

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 891

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 891

“You...”

“Stop it. If you think that I know the examination topics beforehand, start an investigation. I’ll admit defeat if you find any pieces of evidence. However, if you spread these baseless rumors before finding out the truth, don’t blame me for seeking out a lawyer. I’ve gone to court before. I don’t mind going there again.”

“Are you threatening me?”

“If I have done nothing wrong, I have nothing to fear. If you’re scared, it means that you’re guilty, right?”

Wendy gritted her teeth and spat coldly, “Fine! Don’t let me find out that you only aced this test because you already know the questions beforehand!”

With that, she spun around and ran out of the classroom.

She wanted to look for Donovan. As he was safeguarding the papers, she would find out if Arielle cheated by asking him.

After Wendy left, the tense atmosphere in the classroom dispersed.

The boy sitting next to Wendy said, “Boss, ignore Wendy. She’s just jealous.”

Shaking her head, Arielle said, “If she doesn’t voice her doubts now, people will still find it strange in the future. I’d rather she investigate everything now, so there won’t be any more troubles next time.”

“Next time?” He scratched his head in confusion. “Why would there be trouble next time?”

Arielle smiled and said, “You’ll find out on Monday.”

She had answered every question carefully for this test.

If her score was too high, people would suspect her.

Hence, it was better if Wendy investigated her now.

Still puzzled, the boy nodded. “See you on Monday, Boss.”

“See you on Monday.”

Arielle waved her hands and bade farewell to her classmates. Then, she walked to Trisha, who was feeling extremely guilty. Holding Trisha’s hand, she consoled, “It’s fine now! Let’s go. I’ll treat you to a meal.”

“No...” Trisha shook her head and said, “I should be treating you to a meal. If you didn’t guess the questions for me, Wendy wouldn’t have accused you.”

“That’s not true!” Arielle said seriously, “Trust me. Even if that didn’t happen, Wendy will still suspect me. Incapable people are the most skilled at suspecting the capable. So, don’t overthink. Let’s go! What do you want to eat? Barbecue? It’s been ages since I’ve eaten barbecue.”

Trisha felt slightly relieved after hearing what Arielle

said.

She nodded and reserved a table at a popular barbecue place.

After sending a message to Vinson, she went there with Trisha.

Meanwhile, in a conference room at Vinson Corporation, the atmosphere was extremely solemn.

There were some problems with a new project. Furthermore, it was the top management who had pointed out the problems.

Rayson was supposed to handle it on behalf of Vinson. However, as he was busy investigating the wedding, he had handed it over to the secretary's office.

Although it was the secretary's office that failed to do a good job, Rayson could not evade responsibility.

Just as he was clutching his wallet and trembling, he suddenly saw Vinson's phone light up.

He noticed that it was a message from Arielle.

I'm saved!

Indeed, when Vinson glanced at his phone, he smiled.

Rayson immediately heaved a sigh of relief.

Whenever Ms. Moore sends Mr. Nightshire a message,

his mood will always improve.

If his mood improves, my punishment will be less severe.

Ms. Moore is my savior!

When Vinson saw that Arielle had messaged him, he tapped into it immediately despite still being in a meeting.

However, a second after reading the message, Vinson's good mood disappeared and was replaced by fury. A cold aura enveloped him.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 892

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 892

The text message only read: I'm going for a BBQ with Trisha. Please don't follow us.

Did Arielle just abandon me?

Vinson stared at the text for a full minute before raising his head to peer at the top management fanned out before him.

“If you guys do not get this done, don't expect to get off work any time soon.” He looked at Rayson, who was looking bewildered and said, “Especially you, Rayson. I'm going to cut your year-end bonus this year.”

Rayson was thunderstruck.

Meanwhile, Wendy went looking for Donovan right after leaving the classroom.

“What do you mean she's seen the paper?” Donovan raised a brow and rebutted Wendy's idea right away. “No, that's impossible.”

Surprised, Wendy asked, “Why is that impossible??

Donovan looked at her and said, “As this exam result is a prerequisite for the admission quota of Maxwell University, the paper is kept in a safe after all teachers have set up the questions. All teachers take turns to guard the safe around the clock. Besides, only I have the password to the safe.”

“Could it be that Arielle had broken into the safe when the teacher on duty was away?”

“No, that’s impossible too,” Donovan said adamantly. “The safe was sealed after the paper was placed inside. There surely would be traces of a break-in if anyone attempted to steal the paper. Besides, upon inspection, the seal was in perfect condition when we took the paper out of the safe. So, it’s impossible that someone had gotten their hands on the paper.”

