

## Chapter 913 The Clues Were Erased

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After Marco hung up the phone, his face contorted with guilt.

Amidst the chaos of the Cruz family's affairs, he hadn't realized Loraine needed help until now.

He swiftly contacted a subordinate at Solar Company, tasking them with a discreet investigation into the necklace.

Despite having some standing within the Cruz family, Marco's trust in them was still lacking, especially when it came to Loraine's situation, which was of utmost importance to him. Thus, he had no choice but to entrust the matter to his loyal henchmen.

Solar Company's operatives, known for their efficiency, were his preferred choice. Given the clues provided by Loraine, uncovering the identity of the Tear of the Sea's buyer should have been straightforward.

However, the response from his men left Marco disappointed.

"Mr. Bryant, regarding the Tear of the Sea, it appears that the information has been deliberately suppressed and erased. Furthermore, we've discovered that the individual responsible for concealing the details is covertly tracking Miss Torres!"

Marco's countenance darkened considerably. He swiftly realized that Loraine's inquiries about the necklace had likely encroached upon certain individuals' interests.

These secretive Zodiac clans operated discreetly, and Loraine

might have inadvertently become a target.

With his attention divided within the Cruz family, Marco fretted over the possibility of someone targeting Loraine.

His gaze turned steely as he issued a commanding order, his voice resonating with intensity. "Erase all information related to Loraine immediately. We can't allow those people to track her down!"

His subordinate nodded in acknowledgment and promptly commenced the task. Marco set his phone down, his expression somber.

If he discovered anyone intending harm to Loraine, they would face his unyielding retribution.

Shortly after, another cell phone resting on the table began to ring. It was his work phone, a device typically used solely for business matters. Marco composed himself and answered the call, expecting to hear from one of his colleagues or associates.

However, he was taken aback when a soft, charming female voice greeted him on the other end. Her tone was affectionate and warm. "Marco, are you still busy? Why don't you take a break? Would you like me to bring some food over for you?"

Marco's frown deepened as he interrupted her, his tone curt. "Who are you? And what do you want?"

There was a brief pause on the other end before the voice let out a laugh. "Marco, you have quite the sense of humor. We met just yesterday. Surely you're not forgetting already?"

They met yesterday?

Marco's mind raced as he recalled his encounter with the Wilson family's daughter at the café.

The realization only deepened his frown. "This is my work phone. Why are you calling me here?" he questioned tersely.

Marco had always maintained a clear boundary between his professional and personal lives and harbored no favorable feelings towards Kaley. In fact, her call left him feeling nothing but annoyance.

Kaley, however, remained oblivious to Marco's disinterest and continued in a smug tone, "I'm a member of the Wilson family. Obtaining your phone number was child's play."

She paused momentarily before adding, "You've just arrived in Zodiac, Marco, so perhaps you don't understand. Whatever I desire to know or wish to keep hidden from others, I can effortlessly achieve. No one can rival the power and influence of my family."

Her intention was clear: to flaunt the might of the Wilson family and make Marco realize the benefits of being associated with her.

However, Marco remained unmoved by her words. "Are you done? I have important matters to attend to, so kindly refrain from further interfering with my work."

Kaley's attempt to win Marco over once again fell flat, and she couldn't hide her displeasure as she retorted, "Marco, why do you insist on pushing yourself to exhaustion? Marrying me would grant you everything you desire!"

Marco sneered. "So, you're suggesting I align myself with your family? Miss Wilson, I have no interest in such an arrangement, nor do I see any reason for us to continue any form of communication in the future."

With that, he abruptly ended the call, paying no heed to Kaley's potential reaction.

The only person he would consider joining another family for was Loraine. Who did Kaley think she was?

However, as he reflected on Kaley's earlier remarks, a troubling thought crept into his mind.

In Zodiac, only the Cruz and Wilson families wielded enough power to manipulate information with such ease. Could the matter Loraine was investigating be linked to the Wilson family in some way?

Meanwhile, in the Wilson family, a woman's voice resonated with annoyance as she berated someone over the phone. "Useless! How is it possible that you failed to uncover this information? The Wilson family has never encountered such incompetence in obtaining what they desire!"

An obsequious voice crackled through the phone. "Ms. Wilson, our efforts are being thwarted by someone... All we know at present is that the person investigating the necklace is a woman from Vagow."

Jaylah's fury intensified at the news. Clenching her teeth, she snapped, "Continue your investigation! I refuse to believe we can't uncover her identity!"

