

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 36

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Unbeknownst to her, Jordan was watching everything from the start, for he had arrived quite a while ago. A smile tugged on the corner of his lips as he replied, "I see. Well, you can rest assured now since it won't bite you anymore." His statement caused Yvette's face to turn paler as realization dawned on

her.

My dog's dead! Magnus had been with me for three years, but it left me just like that. This is all Arielle's fault! Yvette glared at Arielle. *I will not let you off!* In the meantime, Shandie already helped Cindy to get back on her feet. "I'm so sorry you had to see that, Mr. Baker," uttered Cindy.

"I failed to teach Arielle well. She just came back from the village." Jordan threw a glance at Arielle, who was not even attempting to defend herself, which sparked something within him. Shrugging, he stated, "I heard a beautiful woman has returned to the Southalls, and she's indeed gorgeous."

Both Cindy and Yvette's faces darkened upon hearing his comment. "Well, this has been interesting, but I should take my leave now. Let's go, Yvette. My mom has invited you to dinner." Without bidding goodbye to Cindy, Jordan turned and left. Cindy didn't mind that Jordan ignored her, though, as she watched him leave with a smile on her face.

After all, she didn't dare to show him an attitude. On the other hand, Yvette instructed her bodyguard to bring along Magnus' body before chasing after Jordan. "Wait for me, Mr. Baker!" Despite hearing Yvette's call, Jordan didn't wait for her. However, he slowed down when he passed by Arielle.

Ignoring both the man and Cindy, who was calling her, Arielle entered the mansion. Henrick was the master of the mansion. If Arielle could convince him

and get on his good side, then Cindy would not be of use anymore. Though flushed with anger, Cindy could not do anything to Arielle.

In the meantime, Jordan and Yvette had arrived at the Bakers, but the man remained in the car after she hopped off. Staring at him quizzically, Yvette questioned, "Aren't you coming, Mr. Baker?" Deciding not to hide it from the woman, Jordan smiled wryly before declaring, "You know, Ms. Actonward.

Since there's no one else here, I'm going to be blunt with you. I'm not done fooling around, and you're not my type, so I don't want to get married. Before I cancel the marriage arrangement, you'd better talk to my mom about it. Otherwise, people will laugh at you if I'm the one who cancels it."

Yvette's face reddened as she clenched her skirt. "I don't get it. What about me that you don't like? You never told me you hated me before." The man shrugged. "Initially, I was fine with marrying anyone. After today, I realized that I'm fine with marrying anyone but you." Hearing that, Yvette's flushed face instantly turned pale. "Why?

Am I lacking something? I'll change! I swear!" "It's not that. I don't want to marry a murderer," replied Jordan as he stared at her, causing the woman to stiffen.

Are you referring to me? When did I-" "If that dog of yours weren't restrained, that woman would have been dead by now. I'm sure you are aware of that."

"I told you I didn't order Magnus to bite her. It was the other way around." After hearing her explanation, Jordan completely lost his patience. "Do not take me for a fool, Yvette. With that, he rolled up the window and stepped on the pedal, leaving the woman standing alone in the night breeze.

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Yvette's hands slowly balled into fists as immense hatred filled her wards. "You'll pay for this, Arielle." On the flip side, Jordan had arrived at a bar and was lying on the deck. When he caught a glimpse of a tall man approaching him, he

immediately sat up straight. "Mr. Nightshire, I'm glad you came," he greeted as

the said man sat down.

With his arrival, the most prominent men from the four most significant families in Jadeborough were all there—Vinson, Jordan, Harvey, and Carter. Among the four, except for the Nightshires, the other three families had always been rivals. However, in this generation, all four of them were good friends.

"Since you asked me out here, is there anything important to discuss?" questioned Vinson coldly as he stared at the other three. "The womanizer of our group, Mr. Baker, said he finally found his true love," stated Carter. Vinson remained expressionless even after learning that. "If it isn't something important, then I'll take my leave. With that, he stood up, trying to leave as soon as possible so he could continue running a background check on Arielle. Usually, it would take him only ten or more minutes to get the results of someone's background. This time, it had been one week since he started investigating Arielle's background, but he had yet gotten any results.