Even though Donovan was not fond of Arielle and even repulsed by her, he was certain that she would not have access to the paper that was heavily guarded.

If Arielle had access to the question paper, his authority would surely be questioned and doubted.

However, Wendy still could not believe that Arielle had never seen the paper.

So, the only way that she knew quantum mechanics was going to be tested was because she had accurately predicted the exam question.

Wendy still found the idea absurd since accurately predicting questions was an arduous task for a student.

Just who is this Arielle? Why does she seem to excel in everything she does?

Wendy then recalled Arielle’s smug manners and grimaced in response.

“All right.” Donovan noticed her expression and tried to soothe her. “You’re finally done with your exams. Quit worrying over it. Don’t slouch for the weekend, though.”

“I’ll send you two sets of Maxwell University past-year questions. Solve them all and be prepared for your admission exam.”

Wendy bit her lower lip and nodded her head.

Since her plan to discredit Arielle failed, Wendy knew her only way out for successful admission to Maxwell University was only good old hard work.

Either way, she was certain that Arielle, who had missed out on taking one of the subjects, would certainly not be able to surpass her results.

Wendy was plagued with regret for her foolhardiness after walking out of Donovan's office.

I should have learned my lessons and kept this to myself.

Meanwhile, at a barbecue restaurant, even though Trisha had managed to get a reservation at the BBQ place, she had failed to secure a private booth. Hence, the two of them could only occupy a table in the crowded common area.

"Excuse me..." Trisha held the drink in her hand and said in a dejected manner, "I really fail at everything I do. Sorry for dragging you down with me."

Arielle merely smiled and said, "Ah, nonsense. It's impossible for Wendy to discredit me. Maybe she's even regretting busting me out at the classroom right now. And hey, it's better to have a barbecue at a bustling

place, isn't it?"

Trisha managed a weak smile and vowed to never do anything that would burden Arielle anymore.

Right then, someone spoke up right behind Arielle.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 893

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 893

Bewildered, Arielle turned around and noticed a man was standing behind her.

“Ms. Moore! It’s really you!”

The man seemed excited at the sight of Arielle.

At the same time, Arielle recognized the man.

“Mr. Sleight?”

“Yep, that’s me!” Sam pointed at the vacant seat beside her and asked, “Could I sit next to you and chat for a

bit?”

Arielle nodded and gestured for him to take a seat.

The man took a seat beside her merrily and said, “I didn’t expect to bump into you here. Are you busy lately?”

“I… am occupied these days, but not particularly busy for anything. Why, Mr. Sleight?”

Actually, Arielle could already guess what the man was about to say.

As expected, Sam explained his intention, “I’ve just ended a round of audition, and I’m treating the film crew to a barbecue here. To be frank, I didn’t think that the audition went too well. Ms. Moore, I’d like to ask you to reconsider assuming the

role of the female lead of my film this time. I don't think there's anyone else who is more suited for the role."

It was a female lead role of a disaster film, and Arielle knew for a fact that the female lead was the protagonist of the whole film.

Hence, the selection for the female lead was of utmost importance.

According to the script, the female lead seemed like a hard-headed and reserved character. At the same time, however, the female lead was a compassionate character as well. As a matter of fact, Arielle's personality mirrored that of the female lead perfectly.

As the director of the film, Sam already had his sights set on having Arielle as the female lead.

It was for the same reason that Sam had once again requested for Arielle to accept the role.

Arielle gave him an apologetic smile and said, "I'm really sorry. I don't have any plans to join the entertainment industry. The ambassador gig for Soir Coffee happened by chance."

Sam appeared to be quite dejected after listening to her.

However, he still handed her his name card. "I'm not going to disturb you further then. Any time you change your mind, just give me a call."

Arielle did not reject the man again and took over the card before sending him off.

She turned around and noticed that Trisha was clutching

onto the glass of drink in her hand tightly. The latter did not even realize it when the drink in her glass was spilled over a little on the back of her hand.

“Trish, what’s the matter?”

Trisha snapped out of her thoughts, and her face was tinged red.

She tugged on Arielle’s shirt and asked, “Did my eyes play tricks on me? The man who was talking to you was the director, Sam Sleight, right?”

Arielle nodded her head. “Yes, that’s him.”

“Oh my goodness!” Trisha was beyond excited and exclaimed, “I’m his biggest fan! I’ve watched every one of his films at least a hundred times!”

Arielle was quite taken aback to know that fact. Upon further questioning, she got to know that it was one of Sam’s films that had gotten Trisha through her toughest days when her autism was at its most serious phase.

