

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1051

Penniless

“But we’re completely penniless right now. Where can we go?” Wendy choked out.

Cecilia gritted her teeth and said, “I’ll be going back to Horington to look for your uncle. Stay in Jadeborough and study hard. Make sure you take this chance to get into Maxwell University. As long as you enter that university, I’ll be able to connect you with certain people so that you’ll be able to marry into a good family.”

“A good family,” Wendy repeated before snorting.

I can only marry middle-class families at most. No wealthy family would accept someone like me, who has been in prison.

Only Wendy herself knew how far she had fallen—from being capable of marrying Vinson to barely capable of marrying into “a good family.”

I can’t rely on Mom anymore. I can only rely on myself. Every Chanaean knows that the Greene family has fallen from grace, but what about Epea? Epea has tons of wealthy families. As long as I get into Maxwell University, I’ll be able to approach a rich, influential Epean man. I can still try my luck for a good future.

“Okay,” Wendy replied after tensing her jaw. “I’ll definitely get into Maxwell University.”

This is my one and only chance to turn the tables.

Cecilia nodded before reminding, “Stop trying to infuriate Arielle after you go back to school. She’s not someone we can afford to cross anymore. All you need to do now is to focus on your studies. Don’t do anything else. Do you understand?”

Wendy bit down hard on her lower lip as she listened to her mother.

She was unwilling to admit defeat just like that.

She simply did not want to.

However, the truth was that she had to.

Hatred was a seed that was long planted in her heart and had grown into a towering tree.

The sky slowly turned dark. Cecilia did not even have the money to buy a plane ticket to Horington. She had to seek the help of her younger brother to be able to get on the plane to fly back to Horington.

After the plane touched down, Cecilia spotted her younger brother, Trevor, at the doorway.

Trevor had already looked into what happened to the Greenes, so when he saw his sister, he walked toward her with a scowl on his face. “Why are you still booking first-class tickets at a time like this?”

Cecilia drew her brows together. “Trevor, what are you trying to say? Without the Greenes, you’re just a gambling addict who needs me to provide for you. What’s the matter? Now that something has happened to the Greene family, you won’t even let me book a first-class ticket?”

At that, Trevor exhaled slowly before saying, “There are a lot of journalists at the airport, so let’s not start an argument here. Let’s go back first.”

Cecilia nodded. Then, recalling her daughter, she said, “My account has been frozen, so send some living expenses to Wendy.”

With the scowl still on his face, Trevor reluctantly nodded. The two then went back to the Larson residence.

Meanwhile, at Jadeborough, Wendy received ten thousand from Trevor’s account. At that moment, she nearly choked on her saliva.

Mom said that he’d give me some money, but he only gave me ten thousand? What can I do with ten thousand? I can’t even buy a Chanel bag!

Wendy was so furious to the point her face was bright red, and she immediately called her mother to complain.

After Cecilia heard her daughter’s complaint, raw anger pulsed through her body as well. Instantly, she whipped her head around and said to Trevor, “Wendy told me that you only transferred ten thousand to her. Are you expecting her to use the money to cover her living expenses for the next few days?”

“Next few days?” Trevor barked out a laugh. “That will be her living expenses for the year. Does she still think that she can be the princess of the almighty Greene family?”

Cecilia clenched her fists and questioned, “Trevor, what are you trying to say? What makes you think that you can just give her ten thousand and make it last for a year? How long do you think she can last with ten thousand?”

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Trevor sneered. "Ever since you forced me to stand Vinson up, I had to use all my money to buy building materials available in Horington. I had to build up relationships with various building materials companies. All of these need money. Even my life is horrible now, not to mention yours! If Vinson doesn't come to buy from me, I'm going to end up just like you! Larson Group's going to go bankrupt and close down!"

That made the anger in Cecilia die down a little. She then told Wendy, "Wendy, your uncle is having trouble with his finances as well. Try to save up as much as you can with that ten thousand. Once Vinson's project needs material, they'll come pleading at your uncle's doorstep. Everything will be fine once your uncle starts raking in profits again."

