

Chapter 294 Go Ahead

"What?"

Sabrina felt a jolt of surprise when she heard her name mentioned. Confused, she looked around to find that all eyes were on her.

As an assistant, she had always tried her best to maintain a low profile. She wondered why Peter was seeking her opinion now.

It appeared Peter recognized her.

"What do you think of Molly's reaction here?" Peter asked again.

Observing the contemplative expression on Peter's face, Sabrina pondered for a moment and responded, "I haven't read the script, so I'm not familiar with the plot. However, from an audience's perspective, if Molly is portrayed as someone solely focused on profits from the beginning, it may come across as too predictable and cliché. I believe the audience would be more engaged if they saw a kind-hearted person forced to do wrong under the pressure of life. It would make Molly a more relatable and authentic character, and the story more compelling."

A character forced into a villainous role often elicited more pity and sympathy. It also provided an opportunity to showcase acting skills.

In the past, a few successful actors took on villainous roles in movies and TV shows, and these performances were considered notable accomplishments in their careers. These roles demonstrated their range and versatility.

Sabrina added, "This is only my personal opinion. Ultimately, it's up to the director and scriptwriter."

Peter nodded thoughtfully. "Don't be modest. You're right. It's precisely the essence of Molly's character. She must disagree with the heroine at

some time, and then they break up. Otherwise, why make her the heroine's best friend?"

He had discovered the problem before Jericho mentioned it.

Peter regarded Jericho with appreciation and then shifted his gaze to Galilea, wearing an intrigued expression.

If Galilea followed her initial idea, Molly's character would seem odd. The role could potentially be compromised.

Galilea's expression shifted subtly. She gave Sabrina a discreet, cold glance and clenched the script.

As Rowell listened to Sabrina's composed and articulate speech, an eagerness surged within him, and he couldn't wait for the luncheon to come.

The scriptwriter and others discussed modifying Molly's lines.

It was past twelve o'clock.

After concluding the discussion, Peter glanced at his watch and closed the script in his hand. "Well, let's call it a day. I'll update you once the next session is confirmed."

"Okay."

"Thank you, Peter."

Everyone agreed.

Rowell exchanged a knowing glance with Galilea and suggested, "Let's all have dinner together before heading back. I'll have the waiter bring in the dishes."

"I'll take care of it," said the agent of one of the young men, standing up.

The young man and another individual were competing for a supporting role.

The two of them presented themselves during the discussion. Peter didn't indicate his stance, so both felt they still had a chance.

Seeing this, other actors and assistants stood up and followed suit. "Allow me," some chimed in.

"Stay seated, all of you. I'll go," Rowell said. "I have already ordered the dishes. Please, take a seat."

He stepped out of the room briefly and returned a few minutes later.

The waiter served all the dishes. Peter made a brief speech, and someone proposed a toast. Everyone raised their glasses in succession.

People at the table raised their glasses in toast and drank, engaging in flattery. Only a few of them were eating.

At this time, the young man's agent took the initiative to propose a toast to Peter and other key individuals. Then, to Jericho, the confirmed lead actor, and finally Galilea.

Galilea smiled and winked at Sabrina with a hint of malice in her eyes. "I'm sorry. I have a stomachache, so I don't want to drink."

Since Sabrina was Galilea's assistant now, she had to do the honor for her. She picked up her glass and clinked it with the two. "Cheers. I'll drink on Ms. Clifford's behalf."

Then Sabrina drank it all in one gulp.

For fear of being outdone, others also began to propose toasts. Sabrina, in turn, raised her glass for Galilea.

The toasting continued, and Sabrina conversed with those present, toasting them for Galilea.

After a toast with Peter, Galilea refilled Sabrina's glass and nodded at Rowell, saying, "Rowell, to our smooth cooperation and promising future."

"On behalf of Ms. Clifford, I propose a toast to you." Sabrina raised her

glass and clinked it with Rowell.

Rowell smiled slyly. "Of course, if we work together, we'll definitely succeed."

Sabrina couldn't shake the feeling that Rowell was looking at her in a way that made her skin crawl.

As Sabrina drank more glasses, she began to feel a burning fire in her stomach. Her cheeks flushed, and her eyes grew moist.

After toasting the last person, Sabrina felt dizzy and a little disoriented. Feeling lightheaded, she stumbled back to her seat. Putting her hand on her forehead, she leaned heavily against the table. She couldn't speak, couldn't even think straight. Alcohol was clouding her mind, making her feel uncomfortable and vulnerable.

Having attended many socializing events during her career, she knew how to pace her drinking to avoid getting drunk. Despite this, Sabrina couldn't shake the feeling that something was terribly wrong.

Sabrina knew she hadn't drunk too much, but the effects hit her hard, making her dizzy and hot.

"Sabrina, are you okay?" Galilea asked, feigning concern.

Sabrina knew things were amiss as she progressively got worse.

Alarm bells rang in her mind as she attempted to steady herself. "I'm fine... I need to go to the restroom."

Gripping the table for support, Sabrina stood and staggered out.

Once Sabrina left the room, Galilea turned to Peter and the others, smiling mockingly. "It seems she's having trouble walking. I'll go check on her."

Peter waved his hand and replied, "Sure, go ahead. You should probably escort her home."

"I'll see."

Exiting the room, Sabrina leaned against the wall, trying to steady herself.

Galilea caught up with her. She grabbed Sabrina's wrist and snarled, "Where do you think you're going?"

Sabrina attempted to free herself from Galilea's grip, but she couldn't gather enough strength. She answered in a weak voice, "Let go of me..."

But Galilea only tightened her grip more, smiling slyly. "Aren't you heading to the bathroom? I'll take you there!"

Galilea dragged Sabrina into the elevator.

Sabrina was helpless. Her body grew hotter and more uncomfortable. Her head was spinning, and her face was flushed. She was losing consciousness. Feebly, she leaned against the elevator wall and muttered, "I'm burning up... Help me..."

Galilea could hear the faint sound of Sabrina's breathing.

As the elevator doors opened, Galilea pulled her into the prepared room and pushed her down on the bed. Sabrina was too weak to resist and collapsed onto it.

Sabrina's eyes closed as she lost all awareness of her surroundings. She involuntarily tugged at her collar, murmuring, "Hot... I feel so hot..."

Galilea put on a wicked expression as her plan neared success.

She approached Sabrina and pinched her cheek hard. "Sabrina, you're finished! Let's see if Tyrone will still love you after today!" she sneered.

Galilea then sent a message to Rowell.

A few minutes later, Rowell knocked on the door and entered. Seeing Sabrina sprawled unconscious on the bed, he wore a sleazy smile with a glint of satisfaction in his eyes.

"Ms. Clifford, you certainly keep your word. I'm very pleased with this 'gift!'"

With a sinister grin, Galilea turned on the camera placed on the bedside table and said, "Excellent. She's all yours. I'll go back now. Just make sure to send me the video once you've finished!"

"Of course!" he said, drooling at the thought.

As soon as Galilea left, he hurriedly locked the door, eager to begin. He climbed onto the bed and started to undress Sabrina.

Rowell abruptly stopped, stunned.

Sabrina opened her eyes.

