

Mr. Kane Got Blacklisted by Eleven Jewell

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Chapter 691

Keegan did not relent. He continued and asked, "Is it Marshall? Or, Trevor?"

Keegan remembered that Vermont used to say that he wished that Stella had a sister, and his whole body tensed up. "Could it be Vermont?"

The corner of Stella's lips twitched violently, and she thought, 'Does he want to guess each and every man I know?'

"Who exactly is it?" Keegan continued to ask.

Stella furrowed her brows, and she said, "What's the point in you asking this?"

Regardless of who it is, it isn't you."

"I need to know what's the difference between the other person and me," Keegan said stubbornly. "What made you choose the other person and not me?"

Stella pulled at her hair out of frustration. 'Why did Keegan always have to be a loose cannon? Based on his pride, shouldn't he leave with a grimace on his face? He had put down his pride and said these things to me, yet I still rejected him. Why did he want to ask so thoroughly?'

Keegan observed her expression and suddenly said, "It's Trevor, right?"

"Just when you divorced me, he couldn't wait to sign the contract with you. He wouldn't allow me to intervene in any affairs that were related to you because he was afraid that you and I would rekindle our love, right?"

Stella was speechless and thought, 'Keegan's imagination can run so wild. At what point did Trevor seem to fancy me?'

However, at the moment, she did not seem to not have a better scapegoat than Trevor. Hence, she said, "That's right, Mr. Saun has a good temperament and protects his subordinates. He helped me when I needed it the most. He looked so handsome that any woman would fall in love with him."

Sure enough, Keegan's expression became much uglier. "You're lying! You don't like those types of guys at all!"

"How would I not know what I would like?" Stella said frustratingly, "Wouldn't you know after being with me for so many years? I like people with attractive faces. It's just like back then when I chose you."

Keegan's eyes were filled with sadness, and he said with gritted teeth, "Then, call Trevor now and say that you like him."

After hearing that, Stella wanted to cough out blood. 'When did Keegan's brain suddenly go online?'

She said with a blushed face, "Do you think I'm sick in the head? I have a secret crush now. It's a secret, you understand? How would it be a secret crush if I let out my secret?"

Keegan finally calmed down. He stared at her for a few seconds and concluded, "So, I still have a shot."

Stella was at a loss for words.

'Great. After talking for so long, it instead strengthened his confidence,' Stella thought.

“Keegan, I...” Keegan suddenly stood up and kissed her on the lips without warning. Stella was stunned for a moment. Keegan had merely grazed her lips lightly before letting her go.

He had one hand supporting himself with the back of her chair. His other hand lightly caressed her lips as he said in a low tone, “You can have your crush, and I’ll pursue mine. I will definitely succeed earlier than you.”

Stella’s heart was about to beat out of her chest.

‘Where did this son of a bitch, Keegan get these lessons?’ Stella screamed internally.

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Stella’s ears were red as she slapped his hand away. “Did I consent to this? Do you know what this behavior is called, Keegan? What you are doing is called harassment.” Keegan’s eyelashes fluttered. Just when Stella wanted to leave and she assumed that the guy’s pride was wounded, Keegan used a very deep voice and said through gritted teeth by her ear, “You’re a liar!”

Stella was confused and asked, “What did I lie about?”

Keegan’s eyes were burning with fury. “Of course, you wouldn’t remember anything.”

Stella furrowed her brows and asked, “Remember what?”

‘What is this nonsense?’ Stella thought.

Keegan’s expression turned ugly. “The words you said to me. Have you ever put them in your heart?”

Keegan had an aggrieved and hurt expression which made Stella feel strangely uncomfortable deep down. The problem was that she did not get what Keegan’s point was.

“What did I say?” She asked again.

Keegan tightened his jaw. After a long while, he said through gritted teeth, “You said if you didn’t want me one day, I can still pester you for a while longer. You were softhearted and would be reluctant to not want me. Yet now, you wouldn’t even let me pester you?”

Stella was speechless.

‘When was this incident? Why don’t I remember any of this? That’s not right. These lines sound very familiar, and I think I have some memory of it,’ She thought.

Stella’s brain was in overdrive, and she finally vaguely remembered it.

