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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1231 - 1240

Chapter 1231 Mistress

Judging from Arielle's expression, Susanne knew that she had guessed it correctly.

A frown appeared between her brows as she let out a sigh. "Sannie, Vin has a stubborn temper just like his dad and doesn't know how to express himself. So, sometimes, you might have to take the initiative to speak to him. I guarantee that as long as you give in first, he'll definitely go along with it, and the misunderstanding between the two of you will surely clear up. After all, no matter how much in love a couple is, effective communication is still very important in a relationship. Don't you agree?"

Arielle forced an awkward smile and replied, "All right, I know what to do..."

"OK then, let's go in together and talk it out with that rascal. He should really learn to pacify his wife!"

Susanne dragged Arielle into the house while scolding her son.

As such, Arielle had no choice but to enter the manor that was brightly lit.

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The moment the two women walked in, Susanne started yelling Vinson's name, "Vinson! Come here now!"

One second later, a woman, who was holding a plate, walked from the kitchen to the living room hastily.

After seeing Susanne and Arielle, the woman froze for a moment but regained her composure shortly after.

She was Penelope, whom Vinson had brought home from Wave Karaoke Bar.

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Penelope quickly realized what was happening and asked Susanne in an ingratiating manner, "Are you... Mrs. Nightshire?"

"Huh?" Susanne frowned.

She knew most of the servants in the Nightshire residence, and they were all middle-aged. As such, the woman was sure that Penelope was not one of them.

"Who are you? I don't remember hiring a new helper in the house," Susanne asked.

Penelope's expression darkened when she heard that.

Before her family went bankrupt, she had led a lavish lifestyle and was pampered by her parents. As such, she was shocked that Susanne had mistaken her for the family's servant.

Do I really look like a servant?

Keeping in mind the luxurious life that was awaiting her, Penelope tamped down her irritation and explained with a smile, "You've mistaken, Mrs. Nightshire. I'm not a servant. I... It was Mr. Nightshire who brought me back."

"Vin?" Susanne had a bad feeling about that and looked toward Arielle instinctively.

When she saw the frosty expression on Arielle's face, the woman's heart skipped a beat.

Could it be that Vinson is having an affair and has even brought this woman home?

Penelope could guess what Susanne was thinking and quickly clarified. "Mrs. Nightshire, there's nothing going on between Mr. Nightshire and me. I'm definitely not a threat to Mrs. Nightshire here. I just need a place to stay. I'll do anything you ask of me and won't think about anything else."

Susanne's fear intensified after hearing the woman's words, which implied that Vinson had indeed cheated on Arielle.

Even though he might not have physically cheated, there was definitely emotional cheating involved.

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Knowing how headstrong Arielle was, Susanne was certain that Penelope's appearance would cause a huge problem between Arielle and Vinson, deepening the misunderstanding between them.

What an idiot!

Susanne could not help but scold her son silently, thinking that the man must be out of his mind to forsake his beautiful and outstanding wife for a random ugly woman.

Susanne was smoking with anger, and with trembling hands, she bellowed, "You, get out of here now!"

Penelope was shocked by Susanne's outburst.

She had thought that wives of rich men should already be used to the presence of mistresses. As such, she did not expect Susanne to react in such a manner even before Arielle said anything.

"Mrs. Nightshire, I..."

"Shut up!" Susanne interrupted the woman and continued, "Stop calling me. I don't even know you. Someone! Get this woman out of my sight right now!"

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1232

Chapter 1232 Filthy

Right after Susanne gave her orders, a bodyguard appeared and restrained Penelope.

Just when he was about to throw her out of the house, Susanne suddenly changed her mind.

"Wait a moment."

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Hearing that, Penelope thought that Susanne was finally willing to let her stay. However, the next moment, Susanne said coldly, "Don't chase her out first. Call the police and report her for trespassing and stealing."

Penelope's eyes widened in shock and tried to defend herself, "I didn't trespass! It was Mr. Nightshire who brought me back! Besides, I didn't steal anything, you can't accuse me without evidence!"

"You didn't steal anything?"

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Susanne sneered and continued, "What are you wearing then?"

Penelope looked down subconsciously.

When she first got to the manor, she was still dressed in the uniform she wore while working in the karaoke bar. As such, while Vinson was showering, she had acted on her own accord and instructed a servant to bring her a set of clothes that belonged to Arielle.

