

## A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1161 A Tender Night

With eyes burning with passion, Vinson looked as though he wanted to devour Arielle.

Finally able to engage in the act, he pressed himself on her in a domineering manner.

Even his kiss was more intense than before.

She, too, had noticed the passion in his lips as he consumed all of her sweetness inside her mouth.

Consequently, she felt as if her body was about to melt.

With one hand on Arielle's shoulder, Vinson fondled her body with the other.

The only thing she could feel was an electrifying sensation jolting through every fiber of her body.

Curling her toes by reflex, Arielle let out a moan that set the lust in Vinson ablaze.

Unable to hold back any longer, he gave her everything he had.

After a long while, Vinson finally came to a stop.

While Arielle was about to fall asleep from exhaustion, he continued to kiss her on her lips.

"Sannie, shall we go again?"

"But, it's already past two," she murmured, almost on the verge of tears.

"That's because you made me wait for such a long time. Tonight, I'm going to make you pay it all back!"

He pressed his body onto hers again.

After unknown rounds of passionate lovemaking, Arielle finally drifted into sleep unknowingly. By then, it was daybreak.

Even though Vinson had not had enough, he stopped when he realized how enervated she was.

After helping her wipe her body, he went to take a shower.

By the time he stepped out of the bathroom, Arielle had fallen into a deep slumber and did not even pull up the covers.

Smiling affectionately, Vinson joined her in bed and tucked both of themselves in. He placed her head on his arm, and with that, the couple slept lovingly in each other's embrace.

Dawn was usually the quietest time of the day.

Nevertheless, the internet was as busy as ever because it was where all the midnight owls congregated.

Just when everyone was running out of gossip to talk about, a trending topic began to gain traction—Maureen's Kitchen's Popularity Soars.

It suddenly became the top trending topic online.

In order to voice their doubts, someone tweeted: Maureen's Kitchen? Isn't that the restaurant established by Arielle, the influencer? Why are they promoting it at this ungodly hour?

Replies flooded in at once.

Our goddess, Arielle, isn't a social media influencer but the ambassador of Soir Coffee. Hence, she has only filmed commercials and taken photos in her capacity as the ambassador.

Just take a look at the live stream. Even Arielle's haters joined the line to dine at her restaurant.

There are just too many people at the new branch, so I plan to visit their old restaurant for lunch tomorrow. Hopefully, there will be less of a crowd there.

With a curious expression, the original poster clicked on the attached link in one of the replies, which brought him to the replay of a live stream.

In it, he saw a group of haters doubting the taste of the ravioli at the sampling booth in front of Arielle's restaurant.

Subsequently, all of them were humiliated.

Not only were they fighting over the ravioli, but they had also discreetly joined the line to dine at the restaurant.

Utterly baffled, the original poster wrote another tweet: Is it really that good? Perhaps, it's just a publicity stunt?

That time around, the replies came in the form of tantalizing pictures of the dishes served in Maureen's Kitchen.

Gulp!

Wiping the drool off the side of his mouth, the original poster decided that he would join the line at the restaurant the very next day.

## **A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1162**

By the time Arielle stirred, it was already past noon. In fact, it was her hunger that had awoken her.

As a disciplined person, she had never overslept to that extent before.

Evidently, it was a testament to how passionate Vinson was in bed last night.

She looked to her side instinctively after forcing herself to sit up with her whole body aching.

When she noticed the empty pillow, she reached out to feel it and realized it was no longer warm.

Vinson must have left early in the morning.

Breaking out a self-deprecating smile, she ruffled her hair.

What was I thinking? Vinson is a busy man, so it's normal for him not to be at home when it's already noon.

At that thought, the hint of disappointment Arielle felt gradually dissipated.

However, she heard sounds coming from downstairs upon stepping out of the bathroom after showering.

The cleaner comes once a week. Since she came the day before, she wouldn't show up today. So, who can it be?

Gripped by anxiety, Arielle grabbed one of Vinson's golf clubs in the room and quietly tip-toed downstairs.

Logically speaking, it was unlikely for a burglar to break into their house.

Nonetheless, both she and Vinson had enemies that wanted them dead. Therefore, she could not be any more careful.

Upon arriving on the first floor, she realized the sound was coming from the kitchen.

Tightening her grip on the golf club, she approached it warily.

Inside, she was greeted by the sight of a tall man cooking with an apron on. Furthermore, she could whiff something burning in the pan.

"Vinson?" Arielle gasped.

Upon hearing her voice, Vinson turned around and was shocked to see her raising a golf club. His face broke into an affectionate smile a moment later, and he said, "You're awake."

When Arielle followed his gaze and saw that it led to the golf club in her hand, she put it behind her embarrassingly and explained, "I-I didn't know you were home."

He walked over and asked a question in reply, "Where else would I be if not here?"

"At the office."

He stroked her head in response. "You're exhausted from last night, so how can I bring myself to go to work? Hence, I've taken the day off to stay at home and keep you company."

All of a sudden, Arielle recalled what had happened the night before. As the amorous scenes began playing in her head, her entire face flushed red in embarrassment.

"I-I don't need you to keep me company..."

The moment she finished her sentence, she suddenly realized the burning smell in the air had intensified.

Stunned, she asked at once, "What were you cooking?"

"D\*mn it!" Vinson cursed as he ran back toward the stove.

When Arielle took a peek from behind him, she realized he was grilling chicken wings.

