

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1131

Wendy Jumped Off The Building

Hearing that, Wendy finally ceased her maniacal laughter.

While shooting the invigilator a mocking look, she questioned, “Apologize? Why should I? Arielle ruined my family and my life. Why would I apologize to her? Have you gone crazy? Or have I gone crazy?”

The invigilator furrowed his brows. “You’ve actually gone mad.”

“Yes!” Wendy admitted to it with a sneer. “I’m a madwoman, so don’t try to provoke me!”

“Wendy Greene, heed my words—calm down and apologize to the victims. It is best to settle this in private. Otherwise, if the police intervene, you’ll have a criminal record.”

“Impossible!” Her gaze turned frosty. “You want me to apologize to that b*tch? That’ll never happen in this lifetime!”

Before the invigilator could react, she dashed toward the balcony and leaped off the edge.

Wendy had a plan in mind. As her dorm was not a tall building, the worse that could happen was sustaining grievous injuries.

As long as she got wounded on campus, the university would have to take responsibility. She could also use the opportunity to force the president to accept her into Maxwell University.

Having considered everything, she hopped off the balcony without an ounce of hesitation.

However, she overlooked the presence of a lawn right underneath the balcony. To prevent students from stepping on the grass, the university had installed an iron fence around it.

Wendy leaped down and crashed into the iron fence. The sharp tips pierced through her body from the impact.

The pain was so intense that she could not make any sound as her eyes bulged in disbelief and resentment.

Blood trickled down her face slowly. The horrible sight caused the students who happened to walk past the fence to scream in fear.

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Alas, Wendy could not hear anything. Her pupils slowly dilated as the light in her eyes disappeared.

It was the end of her life.

When Arielle received the news of Wendy's death, she fell silent in astonishment.

"Are... are you saying she's dead?"

Jared nodded and revealed, "She jumped off the building. Though she was not on a high floor, she was unlucky to crash into the iron fence below. The fence pierced her body and destroyed her internal organs. When the ambulance arrived, she had bled to death. There was no way they could resuscitate her."

At his explanation, she nodded without a word while casting her eyes downward.

When Wendy provoked me back then, I told her only those with a death wish would dare to offend me. My words came true, and Wendy is dead.

"Don't think too much of it." Seeing her reaction, he advised, "Be it Wendy or her family, they wouldn't have ended up in this state if they didn't do those things. They deserve to face the consequences of their wrongdoings. It has nothing to do with you."

Flashing him a sorrowful smile, Arielle responded, "Do I look that kind to you? I won't blame myself for Wendy's ending. All right, let's stop talking about her. How did your exams go?"

Jared stretched lazily and answered, "I did well today. In fact, I performed better than usual. During the interview this afternoon, I answered as many questions as I could. After doing my best, I'll have to leave it to fate. Terry did a good job too. But the others..."

Arielle nodded in understanding. Despite having attended her classes, the rest were not smart enough to gain a breakthrough with her help.

The next day, Maxwell University revealed the admission list.

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1132

Do You Miss Me

Only fifty students would get selected for early admission. A total of five hundred students had taken the exam that time around, but the acceptance rate was a measly ten percent.

Arielle led the students from Jadeborough University to view the admission list.

As the area around the notice board was crowded, it took them a while to squeeze past the students and make their way to the front.

There were only fifty successful candidates, so it was easy to spot their names.

Using his tall height to his advantage, Jared managed to spot Jadeborough University on the list and the names listed behind it: Jared Jupiter, Terry Fuller, Trisha Hughes.

His eyes lit up as he turned to Trisha. "You got in!"

"What?" Trisha could not believe her ears.

She craned her neck to glance at the list herself. Seeing that she was struggling, he put his hands on her waist and hoisted her up.

Utterly shocked, Trisha parted her lips and promptly forgot what she wanted to do.

"Did you see your name?" Jared asked from underneath her.

Snapping back to reality, she blushed crimson and turned to look at the list.

True to Jared's words, her name was on the list with "Department of Arts" behind it.

"Did you see your name?" Jared repeated his question.

Trisha stammered out a reply. "Y-Yes."

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As her feet landed on the ground, he beamed and said, "I didn't lie, right? You got accepted."

Before she could say anything, Terry hollered excitedly, "I got accepted! I got accepted!"

