

## A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1071 – 1080 Read online

### Chapter 1071 My Adoptive Parents Are The Wilhelms

While the Jewells were not one of the four most influential families in Chananea, they were certainly at the top of the pyramid.

Moreover, the Jewell family had an ancient bloodline. Although they no longer dabbled in the business world, the Jewells played a prominent role in politics to this day.

With Hans backing Arielle up, no one would dare to question her background or even raise the matter if she married Vinson in the future.

Arielle's background bothered Susanne the most, so she was delighted to hear Hans' proposal. She mulled over it for a couple of seconds before nodding her assent. "The two children would have a much brighter future if you would take Arielle as your goddaughter. As you know, rumors may not leave wounds, but they can bury a person alive."

Hans nodded in understanding. "If my men- If Arielle agrees to it, I'll throw a banquet and announce this news," he said, overjoyed.

"Sounds good," Susanne agreed.

She figured that even if Arielle did not end up marrying Vinson, the young woman's life would be a lot easier if Hans had her back.

Maureen, this is the best I can do for you.

At this moment, dinner was ready.

Arielle served three steaming bowls of ravioli and took her seat. Unable to contain his excitement, Hans blurted out his plan to take Arielle as his goddaughter.

Arielle hesitated before replying, "I... I'll have to ask my parents about this."

Hearing her response, Susanne was dumbfounded. "Your parents?" she echoed.

The younger woman nodded. "Mrs. Nightshire, I haven't had the chance to tell you this, but I actually grew up in Lightspring. My parents—my adoptive parents, to be accurate—are the Wilhelms," she explained truthfully.

"The Wilhelms?" Susanne exclaimed in shock. "You mean the Wilhelms, as in the most renowned psychologists in Lightspring?"

“Yes,” Arielle confirmed, but her answer left Susanne more confused. Unable to hold it in any longer, Susanne admitted, “To be honest, I did a background check on you. The investigation showed that you grew up in a village in Chanaea...”

With a rueful smile, Arielle told her side of the story. “I was in a tough spot at that time. I knew that Cindy and Henrick were not easy to deal with, so I created a smokescreen. Everything that you found about me was no more than an elaborate lie. The truth is, ten years ago, Cindy planned to sell me to a human trafficking organization. The Wilhelms rescued me before it was too late and brought me to Lightspring.”

Upon learning that, a myriad of emotions churned within Susanne.

She had once thought that a lowly village girl like Arielle would bring dishonor to the Nightshire family. Little did she know Arielle was the adopted child of two internationally acclaimed psychologists!

In fact, the Wilhelms were more than just psychologists. They were also skilled general surgeons and leading figures in Epea’s medical field.

Hubert Wilhelm, in particular, had contributed significantly to traditional Chanaean medicine. As a result, he had made a name for himself in Chanaea and was recognized nationwide.

With this turn of events, there was no need for Hans to stand up for Arielle. The name “Wilhelm” alone carried enough weight to shield Arielle from any malicious comments.

“You...” Susanne started, but she was at a loss for words. The syllable hung in the air as she dwelt on the newfound information.

Had she known Arielle’s true identity early on, she would not have even spared Wendy a glance, let alone shun Arielle for Wendy’s sake.

Although Susanne could not deny that she had a selfish desire for a distinguished daughter-in-law, deep down, she just wanted to protect her son from any slander.

However, now, not a single soul would dare to denigrate the Wilhelms’ adopted daughter.

“I’m sorry.” Arielle broke the silence. “I shouldn’t have kept this from you, but I was in a bit of a predicament. If I returned to Chanaea with my real identity known, Henrick and Cindy probably wouldn’t have received their punishment so quickly.”

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**Chapter 1072 What She Missed Out On**

“No matter what, you should have told me the truth when we first met,” Susanne reprimanded with feigned anger.

Although her tone was harsh, she could not blame Arielle for hiding her identity.

It was obvious that Arielle had returned to avenge her deceased mother.

Susanne shared the same sentiment, but her status prevented her from intervening. After Maureen’s death, the thought of revenge niggled at her mind. With resentment for injustice plaguing her, Susanne had tried to covertly collect damning evidence, but to no avail.

Now that the instigators had gotten what they deserved, she felt like a burden had been lifted off her shoulders.