Upon hearing that, Wendy fell silent despite her displeasure.

At that moment, she found out what it felt like to live off someone else.

It felt horrible, and it was much worse than when Arielle had slapped her.

That incident had only been humiliating, but living off someone else was indescribable agony.

Right then, Donovan came out of the school.

She knew that Donovan often headed to the restaurant opposite the campus for his meals because he was not used to the food in the cafeteria.

As she had expected, Donovan was out.

Regardless of everything, Maxwell University was her last hope. She could not let that opportunity slip by her. She was determined to return to her good life from before.

Thus, Wendy steeled herself and tamped down all her emotions before slapping a smile onto her face.

"Mr. Baxter!"

Donovan was still irked by what he had done to Queenie out of frustration the other night. When he raised his head, he saw Wendy, and for a moment, he thought he was hallucinating.

Isn't Wendy in jail? Why is she here?

Noting the surprise in Donovan's eyes, Wendy gave him a bitter smile before putting on a miserable look. "You're not hallucinating. I'm out of jail."

Donovan's lips parted, but he gulped before asking, "Is your family fine?"

Wendy shook her head and let a tear fall.

At that time of the day, many were at the gates of the campus. Thus, many people were looking at Wendy and Donovan.

After what happened at the auditorium, no one greeted Donovan with respect even if they encountered him.

Once he realized that they were attracting the attention of others, he sighed and said, "Let's continue this at the restaurant."

Wendy nodded and followed Donovan to the restaurant.

Donovan deliberately asked to be seated in a private room. Once the two of them sat down, Wendy began sobbing out, "Someone set us up. Someone's out there, determined to doom my family. That's we were targeted by the Specialized Forces."

Donovan cocked his head to the side, baffled. "Someone set you up? But the news on the internet..."

Wendy scoffed, "Do you believe in news on the internet too? I just found out that Vinson is the captain of the Specialized Forces. Back then, my mother wanted to matchmake me with Vinson. I'm afraid that Vinson must have been annoyed by it, so he purposely had the Specialized Forces involved in it. You know, no businessman is truly innocent. But my father never did anything terrible. The news exaggerated everything."

The mention of Vinson's name made Donovan's brows furrow more and more as hatred emerged in his eyes.

He then cast Wendy a look of sympathy.

"So that's what happened. Are you okay?"

Wendy shook her head. "Vinson was trying to kill us all, but he couldn't find fault with me and my mother. He couldn't pin anything on us, and that's why we were released. However, all our family assets have been seized. Mr. Baxter, I'm left with nothing now..."

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Our Daughter

The more Donovan heard, the more sympathy he felt toward Wendy.

Balling his fists, he then stared into Wendy's tearful eyes and said, "No! You're not left with nothing. You still have me."

Wendy pressed her lips tightly.

He fell for it!

“Mr. Baxter, what do you mean?” A look of surprise appeared on her face.

Donovan inhaled sharply. “I hate people who bully the weak just because they’re rich and influential. I’m your teacher. You still have me, your teacher. You’re not left with nothing!”

Wendy then pinched her thigh hard and made her tears fall again.

As she cried, she shook her head. “But there’s nothing I can do at all. Vinson wants to destroy our family. I can’t hold on any longer. To be honest, I’m here to tell you that I’m planning to drop out to work. That way, I can provide for my mother. My mom is too used to living a rich life. She won’t be able to live—”

“Wendy!” Donovan cut her off and raised his voice. “You won’t be able to earn much without the use of your brain.”

“What do you mean?”

“Wendy, you can’t drop out now. Not only can you not drop out, but you have to get into Maxwell University. There aren’t any tuition fees needed to study at Maxwell University. Furthermore, if you get a good grade in your finals, you’ll get a certain amount of money. After your graduation, Maxwell University would even give you a good job opportunity. By then, you’ll be able to revive the Greene family.”

“Mr. Baxter...” Wendy’s acting was fantastic as she widened her eyes and let her tears continue to flow.