He had reacted in a dramatic manner.

Chuckling, Arielle said, "Congratulations to those who got accepted. For those who weren't, please don't be disappointed. Think of it as an experience. You'll know what to improve on before taking the worldwide standardized test later this year."

The rest did not get their hopes high from the start. Despite their disappointment, they plastered smiles on their faces and congratulated Jared, Trisha, and Terry.

The chance to visit Maxwell University was itself an honor to them.

After all, it was not easy to get admitted into Maxwell University. If every applicant were accepted, Maxwell University would not be known as the top university in the world.

"Three out of six got accepted. That's a great achievement. Come on; I'll treat everyone to lunch," Arielle offered.

At her invitation, the students leaped with joy.

Suddenly, a large hand patted Arielle's shoulder.

That had her spin around in shock.

"Vinson?" she blurted out upon meeting Vinson's adoring gaze.

His lips quirked up. "Do you miss me?"

Instead of giving him a reply, Arielle flung her arms around him in front of the students.

I do. I miss you a lot.

Vinson's smile widened as he returned her hug. His arms wrapped around her so tightly as though he wanted to merge their bodies into one.

The tactful Jared immediately piped up, "Let's go, fellas. I'll pay for the meal this time around. We'll ask Boss to treat us after we go home."

The others agreed readily. After casting one last curious look at the couple, they left with Jared.

Vinson then led Arielle away from the crowd.

"You should've told me you were coming over," she whined.

He caught me off guard. I was so anxious to see the results this morning that I left my room after brushing my teeth. I didn't even brush my hair!

The man read her mind and reached out to smoothen her hair. His face broke into a gentle smile, and he reassured, "You're always pretty."

Arielle felt a blush creeping up her cheeks. She parted her lips to speak, but her ringtone sounded before she could say anything.

After fishing out her phone from her pocket, she saw it was a call from Selena.

"Give me a minute," she said and answered the call.

"Hello, Ms. Selena."

Instead of Selena's voice, the president's voice rang out. "San, Selena told me you want to talk to me."

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1133

The Man In The Photo

As soon as Arielle heard his voice, she could not contain her excitement and exclaimed, "Mr. Lambert! Are you on campus right now?"

"Yes. I'll be waiting for you in my office."

"All right. I'll head there right now." After hanging up, Arielle spun on her heels and informed Vinson ecstatically, "Let's go meet the president. Ms. Selena said he might know the identity of the man in the photo."

Vinson was happy for her. "I haven't met Mr. Lambert in a long while. Let's visit him together then," he said as he took her hand.

Arielle bobbed her head as uneasiness arose in her heart.

Her sixth sense told her she was near to finding out the truth. However, she could not stop the panic from flaring within her.

Sensing the changes in her emotions, Vinson squeezed her hand. "Don't worry. I'm here with you."

“Mmh,” Arielle responded firmly.

Vinson’s with me, so I don’t have to be afraid.

Indeed, there was no need for her to fear anything.

Soon, they knocked on the president’s door.

Selena opened the door for them and was pleased and gratified to see them walking hand in hand.

I’m happy to see my two favorite students together.

After a brief exchange of pleasantries, she said, “The admission list has just been released, so I have many matters to attend to. You two can head in and talk to Mr. Lambert. He’s waiting for you. Well, I shall take my leave now.”

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“Sure. Goodbye!”

The couple watched as Selena walked away before entering the president’s office.

The president of Maxwell University, Rasmus Lambert, was in his fifties. He sported white hair and a bushy beard. With his features, he looked like Santa Claus, wise and benevolent.

“Oh, I can’t believe my eyes.” Rasmus clicked his tongue. “Fate has brought you two together.”

Arielle was embarrassed to hear that. Nonetheless, she remembered the main purpose of her trip there and showed the old photo to Rasmus, not bothering to beat around the bush.

“Mr. Lambert, do you know him?” she asked.

Rasmus took the photo from her and put on his thick glasses to study the man in it.

The next second, his eyes widened.

“He…”

Arielle’s heart raced as she hastened to question, “Do you know him?”

“Yes.” Rasmus nodded. “It’s one of my regrets. He graduated from our university and worked here as a professor for a while. However, after heading to Chanaea, he never

returned. It was as though he had disappeared into thin air. I even made a police report as I was afraid something had happened to him. Later, I realized he had left deliberately.”

