

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 86

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"Rayson?" Harvey frowned at Vinson. "Didn't you instruct him to stay by Arielle's side? Why has he come here to borrow one of my cars?" Vinson reacted with an equally puzzled gaze. At this, Harvey knew that there was no use questioning Vinson. He turned his attention back onto the butler and briskly instructed, "Let them in." "Right away, sir." The butler spun on his heel. It wasn't long before he returned with the two guests.

Almost instantly, Harvey's gaze found its way onto Arielle, who was walking behind Rayson. His brows raised in shock as he hadn't expected her to show up as well. A pleasantly surprised grin spread on his lips while he dashed over to her side. "Arielle, what brings you here? Are you here to see me?" Meanwhile, Arielle was busy being in awe of the stunning wall carvings and accented details around her. She had lived abroad for so many years that this was her first time seeing a traditional-themed architectural build.

Its grandness mesmerized her. Once she finally stopped admiring the walls, her eyes roamed past the faces of Harvey and the others in the room. A lopsided sneer soon spread on Arielle's face when she saw the woman standing behind Jordan—Yvette. *What's Yvette doing here all of a sudden? Yvette is just like Shandie; they're both tarred with the same brush. I can't bring myself to be nice to her.* Arielle sharply withdrew her gaze from Yvette.

She then explained her reason for being here, "Our car broke down nearby. So, Rayson suggested that we borrow one of your cars to get us back home. Will that be fine with you?" "Absolutely! Which cars would you prefer? Please, take your pick from my garage." Harvey had become uncharacteristically generous. His current behavior was nothing at all like how he had treated Yvette moments ago. He whirled around and motioned them to head for the garage. As he did so, Yvette finally got to see who the guests were.

Her jaw clenched tautly with resentment. *Why the hell is this b*tch here? Oh well, this is even better! Jordan was just about to defend me. Now that she's here, Jordan might give her hell for mistreating me!* Yvette pouted at Jordan. She simultaneously pointed at Arielle and whined, "Mr. Baker! That's the woman who stole my clothes and forced me out of the shopping mall." Jordan wasn't the least bit interested in Rayson's affairs.

Thus, he hadn't bothered to look at the guests earlier. Now that Yvette was whining, Jordan instinctively glanced over in the guests' direction. Upon taking in the sight of Arielle's face, his eyes rounded in surprise and recognition. *It's her! The goddess. The woman of my dreams!* Yvette hadn't noticed the subtle glee in Jordan's eyes because she had fully immersed herself in playing the victim. "She is truly a wicked woman. Please, you have to help me get even!"

At last, everything clicked into place for Jordan. He now understood who Yvette had been complaining about this whole time. His dark eyes narrowed to slits, radiating hatred at Yvette. His voice boomed. "Zip it!" Yvette was taken aback. She pursed her lips, unsure of why he shut her up. Without a moment to waste, Jordan disregarded Yvette and clambered over to Arielle. He clumsily introduced himself, "Hi... do you remember me?"

We met at your family home. And uh, oh right! I was the one who saved you from the dog!" All color on Yvette's face paled to a chalky white. *What the devil is happening now?* Arielle tilted her head in confusion. Gradually, she recalled bits and pieces of meeting him. Then she calmly said, "Oh... it's you." From afar, Yvette cast a stormy gaze at the two's reunion. She could tell that Jordan was behaving differently towards Arielle.

Jordan had always been a smooth-talker when it came to women. Yet, this was Yvette's first time seeing him in such a flustered state. So, something about it felt fishy to her. White-hot rage burned in Yvette's throat as she clenched her fists. Despite her anger, words refused to come out of her mouth.

Meanwhile, Vinson grew annoyed since Arielle had acknowledged everyone but him. He cleared his throat and began questioning Rayson, "Why are you guys here? Did something happen at the shopping mall?" Rayson grimaced at the sight of Yvette. His voice was dangerously low while he recounted everything that had happened earlier.

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"Ms. Actonward here was making a fuss at the shopping mall. As a result, the store's staff nearly kicked Ms. Moore out. Oh, right. Ms. Actonward also demanded to have the shirt that Ms. Moore was about to purchase..." Rayson's merciless confession caused Yvette to turn paler, like a thief caught red-handed. She clenched her fists and frantically explained through downcast eyes, "That's not true! They're lying! They're trying to frame me..."

