

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 501

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As the sand painting began, the audience could see a vivid image—the man’s country had eventually become a war zone.

With the intense but smooth piano piece, they couldn’t help but clench their fists and feel worried for the man.

Despite the ravages of war, the man was strong-willed and finally led his people to defeat the enemies and win the war.

As the people cheered for the victory, the man was suddenly shot by an arrow.

In no time, blood splattered out from his chest.

Meanwhile, the lady with a crescent moon mark on her forehead finally escaped from Zeus and came to the battlefield.

It was a bolt from the blue for her to see the man lying in a puddle of blood.

Bam

An ear-piercing noise came from the piano, indicating that the lady was heartbroken and devastated.

Eventually, the sand painting became pitch-black, and the piano-playing also stopped.

Toward the end, a few words appeared in the sand painting: In the Moonlight.

With that, the entire hall fell silent, save for sobs coming from the audience.

The audience was touched by the perfect combination of the sand painting and the piano performance, feeling as though the story depicted by Arielle actually happened in real life.

When Wendy opened her eyes, she realized that tears had rolled down her cheeks.

Shocked, Wendy glanced at Arielle, who was in the limelight.

At that moment, Wendy was finally aware of the insurmountable gap between Arielle and her.

Alas, I lag far behind Arielle.

Wendy couldn't continue thinking, for her mind had gone blank. Besides, she went weak at the knees and collapsed onto the floor.

Meanwhile, beads of perspiration formed on Arielle's forehead. After heaving a sigh, she walked to the center of the stage and bowed to the audience.

“And that is the end of my performance. Thank you.”

Upon hearing Arielle's words, the audience, who had been captivated by the performance, slowly came to their senses.

Wendy regained her composure faster than anyone else,

for she had a deep prejudice against Arielle.

Clap! Clap!

When someone began clapping, everyone in the hall followed suit.

It was so loud that even those who happened to be near the hall could hear it.

After coming to his senses, Steven yelled excitedly, “Incredible! Incredible!”

Steven was surprised to listen to the live version of In the Moonlight. All the more so, he was impressed by the performance, for it was even better than the piece recorded by the most prominent pianist in the last century.

Meanwhile, two musicians who stood next to Steven also calmed themselves down. Instantly, one of them commended, “Genius! She must be a genius! Who is she? I want to rope her in as my disciple.”

“Rope her in as your disciple?” Another musician shouted, “I want to become her disciple!”

“Out of my way!” Steven pushed them aside and ran toward the stage.

The next moment, he kneeled before Arielle and shouted, “Miss, please accept me as your disciple! I’m willing to do everything I can in exchange for learning from you!”

The audience in the hall was stunned.

Are we seeing things?

The prominent pianist Steven is kneeling before Arielle and begging her to accept him as her disciple?

Just then, the other two pianists also rushed to the stage and kneeled before her, for they refused to be left out.

Although the prominent pianists weren’t from Chanaea, they knew it was the country’s culture for a disciple to kneel before his master.

All the more so, they thought it was worthy to kneel before the talented girl.

Wendy turned pale and shivered uncontrollably at the scene.

She was shocked that Steven and the other musicians who snorted at her would kneel before Arielle.

As such, Wendy thought it was a huge slap in her face.

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Why? Wendy wanted to vent her dissatisfaction with the unfair treatment, but she was too weak to utter a word.

Just then, Wendy noticed that Vinson was walking toward her.

As if Vinson was her last hope, she lifted her hand in the hope that he would help her up.

However, Vinson merely glanced at her calmly before he walked past her and went up to the stage.

As soon as Vinson walked past Wendy, she heard him saying, “Tsk, she wasted my Sennhein.”

Instantly, Wendy blushed in embarrassment.

While Wendy was too weak to argue with him, Vinson didn’t give her the chance to say a word either. Instead, he ignored her and walked straight toward Arielle.

Meanwhile, Arielle was surprised as she had been unaware that the prominent Steven and the other two musicians were there to watch her show.

All the more so, she was shocked when the three of them kneeled before her together.

When Arielle was still clueless, Vinson suddenly said, “Arielle, why are you standing there for? These three professionals came all the way to watch your performance and are even kneeling before you now, so

you should accept their request.”

With that, Steven and the rest cast a grateful glance at Vinson.

Arielle wasn't sure why Vinson asked her to accept their request.

After all, it didn't make sense for her to accept such prominent musicians as her disciples.