“It’s a good idea, Wendy,” Donovan solemnly said. “Come back to study starting tomorrow. I’ll tutor you after class hours. Regardless of everything, I’ll make sure you’re qualified for Maxwell University.”

In the blink of an eye, the next day arrived.

That day was the day Daniel went to court.

As it was a public hearing, people could watch it on the internet.

The moment the court ruled Daniel to thirty years of imprisonment, the netizens cheered.

Daniel’s verdict was read right when Wendy’s class hours were over.

The moment Terry saw the results, he clapped like a seal and cheered, "Great news! Mr. Greene has been sentenced to thirty years in jail!"

Wendy, who was sitting to the left of Terry, stiffened as hatred poured from her eyes.

One day, I'm going to make Arielle's supporters who look down on me pay the price! I'll make them suffer!

"Terry," Trisha reminded.

At that, Terry instinctively turned around and saw Wendy from the corner of his eyes.

It was then that he realized his classmate beside him was the daughter of the man who had just been sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment.

Awkwardly clearing his throat, Terry then walked out of the classroom.

Trisha sighed as she watched him leave. He's all right in every way but this. He just can't keep anything to himself.

She had seen Wendy's expression just now. It was a terrifying one, and Wendy looked as if she would have skinned Terry alive if she could.

Someone like Wendy would be an easy target for bullying.

Thus, Trisha only shook her head and returned to her studies.

Meanwhile, the doors of the palace in Turlen were tightly shut.

A handsome middle-aged man stared at the report of a DNA test, his hands holding the paper shaking.

"She's... She's our daughter."

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Princess

A tear slid down the middle-aged man's cheek.

The tear then fell onto the report and slightly smeared one of the words.

Stunned, he hastily used a piece of tissue paper to dab the paper. When it was finally dried, he sighed in relief before pressing the paper against his chest as if it was a precious treasure to him.

Right then, someone knocked on the door.

“Who is it?” The man whipped his head around and swiftly hid the report under a stack of documents on the table.

“Your Majesty, it’s me.”

An old man pushed open the doors and stepped in before closing the doors behind him.

When he realized it was his old subordinate, Sybil, Dylan sighed in relief. He then took out the report and asked, “Are you sure this piece of news won’t be leaked to the public?”

Sybil shook his head. “Don’t worry. It won’t. I’m the one who took the blood sample for testing. Even if those few couldn’t keep their mouths zipped, they would only think that I have a child. They wouldn’t relate it to you.”

Dylan then reached out to pat Sybil’s shoulder and said, “Sorry to put you in a difficult spot.”

“It’s fine.” Sybil shook his head before courageously asking, “Your Majesty, you’ve seen the report. What are you planning to do after this?”

Dylan tightened his grip on the report. “Since it’s confirmed that she’s my daughter with Maureen, I have to take her back here. She’s the only connection I have left with Maureen. She’s the proof of our love. I won’t let my daughter remain out in the world alone.”

However, cold sweat began beading on Sybil’s forehead.

Mustering his courage, he then said, “Your Majesty, you can’t take her back in. If the queen mother finds out that you have a daughter with Ms. Moore, she’ll do her best to get rid of her. Even if you managed to convince the queen mother, what about the queen? Although she portrays herself to be gentle and unfazed, you know how evil she is on the inside. Now, what the queen wants most is for Prince Aaron of Turlen to become king. If you bring the princess home now, she’ll surely think of the princess as an obstacle.”

“I know!” Dylan frowned. “That’s why I had you keep this DNA test a secret.”

“What do you plan to do then, Your Majesty?”

Dylan sighed. “I have to bring her home, but not now. Once the situation in the country stabilizes—after we suppress both the queen mother’s and the queen’s forces—I’ll make changes to the law. I’ll legalize the marriage between our country’s people and

the people from the rest of the world. When that happens, I'll bring my darling daughter home."

Sybil nodded approvingly when he realized that Dylan was not going to do anything rash. "I'm glad that you can hold yourself back. However, you shouldn't have assigned His Royal Highness to take the princess' DNA sample. If he starts being suspicious, I'm afraid that he will lay a finger on the princess too."

