

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1031

Unworthy

Arielle arched an eyebrow at him in amusement. "And what if I succeed?"

"If you succeed, I will retire from the AI design field forever," Calvin replied.

Hearing his answer, Arielle sighed in disappointment. "That's it?"

Her attitude angered Calvin so much that it nearly gave him a stroke.

"What more do you want, then?"

Arielle shook her head. "Nothing. I'm not accepting this challenge of yours."

She then had Sasha bring the car around after saying that.

Darn it! I'll never be able to return if she doesn't accept my challenge!

Calvin was so desperate that he resorted to provocation. "You're scared, aren't you? You won't accept my challenge because you're scared!"

Without even batting an eye, Arielle proceeded to send Vinson a text inviting him to dinner at Maureen's Kitchen after work. After that, she placed her phone away and began making her way toward the car.

Calvin tried to grab Arielle by the arm, but Blake was quicker and subdued him with one hand before he could even reach her sleeve.

He then twisted Calvin's wrist and shoved him aside, causing the latter to lose balance and fall face-first onto the ground.

The car was long gone by the time Calvin got back on his feet, much to his frustration.

"Damn it, you b*tch! Get back here!"

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At this time, Oliver's lackey appeared behind him and said with an apologetic smile, "Just ignore her, Mr. Zeller. She's nothing but an arrogant brat."

Under normal circumstances, Calvin would have ignored him completely. This time, however, he desperately clung to his sleeve and pleaded, "You've got to help me, Mr. Lyon!"

The mentioned guy gave Calvin a reassuring pat on the back of his hand. "Don't worry, she won't be able to launch the product on time. When that happens, the company will have a new chairman, and this office building will still be yours. Just do as Mr. Moore says and everything will return the way it was."

Calvin was no fool and could tell that Mr. Lyon wanted him to pick a side between Oliver and Jacob.

Be it the former or the latter that would eventually rise to power, Calvin had always maintained a neutral stance to ensure he would reap the benefits, regardless.

However, with the way things were at the moment, he had no choice but to pick a side.

"I'll do whatever Mr. Moore asks of me from now on!" Calvin muttered through clenched teeth.

"Good, very good!" Mr. Lyon was grinning from ear to ear as he patted Calvin on the hand again.

In the meantime, inside the MPV, Blake asked out of curiosity, "Why didn't you accept his challenge, Arielle?"

"Unworthy," Arielle mumbled with her eyes closed.

Upon hearing that, Sasha chuckled in agreement. "You need to make sure both parties are of equal status before accepting a challenge, Blake. That guy was unworthy of challenging Arielle at all."

Blake nodded and could not wait for the product to be launched.

Arielle then headed over to the bank to complete the name change procedures for Southall Group.

With the new business license in hand, Arielle glanced at the distant horizon and slowly closed her eyes.

I've gotten the company back for you, Mom. I know it's in a mess at the moment, but I promise I will restore it to its former glory! You can trust me on that!

Having made up her mind, Arielle clenched her fists and slowly opened her eyes.

"Blake, head back to the office and make sure that the workers get the company sign replaced."

"Sure!" Blake then made an "OK" gesture at her before heading off to the office on an e-scooter.

Arielle waited until he was out of sight before turning toward Sasha. “Come on, let’s head over to Maureen’s Kitchen. Oh, by the way, the ingredients in the trunk are still fresh, right?”

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1032

Superstar

“Yes, I’ve stored them properly,” Sasha replied.

“All right, let’s go.”

Nodding, Sasha got back into the car.

“Why are you going to Maureen’s Kitchen now, Ms. Moore? Shouldn’t you head back to get that program code done first?” she asked curiously.

Arielle shook her head. “Don’t worry, I can make it in time.”

She had given herself a timeframe of one day, but she didn’t actually need that long to complete the task.

Sasha stopped worrying about it when she saw how calm Arielle was and drove over to Maureen’s Kitchen.

As it was still a little early for dinner when they arrived, only a single table was occupied by customers at the time.

Arielle heard one of them proudly introducing the restaurant when she came in through the door. “This is the restaurant I was telling you about! It has got the most delicious food I have ever tasted in my entire life! You guys will know I’m telling the truth when they serve up the food later!”

The other customer didn’t seem all that convinced. “Are you sure? This place doesn’t seem very well renovated.”

“What’s the point of spending so much money on renovation? You see that restaurant across the street named Mons Oceanum? I heard they spent over a million on renovations! I went there once when they first opened for business, and it was horrible!

