

## Flirtacious 541

### Chapter 541

**Steven shook his head and replied sadly, "No..."**

Afraid that Bruce would be too upset, Steven hurriedly added, "It's a very big world. How long have we been looking for? You don't need to be anxious even when you can't find the person because the more anxious you are, the easier it will be for them to notice you."

He then teased, "However, sir, your acting skills are really good. If you didn't inherit the family business last time and started acting, you would've become famous by now."

"Is this something worth celebrating?" Bruce glanced at him, feeling displeased.

Steven laughed and replied to him, "It's not. Dr. Mills called me this afternoon. He said that your medicine should be changed. You happen to be filming a scene at Frosa on the sixth of next month, so I made an appointment with Dr. Mills to go to his clinic on the eighth."

"Okay," Bruce replied lightly. He then threw half of his unfinished cigarette into the ashtray.

The next day, when Genevieve went to the company, she received a video call from her daughter.

A month ago, after learning that her father had been in a plane crash, Amanda had cried all night and became depressed afterward. It was not until a few days ago that she became happy and lively again.

Amanda muttered in the call, "Mommy, I want to go to Chanaea too. I want to see Mr. Sutton."

Genevieve coaxed her, "Next time, Mandy."

Sylvie had strong support now that the Zeigler family was backing her.

Genevieve didn't want to bring her two children to Chanaea,

but ask, "Mommy, did you

mother to reconcile. She wanted to give her father a surprise secretly but didn't expect to receive the news of

was silent for a while before saying honestly, "I didn't, and I

not accepting that Armand was already

asking Amanda what she did

until Genevieve's car drove to the Twilight Tower's underground parking lot that she

office. Suddenly, the secretary knocked on the door and entered. In addition to the documents in her hands, she was also carrying

asked

"Thank you."

it, which seemed to be the name of the dessert shop. It was a word in

then took out a small and delicate two-tone chocolate cake and chocolate aromas coming from it. It also melted in her mouth, sweet. She had tasted all kinds of desserts in eating at the moment did not feel like it was made she was recalling where she had eaten the

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**Cooper wanted to say something, but Genevieve quickly shut him up. "If you don't listen to me, I'll go to Specter Corporation in the afternoon and contact the shareholders to appoint a new CEO."**

Threatened by Genevieve, Cooper had no choice but to agree.

After Bertilla left, Genevieve accompanied Cooper and told him about the encounter with the female producer named Amelia at the club last night.

Cooper told her not to worry, as Amelia wouldn't cause an uproar.

"Genev, don't care about this kind of thing next time," Cooper said vaguely while putting down his glasses.

"I know the actor you mentioned. He's not a newcomer to the entertainment industry, so since he promised to eat with the female producer last night, he should have known about her reputation in the entertainment industry."

Genevieve was stunned for a moment as she seemed to understand a little now.

However, she still couldn't help but argue, "Bruce was not given work or promoted by his former company before he was signed to Genevieve Orsi Productions. Now that he is filming a project, maybe he knew what kind of person the female producer was, but he still wanted to take a chance on it for the sake of work."

"If he really wanted to, his assistant wouldn't have run outside and called Mr. Dixon in a hurry."

Cooper looked at Genevieve suspiciously. "Genev, you are his boss, and he is not the only actor in the company. So, why are you speaking on behalf of him?"

"I just

The entertainment industry is more miserable than that, Cooper gazed at Genevieve inquisitively. "Or is it own saliva. "Coop, what are you talking about? I just feel a little interested." Cooper heaved knew that he couldn't be with Genevieve, but from another perspective, he what kind of man she was going

of her league

looked

was almost noon when Genevieve left

see a tall figure coming out who wore a baseball cap and a mask to

just from his appearance. Seeing that he was also lowering his head and coughing a few

the car window and called out

the car, he strode down the stairs with a few steps. Then, he stood in front of the car and asked, "Why are you here, Ms.

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**After driving away from the hospital, Genevieve glanced at Bruce through the rear view mirror. He was wearing a black short-sleeved shirt with a letter on it. Even then, the black choker was still around his neck.**

Curious, she queried, "Why do you like wearing that choker? Is it an accessory?"

