress around here."

He said the word "mistress" in a tone that was tender to no end.

A glint flashed past Stella's eyes, but she instinctively avoided his gaze and turned to look at Joan instead. "Please help clean up the guest room, then." Joan nodded and brought the doctor downstairs.

After they left, Weston immediately pulled Stella into his embrace. She struggled against his hold, "You're still on a drip, aren't you worried about moving around too much?" "What's there to be afraid of?" Weston rested his chin on her head and rubbed against it. He lowered his head and kissed her cheeks. His breath was still hot and heavy, and Stella somehow found him exceptionally sticky when he was sick. Why did she never realize that he had this side to him? "Are you a child? You're so sticky when you're sick." Weston remained silent as he kept an arm around her waist, refusing to let her go. "You must stay with me."

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Chapter 394 A sense of helplessness washed over Stella. "I have my own things to do, too. I can't even go to the bathroom if you insist on that."

"Did I not let you go to the bathroom just now?"

Stella remained silent,

She rubbed between her brows. "I want to get some water. Can you let me go, please?"

Weston refused.

She stood up, and he stood up along with her.

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Thus, unable to hold it in any longer, Stella raised her voice. "You're still on a drip. If you move as you please, I'll have to trouble the doctor to come and secure the needle again!" "Help me push the drip. I'll go with you to get some water." Weston found it absolutely reasonable. Stella was speechless. "The kitchen is right there. You can watch me pouring water for myself. Will I grow wings and fly out of this place?" Weston remained silent with pursed lips. His eyes widened as he considered telling her that he was indeed wor

ried that
someday, she would grow wings and fly out of this place, never to be seen again. Just like how she jumped off the building that day.

She fell off that tall building, just like that. If she really had wings, she would certainly choose to leave him. She would even be willing to dive down the deepest abyss if she didn't.

Weston did not want to see either situation happening.

Stella might not have realized it before, but she now keenly sensed how difficult it could be to please a man like Weston.

Now that he was sick, he seemed even more like the devil, sent from hell to torment her.

After she finally managed to get a cup of water from the kitchen, Weston dragged her back to the couch and locked her in his embrace.

He treated her just like a bolster, refusing to let her go. Stella did not find herself very small in stature. Although skinny, her body was of a decent build and was definitely not akin to a child.

However, as she lay in Weston's embrace, the disparity in size was stark. She felt like a doll, clamped tightly in place by one of his strong arms. He was capable of effortlessly holding her in place even while he was sick.

Stella had no choice but to stay by his side while on a drip. The night gradually fell silent.

Stella glanced at the clock and saw that it was getting late.

Yet, Weston became even more alert as the night went on.

She touched his forehead and felt grateful that his fever had gone down. Weston looked at her silently as his eyes reverted to their usual cold and distant look.

It was as if that whining man who was sticking to her previously was nothing but an illusion. Stella calmed down and looked into his eyes as she said calmly, "Your fever has gone down now. I'll go back to my own room for a rest. Get Joan's help to call for the doctor to remove the drip later..." Weston didn't respond.

A while later, he landed a kiss on her forehead.

"It's been tough on you," he said. Stella smiled. "If you find it tough on me, please let me go back to my bed. I'm rather tired." She yawned. "Just sleep here," Weston hugged her and made her lean in his embrace. Stella didn't want to. "I can't sleep well like this, and it'll just wear you out more." "It won't," Weston said. "I'm never tired when I hug you."

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Chapter 395 Stella paused before reaching out to feel his forehead. "Are you getting warm again?"

Why would he still be so sticky even when he was awake?

Weston simply stared at her and suddenly leaned in to kiss her.

He pried open her mouth, his breath hot and heavy. Somehow, he could smell a refreshing scent on her, like an ocean breeze on a hot summer's day.

He kissed her deeply, savoring her lips and holding her tenderly.

Stella realized that he was getting better and better at kissing. He seemed to be engrossed, immersed in trying to excite her senses. Stella had never seen Weston try so hard to make her feel good. Gone was his possessiveness and aggressiveness of the past, and although he was pushy, he wasn't overbearing and was, in fact, warm and gentle. Only two of them were left in the hall. The movie credits were still rolling on the television screen. Stella had lowered the volume of the television. The background music couldn't drown out the sound of her heart beating. When the kiss ended, Stella's face flushed just like Weston's, as if she had also developed a fever.

Stella felt like she had been infected by him. "Aren't you afraid of passing the virus to me?" She grumbled.