Nonetheless, she knew that Vinson had a plan when he asked her to do so.

Hence, Arielle stopped hesitating about it and said with a nod, “All right. Please stand up.”

With that, she immediately helped them up.

The three prominent musicians were delighted and almost burst into dance when Arielle agreed to their request.

But their stiff bodies forbade them from doing so, so they only bowed to Arielle repeatedly and began introducing themselves.

Meanwhile, the students downstairs began cheering, for

Arielle salvaged not only the pride of their university but also Chanaea's pianist circle.

With Arielle's world-class performance, Chanaea's pianist circle could finally get rid of its bad reputation brought about by Wendy.

Hence, all of them felt proud of having such an outstanding college mate.

“Boohoo... I can't help but cry. Arielle will be my goddess from today onward!”

“I guess no one will oppose it if we proclaim Arielle as the top goddess of our university, right?”

“By the way, has anyone noticed her Goddess of Hunting? It’s the real deal! Well, she’s the only one who deserves it!”

“Those who claimed that the Goddess of Hunting is fake must feel a hard slap in their faces right now.”

“It hurts, but I love it! I’m willing to get a few more slaps in my face from her!”.

The merry atmosphere spread across the hall in no time.

In a secluded corner, Donovan stood still with an unreadable expression.

Deep down, Donovan knew that he would benefit from it when Arielle’s talent was recognized by Steven and other prominent pianists.

He believed that he would gain respect from everyone once he introduced himself as Arielle’s homeroom teacher to the three prominent musicians.

However, he didn’t feel excited for some reason.

Donovan couldn’t help but punch his face to ascertain if he was dreaming

“Hiss...” The next moment, he withdrew his hand in pain.

It hurts! I’m not hallucinating!

Arielle proved me wrong once again!

As Donovan’s expression turned grim, his phone suddenly rang.

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Who is calling me at this hour?

Donovan massaged his temples to soothe his headache. Refused to see Arielle's arrogance on the stage, he left the hall and answered the phone.

Immediately, a lecturer said over the phone excitedly, "Don, I've sent your mathematical solutions to a few directors of Maxwell University, and they are impressed! So, please work hard on your thesis. I heard that they might lower the standards of obtaining the certificate for you. Instead of sending three students to Maxwell University, they might lower it down to one student. So, your thesis will be of utmost importance!"

Delighted, Donovan replied, "All right, sir. I'll work hard on it!"

"Okay. Also, do you remember that I mentioned a senior who's good at advanced math? Get her help as soon as possible, and you'll complete your thesis smoothly."

"Understood!"

Donovan's hand shook visibly after the call ended.

I was supposed to send three students to Maxwell University to get the certificate. Once I pass my thesis, I only need to send one student. That's good news! However...

Donovan's countenance fell again, for he knew that he had the opportunity only because of Arielle.

Instead of feeling delighted about the news, he was inexplicably upset and even disgusted for some reason.

He had the same feelings in the hall earlier on. It was as if he had stolen from Arielle for his self-interest.

Donovan shut his eyes and took a deep breath. After regaining his composure, he slowly opened his eyes.

Arielle won't know about it anyway. Besides, who knows if she only happened to come up with the mathematical solutions?

Since I'm Arielle's lecturer, why can't I use her work? After all, my students' work is the same as mine because I've taught them.

Donovan felt a lot more relieved at the thought.

Since the board of directors valued him, he didn't have to return to the hall to greet Steven and the other musicians.

Meanwhile, Susanne was in a trance even after Steven and the other musicians left the hall.

She was deeply drenched in the melody played by Arielle and couldn't come to her senses yet.

Deep down, she remembered only one man who had superb piano skills like Arielle—Maureen's husband.

Back then, Maureen's piano skills improved tremendously with the man's tutoring.

He couldn't possibly teach Arielle because she doesn't even know him.

In that case, it's possible that Arielle is his child.

Susanne felt shocked but tempted to know more at the same time.

After all these years, Susanne didn't know the man's whereabouts and whether his family punished Maureen and her child.

They say parents would never harm their children. What if the family didn't get rid of Maureen's child but accepted her instead? If that's true, does it mean that I lost the perfect daughter-in-law?

After hesitating for a while, Susanne finally decided to give up on that idea due to her fear.

The Nightshire family is more than enough. I don't have to take the risk to build a relationship with that family.