"No, it's to conceal the scar on my neck," Bruce admitted.

"What kind of scar would be at the neck?" Genevieve grew all the more curious.

All of a sudden, something occurred to her. She stole another peek at the man through the rear view mirror.

"I read on the news that you were in low spirits for some time after losing the court case against your girlfriend and seemingly developed depression. Don't tell me you lost your mind and inflicted harm on yourself?"

"Yeah." Bruce stretched his hands to the back of his neck, seemingly wanting to remove the black choker. "Would you like to see the scar, Ms. Rachford?"

"No!" Genevieve hastily stopped him from doing so.

In much embarrassment, she murmured, "Pardon my slip of the tongue earlier. I wasn't deliberately reopening old wounds."

"It's okay. All that has long since passed." As Bruce spoke, he coughed again. Following that, he wound down the car window fully for the air to ventilate, lest Genevieve got infected.

car arrived at Regality

few condominiums in Regality Gardens, and the condominium in which Bruce resided

initially intended to leave after dropping

the car, seemingly very much unwell. Thus, she

saw him swiping his access card for the twenty-third floor, she asked, "Did

afford it when it's so expensive? One of my classmates is very rich. He  
case, that classmate of yours is pretty nice,” Genevieve commented  
to Genevieve's unit, but the  
a style only mature men favored and didn't suit  
in the living room. She, on the other hand, looked around the place. When  
later, she made her way to the living room with a glass of hot water in  
you stay in the hospital if you're feeling so ill? Having an IV drip  
an insignificant cold, so hospitalization isn't  
the sight of Genevieve sitting beside him, he urged in a hoarse voice, “Ms. Rachford, stay some distance  
gotten it

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**Seeing that Genevieve was pointing at the yarn plushie hanging from his car key, Bruce pondered for a while before admitting, “When Steven drove me to an event back then, I found this plushie hanging on the rear view mirror incredibly adorable, so I asked him for it.”**

Genevieve opened her mouth to say something or other, but it then occurred to her that it was inappropriate to ask for the return of something that was given away.

*Besides, Armand is already gone.*

She placed the car key back on the table. “Indeed, it's quite adorable.”

Then, she snagged her handbag from the couch and got to her feet. “Since you've taken your medicine, have a good rest. There's no need to see me out.”

Bruce's eyes dimmed. “Okay.”

After Genevieve had gone down to the first floor and exited the condominium, she abruptly recalled the man's abnormal complexion. For some inexplicable reason, worry swamped her. Besides, she also remembered that she had something important to tell him.

She stood at the building entrance for a few minutes before whirling around and heading to the condominium's front desk.

In truth, Bruce merely had a mild cold. He only wanted to find an excuse to devise a coincidental encounter with Genevieve and have her drive him home out of sympathy.

Therefore, he put away his weak look after she had left. He went to the pantry and poured himself an iced soda.

Unexpectedly, the doorbell rang no sooner had he taken a sip.

to the doorway with the glass in hand. As soon as he saw that it was Genevieve through the peephole, he immediately crept back to the pantry and tossed the soda. Then, he poured himself a glass of hot water. After blowing for

beaded on his forehead, he dragged his “heavy” body

sweat on the man's forehead, Genevieve questioned in surprise, “Didn't you just take your cold medicine? Why do you

while, so the medication hasn't taken effect. Is something the matter, Ms. Rachford?” Bruce gave a cough and swung open the door to allow her

a movie on your behalf. You'll be receiving

film. I've only got an ongoing movie at present, for which I'll be going to Frosa next month for a scene filming. When that's finished, the filming will officially wrap

subject. “You haven't eaten, have you? Let's eat first and talk later. What would you like

her phone and searched

his hoarse voice somewhat seductive. “If you don't mind, Ms. Rachford, I'll cook

can cook?” Genevieve was stunned for

cook by myself.” While saying that, Bruce headed toward the central kitchen

running a fever now, so it's not quite appropriate for you

took out some ingredients from the refrigerator and asked,

“Sure.” Genevieve nodded reflexively.

gash on them with a small knife. Then, he took a piece of pickled plum from the jar and stuffed it into the cherry

bowl of cherry tomatoes

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**Genevieve had just put a cherry tomato into her mouth then. She was torn between swallowing it and otherwise even as mortification inundated her. “I'm sorry.”**

*I just wanted to change the subject, but I never thought that I'd step onto a landmine.*

Conversely, Bruce was unbothered. “It's okay. I know it wasn't deliberate on your part, Ms. Rachford. You don't have to take it to heart either,” he replied airily.

