

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1191

Chapter 1191 A Joke

Just as Jacob was about to speak, the blond-haired man stepped forward and bowed respectfully. “Hello, Ms. Moore.”

Immediately after that, the employees of Sann Group behind him shouted in unison, “Hello, Ms. Moore!”

Earlier, Jacob was speaking to Arielle in Chanaean. Hence, the blond-haired man did not understand their conversation. However, when he saw the change of expression on Arielle’s face, he immediately tried to save the situation by greeting her.

As soon as they finished greeting their boss, Jacob scratched his head and asked, “Why are you calling her that? Where’s your boss, anyway?”

There’s only the chauffeur and that blondie, Arielle, in front of me.

Jacob’s pupils constricted at that thought, and he stared at Arielle in disbelief. “You... You...”

No way! It can’t be! How could Sann Group’s CEO be Arielle? There must be a misunderstanding here, right?

To his surprise, Arielle beamed. “You can stop looking around now, Mr. Campbell. I’m the CEO of Sann Group. The name I use in other countries is San.”

Jacob’s eyes widened in shock. His legs were so weak that he even needed help from the bodyguard beside him to stand properly.

Never in his wildest dreams did he expect Sann Group's boss to be a woman. Not to mention, the woman was Arielle.

"No way! It's impossible!" Jacob shook his head like a madman, his face flushed with panic.

If Arielle is the Sann Group's boss, then how am I going to fight against her? Am I even worthy of snatching her position away? I'd just become a laughingstock.

Similarly, the directors behind him were shocked beyond words. It was apparent that everyone was shaken by Arielle's sudden identity revelation.

Especially the directors who sided with Jacob. Their faces had gone pale from the news.

Isn't Arielle going to step down from her position soon? Didn't Jacob acquire this collaboration on his own?

It was at that moment that they realized they had been fooled.

One of the directors lost his temper and grabbed Jacob by the collar, scolding, "Jacob! You better explain this properly. What exactly is going on?"

If it was not because of what Jacob said during last night's drinking session, many of them would have been swayed and sided with Arielle. They were determined to side with him because Jacob said he acquired the collaboration on his own.

And now, the staff from Sann Group was telling them that Arielle was the CEO of the company.

The legendary person was the blond-haired girl they had always looked down upon.

Hearing that, Jacob paled. He still found it hard to believe. "It's a mistake... There must be a mistake..."

Perplexed, the blond-haired man asked Arielle, “Ms. Moore, what’s wrong with Mr. Campbell?”

Arielle merely smiled. “Maybe Mr. Campbell isn’t feeling well. Looks like he won’t be able to sign the contract today.”

She turned to the director, who was grabbing Jacob’s collar, and asked, “May I know if you’re available to sign the contract with us in Mr. Campbell’s place? We’re in quite a rush. I’m afraid we can’t wait till he recovers.”

The director immediately understood what she meant.

She was giving them another chance to pick a side.

The director nodded firmly. “Of course! Of course, we have time! We were waiting here just for your arrival. Please, come in!”

“Wait...” Jacob returned to his senses and said, “What gives you the right to replace m—”

Before he could even finish, the director ordered his bodyguard, “Mr. Campbell isn’t feeling well. Please bring him to the hospital for a check-up.”

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Chapter 1192 Arrange The Wedding

Jacob's eyes narrowed. "Since when am I feeling—"

The bodyguard had already stepped forward and pulled Jacob away before he could even finish his sentence.

Unfortunately, Jacob did not have many bodyguards with him that day. With all the directors turning their backs on him, he was completely outnumbered. In just a matter of seconds, he was dragged into a car and disappeared from the crowd's view.

Meanwhile, Jacob's assistant, who was still holding the phone to livestream, dropped it onto the ground when he saw the scene before him. Instantly, his body started trembling.

He knew Jacob was done for, and so was he.

Oh no... Everything is over.

"This way, Ms. Moore." The directors lowered their bodies slightly and stood beside Arielle.

Seeing that, Arielle smiled faintly. She had no intentions of getting her revenge on them. Hence, she strode into Moore Group with all smiles.

Her motive that day was indeed to sign a contract—the same one Jacob was going to sign.

Regardless, there was no way she could sign the contract to collaborate with herself, even though that was what was happening.