The movie was about an autistic girl who had overcome a myriad of obstacles to become a famous singer. It was a motivating and touching piece.

Arielle nodded her head and finally understood Trisha’s excitement at the sight of Sam.

To Trisha, Sam signified hope.

Trisha looked at Arielle and asked, “Sannie, why did

you reject Mr. Sleight’s offer? Even though he’s quite young, the films he produced had bagged multiple awards. In fact, the three highest-grossing films in our country are directed by him.”

Right then, Arielle realized that she did not know much about Sam.

She was slightly stumped after listening to Trisha. However, she quickly regained her composure and said calmly, “Ah, that’s because I still have more important things to attend to. All right, let’s move on and start our barbecue!”

To Arielle, the prospect of becoming a famed celebrity was much less appealing than the plate of barbequed meat right in of her.

At the same time, Jason arrived at the BBQ restaurant.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 894

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 894

Sam had booked a private room, but he had to pass through Arielle's table to get to it.

Jason managed to spot Arielle, who was barbequing right away.

One would be easily captivated by her sweet smile and outstanding demeanor.

Jason let out a chuckle upon spotting her.

Hah, she had rejected me so many times. Yet, she still asked around for my schedule and came all the way here just so she could pretend to bump into me by chance. I knew that she was playing hard-to-get.

At the same time, Gracie, who was standing behind Jason, spotted Arielle as well.

Excited, the woman patted Jason's shoulder and said, "Hey, it's Arielle!"

Jason merely nodded his head calmly. "Yes, I'm not blind."

Gracie had gotten used to Jason's sarcastic manner and nudged him. "Don't you have your sights set on asking her to become the female lead for 'Monsters in Jadeborough'? This is a good chance to pitch your idea. I heard that Mr. Sleight still hasn't found an actress suited for the role from the audition today. You might as well take the chance to ask her right now."

"That won't be necessary. She will accept the role,"

Chapter 894

Jason said adamantly.

Her hard-to-get game will come to an end.

An epiphany hit Jason right then.

The more initiative I take, the more Arielle will pretend to ignore me. However, if I ignore her, she will understand that her little trick isn't working. She will then start to show interest in me and even approach me then.

Jason even thought that Arielle showing up at the BBQ restaurant was a validation of his assumption.

Hence, he decided to change his tactic and not approach her first.

He deliberately took off his sunglasses and walked right past Arielle.

Gracie was stumped by his actions. Isn't he the one who's ogling at Arielle's photos and videos every day?

However, owing to the large number of crew members present, the manager bit his tongue.

At the common area, Arielle was so focused on enjoying her barbecue that she did not notice the people passing by at all.

In fact, it was Trisha who noticed that Jason had passed by. Her eyes widened at the sight of him. She lowered her voice and asked Arielle, "Hey, isn't that Jason

Sleight?"

"Jason Sleight?" Arielle spaced out for a moment and only registered his name after a moment.

She furrowed her brows and said, “You’d better hurry up and finish your food then. Let’s get out of here as soon as possible.”

Arielle did not wish to bump right into the weirdo.

Trisha was befuddled by Arielle’s reaction.

Only Arielle would try to get away from Jason Sleight.

Soon, night fell.

When Arielle and Trisha headed out of the barbecue restaurant, an MPV stopped right at the restaurant’s entrance.

The next moment, a tall and handsome man got off the car.

It was Vinson.

Trisha avoided the man like she had seen a ghost. She hurriedly halted a taxi and jumped right into the first taxi that stopped after bidding goodbye to Arielle.

Arielle sent her off helplessly before she approached Vinson.

“Are you done with work?” she asked. However,

Vinson merely nodded and said nothing else before getting into the backseat.

Stumped, Arielle followed right behind him and into the

car.

Rayson sensed that something was not quite right and raised the partition of the car right away to give Vinson and Arielle some privacy.

“What’s the matter with you?” Arielle asked Vinson right away after getting into the car. “Are you in a bad mood? Did something happen to the company?”

Still, Vinson kept quiet. He looked out the window blankly and said nothing.

Arielle was at a loss. She breathed in deeply and gave Vinson a kiss.

Vinson’s impassive face finally eased a little.

He realized that he was powerless against Arielle.

Arielle did not have any skills to show for and merely pecked on Vinson’s lips.

His veins popped slightly at her amateur kiss, and he turned around to press her down on the backseat.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 895

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 895

Arielle was caught off guard by Vinson suddenly taking the lead.

When she snapped out of her shock, Arielle realized that Vinson was already on top of her.

She felt his full weight on her as he started to reciprocate her kiss.

She let out a low moan.

