

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1061

Dog Eat Dog

“What? Their deposits?” Oliver gasped as his heart leaped into his throat.

After establishing his food and beverage company, Oliver had hastily opened dozens of chain stores in Jadeborough in an attempt to monopolize the market.

Furthermore, there was a membership system with his restaurant. If the customers used the restaurant’s e-wallet, they would get twenty percent off every meal.

Many of the customers wanted that discount, so they had topped up their e-wallets.

That was the money Oliver had used to quickly expand his business.

In other words, there was no way he was going to pay them back at such short notice.

“Sir, what do we do now?” the assistant anxiously asked.

“D*mn it!” Oliver cursed again as a scowl appeared on his face. “They won’t get a refund! Ignore them. Their protests will die down soon.”

“But...” the assistant mumbled with a deep frown. “They’re really adamant about getting their refunds. When I was on my way up, I even heard them talking about how they’re going to report us to Specialized Forces if we don’t give them their refunds.”

“Specialized Forces?” Oliver squeaked as cold sweat began rolling down his face.

His company had not always done the most legal things. If Specialized Forces were to get involved, not only would his company be closed down, but he might also end up like Henrick.

After all, Specialized Forces could not be bribed. He would be doomed if he were to become their target.

Argh. These people sure know what my weak spot is.

Oliver then said, “Go downstairs and calm them down first. Tell them to mull over it for a day first. If they still want a refund after a day, we’ll then refund them.”

“But...” The assistant hesitated for a moment before going on, “They’re really insistent on getting their refunds. I’m afraid they’ll be back after a day. Moreover, the company has no money left. We’ve spent them all on the opening of branches.”

Oliver clenched his fists out of frustration.

At that moment, he started regretting his decision to mess with Arielle.

Now, Arielle had turned out to be a philanthropist while he became the despicable villain.

Oliver then huffed, "I'll find a way. Just go and calm them down first."

"Understood." With a nod, the assistant then left.

Oliver paced and panicked in his office.

He had essentially shot himself in the foot.

Back then, he wanted Southall Group, which was now named as Moore Group, to collapse. That way, he would be able to get the money to expand his own business.

However, he never thought that his company might turn out to be the first to close down.

After a long moment of contemplation, Oliver called Jacob.

He could temporarily put aside Southall Group's matter, but he could not let anything happen to his company.

A few seconds later, Jacob picked up the call and mocked, "Have you finally realized that you're insane?"

"Shut up! You won't be able to escape this either. I have the dirt on you, so I'll drag you down with me if I'm doomed," Oliver snarled.

Jacob's tone instantly turned cold.

"Oliver, this is the mess you've made. What are you trying to do by dragging me into this mess? If you're really that capable, go after that girl! If you want to drag me into hell, I'll make your end way worse than mine, believe it or not."

Oliver then took in a deep breath to calm himself down. "Jacob, let's make a deal."

"What is it?"

"I'll transfer you all the shares I have of Southall Group, and you give me a hundred million. From then on, I won't compete with you for Southall Group anymore."

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1062

“One hundred million?” Jacob scoffed. “Ever since what happened to Mr. Southall, the company stock price has dropped tremendously. What makes you think the puny amount of shares you’ve got there are worth one hundred million?”

“Jacob! Stop it with your dirty tactic! You know for certain what this one hundred million means!” Enraged, Oliver slammed his desk and held his phone ever so tightly.

In fact, it would mean that he was ready to completely let go of the precious Southall Group. If it was not for his own F&B company’s sake, he would have never let it go. It was just that the company was in deep trouble, so he had no choice but to turn to Jacob.

Upon hearing that, Jacob kept silent. If Oliver goes crazy and drags me down with him, it’ll not end well for me either.

“All right, one hundred million it is. I won’t be able to gather that much money in such a short period of time, though. The soonest I can do is in three days’ time. But before that, I want you to set things straight and make sure everyone sees it online. Tell everyone that I had nothing to do with what happened, and it was you all along.” After not less than two minutes, Jacob finally spoke again.

Caught between a rock and a hard place, Oliver had no choice but to comply. “All right. Three days.”