As Susanne pondered over it, she suddenly heard Wendy's sobbing near her.

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“Boohoo... Mrs. Nightshire, I don't understand why Mr. Parker and the other musicians value Arielle so much but ignore me. Will my effort all these years turn into nothing? Am I no match for Arielle in all aspects? Am I that unlikeable? Boohoo...”

Wendy lay on Susanne's lap and began crying.

Despite her fake cry, Wendy was indeed upset.

At that moment, she could only seek solace from Susanne because she couldn't get any from Vinson.

Arielle's superb piano skills mean nothing since Susanne has set her mind on me!

The more convinced Wendy was, the louder she cried.

Before that, Susanne was conflicted and intended to back Wendy anyway. But when Wendy cried non-stop, she suddenly felt impatient.

Moreover, Susanne felt embarrassed when she recalled that Steven taunted Wendy on the stage earlier.

At that moment, a thought flashed through Susanne's mind.

Would I not be embarrassed if my future daughter-in law is Arielle instead? There is no doubt that the answer is yes.

Meanwhile, Wendy felt slightly puzzled, for Susanne didn't comfort her even though she had gone all out to

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cry.

When Wendy looked up at Susanne, she saw her frowning. Instead of the usual endearing warmth on Susanne's face, all Wendy could see was impatience.

Wendy was shocked, and her mind went blank.

Why is Susanne reacting in such a way?

As fear rose in Wendy, her lips twitched.

If Susanne loses her fondness for me, I'll have no chance to marry into the Nightshires!

Wendy's face turned pale at that thought. The next moment, tears streamed down her face uncontrollably.

"Mrs. Nightshire..." Wendy tried very hard to regain her composure as she asked, "What is going on?"

Deep down, Wendy wanted to know what was on Susanne's mind when the latter behaved as such.

Noticing Wendy's fear, Susanne came to her senses and flashed Wendy an embarrassed smile. "I'm okay. I was only thinking about something. Don't cry. Your piano skills are better than most people. Your efforts won't be wasted. Mr. Parker only gave those remarks because he is the top pianist in the world. On the other hand, an ordinary pianist will definitely appreciate your talent."

Although Wendy nodded in response, she didn't listen to Susanne's words at all, for she was focused on reading

Susanne's facial expression.

Nonetheless, Wendy couldn't read Susanne's mind after observing her for a while.

Susanne might be slightly dissatisfied with me after Steven taunted me.

Wendy forced herself not to overthink it. The next moment, she pretended to look obedient and determined as she said to Susanne, “Thank you, Mrs. Nightshire. However, I admit that I’ve embarrassed you. From now on, I’ll work even harder!”

After a while, Wendy added, “The first monthly test is around the corner. Mrs. Nightshire, I promise to get the first place and work hard to be enrolled at Maxwell University!”

Maxwell University isn’t a place for ordinary people.

To put things into perspective, even my son Vinson devoted a lot of time and effort to be enrolled at the university.

If Wendy can study there, I can still consider accepting her as my future daughter-in-law.

Fortunately, Wendy is unaware that I’m thinking about giving up on her!

Feeling slightly better, Susanne blinked and asked Wendy for confirmation, “What do you think the odds of you being enrolled at the university are?”

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 505 Wendy shook her head, faking confusion. "I'm not sure. But Mr. Baxter said I have the highest possibility to enter the university within the entire class." "Excellent!" She didn't need to consider Arielle as a risk then, with Wendy's words. After hesitating for two seconds, Susanne couldn't suppress her curiosity and asked, "Do you know the probability of Arielle making it into Maxwell University?" Wendy's expression froze. Her fists clenched tightly. I knew it! There's no way Susanne will show that expression to me. So the reason is Arielle. She's actually considering that bumpkin, Arielle? Merely for that ridiculous song, In the Moonlight? Dang! At that moment, Wendy almost had a mental breakdown. She tried her best to mask her frozen expression. Finally, she shook her head and laughed dryly. "Ms. Stone, are you joking? Mr. Baxter had warned that she would be removed from his class if she didn't make it into the top twenty. She might not even be studying in Jadeborough University after the monthly exam." A sense of guilt rose within Wendy due to the warning by Vinson. But if I don't put it that way, I won't be able to stop Susanne's thoughts toward Arielle. She saw Susanne let out a sigh and shake her head. There was a flash of disgust in the latter's eyes. "One's learning environment is still important." Susanne made her point without further elaborating. She didn't continue her interest in Arielle but focused all her attention on Wendy. The night darkened. Arielle had barely managed to escape from Steven's enthusiasm as she tugged Vinson to an empty corner. She whispered, "Why do you ask me to take on Steven?"

