

Chapter 288 How Stupid She Had Been!

Observing the pained expression etched across Sabrina's visage, Galilea reveled in an overwhelming sense of contentment.

How was it that Sabrina seemed to effortlessly secure her desires under Tyrone's protective wing, while she, in her quest for a foothold within the elite circle, had to sacrifice her dignity to appease a cabal of elderly gentlemen?

Why did Tyrone readily accept Sabrina, unwavering even in the knowledge that Sabrina had given birth to a baby abroad?

Given Tyrone's acceptance of that, Galilea pondered whether he would similarly embrace this.

Sabrina had naively believed that, by heeding her wishes, she would testify against the kidnappers. How stupid Sabrina had been!

Following a series of close-up shots, once the director had called "cut," Sabrina swiftly turned on her heels, deftly retrieving her down jacket and slipping it on.

Galilea instructed Sabrina, "You may now depart. But do remember to come to my residence early tomorrow. Awaken me a half-hour before the commencement of shooting and prepare my breakfast."

Sabrina cast a dubious glance Galilea's way. "Don't you require my presence at the moment?"

"Yes."

Subsequently, Sabrina made her way to the dressing room to change, shedding the wig, meticulously attending to her appearance, and then

walking away from the film set.

Tyrone had been swamped with work for the whole day. His eyes throbbed with fatigue, his shoulders and back ached with discomfort and exhaustion had permeated his entire being. Finally, respite beckoned.

Leaning wearily against the chair's backrest, he massaged his forehead, gently closing his eyes to steal a moment's rest.

Suddenly, his phone emitted a discreet buzz.

Nonchalantly, he plucked the device from its resting place, and his narrowed gaze locked onto the screen. His fist clenched and he gnashed his teeth in response.

Displayed in his phone was an image of a man intimately embracing a scantily clad Sabrina.

Tyrone was engulfed by a tempest of rage and envy. His gaze fixated on the man in the photograph, a malevolent desire for retribution coursing through his veins.

Another message arrived, bearing news from the sender that Sabrina was currently engrossed in filming, occupying the role of an assistant and stand-in for Galilea.

Tyrone suddenly grasped the reason behind Sabrina's newfound role as Galilea's assistant. Yet, this revelation only stoked the embers of his fury, igniting a fiery storm within his eyes.

Sabrina's animosity toward Galilea was palpable, yet she had chosen to endure the indignity of being her assistant rather than seeking his aid!

How much did she dislike him? How intense was her loathing? How could she!

Tyrone, consumed by wrath, abruptly rose from his seat, his gestures a tempest of frustration.

Bang! A resounding cacophony ensued as the computer, keyboard, and folders on the table were swept to the floor with a thunderous crash.

The screen plunged into darkness.

Beside him, Kylan held his breath, head bowed, endeavoring to make himself inconspicuous.

"Keep a vigilant eye on her now! I wish to witness the extent of her endurance!" Tyrone exclaimed, his teeth clenched as he tugged at his collar.

"Yes, sir," Kylan responded before swiftly departing.

On the subsequent day, Galilea had only one scene, albeit a combat sequence that required intricate wire stunts.

Having conferred with the director, Galilea had arranged for Sabrina to assume responsibility for the fight scene as her substitute.

Sabrina remained entirely oblivious to the fighting scene. In order not to delay the shooting progress, she came to the set early to learn martial arts.

The martial artist director was glad to witness Sabrina's dedicated effort, noting her lack of complaint even as she was suspended by wires. Nonetheless, he couldn't help but sigh at the fact that she was merely a stand-in.

Upon completing her studies, Sabrina glanced at the time and then set off for Galilea's residence.

Galilea's abode was a splendid two-story villa, its sole occupant being Galilea herself.

When she arrived, Sabrina entered the password to get in.

She stood in the hallway, surveying the expanse of the living room before ascending the staircase to the bedroom. "Galilea? It's time to get up! Can you hear me, Galilea?"

"Alright!" came Galilea's muffled response from within her room.