“I’m having a birthday party of sorts next month. If they’re not too busy, I would love it if your parents could come,” Susanne invited after some contemplation.

A smile bloomed across Arielle’s face as she nodded. “All right, I’ll pass the message on.”

The truth was, Arielle had planned to set up a traditional Chanaean medicine hospital in Chanaea once Maureen’s Kitchen and Moore Group found their footing. She hoped that her adoptive parents would move to Chanaea and run the hospital.

Both the psychologists admired ancient Chanaean medicine, so there was no doubt that they would agree to it.

“While you’re at it, remember to ask them about being my goddaughter,” Hans reminded urgently.

While it might seem a tad bit disrespectful to take his mentor as his goddaughter, Hans could not pass up on the chance to build a stronger bond with the brilliant woman.

“All right. I’ll be visiting Lightspring next week, so I’ll be sure to ask them then,” Arielle promised.

“Lightspring? Are you going back to visit your parents?” Susanne questioned.

Arielle shook her head no. “I plan to visit Maxwell University.”

“Maxwell University!”

A memory resurfaced in Susanne’s mind. Back at the auditorium, Arielle had told her she had graduated from Maxwell University.

At that time, Susanne was shocked to hear it, albeit pleasantly so, but she assumed Arielle had fabricated the story to provoke Donovan.

Does this mean that she didn't lie out of pure spite?

Susanne unwittingly voiced her inner thoughts, to which Arielle replied with a wry smile, "Why would I lie about this?"

Susanne was shaken to the core.

She was beginning to realize what she had rejected in favor of Wendy.

A priceless treasure, that's what! Mr. Jewell was right; I would have let a gem slip right through my fingers if I turned down Arielle! There is no one more suited for Vinson than her.

"All right, then. Enjoy your trip! Let me know if you ever need anything," Susanne offered. "Also, I lost the chess game to you, fair and square. Since you've won the bet, you're in charge of my birthday party!" she added as an afterthought.

The underlying notion was that Susanne finally approved of Arielle.

Relief coursed through Arielle's veins. "Sure!" she agreed decisively.

That night, word about Arielle's impressive skills spread among the socialites like wildfire, with Susanne being the source of it all. She boasted about Arielle's ingenuity that allowed her to excel in programming and chess, making sure to highlight how the young woman had gained the title of "Hans Jewell's mentor" after beating him in a round of chess.

Naturally, she did not disclose any information about Arielle's relation to the Wilhelms.

News of that magnitude would be best delivered by the protagonists themselves, and her birthday party would be the perfect event to do so.

The socialites were bored women whose sole purpose was to gossip. It would take mere days for Arielle's capabilities to be made known to the entire elite circle of Chanaea.

In the elite circle, recruiting talents was the best way to secure their high status, and it was evident that Arielle was a highly sought-after talent.

As expected, news traveled quickly. Even Cecilia, who resided in Horington, had caught wind of it.

"Arielle..." she growled through gritted teeth.

The glory should have belonged to Wendy, but the Greenes had fallen from grace. Cecilia was not even aware that she had been excluded from the socialite meetings until Trevor told her.

“Darn it, darn it!” Cecilia kicked a stool over in a fit.

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### **Chapter 1073 Ungrateful**

This was the scene that greeted Trevor when he got home from playing golf. His eyebrows knitted together as he spoke. “This stool is worth thirty thousand. As you are right now, you can’t afford to break it.”

His words only fueled Cecilia’s rage.

“What are you trying to imply? If not for my husband and me, would you be able to afford this stool or this house? Trevor Larson, you’re an ungrateful b\*stard!”

“Ungrateful b\*stard?”

Trevor, too, was enraged.

“If I really am as ungrateful as you claim, I wouldn’t even let you stay here, let alone raise Wendy with my money!”

Mentioning Wendy’s living expenses was a huge mistake on Trevor’s part. Cecilia exploded instantly.

“Trevor Larson! I can’t believe you have the audacity to bring up the ten thousand!”

Trevor scoffed in response, but he had calmed down significantly.

Taking a long drag of his cigarette, he threatened, “Cecilia, I suggest you get your head out of the clouds and realize that I have the power to ruin your life. If you anger me again, I’ll chase you out of the house and live up to my name as an ungrateful b\*stard!”