Grunting in acknowledgment, Genevieve found him rather pitiful.

*His ex-girlfriend framed him for domestic violence, causing him to be bashed by the netizens, detained by the police, and blacklisted by his company. When he had finally climbed back to his feet after much difficulty, disaster befell his family.*

She was afraid that she might reopen old wounds by asking questions, so she merely munched on the fruits while leaning against the marble counter without saying anything.

Bruce was brisk and efficient at cooking. In no time, he had finished preparing two dishes and carried them to the dining room.

Genevieve helped to scoop the pasta and carry the plates and cutlery to the dining room. After taking her seat, she took a piece of stir-fried beef with her fork and placed it into her mouth.

The beef was sourish and spicy, delightfully delicious. That aside, it carried a familiar taste.

she was silent with her fork in midair, he queried, "Why,

Snapping back to her senses, Genevieve couldn't help

the internet, so I only had to surf the internet for a

It's just simple, home-cooked dishes." Genevieve massaged her temples, sensing something amiss

found the taste familiar. And now, I find his cooking familiar when all home-cooked dishes taste almost the

her head, she flashed the man a faint smile. "The food you prepared is delightful. It's really rare that a celebrity can cook,

food, so I've got no choice but to cook for myself. This is actually the first time

your assistant come over to

Bruce grunted in affirmation.

I'm pretty honored to eat something cooked by a celebrity who's on par with a chef. Your fans would probably go green with envy

As Bruce spoke, he got up and went to the

it'll be the same dishes

felt that it was inappropriate to always intrude into someone else's

without giving

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**Bruce was momentarily startled before realization seemingly dawned upon him. The corners of his mouth twitched. "It's gay-themed?"**

"Yes." Genevieve nodded in affirmation.

Afraid that the man would decline in the next second, she immediately continued, "There are few sex scenes, and you can even discuss with the director to change the script. You'll definitely be much more at ease with an actor than an actress."

Right after that, she added, "On top of that, the pay is very high! You'll be getting eight figures!"

"Can I decline?" Bruce questioned.

In response, Genevieve shook her head. "No. The director likes you a lot and designated you as one of the main leads. This is also something I promised Mrs. Hossler. How about this?"

After some consideration, she offered, "If you're willing to star in this movie, you'll have priority to the company's resources, and you can also come to me when you encounter any difficulties."

For a moment, Bruce plunged into silent contemplation. In the end, he nodded helplessly. "Okay, I'll accept it. You're my boss, after all."

Relief suffused Genevieve when she saw that he had agreed.

"This movie's director is Ferropenian. He's remarkable, having received an Oscar for a gay-themed movie previously. I think it's definitely not a problem for you to clinch an Oscar for the best actor with this movie, considering your superb acting skills!"

the entire world to think that I've got

sight of the man's furrowed brows and hearing his sigh, amusement swept over

lunch, Genevieve received a WhatsApp message from her secretary. She had to return to the office to settle some business, so she exchanged numbers

Bruce had to go to Baykeep

was going to the airport to pick someone up,

Bruce retrieve the contract for the movie. As soon as he got into the car, he handed it to the latter alongside the

it was Ms.

"Yeah."

so good to you? I merely went home for two days! Did

I wish! But she doesn't want me," Bruce quipped casually while flipping the

Shock deluged

he realized that the man was teasing him,

out a bottle of mineral water from his bag and guzzled a few mouthfuls. While doing so, he queried, "What's the genre this time, Mr.

to accept movies that didn't allow a body double. James was so livid that

schedule was pitifully empty besides

"Gay-themed."