"He won't," Dylan said as he shook his head. "Although I'm not close to Aaron, he's my son. I know him well. He's not like his mother. Although he's a stubborn boy, he's kind at heart. I'm doing this to slowly introduce him to his sister. In the future, it'll be easier for him to accept her."

"What are you going to do next?"

Dylan was silent for a moment. "Help me gather information about my daughter first. I'd like to get to know her before making any arrangements."

"I'll work on it right away."

Sybil, too, wanted to bring the princess back home as quickly as possible. It had been a long time since he saw Dylan's eyes that bright.

Back then, the queen mother had kidnapped Dylan and forced him to marry the queen. On the night of their marriage, he had even been drugged. Thus, Dylan had been living like a walking dead after Aaron's birth even though he still seemed normal.

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True Identity

The queen mother and the queen were constantly trying to gain more power, but Dylan never cared about that. It was as if he was a puppet king.

However, now, for his daughter, Dylan was going to act like a king.

Sybil was thrilled as he realized the king of Turlen had finally come back to his senses and was trying to regain his rightful power.

The old subordinates like him no longer needed to endure the curses of the others about how they were the dogs of the puppet king.

Dylan stared out of the window, eyes bright.

"Remember not to alert anyone to this."

“Understood.”

However, right as Sybil stepped out of the room, he spotted Aaron walking toward him.

“Your Royal Highness,” Sybil greeted with a smile.

Aaron’s cold eyes studied Sybil for a second before he uttered, “Is Father inside? I’ve already completed my mission. Why won’t he see me yet?”

A complicated look flashed past Sybil’s eyes, but he was quick to smile at him.

“Your Royal Highness, you’ve only completed one task. You still have another left. Have you completed the task regarding the Mill family? We, Turlen, are better in everything than everyone else but medicine. We have to win over the Mills.”

The corner of Aaron’s lips turned downward. “They’re going to elect their head of the household the starting of next month, and I’ve already sent my men to infiltrate them. It’s just a matter of time until I complete my task. I’m only looking for Father to ask him something about the first mission.”

Sybil’s heart skipped a beat at that.

Has Aaron figured something out?

In the next second, Aaron continued, “But since he won’t see me, it’ll be fine even if you’re the one to answer me. Why is he checking the DNA of an ordinary outlander?”

Forcing himself to be calm, Sybil then said, “Your Royal Highness, this is actually a personal matter of mine, so... you don’t actually need to ask His Majesty about it. It’s just me being absurd.”

Aaron snapped his head toward Sybil.

“Don’t tell me you have an illegitimate child out there.”

Sybil instantly put on a panicked look as he grabbed Aaron’s shoulder. “Your Royal Highness, please! If this news spread, my whole family would be executed. So, please, please keep this a secret for me!”

Aaron gasped before chuckling quietly. “I knew it. I was wondering why Father told me that was a top-secret task even though it was so simple. He did that for your sake!”

Sybil admitted, “Yes. His Majesty has always been gracious to me. I swear to you that I will repay your kindness.”

Aaron pursed his lips. “Glad to hear that. Anyway, that is great news to me.”

Hearing that, Sybil tilted his head to the side, confused. "Great news?"

"Yes." Aaron nodded.

If the law changes one day, I might be able to marry Arielle. If I have that girl as my wife, I'm sure life wouldn't be as boring as now.

An odd, fearful feeling surged through Sybil as he stared at Aaron's smiling eyes, but he did not know why.

"Well then, return to whatever you were doing at the start. I'm going to make preparations for the Mills' matter."

Aaron then patted Sybil's shoulder and left in a visibly good mood.

Sybil could only scratch his head in confusion. He could sense that things seemed to be spiraling out of control.

Nevertheless, he did not dwell on it. As long as Aaron doesn't know about the princess' true identity...

Thus, Sybil smoothed out the wrinkles on his sleeves and left as well.

Soon, it was the next day.

At Moore Group's technology department in Chanaea, the AI programmer said as he pointed at a piece of trending news on the internet, "Look, look! Our company is trending!"