At that moment, the audience's screen of the live broadcast went black when the phone fell onto the floor.

Nonetheless, this only caused the netizens and fans to cheer with joy.

Someone commented: My goddess! She's forever my goddess!

This is amazing! I must be losing my mind. I can't believe my goddess is actually the CEO of Sann Group. A CEO! Can you believe it, everyone? I really hate myself for not being a guy now.

Oh my goodness. This woman... Arielle is really a legend.

Didn't some haters say Arielle would never be multi-talented back then? Well, reality has proven that she can actually be good at everything. Is she human? No! She's more than a human!

Shortly after, the topic of Arielle as Sann Group's CEO had become the top trending search.

Netizens who did not know the truth were shocked to the core when they tapped into the news.

After all, everyone had heard of Sann Group.

They always thought Arielle was just a pretty face who depended on her looks to appear in the headlines. No one expected her to be the CEO of Sann Group.

They thought that she was not only a low-profile person, but she was also exceptionally awesome.

As soon as the news was announced, Moore Group's shares soared that day, and their market value increased significantly overnight.

The business department received tons of calls from reputable companies requesting a collaboration.

At the same time, Susanne, too, found out Arielle's identity once the latter finished signing the contract.

She heard the news from a socialite. At first, she did not believe it. However, after confirming the validity of the news, she fell into a deep silence.

What on earth did I miss?

"Mrs. Nightshire? Are you listening to me?"

Susanne was pulled back to reality by the waving hand in front of her.

"Huh? What did you just say?" she asked.

The lady smiled and said, "I said, not only is Vin a capable person, but he's also great at picking a girlfriend. Then again, I thought you were going to pair him off with Wendy from the Greene family."

Susanne's expression stiffened at the thought of Wendy.

Everyone from the Greens was either dead or locked up in prison. Hence, the sound of Wendy's name filled Susanne with utter regret.

She cleared her throat. "Let's not play cards today. I'm feeling a little unwell. Let's meet up next time."

With that, she walked out of the room, ignoring the others who were asking her to stay for lunch.

As she walked out, she could not help but think that Arielle was more capable than she imagined her to be. In fact, that was something she would never have imagined.

Sann Group! It's Sann Group! No way. I must make Vinson pick a date for the wedding immediately. Their wedding must be held soon!

Although they had already registered without her knowing, it still would not be a complete marriage without a wedding ceremony.

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Chapter 1193 Regret

Susanne immediately gave Vinson a call after getting into the car.

Vinson answered shortly after. “Mom, what is it?”

“It’s about something important!”

As Susanne’s voice was serious, Vinson tensed up.

“What happened?” he demanded.

His first thought was that someone had targeted Susanne.

However, he heard Susanne ask, “Did you see the news today?”

“News? What news?” Vinson was confused.

Susanne tutted. “You’re a workaholic! Don’t you know who your wife is? She’s the owner of Sann Group! This is such shocking news. I can’t believe you didn’t read it!”

“Oh, I see.” Vinson chuckled. “I thought it was something else. Mom, I am aware of this.”

Susanne was dumbfounded. “You are aware of this? Why didn’t you tell me about it?”

Assuming Arielle was out of her son’s league, she had nearly chased the former away.

That thought made her shiver in fear.

“That’s... because Arielle didn’t want you to know.”

“Why?”

After a few seconds of silence, Vinson revealed, “You gave her two months to prove herself, right? I believe she wants to start something by herself instead of relying on her previous achievements. Now, it is time to reveal her identity.”

Susanne held her forehead in frustration. “Oh, foolish kids. Why did you play along with her? If she had informed me about Sann Group, I wouldn’t have asked her to prove herself!”

“Mom, think about it.” Vinson explained, “Let’s not talk about Sann Group. Don’t you think she had proved herself during the past month?”

He paused to let that sink in before adding, “Mom, if you don’t know she owns Sann Group, you’ll still like her after seeing her recent performance, right?”

Susanne bit her lip.

She fell silent and pondered upon Arielle’s recent doings.

She graduated from Maxwell University, opened the successful Maureen’s Kitchen, and gained due praise for the bionic arm she designed. Besides, Moore Group recently gained fame under her lead. Arielle has indeed proved herself.

In an instant, Susanne felt a flurry of emotions within her.

She even felt ashamed of her actions.