What infuriated her most was that, as Arielle had a slim figure, Penelope could hardly fit into most of her clothes and ended up with loose-fitting loungewear.

She did not expect that Susanne would use that as evidence and accuse her of stealing!

"I, I..." Penelope started to panic and blurted out, "If you are upset that I took the clothes, can I return them now?"

"Ha!" Susanne smirked coldly and replied, "Do you expect my daughter-in-law to wear the filthy clothes you've worn? She's obsessed with cleanliness!"

Arielle was momentarily stunned when she heard that and had a confused expression on her face.

She did not remember herself being very particular about cleanliness.

However, realization hit her the next instant. That was just an excuse Susanne made up to send that woman to jail.

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Arielle felt a heartwarming feeling rise within her.

She had never expected that Susanne would go to such lengths to stand up for her.

At the same time, Arielle had also noticed that Vinson had inherited some aspects of his mother's personality. As long as they had their hearts settled on someone, no one else would be able to replace that person.

Arielle could not help but look toward Penelope, whose face was flushed red with anger.

Clenching her fists, Penelope said, "Then, would it be all right if I buy this set of clothes from you?"

Susanne crossed her arms in front of her chest and replied, "I don't need money. Did you actually think that I was after your money? Besides, do you know how much this set of clothes cost?"

"Isn't this just some loungewear? I'm not that poor that I can't even afford this," Penelope muttered to herself before saying in a much louder voice, "How much does it cost? I'll pay you ten times more."

In fact, her work at the karaoke bar paid quite well. She earned at least seven to eight thousand monthly, and with tips from customers, she could easily make an average of ten to twenty thousand every month.

As such, the woman did not believe that she could not even afford a set of random loungewear.

The next instant, Susanne let out a low snort and said, "Well, it's not that expensive. It just costs slightly more than a hundred thousand. Since you offered to pay ten times the price, I'll round it down for you. How about one million?"

Penelope's expression darkened at once.

"One million?" She raised her tone unconsciously. "What kind of loungewear costs one million?"

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“Can you afford it? If you can’t, we’ll have to call the police. Stealing would probably get you a few years in jail!”

After Susanne said that, she turned toward her bodyguard and said, “What are you waiting for? Call the police now!”

At the urging of Susanne, the butler took out his phone and was about to call the police when Penelope suddenly shouted, “Mr. Nightshire! Save me, Mr. Nightshire!”

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Chapter 1233 Handsome And Wealthy

As if she had just seen her lifesaver, Penelope yelled toward the stairs at the top of her voice.

Arielle and Susanne looked toward the stairs instinctively and saw Vinson, who had just finished showering, walking down the stairs.

His hair was not completely dried yet and the first two buttons of his shirt were undone, exposing his collarbones.

Mesmerized by the man’s good looks, Penelope could not help but swallow hard.

That was a man who was not only physically attractive but also extremely wealthy, perhaps one in a million.

As it was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for Penelope, there was no way she would give up on the chance, even if she had to risk going to jail.

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“Mr. Nightshire! Mrs. Nightshire is accusing me of stealing and wants to report me to the police. Please explain to her for me!”

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The woman was certain that Vinson would not sit around and do nothing, After all, the man had taken an interest in her and brought her home personally.

Indeed, Vinson frowned in displeasure and said, "Mom, she's not a thief. I was the one who brought her back."

Penelope heaved a sigh of relief at once and nodded continuously as she said, "That's right. Mrs. Nightshire, did you hear what he said? I'm really not a thief! It's true that Mr. Nightshire brought me here."

Immediately, Susanne's face turned several shades darker.

Just then, Arielle said placidly, "Mom, it's true that she did not trespass. I saw Vinson driving her home too."

She did not understand why, out of so many other options, Vinson had chosen to bring that woman back and wondered if he had done that on purpose just to spite her.

Susanne widened her eyes in shock.

She glanced at Vinson before looking at Arielle and said, "What on earth is going on? Vinson, tell me everything now! Both of you have just gotten married!"

Susanne simply did not understand why Vinson would bring another woman home when he and Arielle were so much in love with each other. He had even fought with her a few times because of Arielle.

Sensing something amiss, Susanne grabbed Arielle's arm and asked, "Sannie, you tell me. What's going on?"