Both of them then agreed upon a date for the official agreements to be signed.

After Oliver hung up the phone, he sat in his chair for a long while. His mentality toward the whole situation had changed.

After he chain-smoked two cigarettes, he logged onto Twitter. Just a few minutes later, a trending upload appeared, which read: Oliver Confesses.

The netizens all clicked into it and saw Oliver confessing to his mistakes. Along with the confession, Oliver had announced that he had resigned as the director of Moore Group with immediate effect.

However, the netizens didn’t sympathize with Oliver one bit. Their comments started flooding in.

My goddess could’ve easily been in his exact position now if it weren’t for the victims in Jadeborough University and Southall Village. Shame on you, Oliver!

Isn’t it a bit too late now to confess? What’s the point?

When Oliver read how the netizens were all criticizing him, he smashed his phone in frustration. B*stards! All of them!

Meanwhile, Vinson's car arrived at the technology department building.

When Arielle was about to get out of the car, she heard Vinson commanding Rayson in a cold voice, "Shut your eyes."

Heeding his words, Rayson shut his eyes instantly. The next second, Vinson kissed Arielle passionately, making the woman's face turn beet red.

Oh, my god! What's the point of asking Rayson to shut his eyes? Wouldn't that make it even more obvious?

Embarrassed, she lightly pushed Vinson off. Fortunately for her, he backed off right away because he meant for it to be just a playful smooch.

Blushing, the woman blurted, "This is inappropriate."

"How is it inappropriate for me to kiss my own wife?" Vinson asked directly. "I'll leave Rayson here with you. Come find me after you're done."

"Find you?" Arielle was puzzled. "Is something wrong with your company?"

"Rayson's wife fetches him every day after his work. I'd like to have my wife fetch me off work too," Vinson replied awkwardly.

Although Rayson had his eyes shut, his hearing was definitely not impaired. Upon hearing what Vinson said, all he could do was cringe. He's absolutely shameless! My wife has never fetched me from work!

Without knowing that Vinson was just spouting nonsense, Arielle felt sympathetic toward him.

With his status and unfriendly aura, it's no wonder no one ever dared to pick him up from work. With that in mind, Arielle nodded. "All right, I'll come to get you later."

"Oh! Before I forget..." Vinson paused and smiled enigmatically. "Bring along dinner, please. Preferably if you prepare it with love!"

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1063

Pushing His Luck

Although Arielle was blushing uncontrollably, her voice remained icy. "Don't push your luck."

"But Rayson's wife prepares lunch for him almost every day!" Vinson complained with a pout.

Once again, knowing his wife was actually working in Epea, Rayson was cringing over what he had heard. This guy is unbelievable!

Without any knowledge of the truth, Arielle sighed helplessly. "All right then, off you go. So annoying."

Her words did not reflect the thoughts on her mind, though. She called him annoying, but she already had an ideal menu for him in mind.

Meanwhile, in the technology department building, the designers found out about the truth, and people started to talk.

"The table has turned! The trending topic says that Oliver has confessed about what he has done to Madam Chairman!"

"Oh, my god! So that's what actually happened. Shame on Oliver for bullying a lady!"

Although Kimi didn't see the trending headline, he knew what the others were talking about, causing him to breathe a sigh of relief.

At this moment, someone rushed in and announced, "Madam Chairman is here!"

Feeling a weight lifted off his shoulders, Kimi rushed out to welcome Arielle.

However, the person in charge of the technology department was caught in a dilemma upon receiving the news. After Oliver had resigned, he told him that all of his ex-subordinates would be answering to Jacob instead. Now that the circumstances have changed, should I continue executing my plans? But the reason Arielle got off the hook is because of the hundreds of millions instead of her own capabilities. She wouldn't be able to hold on as chairman for long.

After much consideration, he gritted his teeth and decided to continue being a spy for Jacob. Then, he got to his feet to welcome Arielle as well.

When he arrived at the entrance of the building, he saw Kimi talking with the woman.

"Madam Chairman, where's the bionic arm?" Kimi was puzzled when he noticed that Arielle had arrived empty-handed.

Casting a glance at the person in charge, she instantly knew that he was secretly working for Jacob. Well, one down, one more to go. That's a relief.