Cecilia’s face turned purple with fury. “Trevor! You-”

“What? Don’t you take my words lightly! If Vinson doesn’t offer to collaborate with me within the next few days, you and I will both rot and die! So, you best pray that everything goes according to plan, or it’ll be the end of it for both of us!”

With that, Trevor snatched his coat and turned to leave. He could not stand being in the house for another second.

“Trevor! Come back and explain it clearly!” Cecilia’s shriek pierced the air, but Trevor paid her no heed.

The door slammed shut, and Trevor disappeared from her sight.

“Ungrateful b\*astard! Trevor, you shameless filth!” Cecilia shrielled.

A stool flew across the room, crashing into the door with a loud thump.

The housekeepers scurried away in fear that they would get caught in the line of fire.

After a few minutes of deranged yelling, an eerie calm settled upon Cecilia.

In a trance, she trudged up the stairs to her room. Opening a drawer, she pulled out a bag containing white powder.

The Greenes had no qualms about making dirty money, and that included the sale of illicit substances.

However, neither Cecelia nor Daniel had abused drugs themselves.

Cecilia might not have used it before, but she had witnessed many others take their fix.

Hence, she had a pretty good idea of how to do it despite the lack of hands-on experience.

I know I should steer clear of drugs, but now...

Cecilia poured out a small mound of powder and stared at it. The white powder sat in the middle of her palm, seeming almost innocuous.

She was on the verge of breaking down.

Word on the street was that drugs could erase any pain.

I won’t get addicted if I just try it once.

Cecelia needed an escape from reality, even if it was just temporary. She felt like she would go insane if she did not reign in her chaotic thoughts.

A few minutes later, a strange scent wafted out of Cecelia’s room.

Two days passed by in a flash. Jacob was still waiting for Arielle to reach out to him.

Two days should be more than enough for Arielle to realize that Jacob was the reason all the factories had rejected the proposals from the technology department.

The contract had explicitly stated that should Arielle fail to produce a fifty percent increase in the technology department's profits within a month, she would have to step down from her position as the chairman.

Whether or not Arielle could accomplish this feat depended on the bionic arm.

If the bionic arm failed to make it to the market, Arielle would have no choice but to resign.

A week had passed since she signed the contract. Jacob was sure that Arielle was under pressure, yet there was nothing but radio silence from her end.

Though Jacob could play the waiting game, his subordinates were becoming unsettled. They bombarded him with variations of the same question. "Mr. Campbell, Madam Chairman should have contacted us by now. Why haven't we heard from her?"

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### **Chapter 1074 Get Lost**

Jacob had waited for two whole days. Even though he reassured himself over and over again that Arielle would cave in first, his patience was wearing thin, and he had an ominous feeling that things were not going according to plan.

His subordinate's inquiry ticked him off. Seething with rage, Jacob lit a cigarette and took a big puff.

"Let her be!"

Taking another puff, he reasoned, "She still can't figure out who's pulling the strings. It'll be even better if she stumbles around like a headless chicken! If she doesn't come to me now, it'll be too late for her when she pieces everything together."

The subordinate was convinced by this rationale.

At that moment, a thought flashed across his mind. Lowering his voice, he murmured, "Mr. Campbell, there's something that has been circulating for the past two days. My daughter heard it from her friend's mother, so I can't guarantee its credibility."

"What is it?" Jacob prompted, his eyebrows furrowed.

"My daughter told me that Arielle and Mr. Nightshire are officially together, and it seems like Mrs. Nightshire approves of their relationship."

"What nonsense!" Jacob dismissed it without a second thought. "That's impossible!"

The subordinate appeared uncertain. “The rumors couldn’t have come out of nowhere. Even my daughter has heard of it. Besides, didn’t Nightshire Group appoint Arielle as the ambassador of Soir Coffee? Why would they pick her, of all people, if there is no connection between her and Mr. Nightshire?”

Jacob snickered. “Have you not seen Arielle Moore? A pretty face on a giant billboard will definitely boost Soir Coffee’s publicity.”

“But Mrs. Nightshire-”

“That’s simply absurd,” Jacob interrupted. “Everyone knows that Mrs. Nightshire cares about her reputation more than she does her son. Henrick has publicly announced that Arielle is not his biological daughter but rather the illegitimate child of Maureen, and even Arielle attested to it. Do you actually believe that a woman like Mrs. Nightshire would accept a bastard village girl into her family?”