The food was expensive but tasted awful as hell! This place, on the other hand, has good food at reasonable prices!”

“Even if it really is as amazing as you described, isn’t it a little too early coming here at four for dinner?”

“You don’t know this because it’s your first time here, but the queue for this place can go all the way to the other side of the street! That’s why we have to come earlier and get ourselves a table in advance!”

That’s it, I’m going to speed up the process of setting up branches! Arielle thought to herself after hearing what the customer said.

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At that moment, the customer who brought his friends over suddenly glanced in her direction and exclaimed in shock, “Wait, isn’t that...”

Arielle quickly ran into the kitchen before they could get a clear look at her face.

“What’s wrong?” his friend asked.

The guy shook his head. “Nothing. I just thought I saw a superstar or something, but I must’ve been mistaken. I mean, what would a superstar be doing in a restaurant’s kitchen, right?”

“Yeah, that has got to be the case. There’s no way a superstar would come to an old restaurant like this! Heck, even the air-conditioners have turned yellowish.”

Just like that, the two began arguing all over again.

On the other side, Arielle saw the manager learning a dish from the chef the moment she stepped into the kitchen.

“Like this?”

“No, you’ve got it all wrong!” The chef, who was almost in his fifties, smacked the manager’s hand aside with a spatula in disdain. “You can’t even add oil to a freaking pan! I think you should go back to serving customers outside!”

The manager scratched his head awkwardly.

“I was feeling a little bored...”

Arielle began eyeing the chef from head to toe, as it was her first time seeing him.

He had a naturally authoritative look with his bald head, thick eyebrows, and chubby body.

“If you’re that free, then help me wipe the grease off the top!” ordered the chef while pointing at some stoves that were not currently in use.

The manager was about to say something in protest when he noticed Arielle standing by the kitchen door.

His eyes lit up instantly, and he quickly went over to greet her.

“Ms. Moore!”

He had been losing a lot of hair a while back, as the restaurant was not doing really well. However, business had been booming ever since Arielle taught him to advertise the restaurant using mobile applications. As such, he regarded her as a hero who could help cure his severe hair loss and was thrilled to see her.

Arielle nodded and glanced at the chef. “Is he the chef?” she asked.

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1033

Just Curious

At the same time, the chef was also sizing Arielle up. So, this beauty with facial features as exquisite as a porcelain doll is our new boss? I heard she was able to help boost the business without even being here herself! Damn, her looks form such a huge contrast with this greasy little kitchen! She should be out there starring in films instead of running a restaurant!

“Hello, Boss! My name is Glenn Quigley,” the chef stated after snapping out of his train of thoughts.

“Hello, Chef Quigley. My name is Arielle Moore,” she replied while stepping forward to shake Glenn’s hand.

Glenn instinctively held his hand out, only to realize his hand was still covered in grease from cooking earlier.

Thinking Arielle would be disgusted by it, Glenn was about to pull his hand back when she grabbed hold of it and shook it.

“Your reputation precedes you, Chef Quigley! I have tried a lot of your dishes and I absolutely love them! It’s an honor to finally meet you in person!”

Her humble and casual attitude only made Glenn feel a lot more self-conscious.

He quickly pulled his hand back and handed Arielle some paper towels. “I’m sorry, my hand is really greasy. Here, wipe up.”

Arielle simply waved at him and said, “Those who work in the kitchen aren’t afraid of getting a little grease on them!”

She then shifted her gaze toward the stove. “Is that the new dish you’re making?” she questioned. “The beef stroganoff?”

I’m only halfway through preparing the ingredients, and she already knows what I’m going to make?

“You know how to cook?” Glenn asked in surprise.

“You could say that. How about I try making some beef stroganoff and you can give it a taste?” Arielle suggested with a smile.

The look on Glenn’s face tensed up instantly upon hearing that.

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Being a very traditional chef, he would only accept male apprentices.

He never approved of having women work in the kitchen, even if she was his boss.

Letting out a cough, he voiced with a stern look, “I don’t think you belong in the kitchen. You should go work the register with the manager instead.”

A businesswoman like her shouldn’t be fooling around in the kitchen!

“Ms. Moore, I think you should come with me to the office instead!” The manager then lowered his voice to a whisper. “Chef Quigley is usually a really cool guy, but he gets all cranky when it comes to food. He doesn’t want anyone else interfering with his cooking. I mean, you can take me, for example. I thought about helping him heat up the oil in the frying pan earlier because his apprentices weren’t back yet, but he gave me one hell of a scolding instead.”

