

# A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 41

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Arielle, who was sitting at the desk and “reading her book” attentively, raised her head in confusion. Her gaze coincidentally met that of Henrick’s. She saw a flustered look in his eyes. He quickly concealed it, but Arielle still noticed it

clearly. She asked calmly, “Why are you back, Dad?”

When Henrick saw Arielle reading her book attentively at the desk, he became relieved. Clearing his throat, he said, “I suddenly remembered that I still have unfinished work. It’s getting late, so you should go back and rest first. You should come back another day.” Arielle did not want him to notice anything amiss. After all, she already discovered that the locked drawer contained something that would make Henrick panic. That was already an achievement. “Okay.” She flipped the book, *Global Finance*, closed. When Henrick saw her reading the book, he shook his head and said, “This book is too advanced for you.

Girls have no need to learn things like this too. I’ll find something more suitable for you to read next time.” According to Henrick, girls should not even think of dabbling in business and finance. All they needed to do was to look pretty and marry a rich man. Business and finance should be left solely to men.

Women would only stir up more trouble if there were to get involved. However, in reality, Cindy was almost done emptying out the company’s assets. Henrick just had not realized it. Arielle could not even be bothered to secretly insult Henrick. Instead, she walked out of the door calmly. “Oh, right! Sannie?” Henrick suddenly called out to her. Arielle turned around and saw Henrick staring at her with a sharp gaze. He asked, “Where did you learn latte art from?” Initially, she thought that Henrick only cared about the outcome and would not ask about the details. *Seems like he’s starting to get suspicious.*

Unfazed, she said, “I learned it in Norham. Back then, I worked in a cafe. The store owner is an extremely skilled barista who just returned from overseas. I learned

it from him." "I see... After you become successful, you should thank him." "Okay, Dad. I have the same thought too."

The grateful and innocent look on Arielle's face dispelled any suspicions Henrick had. She turned around and walked to her room. On the way there, she surprisingly found out that her palm was sweating. Things had not made any significant progress yet. Hence, she must not let Henrick realize anything amiss and be alerted.

However, it was obvious that Henry felt wary from when she lingered in the study room. That was why he returned mid-way. She was too rash. Arielle returned to her room, shut the door and leaned against it. Closing her eyes, she took a deep breath. *Don't be too rash. The truth will eventually be exposed, so all I have to do is to be patient.*

After half a minute, she finally opened her eyes. Yet, she immediately realized something... Someone had entered her bedroom! As she was very alert, she deliberately scattered some inconspicuous silver powder on the floor. There was an obvious footprint on it. It was not big, which meant that the intruder was female.

Arielle went to check the computer immediately. She had already cleared the browsing history, so the culprit probably did not discover anything. Furthermore, as the mouse was still in its original spot, the computer had not been switched on. She went to search the other areas again.

Eventually, she realized that Vinson's name card in her coat was gone. "Shandie..." *She must have taken it. That girl never stops, huh?* However, as the name card was insignificant to Arielle, she planned to feign ignorance. People who stole things that did not belong to themselves would always meet their karma. Soon, the second day arrived.

Arielle was woken up by the housekeeper early in the morning. When she went downstairs, Henrick and the others were already eating breakfast. However, the moment Shandie saw her, she stood up and announced that she was already done eating. Avoiding Arielle's gaze, she directly walked out of the house.

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Arielle knew the reason—Shandie was afraid that she would accuse her of stealing the name card. Henrick glanced at Shandie's barely-touched breakfast and asked Cindy, "Where is she rushing to so early in the morning?" Cindy replied

with a grin, "Do you know Sam Sleight, the director?" Henrick

noded.

"Of course." She continued, "Mr. Sleight's choosing the cast for his new show today. Shandie received a chance to do the audition." Although Shandie told everyone else that Sam had given the role to her, all she got, in reality, was merely an audition spot. Furthermore, she only got the opportunity due to Cindy's bribery. However, Henrick did not know that. He exclaimed happily, "That's great! As their father, I'm so proud of my two talented daughters. Let's go out for a meal tonight. I've never properly welcomed Sannie after she returned." When Cindy heard Arielle's nickname, she felt slightly unhappy.

The reason why she gave Shandie her name was because Arielle's nickname was Sannie. She wanted to come up with a name that sounded similar. Her intention was to steal everything away from Maureen, her sister. However, it sounded exceptionally unpleasant now. Forcing out a smile, she said, "Sure!