Arielle pursed her lips slightly. "I needed the bionic arm for something else. I came over to pass you guys the codes."

Kimi's eyes lit up immediately. "You're done encrypting the data?"

Arielle nodded. "I've also tested it. We should be able to start the manufacturing process tomorrow if everything turns out well."

Upon hearing the good news, Kimi was unbelievably thrilled. The other designers were also bursting with joy.

"Madam Chairman, you're incredible! Truly amazing!" Kimi praised.

"Oh, stop it." Arielle smiled before continuing, "Let's go key in the data into the other prototypes before testing them out again."

"Yes, let's go!"

Along with the other designers, they all headed toward the laboratory. Except for the person in charge, he stealthily headed back to his office and informed Jacob about what Arielle said over the phone.

"Not bad," Jacob responded coldly.

"Indeed, but don't worry. Oliver had already seen this coming, so we've already reached an agreement with the manufacturers before this. Even if her codes work, none of them will help her with the manufacturing process. In other words, her code is useless."

"Oliver made a smart move," Oliver sneered. "Proceed with the initial plan, then. Pay the manufacturers off, no matter the price."

"Understood!"

Over at the laboratory, the bionic arm was working well after the data was keyed in. It was a success!

A round of cheers soon erupted.

"Ms. Moore, what did you do with the first prototype, though?" Kimi asked curiously.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1064

Sabotage

Arielle paused for a moment and shrugged. "Don't worry about that. Once the bionic arms are launched, you'll have your answer."

Kimi nodded and didn't ask further. He then held up the bionic arm and started caressing it affectionately. Finally! You're about to be launched! He was so happy that he started crying tears of joy.

"I'm sorry you had to see that, but I'm just so excited!" Kimi said to Arielle embarrassingly while wiping his tears.

"It's all right." Arielle shook her head. "I know how you feel."

Arielle knew exactly how Kimi felt because she reacted the same way when the robotic pacemaker research succeeded.

Laughing awkwardly, Kimi uttered, "Now we just need to market it and start the manufacturing process. Tomorrow, I'll personally pay them a visit and instruct them accordingly."

"Actually, about that..." Arielle trailed off and glanced around the laboratory. After she made sure that the person in charge was not around, she continued, "Regarding the manufacturing process, I'd like to get my friend to do it."

"Your friend?" Kimi asked, puzzled.

"Yes," the woman replied with a nod. "This party has a lot of prior experiences with AI technology products. They are one of the best manufacturers in the world. However, the factory is located in Lightspring, Epea. I'll ship the prototype over directly to them. You just need to prepare a more accurate blueprint for me. By the time they're done, they'll send the products back to Chanaea for us."

"So we're manufacturing it in Lightspring? May I know the name of your friend's company?" Kimi queried.

"Sann Group. You should've heard about them." Arielle smiled enigmatically.

"What did you say?" Kimi exclaimed loudly as his eyes widened in bewilderment.

"Hush!" Arielle made a shushing gesture. "As you know, the company is in turmoil now. Besides, there are people who purposely try to stir things up. In order to not let this get sabotaged, I've decided to let Sann Group handle the manufacturing process. Hence, you should just keep this piece of information to yourself. As far as the others are concerned, the manufacturing process is being carried out somewhere outside of Jadeborough."

Hearing that, Kimi nodded profusely.

Sann Group was the best manufacturer in the world for AI technology products. Just the year before, the robotic pacemaker was a groundbreaking achievement, and it took the industry by storm. However, they were known for extremely high asking prices, and they were not into mass production. Hence, only the rich people were aware of the robotic pacemaker.

Although the bionic arm was less significant compared to the robotic pacemaker in terms of saving lives, they were confident that there would be a high demand in the market.

Arielle slightly nodded when she received the blueprint from Kimi. Without wasting a second, she contacted Sann Group right away. With an order from her, the manufacturing process started.

After she dealt with Sann Group, Arielle proceeded to set up a meeting with the designers to decide on the selling price.

After a round of constructive discussion, they agreed to sell it at one hundred and fifty thousand each. That was the lowest price they could go with because the costs were extremely high. Besides, they had invested a lot of time and energy into the early stages of the research.