Weston leaned his forehead against hers. "If you fall sick, it'll be my turn tomorrow to take care of you." "Forget it," Stella pushed him away. "I really need to sleep right now..."

Weston refused to let her go, however. "Stay here and talk to me."

"It's so late now, and a thunderstorm's forecasted for tomorrow. You don't have to report to the crew tomorrow." He held onto her stubbornly. "Keep me company." Stella stood up and looked down at him. She saw the look in his eyes that she had never seen before.

She sighed and sat back down. "What do you want to talk about?"

There were some things that he had wanted to tell her on multiple occasions, but when the opportunity finally arose, he realized how difficult it was to put them in words. Weston caressed her face. He should have said these things when his temperature was at its highest. Now that he was awake and alert, it made things more difficult for him.

“For a family like ours, our idea and concept of marriage differ from most ordinary people.” After a long while, Weston finally commented.

Stella suddenly understood what he meant and simply stared at him. With a chuckle, she said, “Are you trying to tell me that your marriage with Guinevere is but a commercial alliance?”

Weston didn’t respond, simply looking deeply into her eyes.

He seemed to have expected the sarcasm in Stella’s tone, and he went on. “If I were to tell you that things between Guinevere and I aren’t what they seem...” “Don’t treat me like a fool!” Stella cut him off. “Things have come to this point, and I’m already stuck by your side, unable to go anywhere. For this year, at least, I’ll be completely at your mercy. Why must you still say such things to dupe me? Is it very amusing to treat me like a fool?”

Her eyes turned red.

“You’ve been lying to me right from the beginning. I thought I was lucky to be fancied by you and married to you...everything felt like a dream until you eventually told me that I was just a tool that you used to provoke Guinevere! I’m merely a stepping stone for your relationship with her...”

“Fine, I left. I no longer want to be involved in your relationship with her. I can’t afford to play games with you rich people...but why must you force me into a corner like this? Why?” “You and Guinevere...both of you...all of you are forcing me into a corner...” All this while, Stella had been suppressing her innermost feelings. Finally, at this point, her emotions were on the verge of collapse. “Do you know what I can’t stand the most? You two obviously played me like a fool, but I still have to tolerate that pretentious and self-righteous face of yours!” “What is left for you to explain? That, in fact, your relationship with Guinevere isn’t that deep? Is it not enough that you’re making me pretend to be the Stella of the past, who loved you wholeheartedly? Do you want me to be eternally grateful to you from the bottom of my heart?”

“What do you take me for?” Stella raised her voice and asked, choking back her tears.

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Chapter 396 Weston didn’t know what to say.

Every single word of Stella’s pierced deep into his heart. He felt like he couldn’t breathe.

He could only keep her in his embrace, holding her tightly against his chest so she could hear his heartbeat.

He never bothered explaining anything to anyone. But at this moment, he hoped that Stella could understand him. "Things are not what you think they are..." He finally owned up to his own feelings. "I do have feelings for you. Stella, I thought you knew."

"I don't."

Stella took a deep breath and calmed herself down. "If this is how you treat someone you have feelings for, I don't want it."

She had said the cruelest of words in the calmest of tones. "I won't be so stupid as to fall in love with you a second time."

Weston avoided her gaze. He simply continued hugging her. After a long while, he asked, "...when did you fall in love with me?" "I don't remember. I only remember the moment I stopped loving you," Stella said.

The wild thunderstorm disrupted many plans.

The crew's activities were delayed time and time again and could only properly continue a week later.

Guinevere finally joined the crew under pressure from Bradley. Stella was informed ahead of time and reported to the crew for filming on the same day as Guinevere.

After Weston fully recovered, he returned to the office and didn't come back for a few days, apparently busy with a very tricky project. Having the extra time, she took the opportunity to visit Fern University, discussing with Roger about furthering their studies overseas.

She never met Justin again, although she had no idea if it was merely happenstance or that someone had arranged it such that they never bumped into each other.

In the studio.

When Stella arrived, she saw Bradley discussing something with a few people in the distance.

She walked over and the assistant approached her to discuss the day's schedule. Bradley saw her walking over and halted his discussion. He walked over to Stella. "How has it been, practicing at home these few days?"

Stella nodded. "I'm still rather unfamiliar with some actions..."

Aside from memorizing her script, Stella had also spent some time rehearsing her moves for her next fighting scene.

Bradley nodded, armed with the assurance that she'd been diligent in her preparation. "Later, I'll get the instructor to teach you basic actions and legwork. You're almost there in your preparation; all that's left to do is to listen to the instructor and familiarize yourself with the scene. He's very professional. Leave yourself in his good hands and don't hold back."