Jordan snorted coldly, "So they're framing you now, huh? Then what about that last incident with the dog? Did someone else frame you?" Beads of nervous sweat formed on Yvette's forehead. All she could manage was a simple squeak, "I..." "Enough!" Jordan interrupted. His ears burned a tinge redder with rage.

"I've told you once, never take me for a fool. But this is the second time you've lied straight to my face! Since you refuse to call off our engagement, I'll have a word with my Mom tonight to jumpstart the process!" *Call off the engagement?* Yvette's legs wobbled, causing her to take two steps back. *What respectable family will have me if the Bakers call off my engagement? Absolutely not! I won't allow it!* Yvette mustered up all her courage in one final attempt to

save things. She dashed to Jordan, wrapping her arms around his thigh as she cried out fat drops of tears.

“No... please, Mr. Baker! I made a foolish mistake. Please forgive me just this once! I swear I’ll never cause trouble again. Please don’t call off our engagement...” This incident had cut off any strand of patience or pity that Jordan felt for Yvette. Jordan’s gaze shot over at the butler as he roared, “Well? Why aren’t you getting rid of this nuisance?” The butler complied. He hurriedly called for two bodyguards, who pried Yvette off Jordan’s thigh and dragged her out of the Jupiters’ estate.

Likewise, they removed Sharon from the estate. Vinson hadn’t even spared her a single glance, much less fall in love with her. Not that she minded because she was now terrified of Vinson. The two looked utterly miserable as they boarded their car and returned to the Actonwards’ residence. Yvette remained dumfounded during their journey home. *I came here to gather the guys’ help in teaching Rayson as well as Arielle a lesson.*

However, this wasn’t how I predicted things to end; not only did I fail to get Arielle in trouble, but Jordan also canceled our marriage contract. What the hell am I going to do now? “Aargghhhh!” Yvette wrapped her hands around her head and let out a skin-crawling scream, startling both Sharon and the driver. In the living room. Arielle was left in a daze after Jordan had kicked Yvette out. Deep down, she wondered why he did so.

Still, she could not have been more delighted. *I don’t know what happened exactly, but I’ll befriend anyone who’s mean to my enemies!* Hence, Arielle beamed brightly at Jordan, “Thanks for saving me back then.” *If Jordan hadn’t been around, that dog would have mauled off my face.* Arielle’s eyes sparkled with adoration at Jordan. At that moment, he felt like the world was spinning gleefully like a carousel.

He was about to speak, but Harvey butted in, “You know Ms. Moore?” “Yeah.” Jordan happily met Harvey’s gaze and answered in a whispering voice, “She’s the goddess—the one that I told you guys. I’m going to pursue her.” Harvey’s face turned grim within seconds of hearing this. *So Jordan met Arielle half a month earlier than I did?* Annoyance washed over Harvey. Similarly, Vinson’s features had darkened to a raging shade of maroon. Vinson scowled inwardly. *Why is she such a ball of sunshine to every person but not me? What did I ever do to upset her?*

Unable to tolerate this any longer, Vinson opened his mouth but was interrupted by his ringing phone. The caller ID showed “Sam.” *Sam, the director? Why is he calling me?* Vinson answered the call with an annoyed tone, “Hello?” Sam’s irritated voice thundered from the phone like a furious storm. “Mr. Nightshire, the woman that you recommended won’t cut it as our movie’s main lead! I want her replaced at once! If you insist on having her as the lead character, then you can count me out of directing this film!”

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As Sam ranted, a hint of confusion flashed in Vinson's eyes. He instinctively looked at Arielle, who was still conversing with Jordan. Then he patiently asked Sam, "What's happened?" In mere seconds, Sam's voice roared from the phone. "She's the female lead of this disaster film, yet she complained about her makeup being hideous. Then she beautified her makeup without consulting me or any of the film crew members! Need I explain more?

We're filming a disaster film! How can our female lead escape life-threatening obstacles in full-on costume and makeup? Even if we let that slide, another issue arose earlier. She just refused to cooperate in filming the close-up stunt scenes! She whined about the harness being too uncomfortable to wear, then demanded a stunt double. Can you believe this? It's a close-up, for mercy's sake!" Vinson could already sense Sam's erupting anger from the phone.