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Trending Cursing

When another programmer heard that, he jumped in shock.

He then whipped his head around to look at the first programmer who was reading the trending headlines intently. "How can you still be smiling? Don't you know how many were cursing at our company when Henrick was arrested? Even the store owner of the restaurant opposite refused to sell me breakfast! Now that I finally can buy breakfast, we're back on trending! Stop smiling! You'll have to buy me breakfast from now on if you keep this up."

"No, no." The first programmer waved his hand. "They're not cursing at us this time. They're encouraging us."

"What?"

Immediately, a group of people crowded around, a pungent scent of perspiration filled the air. The first programmer quickly waved his hands in disdain as he spat out, "What are you doing? You have phones! Look at the news on your own."

At that, they quickly took out their phones and checked the news out.

Then, they saw the headlines—Southall Group Changes Name—on the top five trending headlines.

Upon clicking in, they saw a piece of news article talking about how Southall Group was officially changing its name to Moore Group. Furthermore, Arielle was now the owner and the chairman of the company.

Also, the one who had posted that was none other than Arielle.

Arielle's fans left comments under the post in support of their goddess.

Some fan commented: Ah! My goddess is now a chairman! This is like one of those motivational stories!

Of course, other than the cheering fans, there were also people expressing their doubts in the comments.

One netizen commented: Are they all goldfish? Do they only have seven seconds of memory? Have they all forgotten about how Henrick nearly killed a whole village full of people?

Arielle's fans were quick to explain.

A fan retorted: We haven't forgotten what Henrick has done, and we won't deny what he has done. However, the one who did that is Henrick, not our goddess.

Another fan chimed in: Agreed. Arielle was there when Henrick was at court back then. Was she biased toward him at that time? She has nothing to do with the bad deeds done by Henrick, so please stop attacking her. Southall Group has changed its name to Moore Group, and that means that Arielle has cut ties with Henrick. I'm sure that with her leading the company, Moore Group will only do good deeds that will benefit the people and the consumers.

The two sides soon engaged in a ferocious verbal fight.

The netizen refuted: Don't jump to conclusions. The minds of people are unfathomable. Even the dragonslayer might end up becoming an evil dragon itself one day, let alone Arielle.

Another netizen commented: Although Arielle isn't Henrick's biological child, she has been with him for quite a while. Who knows if Henrick managed to brainwash her?

The other netizen claimed: No matter what name Southall Group changes to, I'll never buy their products!

Following that, a netizen added: All businessmen are crafty people. Even if Arielle is now still kind, she's no longer a student but a business owner. You, as her fans, will be the first batch of lab rats for her.

The programmers were thrilled to see the support of the fans, but when they saw the curses and insults of the others, their hearts sank.

They were currently the employees of Moore Group, so everything that happened to the company would be reflected on them.

For others to be cursing at the company meant that they were also cursing at them.

Thus, they were all livid.

"Why are we held accountable for those trashy things Henrick has done? Wasn't he already punished for what he did?"

However, when Kimi stared at the trending headlines, he could not help but wonder who had made that article trending online.

Although Arielle's name was in the post, that post had only been published for ten minutes. There was no reason for it to be trending so soon.

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I Only Believe In You

Kimi soon came to a conclusion.

The arguments in the post's comments were not targeting the current Moore Group.

It should be one of Arielle's rivals who was trying to target her.

Right then, another trending headline appeared. The headline read: The Dragonslayer Becomes The Evil Dragon.

Upon clicking into the trending page, he realized all the posts were attacking Arielle. Many never even mentioned Moore Group, and they were solely targeting Arielle.

When he scrolled through the comments, he found out that most accounts that were cursing at Arielle were accounts that were just registered hours ago.

Once he got the affirmation for his guesses, Kimi mulled over it for a moment before sending a message to inform Arielle about the situation.

When Arielle received the message, she was outside, looking for a good spot for Maureen's Kitchen's branch.

Vinson received the information too, so he walked toward Arielle and said, "Something has happened on the internet. I've asked my men to check it out, and they've found out that the one who spent money to get that post to trend is someone named Oliver Moore."

