

As Sam ranted, a hint of confusion flashed in Vinson's eyes.

He instinctively looked at Arielle, who was still conversing with Jordan. Then he patiently asked Sam, "What's happened?"

In mere seconds, Sam's voice roared from the phone. "She's the female lead of this disaster film, yet she complained about her makeup being hideous. Then she beautified her makeup without consulting me or any of the film crew members! Need I explain more? We're filming a disaster film! How can our female lead escape life-threatening obstacles in full-on costume and makeup? Even if we let that slide, another issue arose earlier. She just refused to cooperate in filming the close-up stunt scenes! She whined about the harness being too uncomfortable to wear, then demanded a stunt double. Can you believe this? It's a close-up, for mercy's sake!"

Vinson could already sense Sam's erupting anger from the phone.

However, he cast a subtle frown at Arielle after hearing the last part that Sam mentioned.

"What did you say... earlier? Just refused? When did this happen?"

"Seconds ago. Right before I called you."

"Seconds?" Vinson realized that something was off. He contemplated for a moment before asking, "What's the actress' name?"



Sam replied, "Shannie. Short for Shandie Southall."

*Shannie...*

*Sannie...*

Vinson's frown intensified as he finally put the pieces together.

Now, he understood why Arielle said she wanted to star in a movie. He also realized why Sam was mad at Arielle's outrageous demands on set.

*Because that's not Arielle who's on set—it's f\*cking Shandie!*

"That b\*tch," Vinson cursed in a growling voice.

Sam was confused at this. Before he could ask what was wrong, Vinson ended the call.

Elsewhere, Shandie's dramatic whines filled the set. "I already told you. I want a stunt double! Pronto! Get me a stunt double, or I'll have Nightshire Group withdraw their investment in this film!"

Sam massaged his temples before tossing the script aside. Then he snarled in response to Shandie, "That's it. I quit!"

At the Jupiters' residence.

Arielle was enthusiastically chatting away with Jordan. Between them, Harvey was brimming with rivalry and kept interjecting their conversation.



Truthfully, Arielle only wanted to borrow a car and be on her merry way. However, she didn't get the chance to do it.

Just as she was getting desperate, she noticed Vinson from the corner of her eye. He stormed over to her with a grim expression.

A moment later, Jordan was no longer standing before Arielle. Vinson had shoved him away and was clutching Arielle's hand. He ordered, "Come with me!"

Then he led Arielle out of the Jupiters' home before she could react.

"Wait!"

Jordan and Harvey yelled in unison at once. Just as they were going after Vinson, Carter extended his arms and blocked them.

"Seriously..." Carter knitted his brows and asked, "Have you forgotten that we have important matters to attend to?"

Right then, Jordan and Harvey remembered that the unconscious assassin was currently on his way to the private hospital.

At the same time, Vinson had brought Arielle onto his car.

"Where are you taking me?" Arielle hissed in pain as she massaged her reddened wrist.



*Must he be so forceful? He yanks my wrist tightly every time!*

Beside her, Vinson frowned at the redness around Arielle's wrist.

*Is she made of fine china or something? How can she be so fragile? All I did was grab her wrist lightly.*

*Although, she does resemble fine china in some ways; she's got the curves of a teapot, and her skin is so smooth...*

His thoughts ran wild.

The way Vinson daydreamed about her made Arielle shift uncomfortably in the front passenger seat.

She hid her wrist and asked once again, "Where are you taking me? If there's nothing urgent, I'd like to go home now."

At this, Vinson's gaze drew away from her wrist and landed on her porcelain-like face instead. He stared for a second before responding with a question of his own, "Do you want to be an actress?"

"What?" Arielle asked while wide-eyed.

Vinson replied casually, "I seem to have messed up some things. You and I are heading over to correct them."

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Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!



Arielle was even more confused. "You got it wrong yourself. Why do I need to be there to correct your mistake?"

Vinson ignored Rayson, who was waving like a madman outside and sped away in his car.

On the way to the scene, Arielle finally understood what was going on.

"So, she stole the name card from me?" she glanced at Vinson and asked.

Vinson was overwhelmed with mixed emotions.

Many people would die to get his name card, but the name card he gave Arielle was stolen easily. He wanted to yell at her, but it didn't seem right to do so.

In the end, Vinson said nothing.

His silence caused the air in the car to tense up.

At the filming site, Shandie finally showed her true colors after signing the contract.

Like a diva, she declared, "I said, I don't want to look grimy! That will affect my popularity!"

Jerry flashed an apologetic grin and explained, "But this is a disaster film. The audience will complain if you don't look like the character. Can you please cooperate? I can ask the makeup artist to make you look less dirty."



*Slam!*

Shandie slammed on the table furiously. "Don't you understand? I said, no!"

Suddenly, the door was pushed open.

Jerry glanced at the door and promptly stiffened. He forced out a smile and went over. "Mr. Sleight, sorry for the long wait. The makeup will be done soon."

"Save it." Sam tossed his staff ID to Jerry and announced, "I quit. Get yourself another director."

A shiver ran down Jerry's spine as he nearly fell to his knees.

"Mr. Sleight, you can't quit all of a sudden!" pleaded Jerry.

On the contrary, Shandie was crossing her legs impatiently.

*Ha! Sam is upset at me because I didn't receive any professional training!*

Initially, Shandie picked Sam for he was a famous director. Still, as she got to know more about the film industry, the respect she had for Sam dwindled away.

This was the first blockbuster disaster film in the country, adapted from a popular comic series that had topped the charts for two years. The cast consisted of popular actors and actresses, so



changing the director wouldn't be a big deal.

With her legs crossed, Shandie uttered, "Let him go. Get another director now. I can't believe he accused me of being an unprofessional actress. He's the unprofessional one! Even if he didn't quit, I'd fire him! If you don't get another director, I shall ask Nightshire Group to pull out their investment!"

*Oh, no.* Jerry was in a tight spot.

Sam glared at Shandie and retaliated, "I shall kowtow to you if the film succeeds! You're the reason the film is ruined!"

*Given an actress like her... No, she doesn't deserve to be called an actress. I don't understand why Vinson insisted she should take up the lead role. I can't believe I agreed to his condition! I shouldn't have done so!*

Shandie jumped up in anger and dashed toward Sam. She grabbed the corner of his shirt and demanded, "What did you say? Say that again if you dare! Aren't you afraid I'd ask Mr. Nightshire to blacklist you in the film industry?"

Right then, a tall figure strode in.

"Nobody told me I'd be blacklisting Mr. Sleight," came a low and icy drawl.


Immediately, everyone turned toward the door.


Shandie was irritated by how bossy the newcomer was. She glanced at the door in displeasure, but




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the moment she saw who it was, the color drained from her face.

 Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.

 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

 Send a Gift to the Writer!



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*Vinson Nightshire? Why is he here? If he's here, I can no longer pretend I'm good friends with him!*

To her utter shock, another slender figure appeared from Vinson's back.

The young woman was enchantingly beautiful with her minimal makeup. Her skin was as fair as porcelain.

Though she was just standing there without doing anything, she was a sight for sore eyes. It seemed as though they were only there to complement her presence.

*It's Arielle!*

Shandie's eyes widened in disbelief as the sparkle in her gaze disappeared.

Arielle stared at an obviously frightened Shandie and smirked. "I wouldn't have realized I'm now a female lead of a film if Mr. Nightshire hadn't mentioned it. Shannie, I can't believe you're impersonating me just to secure the role. Is this fun?"

Shandie clenched her fists and took two steps backward in humiliation.

*She found out. Everyone is going to find out about the truth.*

Shandie could hear the others whispering beside her.