Once the selling price was set, Arielle stood up and said, "Leave the marketing tasks to the people in the marketing department. All of you should take a break and have a good rest."

Upon hearing that, everyone in the conference room cheered joyfully.

In the midst of all that, the person in charge was standing by the door outside the conference room. Haha! Laugh while you still can! Wait till you all find out that no one in Chanaea would help with manufacturing! By then, all of you are doomed! He then left and continued bribing the manufacturing companies he had yet to meet.

In the meantime, Jacob had just transferred the first payment to Oliver from his office. That was when the technology department's person-in-charge paid him a visit. He went there requesting the money needed for bribery purposes. At that instance, Jacob's heart ached for his pocket.

Never mind, once I get my hands on Moore Group, I will sell off all of its assets. I can recoup the money in no time. He managed to calm his nerves.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1065

Arielle Is Infuriated

After Arielle left the technology department building, she went to Maureen's Kitchen to get dinner for Vinson. However, Rayson left her there because he was needed somewhere else, so she had to go to Nightshire Group's headquarters on her own.

She felt nothing out of the ordinary when she was at Maureen's Kitchen, but when she arrived at the main entrance of the headquarters, she felt inexplicably nervous, even

though it was not even her first time there. She had been there numerous times back when she was shooting commercials for Soir Coffee.

The reason her heart was racing was because it was her first time at the company as Vinson's wife.

When Arielle raised her head and saw the skyscraper before her, she gulped nervously. Since I'm already here now, I can't possibly just run away! Taking a deep breath, she entered the building.

Vinson's headquarters comprised a total of seven floors. The highest floor was where Vinson's office was located.

Wow! This is indeed the biggest company in Chanaea. One day, I'm going to build something just like this for Sann Group just for the sake of showing off!

"Hello." Arielle arrived at the front desk. "I'm here to look for Vinson."

The receptionist didn't bother to lift her head as she was busy signing for a courier. "Do you have an appointment?"

"Appointment?" Arielle's mind went blank for a moment. She then held up the food in her hand and uttered, "I guess so."

"You guess so?" The receptionist frowned before picking up the appointment schedule. "What's your name?" she queried.

"Arielle."

"Arielle?" The receptionist flipped through the schedule and shook her head. "You didn't make an appointment. Please fill out a form first."

"You want me to fill out a form?" Arielle's brows furrowed incredulously. Vinson was the one who requested for me to bring him dinner. Yet, I'm required to fill out a form?

"Yes. It's our procedure." The receptionist then put the schedule aside and went back to dealing with a man from the courier service company. While she was checking through the paperwork with him, she blurted at Arielle, "After you've made your appointment, it'll be vetted by the CEO's office. Once you're cleared, we'll then set up a date for you."

Hearing that, Arielle muttered expressionlessly, "And how long will it take?"

"I can't give you an exact date, but usually it takes two to three days. It depends on when the CEO will be free."

“Two to three days?” Arielle could not help but laugh upon hearing that. How could I wait two to three days? His food will be all moldy by then! He asked me to bring him dinner, just to make me wait for a few days? What’s wrong with him? It’s a different story if I came here on my own accord, but I was requested to be here!

Arielle had always been an unflappable person. Even when Henrick forced her to kneel before him back then, she remained calm. That was because Henrick meant nothing to her.

Without realizing it, Arielle had become a short-tempered person, especially when it concerned Vinson.

Darn it!

Clenching her teeth in anger, she took out her phone to call Vinson. “Vinson, I’m downstairs now. Your receptionist told me to wait for two to three days. Do you want your dinner or not?”

“You’re here?” Vinson stood up abruptly and rushed down. “Just a minute. Wait for me. I’m coming down to get you now!”

Upon hearing that, the fire in Arielle’s eyes dampened.

Throughout the phone call, the receptionist was still busy dealing with the courier. Hence, she didn’t know that Arielle had already spoken to Vinson over the phone.