Shandie also said that she's quite confident in securing the role. It's a great day today. Let's go out as a family and have a sumptuous meal together!" "Of course." Henrick beckoned Arielle over. Sannie, finish your breakfast quickly. We need to leave soon." "Okay, Dad." Glancing in Shandie's direction, Arielle could already guess why she said that she was confident in securing the role. She had heard of Sam's reputation before. As his movies all featured magnificent scenes, they required extremely good acting skills.

Even if Shandie managed to get the opportunity, it all depended on whether she was capable enough to grasp it well. Arielle averted her gaze nonchalantly, sat down and ate her breakfast quietly. When Cindy raised her head subconsciously, she saw the warm morning sunlight shine on Arielle's face.

A faint golden glow enveloped her face, making her look as beautiful as an angel. Her side-profile resembled that of the deceased Maureen. Cindy could not help but tighten her grip on her spoon. The person she had instructed to investigate her would report back to her today.

*Soon, I find out this b\*tch's true colors. Just you wait! Your good days won't last any longer.* After suffering for two hours, Arielle finally walked out of the changing room.

She wore a tailored gown that had a slit up to the middle of her thighs, revealing her beautiful legs. Her hair was tied up in a bun, making her look as exquisite as a doll. No one could tear their gazes away from her. Arielle could tell that Henrick had spent a lot of money on her. Her gown alone already cost a lot, let alone the handcrafted shoes that she was wearing.

The moment she walked out of the changing room, the foreign stylist immediately gasp and clapped. "This is simply perfect and unbelievable!" Even Henrick was stunned when he saw Arielle. He could see a shadow of his deceased wife on her. In the past, he had loved Maureen deeply.

However, as time passed, he grew to hate her. She was simply too talented and intelligent, so much so that she stole the limelight away from him. Every time he saw Maureen, he would be reminded of the fact that he was the Moores' live-in son-in-law. *Would Arielle become someone like Maureen in the future?* Henrick clenched his fists tightly, forcing himself to stop thinking about that. He walked toward Arielle and said with a smile, "This look fits you so well. You should wear gowns more often in the future."

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Arielle pulled the slit of her skirt cautiously, like a girl who hadn't worn a short skirt. She asked timidly, "Is the slit of the skirt too high?" The stylist understood Chanean and replied immediately using her poor Chanean. "It's not too high! It's just right. You have beautiful legs, so you should show them

off.

Be confident and face your strengths, miss. You're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen. No one looks better in this gown than you! I'm speaking from my heart." Arielle knew her strengths, but how could a countryside girl like her had such confidence? She looked towards Henrick timidly, he nodded at her and said, "Trust the stylist. People are more open in this era.

The skirt is not too short, let's pick this. Let's go, it's getting late." Arielle nodded and followed Henrick with her head low. Seeing how Arielle acted made Henrick's worry about the possibility of her becoming the second Maureen disappeared. They arrived at Nightshire Group's building at the promised time.

Located in the most affluent area in the CBD of Jadeborough, the Nightshire Group owned the whole street, not to mention the headquarters building- an unimaginably tall skyscraper. The person in charge of Soir Coffee was already waiting at the door. He was mesmerized when he saw Arielle in the video from the internet.

Now that he saw the person in real life, he was stunned at the spot. How could a girl look so perfect? Perfect features, a perfect figure, and she even had incredible latte art skills. No one else could be more perfect than her to be the ambassador for Soir Coffee. Nevertheless, the person in charge had been around.

He pinched his ears to collect himself and went up to them with a smile. "You must have had a tough journey. Please follow me upstairs." The person in charge brought Arielle and Henrick to the eleventh floor. The staff of the Nightshire Group, who was either holding their coffee or documents whirled around to look at her, with a mesmerizing look in their eyes.

They arrived at the eleventh floor shortly after. The person in charge brought them to a meeting room for a sit. "Please take a rest and have some water. Our team will arrive shortly." Henrick quickly nodded his head. "It's alright, we're not in a hurry." The person in charge left with a smile.

He didn't go to the headquarters of the Nightshire Group. Instead, he took the elevator to the office on the highest floor. The person in charge walked briskly after reaching the top floor and arrived at the CEO's office. An assistant immediately came and stopped the person in charge. "Which department are you from?"