Even if some data came up, he couldn't believe it. "Hey! Wait!" Jordan quickly grabbed the corner of Vinson's clothes. "It's for real this time. I met a unique woman at the Southalls today. Um, it's my fiancée's cousin's house." Upon hearing the particular family's name, Vinson halted his steps, allowing Jordan to pull him back to his seat. The latter was delighted because he thought Vinson was interested in listening to his story. "Why do you think she's unique?" asked Vinson.

Pouring Vinson a glass of wine, Jordan placed the bottle down and rubbed his hands together. "Because she's calm, smart..." Jordan then proceeded to recap the Magnus' incident, which managed to pique Harvey's interest, who had been bored all this time. "Are you sure you're not talking about the plot of a movie?" questioned Carter playfully. "I swear I'm not. If this tale is fake, then I shall be struck by lightning!" "Then, you should think about it thoroughly," Carter laughed. "It will be hard for you to manage a woman who's not even afraid of a fierce dog." Jordan shook his head. "You have no idea what she's like.

Not only does she have a good personality, but she's also extremely gorgeous. Oh, gosh. That face, that body-" "What's her name?" questioned Vinson out of

the blue. "Err..." "Dear Mr. Baker, were you smitten by her that you have forgotten to even ask for her name?" teased Carter.

Jordan let out an awkward cough before saying, "It's not like that. That woman only glanced at me once the whole time I was there, so I didn't have the chance to ask her. Besides, my fiancée was there too, so it would be inappropriate." Images of Arielle instantly invaded Vinson's mind.

It seems like she's not only indifferent to me but to Jordan as well. For some reason, Vinson's mood had improved. Instead of hurrying to leave, he was now taking sips of wine. "Oh?"

Carter's eyes lit up. "It's rare that a woman would not be interested in you. Now I really want to meet her." Hearing that, the corners of Vinson's mouth curled up a bit. *While they don't even know her name, I've already gotten intimate with her.*

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However, Vinson's smile faded gradually. Having intimate contact with a girl from an ordinary background was not something to rejoice over. He was still considering if he should marry her. In fact, he might not even be interested in her! Just when Vinson was silently debating about it, Carter patted his shoulder and

asked, "What about you, Vin?"

Why don't we ask her out to meet her?" "That's lame. I refuse to meet her," rejected Vinson expressionlessly. Not surprised by Vinson's reaction, Jordan teased, "Mr. Nightshire's only interested in work. It'll be a miracle if he starts developing an interest in women. But isn't your mother forcing you to go on blind dates?"

She's waiting to have a grandchild. Are you really that not interested in women?" "Yes," replied Vinson firmly. "Women are so troublesome. Amongst the four of us, you're the only person free enough to be

interested in them.” Women meant trouble. His parent’s marriage was a complete disaster—one that even resulted in his father’s death. Hence, he was reluctant to marry. In fact, he was afraid of it. “Who says that I’m the only person free enough?” Jordan did not notice the grim expression on Vinson’s face. Pointing at Harvey, who was drinking gloomily, he said, “Didn’t this dude become depressed because he’s been looking for a woman?”

Carter denied, “Harvey’s not like you. He’s trying to find his savior, so don’t you drag him down with you.” Jordan scoffed, “Look at his lifeless gaze and gloomy look. Is he just looking for his savior? Who’d believe that?” Vinson glanced at Harvey, who looked dazed. Then, he snatched Harvey’s glass away.

“Stop drinking! How much have you had already?” Harvey frowned. However, as Vinson was the one who robbed him of his alcohol glass, he could not snatch it back. Hence, he merely sat there silently. Carter asked curiously, “It’s already been half a month. Why haven’t you found the girl who saved you when you were overseas? Jordan chimed in and teased, “If even you can’t find her, do you think that she’s a ghost? Did you get saved by a female ghost?” Vinson immediately frowned. He had been investigating Arielle for almost a week but discovered nothing. But, she was definitely a human being, not a ghost.