The moment she was finally done with the courier, she slightly gazed toward Arielle from the corner of her eyes. When she noted that the other woman was still there, the receptionist grew annoyed. “Are you going to fill out the form or not? If not, then get out!” she thundered with a frown.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1066

Just Not You

The reason why the receptionist treated Arielle that way was because she was well aware of the intention behind all the women who came to see Vinson. As far as she was concerned, none of these women came for work-related reasons. It was understandable because it was every woman’s dream to get their hands on a man of status and wealth, such as Vinson. Hence, she had always treated women without an appointment with hostility.

Besides, she knew these women were all prettier than she would ever be, so she never bothered to even cast a glance at them.

"You can't see him without an appointment. If you're not filling out the form, get lost," she repeated.

However, as soon as she finished her sentence, she heard polite greetings coming from the elevator's direction.

"Hello, Mr. Nightshire."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Nightshire."

Vinson is here! The receptionist immediately stood upright as she tidied herself up.

On every other day, Vinson would just walk straight toward the main entrance. However, he was heading directly toward the front desk this time around. The receptionist was caught by surprise, and she stood there stiffly, not knowing what was happening.

Her heart began to race, and she could not help holding her breath.

When Vinson was standing in front of her, she noticed the man had his eyes locked onto the woman who came to see him.

Turning her head subconsciously, she finally had a good look at that woman.

At that moment, realization dawned on her as her eyes widened. That's Arielle Moore!

Back when Soir Coffee had an event there, she was not employed yet. Hence, she had never seen Arielle in person before. Wow! She looks even more beautiful in person! There are rumors going around saying that Arielle is in a relationship with Vinson. So it's... true?

The very next thing the receptionist saw was Vinson affectionately wrapping his arm around Arielle's waist. "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. I didn't know you were here already," Vinson apologized.

Upon hearing that, the receptionist was stumped. So, they're involved with each other! Doesn't that mean I've just stopped Vinson's girlfriend from seeing him? What have I done? I'm so dead.

Arielle simply ignored the receptionist and turned toward Vinson instead. Pursing her lips, she mumbled, "Since you're talking to me nicely, I'll forgive you."

"Thank you very much, Darling!" Vinson bowed.

The receptionist saw her job flash before her eyes. Didn't Vinson fire his ex-assistant for something similar to what I did? Oh, goodness!

When she was about to hide away, she saw Vinson looking at her.

It was actually the first time Vinson's eyes landed on her. His face darkened as his icy orbs stared into hers. Suddenly, a chill went through her entire body.

"Was it you who got in her way just now?" Vinson asked coldly.

"I... I..." The receptionist was at a loss for words. She was so terrified that she was trembling in fear.

Before she could explain herself, Vinson continued coldly, "From now on, you don't have to clock in anymore."

Hearing his words, the receptionist was flabbergasted. "Please don't fire me! I beg of you!"

Vinson ignored her as his eyes scanned the other employees.

Then, the receptionist's superior went to her and said, "You can pack up your things and leave now. Your pay for this month will be calculated based on a day rate."

The receptionist dropped to her knees and cried. Her arrogance and unprofessionalism had just gotten her fired.

Arielle kept silent throughout the entire ordeal. She only started talking after she had gotten into the elevator with Vinson. "You didn't have to do that. She was just doing her job."

Although the receptionist treated her badly, Arielle was still defending her.

Even so, Vinson thought otherwise. "I wouldn't care if she had done that to other people. Just not you."

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1067

I Want My Dinner

Of course, the reason Vinson did that was to make a deterrence.

After this, no one would ever dare to stop Arielle in her tracks again.

As for the people present around the front desk, they were all stunned as they watched both of them get into the elevator. They were even more shocked to see the receptionist getting fired on the spot. Well, it seems like we have to address the ambassador of Soir Coffee as Mrs. Nightshire from now on.

Meanwhile, in the elevator, Vinson pointed at a sign that read "For CEO Only," and said, "Next time you're here, you don't need to go through the front desk anymore. Just go up using this elevator."

"Got it." Arielle nodded, feeling a warmth in her heart. Shortly after that, they both arrived at the top floor.

The atmosphere in the office was unlike the one she felt at the front desk. Rayson was there as well, and he was chatting with the employees there. Basically, everyone was friendly and welcoming. Rayson had probably already told all of them about the relationship between her and Vinson. Hence, all of them greeted her politely when she walked past them.

