

No one had expected Sam to walk away from it all, so when he did, it shocked everyone, including Shandie.

Even though he knew how big and profitable the movie would be, Sam refused to betray his principles for money.

It was no wonder he had a reputation for being tenacious and unrelenting.

Jerry had a moment of panic but soon regained his composure as he smiled at Shandie. "Please wait here. Let me persuade the director."

Watching Sam leave had honestly terrified Shandie because unbeknownst to the people present, everything that she said had been a lie.

Even Vinson's name card was a stolen item.

Nevertheless, Shandie coughed in response, determined to carry on with her act. "Very well. I'll wait for you."

Jerry finally caught up with Sam and tried, once again, to talk him out of quitting the movie.

Thankfully, he seemed to have changed his mind but still hoped to speak with Vinson to explain the situation.

"I've met Mr. Nightshire a couple of times, enough to know that he isn't an unreasonable man. I don't want to put you in a spot either, Jerry, so get me his number, and I'll talk to him myself."

*Oh gosh, I'm just a producer. Why would I have the number of a prominent figure like Vinson Nightshire?* Jerry was starting to panic again when he remembered Shandie's card with Vinson's number on it. "Okay. I'll be right back with the number!"

After running back to the stage, Jerry approached Shandie and asked politely, "Miss, could you give Mr. Nightshire a call? Mr. Sleight would like to speak with him."

Shandie became flustered at that sudden request. One call to Vinson was all it needed to expose her lies, and that was something she couldn't allow to happen.

The wheels in Shandie's mind started turning as she thought of an idea.

Vinson had no reason to help Shandie, but it would be a different story with Arielle. After all, Arielle had helped him before, and he owed her a favor.

Shandie cleared her throat and handed the name card to Jerry. "Tell Mr. Nightshire that I'm Shannie and that I want to be in this movie. I also promise that I won't let him down."

At the rate things were progressing, Shandie had no choice but to take a gamble.

She hoped Vinson knew that Arielle was Sannie, which sounded a lot like her own nickname, and that he would be willing to give Arielle a hand.

The call went through almost instantly, and a deep voice rang out from the other end. "Hello?"

"Hello, Mr. Nightshire!" Jerry said excitedly. "I'm the producer of the movie, *Monsters in Jadeborough*. Your friend, Ms. Shannie, is here for an audition and wants nothing more than to be in this movie. However, our director has some objections to casting her and would like to speak with you. Would that be all right?"

"Sannie?" Vinson asked in surprise.

*I didn't know Arielle liked acting. There's clearly a lot more about her that I don't know.*

Despite that disappointment, the fact that Arielle was willing to use his name card still made Vinson's heart flutter with joy.

On the other end of the call, Shandie was so nervous that her palms had started to sweat.

After a pause, Vinson continued, "I'm still in a meeting, so here's what I propose. Have Sam pick a place to meet, and I'll join him in an hour when my meeting's over. I'll talk to him then."

"That's brilliant! Thank you so much, Mr. Nightshire."

After ending the call, Jerry gazed at Shandie, this time even more respectfully.

"Ms. Shannie, why don't you head back first. I'll inform you later of any news."

"Sure," Shandie replied before strutting out of the theater. She had to mask the excitement in her voice even though she was over the moon at how well her idea had panned out.

Shandie couldn't believe that Vinson had agreed to help Arielle, and even though she was happy for herself, there was also a twinge of jealousy.

*Never mind. Once I become famous, Vinson is going to notice and remember me. He'll forget about Arielle and only care for me. I have to be patient and take this slow.*

An hour later, in a café opposite Midnight Theater, Sam and Vinson sat facing each other.

Sam decided to cut to the chase and spoke up. "Mr. Nightshire, I've met you twice before and know that you're a reasonable man. So I'm going to be straightforward about this. Your friend has no talent for acting and doesn't deserve to be in my movie. If we insist on casting her, the box office results and reviews will be severely affected."