He paused before asking, “Why do you have his photo?”

Biting her lip, Arielle pointed at the woman beside the man and explained, “The woman beside him is my mother. You know Mrs. Wilhelm is my foster mother, right? This is my birth mother.”

Rasmus was dumbstruck. Staring at the intimate couple in the photo, he asked in surprise, “How... How is he related to your mother?”

Arielle shrugged. “That is what I want to find out. Ten years ago, my mom died in an accident. I suspect it was related to him. However, the photo suggested they weren’t enemies. Mr. Lambert, this has bothered me a lot. I need to find him and figure out the truth behind my mom’s death. I want to find out the culprit.”

And then I’ll avenge her!

“He...” Rasmus sighed. “Well, he is a mysterious man. I only have a rough understanding of his true identity after his disappearance.”

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1134

Turlen

As her nails dug into her palm, Arielle asked anxiously, “Could you tell me about his identity?”

After heaving a sigh, Rasmus said, “Since he wanted to keep it a secret, I shouldn’t be the one to reveal it. However, as it is related to your mother’s death, I can’t keep it to myself any longer.”

She then took a deep breath and prepared to listen attentively.

The president glanced out the window, seemingly lost in the memories of his past.

“His name is Dylan, but I’m not sure if that’s his real name. After his disappearance, the police informed us that the biodata he provided to the university was mostly made up. We paid a visit to his parents and discovered they weren’t actually his parents. The couple didn’t even have a son.”

Dylan, Arielle muttered inwardly and took note of the name.

Rasmus continued, “Back then, the university had high hopes for him. We didn’t mind, even after finding out he had faked his identity. I was his supervisor at that time. As the police failed to find him, I went to his dorm and discovered something that gave me a clue about his identity.”

While she bit her lip nervously, he revealed, “I found a few letters in his drawer. Out of concern for his safety, I decided to read his letters. However, the letters were written in a script that I’ve never set my eyes upon.”

Vinson knitted his brows. “A script that you’ve never set your eyes upon?”

Rasmus was a linguist who had dabbled in a variety of languages, from the earliest form of writing to minority languages. It was practically impossible for him to run into one he had not seen before.

The president nodded. “I perused many books and went to a lot of linguists before coming to a conclusion. Those scripts came from an ancient language. It appeared slightly after the most ancient script in history. There is only one country in the world that uses this language.”

“What country is it?” Arielle asked.

“Turlen.”

The answer took both her and Vinson by surprise. Mixed emotions crossed their faces as they digested the piece of information.

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After a pause, Rasmus added, “Turlen has a closed-door policy. However, according to our investigations, they are very developed, though their medical field falls behind. Dylan had majored in medicine at our university and minored in other languages. Thus, I’m pretty sure he’s a citizen of Turlen.”

Arielle seemed hesitant as she requested, “Mr. Lambert, can you show me the letters? Do you still have them with you?”

“Yes.” Rasmus got to his feet and went to the safety deposit box in his office. He then unlocked it and took two letters out.

While handing the letters to her, he said, "Till this day, we know little about the language, so the exact contents of the letters remain a mystery. However, we managed to decipher one letter from Dylan's mother. She wanted him to return to the country and marry a lady of high status. The other letter was something similar to a pass."

Arielle read the letters. Unsurprisingly, she did not understand a single word.

Vinson chimed in, "The writing resembles the Sylvonican language, but none of the words made sense. Mr. Lambert, can we borrow the letters?"

Rasmus nodded in agreement.

"You can take them with you. I've made a lot of copies to study the language, so I have no use for the originals."

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1135

Sann Group

Arielle beamed gratefully. "Thank you, Mr. Lambert."

"You're welcome." Rasmus waved his hand. "One day, if you're fortunate enough to enter Turlen, please let me know what the country looks like after your return."

"Sure!" The young woman nodded firmly.

By hook or by crook, I shall learn more about Turlen and head there to find out who killed Mom!

After the duo left Rasmus' office, a hush descended over them.

Vinson broke the silence by saying, "It looks like your mom's murderer is a Turlenian. This man named Dylan must be an important person. Otherwise, he wouldn't be sent here to study medicine and... ordered to marry a lady of high status."