It seemed to be from that one time when she binge-watched a Korean drama. When she binge-watched the drama to the end, it ended on a bad ending. The male lead liked the female lead, and the female lead liked the male lead. However, they chose to break up due to their respective family and aspirations.

She was in bed crying to the point of being out of breath. At some moments, she might feel that the male lead was letting everyone down. And, at other moments, she would instead think that the female lead was disappointing. If they liked each other, why could they not be together? It would be fine even if one of them would entangle themselves with the other person. Why did they end it so carelessly?

The sound of her sobbing was too loud, and it woke Keegan, who was sleeping beside her. Keegan even assumed that the bag she bought was a fake and was crying due to the distress of wasting money. After he heard that she was crying due to a drama, he was utterly speechless.

He passed a tissue to her and wiped her eyes, which were swollen to the size of a walnut. He then said, "What's on the television is all fake. It's all to scam tears from silly people like you."

Stella took the tissue while weeping and cursed him for being too stone cold. Keegan originally was not good with words and did not know how to comfort people. He opted to just give her the tissue box while he flipped over and went to sleep.

At that point, Stella was even more dissatisfied and had to wake him up. She then asked him how he would have done it if he was the male lead.

Keegan was exhausted beyond comparison and barely understood the plot. He answered, "If the female lead doesn't want me, would I still pester her shamelessly? I would have broken up."

This poked at Stella where it hurt. She grabbed at Keegan's sleeves through gritted teeth and said, "I won't allow it! Even if I don't want you, you have to pester me. I'm soft-hearted, so if you say something nice, I might regret it."

The corner of Keegan's eyes twitched. "Aren't you being a little narcissistic? Why do I have to pester you?"

Stella leaned on his shoulder and imitated the voice of a siren, as she said, "I'm a lady. A lady is meant to be coaxed by others."

Keegan was at a loss for words. He then asked, "If I didn't want you, would you also pester me?"

Stella's brows flew up, and she kicked him away. "In your dreams!"

Stella was at a loss for words after she had remembered everything. How many of these mindless sweet words had she spoken to Keegan in the past? The problem was that she could not remember most of them.

Keegan's brain instead was like a calculator. It could find any word she had said at any time from his hard drive to argue with her until she became speechless.

'The scum was actually me?' Stella thought.

She opened her mouth and defended herself weakly. "Those were just pillow talk. Let's not take them seriously."

Keegan's expression was ugly as he said, "Then, I won't take the words you're saying right now seriously!"

Stella wanted to say something, but Keegan suddenly held her up from her seat.

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Stella was shocked and slapped his chest. She then angrily said, "Keegan, what are you doing?"

Keegan did not say a word and put her on the bed. Stella's eyelids fluttered violently.

'This mongrel, he wouldn't be doing something out of frustration because he failed his pursuant, right?'

Keegan had his palms supporting the bed frame. Under Stella's watchful gaze, he lowered his head and gave her a peck on her forehead. Seeing that Stella did not refuse or reject him, Keegan suddenly felt delighted.

He said, "You can reject me, but I reject your rejection of me."

Stella was speechless. 'This guy put me here just to do this?' she thought.

After he finished speaking, Keegan lay down next to her. The mattress was not very wide. Keegan's physique was large, and he could only lie down on his side. His body

was very close to hers. It was so close that Stella could feel his breath and hear his powerful heartbeat. His heart thumped again and again. It was completely different from the calm expression he had on the surface. Stella's heart was trembling as well.

"I still need to go for training tomorrow," Stella said.

Keegan then replied, "I'll send you over tomorrow morning."

"I want to leave now," She requested.

She wanted to sit up, but Keegan was clutching her waist tightly and said, 'Stay by my side, at least for tonight.'

It was not an ordering tone. Instead, it was slightly similar to begging.

Stella's heart softened. She gripped her fingers tightly and tried her best not to fall for his trap and tone. She said in a low voice, "You are being unreasonable."

"Mhm," He did not deny it and answered softly without the slightest hint of anger. He got closer and lightly nuzzled Stella's cheeks. "I've restrained myself too much in the past. I didn't know what you wanted, and I didn't know what I wanted."

Stella's voice was stuck as she spoke, "You wouldn't mind that I like Trevor?"