He chided coldly, “Don’t make such a lame joke!” When Jordan noticed Vinson’s serious expression, he shrugged and protested indignantly, “I’m just joking! Why are you overreacting? You only defend Harvey, you biased jerk!” Ignoring Jordan, Vinson lowered his head and took a sip. A gloomy feeling surfaced within him. *What’s the girl’s backstory?* Meanwhile, in the Southall residence, Arielle finally received the information about Cindy’s financial assets sent by her subordinate. Cindy’s assets amounted up to three billion.

Furthermore, most of them were deposited in secret accounts overseas. The fixed assets overseas were all managed by the same man. Staring at the computer screen, Arielle narrowed her eyes.

If she was not wrong, Henrick probably did not know about all those money. In addition to Henrick’s poor management, most of the Moores’ money most likely found its way into Cindy’s pockets. *Looks like the real owner of Southall Group isn’t Henrick, but Cindy. This is an interesting discovery...* Just when Arielle was reviewing the email attentively, someone suddenly knocked on the door.

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Arielle walked to the door and opened the door warily, revealing a slight gap. Holding a plate of fruits reluctantly, Shandie said, “Dad told me to give this to

you. He wants you to go over to the study room." "Okay," replied Arielle as she took the plate of fruits from her hands. Shandie glanced into the room subconsciously, but Arielle took a step to the left and blocked her view. She asked coldly, "Is there anything else?" Shandie pouted and left. After closing the door, Arielle walked back to her computer and cleared her browsing history.

Only then did she open her door and head toward Henrick's study room. Unbeknown to her, Shandie crept to the door two minutes later, holding a pair of backup keys. With a click, the door opened. She entered briskly and shut the door behind her.

Scanning the room, she mumbled to herself, "Arielle refused to let me see her room.

I wonder if she's hiding something bad in this room..." Shandie quickly rummaged through Arielle's shelves, but did not find anything. Just when she was about to leave, she suddenly caught sight of Arielle's coat, which was hung on the coat rack. She walked over briskly, patted the pockets and fished out a name card from within.

After seeing whose name card it was, a greedy glint immediately appeared in Shandie's eyes. *It's Vinson's name card! Arielle actually has his name card! Evidently, she didn't tell Dad. Otherwise, the name card would be in his study room instead of here. How bold of her to hide this from Dad!*

I'm going to tell on her. Shandie was about to visit Henrick with this name card. However, when she reached the door, her mind suddenly changed.

Instead of giving this name card to Dad and letting him gently chide Arielle, why don't I keep it for myself? With this name card, isn't it easier for me to meet Vinson or to create opportunities for myself?

After making up her mind, Shandie returned everything in the room to its original form. She hid the name card well and snuck out of Arielle's room secretly.

Meanwhile, Arielle had arrived at Henrick's study. When she pushed the door open and entered, Henrick grinned brightly and beckoned her to take a seat.

She obediently sat opposite him. Henrick pushed a stack of contracts toward her and said, "I've got the contract for Soir Coffee's ambassador. After reviewing the contract, I think that it's fine. You should review it too. If you're also fine with it, you can sign the contract."

Henrick's tone was affectionate yet firm, not giving Arielle any chance to not sign the contract. Arielle took the contract and scanned it silently. The remuneration offered by Nightshire Group was extremely high. In fact, it exceeded the endorsement fees top celebrities usually received.

Furthermore, after becoming the ambassador of Soir Coffee, she could enjoy complimentary stays in any of Nightshire Group's hotels for ten years. Even without the remuneration, the offer of staying in any of Nightshire Group's hotels for free for ten years was already tempting enough.

However, Arielle was still unfazed. She had absolutely no interest in becoming an ambassador. However, to achieve her goal, she had no choice but to agree and feign delight.