Arielle nodded. "That thought had occurred to me when Cindy was brought to Turlen, but I couldn't be sure about it. Now, I'm certain that they were Turlenians."

“Mmh,” he concurred, inclining his head. “The top international secret agent I’ve dispatched is looking for a way now. I reckon I’d be receiving an update a few weeks later.”

Arielle bit her lip.

They knew nothing about Turlen. Thus, it would be dangerous to sneak into the country recklessly.

They had no choice but to wait.

Soon, she gathered her thoughts and took a deep breath. “Regardless, my trip to Maxwell University proved to be fruitful. At least I confirmed he is a Turlenian. That’s a good start.”

Vinson brushed the stray strands of hair on her forehead and gave her a gentle peck.

“I’m not good with words, but I want you to know that I’ll be with you no matter what,” he promised.

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Touched by the proclamation of his love, Arielle embraced him.

A few seconds later, she released her grip on him and asked, “Should we head to my company?”

“Sann Group?”

“Yes.”

“It’d be my honor.”

An hour later, they arrived at the entrance of Sann Group.

Sann Group had the same standing in that country as Nightshire Group had in Chanaea.

However, Nightshire Group was not its match in the artificial intelligence industry.

Sann Group only focused on a few industries, unlike Nightshire Group, which was involved in almost every industry. The latter was also a leading force in every area of business it was involved in.

The industrial park was full of flowering trees, and the flowers were in full bloom. There was a total of ten skyscrapers and a few buildings with unique styles in the area.

Arielle gave Vinson a tour around the industrial park.

Having heard of her arrival, the higher-ups soon hurried over to welcome her.

“Madam Chairman,” they greeted as they dipped their heads.

Arielle responded with a nod and asked, “How is the progress of the bionic arm deal with Chanaea?”

The person in charge immediately answered, “As per your orders, we have sped up the manufacturing process using only the best materials. We will complete the production in less than two days and deliver the products to Chanaea.”

“Good. You can get back to work.”

After dismissing the crowd, she brought Vinson to her office.

Her office was located on the top floor. The view was great, where one could see the picturesque scene of the setting sun.

Standing before the window, Arielle was enjoying the view when an arm suddenly wrapped around her waist.

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1136

Ashes

Before Arielle could react, the owner of the arm rested his chin on her nape and whispered, “My wife is rich. Should I retire and be a man of leisure?”

Feeling his warm breath on her skin and relishing his husky voice, she grinned. “Sure, you can retire and depend on me.”

“No.” Vinson released her and turned her around to meet her gaze. “You should retire, and I’ll take care of you. You don’t have to do anything while I earn money to support our family.”

That caused her to smirk. “It sounds like a great deal.”

“It is, right?” The man arched a brow. “When will we hold our wedding?”

The smile on her face froze. Lowering her gaze, she replied, “When your mom accepts me...”

Vinson tensed up before assuring her, “She will.”

Arielle inclined her head. “Mmh. I know she will.”

As long as I work hard to gain her approval, I believe the day will come soon.

Soon, the next day arrived.

Cecilia had been locked up in the rehab facility in Chanaea for two days. She had lost all contact with the outside world.

That was not the worst part, for she was tormented every time her drug addiction kicked in.

After enduring another round of withdrawal symptoms, she had barely regained her composure when a police officer came into her room.

He confirmed her identity and announced icily, “Come with me. I need to inform you something.”

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Cecilia got to her feet, utterly puzzled.

Ever since she was locked up, she had to do everything inside her room. It was the first time she was given a chance to go outside.

“Did someone come to bail me out?” she asked excitedly.

Oh, is Trevor finally here to get me out of this place?

The police officer glanced at her coolly and led her out without a word.

At his reaction, Cecilia felt her heart sink. A sense of foreboding suddenly welled up within her.

She trudged behind the police officer warily, and they soon arrived at an office.

The office was empty save for a black box on the desk.

The box looked eerily like an urn.

At the sight of the urn, Cecilia went as pale as a sheet.

“O-Officer, what is this?” she asked in a trembling voice.

The police officer pushed a stack of documents toward her and announced, “This is your daughter’s urn. She committed suicide overseas by jumping off a building. As Lightspring doesn’t allow corpses to board planes, the local authorities cremated her body...”

Cecilia’s mind went blank after she heard that it was her daughter’s urn.