Before Arielle could even say anything, Glenn spoke up. "Do you think I'm deaf or something? I heard that!"

The manager could only scratch his head awkwardly in response, as he didn't think the chef would have such good hearing at his age.

"Chef Quigley, will you please just let me give it a try? Think of it as me rewarding you guys for your hard work, okay?" Arielle asked with a smile.

Letting out a cough, Glenn responded, "All right, if you insist. You can try making one portion so you don't waste the ingredients."

There's no way a pretty princess like her could possibly whip up anything decent, anyway! She's probably just curious and will get bored with it after doing it once!

Seeing as Glenn had given her permission, Arielle quickly put on an apron and went off to prepare the ingredients.

Glenn then stood beside her with his hands behind his back, a gloomy expression on his face.

"You see, Chef Quigley. Ms. Moore really does look like a chef with an apron on!" exclaimed the manager.

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1034

Knife Skills

Glenn looked up and saw Arielle standing before the food cabinet. She was a sight to behold. Though her apron was old and stained, she acted gracefully as though she was clad in an expensive gown instead of an old apron.

Arielle might be pretty, but she didn't look like she belonged in the kitchen.

After hearing the manager's words, Glenn's expression fell.

He scoffed. "She looks like a tyrant who is putting up an act. Just wait and see. She'll soon cry after the oil pops and splatters on her! This is why I don't like female

apprentices. Women can't stand hardships! A kitchen is a place full of hardships." His tone was dripping with disdain.

Right after he spoke, Arielle looked in their direction as though she had heard him.

She had always been gorgeous in an aggressive way. When she wasn't smiling, her clear eyes looked like they were glinting icily.

Glenn fell silent for a few seconds before swallowing hard.

His apprentices feared him when he gave a nonchalant stomp, but the sight of Arielle made him slightly uneasy.

Without warning, Arielle flashed a smile and asked in a pleasant tone, "Chef Quigley, do you mind if I use half of your ingredients? I don't think they are of use to you, anyway."

Glenn frowned. "What do you mean by that?"

Arielle picked up a piece of onion. "Look at this onion. I would've thought you didn't cut it. Also, this mushroom is bigger than the manager's head."

The manager touched his balding head, feeling offended by her words.

However, Glenn was even more offended.

He had used a knife since he was seven to learn how to cut carrots. Putting his cooking skills aside, he had spent years practicing his knife skills. This was the first time someone had mocked his knife skills.

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His initially stern face turned as dark as thunder.

"What do you mean by that?"

The manager jolted in fright and immediately stepped in to resolve their argument.

After all, Glenn was the reason this restaurant became a big hit. If he left in a huff, this restaurant might lose its customers, let alone branch out.

Before he could say anything, Arielle picked up two cleavers and began chopping the mushrooms deftly.

In just a blink of an eye, the mushrooms were sliced into even slices.

It was pretty hard to chop mushrooms into even slices, for their shapes were unique. However, Arielle made it seem easy.

After slicing the mushrooms, Arielle arranged them on the plate and began chopping the beef.

With one hand pressing down on the beef, she used her other hand to chop it swiftly. Thirty seconds later, the block of beef turned into thin slivers of beef.

She then went on to prepare other ingredients. Glenn, who was originally about to fly into a fit of rage, fell silent. He studied her actions carefully, as though he were her student.

To prepare the sauce, one had to get the mixture right so it wouldn't be too salty or too light. Arielle knew that well.

After making sure the sauce was well-mixed, she chopped some parsley up. With a sprinkle of parmesan cheese and parsley, a plate of beef stroganoff was done.

Putting on a pair of gloves, she took the plate and offered it to Glenn. With a polite smile, she said, "Chef Quigley, have a taste!"

Glenn couldn't stop himself from gulping. He put on a nonchalant expression and ate a mouthful of pasta before chewing on it carefully.

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1035

My Mentor

At once, a unique but delicious taste spread all over his mouth.

The beef stroganoff was authentic but better than those restaurants that specialized in it.

Glenn couldn't help but taste the sauce again.

Compared to his previous nonchalance, he was serious this time.

It was just a bowl of noodles, but it tasted creamy but fresh at the same time. Every ingredient had come together as one, creating a very unique taste.