However, the moan only served to ignite a burning lust inside the man.

He pressed harder down on her lips.

“Vin—” Her words turned muffled from Vinson’s kiss.

Their bodies were in close proximity, and Arielle could clearly feel the changes in his body.

She felt her cheeks burn upon realizing the effect she had on him.

But we’re in a car, and Rayson is sitting right in front!

Abashed and afraid at the same time, Arielle grew more anxious as she feared that Rayson might be able to hear them.

However, Vinson seemed to not share the same sentiment as he continued to kiss her. His hands were straying further up her thighs.

Soon, his hand touched Arielle where she had not been touched before.

The latter stiffened in response as she unconsciously clamped her legs tight.

She grew exasperated as she pushed against Vinson's chest. "Vinson, no!"

Is he crazy? Rayson is right out front!

"Don't worry, he won't be able to see us," Vinson whispered into her ears.

His hot breath made Arielle tingle.

She tried hard to keep her composure, albeit her face had already turned crimson red. "But he will be able to hear us..."

"Don't worry. He doesn't have the guts to listen in."

Vinson smirked and kissed her again.

However, the car came to a halt right then.

Rayson's voice rang. "Mr. Nightshire, we're here."

Vinson's face sank as he cursed under his breath.

Arielle sat upright as she straightened out her ruffled hair.

When she was done, Rayson opened the car door to let

her out.

"Ms. Moore, this way." Rayson opened the door for Arielle but was met with Vinson's death glare.

The frigid stare made the smile on Rayson's face falter.

What's the matter? Oh God... What have I done?

The next second, Vinson's cold voice rang. "Your next year-end bonus is gone too."

The befuddled man was thunderstruck yet again.

Arielle noticed the man's expression and hurriedly consoled him. "He's just joking."

"I never joke," Vinson replied impassively before taking her hand in his to let her get off the car on his side.

Rayson's eyes brimmed with tears as he sent them off into the mansion. He grumbled to himself as he got back to the car while he blamed his bad luck for what happened.

Meanwhile, Arielle was almost dragged by Vinson into the mansion. In the blink of an eye, her hands were held in place by Vinson's as she was pinned against the door by the man.

He claimed her sweet lips over and over again.

Vinson finally let her go after what seemed like forever.

Arielle gasped for breath right after.

"Haven't you learned how to breathe yet?" Vinson asked in a low voice.

Just when she uttered the first word, Arielle was swept off her feet as Vinson carried her upstairs.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 896

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 896

“Vinson...” Surprised, Arielle circled her hands around the man’s neck.

Vinson edged his lips close to her ears and said in his baritone voice, “Now, no one will be able to disturb us.”

He had set his phone to silent after getting off the car just now.

That way, he would be able to enjoy his time with Arielle without anyone interrupting him.

Arielle bit down on her lip and said nothing as she leaned quietly against his shoulders.

She was not ready the last time. However, this time she was all ready to surrender herself to Vinson.

The two of them reached the spacious bed upstairs in no time.

Vinson finally quit restraining himself and kissed her deeply. Then, he caressed Arielle’s slender legs.

His hands traced further up her thighs as he continued kissing her passionately.

However, Vinson suddenly paused as his body stiffened.

Arielle was lost in the passionate moment and felt the man stiffen all of a sudden.

Bemused, she looked at the man and asked, “What’s the matter?”

Then, Vinson raised his right hand to show that it was stained with blood.

Arielle was stumped and was hit by a pang of realization.

Her period was here.

What great timing...

Arielle's already crimson red face burned hot with embarrassment.

Vinson let out a helpless chuckle. "I thought no one would be able to get in our way this time. Who would've thought..."

"Um... Sorry..." Arielle did not know what else to say. Noticing that Vinson was trying hard to restrain himself, she suddenly felt a pang of guilt hit her.

He caressed her earlobe with his other hand and said, "Silly girl, what are you apologizing for? You're going to be mine sooner or later anyway."

Arielle's cheeks burned further. She noticed that Vinson's hands were on her stomach.

"Does it hurt?"

Arielle shook her head and nodded her head. "Sometimes it hurts, sometimes it doesn't. This time I don't feel anything in particular."

If it had hurt, she would not have needed Vinson to remind her that her period was here.

Vinson pinched her cheeks and said dotingly, "All right. Change your clothes. It's better for you to bathe in warm water these few days. I'm going downstairs to shower."

Vinson kissed her on the forehead before turning around to leave.

Arielle was left all alone in the bedroom. She felt like she had just experienced the most awkward moment in her life.

Could I be the first woman to have a man remind me that my period's here right before we do it?