Keegan's body stiffened. After a while, he said in a low tone, "I will convince you that I'm better than Trevor. You will like me."

Stella opened her mouth but did not say anything in the end. She had already said enough. She did not want to stab him in the heart anymore.

Keegan was not a fool and would eventually know that she was bluffing.

'It's just so annoying,' Stella thought. She turned around and looked out the window.

The only lights that came in were from the fishing boats left on the sea's surface. They were dimly lit, and the crescent moon was also in the sky with faintly visible stars. She initially thought she would have difficulty falling asleep. In the end, Stella's breathing was much steadier and longer after closing her eyes for a moment.

Keegan opened his eyes and slightly supported the weight of his body. He swiped away the tufts of hair that were on her face, then he kissed her on the forehead.

Another one between the eyebrows, her nose, and finally, her pink lips. His taste for her lips deepened, and his hands could not help but land on her waist.

He felt the urge in his body and stopped his actions with a frown. He then lightly pecked the corner of Stella's lips. Only then could Keegan finally lay back and calm himself down bit by bit.

'You can't be too hasty with this,' He said to himself in his mind. Stella was already defensive toward the Kane family. He had to make her see his sincerity.

'There is also Trevor,' Thinking of this, Keegan searched for a phone number before calling it. The phone rang for a short moment and got through.

"Keegan?" A refreshing voice of a woman came from the other side of the phone.

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After he hung up the phone, Keegan stayed in the car for a moment before exiting the vehicle. Aldor was smoking beside the car.

He saw Keegan come over and wanted to put out his cigarette. Aldor knew that Keegan did not like the smell of tobacco since he did not touch it except during social engagements.

Keegan stopped him and casually asked, "Do you have more?"

Aldor opened his cigarette pack and shook one out before handing it to him. The

flame sparked by the lighter was blown to the side by the sea breeze. Aldor used his hands to block them, and Keegan took a puff of the cigarette. The tip of the cigarette flickered before finally lighting itself.

He blew out a mouthful of smoke while leaning by the car with Aldor and staring into the distance with half-shut eyes.

Aldor then said, "Mr. Kane, why didn't you tell the madam the thing about you doing the surgery?"

He was talking about the vasectomy, and Keegan did not speak. Aldor assumed that he did not want to answer and did not question any further. By the time he was halfway through his cigarette, only then did Keegan reply, "The surgery was my choice. Not a ploy to morally blackmail her."

Keegan continued, "I want her to choose me just because she wants me. Not because of any other reason."

Aldor was stunned, then he chuckled without speaking further. The divorce had not only left an emotional scar on Stella, but it had also given Keegan PTSD. He clearly had ways to force Stella to stay by his side, but he did not dare force her. He did not dare to use brute force.

Keegan's love may have come late, but he fell deep for it. On the other hand, it might not have even come late, as it was related to his own experiences. He did not know how to express himself and was afraid of disappointing people.

Aldor then said softly, "It would have been better if we didn't go to Cavalry City then."

Keegan paused, and he could feel a slight throbbing pain in his heart. He had thought about it more than once. If Keegan could return to that time, he would not have left when he was in a rage. He would have arranged everything properly and stayed by her side when she needed it the most...

However, all of this was pointless. What-ifs would not work on something that had already happened. If what-ifs were useful, Keegan should not have accepted that call seven years ago. But, without that phone call, how would he have met Stella? All of this was a chain of events arranged by God, so there was no use complaining about it. Whether the debt or the love was to blame, it was his choice. The only wrong was that Keegan was too arrogant and overestimated his control over this affair.

Keegan took another puff of smoke and asked, "How is Coco recently?"

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Coco was merely not as fair as Keegan, but she was not considered dark-skinned. That mouth of his was ruthless even to little girls.

Keegan took out his phone and showed a picture to Aldor. Aldor's body immediately tensed up. Keegan raised his gaze and his hand to make a zipping gesture around his mouth. He then raised an eyebrow and asked, "Understand?"

Aldor nodded his head profusely. Keegan put his phone away and snuffed out his cigarette. "Get in the car to rest for a while. Send her back once day breaks."