Vinson's cheeks blushed pink at Arielle's closeness. She was so close that he could even count the number of eyelashes she had. Arielle didn't get a response from Vinson for a while. She tilted her head and asked puzzledly, "Did you hear me?" An unconscious movement from her closed the gap between them further. Vinson was swallowing the saliva in his mouth nervously. The thoughts of kissing her kept popping up in his mind. "Vinson! Vinson!" Arielle called. Finally, she patted his head to snap him out of his train of thought. Vinson's mind blanked out for a moment at the impact he felt on his head. However, he managed to collect himself. Taking a step back, he didn't dare to look at Arielle anymore. He was afraid he would lose control and do something to her. Vinson coughed dryly into his fist and

shifted his gaze from Arielle. “I heard you the first time. There’s no need to get violent with me.” “I’m sorry.” Arielle chuckled awkwardly and muttered, “I’m not the one that’s spacing out.” “I wasn’t! I was just... Maybe I’m just suffering from a mild case of heat stroke.” Vinson let out another cough and asked, “What were you asking before?”. Arielle let out a resigned sigh and repeated. “I asked why would you ask me to take on Steven?” Vinson shrugged. “Didn’t you want the guy you’re searching for to notice you? The whole world will know of you once you take Steven Parker on as your student.” “You...” Arielle was panicking. She didn’t want the whole world to know her. What was she going to do if her other identities were revealed? At that thought, she suddenly remembered that Henrick’s matter would be resolved soon, so she didn’t need to hide anymore. Arielle sighed. “I hope the plan works.” At that moment, Arielle’s phone rang. It was a call from Henrick.

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Arielle gestured for Vinson to be silent as she picked up the call. Her tone turned soft and sweet. “Hello, Dad? Need me for anything?”

As he observed her speedy change of tone, Vinson couldn’t help but think she was cute.

Maybe when you like a person, everything about her is cute.

On the other side of the call, Henrick was unaware of the matter happening at Jadeborough University. So his tone was the usual authoritative.

“Request leave from your lecturers after your classes tonight. Tomorrow is Shandie’s funeral. You need to be back early.”

“All right.” Arielle kept her voice sweet and remembered to inquire after Malorie. “How is Grandma doing?”

“She has recovered her appetite and strength. Bring some cookies on your way back. Your Grandma loves it.”

“Okay, Dad.”

Once Henrick ended the call, the obedience on Arielle’s face had turned into a mask of cold.

Vinson thought that she was even cuter.

He arched his brow. “What did Henrick say?”

Arielle sighed. “He wants me back tomorrow for Shandie’s funeral.”

These few days in university have been too comfortable. My stomach turned at the thought of returning to that place filled with hypocrites.

Vinson noticed her displeasure. “I’ll send you back later. If you find Henrick annoying, I can stay the night with

you.”

“No!” Arielle rejected instantly. “You don’t have to come over. I can go back just fine.”

Vinson was insistent in his offer.

“You will be more convenient with me being there. You don’t know what to expect for tomorrow’s funeral.”

Arielle hesitated for a short while before she nodded in agreement. “All right. But we need to sleep in separate rooms at night. I’m not used to sleeping with someone else. I don’t care what excuse you come up with.”

“No problem.” Vinson agreed.

After the freshman party ended, a video made its way into the internet and skyrocketed through the ranks, trending number one.

Soon, the video had reached the phones of the general public.

It was of a girl playing In The Moonlight at the

freshman party. The song elicited a sense of excitement within the listeners.

Furthermore, the scene of Steven kneeling on the stage had raised the perception of Chanaean’s piano skills to a level worthy of praise.

The video was spread and shared repeatedly throughout the internet and made its way overseas.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the globe.

A blue-eyed man was leisurely sipping on red wine with two beautiful women beside him. The women were sexy and expert at pleasing men.

But there was a slight fear in their smiles and actions.

The man sipped on the wine fed by the woman as he scrolled through his phone.

His fingers halted on a video with a beautiful piano melody.

“In The Moonlight.” The man uttered the name of the song in Ustranasion.

He instinctively increased the volume and shut his eyes as he listened intently, enjoying the pleasing tune.