At the thought of Vinson's bloodstained hand, Arielle let out an exasperated low grunt.

She covered her face with a pillow to let out a muffled scream. Afraid that with any further delay, she might stain the sheets, Arielle got up to clean herself.

Vinson was in no better shape than she was.

He could only relieve himself in the shower seeing as he was cockblocked by the unexpected circumstance.

Meanwhile, feeling abashed about what happened, Arielle spent a much longer time in the shower than usual.

After she was done convincing herself that it was not

her fault and mustered enough courage to go look for Vinson downstairs, Arielle realized that the man was not in the bathroom

Where is he? Is he mad at me?

Just when Arielle was feeling anxious, she noticed some clanking noises coming from the kitchen.

“Vinson?”

She padded toward the kitchen and noticed that Vinson had made her hot chocolate.

Vinson smiled at the sight of her. “I don’t know if this is to your taste. I could make another one if you don’t like this one.”

Arielle felt a warm feeling course through her heart. She reached out to take the hot chocolate and finished it.

It was exactly how she liked her hot chocolate to be.

She was about to thank him when Vinson caught onto her and said, “I’ve said so many times that I do not accept any thanks from you. I thought I’d told you to say something else.”

Arielle pursed her lips and muttered, “Vinson, you’re the best.”

The man seemed pleased and said, “You’d better keep track of your cycle. You should drink this before you

get your period.”

Arielle nodded her head and looked at the man. “Were you mad just now?”

Vinson did not beat around the bush and admitted it right away. “Yes. Not only did you ask another person out for dinner, but you also forbade me from tagging along.”

“I just didn’t want to scare her...”

“I’m not a frightening beast,” Vinson mumbled indignantly.

“I’m sorry. I won’t do it again. I will be sure to explain to Trisha that you’re actually a guy who’s easy to get along with.”

Vinson lifted his chin and said, “I’m not the type to be appeased that easily.”

Cocking her head to one side, Arielle asked, “So, teach me. How can I appease you then?”

Vinson looked deep into her eyes and said in an enigmatic tone. “You’ll be able to do so when your period is over.”

Arielle was rendered speechless. “I want to sleep alone tonight.”

“No way. Then you won’t even be able to appease me even after your period is gone.”

“Vinson, I never knew that you were such a difficult and shameless man.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment.”

The two of them broke into a chuckle afterward. Though they said nothing else, there was no denying that it was a saccharine moment.

Words were not necessary when two people were in love.

Meanwhile, Wendy was waiting for her parents to come to fetch her after she was done with the exam. However, her parents’ flight was delayed, and she could only head back to the rented apartment unit all alone.

The apartment was quiet. Wendy checked on her phone after settling down.

There was no new message other than the message from her mother telling her that their flight had been delayed.

She then recalled that since leaving the Nightshire Manor, Susanne had not contacted her.

Is she busy, or has she given up on me?

Wendy bit down on her lips indignantly.

She could not risk losing Susanne's favor. The latter was her only hope of marrying into the Nightshires.

With the thought in mind, Wendy hurriedly texted

Susanne.

Ms. Stone, I'm done with my school exams, and I'm free this weekend. Can I drop by to visit you? What desserts would you like to have? I could bring them over.

She ended her text with a playful emoji.

Meanwhile, at the Nightshire Manor., Susanne was playing cards with her friends when she noticed her phone ping with a notification.

She lifted her phone to check the message. An inexplicable emotion washed over her after checking the notification.

Actually, Susanne was quite fond of Wendy as she considered the girl an all-rounder. Wendy came from a good family and was quite well-mannered and studious at the same time. Susanne thought that she would be a great help to Vinson's career in the future.

However, her only concern was that her son seemingly harbored no interest in the girl. On the other hand, Vinson was infatuated with Arielle, who had a disconcerting background.

Susanne let out a heavy sigh.

Ah, forget it. I should honor my promise to Arielle and give her a chance to prove herself.

Susanne's friend asked, "Susanne, what's the matter? You're only a card away from winning the game."

She snapped out of her thoughts and ignored Wendy's text.

The next moment, she won the game.

The joy from winning made her throw Wendy's text to the back of her mind.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 897

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 897

On the other end of the phone, Wendy started to get more and more exasperated when she had not gotten a reply from Susanne.

She shouldn't be sleeping at this hour. Why isn't she replying to my message?

Has she really given up on me? Damn it. It seems like I have to use a harder approach.

Wendy then decided that she would bring her parents to go visit Susanne the next day.

Her parents finally arrived after some time.