My... My daughter’s urn?

She stood rooted to the spot and gazed blankly at the urn on the desk.

“Ma’am?”

A few minutes later, the police officer finally realized she was not paying attention to him.

Frowning, he demanded, “Ma’am, listen to me...”

Without warning, Cecilia shoved him out of the way and ran toward the urn. She tossed it to the ground, smashing it into pieces.

“Mrs. Greene, you—”

“You’re lying to me!” She glared at him venomously and declared, “Did that b*tch Arielle send you to upset me? I won’t trust you!”

“Who is Arielle? You’re crazy. Is this a withdrawal symptom? You’ve just broken your daughter’s urn! Look, her ash is all over the ground!”

Cecilia covered her ears and shrieked, “I won’t believe you! I refuse to believe your words!”

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1137

Cecilia Is Dead

The police officer's brows drew together. "I can understand your feelings. You can't accept your daughter's death, but it is the truth—"

"Nonsense!" Cecilia stepped on the ash forcefully and declared, "Tell Arielle that she'd never get in my head! Wendy is alive and well and is taking her exams at Maxwell University. Why would she jump off a building? Don't take me for a fool!"

Initially, the police officer could empathize with her. However, when he saw her step on her daughter's ash, he lost his patience and stuffed the documents into her hands.

"Read the documents yourself if you don't trust me. They are your daughter's autopsy report and the case file prepared by the Lightspring police. As there is an official stamp on the file, it isn't fake."

Cecilia scanned the contents of the documents hastily. Soon, her gaze landed on a photo in the case file.

It was a photo of Wendy's body pierced by the iron fence with blood splattered everywhere.

Seeing that, Cecilia froze. It seemed like something within her had been torn into shreds.

The police officer noticed her reaction and sighed. "My condolences. Maxwell University has contacted the police department of Horington, and they will send a representative here a few days later to discuss the compensation."

Although Wendy had committed suicide, the incident had happened at Maxwell University. Besides, the iron fence on the campus had pierced her heart, so they had to more or less bear responsibility for that.

"No! That's impossible! This can't be real!" Cecilia hollered with all her might.

She then ran out of the room in a state of frenzy.

I have to go to Lightspring! I must head to Maxwell University and see it for myself! My Wendy must still be alive!

The stunned police officer went after her a beat later.

"Get her! Don't let her get away!"

The rehab facility erupted into chaos.

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The next day, when the patrol officer went to take a look at Cecilia, the latter was found lying in a pool of blood with a toothbrush in her chest.

“Cecilia’s dead.”

Vinson informed Arielle about the news right away. “She committed suicide by stabbing a toothbrush into her heart. When people at the rehab facility discovered her body, it was already stiff. I gather she killed herself, as Wendy’s death was too much for her to bear.”

Arielle was shocked into silence. After a long while, she whispered, “I can’t believe it...”

The Greene family used to be extremely influential in Horington, but they had fallen apart. One was locked up in jail, and the rest were dead.

Shockingly, it only took one month for all that to happen.

Vinson patted her shoulder. “They brought it upon themselves.”

A sigh slipped past her lips. “One wrong choice leads to another. Sometimes, it’s hard to be a human. I believe Wendy’s envious of me, but I’m also envious of her. At least her parents loved her.”

Pulling her in for a tight embrace, he said, “You have me.”

Arielle chuckled and returned his hug.

Yes, I don’t have parents, but I have Vinson. He’s the best and will face everything with me. That’s enough.

Despite not blaming herself for both Cecilia’s and Wendy’s death, Arielle’s mood was a little affected by the news.

However, she did not waste time dwelling on their deaths, for the renovation of Maureen’s Kitchen’s new branch had come to an end. It was going to open for business soon.

It meant a lot to Arielle to open Maureen’s Kitchen’s first branch.

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1138

As Pretty As You

Arielle woke up early in the morning and assumed that Vinson was still sleeping at that hour. Thus, seeing him standing at the doorway in a trance when she opened the door gave her a fright. Although she had no idea how long he had been standing there, she did notice the cigarette butts on the ground.

It took her a second to return to her senses. "Why are you here? When did you arrive?"

"Five," came his answer as he offered her a bouquet out of nowhere.

Arielle glanced at the bouquet and realized it did not contain flowers. Instead, it was a bouquet of wheat stalks.

