

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 21

Chapter 21

Shandie's lips curled up into a smile as wide as that of some socialite and froze in place while her brain thawed.

What... Arielle? Did I hear that right?

There was a flurry of discussion within the crowd as well.

"Who's Arielle Moore?"

"Isn't Shandie Southall the champion? Why isn't she made the brand ambassador? Is Soir Coffee breaking the convention this year and opting for someone else apart from the competition winner?"

"Even if they are not picking the champion, should they not select a candidate amongst the top three finalists? I don't see this Arielle Moore amongst any of them."

In the gallery, the unsettled Cindy turned and glared furiously at the equally stunned Arielle in the row behind, who wondered why Vinson would make her the ambassador of the coffee chain.

"Arielle!" Cindy snarled. "What have you done? Why did you pull something like that on your sister?"

Cindy's eyes looked like they were about to pop, and were they not in a public space, Arielle was sure that the woman would have skinned her alive.

Henrick, too, had a look of surprise on him, but it quickly evolved into a smile.

As both the girls were his daughters, it made no difference to him who got the job since he was going to get paid either way.

Henrick set aside some of his biases toward Arielle and regarded her warmly. "How could you not share this great news with me earlier, Sannie?"

Arielle was quite impassive inside.

How did he manage to forget that he was her father when he upgraded himself to first class seats and left her all by herself in the economic class?

As disgusted as she felt, she did not show her emotions as she shrugged nonchalantly. "I only got to know about this too, Dad."

"Liar!" Cindy seethed through gritted teeth. "You clearly did this on purpose!"

She was in the opinion that Arielle held back in a bid to see Shandie and herself sorely disappointed.

The vicious girl!

"Cindy!" Henrick bristled at her. "What are you doing? There's no need to differentiate because Sannie and Shandie are both our children. So stop this."

Cindy raged until she was heaving, but had to rein herself in in the presence of Henrick.

Arielle only smiled wryly when she looked at Cindy.

She had no desire to become some ambassador as she thought it was too much of a hassle and an impediment to the advancement of her plans. Seeing the hatred in Cindy's eyes, however, made her feel that this was one possible way by which she could get back at them-pissing Cindy off and dashing Shandie's hopes would surely rend this family apart.

So long as there was disharmony between them, fault-lines which she could exploit would surely surface, and that suited her just fine.

Upon seeing the sliver of a smile upon Arielle's lips, Cindy became even more unwavering in her belief that it was all intended on Arielle's part, and was determined to not let the girl clinch that role which she felt rightfully belonged to her own precious daughter.

At that moment, the host took center-stage after conferring with Vinson. "Could we have you on stage, Ms. Moore?"

Arielle's eyes coincidentally met Vinson's when she looked toward the platform, and though she could not tell what sort of mood he was in through his dark gaze, she could only comply at the host's behest.

As Arielle placed one foot before the other in the direction of the stage, all everyone else could see was a slender silhouette from the rear.

Nevertheless, that was enough to impress upon them her gracefulness. Her poise was like a butterfly in flight, and the majestic air she exuded was not to be understated.

Arielle's unadorned face did little to diminish her ability to dazzle. Her visage, as radiant as the sun and as pristine as the crescent moon, left the observing Shandie gnashing her own teeth onstage.

She slowly turned herself around after she stepped into the spotlight while the audience enthralled by her back-view continued to be transfixed in anticipation.

Gorgeous!She is simply gorgeous!

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The girl on stage had defined, exquisite features and flawless looks on that most perfectly oval-shaped face to go with her almost nine-head tall frame. Her package practically reduced Shandie beside her to a figurative ugly-duckling.

Never mind the ugly-duckling, even ordinary swans would be put to shame before the real swan-princess.

Most significantly was the fact that she wore no make-up. There was no telling how breathtaking she would be if she had put some color on, as a girl like her could overshadow even the female stars in the beauty-laden entertainment industry.

No one dislikes beautiful women. Not even the girls present at the ceremony whose eyes glistened in awe.

By just standing there, Arielle was that brightest light who condemned Shandie to a mere wallflower, drawing away all the attention that ought to have belonged to the latter without exception.

Vinson's eyes, too, were riveted as well, as if everyone else had become non-existent to him.

The manner in which Shandie's eyes reddened in jealousy did not elude Arielle. The former's rage and anguish were exactly what she wanted, but she quickly averted her gaze and walked right up to Vinson. "Why did you...".

Then, Vinson interjected, "I haven't decided whether to marry you, so consider this a little forwarding of *interest*."

Arielle was stumped, as she wondered whether it was solely for the payment of interest that he decided to hand such a critical endorsement role to her.

She had no idea what was going on inside Vinson's head, but she felt that that role would be worth taking up just to see Cindy and Shandie throw a fit.

Vinson took up the microphone. "As you may understand, Soir Coffee has always picked the winner of the coffee competition to be our spokesperson, but I've decided that this year, we'll only choose the one whose image best represents our brand. That, I feel, belongs to Ms. Moore. So, why don't you come forward and say a few words to all our friends out there?"

Arielle took over from Vinson and was about to speak when someone rushed out and snatched the microphone from her.

"I won't stand for this!"

When Arielle reflexively turned around, her gaze collided head-on into Shandie's, whose reaction came as no surprise to her.

Arielle's brows perked up, questioningly. "What are you doing, Shandie?"

Shandie ignored her and addressed the crowd directly instead. "The brand ambassador of the coffee shop has always been selected from amongst those who have proved themselves to be the most proficient at latte art. How could someone with no knowledge of it be chosen this year? This is just unacceptable!"

Cindy was the first to take to her feet.

"That's right, Mr. Nightshire! Your decision is too arbitrary and unprecedented, and we should have been informed even if you wish to make an exception to this. How can you have a country girl who isn't even a coffee drinker become your brand ambassador?"

Cindy's words had the entire hall uproarious.

"A girl from the countryside? This chosen ambassador can't carry the image of an international chain like Soir Coffee!"

"Disregarding the fact that she's from the country, but not even a coffee drinker? That's a little too much."

Emboldened by the supportive crowd, Shandie spoke into the microphone again, "Don't tell us that you've seduced your way into this role, Arielle?"

Arielle's dagger-like icy stare gave Shandie quite a fright, while Vinson's even colder glare unnerved the latter so much that she dared not even look at him twice.

She took a deep drawl and a moment to collect herself before she continued, "Otherwise, kindly explain to us how someone who doesn't even drink coffee managed to snag this endorsement role."

"Who told you that I don't drink coffee?" Arielle retorted calmly.

That drew a sneer from Shandie. "Then, do you dare accept my challenge? If you could beat me at latte art, then I'd willingly give up the role of brand ambassador to you!"