Stella nodded.

The studio was packed with people today, and she couldn't find an empty spot even after looking around. Everyone was working overtime, busy with work that had piled up. The atmosphere was crackling with pressure. For them, it appeared there wasn't much time left. After Bradley delivered his instructions, he went off to arrange other matters.

Stella followed the instructor to a slightly more open space, and she heard the instructor complain, "It would be great if we were this busy only at the early part of this year. But based on our progress, I think we'll be this swamped for the entire year..."

The instructor clearly had no fear of saying whatever she pleased in front of Stella, a newcomer to the crew.

She could sense that Stella was mild-tempered and easygoing and couldn't help but spill some gossip. "Did you see? Guinevere reported to the crew early this morning, and the fuss everyone made over her... "Tsk, tsk. Truly the queen of the entertainment circle."

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Chapter 397 He sang Guinevere's words of praise, but Stella could tell that he meant something else.

She smiled and didn't say anything further. Instead, she focused on remembering her script.

"Can I do it like this?"

"Not bad," the instructor nodded. "When you're in front of the cameras, make sure your fighting sequences are meticulous—sharp and precise. Don't just focus on hitting your opponents, but on displaying the character's personality. Reimagine the original fighting scene in the author's mind."

Stella found that what he said made sense and took his advice very seriously.

A while later, there seemed to be a commotion among the crew, prompting them to look over. Someone had walked out of the dressing room; a rose amongst the thorns that drew everyone's attention.

The instructor said mildly, "Seems like the big celebrity is done with her makeup. The entire crew is waiting for her alone... She claims to want to catch up, yet she's requesting everything to be done from the beginning just because of something trivial she doesn't like..."

He subconsciously rambled on his grievances before suddenly realizing that Stella was still next to him. Worried that he'd said something wrong, he smiled guiltily at her. "I didn't mean anyone in particular, don't think too much about it."

Stella pretended that she'd heard nothing. She didn't want to get herself involved in such things. Then, the assistant suddenly came rushing over. "Are you ready?"

"Yes, we are." "Everything's ready over there. We've divided the place into two scenes. Director Bradley will film that scene first. Both of you, go over there and wait."

Another assistant director was in charge of the filming on their end. It seemed the crew had indeed been trying hard to get up to speed. Stella's partner in this scene was Caspian again. Because of his manager's reminders, he wasn't as friendly toward Stella as he used to be and even kept his distance when he could.

However, he did not forget to keep things cordial between them.

Stella could tell that he was trying to keep his distance, and didn't make a big deal out of it.

She was merely the new actress—all she needed to do was to keep calm and focus on doing her part well. There was no need to overthink other things.

Their scene was shot smoothly and successfully. Caspian was sufficiently prepared as well, and the two had amazing chemistry on set.

After shooting their scene, even Caspian had a change of heart towards Stella.

Since his manager was watching from the side, he couldn't say much except for a small compliment. "Good job today..." he whispered when Stella walked past him. Stella was slightly taken aback as she glanced at him. She could sense that he was avoiding her gaze and turned to look at his manager standing on one side, glaring at him menacingly. She understood what was happenin

g and nodded slightly, not giving him too large a response, before going backstage. Bradley was still doing some preparation work.

Guinevere's crew started the earliest, yet they haven't even officially begun filming.

Apparently, Guinevere had very high standards for the crew, not only for the actors and actresses whom she shared scenes with, but even the surroundings had to fulfill her 'expectations.

She was scheduled to film a fighting scene as well. Guinevere hardly came out after giving birth, and her body recuperated pretty well. However, perhaps because she hadn't been working for a long time, she found it rather physically demanding. Most of the crew knew that she had returned to work after giving birth and were, therefore, more understanding and patient with her. Yet, things inevitably slowed down. Things were getting on Bradley's nerves. "Forget it. Let's film another segment." Guinevere refused to. "I think this segment can be even better." She insisted, "The character can be more fully fleshed out. I don't want the audience thinking that I'm just a female actress who only knows how to cry." Guinevere's signature had always been her crying scenes, which were always very touching and infectious. However, she wanted a breakthrough in her career and did not want people to think she only knew how to shoot emotional scenes. As she spoke, she glanced around her and spotted someone who made her heart stop. "Stella Sealey?"

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Chapter 398 Guinevere would never forget Stella's face her entire life.

When she saw her face in the studio, her head buzzed, and she stood absolutely frozen in place.

She thought she was in the middle of a nightmare, as chills ran down her spine and she stood there petrified.