The melody became clear. It was passionate at times and gentle at others as if a young girl was crooning. It lasted the entire song.

The two women couldn't help but admire. “What a beautiful song.”

“Aaron, you said the song title is In the Moonlight. Was it the song which nobody dared claim they can play it?”?

“Yes.” Aaron nodded his head. He opened his eyes and glanced at his phone.

He wanted to see if Steven was the one who played it.

He replayed the song and dragged the progress bar randomly, arriving at a close-up of a beautiful girl.

“It's her!”

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He sat up straight abruptly. The grasp he had on his phone quivered with an expression of disbelief on his face.

It was the first time the two women had seen such an expression on him. They leaned in for a closer look at his phone.

They merely saw the beautiful face of a girl on the screen. Her beauty gave a strong impression, carving her every detail into their memory.

The two women exclaimed, “This girl is so beautiful! Do you know her, Aaron?”

Aaron didn’t reply to them, but the corners of his mouth curled up into a smile.

He was too busy recently that he forgot about the kitten he met in Chanaea. □

Unexpectedly, his kitten was proficient in diffusing bombs and piano.

Perfect! As expected of my kitten indeed!

He rose from his luxurious throne-like chair and made a call as he paced, ignoring the two women.

“That girl in Chanaea I’ve asked you to find out. Why haven’t I received anything on her yet?”

The subordinate on the receiving end answered respectfully, “Mr. Aaron, I have sent you a copy of the

findings to your mailbox. I’ll send you another copy.”

The call ended, and Aaron soon received a new mail.

The email had labeled the girl's previous resume and her latest whereabouts.

“Jadeborough University.” Another smile curled on Aaron's lips.

To his surprise, she had a rough past. She was kidnapped and sold to a rural town when she was younger, but she made her way back to Jadeborough. She is the epitome of a damsel in distress waiting for my rescue.

Aaron left his castle-like house and got in his car. However, two bodyguards stopped him before he could drive off.

“Apologies, Mr. Aaron. We were ordered not to let you leave.”

Aaron frowned. “Why?”

The bodyguards exchanged glances. “The Duke was not satisfied with the way you implemented your last mission. So, you're ordered to stay at home till the collaboration with the Duke ends, for the Duke fears you might mess it up.”

The creases on Aaron's forehead deepened.

“I'm not going to look for the Duke. I'm helping him

search for a pianist. Didn't he like playing the piano? I'll bring her to meet him.”

The bodyguards stand firm with their decision. “Apologies, Mr. Aaron. You can't leave.”

Aaron's face darkened.

These two have decent skills. I can overpower them and escape if I try my hardest. But the problem is I will definitely get caught.

After a brief hesitation, Aaron said, “Bring me to him. I’ll talk to him myself.”

Arielle asked around and found out Donovan was in the lecturers’ dorm.

She couldn’t reach Donovan through her phone, so she came looking for him. She knocked on his door.

If she didn’t apply for leave before her departure, Donovan would find fault with her once she comes back.

Donovan had changed into his pajamas, ready to turn in for the night in his room. He was experiencing insomnia recently. He needed at least two hours of shut-eye before he could fall asleep.

Unexpectedly, someone knocked on his door. He got up from the bed annoyingly to greet his late-night visitor.

A complicated look arose on his face, seeing Arielle outside his door.

He didn’t understand his feelings toward her.

However, he could feel something blossoming deep within a corner of his heart when he saw her knocking on his door late at night.

That feeling made him anxious and scared.

Donovan’s face turned hostile. “What are you doing in front of my room so late at night?”

His words made him realize the peculiarity of Arielle’s arrival.

The kind which could induce dirty thoughts.

But all Donovan felt was glee.

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Arielle didn't expect the first words out of Donovan's mouth to be so rude.

The respect she had for him was slowly reducing to dust.

Arielle frowned, wanting to explain but said nothing in the end.

A fight with that kind of person was merely a waste of time and energy.

She ignored his words as though he never said them in the first place and asked politely instead, upholding her upbringing. "Mr. Baxter, I want to apply for leave for a day tomorrow. Please approve."

Donovan wrinkled his nose irritably while a flash of disappointment crossed his mind.

He scolded. "It has only been a few days since the term has started, and you're applying for leave already. If you don't want to study, then quit. There's no need for you to use such tactics."

Arielle retorted casually, "It's not because I don't want to study. Tomorrow is my sister's funeral. Please approve my leave."