The following morning, Stella was woken up by Aldor. When she opened her eyes, she was already in the car. Outside the car was the training base. Aldor, who was sitting in the driver's seat, turned around and said to her, "Madam, It's half past seven. After you go back and tidy yourself up a bit, you should go to your classes."

Stella blinked several times since her brain was still not fully conscious. She groggily

said her farewells and got out of the car.

When she reached her dorm, everyone had just woken up. After Stella washed up and changed into her training attire, she noticed that her clothes were cut into shreds. She turned around and wanted to ask the other three girls in the same dorm room.

However, everyone's expression was flustered, and Stella suddenly felt that there was no need to ask.

If it was not Bella, it would be the girl, Yolanda.

One of them had held a grudge for a very long time, while the other was a newly made enemy. Moreover, they were the only two people with the status that would make the younger unknown actresses afraid of offending them.

'This is the kind of tactic done by primary school children. Is their IQ the same as a three-year-old?' Stella thought.

Stuart, the director, had purposely mentioned once yesterday that they were going to make uniform costumes to see the overall effect when filming. Then, her clothes were cut up by someone else the next day. She was considered a major character in the drama. So, the impact of her not being in the filming process was very huge. Stella furrowed her brows and stared at her training attire for quite a long time. She then rolled them up and threw them into the rubbish bin.

Yuna could not help but offer, "Stella, why don't we use my tape to help you stick them a little."

Stella smiled and replied, "That won't be necessary." She pulled out a suitcase from under her bed and took out a red dancing outfit from inside.

The outfit was a gift from Rainee when she got into Trinity Film Academy. Rainee had sought out a seamstress in an alley at Rivera to sew it for her thread by thread. The vintage design, flashy red color, and intricate stitches made her admire it fondly from just her first glance.

After so many years, she had only worn it three times. She suddenly saw it while she was tidying up her house for the boot camp. She brought it with her while she was packing. She did not expect to wear them, but she had no choice but to wear them today.

At nine o'clock, everyone arrived at the training hall in droves. Stuart came especially early today and brought the cameraman and lighting experts of the production crew with him. He was chatting with the dance instructor and asking about the training conditions for these two days.

When everyone had almost arrived, the dance instructor made everyone stand in the formation just like before. She then noticed that one person was missing.

'Who is absent?' The instructor asked.

Yolanda pulled her lips into a smile and said, "Who else would it be? It's the rich girl."

The instructor furrowed her brows and was about to talk to Yolanda when the training hall doors were pushed open, "Sorry I'm late."

Everyone turned around respectively and could only see Stella having her hair tied in a bun. She wore a complete set of dancing attire that was vintage and red while she stood there, looking prim and proper. Her skin was gleaming white hence wearing red would make it quite exquisite.

Excluding men's gaudy tastes, even as a woman, everyone felt that she was unbelievably gorgeous.

Yolanda saw her outfit, and her face instantly fell. She did not expect the slut to have a backup plan!

Bella stared at Stella and suddenly said, 'Stella, director Stuart wanted to see the effects when we film. Why are you dressed differently from everyone else?'

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Everyone came back to their senses. With everyone wearing white and pink dance costumes, Stella stood out with that dash of red. It was so obvious that people became suspicious that she intentionally wanted to show off her difference. On collective occasions, people hated special treatment like this. If one did well, one would stand out and outshine others.

However, if one didn't do well, one might end up dragging everyone down.

So, when Bella spoke up, some of them were no longer looking friendly toward Stella. Stella knew about this, but she did what she had to do at the moment. No one actually cared what was wrong with her clothes; they only cared about the final result.

When Stuart heard Bella, he asked, "Stella, why did you wear this? Where's your costume?"

Stella did not answer his question. "Mr. Winfield. I kept thinking about Georgia's character. I remember she had a privileged background. She has a cold and arrogant personality since she never had any hardships in life. This was why she could not take it when she lost to the talented Lexi."

Stuart loved to discuss with the actors about their characters. He nodded as he heard Stella's insight. She added, "Let's put it this way. Georgia is aloof. However, she's also a hardworking person who chose not to rely on her family. She couldn't bear the thought of her hard work losing to others' talent. And so, despite her hard work, she could never match up to Lexi's natural talent no matter what she does."