She deliberately cooked instant noodles and thrashed her room to make it look messy. On top of the pale makeup that she put on, Wendy made herself look as lifeless and disoriented as she could be.

Wendy's mother, Cecilia, teared up at the sight of the situation her daughter was in.

"My darling daughter! What happened to you?"

Wendy said nothing as she shook her head lightly.

Susanne's father's face sank as he said, "Make her some proper dinner. Instant noodles are not proper food! Wendy, don't worry. We will go look for that woman, Susanne, tomorrow!"

Soon, the next day arrived.

It was the day when Vinson was going on a business trip. When Arielle woke up, she noticed the breakfast that Vinson had bought earlier and his handwritten note by her side.

She read the note: I'm going on a business trip to Horington. I'll be back tomorrow at noon.

Her lips curled into a smile as she found the little note heartwarming, especially since he had already told her about the business trip the night before.

Vinson was more attentive than Arielle thought he was.

Just when she was planning to continue sleeping after having breakfast, Jared called.

She picked up the call, only to realize that it was actually Harrison on the line.

“Ms. Moore, when are you coming over? Harvey has already been transferred from the ICU to a normal ward, but he's not giving any cooperation to the nurses on duty when they tried to give him an IV drip.”

Arielle wondered if he had developed any post traumatic symptoms for IV drips.

“All right. I will be there in an hour,” Arielle replied.

“Okay.” Harrison hung up the call. Arielle got up to prepare herbs in the kitchen.

After an hour, she took the herb that she prepared to the hospital.

Sure enough, Arielle noticed that Harvey was chasing a nurse out of his ward upon her arrival.

Meanwhile, Jared apologized on his brother's behalf.

“I’m sorry. My brother isn’t usually like this. Could you come over later after I’ve consoled him?”

“It’s all right,” the nurse said with a smile. “It is normal for patients to have mood swings. You guys could try to communicate with him more to improve the situation. I’ll come over in a bit.”

“Sure, thank you.”

Jared noticed that Arielle was making her way over.

He was elated at the sight of her. But he soon had mixed feelings about her presence.

“Boss.”

Arielle nodded to acknowledge him but did not enter the ward. She pulled Jared over to one corner and asked, “Your Grandpa called me and told me about Harvey, and I’ve seen how bad it is with my own eyes too. What happened to him. Why is he refusing his treatments?”

Jared gritted his teeth and said guiltily, “It’s all my fault. I should not have brought it up in front of Harvey.”

“What’s the matter?” Arielle asked with a deadpan expression.

“I don’t know what’s the matter with my Grandpa. He’s set his sights on you as his granddaughter-in-law and even told Harvey that he would make the necessary arrangements after Harvey’s recovered. Seeing him getting all hyped up about it, I didn’t want Harvey to feel too disappointed later on and told him about the fact that you and Vin are already married. And so…”

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 898

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 898

Arielle finally understood what was going on.

Jared pleaded, “Boss, only you are able to talk some sense into him right now. Please explain it all to Harvey.”

Arielle nodded. “I’ll try my best.”

Then, she headed into the ward.

Just after heading into the ward, she heard Harrison scolding Harvey, “So what if they’re married? They could just get a divorce any time! Do you know that more people are getting divorced than people getting married in Jadeborough? Do you still think those people are lining up at City Hall to get married? They’re all there to get a divorce, okay? Refusing treatment and giving up on yourself are not wise moves, my son. If I were you, I would focus on healing and pursuing Arielle afterward!”

Arielle’s lips twitched after listening to the man.

She had never seen an elderly talk in that way before.

Abashed, Jared reminded Harrison, “Grandpa, Harvey, Boss- I mean, Arielle, is here.”

Jared, who was on the bed, stiffened his body and closed his eyes. He did not wish to see Arielle.

Harrison stood up and was seemingly unfazed they possibly overheard him. He greeted Arielle with a broad smile and said, “Ms. Moore, you’re here! Come and have a seat. Harvey’s been waiting for you.”

Arielle let out a dry cough and made her way to Harvey’s side. “Get up and drink this.”

Harvey did not budge and appeared as if he had really fallen asleep.

“Drop the act,” Arielle exposed him. “I’ve already been here for quite a while and even witnessed you chasing a nurse out of the ward just now.”

Harvey knew there was no point to keep pretending and opened his eyes to look at her. “Why are you here?”

She showed him the herb that she brought over and said, “This.”

“I’m not going to drink that.” Harvey closed his eyes again and said impassively, “Just leave.”

Harrison grew exasperated.

“Hey, you little”

Arielle interrupted him and said, “Please don’t scold him. I fully understand if you’re reluctant to see me. So, I’m going to leave this here and be on my way.”