"What's your business here? Did you make an appointment?" Even though Soir Coffee was a large-scale global project, but even the in charge of Nightshire Entertainment would need to book an appointment with the CEO, let alone Soir Coffee. It was the first time the person in charge went to the top floor.

He was stunned when he heard the assistant and replied, "I didn't make an appointment. But the CEO mentioned that if the ambassador of Soir Coffee was to come to sign the contract, he would like me to inform him." The assistant was new and studied overseas with a good educational background. Moreover, she was interviewed personally by the CEO, and that made her proud. Those who would come to the top floor were usually the higher-ups of Nightshire Group.

"What rights does a mere in charge of a project have to meet the CEO? She said nonchalantly, "Okay, I understand. I will ask for the CEO when I'm done with my task."

The person in charge waited aside after replying "Sorry for the trouble" politely. After waiting for over ten minutes, the person in charge was losing his patience. "Miss, the client is waiting downstairs. If you're still busy, can I greet the CEO on

my own?" The assistant frowned. "Client? Many clients are waiting to meet the CEO.

Are they dignitaries? Can't they even wait for a while?" The person in charge furrowed his brows and could only wait patiently. When the assistant saw that the officer had a good temper, she lost interest. After another ten minutes, she finally stood up and knocked on the CEO's office door.

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"Come in." A deep voice rang out from inside. The assistant's face went red immediately upon hearing his voice. She groomed the stray strands of her hair beside her ears and checked her makeup before entering. "Mr. Nightshire." The assistant gazed shyly towards the man seated at the huge

desk.

His deep eyes and beguiling face, coupled with that serious look on his face while diligently working, were more than enough to make the assistant's heart thump faster. Vinson... She exhausted all of her resources and networks to acquire the chance for the interview, all for his sake. Speak," Vinson spoke without raising his head and continued flipping the documents in his hands. "Ahem..." The assistant cleared her throat and spoke with the gentlest voice she thought she had. "There's a project manager outside. He mentioned that there's an ambassador who will be signing a contract here... But if you're busy, I'll let him know."

The assistant had watched the latte art video online, and she knew the ambassador was pretty. So she was reluctant to let Vinson meet her. This was also why she purposely delayed the time. The assistant was ready to leave after she spoke. If ten people demanded to meet the CEO, five of them would be rejected for the reason being, "if he couldn't resolve such trivial matters on his own, why keep him?"

However... "Wait." Vinson's voice came from her back. She stopped in her tracks, turned around, and asked sweetly, "Mr. Nightshire. Is there anything else I can help you with?" But as she raised her gaze, Vinson was already in front of her. The face that she had always dreamt of was only inches before her.

She could even hear her own heartbeat. *Is he leaning in so closely... To kiss me?* Her face flushed red, extending down to her neck. She whined bravely, "Mr. Nightshire..." The assistant called out to Vinson in a sickeningly sweet voice, as her right hand slowly reached out to Vinson's waist... Just as she was about to touch Vinson, the back of her hand was gripped by a hand, followed by intense pain. "Ah!" The assistant's face turned pale from the pain as she stared at Vinson in disbelief. "Mr. Nightshire..." "What are you trying to do?" Vinson was expressionless. His gaze was dark and cold, sending chills down her spine.

The assistant turned pale from the pain, she felt as if her arms were about to snap into two! "Mr. Nightshire... it hurts..." Vinson shook off the assistant's hand in disgust and said coldly, "You crossed the line." "I'm sorry!" Who would have thought that all that was nothing but a pipe dream?

Vinson was never interested in her! She wished the earth could swallow her up right then and there. She quickly explained, "I...I have low blood sugar. I was only finding support instinctively..." Vinson couldn't be bothered and asked, "Which project manager did you say?" With a sigh of relief, the assistant replied honestly, "He is the project manager of Soir Coffee."

Vinson's lifted his eyes suddenly and asked, "How long has he been here?" "A-about twenty minutes..." "Twenty minutes! Why are you only informing me now!"

"I..." Vinson raised his hand. "Save your explanation. Just head to the HR department and settle your salary. You don't have to come tomorrow." The assistant widened her eyes in shock. She thought she had escaped a calamity. She offended Vinson, yet he didn't fire her. But now he is going to fire her because she made the project manager wait for twenty minutes?