"Umm..." Arielle opened her mouth to speak but was not sure if she should tell Susanne the truth.

Just then, Vinson suddenly said, "There's nothing going on. I will handle it myself. Mom, stop asking further questions."

When Arielle heard that, she frowned and looked at Vinson.

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Given that Susanne was family, Arielle did not find it necessary to hide the truth from her.

She could not help but wonder what Vinson had in mind and why he had not bothered to clarify.

She even started suspecting that the man might have fallen for Penelope within that few hours.

Before Arielle could say anything, Susanne exploded with rage and started lashing out at Vinson.

“Stop asking? I’m your mom. Why can’t I ask? Let me tell you, you’d better chase that woman out at once and cut off all contact with her!”

Vinson took a deep inhale and replied, “If you insist on that, I would have no choice but to move to Maple Mansion with her.”

“You, you...” Susanne was so mad that she was nearly suffocating from her fury.

Arielle reached out to support her at once and said, “Mom, it’s not good for your heart if you get angry. Relax and take a deep breath...”

After taking a few deep breaths, Susanne finally managed to calm down slightly.

She looked at his son like she was looking at a stranger, then she finally closed her eyes and said, “Fine. I will not bother myself with any of your affairs ever again! But let me warn you, if you let Sannie down, you will definitely regret it in the future!”

Vinson did not respond to that, and neither did he look at Arielle. Instead, he merely said to Penelope, “Didn’t I ask you to prepare dinner? Is it ready?”

Feeling secretly delighted, Penelope replied at once, “Yup, it’s all ready! I’ll bring them out now.”

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Chapter 1234 Even Dogs Will Not Eat It

After taking a pause, the woman said to Susanne, "Mrs. Nightshire, I'll go bring the dishes out. Please take a seat and get ready to eat. I won't get in the way."

After saying that, Penelope quickly made her way to the kitchen to take out the dishes.

Susanne opened her mouth and was about to say something but decided against it.

If Vinson and Arielle had indeed lost feelings for each other, or if there were really cracks in their relationship, it would not be very appropriate for her to meddle in their affairs. If she did that, it might even have an adverse effect instead.

As such, Susanne decided that she would just not acknowledge Penelope. That seemed like the only thing she could do.

Since that woman with an unknown background wants to move in, she will first have to be able to tolerate my temper.

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At that thought, Susanne decided in her heart that she would no longer argue with Vinson and use her actions to force Penelope to back down instead.

"Let's go. You haven't had dinner yet, right?" Susanne patted Arielle's shoulder and said, "Our chef had returned to his hometown today. Since we have a free substitute chef today, let's just try her cooking."

Even though Arielle hardly had any appetite as she was trying to figure out what was going on with Vinson, she had no choice but to sit at the dining table after being dragged there by Susanne while trying hard to tone down her displeasure.

Soon after, Penelope emerged from the kitchen and brought the dishes to the dining table.

After managing Maureen's Kitchen's for so long, Arielle's occupational hazard acted up as she started scrutinizing the dishes.

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Penelope had prepared a three-course meal including a soup. Just judging by the presentation of the dishes, they seemed passable, but the taste of the dishes was still left to be judged.

Just when Arielle was still assessing the dishes, Penelope started laying out the cutlery for everyone.

“Everyone, please try my cooking,” Penelope said confidently. “Even though I might not be good at a lot of things, I’m quite confident in my culinary skills. In fact, everyone who has tasted my cooking had only praises for me.”

Susanne took a piece of grilled fish and put it in her mouth expressionlessly, and Penelope looked at the woman expectantly.

However, the next instant, Susanne’s expression darkened as she spat out the fish.

“Ugh! This is horrible!” Susanne exclaimed before picking up her glass of water to rinse her mouth.

Feeling extremely awkward, Penelope froze on the spot and did not know how to respond.

However, Susanne was not picking on the woman intentionally this time. It was because she had just been to Maureen’s Kitchen for dinner two days ago, and one of the dishes served there was also grilled fish.

After savoring grilled fish that was excellently prepared, it was just normal for other grilled fish to not meet her expectation.

“How can something taste so bad!”

Susanne tossed her cutlery on the table and looked toward Penelope. “Try this yourself! I doubt that it’s even fit for any human. Perhaps, even dogs won’t eat it!”