The subordinate processed Jacob’s words before nodding slowly. “That’s true.”

Quirking an eyebrow, Jacob continued to list other reasons to prove that it was a hoax.

“Let’s say Arielle really is in a relationship with Vinson. Why didn’t Southall Group... Wait, no, I suppose it’s Moore Group now. What I’m trying to say is, why didn’t Vinson intervene when Arielle was ostracized and forced to sign the contract?”

“That’s true!” The subordinate nodded vigorously as comprehension dawned on him. “Knowing Vinson, he would never let Arielle suffer if he truly cared for her. In fact, we wouldn’t have a fighting chance against her! Vinson would’ve fired us immediately.”

Jacob scowled. “Nonsense!”

Belatedly realizing that he had crossed his boss, the subordinate slapped himself across the face. He spat on the ground and scrambled to amend his mistake. “I can’t control this mouth of mine! It’ll just say whatever I’m thinking.”

The subordinate froze when the words left his mouth. He had backed himself into a corner with his foolish rambling.

A dark cloud passed over Jacob’s face.

“Get lost!”

“Yes!” With that, the subordinate made a hasty exit.

The conversation left Jacob in a sour mood. He paced the office restlessly, a frown set on his face.

At that moment, the phone rang. It was Oliver. He had called to ask for the last bit of money to seal the deal.

Jacob swiftly processed the transaction. Although he had to get a loan, Jacob was confident that it was a wise decision. In due time, Arielle would have to step down, leaving the chairmanship and Moore Group in his hands. When that happened, money would be the least of his worries.

However, the mention of Vinson rattled him.

After some thought, Jacob asked, "Oliver, since you're a Moore, do you know any of Jadeborough's upper echelons?"

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### **Chapter 1075 The Ideal Daughter In Law**

Upon hearing the other man's question, Oliver was puzzled. "I can name a few, but I'm by no means close to them. My wife does play cards with some socialites from prominent families, though. Why do you ask?"

"You don't need to know the details. Just help me find out if Mrs. Nightshire of Nightshire Group has her eyes on anyone to be her daughter-in-law."

"Understood."

Oliver hung up the phone and relayed the question to his wife.

"Oh, that Mrs. Nightshire... I had the honor of meeting her when I visited a friend yesterday. My friend said that Mr. Nightshire initially wanted her son to marry the daughter of the Greenes from Horington, but Susanne never brought it up again ever since the Greenes got into trouble."

Oliver nodded. He had heard of this in passing.

"That means that there are currently no candidates," he concluded.

"As far as I know, no. Word would have gotten out if there was such a person, just like it did with Ms. Greene. Since I haven't heard anything about it, I assume there is no potential daughter-in-law."

Oliver nodded again and immediately called Jacob.

Jacob heaved a sigh of relief upon hearing this information. A sense of peace and serenity washed over him.

I knew it! Mrs. Nightshire of Nightshire Group has two functioning eyes. There's no way she would approve of a bastard village girl! It doesn't matter that that girl's a Maxwell University graduate. She can never live up to Mrs. Nightshire's high expectations!

However, both Oliver and Jacob seemed to have forgotten that Oliver's wife and her friends were only on the sidelines of the socialite group.

With their current status, they would never get the real scoop.

Another week flew by. Susanne often invited Arielle to play chess with her, and they grew much closer as a result.

A day before Arielle departed for Maxwell University, Susanne took it upon herself to pack Arielle's bags.

"It rains a lot in Lightspring, so you must remember to bring an umbrella when you leave the house. Don't trust the weather forecast either! The weather there is unpredictable."

Arielle nodded obediently. "All right, I'll remember to do so!"

Leaning against the doorframe, Vinson quietly watched the interaction between the two women. Something about the night made it exceptionally beautiful in his eyes.

The following day, Arielle met up with Trisha and Jared for breakfast before heading to the airport.

Vinson had wanted to go to Lightspring with Arielle, but the plan fell through because he needed to oversee a project in Horington.

Thankfully, Arielle had her friends to keep her company.

