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.

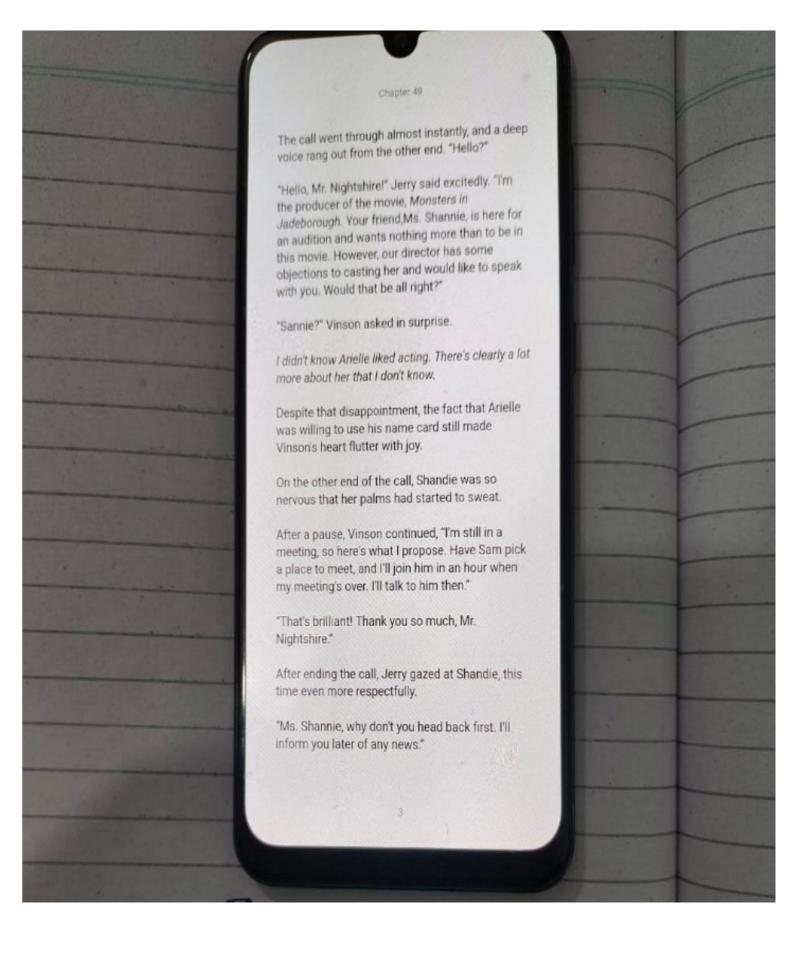
The wheels in Shandie's mind started turning as she thought of an idea.

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.



"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."



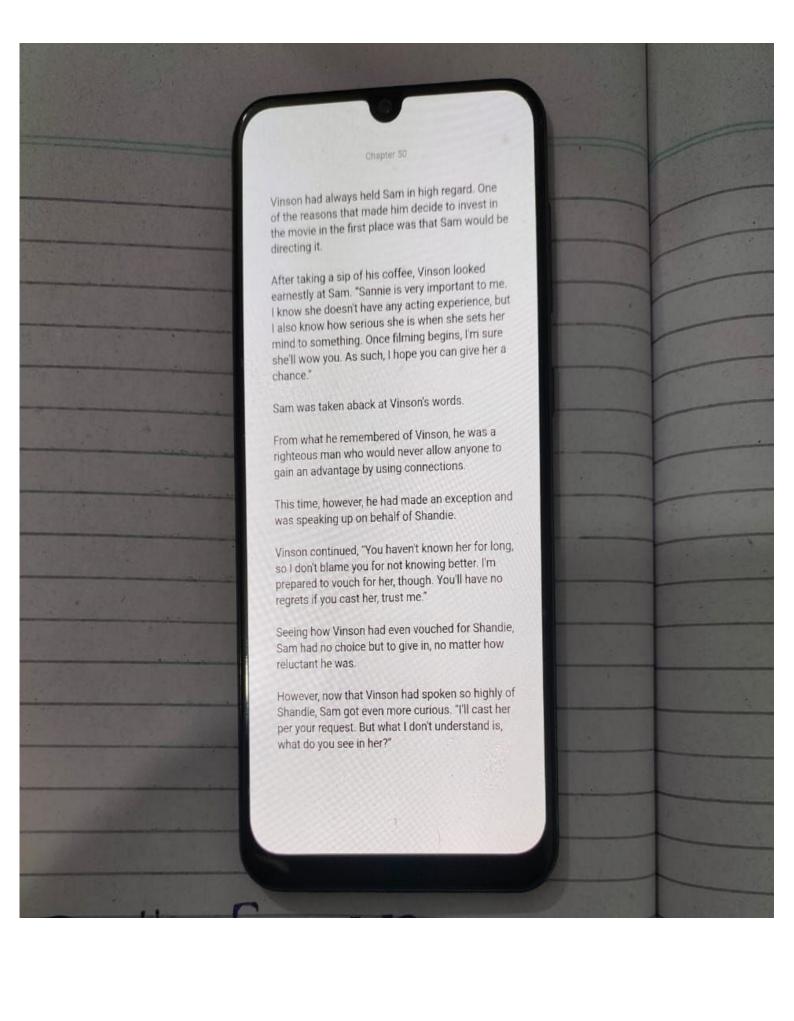
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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!



## Chapter 50

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.