The golden wheat stalks symbolized that her restaurant would prosper.

After giving her the bouquet, Vinson planted a kiss on her forehead and congratulated her. "Mrs. Nightshire, congratulations on the opening of your new restaurant. I hope your business will flourish."

She accepted the wheat stalks happily as tears welled up in her eyes.

Feeling emotional, she choked out, "You... Well..."

The man chuckled. "What about me?"

"You're a fool! Even if you want to give me flowers, there's no need to wait outside early in the morning."

Vinson shook his head. "If I don't wait here earlier than usual, I'm afraid you won't wake me up and head to the restaurant without informing me."

Hearing that, Arielle covered her nose and coughed lightly.

He was right; she was not planning on waking him up.

After all, Vinson had taken time out of his busy schedule to visit her in Lightspring. Last night, he only finished working in the wee hours. Thus, she could not bring herself to disturb his rest.

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After a few seconds of silence, she flung her arms around him.

“Thank you...”

She might think of Vinson as a fool, but it did not stop her from feeling like the happiest girl in the world.

There was nothing to complain about a man who waited outside her door before sunrise just to give her a bouquet and congratulate her on the opening of her restaurant.

Vinson’s gaze softened as he hugged her back.

Arielle felt his body temperature warming up her body through the thin fabric of their clothes.

Initially, she was nervous that her restaurant would not do well after the opening, but Vinson’s hug provided invisible energy that calmed her heart down.

“I’m afraid I can’t keep you company today,” he said apologetically. “I have a last-minute meeting at Wildefield.”

Wildefield was four hours away from Jadeborough by car. His meeting was one in the afternoon, and he had a lunch meeting scheduled before that.

Arielle gave an understanding nod. “It’s okay. I managed to establish Sann Group, so managing the opening of a branch is nothing to me.”

Vinson replied, “All right. I’ll leave Rayson with you. If you need anything, just let him know. He’ll be of help.”

“Got it. When will you depart?”

“Half an hour later.” He then winked and asked, “Ms. Moore, can I have the honor of inviting you to enjoy a local breakfast with me?”

That evoked a giggle from her. “Your wish is granted.”

“Thank you!” Vinson gave a polite bow.

A few minutes later, the black MPV rolled to a stop before an alley.

At the entrance of it was an old breakfast stall.

Though it was only six in the morning, the seats were all taken.

A table happened to be vacated the moment Arielle and Vinson went over to the stall.

While clearing the table, the owner greeted Vinson, “Hello! You’re not alone today.”

The latter nodded. "Yes, I'm here with my wife."

Glancing at Arielle in surprise, the owner praised, "Oh, you're lucky! Your wife is as pretty as you."

Arielle was initially embarrassed, but she covered her lips and giggled at the owner's words.

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1139

A Sweet Morning

Vinson froze for a split second but immediately shook it off and said, "I'll get two servings of my usual order. Oh, I'd like a glass of soy milk too."

"Got it!" The owner left to prepare their order.

Looking at the surroundings, Arielle commented, "This is surprising."

"Are you surprised that I'm a down-to-earth person?"

"Yes." She gazed at him and added, "You don't look like you eat here often. I thought you'd have breakfast at five-star hotels."

Shrugging, Vinson answered, "I used to do that, but I grew sick of it. Once, I came here for breakfast out of curiosity and became a frequent customer afterward. I believe you'll like the food here."

Arielle bobbed her head, feeling expectant.

Soon, their breakfast was served.

The first dish served was the famous Jadeborough soy milk.

Alas, she nearly retched after taking just one sip.

"That's... The taste is really strange," she spluttered.

Vinson burst out laughing. "I can't take that too. If you don't like it, let's try something else."

Soon, the local Jadeborough buns were served.

After taking a bite of the bun, Arielle was fascinated by how the rich and flavorful taste spread across her mouth.

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The rest of the dishes were delectable too. With every mouthful she took, her eyes sparkled in delight.

"What do you think?" Vinson asked.

Arielle gave a pleased nod. "I can't believe this breakfast stall serves such delicious food. I'm getting a lot of inspiration here. However, some food tastes really familiar... Perhaps my mom brought me here when I was young."

Her gaze dimmed at the thought of Maureen.