Despite having more experience than Arielle, she wasn’t as capable as the latter and even looked down on her.

That was her usual attitude. However, she belatedly realized that her past self did many mistakes and spoke harsh words.

“I feel ashamed.” Susanne took a deep breath and asked, “Vin, you must’ve been troubled because of me.”

Vinson choked before answering, “Of course not.”

“Don’t lie to me.” Susanne wiped her tears of regret away and said, “You’re an adult now, so I won’t interfere in your business anymore and put you in a tight spot. I was thinking of heading overseas to further my studies. What say you?”

Arielle’s ability had motivated her to become a better person even if she was in her fifties.

“Mom? Are you all right?”

“What else can happen to me?” Susanne chuckled. “We’ll talk about that later. I need to see you two get married first.”

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Chapter 1194 Unable To Take It

When she mentioned their wedding, Vinson remained silent for a moment before revealing, “Mom, I’ve been planning to propose to Arielle these few days.”

“You’re going to propose to her? That’s good news! You should’ve done this earlier!” Susanne was all for it. “I’m experienced, so let me know if you need my help,” she reminded him.

Clearly, she had given them her blessing.

Ah, the weather is great today.

Vinson grunted in acknowledgment and waited until Susanne hung up. He got up and stood before the window.

Right then, Rayson entered his office. “Mr. Nightshire.”

Vinson spun on his heel and asked, “Have you got everything ready?”

“Yes, I have. However, there is still one thing missing.”

“What is it?”

“The item for this year.”

Arching a brow, Vinson answered, “You don’t have to prepare that. I’ll do it myself.”

“Yes!” Rayson responded and left the office.

Silence descended upon the office as Vinson's lips quirked up.

He made a call to an international number belonging to Genevieve, the famous designer. "Hello, Genevieve. Are you free recently?"

"Oh? You finally remembered me, huh? I'm surprised."

"Stop teasing me," Vinson said sternly. "I need your help."

At the same time, after the contract signing at Moore Group ended, Arielle took a taxi to the third branch of Maureen's Kitchen.

The location of the third branch had been decided—inside the shopping mall that Vinson had helped her choose previously.

If the second branch was just to test the waters, she wanted to use the third branch to make Maureen's Kitchen into a brand.

Once the brand was established, the restaurant would have to move upmarket and get standardized.

"Ms. Moore." The person who was letting out the shop lot gestured for her to take a seat. "Previously, Mr. Nightshire came to ask about my shop lot. I thought you wouldn't choose it."

Arielle nodded. "We were testing waters and picked a cheaper shot lot to reduce cost previously."

The man grinned. "Ms. Moore, you're rich. There's no need to worry about the cost. Everyone in Chanaea knows you're the owner of Sann Group."

"Oh? The news spread that fast?" Arielle was surprised.

The man nodded profusely. "Even my father, who is in his seventies, asked me whether Sann Group's owner had the intention to rent my shop lot."

Arielle lowered her gaze and chuckled. “All right. Let’s get back to business. About the rental fee...”

They discussed for over an hour before finalizing the details.

The yearly rental fee was two hundred grand. Maureen’s Kitchen could use the equipment left behind by the previous restaurant and cut down on the cost of buying new stuff.

Before leaving, Arielle asked, “I have a question. The shopping mall has a steady stream of customers. So why did you decide to rent out the shop lot?”

In response, the man ran a hand through his hair in embarrassment. “I guess I can’t operate a business well. My father said I’m not good at running a business. I was thinking of renting out the shop lot and taking up a job at another restaurant by starting as a server,” he explained.

Arielle blinked at his words before inquiring, “I need to hire a manager. If you haven’t found a job, why don’t you work in Maureen’s Kitchen?”

The man’s eyes lit up instantly.

“Can I?” he asked eagerly.

“Of course!” Arielle beamed.

With that, Arielle got herself a manager for her new branch.

After work was done, she immediately gave Vinson a call.

As Vinson didn’t reply to her text, she was unable to take it anymore.

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Chapter 1195 Yellow Roses

When the dialing tone beeped, Arielle felt her heart racing anxiously.

It wasn't her first time calling Vinson. In fact, she had called Vinson countless times, but she couldn't explain why she was nervous this time.

After a couple of rings, the call went through.

"Hello? Vinson..."