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**Joash was so emotional that he grew incoherent. “Mr. Gable, compared to the script in your hand, the pay has doubled several times!”**

“But why is the pay for a gay-themed movie so high?” In no time, he interrogated Bruce, asking, “Mr. Gable, you still sold yourself, right?”

His remark had Steven on the brink of bursting into laughter.

*If he were to learn that Bruce has so much money that it'll be enough to last several generations, would he still feel that an eight-figure pay is that high?*

From the entertainment news, Genevieve learned that an actress from another entertainment company got the role in the blockbuster Sylvie wanted to film. Sylvie went to the hotel personally and sought Warrick out. She negotiated and threatened him to the point that she used the Zeigler family, but Warrick didn't entertain her.

In fact, the journalists captured her grim face when she left the hotel.

On that same day, the role of global ambassador for a luxury brand Sylvie's team was initially negotiating for also settled for another female celebrity.

A fashion magazine, Trend, likewise planned to have Sylvie shoot their anniversary cover at first. But when her team phoned to inquire about it, they claimed to have decided on another female celebrity.

When Genevieve saw her losing so many fashion resources one after another, she was utterly gratified.

the latter had the Zeigler family to back her up then. Still, it sufficed to cut

had also been utilizing her connections to investigate leads regarding Johanna's attack that

recuperating in Dartan from her illness. More than a month had passed, yet he

flooded Genevieve at the thought of Johanna lying

up, she reached out and snagged it,

“Hello.”

Ms. Rachford. This

her.

only been two days, and the director said

producer and demanded to have the male lead changed if he wanted further investment. The producer tried contacting other investors, but those willing to invest

conclude, “My take is that the producer wants to replace

to change the male lead as well, she

help since you know so many people, Ms. Rachford? If Mr. Gable couldn't continue filming this movie, all his



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**Without hesitation, Cooper invested thirty million in the movie Genevieve mentioned.**

The moment Joash saw that someone had invested in the movie without requesting to have the male lead changed, he swiftly sought Bruce out. "It must have been an investor Ms. Rachford found! She's the best!"

Subsequently, he questioned in curiosity, "But Mr. Gable, why did you tell me to contact her back then and not Mr. Dixon?"

All matters pertaining to the company's artists were under James' purview.

When Joash discerned from the director's veiled remarks that the producer wanted to change the male lead, he immediately wanted to phone James. However, Bruce stopped him from doing so.

At his question, Bruce replied mildly, "Because Mr. Dixon doesn't care about me."

"But isn't it the same with Ms. Rachford?" Scratching his head, Joash muttered, "When I phoned her the day before, she said it wasn't her company alone. But in the next heartbeat, she contacted an investor. Did you make some deal with her, Mr. Gable?"

Undeniably, it was suspicious when the owner of an entertainment company treated an artist with a tainted past so nicely.

"Yup, a carnal deal," Bruce answered with a smile that didn't reach his eyes before stuffing the thermos into the man's hand. "If I'd known you were so talkative then, I wouldn't have hired you."

"I'm just concerned about you, Mr. Gable," Joash muttered, smiling sheepishly.

When he saw that the thermos contained tea, he remarked, "You've got to go to the studio at nine o'clock for filming and attend Fantasy Film Festival at eight o'clock at night, Mr. Gable. As such, you must keep yourself in top condition. Don't drink tea anymore. I'll buy you iced coffee to reduce the swelling on your face!"

that, he left in

chair and massaged his temples, feeling

thought that he would be living with someone else's identity one day, much less that he would become an insignificant

negative press, coupled with the fact that

filming one movie, yet he was

in the gym. When the film crew had made the arrangements, he had to

fragrant. But the

table. After unlocking it, the picture of a young woman asleep on her side popped up on his

and exquisite. The picture was taken at a close range, so even the fine hairs on her face were visible. Part of her shoulder was exposed from under the covers, her skin

on her side, she appeared as pretty

his finger on the screen to keep it from going black. He gazed

open WhatsApp. When he found the only chat

Thank

on the other end of

wasn't until when Joash was on his way back to the studio after buying iced coffee that Bruce received a reply

you for free. You've got to repay me the

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**Joash knew that Bruce wouldn't simply use a woman's photo for his home screen, considering his personality.**

After the man had taken the bun from him, Joash queried softly, "Did that woman not hurt you enough, Mr. Gable? Why are you still pining for her?"