Vinson, who was about to take a piece of grilled fish as well, retracted his hand slowly upon hearing his mother’s comments.

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Penelope refused to believe that the grilled fish which she had painstakingly prepared was that bad. Besides, the fish itself was fresh from the market. As such, even if the preparation method was not ideal, it was impossible for its taste to go wrong.

After tasting it herself, Penelope arrived at the conclusion that Susanne was definitely making things difficult for her deliberately.

In fact, the dish which she had prepared that evening tasted better than all of her previous attempts. As such, she was sure that Susanne must be picking on her by claiming that even dogs would despise the dish.

Feeling indignant, Penelope said, "Mrs. Nightshire, since everyone has different tastes, I guess maybe you don't like grilled fish in the first place? Do you want to try something else instead?"

"No thanks!" Susanne waved a dismissive hand and said to Arielle, "Sannie, are you tired? If you're feeling fine, why don't you show her how the dish should be prepared?"

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1235

Chapter 1235 A Battle Of Cooking Skills

That day, when Susanne went to Maureen's Kitchen for dinner, she had made inquiries and found out that the reason the grilled fish tasted so delicious and different from those which she had elsewhere was because Arielle had made modifications to the original recipe.

Even though Arielle had not tried the grilled fish prepared by Penelope, she did not want to go against Susanne's wishes and agreed to her mother-in-law's suggestion with a nod. "All right, I'll need about twenty minutes to prepare it."

"Sure!" Susanne answered and looked toward Penelope with disdain. "You can come along and watch. Useless people are not welcomed here. If you want to stay, you need to have some contributions to the household. In the future, you shall be in charge of the kitchen and cleanliness of the first floor."

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Sensing that Susanne was treating her like a servant, Penelope's expression stiffened and had trouble maintaining the fake smile on her face.

Her intention was not to become a servant of the household but Vinson's woman instead, living comfortably and enjoying a life of luxury.

"Mr. Nightshire..." Penelope looked at the man with pleading eyes, looking all vulnerable and fragile.

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However, Vinson merely responded placidly, "Just do as my mom says. Those are useful skills to pick up anyway."

When Penelope heard that, she had no choice but to accept the arrangement. "All right. I'll go now."

After saying that, she caught up with Arielle and the two women headed to the kitchen together.

While Arielle was preparing the ingredients, Penelope merely asked with no intention to help, "Do you need any help? Since Mrs. Nightshire had specially asked you to prepare the dish, you must have excellent culinary skills."

Although that was what Penelope said, all she felt for Arielle was disdain.

There was no way she would believe that the owner of Sann Group could cook well.

After all, it did not seem logical that someone with status as high as Arielle would cook personally.

Penelope was certain that Susanne had gotten Arielle to prepare that dish just to give her some pressure.

In a while, after Arielle was done with the dish, Vinson would know that compared to Arielle, she was the better homemaker and that Arielle was only fit to be his business partner.

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Penelope was secretly delighted at that thought and could not wait for Arielle to finish preparing the dish.

As if Arielle did not hear Penelope's question at all, she continued with her task at hand and treated the other woman like an invisible object.

Penelope could feel her anger building after being ignored. However, other than standing quietly at one side, there was nothing she could do.

She did not believe that, without her help, Arielle would be able to finish preparing the dish alone.

That was simply impossible as preparing grilled fish took a lot of skill as it might be a very simple dish but it was hard to cook it to perfection.

As such, Penelope was sure that Arielle would be asking for her help in no time.

In that case, Penelope intended to take some credit after the grilled fish was served by telling Vinson that she had guided Arielle in the preparation.

However, after waiting for a while, Arielle still did not speak to her. When the woman looked over suspiciously, she noticed that Arielle had already finished preparing all the other ingredients and was currently handling the fish.

Snapper, which was used to prepare the dish, demanded a high degree of care and skill in its handling. As Penelope was aware that her preparation work was not done perfectly, the grilled fish served by her earlier on did not look exceptionally appealing.

The woman was confident that there was no way Arielle could handle it better than her.

However, the next instant, she saw Arielle picking up the knife and starting to prepare the snapper skilfully, removing all its innards.

After that, Arielle proceeded to carve delicate patterns along its backbone.