“How is it, Chef Quigley?” Arielle flashed a grin as she waited for Glenn’s answer.

Glenn said nothing for a while before he picked up the plate and started gobbling the noodles down in big mouthfuls.

Soon, he had emptied the plate. Not a speck of sauce was left behind.

Actions spoke louder than silence. Glenn’s appetite had proved everything.

The manager stomped his feet impatiently. “Chef Quigley, why didn’t you leave some for me?”

Glancing at him, Glenn answered, “Don’t worry. You’ll get to eat it every day.”

The manager halted in surprise, failing to comprehend Glenn’s words. Without warning, Glenn bowed before Arielle.

“Ms. Moore, please take me as your apprentice!” he implored earnestly.

The manager was utterly baffled.

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Glenn’s apprentices who had just returned from their shopping trip were confused, too.

What the hell is going on?

His action was within Arielle’s expectations. Calmly, she said, “I can only cook a few dishes. I still need to learn from you. Instead of becoming my apprentice, why don’t we collaborate to open one hundred branches of Maureen’s Kitchen?”

“One hundred...” Glenn gulped nervously. Tears formed in his eyes as he said, “My mentor died at a young age. Before he left, he told me to make him proud by passing down his culinary skill but I’m too useless...”

“No.” Arielle shook her head firmly. “Six months later, I shall open one hundred branches of Maureen’s Kitchen!”

The apprentices stepped forward carefully.

“Chef Quigley, who is this?” they inquired curiously.

After calming down, Glenn announced sternly, "This is Ms. Moore, the owner of the restaurant. She'll also be your grandmaster. Please show respect!"

His oldest apprentice was stunned.

"Grandmaster?" But she looks younger than us!

Glenn didn't bother explaining to his apprentices. He turned to Arielle and queried anxiously, "Ms. Moore, when will you teach me how to make beef stroganoff?"

Arielle gave him a brief nod. "I'll tell you the details later. In fact, I have prepared some ravioli today. I was thinking of making it our first branch's specialty to attract the passers-by. Why don't you have a try."

"Sure!" Glenn bobbed his head.

He dared not look down on Arielle anymore.

Hearing that, Sasha brought out the ravioli.

The ravioli was placed in an icebox full of ice packs.

Arielle swiftly cooked the ravioli and prepared the sauce.

Once she was done, Glenn and the manager rushed forward to get their portions.

Glenn wanted a taste of Arielle's cooking, while the manager was just plain curious. How delicious is her cooking to make Chef Quigley bow to her, begging to be her apprentice?

Almost simultaneously, they got a plate of ravioli each.

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1036

Goddess Arielle

After stuffing a piece of ravioli into their mouths, they praised in unison, "Oh, this is delicious!" Their mouths were stuffed.

The other apprentices were still in a daze. Though Glenn told them to address Arielle as “Grandmaster,” they didn’t pay any heed to it.

Just like Glenn, they assumed women could cook homemade dishes, but not best-selling dishes.

However, they couldn’t stop themselves from getting a piece of ravioli each after seeing how both men enjoyed the ravioli.

A few minutes later, the whole box of ravioli was ravished. There was only one plate left before Arielle.

“Grandmaster!” Glenn’s first apprentice complimented, “How did you make this ravioli? It’s heavenly!”

Glenn gave him an icy glare before turning to Arielle. Grinning, he reminded, “Ms. Moore, I requested to be your apprentice first, so you should teach me first.”

The apprentice’s jaw hung wide in shock.

Meanwhile, two customers waiting outside caught a delicious whiff of something.

One man was brought here by his friend. Swallowing hard, he asked, “I’m hungry. We’ve ordered some time ago, but why the dishes aren’t served yet?”

His friend, a frequent customer of Maureen’s Kitchen, shrugged and answered, “That’s the restaurant’s rule. We can order ahead of time, but they only open at eleven sharp and will serve us after that.”

Hearing that, his companion glanced at his watch. It was ten minutes to eleven.

“I’m starving. Why don’t we head to another restaurant?”

Right then, a gorgeous figure appeared in their sight.

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The frequent customer’s eyes bulged wide. “A-Arielle?”

I was right! I did see her earlier! Arielle was a celebrity that he adored recently.

She wasn’t technically a celebrity, for her only work was the Soir Coffee’s commercial. However, it didn’t stop him from viewing her as a goddess.

His companion’s eyes had also rounded in surprise.

“You’re that pretty lady who can play the piano well!”