"What other inputs do you have?" Stuart paused.

Stella shook her head and said, 'I wouldn't call that an input. I was just thinking about Georgia. Wouldn't someone as proud as Georgia be a little self-centered? These people may look cold on the outside, but they actually craved attention from others.'

Yolanda laughed as soon as she heard that. "Just say you want to add more scenes for your character. Why talk about the character's backstory?"

Was it written in the script?"

"Shush!" Stuart stopped her and frowned. He then turned to Stella. "Stella, tell me more."

Yolanda's expression stiffened, and she glared at Stella. Stella did not bother to look at her and continued, "For such a self-centered person, she would always want the spotlight on her. For example, during training, she would want to draw attention from others by dressing differently to show off her uniqueness. That way, it could not only reinforce her character design but also show her loner side in the classroom."

Stuart's eyes lit up, and he thought about it carefully for a few seconds before he nodded in agreement. "That makes sense. Georgia should be a rather self-assured and proud person. Getting special treatment seems like something she would do." He then looked at Stella's vintage red dance costume.

She stood out among the group of actresses in pink and white, looking aloof and arrogant. The character described in the script came to life before his eyes. "Let's try

this once.”

Bella’s expression darkened. She spoke up, “Mr. Winfield, I think she should try out both outfits. We can see which one has a better effect.”

Stella’s body stiffened and gave Bella a faint glance. Bella smirked and continued, “We have to strive for perfection.”

Stuart nodded and turned to Stella. “You should change into your previous outfit later.”

Stella lowered her gaze and nodded. Yolanda was smirking as she had already cut the outfit into pieces a long time ago. ‘Let’s see what she’ll wear later!’ she thought.

Stella’s red dance costume was stunning. Even the videographer could not help himself from taking close-up shots of her.

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The videographer had never seen such a photogenic actress before. Stella was flawless from every angle. From his past experience with other artists, he had to film them from specific angles. Most of the actors relied on lighting and makeup. Some famous actors would even scold the photographer and demand a reshoot when they thought that they did not look photogenic.

They were also extremely reliant on post-production. They would demand the staff to retouch their image frame by frame. As a result, the audience would skip their scenes because their skin was edited so much that their jawlines were no longer visible. The audience continued watching the scenes of others as usual.

Therefore, photographers and the post-production team loved actors who were photogenic, like Stella. They would love to work on Stella only. After two tries, the director was satisfied with the footage. However, Bella did not look satisfied.

Bella and Stella stood side by side. Bella knew that Stella was very pretty, so she woke up earlier than others by an hour to put on natural makeup. Bella had an average appearance, but she had undergone several cosmetic adjustments over the years. Hence, her facial features were harmonious. Her innocent and pure look appealed to the crowd. Her makeup got was trending a few times previously. She was going to use the same trick this time. She had an airy bang, a fluffy bun, and a natural look that would charm people at first glance.

When the camera switched from Bella to Stella’s face, Bella could see the visual contrast. Stella was makeup-free and had her hair tied up behind her head, revealing a stunning look unlike Bella, who used her bangs to hide her flaws. Even if Stella showed her whole face, people could not see any flaws on her face. Innocence was nothing compared to natural beauty.

Stella made Bella look like a country girl. Bella clutched her hand and glared at Stella in jealousy.

Yolanda frowned. “What’s wrong with the lighting? The lighting designer is biased for focusing the spotlight on Stella and making everyone else look dark.”

The lighting designer’s eyes twitched. ‘How is this my problem? Stella was shining even if she simply stood there. I didn’t even have to do anything. If I had the same lighting on everyone, Stella would be overexposed.’ But, the lighting designer remained silent as he could not afford to offend the actresses.

Stuart was straightforward and said, “Don’t blame the lighting. You were originally dark.”

Yolanda was speechless. However, Bella suddenly interrupted and said, ' Mr. Winfield, let Stella try this with our costume. Maybe the results would look better.'

Stuart was already satisfied with the current version. However, judging from Bella's popularity level and as the female lead of the movie, they had to consider her appearance on screen. Therefore, he turned his head to Stella and replied, "Stella, can you wear your original costume? We'll try this again."