Penelope was shocked to see that the pattern was almost identical—that was something she could never accomplish.

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As such, she started wondering if it was really possible that Arielle's culinary skills were indeed better than hers.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1236

Chapter 1236 Craving

Penelope could not help but feel frantic internally.

Among all the skills she had, only her cooking skills were presentable. How else will I be of a match to Arielle if I'm inferior to her in cooking skills too?

Nonetheless, she dispelled that thought at once.

Good knife skills aren't equivalent to good cooking skills. Ultimately, the most critical component of cooking is still the taste. I'm confident that I can grasp that better than a spoiled brat like Arielle, who has never done any household chores! She will never be able to make her food taste better than mine!

While Penelope was in a turmoil of emotions, Arielle remained composed as she continued cleaning the snapper.

She placed her knife behind the snapper's pectoral fin and cut through the backbone to separate the head from its spine.

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Next, she changed the angle of the knife, slapped the fish lightly with the knife's surface to flatten it, and sliced it along the two sides of the snapper's spine to the tail end.

Penelope was clueless that there were so many details and steps to preparing a snapper before making a grilled fish.

She reckoned that Arielle going to such lengths was nothing but a grandiose show to show her skills off.

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Subsequently, Arielle chopped off the snapper's backbone, removed any pin bones on the fish, cleaned it thoroughly, and stuffed some herbs into its cavity before turning on the grill.

She was particular with the temperature of the grill as any slight difference would impact the final taste of the dish.

A mere moment later, she reached out her hand to about two centimeters above the grill to gauge its heat.

Following that, Arielle held up the snapper's head with one hand and its tail with tongs and carefully put it onto the grill.

A slight crackling sound resonated the entire kitchen, surprisingly pleasing to the ears.

As she drizzled some dry sherry over the snapper, the aroma of perfectly grilled fish filled the room.

A while later, the snapper was in its perfectly cooked state. The fish had retained its shape and its skin intact. Arielle skillfully turned it over to give the other side a good grill.

When the skin on both sides of the snapper turned crisp and achieved its golden brown color, she lifted and removed it from the grill.

"Voila."

With that said, she placed the grilled fish on a serving plate.

Next, she added some finely chopped onions, garlic, and chili flakes to a clean pan and gently fried them till aromatic.

At the same time, an intense, wonderful scent wafted into Penelope's nostrils.

The sight and smell of the dish left her taking a deep gulp.

Soon, Arielle was at the last step of her cooking process.

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She dribbled some olive oil and lemon juice into the mixture before adding a sprinkle of black peppercorns and gave it a good fry before pouring the sauce over the grilled fish to complete the dish.

Dumfounded, Penelope could not react in time. By the time she swallowed her astonishment, Arielle had picked up her dish and headed out.

Her heart tightened with fear, and she hurriedly followed behind.

Vinson and Susanne had been waiting for a long time. When they saw Arielle walking out, the latter immediately pulled up a warm and affectionate smile on her face. "You're done so quickly?"

"Yeah." Arielle nodded. "We have high expectations on the speed of food preparation so that we can serve our food fast. That said, I apologize for making you wait."

"It's fine. Don't worry about that! Bring it over quickly. The fragrance of your dish filled the air here even before you came out. I was craving for it so badly that I almost drooled!"

Susanne was speaking the truth, and it was evident from how Vinson had emptied two glasses of water while waiting.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1237

Chapter 1237 Steal His Heart

Penelope hastily caught up and overheard the conversation between Susanne and Arielle.

Confused by their words, she asked, "The speed of food preparation? Ms. Moore, does Sann Group open restaurants too?"

Arielle placidly replied, "Not by Sann Group. It's my restaurant."

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When Penelope wanted to delve further, Susanne proudly interjected, “Have you heard of Maureen’s Kitchen before? It belongs to my daughter-in-law. Many of the recipes are tweaked by her personally.”

Hearing that, Penelope widened her eyes in surprise.

She had barely paid attention to the news online ever since her family went bankrupt. Hence, despite hearing about Maureen’s Kitchen before, she did not know that Arielle was the person behind it.

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That was the most popular restaurant in Chanaea recently!

She could not forget the taste of the dishes even until now after visiting the restaurant once with the boss of a karaoke bar.