Before the assistant realized, Vinson had already stepped out of the office. She felt cold all over, and her body lost its strength as she crumpled to the ground.

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At this moment, she was regretful for her superiority and cheeky thoughts that made her lose her decent and high-paying job. But there was no use crying over spilled milk. She brought this upon herself. At the eleventh floor. Arielle and Henrick had waited in the meeting room for almost half an

hour.

But the people from the Nightshire Group were nowhere to be seen. A staff came in between to refill the water for them, and he asked the staff for them, but the staff couldn't answer. Henrick was getting anxious as time went by. *Did the Nightshire Group find out that Arielle was from the countryside, and they're trying to back out because she might not fit the image of an ambassador?* Henrick stood up. *They had already signed the contract. All we needed was the stamp from the Nightshire Group, and the deal for the ambassador would be sealed.*

*How could I afford to lose this collaboration?* Henrick lost the glistening gaze he had on Arielle before and felt her useless. "What's your education level? Did you graduate from high school?" Henrick asked coldly. When Arielle was about to make up a story, someone opened the meeting room door.

Both of them looked towards the door at the same time. Headed by Vinson, around ten higher-ups from Nightshire Group came in. Most of them were prominent figures in the business circle. Henrick stared in surprise. At the same time, he was also in a panic. "M-Mr. Nightshire..." Henrick stuttered his words, "D-do you think my daughter's educational background is too low, so you don't want her? I can find someone to help with her studies. Even though she might be dimwitted and cowardly, but if we package her nicely, I think we can continue our collaboration. We can even negotiate again about the remuneration..." "Dimwitted and cowardly?" A hint of amusement flashed under Vinson's eyes, and he chuckled under his breath.

*Was he talking about Arielle? It seems like Henrick does not know his own daughter.* The information showed that it was not long after Arielle had returned to the Southalls. If she hid it purposely, it would indeed be difficult to understand her. Because even he wasn't sure what kind of person was Arielle.

Henrick was afraid to look directly at Vinson. When Henrick heard a chuckle from Vinson, he thought that he guessed Vinson's thoughts correctly. Henrick quickly

added, "My daughter is very honest. She would definitely cooperate with you earnestly. Please give her another chance!"

After he finished his words, he turned his head towards Arielle and commanded, "Arielle, come over here and get down on your knees!" "Get down on my knees?" Arielle thought she had known Henrick well, but what he said today had given her a whole new perspective of him. Henrick was furious when he saw Arielle didn't budge an inch.

He roared, "Why are you still there? Get your \*ss here now!" He didn't show Arielle any respect at all. Arielle bit her lips. This was the first time she felt such humiliation in her life. She never kneeled to anyone. But...if this was for the sake of finding the truth and avenge for her mom, she was willing to do anything.

Arielle clenched her fist and walked forward. But when she set her foot out, Vinson suddenly spoke, "Mr. Southall, there might be some misunderstanding here. We're not dissatisfied with Ms. Moore.

On the contrary, we feel that Ms. Moore is perfect for the role of our ambassador. We just have to verify some minor details with Ms. Moore again." Arielle looked at Vinson in shock. His expression was cold as if he was suppressing his anger. *He is angry? But why?*

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Henrick didn't give it much thought and was elated at the fact that the collaboration with Arielle was not cancelled. "That's great, that's great! Sannie, thank Mr. Nightshire quickly!" Arielle gazed at Henrick intently. Henrick would call her "Sannie" when she was useful. But when she was useless, Henrick would

call her "Arielle".

What a stark contrast... She turned towards Vinson and forced out her words. "Thank you." "No problem. Instead, I should thank Ms. Moore for collaborating

with us." Vinson said and he continued to talk to Henrick. "I would like to speak to Ms. Moore privately for the details of the collaboration. Mr. Southall, please follow my staff to sign the contract next door." "Sure, sure. Take your time." Henrick followed the staff to the meeting room next door to sign the contract with a smile. The meeting room was now left with Vinson and Arielle. Arielle bit her lips and broke the silence.

"I'm sorry you have to see my dad like this..." "You did nothing wrong. Why are you apologizing?" Arielle looked at Vinson. His gaze was dark, and she couldn't find a hint of disdain nor sarcasm in his eyes. He protected her dignity. Arielle pursed her lips and said, "Thank you..."