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Stella's tongue pressed against the roof of her mouth and glanced at Bella. The latter smirked, and her eyes were glowing with venom. Meanwhile, Yolanda gloated, "Come on, hurry up. Don't waste our time. Mr. Winfield is going to treat us to lunch after this."

Stella shifted her attention. When she was about to speak, the training door opened. A gentle voice sounded. "Mr. Winfield, can I bother you for a second?"

Stella paused and turned to see Marshall smiling at the door, holding a lot of coffee in his hand. Stuart was startled, but he immediately showed a big smile on his face.

"Marshall, what brings you here?"

Stella was confused. Marshall gently replied, "I heard from a friend that you were preparing for a new show and was training the actors here. I came to visit since I was passing by." He then turned to face the audience. 'I'm not disturbing, am I?"

"Nonsense, we're not even filming for real, so it's not considered a disturbance. I'm happy you're here," Stuart said, as he took the coffee from Marshall's hand, letting his assistants hand them out to everyone. Then, he added, "When did you come back to the country?"

Marshall responded, "Quite a while ago. The new law firm my friend started has been quite busy, so I didn't get the chance to contact you until now."

"Ah, work comes first. It doesn't matter when you contact me." Stuart paused before he continued, "How's your health?"

"All good."

Stuart's eyes were curved. "That's good to know."

According to what Kaiden said, Stuart was indeed a chatterbox. He chatted with Marshall for half an hour until his phone rang. Only then did he excuse himself to answer the call.

Stella took her coffee, walked up to Marshall, and whispered, "You know our director, Mr. Moore?"

Marshall nodded. "His daughter studied abroad and was involved in a bullying case. I helped him win the lawsuit."

'No wonder,' Stella thought.

Marshall then said lowly, "I can stall him a little longer. Your friend should be bringing the clothes over soon."

Stella was startled. "How did you know about this?"

Marshall chuckled. "I saw your post on social media. Initially, I wanted to visit you and bring some food for you. But, I didn't know where you were, so I called and asked your friend and got to know the news from her.

"She's borrowing the outfit from another production team, but it's quite far away. She was afraid she wouldn't make it in time, so she asked me to come and help stall things. Who knew that I would know the director? Well, that's fortunate."

'No wonder,' Stella thought again. She was wondering why Marshall suddenly showed up here. It turned out that he was helping her to stall time. Stella gave a sigh of relief. "You've helped me big time."

If the costume could not come today, Bella and Yolanda would have definitely made a big deal out of it. Stella would give off a horrible impression if she made such a big fuss before the film even started filming.

Marshall asked, "How was your costume damaged?"

Stella shook her head. "Don't ask about it. It was all because of some rats."

Marshall scanned the room, and his gaze fell on Bella. He lowered his eyes and said, "Do you want to get revenge?"

"Huh?"

Marshall smiled and changed the topic. "This costume looks nice."

Stella was happy upon hearing his compliments. "My mother gave it to me. She followed the pictures in the book and modified them. She had a tailor to make it for me."

Marshall's eyes dimmed. "She has good taste. It suits you."

Stella smiled brightly. At that moment, Stuart finished his call and came back. He wanted to chat with Marshall for a little longer, but Yolanda was afraid that he would forget about the upcoming shoot. So, she said in a coquettish voice, "Mr. Winfield, when are we going to start? I have something to do at noon."

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Stuart replied, "As soon as Stella changed into a new set of clothes." He then ushered Stella. "Go get changed."

Stella nodded in response and took a sideway glance at Yolanda before she headed out the door. Felicity called right at the moment she left. She said while panting, "Stella, which floor are you on?"

"I'm on the second floor," said Stella as she paused and replied with a smile, "I see you."

Bella and Yolanda were sitting in the rehearsal room when Yolanda said, ' Her clothes were already torn yet she still excused herself to get changed. I'm interested in seeing how she will lie her way out when she didn't change her clothes.'

Bella asked, "Are you sure you shredded her clothes?"

"I personally shredded it until it was beyond recognition. I heard from someone in the same dorm that she threw it straight into the bin," she snickered and continued, "She wouldn't rummage the bin, so she could put it on, would she?"