Arielle's voice was hasty, but it was Rayson who replied, "Ms. Moore, what can I do for you?"

Hearing his voice, Arielle went pale.

"Where is Vinson?" she asked curtly. Right then, she didn't know how to feel.

Was it disappointment? Fury?

It was none of those. Instead, she felt empty, as though her entire being was floating in the air.

Rayson replied politely, "Mr. Nightshire is in the middle of a meeting, so I am keeping his phone for him. Please let me know what you need, and I'll relay your message to him after his meeting comes to an end."

"No need," Arielle blurted out, her voice frosty.

She quickly realized she shouldn't be venting her anger at Rayson. Softening her voice, she said, "You don't have to tell him I called. It isn't anything important."

“Oh, I see. All right.”

“Also...” Arielle couldn’t help but ask, “Is he busy recently?”

“Yes,” came Rayson’s reply. “We have a huge project that requires his full attention, so he’ll be pretty busy these few days.”

“Got it.” Arielle nodded and relaxed. “I won’t keep you, then. Bye!”

She cut the line and took a taxi to Maureen’s Kitchen.

Initially, she wanted Vinson to join her for lunch back at Maple Mansion, but she decided to head to Maureen’s Kitchen since he was busy.

The only way to stop herself from overthinking was to keep herself busy.

Back at the CEO’s office in Nightshire Group, Rayson returned the phone to Vinson, who was standing right beside him. He asked worriedly, “Mr. Nightshire, are you going to avoid Ms. Moore for the next few days?”

Vinson nodded thoughtfully and explained, “She’s smart enough to realize my plan if I talk to her in person. I want to surprise her, so she can’t find out about it before it happens.”

“But...” Rayson seemed hesitant. “Ms. Moore sounded upset through the phone.”

Vinson paced around his office before ordering, “Get a bouquet and deliver it to her.”

“All right.” Rayson bobbed his head respectfully.

Before he could leave, Vinson stopped him.

“Wait, you don’t have to do that. I’ll pick the flowers myself.”

It'll be a surprise if she receives the flowers I picked personally.

In the blink of an eye, it was nightfall.

After working hard for the entire day, Arielle returned to Maple Mansion for dinner.

No one was home, save for the housekeeper's bustling figure.

She glanced at the clock and found that it was already ten at night. Is he not back yet?

Vinson's call arrived when she was wondering if she should give him a call.

Delighted, she answered the call.

"Vinson—"

"Yes." Vinson's voice was apologetic. "I'm sorry. I'll be busy these few days and can't keep you company. Rayson told me that you called earlier. What is it about?"

"Oh, nothing." Arielle was contented to hear his voice.

After a momentary silence, Vinson asked, "Did you receive the flowers?"

"Yes." Arielle told him, "The yellow roses are gorgeous."

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Chapter 1196 Disappointment

Yellow roses were usually used to express a sincere apology.

After receiving the flowers, Arielle's fury had faded into thin air.

Vinson was busy working instead of flirting with another woman, so there was no need for her to get mad.

"Instead of flowers, I hope you'll give me your word," Arielle stated.

Gripping his phone, Vinson responded, "Go ahead."

Arielle took a deep breath and revealed, "No matter how busy and important work is, take good care of yourself. Make sure to have enough rest at the end of the day before resuming work the next day."

Vinson paused for a moment before answering, "All right. I got it. There's something else I need to tell you."

"What is it?"

"I'm going on a business trip to Lightspring for two days."

"When are you going to depart?"

"Right now."

Arielle sat up in surprise. "That's sudden. Do you need me to help you pack up?"

“No need. I’ll get what I need in Lightspring. It’s an urgent trip, but I’ll get back as soon as possible after getting the work done.”

Disappointment overwhelmed Arielle’s heart at the thought of being separated from Vinson for two whole days.

I won’t get to see him for two days. I never knew I’d be this unwilling to part with someone.

Gulping, she said, “All right. I’ll wait for you at home.”

“Okay...”

After saying that, Vinson wanted to spill his heart out, but he took a puff of his cigarette and tamped his urge down.

It was supposed to be a surprise, so he had to persist until the end.

“I need to go. Sleep tight.”

“Okay,” Arielle responded and hung up reluctantly.

Right then, the housekeeper had just finished preparing dinner and asked, “Is Mr. Nightshire not coming home in time for dinner?”