Trisha had started the day in high spirits, but her chubby face scrunched up in dismay when she saw something on her phone.

Noticing her disheartened look, Arielle asked gently, "Trish, what's the matter?"

Jared looked over as well.

Ever since Henry pointed out Trisha's suspicious behavior, Jared had been keeping his distance from her.

The last he had seen her was during the announcement of their results for the regular class.

Trisha hurriedly shoved her phone into her pocket. "It's nothing. I'm fine," she replied unconvincingly while shaking her head.

Alarm bells rang in Arielle's head when she noticed Trisha's demeanor. "Trish, what happened? Jared and I can help you out if you tell us," Arielle urged, her tone glacial.

"Nothing... It's really nothing." Trisha tried to cover her anxiety with a dry laugh. "I'm just a bit nervous."

Arielle fell silent, but her intense gaze seemed to burn holes in Trisha.

Trisha fell asleep on the way to the airport. Unbeknownst to her, her phone had slipped out of her pocket.

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### **Chapter 1076 To Maxwell University**

As if it had been orchestrated, a notification popped up on the screen.

Arielle gave it a cursory glance but did a double-take when a name caught her attention. It was a message from Donovan.

"Donovan?"

Recalling Trisha's stiff expression, Arielle reached for the phone.

Trisha was still fast asleep. Knowing that there was no time to waste, Arielle seized her chance and unlocked the phone.

All of Donovan's messages to Trisha were on full display.

Donovan: Where are you, Trisha? We're all gathered at the school gates, and you're the only one left.

Trisha: Mr. Baxter, I forgot to tell you I'll be heading over with Arielle. I'll meet you on the plane.

Donovan: Arielle? Why are you with her? She's not even taking the test! People of her kind are bad influences; she'll lead you astray. I order you to come to the school right now!

Trisha: I'm sorry, Mr. Baxter, but I'm already on my way to the airport. I can't make it to school in time.

Donovan: Is that so? Then forget about joining our interview training! Just go to that beloved Maxwell University graduate of yours for any advice!

There was no reply from Trisha's end after that. This message was probably the reason for Trisha's frown earlier.

The latest message read: Don't contact me after you reach Lightspring. From now onwards, you're not my student!

Arielle narrowed her eyes.

Students are already on edge when exams roll around, yet Donovan keeps aggravating Trisha with his harsh words. Is this really how a teacher should behave?

Arielle had been annoyed at Donovan since the charity event at the auditorium, and she had made it known to him.

However, she never inflicted any substantial harm on the man because he was simply not worth the effort.

But now, she could not just sit back and watch Donovan tyrannize her friend. She was going to unleash her wrath, and this time, there was no holding back.

Thinning her lips, Arielle deleted the latest message in one swift motion.

Jared, who had been observing Arielle's actions, tossed her a quizzical glance.

"Donovan," Arielle mouthed.

Jared understood instantly. He felt a surge of sympathy for the sleeping girl.

Both he and Arielle would never let the likes of Donovan walk all over them, but Trisha was different. On top of being sensitive, Trisha had a history of autism. Any negative stimuli could trigger her condition and force her into hiding again.

"Donovan, you jerk..." Jared muttered under his breath. "Boss, is there anything that I can do for her?"

Arielle shook her head. "Don't worry about it. I'll handle it."

Donovan is going back to Maxwell University to present his thesis defense, isn't he? It's the golden opportunity to get him expelled from the university!

Half an hour later, the car pulled up at the airport.

Coincidentally, Donovan and Wendy had arrived as well.

Terry caught sight of Arielle from far away. "Boss!" he shouted, flailing his arms to get her attention.

Donovan shot him a glare, silencing Terry immediately.

The group showed their boarding passes and filed into the gate.

They were right on time—the gates opened just as they arrived.

Arielle was walking at the very front of the line. Just as she was about to board the aircraft, a blond man approached her.

“Excuse me, are you Ms. San?”

## [A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1077 Read online](#)

### **Chapter 1077 Unrequited Love**

Arielle was surprised that the man knew her alias. She paused momentarily before answering, “Yes, I am.”

The man’s voice was barely above a whisper, but Donovan caught the word “San” from where he stood.

He felt his heart skip a beat. His mentor had once mentioned an alumna who went by San, though she was more widely known as the Goddess of Study.