She had even planned to take her parents for another visit after she had earned enough money. Yet, it was totally out of her expectations that it was a restaurant opened by Arielle!

If this is so, how else can I compare myself to Arielle? Am I trying to make a fool out of myself for trying to compete against the boss of Maureen’s Kitchen on cooking skills?

The next moment, Penelope saw Arielle putting her grilled fish on the table, right next to hers.

As the saying goes, comparisons were never helpful. Even without tasting the dish, anyone could tell that Arielle’s grilled fish was much better than Penelope’s from just the looks.

The latter had failed miserably in every way—the color, the presentation, and the ingredients used.

Unbothered by how Penelope’s face went pale white, Susanne deliberately said, “Come and give it a try first. Since the both of you made the same dish, it’ll be good if you can find out where you’re lacking at.”

Those words only made Penelope feel worse. Under Susanne’s watchful eyes, she picked up a small piece of fish and put it into her mouth.

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Before the flavors spread in her mouth, she tried to convince herself that good looks were not equivalent to good taste.

But in the next second, the chunk of fish melted in her mouth.

How did she manage to make the fish so tender? And her blend of sauces is totally different from mine. It's tangy and not too watery yet not overly thick; the fish is seasoned to perfection.

Penelope was certain she had never eaten such a delicious dish before!

"How is it?" Susanne raised a brow. "Can you tell the difference now?"

In truth, the difference she was referring to was not purely their cooking skills but also the differences between them.

There was almost no need for Arielle to say anything, yet there was a gap that set them miles apart.

In that instance, Penelope found that she was seemingly reduced to dust, to the point she had the urge to escape from reality.

The feeling of shame that the fish had brought her was so intense, much more than any other circumstances.

"Let's eat first," Vinson interrupted timely to stop Susanne from her continuous verbal attacks against Penelope.

Nevertheless, he had only touched Arielle's grilled fish throughout the entire meal, almost as though he had completely ignored Penelope's fish.

Of course, Penelope could hardly eat anything. What made her feel worse was when she saw how Arielle's dish was almost gone while hers was the complete opposite by the time they finished eating.

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She sat at the dining table for a long time, unable to get over it. Right then, she heard Susanne's instructions to Geoffrey. "Let that woman spend the night here in the room that the previous chef stayed in."

Her face darkened as soon as she heard that.

Luckily, she still had control over her rationality. Even though she had to sleep in the servants' quarters, she figured she had succeeded in making herself stay at Vinson's house, on the brighter side.

As long as she could stay, there would be a possibility that she could capture the heart of Vinson!

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1238

Chapter 1238 Sleep In Separate Rooms

At the thought of that, Penelope could finally force a smile on her face. "It doesn't matter where I sleep. I'm sorry for having to trouble you."

"Hmph!" Susanne let out a cold snort and purposely raised her voice as she said to Geoffrey, "Bring over the herbs Mrs. Seyward sent this morning and brew it for Sannie."

Puzzlement was written all over Arielle's face. "Mom, I'm not feeling unwell."

"It's not for that," Susanne answered with a smile. "It's a tonic for nourishment. Even though you two haven't got married, I've been waiting for a grandchild for a really long time. Be good and finish the drink later."

Arielle's face froze when she learned what Susanne had in mind.

It was not because of embarrassment but because she had mixed feelings about it.

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How will I be able to bear any children with Vinson under such conditions right now? I don't even know what's going through his mind.

After staying silent for a while, she muttered, "There's no need, Mom. We don't have such plans at the moment. I'll sleep in the guest room on the first floor tonight."

Finishing her words, she turned and trotted toward the guest room without bothering to spare a glance at Vinson.

One step, then another...

Her footsteps were slow and unhurried because she held on to the hope that Vinson would stop her.

However, there was only disappointment when she realized the man hesitated no more and headed upstairs.

Susanne was the only one sighing non-stop and holding onto Arielle's hand to comfort her.

Nevertheless, the rage burning within her had reached its peak, yet she tried to maintain an unfazed expression and comforted Susanne instead. "Don't worry, Mom. I'm fine. It's just that I have something important tomorrow, so I need some time to do the preparations. Besides, I'll be able to sleep more comfortably alone."

Deep down, Arielle knew that was not the case. She figured she would not be able to sleep a wink that night.