However, he cast a subtle frown at Arielle after hearing the last part that Sam mentioned. "What did you say... earlier? Just refused? When did this happen?" "Seconds ago. Right before I called you." "Seconds?" Vinson realized that something was off. He contemplated for a moment before asking, "What's the actress' name?" Sam replied, "Shannie. Short for Shandie Southall." *Shannie... Sannie...* Vinson's frown intensified as he finally put the pieces together.

Now, he understood why Arielle said she wanted to star in a movie. He also realized why Sam was mad at Arielle's outrageous demands on set. *Because that's not Arielle who's on set—it's f*cking Shandie!* "That b*tch," Vinson cursed in a growling voice. Sam was confused at this. Before he could ask what was wrong, Vinson ended the call. Elsewhere, Shandie's dramatic whines filled the set. "I already told you. I want a stunt double!

Pronto! Get me a stunt double, or I'll have Nightshire Group withdraw their investment in this film!" Sam massaged his temples before tossing the script aside. Then he snarled in response to Shandie, "That's it. I quit!" At the Jupiters' residence. Arielle was enthusiastically chatting away with Jordan. Between them, Harvey was brimming with rivalry and kept interjecting their conversation. Truthfully, Arielle only wanted to borrow a car and be on her merry way.

However, she didn't get the chance to do it. Just as she was getting desperate, she noticed Vinson from the corner of her eye. He stormed over to her with a grim expression. A moment later, Jordan was no longer standing before Arielle. Vinson had shoved him away and was clutching Arielle's hand. He ordered, "Come with me!" Then he led Arielle out of the Jupiters' home before she could react. "Wait!" Jordan and Harvey yelled in unison at once.

Just as they were going after Vinson, Carter extended his arms and blocked them. "Seriously..." Carter knitted his brows and asked, "Have you forgotten that we have important matters to attend to?" Right then, Jordan and Harvey remembered that the unconscious assassin was currently on his way to the private hospital. At the same time, Vinson had brought Arielle onto his car. "Where are you taking me?" Arielle hissed in pain as she massaged her reddened wrist. *Must he be so forceful?*

He yanks my wrist tightly every time! Beside her, Vinson frowned at the redness around Arielle's wrist. *Is she made of fine china or something? How can she be so fragile? All I did was grab her wrist lightly. Although, she does resemble fine china in some ways; she's got the curves of a teapot, and her skin is so smooth...*

His thoughts ran wild. The way Vinson daydreamed about her made Arielle shift uncomfortably in the front passenger seat. She hid her wrist and asked once again, "Where are you taking me? If there's nothing urgent, I'd like to go home now." At this, Vinson's gaze drew away from her wrist and landed on her porcelain-like face instead.

He stared for a second before responding with a question of his own, "Do you want to be an actress?" "What?" Arielle asked while wide-eyed. Vinson replied casually, "I seem to have messed up some things. You and I are heading over to correct them."

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Arielle was even more confused. "You got it wrong yourself. Why do I need to be there to correct your mistake?" Vinson ignored Rayson, who was waving like a madman outside and sped away in his car. On the way to the scene, Arielle finally understood what was going on. "So, she stole the name card from me?" she glanced at Vinson and asked. Vinson was overwhelmed with mixed emotions. Many people would die to get his name card, but the name card he gave Arielle was stolen easily.

He wanted to yell at her, but it didn't seem right to do so. In the end, Vinson said nothing. His silence caused the air in the car to tense up. At the filming site, Shandie finally showed her true colors after signing the contract. Like a diva, she declared, "I said, I don't want to look grimy! That will affect my popularity!"

Jerry flashed an apologetic grin and explained, "But this is a disaster film. The audience will complain if you don't look like the character. Can you please cooperate? I can ask the makeup artist to make you look less dirty." *Slam!* Shandie slammed on the table furiously. "Don't you understand? I said, no!" Suddenly, the door was pushed open. Jerry glanced at the door and promptly stiffened. He forced out a smile and went over.

"Mr. Sleight, sorry for the long wait. The makeup will be done soon." "Save it." Sam tossed his staff ID to Jerry and announced, "I quit. Get yourself another director." A shiver ran down Jerry's spine as he nearly fell to his knees. "Mr. Sleight, you can't quit all of a sudden!" pleaded Jerry. On the contrary, Shandie was crossing her legs impatiently. *Ha! Sam is upset at me because I didn't receive any professional training!* Initially, Shandie picked Sam for he was a famous director.