Flashing a pleasant smile, Arielle placed the plate of ravioli on their table.

“I heard the manager said you’ve been here for a while. We can’t change our rules, and the chef will only begin to prepare your dishes at eleven sharp. This plate of ravioli is our restaurant’s new creation. It’s on us.”

The frequent customer nodded fervently. “Thank you, thank you. We only came earlier to avoid the crowd. Does this restaurant belong to you, though?”

Arielle nodded. “Yes, that’s right.”

The frequent customer went wide-eyed with shock. “Oh, dear. You have a lot of fans, but why haven’t you mentioned this to anyone? They will come here in a heartbeat to support your business.”

Arielle merely smiled in response. “They will only come once. After the trend dies down, I’ll lose all the customers. It’s better to serve delicious dishes and get a steady flow of customers.”

The frequent customer gave her a thumbs-up. “You’re right.”

“I’ll leave you alone, then.” Arielle gave him a curt nod and turned to head to her office.

Though she had made the plate of ravioli for herself, Vinson wasn’t here yet, and she wasn’t hungry. Thus, she offered it to the customers to curb their hunger.

The frequent customer stared at Arielle until her figure disappeared from sight.

“Indeed, she’s my goddess. Look how intelligent she is!” he praised.

Picking up a piece of ravioli, he placed it in his mouth.

At once, tears filled his eyes.

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1037

You Cannot Escape

Oh, this is yummy! It's heavenly!

Seeing his reaction, his companion shook his head. "I admit she's pretty and is a great pianist, but you don't have to overreact. It's just a plate of ravioli."

Instead of explaining himself, the frequent customer pushed the plate of ravioli to his friend. "You'll know whether I'm overreacting after trying it for yourself."

Though his companion thought Arielle was pretty, he wasn't her fan. Thus, he took a piece of ravioli nonchalantly and stuffed it into his mouth.

The next moment...

"Oh, wow!" It's the most delicious ravioli I've ever tasted in my life!

The dough was thin, and the moment he bit on it, the contents inside spilled out and spread all over his mouth. Together with the sauce, it created such a rich taste in his mouth.

The frequent customer was pleased to see his friend's reaction. He cast a look at his friend and asked, "Do you still want to eat at another restaurant?"

Without saying another word, his companion stuffed a few pieces of ravioli into his mouth. His cheeks were bulging as though he were a chipmunk.

"Hey, stop it! Leave a few for me!"

As Arielle waited for Vinson's arrival, she helped Glenn to improve his dishes.

Though he was a great cook, under Arielle's help, the comments that were initially "delicious" became "I can order five helpings of this."

Glenn nearly hugged Arielle and sobbed his lungs out.

My mentor said geniuses can make delicious dishes with the simplest ingredients. She is definitely a genius!

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Vinson finally showed up before the clock struck twelve.

"I'm sorry for being late. I worked overtime so I won't need to go to work this afternoon."

At the sight of Vinson, Glenn immediately dispelled the idea of introducing his grandson to her.

Ms. Moore won't set her eyes on my grandson since she's with Vinson.

Gloomily, he served Vinson and Arielle the improvised dishes.

"Have a taste." Arielle placed her chin on her palm, waiting for Vinson's comment on this dish—garlic sausage.

Garlic sausage was a famous dish in Jadeborough. Many restaurants served this dish, and the taste was similar everywhere.

After chewing carefully, Vinson swallowed it. Under Arielle's earnest gaze, he said, "It's really different now. There's a fresh taste to it. I can't help but find it memorable. What did you add?"

Arielle's lips curved into a grin. "Sugar."

"Huh?" Vinson raised his eyebrow in surprise. "Adding a little sugar changed the taste completely. That's it?"

Arielle shook her head and responded, "Of course not. I added garlic to the sauce too. That was what made the taste completely different."

Something twinkled in Vinson's eyes. He gazed at her affectionately and said, "My wife is amazing at everything. I have such good taste."

Pushing his shoulder, Arielle huffed, "How could you relate that to yourself? I don't remember you being this thick-skinned."

"Of course. When I was pursuing you, I hid all my flaws."

"What about now?"

"Now that we're married, you can't escape from my clutches."

Arielle's lips curled into a grin. "Even if we're married, I can still file for divorce."

At the mention of their marriage, Susanne popped up into her mind.

Susanne knew they were married, but before leaving the auditorium, she claimed they were living together even though they weren't married. Clearly, the woman hadn't accepted Arielle as her daughter-in-law yet.