Yolanda was not the slightest bit worried. She handed a cup of coffee to Bella and said, "Here's a cup of coffee, Bella. I remember you like unsweetened iced Americano."

Bella gratefully took it and drank the coffee through a straw while not looking in the door's direction. She was waiting for Stella's arrival.

The door then opened about ten minutes later. Everyone raised their heads, only to see Stella in a pink and white striped dress. Yolanda was stunned and unable to process what had happened. "How is this possible?!"

Bella's expression turned cold. 'This trash!'

"How can this be? I personally shredded it."

“Enough! Keep that mouth of yours shut!” Bella hissed. She was afraid that others would hear them.

She had a moment of realization after taking a look at Marshall and Stella. It was no coincidence that Marshall came for a visit; he was here to buy time.

Upon seeing Stella’s return, Stuart said to Marshall, “Marshall, why don’t you rest for a while? Let’s have a meal together when I’m done filming today.”

Marshall replied, “Alright.”

He then looked at Stella and showed her a big thumbs-up. Stella gratefully smiled.

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Stella held no ill will when she said that. Although it was not out of concern for Bella’s livelihood, Bella’s face was abnormally pale. She was afraid that Bella’s condition might delay the filming progress. In Bella’s ears, it was akin to sarcasm. Bella stared coldly at Stella and said, “Just do your own part!”

Stella shrugged. ‘I was worried for nothing.’

The cast once again went back into dance formation and danced according to the instructions of the dance instructor. Bella had barely danced and was already out of breath. She was groggy and her vision was a blur. Suddenly, her vision turned dark, and she fell down heavily on the floor. She lay on the floor with a pale face as her body spasmed. She was unable to stand up again.

That scared the wits out of the cast members around her as they started shrieking.

Stuart blanked out for a moment before he immediately called the ambulance. Tammy, Bella’s assistant, soon arrived. She looked at Bella’s condition and started ordering those around Bella not to take pictures.

Stella was mad. She thought, ‘Bella had obviously gone into shock, yet you’re worried about others taking pictures of her instead of performing C.P.R.? Are you crazy?’

Luckily, a doctor was on site due to Stuart’s vigilance of the cast member’s safety. The doctor immediately performed first-aid upon arriving at Bella’s side. A few minutes later, a siren could be heard, and Bella was sent to the hospital. Now that this had happened even before the filming could begin, Stuart was not pleased with it at all. Usually, Bella’s fans were fiercely protective and would spam comments in the chat even for her slightest injury. He was worried about the impact it would have on the crew. Most importantly, Bella must be alright since the shoot could not continue if the female lead was in the hospital.

In the end, Stuart let everyone off for the day, walked toward Marshall, and whispered, “Marshall, I might have to treat you another time. I have a pay a visit to the hospital since any accident that happened here is my responsibility.

Marshall nodded and replied, “No worries. The current situation is more urgent, and there’ll be a lot more chances for a meal in the future.”

After conversing for a while longer, Stuart left. Felicity came right at that moment and personally saw Bella’s spasming body being put on a stretcher. She curiously asked, “What happened to Mistress Young? Why does she look like she is a cripple?”

Stella whispered when she saw the crowd, “Let’s talk more when we’re alone.”

Yolanda, at that time, took pictures of Stella and Marshall. She thought, ‘That must be the man she was alone with last night. Her standards are quite high!’

Stella reiterated the scene just now to Felicity when all three of them entered the

vehicle. After hearing the story, Felicity immediately said, "News flash, that shredded dress of yours was definitely caused by her. God couldn't bear to see the injustice and decided to punish her."

Stella pursed her lips and said, "Why is Albert still alive and well if God is so just?"

Felicity consoled her, "One thing at a time. He will definitely get what he deserves in due time. On another note, we were lucky Mr. Moore managed to delay the shoot today. Otherwise, I wouldn't be able to arrive on time."

Marshall turned around as he said, "It was nothing. Things wouldn't have gone so well if I didn't know that the director was Stuart."

"You reap what you sow," said Felicity as she smiled and continued, "Stella has a savior like you, all because Ms. Spade supported a lot of people."

Marshall smiled without replying anything. Stella, with a grateful heart, warmly expressed her thanks. "Mr. Moore, let me treat you to a meal if it's not too much trouble."