It can’t be... Arielle can’t be San!

A wave of fear crashed into Donovan. He felt like he was suffocating as if he were truly drowning and his lungs had been filled with water.

Although his thesis defense was right around the corner, there was still a chunk missing from his dissertation.

Before leaving for Maxwell University, his mentor had revealed that San would be visiting the campus. Donovan had planned to enlist the help of the outstanding alumni to complete his thesis.

If Arielle really is San, who’s going to help me with my thesis? And how am I going to graduate from Maxwell University with an incomplete thesis?

Donovan’s mind went blank, his face turning a ghastly white.

At this moment, he heard Wendy comment in a snarky manner, “Arielle sure is an easy one. Look at her, flirting with a forty-year-old man.”

Bewildered, Donovan whipped around to stare at her. “Why do you say that? The man doesn’t even seem to know her well.”

“Doesn’t know her well?” Wendy snorted. “The old man just addressed her by her nickname!”

“Nickname?”

“That’s right. Arielle’s nickname is Sannie. I’ve heard Mr. Nightshire call her that, and that’s also what that man called her.”

San... Sannie...

A broad grin spread across Donovan’s face as elation replaced worry.

I knew it. There’s no way that Arielle is San. San is the Goddess of Study of Maxwell University—a being so incredible that I don’t even deserve to grovel at her feet. Arielle is just a pathetic Jadeborough University graduate. She is light-years away from reaching San’s level. Why did I even entertain the idea of Arielle being San?

Donovan exhaled heavily as if he were physically expelling his worries from his body.

However, his glee turned into vexation in a split second.

So she’ll accept this forty-year-old old fart but reject me?

Donovan’s fingers curled into fists, his knuckles turning white from the force.

Wendy pursed her lips in distaste when she noticed his clenched fists.

Does Mr. Baxter still have feelings for Arielle even after getting married? So it is true, after all—men can never let go of their unrequited love. Well, since Mr. Baxter is still so enamored with Arielle, I’ll be his wingman this once.

Wendy still had the audio recording of Donovan from last time. Once the exams are over, Mr. Baxter will be of no value to me. That’s when I’ll take action.

Wendy refused to believe that Arielle could escape unscathed from all of her ploys.

Meanwhile, Arielle was nodding in response to something the man had said. She introduced him to Trisha and Jared, “This is Mr. Vernon Curie from Maxwell University. He told me that the university has chartered a private jet for us, so let’s take that instead of flying commercial.”

Trisha’s eyes widened in astonishment.

“M-Maxwell University?” she repeated, disbelief seeping through her voice.

Jared, on the other hand, was as poised as ever. He thanked Vernon with a gracious smile and turned to tease Arielle, “You never told me that traveling with you came with such great perks, Boss!”

“Let’s go,” Arielle beckoned them over, and the trio followed Vernon to a different boarding gate.

Donovan snapped back to his senses when Arielle passed by him.

Horror struck him when he realized that the man was not a random person hitting on Arielle, but a lecturer from Maxwell University who was here to escort her!

## [A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1078 Read online](#)

### **Chapter 1078 Utter Humiliation Private Jet**

Being one of the most prestigious universities in the world, Maxwell University had an aerospace laboratory of its own. As a matter of fact, the most cutting-edge fighter aircraft that was launched this year had been designed in the said laboratory. Hence, it was only natural that the university had its own private jet.

The question is—why would the university go out of its way to fetch Arielle? Could it be that Arielle is actually an alumna of Maxwell University?

Up until now, Donovan still had trouble believing that Arielle had graduated from Maxwell University. After all, he had not received the graduation certificate himself.

That’s right!

Donovan had an epiphany.

Mr. Curie probably isn’t here for Arielle. Instead, he’s most likely here to show some hospitality to the prospective students of Maxwell University!

With this in mind, Donovan chased after the group.

“Just a minute, Mr. Curie!”

Hearing his name, Vernon turned around with confusion written plainly on his face. “Is there anything I can help you with, sir?” he directed the question to a panting Donovan.

Donovan quickly introduced himself, “Nice to meet you, Mr. Curie. My name is Donovan Baxter, and I’m a Maxwell University graduate. These youngsters with me are the

prospective students of the university, and they're heading over for the enrolment interview. May I know if you're here to fetch us?"