Harrison was taken aback. “You’re leaving already?”

Arielle muttered an affirmative response. “He doesn’t want to see me. It’s better for me to get out of his sight.”

Harvey’s lids moved before his eyes sprung open. “Grandpa, Jared, could you guys give us a moment? I want to speak to her in private.”

Harrison was about to say something when Jared dragged him out of the ward and closed the door behind them.

Arielle and Harvey were left alone in the ward.

Harvey did not speak for some time, and Arielle waited patiently aside for him to speak first.

In the end, Harvey finally parted his lips.

“Jared told me you’re married to Vinson?”

“Yes.” Arielle nodded.

Harvey pursed his lips and turned pale.

“When? Was it before or after I became a spy?”

“Before.”

Harvey furrowed his brows. “W-Why didn’t you guys let me know? Are you guys taking me for a fool?”

There was a subtle change in Arielle’s expression. She could understand how Harvey felt right then.

She would have stopped Harvey if she had known that he would risk his life to become a spy for her.

However, it was already too late. Arielle knew there was no turning back time. She explained patiently, “Both Vinson and I had never taken you as a fool. We did not exclusively keep it from you as everyone had no idea that we were married either. Anyway, Harvey, I want to apologize. I know I should have explained everything much earlier to you, but I really take you as only a friend. You should know that feelings can’t be forced.”

“Forced?” Harvey let out a dry chuckle. “Do you feel burdened by my feelings?”

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 899

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 899

“No, it’s not a burden at all.” Arielle shook her head profusely. “In the past, I didn’t know how to cherish myself. It was only after receiving your love that I finally realized my self-worth. I promise to hold your feelings close to my heart.”

After a few moments of silence, Harvey asked, “Do you love him?”

When she heard Harvey’s question, Arielle was reluctant to tell the truth. Nevertheless, Harvey already knows that I’m married to Vinson. It’d be better if I told him the truth. This way, he won’t be hurt anymore. “I do.” Arielle nodded without beating around the bush.

When he heard this, Harvey closed his eyes as a look of anguish crossed his face. “All right, please take your leave,” he replied quietly.

“Your medicine” Arielle began hesitantly.

“Don’t worry; I’ll make sure to take it. Do you take me for an idiot? I won’t sacrifice my life for a woman,” Harvey interrupted before Arielle could finish her sentence.

“But you became a spy.”

“Don’t overthink it. I went undercover on my own accord. It has nothing to do with you. Since that b*stard nearly killed me, I merely went to get my revenge,” Harvey uttered in a cold voice.

Arielle nodded. “Remember to take your medicine, all

right? I’ll be back tomorrow to bring you more.”

“There’s no need for you to do that.” Harvey glanced at Arielle with a dark look. “It wouldn’t be appropriate for a married woman to be seen visiting another man.”

“I’m just here to visit my friend...”

“Stop it!” Harvey bellowed as he lost his temper. “It will be impossible for us to be friends anymore. Please leave. I don’t want to see you ever again.”

Arielle couldn’t help but clench her fists when she heard Harvey’s hurtful remarks. All of a sudden, it felt like Harvey had become a complete stranger.

Arielle couldn’t muster the courage to approach him.

“Okay, I’ll take my leave first,” Arielle replied.

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Harvey remained silent as he closed his eyes and refused to acknowledge her.

Helpless, Arielle spun on her heel and left.

As soon as she stepped out of the ward, Jared and Harrison rushed over.

“How was it? Did you manage to persuade him?” Harrison asked anxiously.

Arielle shook her head before looking at Jared. “He doesn’t want to see me ever again. I’ll give you his medicine. Please ask Carter to instruct the doctors to

heat it for half an hour according to the instructions.”

“Let me see you out,” Jared offered with a conflicted look on his face.

“It’s all right,” Arielle denied his offer politely. “Harvey’s recovery will quicken if he’s in a good mood. Coincidentally, it’s the weekend right now. You should stay here and keep him company. Make sure to be careful around his wound too.”

“Okay.”

After giving them another reminder about Harvey’s medicine, Arielle left the hospital.

Since Harvey doesn’t want to see me, it’d be best if I respected his wishes and kept my distance.

The moment Arielle departed, Harrison could not restrain himself anymore. Swiftly, he made his way into the ward. “How could you be so foolish? Who cares if she’s married? Don’t you know that women hate being stalked? You could’ve tried to win her over after you regained your health. Why did you drive her away?” he fumed in anger.

Harvey scowled and snapped, “Grandpa, stop bringing this topic up. I don’t have any feelings for her anymore.”