Donovan was stunned for a short second then was embarrassed.

He hadn't thought of that possibility.

But how would I know her words to be true?

Many students had applied for leave with all kinds of excuses. Many had lied, saying their grandparents had passed away. So Arielle could be lying as well.

Donovan asked coldly, “How would I know you’re not lying? You can apply for leave, but you need to give me your sister’s death certificate.”

“You...” Anger rolled through Arielle. It was her first time encountering such an unreasonable lecturer.

However, she still didn’t want to fight despite being angry. It was pointless to gain the upper hand through verbal dispute.

“Since you don’t approve, then I will get it from the principal once I return.”

Arielle turned to leave.

“Arielle Moore!”

Donovan hadn’t thought Arielle would leave without begging him. He felt disrespected as a lecturer.

“Arielle!” he shouted again.

But her steps didn’t falter.

Seeing her back slowly disappear at the stairs, he began panicking, and so he threatened, “If you dare to leave, I’ll bring the principal to your house and expel you in

front of your parents tomorrow.”

Arielle’s steps finally halted.

Donovan released a relieved sigh, he was about to say something when he saw her head turn slowly, and there was solely coldness in those eyes of hers. He didn't dare to meet her gaze.

Not giving him a chance to speak, Arielle turned her head back and continued forward. This time her pace had quickened. Her back soon disappeared in Donovan's eyes.

Donovan was rooted in place in shock for a few seconds.

I was shocked by the look my student gave me.

A huge wave of humiliation engulfed him.

"F**k!" he cursed, anger shot through him.

He would bring the principal to visit Arielle's house tomorrow and expose her lie.

He would use that chance to expel Arielle for good so that she would finally be gone from Jadeborough University and away from his sight.

This is the price! The price for the look in her eyes!

Arielle sat silently in Vinson's car.

Even though she didn't fight with Donovan, her mood was affected.

How did this kind of person manage to graduate from Maxwell University? I graduated from Maxwell University with a degree in Education, so I'm well aware of the difficulty in obtaining the certificate of degree and the teaching certificate of Maxwell University.

He must have found a loophole.

Vinson noticed something was wrong with Arielle, but he didn't ask since she didn't say anything. He guessed it was probably related to Donovan.

When they almost reached the Southall residence, he finally asked, "Do I need to make Donovan disappear?"

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Arielle was stunned upon hearing Vinson's words. A moment later, she shook her head vigorously. "There's no need for that."

Vinson raised a brow and asked again, "Are you sure? It's not hard to make him disappear from your sight."

"I know." Arielle nodded as she turned away to gaze out of the car window. "I don't have to do much to make him disappear too, but anyway, I'm not here to study for a long term. As long as I find the person I want, I'll leave and never see him again. I can still stand him if he doesn't piss me off for the time being."

"All right." Vinson nodded. "Just let me know when you're sick of him. Don't forget that we're married now."

You can always rely on me."

Arielle's heart skipped a beat as she turned to look at Vinson's face. Suddenly, the annoyance in her heart vanished.

"Okay." She nodded. Her gaze softened.

So, this is how it feels like to have a backup.

Subconsciously, the corners of Arielle's lips curled into a smile.

Soon, they arrived at the Southall residence.

Arielle headed straight into the living room while Vinson went to park his car.

The living room was *brightly lit*.

Right then, Malorie was enjoying her tea in the *living room*. She looked very *different* from how she was a few days ago. She was energetic, and there was not a single sign of sickness on her face.

Coincidentally, the effects of Arielle's drugs lasted for only a few days, so they were going to wear *off* soon.

"Grandma." A warm and obedient smile appeared *on* Arielle's face.

As soon as Malorie lifted her eyes, her eyes turned *cold*. She stared at Arielle sternly and asked, "Where is *it*?"

Arielle was confused. "What do you mean?"

Just then, Henrick walked out of the kitchen with a bowl of soup. He looked at Arielle and asked, "Didn't I ask you to buy Grandma's favorite cookies? Where are the cookies?"

It was only then Arielle remembered about that matter. She had forgotten about it just now after what had happened with Donovan.

"I'm sorry, Grandma!" She immediately apologized.

However, Malorie refused to listen. She struck the ground with her cane furiously, yelling, "Rick, look at your daughter! She doesn't even have a place for me in her heart! Why did you bring her back in the first place? She's just as disrespectful as her mom. You should let

her stay in the village forever!"