Arielle nodded. "My guess was right. Oliver and Jacob are both waiting for Moore Group to go bankrupt before they change those fixed assets for money. My appearance disrupted their plans to take over Moore Group, so it's nothing unusual for them to target me. Honestly, I'd feel even more nervous if they didn't do anything, so now I'm actually feeling relieved."

Vinson snorted. "They're trying to sway the people into slandering you. It seems like they aren't that capable after all."

"Right? If they were that capable, they wouldn't be eyeing a small company like Moore Group."

Vinson muttered, "To you, hundreds of millions is considered a small amount, but to them, it's something they must get their hands on."

Hearing that, Arielle widened her eyes and spun around. "How do you know that amount of money is nothing to me?"

Vinson choked and fell silent.

At that, Arielle decided to come clean as she asked, "When did you find out that I'm the chairman of Sann Group?"

Vinson shrugged. "When I got the ten robotic pacemakers from Sann Group. Didn't you tell me that you started Sann Group?"

Arielle's eyes widened even more.

"I was just joking with you back then. Did you really believe in it?"

Vinson nodded solemnly. "I told you that I'd believe in anything you say."

Those words of Vinson moved Arielle, but she was embarrassed, so she said, "Vinson, you're so stupid. You're going to be that one person who's going to chuckle like an idiot even after getting fooled."

Vinson then stared at her for a moment before asking, "Will you ever try to fool me?"

The direct question made the smile on Arielle's face fade a little.

Pursing her lips, she then shook her head and uttered, "I won't."

"That's good enough for me." Vinson hunched over to peck her on the forehead. "I only trust you, so no one can fool me. It's fine even if you try to fool me. My money and I are all yours."

Arielle blushed before lowering her eyes. "Has anyone ever told you that you're good at giving sweet talk?"

"No," Vinson replied truthfully. "Jordan just said to me that someone as boring as me wouldn't be able to find a girlfriend, and if I did, it'd be a miracle. He thought I'd stay single for the rest of my life."

"It seems like he doesn't know you well. I'd say you know how to flirt well, and it's impossible that you're going to stay single forever."

"Mm." Vinson nodded. "Your comment is worth all the time I've spent on that book."

Arielle furrowed her brows. "What book?"

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It Seems Like I Am Unneeded

"Nothing..." Vinson trailed off as he averted his eyes.

He could not possibly tell her that he had stayed up all night reading dozens of books about how a cold-blooded CEO could win over the heart of his wife.

It would ruin her impression of him if he did so.

Vinson cleared his throat and changed the topic. "Do you need me to get rid of the trending status of the post?"

Arielle did not want to bother herself with it, but the people who were on her side were getting cursed at as well, and that annoyed her.

After a few seconds of rumination, she nodded. "Get rid of it."

Vinson hummed in response. Just as he was about to screenshot the post and send it to the public relations department, he spotted two more trending headlines.

Arielle Moore From Jadeborough University.

Victim Of Henrick's Case Speaks For Arielle.

Vinson froze for a second before he tapped into it.

Jadeborough University, who rarely posted anything on Twitter, had abruptly made a new post that read: Jadeborough University's charity event has ended. The donations received in the event shall be used for the rebuilding of Southall Village. Special thanks to outstanding graduate, Arielle Moore, for her generous donation to this event.

Under the text was an attached photo, showing that Arielle had purchased three items that totaled a hundred and thirty million.

Those three items were Marcus' antique vase, a necklace worth one hundred million that Aaron had bought in Arielle's name, and a sculpture worth fifteen million that Arielle had paid for Wendy.

The Greene family had collapsed, so naturally, Wendy was unable to fork out fifteen million. Therefore, the school put that amount under Arielle's name instead.

The charity event had long ended. The meaning behind Jadeborough University's well-timed post was clear—they were standing up for Arielle.

The moment the post was created, the others were dumbstruck. The netizens commented below the post to express their views.

Arielle donated a hundred and thirty million to that village? Holy moly. She's that generous?