Vinson pointed at the seat beside her and said, "Don't thank or apologize anymore. Take a seat. Let's talk about business." "Alright." Arielle pulled out the chair and sat. They sat facing each other closely, and she could even see Vinson's eyelashes clearly. Vinson took out a contract and said, "The Soir Coffee is an important project for us this year.

We will start the advertising and marketing campaigns tomorrow. Your shooting task might be tough for the following days. This is your schedule for the week. Take a look."

Arielle took over the densely packed schedule. Besides shooting tasks, there was a stream of tasks such as live streams and ribbon-cutting ceremonies. She carefully looked over and nodded. "Alright, I will cooperate with you." After a brief silence, Vinson spoke, "I thought you were not in favor of being our ambassador. What made you change your mind?" Arielle smiled lightly. "I have my own reason. But you don't have to worry,

since I have agreed to this, I will give my best." "Alright." Vinson stood up and said, "They should be done with the contract soon. You can go back and rest for the day. Tomorrow onwards, there will be a team following you throughout. Let them know if you need anything." "Thank you."

Arielle stood up as well. Vinson gazed at her with a doubtful look and asked suddenly, "Is Henrick your biological father?" Arielle was stunned. "Otherwise?" *Even though my mom had passed away, but it was true that she and Henrick were a married couple. If my biological father was not Henrick, who else could it be?*

"Maybe you should take a test. You're nothing like your father." Arielle went silent. Henrick was indeed very different from her in terms of look and personality. But she never thought Henrick was not her biological father. But since Vinson had mentioned it, a seed of suspicion was planted in her head unknowingly.

Arielle left the meeting room. Henrick was hugging the signed contract as if it was his precious baby. "Let me walk you down." Vinson made a gesture with his hand.

Henrick quickly waved. "I'm honored enough to have Mr. Nightshire sign the contract personally. How can I trouble you to walk us down?" Vinson replied without changing his expression. "This project is very important to the Nightshire Group. So I will follow through with the project personally."

The person in charge behind him was stunned upon hearing his words. How can Soir Coffee be compared to the other projects on Vinson's plate? The person in charge glanced at Arielle with a knowing glance. He felt that he had probably discovered a shocking secret.

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In the end, Vinson walked Arielle and Henrick to the main door. Meanwhile, Jadeborough's Midnight Theater was bustling with activity. It was one of the largest theaters in Jadeborough, thanks to Nightshire Group's investment. Therefore, it was only fitting that Shandie would be auditioning for one of Nightshire Group's movie projects at the Midnight

Theater. The audition was for a sci-fi disaster movie, *Monsters in Jadeborough*. It told of how the female lead, a police officer, bravely protected a building full of people from an alien invasion and led them to safety. Movies of that genre were a rarity in the country, and with an excellent story and production crew, Shandie knew it would do well at the box office. That was why she was determined to get the female lead role. After a long, painful wait, it was finally Shandie's turn for the audition. As Shandie made her way up the stage, Sam looked through her acting resume, only to find that other than having been in a music video, she had zero acting experience. "I see you've never done any acting, so let's get down to it. You're now playing the female lead, and monsters have eaten your mother. And, action!" Since she had never been to any auditions, Shandie was taken aback by the director's abrupt request. It took her a while to regain composure and get in character. *Monsters have eaten my mother, so I'd be devastated. And with sadness comes tears. Yes, that's it! All I have to do is cry!*

With that thought, Shandie knelt on the floor and started howling and crying in pain. "Mom! What would I do without you? Please, don't leave me!" Sam looked on, both shocked and bemused. Even the rest of the casting directors had also fallen into an awkward silence. The female lead Shandie was auditioning for had both brains and brawns.

With her mother dead, there would undoubtedly be brief emotional distress. But then, she'd either go on to avenge her mother or continue to lead her convoy to safety.

Either way, she'd never be reduced to a bawling mess like what Shandie was doing now. Besides, the world that the female lead was in had monsters everywhere. Even a brief moment of weakness might lead to the character's death the next second. The casting directors continued to look on in disdain and confusion.

*Who is this woman? Why would she still portray the character like that even after reading the story outline and character breakdown? Are we just letting anyone audition for Sam's movies now?* Sam had had enough of watching Shandie bawl her eyes out when he sounded the bell and shouted, "Cut!"