Sabrina descended to the lower floor, busying herself with the preparation of breakfast and setting it meticulously upon the living room table.

Suddenly, a radiant glint of white light caught her eye. She stooped down, discovering a man's watch clandestinely nestled beneath the table.

The presence of a man who had spent the night at Galilea's dwelling was unmistakable.

Sabrina discreetly nudged the watch beneath the sofa, feigning ignorance.

Her thoughts whirled as she contemplated the identity of the man capable of sharing Galilea's bed. He must wield considerable influence in the entertainment industry or perhaps hold a prominent role as a producer.

Silently, Sabrina dispatched a message to Darren.

Sabrina was no fool. Her endurance as Galilea's assistant for a month would be all for naught if Galilea were to backtrack on their agreement.

If she could dig out any dirt on Galilea, she would at least sway Galilea's decision with the evidence she gathered when Galilea attempted to retract their commitment, even though she couldn't compel Galilea to testify.

After getting dressed, Galilea descended the staircase gracefully to partake in breakfast. Sabrina lent a helping hand, meticulously organizing Galilea's makeup bag and gathering her accouterments – the mirror, power bank, perfume, contact lenses, hand cream, and the like.

They arrived at the film set promptly. The two proceeded to change into their costumes and prepare for the day's shoot. Following the director's

instructive speech, they commenced filming.

Galilea enacted her role, preceding the action-packed fighting scene. Her character engaged in a brief confrontation with the heroine and others before launching into the melee.

"Cut!" the director called out.

In an instant, the actors eased their tension, quenching their thirst and tending to their makeup.

Galilea had completed her portion and now it was Sabrina's turn.

The director was afraid that Sabrina was not familiar with the shooting, so he arranged for her to rehearse a few times with the actress portraying the heroine before the actual filming commenced.

Perhaps owing to Sabrina's practice of yoga, her movements were both precise and commanding and her alluring physique added an extra layer of allure. Camden found himself nodding in approval, exchanging a few words with the martial artist director.

Following the ground-based shooting and a brief respite, the crew supplied Sabrina and her fellow performers with the necessary wires and protective gear.

The filming commenced and Sabrina skillfully evaded the heroine's extended longsword, gracefully ascending into the air.

A team of staff members worked in unison to hoist her up by the wire. At that moment, a commotion erupted nearby but Sabrina was too engrossed in her aerial performance to take notice. Suspended in mid-air, she struck a poised stance, engaged in a simulated battle with the heroine.

The clamor emanated from another film crew, who had arrived during their break.

This particular crew was in the midst of shooting a contemporary

drama tentatively titled "Love in Summer." It was rumored that the title would be altered once its release date was finalized.

The production of this drama had commenced the previous year and its cast and crew had yet to enjoy a break, nearing the conclusion of their filming.

The director of "Love in Summer" arrived accompanied by a few colleagues, greeting Camden with a friendly smile. "How's everything going, Camden?"

"Everything is running smoothly, Peter. What brings you to this neck of the woods?" Camden inquired, sparing a momentary glance at Peter before returning his focus to the monitor.

"Just come here for a stroll. Bradley, this is Camden. Camden, meet Bradley. He's a highly promising talent. If you have a compelling script, consider him," Peter Vance introduced the young man to Camden with an amiable grin.

Almost every director who had collaborated with Bradley held him in high regard. Moreover, Bradley enjoyed considerable popularity, rendering him a sought-after choice for new opportunities.

With impeccable politeness, Bradley extended his greetings. "Hello, Camden. I'm Bradley Morgan."

"Pleasure to make your acquaintance, Bradley. Given Peter's recommendation, I'm inclined to assist you," Camden replied, shifting his gaze back to the monitor.

On the screen, Sabrina and the heroine were engaged in a dramatic mid-air battle.

However, as Bradley caught sight of Sabrina, his eyes widened and he discreetly made his exit.

Curiously, Peter pointed at Sabrina and inquired, "Who is she? Why

haven't I come across her before?"