At that thought, the light in Arielle's eyes faded away. "Let's return to Nightshire Manor today."

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1038

She Cheated On Him

Some things couldn't be avoided, so she decided to stand up to the challenge and solve the problem.

Susanne's impression of her had changed slightly. If she refused to move into the manor as instructed by Susanne, the latter might change her mind again.

After Arielle told Vinson about her plan, he fell silent for a moment before nodding in agreement. Holding her hand, he uttered, "If you think you are not happy living there, just tell me at once. I'll move out with you."

Arielle was touched by his promise.

She knew Vinson hated trouble, especially anything regarding familial relations. It was obvious by how he'd rather live in a mansion alone than to stay with his family in the manor. He found the family matters rather troublesome.

His willingness to face the problem together with her proved how much he loved her.

Warmth spread all over Arielle's heart as she gave him a firm nod. "Let's go back to the mansion and pack up now. There are some ravioli left at home. I can let Mrs. Nightshire try them out."

Vinson froze at how she addressed Susanne.

The relationship between his mother and Arielle boiled down to how he dealt with it. I have to learn more about how to deal with this.

On the way back to the mansion, Arielle's social media suddenly descended into an uproar.

Turns out a netizen claiming to be Arielle's fan had revealed that she was the owner of Maureen's Kitchen.

The other fans initially had wanted to pay the restaurant a visit, but they became suspicious after seeing the restaurant's photos.

What? Why is my goddess' restaurant this simple? Is it a hoax?

The restaurant must be promoting itself here. It's taking us as fools!

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To be honest, I've been to Maureen's Kitchen. Though the deco is simple, the food is really good.

As a foodie, I've decided to give it a try.

The fans gathered and decided to head to Maureen's Kitchen at five in the evening.

Papa A: If it's delicious, inform us. Though I'm not completely sure it's Arielle's restaurant, there is no smoke without fire, right?

Bo2o: Sure. I shall recommend it if the food is delicious!

This was definitely word-of-mouth advertising. If the dishes were tasty, Maureen's Kitchen would gain a new flow of customers.

After packing up, Vinson and Arielle returned to Nightshire Manor. Susanne was playing cards with a few ladies.

At the sight of Arielle, the ladies wore indecipherable expressions and began murmuring among themselves.

"Isn't this the lady who got popular online with a video of her playing the piano? My daughter loves her and hangs a lot of her photos in her room. She told me this young woman was accepted to Jadeborough University's preparatory class as the top student. I can't believe Vin's bringing this excellent young lady home!"

"I don't know about her playing the piano. But her father, Henrick Southall, is the unscrupulous businessman who got sentenced to jail back then."

"Oh? Did that really happen?"

"That's not it. Henrick said this young lady isn't his biological daughter. His wife cheated on him and gave birth to this bast*rd!"

"Bast*rd? What? I need to ask my daughter to remove all her photos in her room!"

"I don't know what Susanne is thinking. How could she let this young lady marry her son? Did you see her carrying her luggage upstairs? Are they going to get married soon?"

“Susanne is a proud woman. What is she doing?”

“Beats me...”

Susanne happened to return after asking the help to prepare tea for them and overheard their conversation.

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1039

Third Party

When they mentioned the word “bast*rd,” Susanne’s expression turned grim.

The three ladies turned at their shoulders to see Susanne grimacing at them and hurriedly stopped their conversation.

“When did you get here, Susanne?”

Taking a deep breath, Susanne answered, “When you said my son’s girlfriend is a bast*rd.”

The ladies halted in shock.

They thought Susanne would pretend not to hear their comments to preserve her pride, so it came as a shock to them when Susanne exposed them and even admitted that the young lady was Vinson’s girlfriend.

What is going on?

The lady who was dressed most elegantly among them forced a smile and said, “Susanne, don’t take that to heart. We were just talking about the rumors spreading online. I was just about to say that they might be untrue.”

However, Susanne returned swiftly, “They are true.”

The three of them gaped at her words.

Her expression calm, Susanne continued, “Arielle isn’t Henrick’s daughter.”

Their eyes went wide in shock as they assumed Susanne had gone mad to reveal such a secret. Is she saying that her son's girlfriend is a bast*rd?

However, Susanne added, "But Arielle is indeed Maureen's biological daughter. Henrick's the third party. She isn't a bast*rd like you said. You don't know everything."