Shandie looked up, bewildered. It had only been a few seconds since she got into character, and she still had many lines in mind to deliver. *Was my crying so good that the director has decided to cast me as the lead?* Shandie got up from the floor excitedly and smiled at Sam.

"Mr. Sleight, how was my performance? I haven't had much preparation, so my crying might not be as good. If there's anything I can improve on, please let me know."

Shandie beamed with pride, behaving as if the lead role was in her bag. The rest of the crew exchanged glances and sniggers, wondering how Shandie had so much arrogance and impudence.

Sam was not a man to beat around the bush or show much sympathy. He looked at Shandie and said coldly, "There's nothing you need to improve on."

Shandie's eyes lit up at his words. *Is the role already mine? And that wasn't even my best performance!* The more she thought about it, the happier Shandie got. *It looks like I truly have a talent for acting.*

*I knew I was born to be a star!* Just as Shandie was relishing the moment, Sam added, "But if I must give you a word of advice, then I'd say... leave this industry."

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Shandie stared at Sam, dumbfounded. "What did you say?" "I don't think you're suited to be in this profession. You've got no talent, and you don't seem to have put in any effort. That is why I'd advise you to stay away from acting." *So, when Sam cut me off so early on, it was because my acting was*

*atrocious?*

For someone who had already pictured herself as a top-billed actress, Shandie couldn't accept the sudden turn of events. "No, no," Shandie whimpered as she rushed down the stage and toward Sam. "Please, Mr. Sleight, give me another chance! I haven't been feeling well, so I didn't get to read the script properly. If you give me one more chance, I promise I won't let you down!" Shandie had to do whatever it took to get back into Sam's good books. As the youngest award-winning director, being in his movies would only help propel her to stardom. "You want me to give you another chance? Every actor only gets one shot at an audition, so they cherish any chance they get. Not only have you not prepared well, but you also have no talent, yet you're demanding to have a go again? Who do you think you are? Do you own the entertainment industry? With your kind of attitude, you'll never succeed!"

Shandie's face turned a bright shade of red after being admonished by Sam so publicly and blatantly. *So what if I want to cut corners?*

*I'm sure I'm not as bad as he claims!* Shandie felt her temper rising as she fished a card from her pocket and slammed it down on the table in front of Sam. Her actions were so sudden and rude that everyone could only stare in stunned silence. As a world-renowned director, even the biggest names in the entertainment industry treated Sam with politeness and respect.

Shandie was a nobody, yet she dared to throw a fit at Sam. At that point, everyone only had one thought in their heads: *Is she crazy?* Curious, they turned their gazes toward the card, only to collectively reel back in shock. It was a name card, but importantly, it belonged to Vinson Nightshire.

“Vinson Nightshire... this woman is a friend of Mr. Nightshire...” “No wonder she’s so cocky. Our movie requires a huge budget, and there’s no way we can get it completed without Nightshire Group’s funding...” In just a blink of an eye, everyone’s initial disdain toward Shandie had turned into fear and respect as they talked amongst themselves in hushed tones.

Despite the slight commotion, Sam remained indifferent. “What do you mean by this? Are you threatening me?” Shandie raised her chin toward Sam and scoffed.

“I’m not threatening you, but here’s what’s going to happen. If you don’t make me the female lead, you can kiss your entire movie goodbye.” Upon hearing her words, Jerry, the producer sitting next to Sam, went into a full-blown panic. He hurriedly leaned in and whispered, “Mr. Sleight, please make an exception just this once.

The award-winning actresses you’ve worked with didn’t all start out with good acting skills, did they? With your guidance, I’m sure you can turn this one into award-winning material too.” Sam’s expression slid into a frown. There was a world of difference between having acting skills that could be improved on and having zero talent.

Besides, Shandie had no respect for the profession. To put it bluntly, she was a helpless case. Still, Jerry pressed on. “Please, Mr. Sleight, I beg of you. You and the screenwriter have spent two long years just to develop the script.

You can’t let your hard work go to waste!” Sam instantly fell silent as he contemplated his options. After three minutes, he finally came to a decision. “I won’t accept any imperfections. If you lot insist on casting her, I’ll quit as the director.” Having made his stand clear, Sam walked away without any hesitation and with his head held high.

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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. S

o 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."

## A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 50

[/ A Beauty With Multiple Masks](#)

Chapter 50, A Beauty with Multiple Masks

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 spoilt. 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 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.