However, Arielle felt embarrassed by their good manners toward her. As a result, she shied away from them and hid behind Vinson.

Vinson, on the other hand, was eager to gloat. Wrapping his arm around her in front of everybody, he announced, "My wife is just here to fetch me. No biggie. Get back to work, everyone."

Arielle was blushing uncontrollably. She could not help but pinch Vinson's arm lightly, indicating for him to stop embarrassing her.

Despite that, Vinson's attitude remained the same until he brought her into his office.

To Arielle's surprise, there were two lines of people standing inside. All of them had stacks of documents on them.

The moment she stepped into the office, all of them turned and looked at her.

Apparently, Vinson was in the middle of something when Arielle called him on the phone earlier.

At first, she was stumped by what Vinson did for her, but soon after, she felt touched and grateful at the same time, knowing that Vinson would prioritize her. Luckily, I didn't leave when I dealt with the receptionist. Otherwise, I wouldn't even be here. What now, though? There are a lot of people here. Should I just pass him his dinner in front of these people?

At that moment, when Arielle could not decide what to do, Vinson came to her rescue. "Will you wait for me for a while? I have some work to deal with first."

"Sure, no problem!" Arielle nodded. "I'll go wait outside."

“There’s no need for that.” Vinson put both his hands on her shoulders and led her toward the couch. “Just sit here. I’ll be right back.” He then turned around and walked toward his desk.

“Let’s continue.” Vinson’s tone immediately turned icy cold when he spoke to people other than Arielle. It was as if he became a different person when he went back to his desk.

“Yes!” The two lines of people stood upright in a serious manner.

“Your proposals...” Vinson continued from where he left off.

Vinson was cold and harsh with his words toward his employees. Since it was the first time Arielle had seen him lecturing his employees, she could not help but glance at them out of curiosity.

As she was looking over at them, Vinson was seated facing against the beams of sunlight. Somehow, it revealed his amazingly well-proportioned face structure.

Every action of his was played in slow-motion in Arielle’s head. Starting from when he flipped through the documents, to him tapping the table while he lectured the employees. Arielle was definitely feasting on him with her eyes. So, it’s true what they say. Men do actually look the most attractive when they’re focused at work.

Finally, Vinson was done lecturing. The employees bowed respectfully and were about to leave. At that precise moment, Vinson suddenly asked, “Darling, where’s my dinner that you’ve brought for me?”

Obviously, Vinson timed that impeccably well. He was showing off to his employees that his wife had brought him food.

True enough, the employees all stopped in their tracks abruptly upon hearing that and turned toward Arielle.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1068

Controlling Wife

That was when they saw the food she was carrying.

Everyone then understood their boss’ hidden meaning behind his words.

“That’s so sweet of you, Mrs. Nightshire.”

“I’m so envious of Mr. Nightshire!”

Arielle knew for sure Vinson did that on purpose to get those reactions out of his employees, so she just responded with an awkward smile.

Vinson was a proud man after hearing all the praises and comments. Only then he was satisfied. After the employees exited the office, he rubbed his hands and walked toward Arielle. "What are we having for dinner?"

"Can you stop embarrassing me!" Arielle exclaimed as she playfully hit Vinson's head.

However, one of the employees had left behind a document in Vinson's office.

When he witnessed the scene, his eyes rounded, and he quickly ran out of the room in shock.

"Vinson!" Arielle clenched her teeth in anger. "This is all your fault!"

Vinson just reacted playfully and laughed. "Uh-oh, now everyone's gonna know you're a controlling wife!"

True enough, his wish came true. Soon after, the words spread. Everyone in the company knew what happened and viewed Arielle as a controlling wife.

In general, most men would feel humiliated by such comments, but not Vinson. Instead, he was quite proud of it.

Arielle was so embarrassed that she could not stand being in the office for another second. Both she and Vinson left for the Southall residence right after that.

When Arielle got back to the manor, Susanne was playing chess with Alan. The kind of chess that Arielle was superb at.

When Arielle saw them, Susanne had just won the game.