Arielle’s lips twitched, but she couldn’t bring herself to smile. In the end, she nodded silently and ate dinner alone.

Soon, the next day arrived.

It was the premier of the fourth episode of Amazing Tastes.

As it was a great show with Jason as its host, the show’s ratings ranked first among its competitors.

Countless people waited before their laptops or televisions to watch the variety show.

However, this episode was different compared to the previous episodes.

As usual, Jason had picked a food street in a city and would enter a Chanaean restaurant randomly.

However, when he arrived, the food street was crowded.

Left with no choice, he had to disguise himself by wearing a mask, cap, and sunglasses. One cameraman tagged behind him and filmed in a secretive manner.

Soon, Jason realized why the street was crowded. A Chanaean restaurant, Maureen's Kitchen, had just opened for business.

Jason saw the snaking queue from a distance away.

Immediately, he told the camera that the crowd might be paid to create a sensation.

Thus, Jason proceeded to eliminate Maureen's Kitchen from his list.

Right then, he bumped into his fan.

His curiosity got the better of him, and he asked if he could try the ravioli that his fan got from Maureen's Kitchen.

However, his fan misunderstood that he was a jerk trying to take the ravioli from him and yelled in anger.

Jason had to remove his mask and reveal his identity.

After realizing who he was, his fan offered him the ravioli reluctantly and queued up again to get another free sample.

As the audience wondered if the ravioli was delicious, Jason stopped filming and offered the ravioli to the cameraman.

The cameraman wasn't filming Jason, but he filmed himself eating the ravioli.

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Chapter 1197 Legitimate

His initially indifferent face froze before he gaped in disbelief.

He immediately ate another piece, and another, and another...

The cameraman didn't stop until he finished the entire plate of ravioli. Even so, he didn't seem satisfied.

The scene was blurry and shaky, but everyone could sense how delicious the ravioli was.

Clearly, this scene wasn't planned, so the cameraman's reaction was real.

The audience was already salivating.

After the tasting scene, James introduced the restaurant and went in to taste the dishes.

It was obvious that every dish served looked scrumptious.

After the show ended, the audience felt their stomachs grumbling despite having dinner earlier. They immediately went online to search for the restaurant's review.

Soon, Maureen's Kitchen was trending on the internet and garnered a lot of attention.

A comment read: Didn't this restaurant trend a few days ago? I thought it was an advertisement. Looks like I have to try it for myself.

My friends, I've just finished two bowls of instant noodles but got hungry again. Does anyone want to join me to head to Maureen's Kitchen?

Wait for me, my friend! I'm in the south but already bought tickets to Jadeborough. My plane will land three hours later!

Thus, Maureen's Kitchen gained another influx of new customers.

Compared to their opening, the number of customers had increased by a few times.

Arielle soon received a call from the manager.

"Ms. Moore, we're in trouble. The reservation number has surpassed one thousand, not including the reservation for the old restaurant..."

It might be good news, but the employees were already exhausted after working hard for a few continuous days.

Arielle massaged her temples and said, "Calm down and serve the customers according to the reservation numbers. The renovation for the third restaurant will take at most one week. I'll head there now, so ask Chef Quigley to wait for me."

"Got it!"

After cutting the line, Arielle rushed to the branch at once.

Glenn was already waiting for her.

She went over to him and said, "Chef Quigley, we're getting a new influx of customers and need more help. You'll have to get a few apprentices immediately. But first, I need you to teach me a few dishes that I don't know how to prepare. That way, we both can take apprentices."

Glenn knew Arielle was far more talented than his apprentices. In fact, she was a better chef than him. Hence, he started preparing the dishes for the customers and explained the steps to her at the same time.

Arielle spent the whole day learning from Glenn. She also interviewed a few new apprentices. It was one in the morning when she finally arrived home.

She pulled out her phone and saw two texts from Vinson.

He first sent a text saying he had arrived at Lightspring, and the second text congratulated her for chasing Jacob out of the company.

That morning, Jacob had resigned as the company director after realizing he was no match for Arielle.

As of then, Arielle had the final say on all matters related to Moore Group.

Her position as the chairperson was finally solidified.

Arielle thought Vinson was too busy to realize what happened to her, but he knew everything.

Flashing a smile, she gave Vinson a call.