Seeing how determined the woman was, Susanne knew any persuasion would be useless and eventually gave up.

Moreover, the alcohol she had consumed from the banquet earlier was starting to kick in. As her head was spinning and throbbing badly, she gave Arielle some words of consolation before heading back to the room for some rest.

Arielle was well aware she had to endure the pain and difficulties. No matter how others could understand her circumstance, no one would be able to empathize with her completely.

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She had it all thought out—she would have a good chat with Vinson when the matter regarding the mystery opponent came to an end.

Thus, she was mentally prepared to let go of Vinson if necessary.

Despite her intense love for Vinson, it was not to the extent that she would give up on her life if she lost Vinson.

There was no way she would stop moving forward since she had not found Cindy, and neither did she solve the mystery about her biological father yet.

In fact, she was extremely relieved that she was not the kind of woman who could not live without love.

Heaving a deep sigh, Arielle swept her gaze to Penelope and warned, “You can continue staying here, but you blame me for doing anything to you if I find that you’re harboring any evil thoughts.”

“I got it,” the latter hurriedly answered. “I promise you that I’ll not cross the line.”

In truth, her words did not reflect the thoughts in her mind. Deep down, she dreamed that she could replace Arielle someday.

There was no limit to greed. Initially, Penelope only wanted to reap some benefits from Vinson. But that had slowly escalated to her yearning to stay overnight at the Nightshire residence. Now, she was even thinking about replacing Arielle.

Without a doubt, greed was only human instinct, and Penelope was not an exception either.

Her gazes toward Arielle only turned increasingly disdainful as the latter turned around.

Well, it seems like the top student of Maxwell University, who has superbly high intelligence is nothing but a rumor, huh? A clever woman should be trying all possible means to remedy her relationship with her husband and win him back. What Arielle is doing will only push him further from her.

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1239

Chapter 1239 A Slap

Don't tell me that Arielle is still waiting for Vinson to take the initiative? Essentially, it's all because Arielle and Vinson are similar in too many ways and are equally arrogant. That's why they're growing further apart from each other. Hmm... I shall be the one to cause a rift between them then! When that happens, Arielle can't blame me. She can only blame herself for being too outstanding. Men are all arrogant and lustful creatures. Her demeanor will only make any man feel inferior and dare not take a step forward to reach her.

With those thoughts in her head, Penelope felt increasingly thrilled, so much so that she felt elated.

So, when Susanne and the rest headed back to their rooms, she sat on the couch in the living room and haughtily beckoned a housekeeper over.

"Are there no fruits in this house? Go and bring me some fruits right now!"

The housekeeper frowned. "M-Miss, the fruits we bought are all catered to the preferences of the three owners of this manor. We have none prepared for you. I'm sorry."

"What?" Penelope's expression turned grim at once.

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She stood up with her hands on her waist. "What do you mean by that? Are you belittling me? I'm Mr. Nightshire's woman! Do you want me to throw you out of this house for not being willing to prepare fruits for me?"

The housekeeper's face fell instantly.

"Only the owners in the manor have the right to fire me. I'm afraid you aren't qualified to do that?"

As soon as her words fell, a loud smack reverberated through the entire living room.

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The housekeeper covered her cheek and stared at Penelope in disbelief as she confronted, "You hit me?"

The latter rolled her eyes. "So what if I did that? Yes, I've slapped you! Let me ask you again. Are you going to prepare some fruits for me? If you don't go and do that immediately, I'll ask Mr. Nightshire to throw you out of this house tomorrow and make sure that you won't be able to find another job!"

The housekeeper was utterly furious.

She's a nobody who appeared from nowhere! Yet, she dares to slap me? Mrs. Nightshire has personally chosen me and offered me this role! I've worked here for more than a decade, and technically I'm considered an experienced housekeeper. Since when have I ever suffered such humiliation?

"You-" Just as the housekeeper walked up to Penelope and wanted to fight back, Geoffrey hurried over to stop her.

He then turned to Penelope and took a deep bow. "I'm sorry for not training my subordinates well. Let me go and get you some fruits right away. Please lose it for you are such a prestige person."

Geoffrey's words put Penelope on cloud nine.

Thinking that she should not kick a fuss and make Vinson learn about her temper, she raised an eyebrow quizzically and sat down. "I want strawberries, cherries, and mangoes. The mangoes have to be diced in small cubes so that I won't have to make a mess while eating them."