Walking toward them, Arielle asked with a smile, "Susanne, you're playing chess?"

Susanne was flustered upon seeing Arielle. Releasing an awkward cough, Susanne replied, "Besides Poker, I love chess as well. I have people coming over later, and one of them is a legend in the chess community. Hence, I thought maybe I should sharpen up my skills a little bit before he arrives, but Alan's terrible at it! I can't get much of a challenge out of him."

Raising her eyebrows, Arielle suggested, "Maybe I can help you with that?"

"Are you any good?"

"Sort of." Arielle nodded.

Those who knew Arielle well would know what she meant by “sort of.”

Obviously, Susanne would not have known that. All of a sudden, she was craving some ravioli. However, that would be something weird to bring up out of the blue. Instead, she gave it some thought and asked, “Since you know how to play, why don’t we have a game?”

“Sure,” Arielle responded with a nod. Alan then quickly got up and gave his seat to her.

“Okay, let’s make it more interesting. If you win, I’ll let you organize my birthday party next month. However, if I win, you have to make me ravioli for a whole month,” Susanne suggested as she set up the chessboard.

Arielle was faced with a dilemma. Birthday party? She’ll definitely take the opportunity to tell everyone about my relationship with Vinson, but I can’t win either because Susanne will not be happy with it, considering her temperament. What should I do?

Before Arielle could make up her mind, Susanne was done setting up.

“Let’s start,” Susanne uttered.

“You can have the white pieces. You go first.” One of the rules in chess was that the player with the white pieces would move first. Generally, white pieces were said to have an advantage over black pieces. With this, Susanne had just given the first-move privilege to Arielle.

She did that because she believed it was impossible for Arielle to win against her. It’s good enough for a country bumpkin like you know how to play, but there’s no way you’re winning against me.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1069

The Legend

It’s definitely a huge advantage to move first. Susanne was extremely confident of herself.

Taking a deep breath, Arielle made her first move. By then, she had already resolved her dilemma.

This time around, Arielle didn’t go by any strategy. Instead, she was just playing casually.

Susanne’s confidence grew upon seeing Arielle’s first move. She’s doing it by the book. Seems like she’s just a beginner. Her lips then curled into a smile and made her first move as well.

Just when she thought she could defeat Arielle within twenty moves and have her craving satisfied, she was now on her fortieth move.

She was surprised by how hard it was to defeat Arielle. Only that did she realize Arielle had not yet made an offensive move on her throughout the game.

While it took almost thirty seconds for Susanne to make every single move, Arielle only needed two.

Not only that, Arielle's defense was so good that she managed to pull off a miraculous escape time after time.

The game dragged on, and Susanne still could not defeat Arielle. Something's not right here. She's letting me win!

Thinking Arielle was toying her around, Susanne clenched her teeth in frustration. Suddenly, Arielle conceded when it was her turn to move.

Beaming an innocent smile, Arielle commented, "Susanne, you're too good at this. I have no choice but to concede."

Arielle was half telling the truth. Susanne was good, indeed. It was just that she was no match for Arielle. If Susanne were to play against anybody else, she could have won easily.

Susanne had never been one to hold back on her opinions. With a frown, she asked directly, "You were letting me win all along, right?"

"No, no." Arielle waved her hands in denial. "I'm just actually in the mood to make some ravioli."

Susanne was stunned by what she heard. Suddenly, her anger disappeared when she thought about those delicious ravioli. Arielle's response was music to her ears.

Pursing her lips, Susanne muttered, "When we finish eating ravioli, we'll give it another go, but you must promise me you wouldn't hold back anymore."

"I really didn't. I-"

"Enough," Susanne interrupted. "I'm not an idiot. Just promise me."

Arielle had no choice but to nod. "Okay, I promise."

Right then, Alan came running over. "Mrs. Nightshire, your guests have arrived," he reported.

Upon receiving the report, Susanne's eyes lit up immediately as she got to her feet. "The legend I told you about is here. Since you're not too bad yourself, why don't you have a friendly duel with him later?" Susanne suggested.

"Sure," Arielle agreed.

At that moment, an old man's voice sounded. "My apprentice, Susanne!"