Still, as she got to know more about the film industry, the respect she had for Sam dwindled away. This was the first blockbuster disaster film in the country, adapted from a popular comic series that had topped the charts for two years. The cast consisted of popular actors and actresses, so changing the director wouldn't be a big deal. With her legs crossed, Shandie uttered, "Let him go. Get another director now. I can't believe he accused me of being an unprofessional actress.

He's the unprofessional one! Even if he didn't quit, I'd fire him! If you don't get another director, I shall ask Nightshire Group to pull out their investment!" *Oh, no.* Jerry was in a tight spot. Sam glared at Shandie and retaliated, "I shall kowtow to you if the film succeeds! You're the reason the film is ruined!"

Given an actress like her... No, she doesn't deserve to be called an actress. I don't understand why Vinson insisted she should take up the lead role. I can't believe I agreed to his condition! I shouldn't have done so! Shandie jumped up in anger and dashed toward Sam. She grabbed the corner of his shirt and demanded, "What did you say? Say that again if you dare! Aren't you afraid I'd ask Mr. Nightshire to blacklist you in the film industry?"

Right then, a tall figure strode in. "Nobody told me I'd be blacklisting Mr. Sleight," came a low and icy drawl. Immediately, everyone turned toward the door. Shandie was irritated by how bossy the newcomer was. She glanced at the door in displeasure, but the moment she saw who it was, the color drained from her face.

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Vinson Nightshire? Why is he here? If he's here, I can no longer pretend I'm good friends with him! To her utter shock, another slender figure appeared from Vinson's back. The young woman was enchantingly beautiful with her minimal makeup. Her skin was as fair as porcelain. Though she was just standing there without doing anything, she was a sight for sore eyes. It seemed as though they were only there to complement her presence.

It's Arielle! Shandie's eyes widened in disbelief as the sparkle in her gaze disappeared. Arielle stared at an obviously frightened Shandie and smirked. "I wouldn't have realized I'm now a female lead of a film if Mr. Nightshire hadn't

mentioned it. Shannie, I can't believe you're impersonating me just to secure the role. Is this fun?" Shandie clenched her fists and took two steps backward in humiliation. *She found out. Everyone is going to find out about the truth.*

Shandie could hear the others whispering beside her. "What? So Shandie impersonated that pretty young woman to get this role?" "I knew it! Mr. Nightshire insisted she must be the female lead, but there's no way he likes someone like her." "Wow, this young woman is really pretty..." "Wait, she resembles the female lead in the comic, right?" "Oh, you're right!" Upon hearing the crowd's excited chatters, Sam turned toward Arielle.

He froze the moment his gaze landed on Arielle. *She really does resemble the female lead in the comic! If she were at the audition, I would've chosen her because of her similar features.* Sam's gaze flitted across Arielle and Vinson. He tamped down his excitement and went to Vinson. "Mr. Nightshire, what is going on? I couldn't quite understand this young lady." Vinson glowered at a silent Shandie and revealed coolly, "My choice has always been Ms. Arielle Moore. Her nickname is Sannie, which is similar to her nickname." He gestured at Shandie before continuing, "That was why I got confused.

I'm here to correct my mistake." Sam was still puzzled when Jerry stepped out and voiced his doubts. "But Ms. Shandie Southall here has your name card." Vinson gazed at Arielle, who coughed before asking, "Shandie, when will you return the name card you took from me?" Shandie blanched, feeling utterly humiliated.

Arielle's words had stripped off her last shred of dignity. She could feel everyone shooting her mocking glances. It felt as though a knife was cutting off her flesh slowly. Shandie couldn't help but glower at Arielle menacingly. If looks could kill, Arielle would be dead right now. Arielle met Shandie's gaze calmly.

Tilting her head, she inquired, "Why are you staring at me? Give me back the name card." Shandie was trembling with rage. She whipped out the name card from her pocket and flung it at Arielle. "It's just a name card!

You can have it back. It's no big deal!" With that, she spun on her heels and stormed out. However, when she walked past Vinson, he stretched his arm out to stop her. Looking up, Shandie met Vinson's icy glare.