It seems that Arielle is nothing like Henrick who only thought about how he could use the villagers. Arielle barely has anything to do with this, but she has given the village such a huge amount of compensation. I'm not going to hold her accountable for this anymore!

Who were the ones saying that all businessmen are crafty people? Who were the ones who said that the dragonslayer will eventually become the evil dragon? My goddess donated over a hundred million, but she never even posted anything about it. She just wanted to compensate the villagers. How dare those meanies say that she's evil-hearted?

Hold up. Am I the only one who noticed that the post also mentions she's an outstanding graduate? Didn't she just start her course? Why has she suddenly graduated?

Nevertheless, that comment about Arielle's graduation did not receive much attention. Everyone was more preoccupied with her hefty amount of donation.

Soon, the headline—Victim Speaking Up For Arielle Moore—trended, attracting the attention of many again.

Then, they found out that the victim who was speaking up for Arielle was a boy named Teddy.

Teddy was a boy from Southall Village. He had recorded a video with his parents, talking about what Arielle had done for them a while back.

After watching the video, the others realized with a start that the one who had reported Henrick was none other than Arielle.

They never realized that Arielle had secretly done so much for the victims.

Soon, those two headlines became the top two trending headlines. The ones who had said that Arielle was going to be the evil dragon were either getting cursed at or had created an apology post.

I've really misunderstood her. From now onward, I'm going to support Moore Group by buying their stuff!

With Arielle leading the company, I'm sure Moore Group will be vastly different from Southall Group. Don't boycott Moore Group mindlessly anymore.

After Vinson read the news, he shrugged at Arielle and said, "It seems like I'm not needed here."

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Living Hell

Arielle was still confused as to what had happened. She only figured it out after taking Vinson's phone and reading the news and comments.

At that moment, tears sprang to her eyes.

She was already glad to have Vinson backing her up. She never thought so many people would be defending her too.

Wiping the tears off her face, she then smiled and said, "I never knew it feels so good to be defended by others."

Vinson then pulled her into his arms and planted a kiss on her lips. Softly, he whispered, "You deserve this."

You deserve to be supported by so many people.

Right then, Rayson skipped over and yelled, "Mr. Nightshire, Ms. Moore, it's done!"

However, when he raised his head, he was greeted by the sight of the two hugging. Immediately, he turned away from them.

Oh, bad timing.

Arielle quickly pushed Vinson away and cleared her throat. "It's done?"

Rayson nodded and turned back to look at her. "I negotiated with the person in charge, and he agreed to decrease the annual rent of two hundred thousand to a hundred and fifty thousand."

Arielle nodded. "We'll start renovating today then. This shop is originally a food and beverage store, so there isn't too much to change. We just need to make minor changes. If we're quick enough, we'll be able to finish the renovation in two weeks."

Vinson nodded along with Arielle and asked, "Do you really not want to rent a space in Nightshire Group's mall? You won't need to pay rent."

However, Arielle shook her head. "I've made up my mind. Maureen's Kitchen's target customers will be middle-class individuals, so the prices of the food can't be too expensive. Hence, this place will be the best place for it to be. This entire street is like a food street, so it's on par with a mall in terms of customers. Moreover, the people who are living here are Jadeborough citizens. If we can build a good reputation among them, we'll have a much easier time to open up another branch of Maureen's Kitchen."

Vinson softly replied, "Okay. As expected of the chairman of Sann Group. You're better at this long-term planning than me."

"No, no. It's just that you're hoping I'd be targeting the high-class individuals. We just have different goals. If we're aiming for high-class individuals, we'll naturally have to have the restaurant set up in a mall."

Chanaean cuisine was unlike coffee and tea. If she wanted to open a hundred branches in the shortest time possible to prove herself to Susanne, then she must set a realistic goal by first targeting middle-class individuals. She had to appeal to the general audience so that she would be able to build up the customer base quickly.

Thus, Arielle took the contract from Rayson's and signed it after making sure that everything on the contract was fine.

From that day onward, Maureen's Kitchen finally had a branch.