Arielle lowered her head. A murderous expression flashed across her cold eyes, but she tried her best to suppress her anger.

Frowned, Henrick walked toward her. “Sannie, I’ve asked you to buy the cookies. Why would you forget it?”

Arielle did not lift her head. “I’m sorry.”

“Sorry? Do you think you can get away with that?” Malorie snorted. “I need to teach you a lesson, so you won’t forget about what the elders say next time! Go and kneel in front of Shandie’s memorial tonight! Don’t even try to sleep!”

“Mom...” Henrick found Malorie’s words unbearable, so he tried to advise, “Sannie still has classes tomorrow. What if her legs hurt tomorrow? How about I ask the housekeeper to go and buy the cookies for you now? As for Sannie, come over and give your grandma a massage, okay?”

“No way!”

“No way!”

Two voices piped up at the same time.

One of them came out of Malorie’s mouth while the another echoed from the doorway.

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Subconsciously, everyone in the living room turned around to look in the direction of the doorway.

Henrick froze as soon as he saw Vinson. He was surprised and terrified at the same time. I wonder how much Vinson has heard from the conversation just now. What if he gets annoyed because he wants to protect Arielle? Will he get angry with me too?

As soon as he tried to greet Vinson, Vinson broke the silence with a cold voice, “Why does she have to massage for that rude old hag? Henrick, is this how Arielle spends her days in your house?”

Malorie furrowed her brows as she looked at Vinson.

The next second, her eyes suddenly glinted.

That was the most handsome young man she had ever encountered before. Moreover, Vinson exuded a noble aura that was similar to Maureen’s. Malorie happened to like that temperament a lot.

She then replied with a voice of displeasure, “Who are you calling an old hag? Who the heck are you? Can you stay out of our family businesses?”

Henrick’s face turned pale. He rushed over to hold her down. “Mom, that’s enough. H-He is Mr. Nightshire. Mr. Nightshire, I’m deeply sorry. She has just recovered from her illness, so she’s still in a bad mood. She’s not like this usually...”

“Rick, why do you have to explain to him? Mr.

Nightshire? Who's that? Jadeborough is your turf. You have nothing to be afraid of in your own territory! Chase him out right now!" Malorie ordered haughtily.

Malorie had not seen much in her life. Besides, Henrick was prideful and liked to boast a lot. Hence, Malorie thought that he was the most powerful man in Jadeborough.

Henrick broke out in a cold sweat. That was the first time he regretted bringing Malorie over to the mansion.

Terrified, he turned around to gaze at Vinson.

However, Vinson remained expressionless. Seeing that, Henrick was even more horrified.

Meanwhile, Malorie was still urging him to make a move. "What are you waiting for, Rick? Chase that ridiculous man out!"

What's going on? Why is that young man trying to chime in our family issue? Malorie fell into her thoughts. A moment later, she finally came to her senses. There's no way that anyone will appear all of a sudden to stand up for Arielle unless he has something to do with her!

Malorie slapped her thigh and shouted, "You little vixen! How dare you start seducing men at such a young age! You even brought him home to create a fuss, huh? I can't imagine what kind of woman you'll turn into in the future. I won't let you get away easily today!"

Then, she stretched out her arm, trying to give Arielle a slap.

However, as soon as she raised her hand, two other hands took her wrist in unison.

Malorie lifted her eyes and noticed that Vinson and Henrick were trying to stop her.

“Rick, what are you doing?” Malorie stared at Henrick in disbelief. She did not understand the reason why he stopped her from hitting Arielle.

Henrick was utterly frightened. He could not bear to let her stay there any longer, so he turned around and shouted at the butler, “Alfred, Mrs. Southall needs some rest. Bring her back to her room now!”

With that, Alfred instantly called for two bodyguards.

They walked forward to drag Malorie up to the second floor.

“What are you guys doing? Let me go!” Malorie struggled with all her might, but the bodyguards’ grips were too strong

Soon, she lost all of her energy. Before heading up the stairs, she turned in the direction of the living room and matched up Arielle’s eyes.

Although her gaze was dark and calm, it was icy-cold. The sight of it was terrifying.

Malorie could not help but tremble in fear. What’s

wrong with her gaze? Is that how a child from the countryside behaves?

Before she could look at Arielle’s eyes again, the bodyguards had already brought her up to the second floor. They brought her into the room and locked her **up**.