Nevertheless, her face broke into a smile soon enough, and she declared, "Today's a good day, so I won't think about unhappy things. Hurry, eat up. You need to leave soon."

With a nod, Vinson resumed eating.

Even if he was gulping down his food, he still looked like a noble gentleman.

On the other hand, Arielle seemed relaxed.

As she was not brought up strictly like a socialite, she did not pay much attention to her table manners.

However, Vinson was of the opinion that the way Arielle enjoyed her food boosted his appetite.

He munched on his food and enjoyed the beautiful scenery before him. Ah, what a great morning. I hope I can spend my mornings peacefully like this for the rest of my life.

Sadly, it was soon time for them to part ways. Rayson braced himself, stepping forward and reminding, "Mr. Nightshire, it's time to depart."

Arielle placed her fork down and said, "Remember to take a rest on the way there. Don't work during the journey as it will tire out your eyes. You can leave without me. I'll pay for the food."

She got up and clicked into her e-wallet to make the payment.

Vinson caught up to her and waved his phone before the owner.

"I'll pay for breakfast." They spoke at the same time.

The owner was taken aback but quickly regained his composure and held the payment terminal toward Arielle's phone. With a grin, he said, "You're a couple, so your wife will have all your salary sooner or later. It's time for you to get used to having your wife making payments."

After snapping out of his initial shock, Vinson beamed at Arielle. "Right. What's mine is hers."

A blush suffused her cheeks, and she glared at him before urging him to get into his car.

Happiness imbued Vinson as he entered his car.

Only when his car disappeared from sight did she retract her gaze and have Rayson drive her to the branch.

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1140

Overconfident

Around half an hour later, Arielle arrived at the branch.

It was located in a restaurant district that had a long history.

When she arrived, it was only half-past seven. Most of the restaurants still had their blinds down.

Maureen's Kitchen was the only restaurant that was bustling.

Seeing her, Glenn and the manager came forward to welcome her.

"Ms. Moore!"

Glenn twiddled his thumbs nervously and reported, "You're here! The preparations are almost done, and all that's left is the ingredients. As per your command, we ordered ten times the usual amount. The refrigerator is too full to put our ravioli inside, so I told someone to get the refrigerator from the old store."

"Good job," Arielle responded with a nod.

"It's nothing." He waved his hands and said excitedly, "You agreed to give me some shares, so I won't feel tired even if I have to work for three days straight."

On the contrary, the manager wore a hesitant look on his face.

That had her cast him a puzzled look. "What is it? Do you have something to tell me?"

The manager balled his fists as he said, "Ms. Moore, I don't know whether I should say this..."

"Just say it!"

Nodding, the manager answered, "We usually buy the ingredients we need every morning to get the freshest ones. Today is the first day the branch is open for business, but you told us to buy ten times the portion of ingredients that we usually need. I think that's a waste, especially the soy products that will definitely spoil the next day."

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As the manager mentioned the ingredients, Glenn chimed in carefully, "Ms. Moore, I do think that buying ten times than usual is too much... Should we go with five times first? This store is only twice as big as our old store. If there aren't many customers, we wouldn't be able to finish using the ingredients. That will be a waste. Should we ask the buyer to purchase fewer ingredients?"

Arielle was silent for a few seconds before explaining, "I understand your concerns, but I still think that buying ten times the ingredients we usually need is vital. I believe we can get more customers by offering food samples at the door. We should be able to finish the ingredients."

As she seemed confident, Glenn and the manager could not object anymore. "Why don't you head in and take a look around? You haven't been here since the renovation was completed."

Arielle bobbed her head and entered the restaurant.

The manager could not resist the urge to whisper to Glen. "Do you think she's overconfident? Our food might be delicious, but today's a weekday. There will be fewer

customers than usual. Besides, we specialize in local cuisine, so our customers will usually come during lunch and dinner.”

The latter nodded in acknowledgment. “Indeed, she seems a little overconfident. Never mind if we were to waste the ingredients; I’m only afraid her confidence will be shattered. After all, she’s a young lady. If she loses her confidence, will she shut the restaurant?”

Ever since he received the shares of the new restaurant, he had been throwing himself into the renovation of the shop lot, supervising the renovation after hours and buying the stuff needed for the interior design personally.

His heart would break if the restaurant were to close down after all the hard work he had put in.

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