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Chapter 50

Vinson had always held Sam in high regard. One of the reasons that made him decide to invest in the movie in the first place was that Sam would be directing it.

After taking a sip of his coffee, Vinson looked earnestly at Sam. "Sannie is very important to me. I know she doesn't have any acting experience, but I also know how serious she is when she sets her mind to something. Once filming begins, I'm sure she'll wow you. As such, I hope you can give her a chance."

Sam was taken aback at Vinson's words.

From what he remembered of Vinson, he was a righteous man who would never allow anyone to gain an advantage by using connections.

This time, however, he had made an exception and was speaking up on behalf of Shandie.

Vinson continued, "You haven't known her for long, so I don't blame you for not knowing better. I'm prepared to vouch for her, though. You'll have no regrets if you cast her, trust me."

Seeing how Vinson had even vouched for Shandie, Sam had no choice but to give in, no matter how reluctant he was.

However, now that Vinson had spoken so highly of Shandie, Sam got even more curious. "I'll cast her per your request. But what I don't understand is, what do you see in her?"

Shandie lacked manners and responsibility. As if that wasn't bad enough, she was also lazy and spoiled. How a man like Vinson could still be friends with someone like that was beyond Sam.

Not only that, Vinson was even willing to put in time and effort to help this friend of his.

"She saved my life. And she's also special to me. So, Sam, if you agree to this, I'll owe you one."

*Vinson Nightshire owing me a favor? That's like winning the lottery!*

Sam sighed and nodded. "I understand, and I'll try my best. But if I find her still not up to the mark after a few scenes, I'll have to insist on dropping her as the female lead."

"No problem. If that's the case, I'll promise not to intervene anymore," Vinson replied.

For some reason, Vinson had the utmost confidence in Arielle and knew she wouldn't let him down.

"That's settled then," Sam said as he got up from his seat. "I shan't take up any more of your time. I'll be leaving first, goodbye."

Vinson watched as Sam left the café before sending a text to Arielle.

Arielle had just returned to the Southall residence when she received the text.

Since she had exchanged numbers with Vinson after signing the contract, she knew instantly that the text was from him. Curious, she read it.

The text was short, with just one sentence: *You owe me a favor.*

Arielle stared in confusion. *What favor?*

After racking her brains, the only possible reason she could think of was how he had stopped Henrick from making her kneel in the meeting room.

*Is that it? What a petty jerk! To think I even saved his life! If I hadn't helped him at the island, he'd still be floating about in some ocean, barely alive.*

Annoyed, Arielle replied with another text: *A petty man will be single for life!*

Vinson was excited to hear back from Arielle so quickly, but the content of the text left him bewildered.

As he re-read the text, he pictured a fuming Arielle huffing away, which made him chuckle out loud.

Shandie returned to the manor just as Arielle made her way into the living room.

As soon as she stepped into the house, she shouted gleefully, "Dad! I got the role! I'm the female lead for *Monsters in Jadeborough!*"

Henrick's eyes lit up instantly. "That's my girl! I'm

Chapter 50

so proud of you! Order whatever you want to eat tonight!"

Shandie played coy and replied, "Why don't you order, Dad? I shall be in charge of eating it!"

Henrick burst into a hearty laugh, tickled by his daughter's cheekiness.

Cindy had also made her way downstairs and shrieked with joy upon hearing Shandie's good news.

Arielle watched from the side as the three of them looked like the picture-perfect family full of love and joy. Arielle, on the other hand, felt like an outsider, alone and forgotten.

She couldn't help but avert her gaze as she tried to hide the tears welling up in her eyes.

Arielle thought she had gotten used to feeling left out, but clearly, that wasn't the case.

Not wanting to stay a minute longer, she made her way upstairs and into her room.

After changing out into a set of comfortable loungewear, she immediately called her overseas assistant.

"Ashley, I want you to find out who the person in charge of handling Cindy's overseas assets is," she ordered, her gaze turning cold and distant.