It wasn't until someone next to her reminded, "Gwen, are you feeling alright?" that Guinevere jolted awake and said, "I'm fine..."

A glint flashed past her eyes as she looked towards Stella. Then, she asked someone next to her, "Who is she?"

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The crew member looked toward Stella and pondered for a moment before replying to her, "Oh, she's probably a new actress! I forgot to inform you. Remember that actress for the young female warrior role you weren't very satisfied with? Director Bradley

replaced her with another actress. Although she's new, she's been performing pretty well in general. Just now, she even managed to film a fighting scene successfully..."

The crew member appeared worried that Guinevere would mind that they didn't inform her in advance before replacing the actress and explaining things. However, Guinevere wasn't paying much attention to his explanation. Instead, she stared in Stella's direction, her heart thumping in her chest.

She must be in a nightmare. There was no other possible reason.

Why then would she see Stella appear?

The crew member saw Guinevere remaining silent and alarm bells rang in his heart. He decided that it was best to call Bradley over for help.

Bradley furrowed his brow, "What happened to her?"

The crew member explained, "She was asking about Ella..."

Bradley fell silent.

A moment later, he asked the crew member, "What did she say?" "Nothing, but I'm not sure what she's thinking... »

Bradley halted whatever he was doing and walked to Guinevere. "Ella Steele is an actress that I pulled in. Didn't you say that the previous actress for the young female warrior didn't have the right aura? This one does. If you're still unhappy, you'll just have to find another actress who'll fulfill your requirements." Guinevere finally turned to him, seeking confirmation. "What did you say her name was?"

"Ella Steele."

Bradley furrowed his brows and noticed that something was really wrong with Guinevere's reaction. "What's the matter?"

Guinevere took a deep breath. "Ella Steele..."

She chewed on the words and remembered her existence.

The woman looked exactly like Stella. Were it not for the DNA test; she would've thought that woman was really Stella.

She quickly calmed down, though a complex look remained in her eyes. "Why is she here? Isn't she a dance teacher in the training center? When did she suddenly become an actress?"

She collected herself and asked Bradley with a smile.

Bradley was rather confused. "You sound like you know her?"

Guinevere was a hugely sought-after celebrity.

Ella, on the other hand, was an ordinary teacher at a training center who only came to a audition for the role by accident because of Ruby.

If he hadn't noticed him that time, she probably wouldn't stand a chance in the entertainment circle.

Guinevere

and Ella were from two vastly different worlds. How did they even know each other? Guinevere's eyes shifted

as she replied with a chuckle, "I know a friend whose child is learning dance at the training center. She knows Ella, so I've seen her before." Bradley nodded at her somewhat reasonable explanation. "Since she's an acquaintance, I'll call her over so you two can say hi." "Sure. I can take the chance to give her a welcome gift." Guinevere had brought gifts for everyone in the crew when she came. Although she was difficult to handle, she made sure to observe an etiquette befitting a well known figure in the industry.

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Chapter 399 To her, the sum it cost was a mere small change, and it served to gain the crew's favor Even though some were unhappy with her work attitude, they couldn't say much given that they had received so many gifts from her. Stella was resting in the set when the assistant suddenly ran towards her. "Ella, the director has called for you!" Stella stood up, slightly confused. Was it because she performed poorly just now? Only after she had walked to Bradley did she realize the woman standing next to him was none other than Guinevere. She clenched her fists so hard that her fingernails dug painfully into the flesh of her palms as she tried hard to keep a straight face. The sharp pain forced her to calm down. She turned to Bradley. "What's the matter?"

"Let me do the introductions. This is Guinevere Cohen. I suppose she needs no further introduction?" Stella nodded. "Ms. Cohen, I've heard so much about you."

She thought Guinevere would pretend not to know her, but Bradley continued, "She mentioned that you're the dance teacher of a child of a friend she knows. Since both of you are considered acquaintances, I won't say much. You share many common scenes, so communication will be much easier, given you know each other..."

Stella looked at Guinevere, slightly taken aback. All she saw was Guinevere smiling kindly at her, seemingly without ill intentions.

She walked to her, her hand outstretched, "It's been a while."

Guinevere blinked a couple of times at Stella, the smile on her lips never quite reaching the depths of her eyes.

She was an actress, after all. She knew what expression to put on to make others have a good impression of her in such situations.

Stella paused before reaching out and shaking Guinevere's outstretched hand. "It's been a while, indeed," she said. Guinevere released her hand and looked firmly at Stella's face. Despite the raging emotions inside her, Guinevere looked calm and composed on the outside.