Placing the contract down and suppressing her unhappiness, Arielle said with a smile, "I'm fine with it! I'm going to sign it, then."

"Just sign it. I'll accompany you to Nightshire Group tomorrow and pass the contract to them. Since you've just arrived in this bustling city, I'll be worried to let you go to an unfamiliar place alone." *Since when is Henrick so nice? He definitely has an ulterior motive!*

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Feigning an innocent and happy look, Arielle nodded and exclaimed, "Thank you, Dad! I was just feeling scared to go there alone." Henrick was over the moon. It was his fortune to have such an easily manipulated daughter. Taking back the contract, he stood up and said, "We'll head to Nightshire Group tomorrow

morning at ten. I'll bring you to the stylist two hours before that. It's getting late,

so I'll go to sleep now.

You should rest earlier too." Grabbing the opportunity, Arielle asked, "Dad, I still can't sleep. Can I read in your study room?" Henrick hesitated for a few seconds before nodding. "Sure, but you can only read the books on the left side of the shelf. Don't touch the other areas." "Okay, Dad," replied Arielle. After Henrick left, the obedient look on Arielle's face disappeared. Standing up, she closed the door before turning around and scrutinizing the room. The shelves, tables and chairs were all made from luxurious rosewood. Furthermore, they looked quite old.

Arielle ran her fingers over the shelf. *Mom has probably touched these spots before, right?* She had lost all her childhood memories due to a high fever. All she could remember was her mother. She could still remember the feeling of her mother's hands gently caressing her face. In addition to her gentle smile, Arielle could also remember her saying, "Run away, Sannie!

When you grow up, take revenge for me..." However, she could not remember what exactly happened that prompted her mother to say that. When she investigated her mother's cause of death, Arielle discovered that she had been going for health check-up every year. Even though her health report did not show anything wrong with her mental state, she had committed suicide due to depression. She had asked the doctor who gave her mother the check-up. The doctor had a strong impression of Mom and was certain that she did not have depression. In that case, her mother did not die of suicide. Instead, she was murdered! Arielle closed her eyes. She felt a layer of mist obscuring her vision, preventing her from discovering the truth. When she opened her eyes again, she could finally think and see clearly. *I will definitely discover the truth!*

Arielle rummaged through the shelf carefully, but did not discover any of her mother's belongings. There was not even a photo in sight. Logically speaking, after someone's wife died, he would still keep a few photographs of her. However, she could not spot a single memento of her mother in the study room. There were two possibilities for this... Either Henrick did not display a photograph because he was scared that Cindy would be jealous, or he did not have any feelings for her mother at all. In fact, he might even have detested her. It was impossible for him to be scared that Cindy would be

jealous. His male chauvinistic ego would have no room for Cindy's crap. Hence, the latter explanation had a higher possibility.

Of course, there was another alternative—Henrick was so scared of her mother that he did not even dare to look at her photograph. Regardless of whether it was the second or third reason, both proved that her mother's death was closely related to Henrick. Although others claimed that Arielle's mother committed suicide due to depression,

it was impossible for someone like that to tell her daughter to "run away quickly" and "take revenge" for her. In the meantime, she had also conducted an extensive investigation on Henrick. Back then, the Southalls was just a small family in Jadeborough who owned a coal business.

On the contrary, the Moore Group was considered one of the major corporations in Jadeborough. Based on her mother's status back then, she would never have married the son of a coal mine owner. If Henrick was someone with good morals and principles, it would still be understandable.

However, he was the opposite. The investigation also revealed that they got married in a flash. After being introduced to each other, they married within a week.

The fact that they married was already very strange. After rummaging the shelf, she went to search the drawers in the desk. There were a total of four drawers. After combing through the first three, Arielle still did not find anything. When she tried to open the fourth drawer, she realized that it was locked and she could not pull it out. Just when she was about to find something to unlock it, she heard the sounds of footsteps coming from the corridor. A few seconds later, the door to the study room was flung open quickly.