As Jaylah finished speaking, a mocking voice chimed in, "What's got you so worked up this time? Look at your face, all scrunched up like a rustic pumpkin. You're quite the sight!"

Jaylah's glare intensified, only for her to witness a man striding into the yard. He removed his sunglasses and mask, revealing a handsome face marked by a sneer and a cynical gaze. It was none other than Vincent, the man Loraine had encountered at the airport by chance.



## Chapter 914 Vincent Wilson

Jaylah looked at Vincent with a mix of disdain and annoyance, scolding him as if she were the picture of a noble sister. "Vincent! I'm your older sister. Should you really be speaking to me in such a manner?"

It was a bit of a shock to learn that the person his fans affectionately called "Prince Vincent" was none other than Vincent Wilson, the youngest son of the Wilson family.

Vincent, with a mocking smile playing at the corners of his mouth, gave Jaylah, who professed to be his sister, a dismissive look and retorted, "Please, I never acknowledged you as my sister! And stop calling me that. Hearing my name from you is unpleasant!"

Jaylah's demeanor turned cold, her eyes darkening with suppressed anger.

Though she was adored by everyone in the Wilson family, Vincent had always been the exception, antagonizing her since they were kids.

Vincent, noticing her upset expression, couldn't help but smirk. He taunted her, "Oh, you think I've forgotten everything from our childhood? Think again! I remember everything clearly! You're just an adopted member of this family, not a real sister to me. Did you think I was unaware? Ever since we were little, you've been trying to make me look bad to gain my parents' and brothers' affection. And now you claim to be my sister?"

Jaylah's surprise was all over her face, betraying her shock at his accusation.

She was taken aback. How had he picked up on that?

Back then, he was still youthful, and this tactic usually did the trick. She'd employed it in the past and claimed affection that wasn't rightfully hers.

Yet, even as Vincent exposed her, Jaylah remained outwardly unflustered, dismissing his claims. "That's just your imagination. I never did such things."

Vincent gave her an exasperated look, then, without further argument, brushed past her with his suitcase, making his way to his room with a sense of entitlement.

Jaylah stepped aside, her facade of calmness crumbling to reveal the anger beneath. She watched him leave with bitter resentment, biting back her anger.

Despite the affection she received from the Wilson family's elders, Vincent's position as the biological son and his growing fame and influence meant he was no longer the vulnerable child she could manipulate.

Turning away with a cold look, Jaylah harbored deep resentment towards him. If not for his public image, she would've put him in his place.

As he returned to his room, Vincent muttered to himself, "Ran into that woman the moment I got back. Talk about rotten luck! It's a shame she's not in showbiz. Her acting skills are top-notch. Only my ignorant family would believe she's innocent and harmless!"

Vincent vividly recalled the day Jaylah joined the Wilson family. He had been full of curiosity, merely watching her. Suddenly, she burst into tears, accusing him of hitting her.

As a boy, his eyes widened in shock when he saw his parents rush to comfort Jaylah, then turn their frustration on him for

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his supposed carelessness.

Swallowed his pride, Vincent turned away in anger, yet he had already glimpsed Jaylah's true nature.

Time and again, she plotted against him, her schemes always succeeding. Despite his fervent defenses, his objections went unnoticed. His family, including his parents and brothers, suspected him of jealousy, fearing Jaylah might take the affection intended for him.

Dwelling on these injustices made him feel disheartened. He shook his head, trying to dispel the bitter memories, and his gaze dropped in disillusionment.

Whenever Jaylah wronged him in the past, he sought refuge in his room, shedding tears alone, clutching an old photograph. He often wished his real sister were still with them.

He could faintly remember, from his early childhood, being cared for and lulled to sleep by someone dear to him. Though the memories were blurred, he knew it was his biological sister, who had mysteriously disappeared and was never found again.

With these reflections, he stood and walked over to a cabinet. He unlocked a drawer and retrieved an aged photo album.

Flipping to a specific page, he stared at a photograph, his eyes filled with longing.

In the picture, a young, charming girl was dressed in an exquisite gown, adorned with a radiant gem necklace.

He recognized the necklace as a cherished gift from his father to his sister. Yet, he remained unaware of its name - Tear of the Sea.



## Chapter 915 Heroine For The Film

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Two days later, Vincent joined the film crew.