"Sure, we will do it according to your request." Geoffrey smiled faintly and pulled the housekeeper with him to the kitchen.

The indignant housekeeper asked, "Why do we have to listen to that woman? She slapped me! Why did you apologize to her?"

"Silly woman!" Geoffrey scrunched his brows tightly as he lowered his voice to explain.

"We're only housekeepers in this house. You have to know your place! Since Mr. Nightshire has brought her back, we have to treat her just like the lady of the house."

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“Lady of the house?” The housekeeper was really annoyed. “In my opinion, she can’t even hold a candle for Mrs. Nightshire! Though Mrs. Nightshire is the chairman of Sann Group, she’s extremely respectful to us. Just look at that woman... Huh, I honestly have no idea why Mr. Nightshire is interested in her!”

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1240

Chapter 1240 An Act

Why did he leave his pretty and wealthy wife at home and brought home an uncivilized woman from outside instead? I wonder what’s wrong with him!

The housekeeper could not wrap her mind around the mind of Vinson.

“Lower your voice!” Geoffrey reminded in a soft voice. “Since Mr. Vinson has agreed to her staying here, I’m sure he has his plans. We’re in no place to comment on that. As for the injury on your face, I’ll add an extra thousand to your salary this month. But when you head out of here later, you have to put on your respectful and courteous self. Do you hear me?”

She had no other choice but to agree even though she was still bearing a grudge against Penelope.

After all, she was only a housekeeper. How would she be able to compare to a woman whom Vinson had brought home?

Upon getting her response, Geoffrey continued in a calmer tone, “Don’t be too angry either. Such characters are extremely arrogant, but like how dramas portrayed them, they normally won’t last more than two episodes.” He kept his words simple and headed out of the kitchen after concluding his statement.

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It did not take long before the housekeeper understood the meaning behind Geoffrey’s words.

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So, she can be haughty for now, but that'll also be the very reason she gets thrown out later! She'll get the taste of it when she gets kicked out of this place!

With that, the housekeeper finally felt better. At the same time, she also became more appreciative of the lady of the house, and that was none other than Arielle.

In truth, many socialites had never seen housekeepers as humans and had no respect for them.

Only Arielle was warm and friendly and would treat them as equals.

If Mrs. Nightshire gets replaced by that woman outside, we'll only get miserable days ahead.

At this point, the housekeeper's eyes lit up when a daring idea popped up in her mind.

About ten minutes later, the housekeeper brought out the three types of fruits Penelope had requested.

"Miss, I've washed them three times and soaked them in salt water once. You can eat them without any worries."

Penelope had wanted to make a few more mocking comments at the housekeeper. Nonetheless, judging from how the latter had a complete change in attitude, she burst into scornful laughter and decided to let her off. "Looks like you know what's good for you."

Since I have a chance of becoming the lady of this house, there's no need for me to stoop so low and be so calculative with a housekeeper.

With that in mind, Penelope did not spare another glance at the housekeeper. Instead, she enjoyed the fruits while scrolling on her phone.

She barely had leisure time to scroll her phone previously. However, since she finally had some time to herself, she decided to log in to her Twitter account.

It was then she saw Arielle's name on the top of the trending list.

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Instinctively, a line formed between her brows. Displeasure surged so intensely inside her that even the cherry turned tasteless in her mouth.

Jealous, she clicked on the post and abruptly saw Sam's tweet. It was photos of the movie he was recently filming.

In one of the photos, she spotted Arielle dressed in a special agent costume, looking very charismatic and sassy.

Arielle is filming a movie? And it's a movie by Sam Sleight? Isn't her luck a little too good to be true?

An opportunity to star in Sam's movies upon her debut was hard to come by and definitely a dream for many.

After all, Sam was a whiz director in Chanaea's movie industry. Every movie he had shot had always sold like hotcakes and won many awards.

If everything goes smoothly, this movie will undoubtedly be a hot-selling movie when it's released. Eventually, Arielle will have another chance to shine.

Gritting her teeth in anger, Penelope scrolled to the comment section. Yet, she grew even more irked when she saw how praises for Arielle's looks and acting skills filled the section.

Acting skills? It's only a photo. How can they tell how great her acting is?

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