"Now that we've gotten past the introductions, I'm sure we'll work well together in our upcoming scenes," Bradley saw how subdued things seemed between them and didn't comment further. "Ella, you filmed the scene earlier pretty well. You can begin preparing for the next scene when you're free." "Sure."

"Guinevere, are you ready?"

"Yes, I am."

Initially, Guinevere had qualms about the scene, but upon seeing Ella, she changed her mind and said, "Let's just begin." Bradley was stunned for a while, not expecting her to be so agreeable. "Sure. I'll get the crew in position."

Guinevere was the main lead in this scene. She had many impressive fighting shots that were the highlights for the lead female warrior. As such, preparations were made to ensure that everything was perfect. It went without saying that Guinevere's acting skills were amazing, unsurprising since she was a celebrity who had once clinched the best actress of the year award. Although she had stopped working for a period and was slightly out of practice, her strong foundation in acting was evident.

Bradley let her pass in that scene. It wasn't perfect, but there weren't any major problems either—

the critical part would be the subsequent series of highly demanding actions. Guinevere had to wield a sword and jump from a stone to a cliff. Perhaps because she had just given birth, her moves appeared sluggish and laborious. Sadly, she did not succeed even after multiple takes. She looked apologetically at the crew and said, "I'm sorry, it's all because of my poor physical condition..."

If it were due to any other reason, Bradley would've had quite a few things to say. However, this was clearly because of her physical limitations, and scolding her would do nothing to help. The only thing he did was ask, "Do you need a double?"

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Chapter 400 Guinevere was taken aback by his offer. "I remember that you never use body doubles in your movies..."

"What else can we do? Are we just going to forget this scene if you can't do it?" Bradley grumbled with a tinge of annoyance in his voice. Guinevere could sense that he was upset, and her face turned dark with displeasure.

A moment later, she said, "Alright, then. Let's bring in a double. It's my fault in the first place that I couldn't do it well."

Bradley didn't even bother casting her a second look, turning instantly to a crew member next to him, instructing, "Find a double for Guinevere right away." "Sure."

Guinevere stood silently at the side.

When the body double came over, Guinevere's brows furrowed when she saw her. "This actress' figure is so different from mine. It'll be so obvious that she's a body double."

Bradley paused for a moment and looked at her. "What do you mean by that?"

Guinevere went on, "If you really want a body double, you should at least find one that matches my figure. If it's so obvious that a double is filming the scene, it'll be like we're treating the audience like they're blind." Bradley rubbed the center of his brows as he felt a headache brewing. "Find a body double who has Guinevere's figure."

Subsequently, they managed to find another actress of a similar build to Guinevere. As long as her face was not shown in the scene, the audience would find it hard to tell that a body double had been used.

Once again, Guinevere had something to say. "She doesn't look like me at all. The moment she turns around, the audience will see her side profile and see that she looks completely different from me. If someone were to go frame-by-frame, it'll be easy to tell that I used a double..."

"It's true that you're using a double. So what if others find out?" Bradley couldn't help but comment.

Guinevere's face changed. "Bradley, if it were to be discovered that I used a double, do you know what other actors will say of me? They'll accuse me of being unprofessional!"

Bradley stood silent. No one in the crew dared to breathe a word.

Guinevere went on, "You saw it for yourself. It wasn't that I didn't try my best, and it's not that I was unwilling to cooperate. It is simply because of my physical limitation. This

is completely justified and has nothing to do with my professionalism. But if other actors were to bite onto this, they might blow things up, and the media might catch wind of it. I hope you understand how difficult things can get for an insignificant actress like me..." She was trying to claim the moral high ground and emotionally blackmail Bradley.

Considering her highly-regarded position in the entertainment industry, her wealthy family, and coupled with Weston Ford as her solid backer, no one would be stupid enough to pit themselves against her.

The so-called "other actors" would never dare to offend her; in fact, she was usually the one who had leverage over them.

She even proclaimed herself an "insignificant actress," with the clear intent of putting Bradley in a difficult spot. If he didn't agree to her request, he would be seen as an obstinate and unsympathetic person.

Bradley was on the verge of exploding. Never had he encountered a diva so obnoxious and difficult to deal with.

In fact, it would be even easier to negotiate and talk with veteran actors.

Of course, these showbiz moguls had professional standards that they insisted upon and were stubborn in certain trivialities, but none ever obsessed about such a non-existent issue as much as Guinevere did.

"Then tell me. What exactly do you want?" Guinevere hesitated for a moment before saying, "I think it'll be better to find someone that looks exactly like me..."