He came back to take part in the shooting of a film that had received a lot of funding. He was drawn to the script, playing the role of the inspiring main male character.

The other roles were just as engaging, especially the strong and determined female lead, whose support and hard work were key to the protagonist's triumph.

The producer had picked Vincent for the lead role, but the identities of the rest of the cast were kept secret from him. Vincent remained unaware of who his counterpart was until he became a part of the crew.

Since becoming a member of the team, he had spent two days diving into the script. Today marked his first day filming the scene where the hero encounters his love for the first time. This moment was pivotal to the story as it set the stage for the hero's adventure.

As he sat getting his makeup done, Vincent concentrated deeply on understanding his character's mindset. He only opened his eyes at the director's cue to begin shooting, and he immediately slipped into his role.

Vincent had a commanding presence, often outshining experienced actors and engaging his scene partner in the act.

Yet, he was also known for guiding newcomers and aiding them in blending into the performance.



It was only now that he finally saw who the actress was.

Once fully immersed in the performance, he seldom showed personal emotions. However, at this moment, he couldn't help but show a bit of discontent.

The protagonist's first love was supposed to have a light, graceful presence akin to a lily. The actress not only wore excessive makeup, but her eyes, stance, and overall presence didn't fit the character's description.

Nevertheless, Vincent maintained his professionalism and patiently guided her into the essence of the scene.

The script described a scene where, upon seeing the heroine, he advanced towards her, filled with wonder. Yet, the lady appeared indifferent and remote towards him.

The actress playing opposite him broke character, her face flushed as she looked at him with evident admiration.

Even the director approached them to give some direction.

"Vincent, you're doing well. Just play to your strengths. But, Caitlin, try not to look at Vincent with such eagerness..."

On a second attempt, Vincent caught Caitlin Aston's look. She gazed at him in a manner more fitting for a flirtatious character than the aloof persona she was supposed to portray.

After multiple attempts and growing frustration, Vincent could tell Caitlin was deliberately making errors.

He had encountered such behavior before. Some actors made mistakes on purpose to interact more with him. Despite his usually cool demeanor, his professional ethic had him overlook such actions.

But when Caitlin deviated from the script again, Vincent grew

irritated, particularly as she initiated physical contact.

Vincent took the script very seriously, but his scene partner didn't seem to care at all.

This time, he reached his limit. He approached the director with a stern look and said, "Mr. Lee, my time is extremely valuable. If you haven't found an appropriate heroine yet, let's not waste our time!"

Aziel Lee was a respected figure in the industry. Having worked with Vincent on multiple occasions, he understood Vincent's character. With a troubled look, he explained to Vincent, "I understand your concerns, but Caitlin has connections. She was recommended by the Wilson family, and it's difficult for me to dismiss her without causing issues."

The Wilson family? Vincent's brow creased. Being a Wilson himself, he was puzzled by the revelation.

Aziel, unaware of Vincent's affiliation with the Wilson family, forced a bitter smile and remarked, "The Wilson family is the main investor in this film. Hence, my authority is limited..."

Vincent dismissed the concern with a huff. "Don't worry about the funding. We need to find a replacement for this actress."

Aziel, taken aback, struggled to find a response. "But where can we find a suitable replacement now that filming has begun?"

Vincent then had an idea and confidently said, "Leave it to me to handle!"

Meanwhile, Jennie came to visit Loraine. Upon reaching her place, she burst in, saying, "Lorrie, I talked to my teacher about the video. It turns out it came from someone else, originally owned by a reclusive old artist..."

Loraine felt a twinge of disappointment. But Jennie, unable to

contain her excitement, blurted out, "And guess what? Vincent was his student!"

Jennie pushed her further, "Vincent's teacher could give us the details we need. Lorrie, you still have Vincent's number, right? Just call him!"

Loraine was torn between amusement and disbelief. "He's a celebrity. I think he was just being nice. Why are you taking it so seriously?"

Jennie insisted, "I won't accept that. He's my idol, known for his integrity, and he agreed to dine with you. It must mean something!"

Loraine remained silent, pondering the idea of reaching out to Vincent through Wesley's entertainment company, preferring a professional approach over personal favors.

Just then, her phone rang with an unknown number.

Answering the call, Loraine heard a friendly male voice. "Hi, is this the young lady who helped me at the airport? This is Vincent!"



## Chapter 916 Invitation To Play The Role

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As if on cue, there was a call from Vincent.

The unexpected interruption prompted Loraine and Jennie to exchange surprised glances.