“No feelings? Your bluff won’t work on me. How could you have a change of heart overnight?”

“I’m telling the truth. I have no interest in married women. Don’t mention her in front of me anymore. Just the thought of her makes me annoyed,” Harvey replied stubbornly.

Harrison was speechless as he could not tell if Harvey was telling the truth.

On the other hand, the duo’s interactions left Jared with a pounding headache.

I can’t believe this happened because I told Harvey about Boss’ marriage. Seeing how things have turned out, I should have kept this information to myself.

Yet, it would have been impossible for him to keep it a secret forever.

After Arielle left Harvey’s ward, she dropped by to visit Josee before hailing a cab to Southall Group.

Now that summer has arrived, it is time for me to change Southall Group's name.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 900

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 900

Since Southall Group was a joint-stock company, the court took all of Henrick's shares after he was sentenced to prison.

His shares were then handed to the state's treasury. There, it was used to compensate the villagers for their monetary losses. Those shares were also utilized to

restore the geological damage caused by the mining project.

The meeting between Southall Group's shareholders happened to fall on that very same day as they planned to elect a new chairman.

In the newly refurbished meeting room of Southall Group, two groups were locked in a face-off. The

leaders of these respective groups were none other than Jacob Campbell, a representative of Henrick, and Oliver Moore, who held the largest portion of shares amongst the Moores. They each owned fifteen percent of Southall Group's shares.

Before this, Cindy had bribed Oliver to gain his support. Nevertheless, their alliance fell apart as they both sought after the position as Southall Group's new chairman.

At the height of their heated arguments, Oliver slammed his fist on the table and thundered, "Let's decide this by casting our votes!"

Upon Oliver's suggestion, Jacob fell silent.

Since this company originally belonged to the Moores,

their shares and members on the board of directors vastly outnumbered his supporters.

If they proceeded with the voting process, there was no doubt that Jacob would lose.

“I disagree with this idea!” Jacob leaped to his feet and pointed a threatening finger at Oliver. “You must have plotted for this ever since Mr. Southall was sentenced to jail. Did you contact the directors and other shareholders to manipulate the voting process?”

Oliver merely sneered as he let out a bark of wry laughter. “This company has always belonged to the Moores. Why has an outsider like you taken an interest in it? Are you trying to take over this company?”

“Not at all. I’m simply trying to expand and improve this company.”

“If we don’t decide this by voting, what do you suggest we do to elect our new chairman?” Oliver asked.

Jacob cleared his throat and said, “I think we should let the majority shareholder become the chairman.”

Ever since Henrick’s downfall, Jacob had been secretly purchasing Southall Group’s shares. Although Oliver may think that we have an equal amount of shares, these additional shares will make me the majority shareholder of the company!

All of a sudden, the company’s lawyer stood up from his seat. “I apologize for interrupting, but if we proceed

with the majority shareholder, the person with the largest amount of shares is yet to arrive.”.

Oliver and Jacob were stunned. “Isn’t Mr. Southall the biggest shareholder of this company? But all of his shares have been transferred to the state treasury,” Jacob asked in surprise

The lawyer shook his head and showed them a document. “Before Mr. Southall’s incident, he transferred a portion of his shares to Ms. Arielle Moore. A part of Ms. Cindy Moore’s shares were also passed to her. Hence, Ms. Moore gained twenty percent of the company’s shares. She also acquired many of the company’s shares herself. Right now, she wields thirty percent of Southall Group’s shares.”

Immediately, a dark expression loomed over Jacob’s and Oliver’s faces.

How on earth could a young maiden like her have more shares than the both of us?

Since Oliver was on the same side as Cindy, he refused to let Arielle become the new chairman.

“A young woman like her has no idea about the workings of a company. Besides, she’s still pursuing her studies. I’m sure she has no interest in this. It’d be best if we choose a new chairman by voting,” Oliver blurted out immediately.

“Who said I wasn’t interested?” a feminine voice stated from the entrance of the meeting room.

Instinctively, everyone turned toward the source of the voice.

They caught sight of a slim and stunning woman making her way into the meeting room. There was an amused smile that tugged the corners of her lips upward.

The woman had long and luscious black hair that framed her petite shoulders. The stark contrast of her raven-colored hair against her porcelain skin made her appear as fair as snow.

Furthermore, she was dressed in a sleek Prada suit and radiated an air of elegance. Her exquisite makeup further enhanced her breathtaking beauty.

Overall, she looked nothing like a university student. Even Oliver and Jacob could not hold a candle to this woman's domineering aura.

Promptly, deathly silence descended over the entire meeting room.