"O-Oh, I see."

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Susanne met the lady's gaze and stated, "From now on, I don't want to hear you calling her a bast*rd anymore."

The lady immediately nodded. "Of course, I get it. Maureen was really outstanding back then. I'm sure her daughter is as amazing as her."

Another lady chimed in curiously, "Then, who is her father? Why haven't we heard of it?"

Susanne's expression changed slightly at her question. She covered her mouth and let out a light cough. "You don't have to know. He isn't an ordinary man, that's for sure."

With her assurance, the ladies no longer disdained Arielle.

After all, Susanne wouldn't allow Vinson to date Arielle if her origins were unknown.

Thus, they stopped wondering about Arielle's background. "Let's stop talking about that. Should we begin our game? Luck has been on my side recently," one lady said with a grin.

Susanne relaxed visibly. "Come on. I've prepared tea and snacks in the room."

That was the end of the topic.

Meanwhile, Arielle had just finished unpacking.

Vinson knocked on the door and came in.

"My mom is busy playing cards, so you can ignore her. I remember you said you need to work on a program on the way home. Do you need my help?" he asked.

"No need. I can handle it myself." Arielle shook her head in response. "I brought some ravioli back and told your chef to cook it. It isn't nice for me to interrupt your mom and her friends, so please deliver some to them later. I remember she loved it back then."

She should've brought some gifts with her, but Susanne didn't need anything, so she decided to prepare some ravioli to show her sincerity.

"All right. Go back to work. I shall head to the kitchen now."

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

Arielle sent Vinson off with her gaze before turning back to the bionic arm on the desk. Rubbing her hands, she declared, "All right. Let's get started!"

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1040

Divine Taste

The bionic arm's program was complicated and prone to blunders, but Arielle had written the robotic pacemaker's program herself. It was easy to write a program for the bionic arm controlled by the brainwaves.

She could improve the bionic arm if there was some spare time and make its movements smoother, but as she was running out of time, this first version would do.

As Arielle busied herself with the program, the ravioli was served.

The sauce had been prepared in advance, so Vinson just had to lead the help with the tray to the room.

Susanne and her friends had played two rounds of poker by now.

Instead of aiming to win, they would normally chat about the gossip in Jadeborough. However, the air was tense because of Arielle. None of them spoke in fear of offending Susanne.

Thus, they had no choice but to focus on the game. Two rounds later, the ladies were already feeling exhausted.

Right then, the door was pushed open.

Vinson came in with some maids.

Though the game was interrupted, the ladies heaved a sigh of relief.

Usually, they dreaded the sight of Vinson, for he was famous for his ruthlessness in the corporate world. However, this time, they flashed pleasant smiles at his arrival.

When Susanne saw her son, her irritation faded away slightly.

“Vin, what is it?” she queried gently.

Vinson gave way to the maid who walked in with the ravioli.

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“Arielle assumed you got hungry, so she prepared some ravioli for you. She made them personally. Please try them out,” he said politely.

Hearing that Arielle had made ravioli personally, the ladies couldn’t help but show mocking expressions.

No socialites would prepare ravioli as snacks.

It wasn’t that ravioli was too cheap but it was too normal a food. Real socialites would never prepare that. They would usually learn how to bake. Making ravioli would never cross their minds.

However, they dared not say that out loud in the Nightshire family. Flashing polite smiles, they said, “Thank you for delivering the food to us.”

When Susanne heard about the ravioli, her eyes lit up.

Initially, she thought ravioli was a bit cheap, but after taking a bite of it, she realized how divine the taste was after tasting it at the flea market.

Standing up, Susanne announced proudly, “I’ve tasted her ravioli before. I assure you, it tastes delicious. We’re a little hungry after playing two rounds of poker. Come on, have some.”

The ladies shared a look, thinking that Susanne had changed a lot.

It’s just ravioli. How good can it be?

Though they shared the same thought, their faces displayed delight as they took their respective plates.

After taking a bite, a new taste exploded in their mouth.

“Oh, this is delectable!”

Their eyes widened in surprise as they scrambled to eat the second one.

After clearing up their plates in a blink of an eye, the ladies, who usually had a strict diet, had the urge to refill their plates.

“Susanne, it’s pretty good. What is it made of?”

“Yes, I’ve sampled black truffle ravioli and other expensive ones, but this is the tastiest ravioli I’ve ever tasted.”

They no longer held the ravioli in disdain.

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