Arielle had to fight to suppress her sneer. How highly does he think of himself? Vernon was here to escort her under the vice president's orders.

A peek at Vernon told Arielle that he, too, was taken aback.

Donovan's heart sank when he saw Vernon's expression.

Was I wrong about it?

In the next moment, Vernon replied apologetically, "I'm sorry, but I'm not here for you. However..." His words trailed off as he looked at Arielle for her opinion.

Feeling Vernon's gaze on her, Arielle curved her lips into a smile. "Donovan, I'm afraid you're mistaken. Just imagine how many planes Maxwell University would need to pick up every prospective student."

As she spoke, Arielle glimpsed Terry from the corner of her eye. The boy's expression was one of pure awe, and Arielle felt her heart soften. After a slight pause, she continued, "However, we can fit quite a lot of people on this plane. You're all welcome to join us if you'd like. Except for you two, Donovan and Wendy. You're not allowed on board."

"Arielle, how dare you!" Wendy burst out in anger.

The students' plane tickets were sponsored by the university, so they only got to fly economy class.

Had this been before her downfall, Wendy would have upgraded to a first-class seat immediately. Unfortunately, she did not have that kind of money to splurge anymore.

She had been relatively impassive about the situation when everyone received the same treatment, but now that Arielle had the luxury of flying private, jealousy reared its ugly head.

Wendy quivered with rage.

Next to her, Donovan's face was twisted into a hideous grimace.

He had been so sure that Vernon was there to meet them, so the humiliation of being wrong was too much for him to bear.

Though his face was flushed crimson, ice crept through his veins.

The debilitating shame that seized him had triggered a traumatic memory. Donovan was thrown back to the time he had been exposed in the auditorium, where the fact that he had never received his graduation certificate was revealed to the public.

The two scenes overlapped, and all he could see was Arielle's mocking smirk.

At this moment, a group of men in suits approached them and bowed deeply to Arielle.

"Ms. Moore, we are Mr. Nightshire's bodyguards. Mr. Nightshire said that he can't make it in time, but in consideration of your safety, he ordered us to send you to Maxwell University by helicopter."

Upon hearing that, Donovan and Wendy gaped at the men.

Not only did Maxwell University charter a private plane for Arielle, but Vinson Nightshire also prepared a helicopter for her?

Wendy was utterly stupefied. There was ringing in her ears, which sounded like the high-pitched laugh of a taunter.

## [A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1079 Read online](#)

### **Chapter 1079 Humiliation**

Wendy felt both jealous and humiliated. Arielle is definitely mocking me now.

However, she found that the other woman did not even spare her a glance but had fixed her gaze on Terry, who was standing behind her.

"Shall we go together?"

"Sure!" he agreed without hesitation, sticking to Arielle's side like glue.

The other students had never flown in a private jet before and so voiced their agreement as well.

Just then, Blake and Sasha appeared with luggage in hand.

"Mr. Nightshire sent us here to protect you, Ms. Moore."

"Okay." Arielle had grown accustomed to their company, so she readily agreed to it.

She then addressed the other bodyguards, "Please inform Vinson that Maxwell University has sent a lecturer to pick me up, so I won't be using the helicopter."

“Understood.” They nodded but made no move to leave. It was obvious that they were waiting for her to board the plane safely before leaving.

Arielle did not stop them. After all, it was out of Vinson’s concern for her.

“Let’s go,” she said to Terry and the others. Without sparing a glance at Wendy and Donovan, she led all three of the students away.

The group left from another boarding gate under the protection of the bodyguards.

Donovan immediately called out to Terry and the others, but they had vanished at the boarding gate as though they did not hear him.

But these are my students! Why are they listening to Arielle and only caring about her?

He stared in the direction where Arielle had left, angered and humiliated.

Beside him, Wendy was going mad with jealousy.

Previously, I was also surrounded by bodyguards. And it’s not as though I haven’t sat on private jets. But now? I have no choice but to sit in the crowded economy class cabin with Donovan!

Her mind was in a mess at the thought that they were worlds apart. She felt a little unsteady on her feet.

At that moment, the boarding announcement for her flight brought Wendy back to the present. Looking at Donovan, who was also lost in thought, she said, “Mr. Baxter, we should board the plane now.”

