

## Chapter 287 Stand In

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When Galilea was filming, Sabrina approached a staff member to request Galilea's schedule for the day. Galilea had two scenes on her agenda: one in the morning and another in the afternoon.

After an hour of shooting the first scene, the director called for a break. Without a word from Galilea, Sabrina draped a warm down jacket over Galilea's shoulders.

Raising an eyebrow, Galilea examined Sabrina briefly before heading out. "My cup is in the shed, the pink one. Fetch me some warm water and bring it to my van."

"Alright," Sabrina replied. Sabrina ventured to the shed to retrieve the cup, taking extra care not to spill any water.

Upon receiving the cup, Galilea glanced at Sabrina. "I'll take a break in the car. You can wait outside, and if anything comes up, don't hesitate to call me."

With that, Galilea closed the door.

Checking her watch, Sabrina noted that there was still an hour left until lunchtime. She leaned against the van, occupied herself with her phone, and eventually squatted down when her legs grew tired.

When it was time for lunch, Sabrina went to collect two lunch boxes.

Being a germaphobe, Galilea used her own tableware. Once she finished her meal, she handed the tableware to Sabrina for cleaning.

To ensure Galilea couldn't find any fault with her, Sabrina meticulously washed the tableware several times, leaving no room for complaints.

After a brief rest, Galilea stepped out of the car and returned to the set.

The dresser touched up her makeup, and the stylist made sure her hair and costume were in perfect order, preparing for the upcoming scene.

On the film set, the props and lights were undergoing adjustments.

Sabrina stood by, patiently waiting.

At that moment, the stylist removed a costume from a nearby hanger, identical to the one Galilea was wearing.

She approached Sabrina with it, puzzling Sabrina. "Miss Chavez, you can go inside and change your clothes."

Sabrina looked at the stylist in surprise and then at the costume. "Me? Change clothes?"

The stylist nodded. "Yes, aren't you Ms. Clifford's stand-in?" She sought confirmation from Galilea with a quick glance.

Galilea nodded firmly as she gazed at Sabrina's reflection in the mirror. "Go ahead and get changed!"

Sabrina hadn't anticipated being asked to be a stand-in on her very first day.

She clutched the costume, feeling a bit lost. "But I don't know what to do or how to act..."

Galilea's impatience was evident. "Once you change into the outfit, just listen to the director's instructions and do as they say!"

Sabrina pursed her lips, cast her eyes downward, and made her way to the dressing room with the costume in hand.

The attire turned out to be thinner and more revealing than Sabrina had imagined, particularly in the chest area.

It might have been suitable for Galilea, given her smaller size, but when Sabrina put it on, it left her feeling almost exposed, with a conspicuous cleavage.

"No, this won't work," she mumbled to herself.

She peeked out from behind the curtain and asked the stylist, "Excuse me, do you happen to have a larger size? This one doesn't fit me."

The stylist entered the room, giving Sabrina a thorough once-over. Her gaze lingered on her chest and thighs, making Sabrina blush deeply.

"It's perfect. You don't need to change," she said with satisfaction.

"But..." Sabrina protested, glancing down at her chest. "This won't do. I can't wear this!"

"No, this is exactly what the director wants," the stylist asserted.

Sabrina was taken aback by the revelation. "You mean..."

The stylist glanced around and lowered her voice. "Think about the character Galilea is portraying. She's playing a seductress, a vixen. The outfit is designed to entice someone. That's why they need a stand-in, as Galilea doesn't want to act in this role, and her physique doesn't quite match."

Sabrina had a sinking feeling. "Will the next scene involve..."

The stylist nodded somberly. "Yes, it's the scene where the vixen Sarah seduces the priest and drains all his energy to the latter's demise."

Speechless, Sabrina stood there, contemplating her choices. Mixed emotions swirled within her. Was it too late to turn back now?

The stylist tried to reassure her. "Don't worry. It's not a big deal. The industry is under tight scrutiny these days, and we won't push boundaries too much. Let's go and work on your hair."

Sabrina complied, slipping on her down jacket and exiting with the stylist.

Galilea's eyes fell on Sabrina, noticing the makeup artist's envious glances on Sabrina. Galilea couldn't help but inwardly sneer, thinking that Sabrina had given birth to a baby, so it was only natural that she

had a fuller figure.

The stylist fashioned Sabrina's hair to resemble Galilea's.

As Sabrina stepped out of the dressing room, a biting gust of wind stung her face. While she was bundled up in her down jacket, her legs quivered from the cold.

Sabrina trailed behind Galilea as they made their way to the director.

Camden glanced at both of them and directed his question to Sabrina, "Have you had a chance to read the script?"

Sabrina responded, "No, I haven't."

Camden handed her the script and explained, "The plot is quite straightforward. Galilea will handle the speaking parts. Your role primarily involves some close-up shots."

Sabrina began to read through the script attentively.

As Sabrina read through the script, she realized that the plot was indeed quite straightforward. The vixen character was Sarah. She was injured and seduced a priest, draining him of all his energy.

In this seduction scene, it wasn't just verbal flirtation. It also involved the vixen displaying her enticing figure.

It was evident that Sabrina's role primarily involved showcasing the seductive aspect of the character through her figure.

The priest seemed to be a disposable one, serving to accentuate Sarah's ruthless nature.

The actor of the priest was a well-groomed young man who appeared decent and had already been in makeup. He attentively listened to Camden's detailed instructions, which covered everything from facial expressions and body language to camera movements.

Following the discussion, Galilea and the actor of the priest rehearsed the scene twice. After Camden offered some valuable advice, the

actual shooting commenced.


Sabrina furrowed her brow while observing the filming.

The initial phase of the seduction was fine. However, in the second part, as the priest became captivated by Sarah's beauty and then moved to kiss her, his complexion suddenly drained of color, and he contorted in agony, facing an impending demise.

The two characters engaged in physical contact, with intimate postures that included a close-up of the priest's hand caressing Sarah's thighs.

Sabrina grappled with her discomfort and reminded herself that it was all for the sake of seeking vengeance for her father.

She summoned the strength to endure it.

The first part concluded after about an hour. Camden waved his hand, beckoning for Sabrina to approach. 

At that moment, all the staff turned to look at Sabrina.

If Sabrina had been an actress accustomed to the camera and her fans, this scene might not have been a significant challenge for her.

However, she was just an ordinary individual. Despite being a subject of discussion once, she had no desire to be thrust into the media spotlight.

Various expressions were directed her way, leaving Sabrina feeling apprehensive. She instinctively adjusted her dress, her nerves getting the better of her and momentarily forgetting about the cold.

Sabrina felt like a puppet, following Camden's commands. She positioned herself where Galilea had been, struck a pose, and her fingers unintentionally brushed across her chest.

In that moment, she was the sole focus in front of the camera.

After a series of close-ups, Camden directed a new sequence with Sabrina approaching. They skipped the part involving Galilea and instructed the priest to step forward and embrace Sabrina.

The actor glanced at Sabrina with a sheepish apology, then he gently embraced her, nuzzling his face against her chest as if he couldn't contain his eagerness to kiss her. ①