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Chapter 1198 Cheating

To her surprise, a lady answered the call.

“May I know who this is?” the lady asked in a Lightspring accent.

Arielle’s words were stuck in her throat.

Why did a woman answer the phone?

As far as Arielle was aware, after a female assistant made things difficult for her, Vinson fired all his female assistants and hired only males.

The woman who had answered the call wasn’t his assistant.

Who is she? It’s nighttime at Lightspring. A woman is answering his phone at night...

She couldn’t help but overthink the situation.

However, Arielle forced herself to calm down. She trusted Vinson enough to know he wasn’t a scoundrel. She also trusted her taste.

This must be a misunderstanding.

Taking a deep breath, Arielle asked calmly, “I’m looking for Vinson. Why do you have his phone?”

“Oh, Vinson is changing his clothes. It might take a while for him to come out,” came the answer.

Hearing that, Arielle went pale.

Changing his clothes?

The woman added, “Why don’t you cut the line? I’ll ask him to call you back after he finished changing his clothes.”

“No need!” Arielle blurted out.

She was so flustered and furious, unlike her usual composed self. Even her brain was muddled.

Biting her lip, she declared, “It’s nothing important, so there’s no need to bother him. Don’t tell him I’ve called.”

“Huh? All right.” The woman hung up in confusion.

Arielle gripped her phone as her entire being shook.

She didn’t know whether she was trembling out of anger or fear, for her mind was a mess.

Just then, a call from Sam, the director, came in.

Arielle answered the call instinctively, and Sam’s voice rang out. “I’m sorry for disturbing you this late, Ms. Moore. I just want to confirm if you’re rejecting the offer to join my film. I’ve been looking for a suitable actress to take up the role, but to no avail. You’re the only one that suits the role. That’s why I’m making this call.”

Sam’s call would’ve made any female celebrity leap up in excitement, but Arielle merely answered coolly, “I’m sorry, but I’m really busy...”

“Oh, I see.” Sam seemed disappointed at her answer. “I’ll have to wait for another chance to work with you. I’m willing to withstand the pressure to keep this role for you.”

It was obvious what Sam meant—he wouldn’t film the movie if Arielle refused to take up the main role.

Finally, Arielle regained some of her composure after hearing his words.

“Mr. Sleight, I’m sorry. Thanks for the offer, though.”

“It’s fine. You’re fated to take up the role, but I’m not fated to work with you. However, I’ll wait until the opportunity arrives.”

Arielle bit her lip and fell into deep thought. Wait, if Vinson cheated on me, I can’t fall into a slump and lose myself. I need to keep myself busy during this critical period.

At that thought, she took a deep breath and announced, “Mr. Sleight, I shall accept this role. When will filming begin?”

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Chapter 1199 A Misunderstanding

Sam could not believe his ears.

It took him a while to find his voice. “M-Ms. Moore, are you sure?” he stammered breathlessly.

“Yes. I agree to accept the role.”

Though Sann Group was a famous AI company, she hadn’t gotten the chance to venture into the entertainment industry.

Perhaps I can try my luck in the entertainment industry. If we were to break up, I’d still have my wealth and popularity. That way, I won’t wallow in sadness.

Arielle had already assumed the worst.

Not knowing what she had in mind, Sam responded swiftly, “If you’re free tomorrow, we can sign the contract and begin filming instantly!”

Everything was set except for the female lead, so they could begin shooting the film anytime.

“All right. Send me the time and location tomorrow. See you!”

“Great! Thanks!” Sam replied happily. Afraid that Arielle would change her mind, he ended the conversation and rushed to prepare the contract.

Arielle said nothing for a long while after the call.

She stared at her phone, fighting back the urge to call Vinson.

It might be a misunderstanding, or it might be true. However, Arielle didn't have the courage to find out the truth.

What if it's true?

Arielle bit her lip at the thought.

Meanwhile, in Lightspring, Vinson emerged after changing his clothes. The outfit was too small for him and clung to his curves.

He had burnt his sleeve earlier when he was sanding the ring and had no choice but to change into a new outfit belonging to the woman's husband.

Seeing him, the woman covered her lips that were tinted a rosy red and burst into giggles.

"You look like an adult wearing children's clothes," she commented.