"Oh, my mentor! How are you?" Susanne greeted politely.

Raising her eyes toward the legend Susanne had claimed, Arielle was dumbfounded. Isn't that Hans, my apprentice? And that's Everett, my grand disciple! Did Susanne just address Hans as her mentor? What's going on here?

After Susanne greeted Hans, she turned, and her eyes landed on Arielle. When she noted how Arielle was still in her seat, her eyebrows furrowed. "Arielle, what are you doing still sitting there? Come say hi to my mentor!"

Hearing Arielle's name, both Hans and Everett gazed at her in shock.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1070

Great News

Dumbstruck, Hans' and Everett's eyes widened dramatically. Unbridled joy lit their faces at the sight of Arielle.

"My dear mentor!"

"Grandmaster!"

The two men yelled simultaneously, their tones colored with reverence.

The corner of Arielle's lips twitched involuntarily, but she held her tongue.

I can't believe that Susanne's mentor is my apprentice! Does that mean that Susanne is my grand-disciple? What in the world is going on?

Arielle's head throbbed. She fervently wished that the ground would open up and swallow her whole.

Susanne, on the other hand, was thoroughly perplexed when she heard Hans refer to Arielle as his mentor.

She stepped forward to block Hans, who was about to rush toward Arielle. "Mr. Jewell, w-what did you just call her?" she stuttered.

“My mentor, of course.”

“No, no, it’s all a misunderstanding,” Arielle interjected quickly. “We played chess together some time ago, and I won a game using a sly trick. Mr. Jewell was just teasing me.”

She shot Hans a look as she spoke.

However, the meaning behind her glare went over Hans’ head as he attempted to reiterate that Arielle was indeed his mentor.

Fortunately, Everett was far more perceptive. He caught on quickly and leaned over to whisper in Hans’ ear.

Hans’ jaw dropped open, his gaze darting between Arielle and Susanne as he finally grasped the situation. “She’s right. We made a bet back then that whoever won that game of chess would be known as the ‘mentor,’ but it’s all just fun and games.” He chuckled awkwardly.

Susanne was no fool. It was clear as day that the two were trying their best to salvage her dignity.

She was overwhelmed by mortification, but a peculiar sense of pride brewed beneath the shame.

Well, I suppose it’ll benefit me if everyone hears about how a legend like Mr. Jewell lost to Arielle at chess. It’s just like the bionic arm—now that the elite circles know about Arielle’s stellar programming abilities, the major programming companies must be eager to get their hands on her.

At the thought of this, Susanne felt the unease leave her bones.

She plastered a smile on her face and ran with their ruse.

“Oh, is that so? I was just wondering why Arielle went easy on me just now,” she quipped good-naturedly.

Turning toward Hans, she remarked, “Your timing is impeccable! Arielle just offered to make me some ravioli. You should try some! She is quite a good cook.”

Hearing that, Arielle took it as her cue to leave. “Please excuse me while I prepare the food,” she announced, casting a meaningful look at Everett.

Instantly understanding her wordless request, Everett gave her a reassuring nod and ushered Hans into the living room.

Hans' gaze followed Arielle until she disappeared into the kitchen. He then turned to Susanne, his shrewd eyes scrutinizing her. "Are Arielle and Vin together?" he asked blatantly.

Susanne choked upon hearing his words but quickly masked it with a cough. "I haven't approved of the relationship."

"What?" Hans exclaimed, springing to his feet. "Why don't you approve of it? It's great news!"

Susanne squirmed in her seat as anxiety built up within her. "Mr. Jewell, you don't understand my dilemma. Arielle comes from a complicated background. It'll take some time for me to accept her," she explained with a nervous laugh.

Hans had been keeping his eye on Arielle ever since their second encounter at Haut Monde, so he knew about the mess associated with the Southalls.

Heaving a sigh, he uttered, "Susanne, I know that the Nightshire family imposes strict traditions, but you have to understand that Arielle is a gem that is hard to come by. If her familial background is the only thing hindering this relationship, I can help you out with it. I'll take Arielle as my goddaughter. Surely we Jewells are up to the Nightshires' standard?"