After keeping the contract, Arielle turned to Vinson and said, "I'm done with looking for the store location, so you don't need to keep staying by my side anymore. I'm going to head to Moore Group's technology department, so you should return to your own schedule. You've been accompanying me the entire afternoon, and I've been hearing your phone's ringtone the entire afternoon too. I'm sure there are many things you have to deal with."

"Okay. Let me send you to Moore Group first."

"Sure."

Meanwhile, Arielle's fans were busy even after Jadeborough University and Teddy stood up for Arielle.

After all, how could a finance blogger with only over a thousand fans appear on trending so quickly?

Anyone with a brain would know that something fishy was going on.

Thus, the fans discussed it with each other before looking into the malicious comments that cursed at Arielle.

Soon, they found out about Oliver Moore and chastised him at once.

So this guy is the troublemaker! He must be trying to set her up when she has just taken over the company!

D*mn it. How dare he bully her just because she doesn't have someone powerful backing her up? It's fine. She has our support! If these people try to be mean to her again, I'm going to confront them at Moore Group.

Let me join you! Oliver Moore, be nicer, or we're going to make your life a living hell!

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1060

Are You Insane

Oliver stopped bothering with the matter after paying to get Arielle's post to trend. He knew about the sheer amount of keyboard warriors on the internet and how they were going to do his dirty work for him.

As long as he took the first step, the netizens would surely blame Arielle for what Henrick had done.

There were many who had been boycotting Southall Group, and the company's reputation was unsalvageable. Therefore, Oliver thought he was making a smart move when he had directed the netizens' fury of Southall Group to Arielle.

Arielle's still so young. If she sees that everyone on the internet is cursing at her, she might lock herself up in her house and cry! How much can a little girl stand, after all? It'll be best if she's diagnosed with depression after this incident.

Those were the gleeful thoughts in Oliver's head as he leaned back in his office chair and relaxed.

Right then, his phone on the desk vibrated.

His eyes trailed to the screen, and he realized it was from Jacob.

Recently, he had started an alliance with Jacob. Thus, when he saw Jacob's name on the screen, he smirked. Jacob must be calling to congratulate me on the successful attack.

Grinning, Oliver then answered the call and said, "What's the matter, Jacob? It's a pretty good move, don't you think so?"

Jacob, who had been affected by the incident, froze for seconds before he squeezed out, "What did you say?"

Jacob could not believe his ears.

Everyone's cursing and hurling insults at Oliver, and they even attack me although I have nothing to do with this. How does he have the guts to ask me for my opinion on his "good move?"

A moment later, Jacob managed to recompose himself. He then hissed, "Oliver Moore, are you insane? Did you lose your marbles?"

Oliver instantly fumed upon hearing that.

"Jacob, what are you talking about? You're insane! You're the one who lost your marbles!"

It was then that Jacob realized that Oliver still had no idea what happened on the internet.

He then scoffed, "Why don't you go online and find out what happened? I'm not going to clean up your mess for you this time. If we're still working together, then I'd advise you to bear the responsibility of this mess by yourself. Once I get Southall Group, I'll give you three-tenths of its profits. But if you don't settle this matter, you'll get nothing!"

With that said, Jacob ended the call, leaving Oliver completely confused.

My plan today should have been successful, but why did Jacob say this?

With no time to dwell on it, Oliver quickly took out his phone to click into Twitter.

He then saw that the two headlines about how bad Arielle was were gone. Instead, his name was trending.

"W-What?"

Why is my name trending?

Oliver then hurriedly clicked into it, only to be bombarded by posts that screamed and cursed at him.

After looking at the top three posts, he finally realized what was going on.

Not only did he fail to drag Arielle into hell, but the netizens had even found out that he was the one who had paid for the ghostwriters. The ghostwriters had betrayed him, and they had posted the records of their conversation with him.

In the blink of an eye, he was the one man that everyone abhorred.

"D*mn it! D*mn it!" Oliver furiously slammed his palm on the desk.

Right then, his assistant rushed in and reported, "Sir, bad news. There are a group of people surrounding the doorway of our office building, demanding us to return them their deposits!"