With a smug grin on her face, Jennie silently mouthed, "See, I told you."

She then pointed at the photo of Tear of the Sea on the table, signaling to Loraine that this was the opportune moment to inquire about it.

After a brief pause, Loraine said on the phone, "Yes, I am. What is it, Mr. Cohen?"

In a brisk tone, Vincent replied, "I was wondering if I could have the honor of inviting you for a meal. I want to thank you for helping me at the airport, and I also have a favor to ask of you."

Loraine was pleasantly surprised to hear this. She had been contemplating how to contact Vincent, and here he was, reaching out to her first.

Moreover, he sought her help, which meant that he would owe her a favor in return.

Exhaling a sigh of relief, Loraine agreed, "Okay, just pick a time for us to meet."

At the appointed time, Loraine and Jennie arrived at the restaurant Vincent had reserved.

Vincent was already there. Although he was a superstar, he did not put on any airs. A bright smile adorned his face as he welcomed the two women and courteously pulled out chairs for them.

Loraine nodded in thanks. Then, with a polite smile, she asked, "Mr. Cohen, what can I help you with?"

Caught off guard, Vincent did not reply. His gaze seemed to be glued to Loraine's face.

This woman seemed to possess a magical ability to make him feel like he was in a movie. At this moment, he felt like the protagonist encountering the ethereal and unattainable dream girl from the script.

Furrowing her brows slightly, Loraine gently called him. "Mr. Cohen?"

Only then did Vincent snap out of his reverie, his eyes reflecting satisfaction.

Initially, he had thought Loraine just suited the role because of her aura, but now he was almost certain the role was tailor-made for her.

Cutting to the chase, Vincent said, "You're a beautiful woman, and I think you would look very good on screen. Do you have any interest in acting?"

Usually, when a person suddenly complimented another's appearance, it could come off as flirtatious. However, the sincerity in Vincent's tone, coupled with the latter part of his statement, made it clear that he was not flirting. Nevertheless, Loraine was caught off guard by these comments, and didn't understand why he would say such things.

As if worried that she would decline, Vincent hurriedly added, "Maybe you're hesitating because you're not a professional

actress, but don't worry. The role isn't a challenging one. I believe you can handle it. There aren't many lines. You'll just have a few scenes with me. The key is to portray the character's aloof demeanor and strong personality. I think you can pull it off perfectly."

Lorraine hesitated. Although she had experience performing on stage, acting was very different from singing.

Jennie, brimming with excitement, interjected, "Mr. Cohen, is it true that you've taken on a role in this new show? This isn't just some marketing stunt for the show, is it?"

Dimples appeared on Vincent's cheeks when he smiled and nodded, prompting Jennie to squeal in excitement. With sparkling eyes, she asked, "So you're casting for that show?"

Unable to contain her joy, Jennie tugged on Lorraine's sleeve. "Lorrie, the show is adapted from my favorite novel! My favorite character is going to be played by my favorite idol!"

Observing Jennie's reaction, Lorraine smiled resignedly. She watched as Jennie shifted her gaze back to Vincent, a mix of appreciation and excitement evident in her eyes.

"Mr. Cohen, we both have good taste! The character you mentioned just now is the hero's dream girl, right? When I read the novel, I always pictured Lorrie as that girl. It's so fitting! It's not just their personalities that are similar, but even their background stories! At one point I even suspected it was a fanfiction about Lorrie's life."

Vincent grinned, pleased to learn so much about Lorraine from Jennie. "Having read the novel myself, I'm curious to know what exactly Lorraine and the character have in common."

Jennie launched into a heartfelt explanation. "You don't know Lorrie's story, right? She grew up in the countryside. Later, after being reunited with her real family, she became the



strong, powerful woman she is now. Lorrie is practically born for this role!"

Surprised by the uncanny resemblance Loraine's life had to the character's, Vincent turned to her and said, "This proves that you really are the most suitable person for this role."

Before Loraine could reply, Jennie seized the opportunity to negotiate on her behalf. "Lorrie would be glad to do it! But if she helps you out with this, could you do us a favor?"

Vincent chuckled. "If Miss Torres agrees to help me, I'll owe her a favor. You can ask for anything, whether it's money or help with endorsements, and so on."

After a moment of contemplation, Loraine decisively stated, "I can take on the role, and you don't have to owe me any favors. However, I hope you can introduce me to your teacher."