Shrugging, Vinson strode forward and apologized profusely. "I'm sorry for nearly burning your store down."

"If you burn it down, get me a new one. I wouldn't have opened the store without your help, anyway."

She pointed at the sanding machine and asked, "Do you want to continue? Or should I help you?"

Vinson shook his head. "I have to do it from the beginning till the end. Please demonstrate it to me again."

"Of course!"

The lady took her seat and taught Vinson how to sand a ring patiently.

She explained, "Look, this is where you got it wrong previously..."

Vinson promptly inched nearer to get a better look.

Oblivious to both of them, there was a camera aimed right at them. The shutter clicked rapidly.

The handsome man glanced at the photo he had just taken and curved his lips up in satisfaction.

The photo taken from his angle showed Vinson whispering to the lady in an intimate manner.

“Yup. My photography skill is getting better.”

With that, he returned to his car and tossed the camera to his subordinate.

“Send this to the woman in Chanaea.”

My kitten, I’m coming. Before my arrival, I have a surprise for you! I believe you’ll love it.

At the same time, back in Chanaea, Arielle got up and lit the therapeutic candle that Andrea had given her. Alas, the therapeutic candle didn’t work that night. She only fell asleep when it was dawn.

Less than two hours after she fell asleep, a beep woke her up.

Is it Vinson?

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Chapter 1200 The Photos

Thinking it was a text sent by Vinson, Arielle jolted up and grabbed her phone from the bedside table.

When she saw who it was, the delight in her gaze faded away.

It was a text from Sam informing her of the location and time of the contract signing.

She typed out a reply: Got it.

After she returned to her bed, her mind began to race. It's midnight in Lightspring. Is Vinson sleeping alone? Or is there another woman in his arms?

Arielle bristled in annoyance and got up to wash up.

Downstairs, the housekeeper had just woken up. She seemed surprised to see Arielle up and about. "Mrs. Nightshire, you're up early. Let me go prepare your breakfast now."

"No need." Arielle told her, "I'll eat outside today."

The housekeeper gave her the once-over. Realizing her employer seemed grumpy, she didn't ask questions and inclined her head. "All right, Mrs. Nightshire."

Her appointment with Sam was at noon, so she had to keep herself busy before that.

It was the only way to stop herself from overthinking.

Taking a deep breath, Arielle pulled the door open to see a deliveryman about to press on the doorbell.

Stunned, the man asked, “Are you Ms. Arielle Moore?”

Arielle nodded. “Yes, I am.”

“There’s an urgent parcel for you. Please sign here.”

“Mine?”

Arielle couldn’t hide her astonishment.

I don’t shop online. Is this from Vinson?

After signing her name, she returned inside with the parcel.

She ripped the parcel apart to reveal two photos.

The photos floated to the ground, and Arielle immediately picked them up.

Her gaze landed on one photo. At once, she halted in her steps as the colors drained from her face.

The photo showed Vinson and a woman she hadn’t met before, huddled together in an intimate position.

Only Vinson’s side profile was visible, but she was sure it was him.

There was no way she’d fail to recognize her own husband.

Her hands were shaking as she reached out for the second photo.

In the second photo, Vinson’s face was practically glued to the woman’s face. The space between them crackled with sexual tension.

Shocked senseless, Arielle only snapped back to reality when the housekeeper asked why she was kneeling on the ground. Stuffing the photos into her pocket, she got to her feet and replied, "I'm fine. I was picking something up from the ground."

The housekeeper inclined her head and asked in concern, "Mrs. Nightshire, are you all right? You look unwell. Should you get a checkup at the hospital?"

Arielle flashed a bitter smile and shook her head. "I'm fine."

She was a doctor herself and knew her health was fine. It was her heart that was hurting.

Though she had picked the photos up, her heart had shattered into pieces.

The photos had confirmed the nagging thought that kept her up the entire night.

Arielle clenched her fists tight. She didn't even know her nails had dug deep into her palms.

Despite her fury and sadness, she couldn't stop suspicion from rising in her heart.

Who sent me the photos? If Vinson has someone new, why is he still with me? Did he do this to get Sann Group? No, that's impossible.

Arielle shook that thought away.

He isn't a scoundrel. There must be more to this than meets the eye.

She picked up the packaging of the parcel from the dustbin to find out the sender's address. Alas, that section was blank.