Donovan regained his composure and remained silent as he boarded the plane.

As soon as they were in their seats, Wendy could no longer contain her curiosity. She asked, “Could Arielle really be a graduate of Maxwell University, Mr. Baxter?”

“Impossible!” Donovan immediately disagreed. “I’m a student of this university, and it is very hard for one to enter this institution, much less graduate. There are only a few Maxwell graduates in Chanaea, and we have a group chat. If she really is one of us, there’s no way I don’t know her.”

“But…” Wendy still had her doubts. She bit her lower lip before asking, “If Arielle wasn’t a graduate of Maxwell University, why would the university send a private jet to pick her up?”

“That’s because of Vinson!”

“Vinson?”

“Yes, he must’ve bribed his connections to maintain her dignity. Anything and anyone can be bought with enough money. He’s definitely capable of doing such a thing.”

“But if that’s the case, Vinson wouldn’t have sent a helicopter.”

“That’s enough. In any case, it’s still impossible. You should do a few more of the practice questions I gave you. We need to take another flight after this, and it’ll take eight hours before we land in Lightspring. So make full use of this time.”

Donovan used this excuse to stop her from discussing it further.

He did not wish to ponder about those two conflicting issues. Or rather, he did not dare to.

When a person has the resolve to lie to themselves, they will not be able to see the truth, no matter how smart they are.

## [A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1080 Read online](#)

### **Chapter 1080 She Devil**

Maxwell University in Lightspring placed great importance on every student enrolment event, as it prides itself on obtaining intellectuals. Hence, all the staff members would make it their utmost priority to ensure that the applicants would not have any worries.

When Arielle and her group landed in Lightspring, Donovan and Wendy were still in transit.

After handing over Henry and the others to the person in charge of picking them up, she went ahead with Vernon to Maxwell University.

“You haven’t been back in ages,” said Vernon happily. “It was all thanks to your remote interception that there was no problem with the institution network during the system hacking a few months ago. The vice president wished to thank you in person, so she has arranged a private dinner. I hope you’ll attend it shortly.”

Arielle recalled the matter. Back then, she had been preparing to return to the country for revenge and setting up smoke bombs to hide her true identity.

The vice president had called her when she was in the countryside in Chanaea.

Arielle nodded slightly in response. “There’s no need to thank me for helping my alma mater. You’re too kind. Let’s forego the private dinner. It’s currently the enrolment season, and you must be very busy.”

“Not at all. Nothing is more important than this matter. Besides, the researchers in the various labs would also like to thank you personally.”

Arielle was perplexed upon hearing that.

“The researchers in the lab?”

She was well aware that besides being an institution, Maxwell University had also established many labs to conduct research on the world’s latest technologies.

Those who were researchers in those labs were all internationally renowned scientists or exceptionally gifted geniuses in the research field. Back then, the vice president had also invited Arielle to join them, but she had declined as she wanted to return to Chanaea.

And now they wish to meet me?

Sensing her concern, Vernon explained, “Previously, when the system was hacked, we suspected that an international organization had intended to steal our information. After all, our institution network had nothing else of value. Therefore, they were coming for the data from the various labs. If the data was leaked, we would sustain a huge loss, which is why the researchers would like to thank you in person.”

“I see...” Arielle pondered for a moment before nodding her head. “Okay.”

Vernon clapped happily upon hearing that.

Arielle is a rare polymath of this university. The researchers have long wanted to meet her.

Half an hour later, the vehicle entered the compound of Maxwell University.

The main gate of the university was carved from white marble, giving it a simple yet magnificent look.

Rather than a university, it looked more like a city. The research and campus areas were separated by a boulevard in the middle that ran through the front and rear gates, covering an area of almost one-tenth of the entire Lightspring.

The university was the main reason Lightspring was known as the most developed city in the world.

Selena, the vice president, was eagerly awaiting Arielle’s arrival at the academic building.

Seeing Arielle, she quickly came forward to welcome her.

“San!”

“Ms. Selena.” Arielle gave her a courteous nod. “It’s been a long time.”

“It really has. I was looking forward to this day from the time you told me you were coming over.”

Although she was known as She-Devil, Selena seemed to have turned into an entirely different person as she greeted Arielle amicably.