At that, Bruce snorted. "Do you think I am stupid enough to do that?"

"Then... Then, who's the woman on your phone's home screen?" Joash pointed at the man's phone on his lap. "Don't tell me that it's the system's wallpaper. I don't believe that!"

At once, Bruce swept his gaze over, the look in his eyes cold.

Joash flinched slightly. "You had no privacy glass, so I accidentally saw it."

"Keep your mouth shut from now on. I'll deduct five hundred for every single word out of your mouth. When we arrive at the studio later, go and buy me a privacy glass for my phone," Bruce ordered placidly.

Just as Joash was about to reply in the affirmative, he remembered the man's warning. He instantly closed his mouth and nodded.

Meanwhile, at the VIP lounge in Jadeborough Airport, Genevieve swiped her finger up, scanning her eyes over every sentence of her conversation with Bruce.

*Why should I tell him where I'm going on a business trip? And I even chatted so much with him.*

She was going to Baykeep because she had something to do there.

Martin from Lightview Group phoned her

be his friend, who not only knew that Genevieve was the owner of Genevieve Orsi Productions but without giving it

the largest companies in Baykeep and was very much prestigious. If he were to owe her a

morning, the plane landed at Baykeep Airport

Genevieve exited the airport lobby. She unlocked her phone to call

He took out a medicine bottle from his pocket, but it fell onto the ground and

up the medicine bottle, instinctively glancing at the label

to treat cardiovascular and cerebrovascular

the cap and handed it to the elderly man. Then, she took two pills from the medicine

elderly man furtively studied her

a long, black dress, Genevieve appeared young, but her aura was sharp. Her beautiful eyes

familiar eyes had Herbert plunging

him. Tossing the two pills into his mouth, he drank a

Genevieve a

in return. Then, she even urged, "It's not good to swallow such medicine dry, mister. In the future, carry a bottle of water

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**Upon seeing that the elderly man spoke with a hint of authority, Genevieve reckoned that he must have been a leader in the past.**

Embarrassed to turn him down further, she handed her luggage to the driver. "Thank you."

"Don't mention it."

When the bodyguard opened the car door, Herbert and Genevieve climbed into the car, one after another.

After Genevieve had gotten into the car, she received a call from her housekeeper in Dartan. She moved closer to the car door and spoke to the housekeeper in Granatanolan.

Herbert remained silent without interrupting her.

Only after she had hung up the phone did he query, "Judging from your exceptional aura and the fact that you know Granatanolan, you're an interpreter?"

"Yeah. I studied in Dartan but returned to my country after graduating. I was only an interpreter for a few months. Right now, I'm a small-time business owner." Genevieve put her phone into her bag.

"You're pretty incredible, then," Herbert lauded.

It was as though something occurred to him, for a faint smile showed on his face. "My wife was also an interpreter when she was young. That aside, she was a prodigy at crossing swords with others."

His wife was the kind of woman who looked exceedingly gentle, appearing meek and biddable.

meetings attended by tens

was so bad that horrified expressions showed on those

anecdotes, she couldn't help bursting into giggles. "Are you afraid, then? With her speaking so many languages, you wouldn't know if she were to curse you out when the two of you have a

she's an incredibly gentle woman. Furthermore, I never had a

them, whenever he went to the army base, it would

the time he returned, they would have both forgotten why they

when a person spoke of someone he loved would his face and eyes

her very

He heaved a sigh.

for a moment before she murmured, "As long as you still remember and love her, she'll always be

all but gone. "You're

it came to a stop at the entrance of a particular

from the driver, Genevieve waved to Herbert in the car. "Thank

Herbert flashed her an amicable

took it along to the inpatient department. She went to the information

was adjacent to the window, so large amounts of sunlight streamed in through

lay on the hospital bed with her eyes closed. The sunlight spilled on her, but it couldn't dispel the air of

her suitcase at the side and walked over to the hospital