Unfortunately, the wings had charred, forming a miserable sight.

"Was the fire too strong?" he mumbled to himself.

Right when she was about to say something, she caught a glimpse of the trash can beside him.

A pile of charcoal-like chicken wings inside told her it was not his first failed attempt.

As expected, cooking required talent. Otherwise, someone as smart as Vinson, who graduated from the prestigious Maxwell University, would not have failed so terribly at making grilled chicken wings.

Smiling in resignation, Arielle offered, "You should get some rest. Let me do it."

"No." Vinson held onto the spatula stubbornly. "You're not feeling well, so I'll do it. In fact, you shouldn't lift a finger today. Let me take care of everything instead."

"I... I'm fine. I'm more worried about falling sick from the food you cook."

Stung by her words, he stared at the burned chicken wings and let out a helpless sigh.

"Fine, I'll be your sous-chef then. Or should we dine out?"

"It's all right. Let's not waste the ingredients you've bought," she said and took the spatula from Vinson before she began cooking.

## **A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1163**

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1163 Stealing The Food

Even then, Vinson tried to help as best as he could.

However, he ended up getting in the way most of the time.

Luckily, Arielle was a good cook and whipped out a meal in no time.

After lunch, she could not resist asking, "Are you really not going to the office today?"

"Mmm-hmm." Vinson nodded. "I have delegated my work to Rayson. Anything that he can't handle can wait. At most, I'll deal with it from home."

At that moment, Arielle could not help but pity Rayson.

"There's really no need for you to stay with me. All we did was... that. It's not like I'm pregnant and about to give birth."

The instant she finished, she remembered that they did not use protection the night before.

Should I get the morning-after pill?

Seemingly reading her thoughts, Vinson spoke. "Those are bad for your body. If you're pregnant, we'll hold our wedding at once. As for my mom, I'll deal with her. You don't have to worry about it."

After a long silence, Arielle suddenly suggested, "Ever since I came back from Maxwell University, I haven't gone to see your mom. Since you're on leave today, shall we visit her together?"

Even though she also wanted the wedding to be held earlier, she did not want to do it without the blessings of their elders.

“All right.” Vinson nodded as his eyes crinkled from a smile.

“In that case, I’ll do the dishes first. After that, we can go to the mall and get her a present.”

When she was about to get up, he stopped her by pressing down on her shoulders.

“You should sit. I’ll take care of them.”

“Will you be fine?”

Vinson smiled wryly. “I may not have the talent to cook, but washing dishes isn’t going to be a problem. Besides, we have a dishwasher. Don’t worry about me.”

“All right then.” Arielle nodded before sitting back down.

A few minutes later, the sound of plates crashing onto the ground rang out from the kitchen.

With her lips twitching, Arielle decided to go in and help.

When it came to household chores, Vinson was indeed terrible at them.

Nonetheless, it was not his fault, as someone with his background had never had to wash dishes by himself in his entire life.

Meanwhile, at the Nightshire residence, Susanne was playing cards with a group of wealthy wives.

Gossips were an inherent part of such events.

One of them asked, “Did you hear about Maureen’s Kitchen?”

Susanne was stunned as she recalled that Arielle owned the restaurant.

Could it be that something happened to the restaurant?

Nevertheless, she feigned ignorance and listened as another of her friends asked, “I haven’t heard of it. Why?”

That lady who brought up the topic explained, “How can you not know? It has been the top trending topic since yesterday. That restaurant is wildly popular now, and I heard it’s especially good. When I sent my housekeeper there yesterday, he ended up waiting in line for four hours just for a takeout of two dishes. Do you know what happened after that?”

“What?” Susanne blurted out.

Gritting her teeth, that lady took a while to calm down before she explained, “He ate some without my knowledge!”

“Huh?” Susanne and the others were stunned.

The help that they engaged were not just ordinary housekeepers. They were hired from the employment agency and were professionally trained. Taking into consideration that they were well paid, there was no need for them to steal food at all.

Thus, the ladies had never heard of such an incident before.

## **A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1164**

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1164 Buying Shares

“Did your housekeeper come from the agency that I recommended you?” Susanne inquired.

“Of course!” That lady added with a wry smile, “I didn’t understand his actions at first. Since his pay is a lot higher than those in the same trade, there’s no reason for him to do something like that. Initially, I thought he needed money because of an emergency back home. As he has become a confidant of mine, I wanted to help him. After I questioned him, do you know what his reason was?”

When she held everyone in suspense, her friends urged, “Quick, tell us!”

Laughing, she explained, “He said that the food was just too fragrant and exquisite looking.”

Susanne was astounded. Another friend asked, “Is he exaggerating? Is it really that good?”

That lady nodded. “He only ate one of the dishes and left the other untouched. Out of curiosity, I tried it and was blown away! I’m sure all of you are aware that I’m not one to have leftovers. But, I made an exception in this case by finishing the leftovers from the night before.”

The other ladies looked at her in disbelief.

After all, eating leftovers in their circle was entirely unheard of.

"It sounds like the food there is really good. Why don't we go there for lunch?" one of them suggested.

That lady who ate the leftovers shook her head. "When I sent my housekeeper to inquire in the morning, he told me there was already a line since dawn. If we really want to go there, I'm afraid we might have to line up for a few days before we get our turn."

Another lady sitting across from Susanne remarked casually, "Can't we just pay more and reserve the entire place?"

That lady pursed her lips. "Do you think that didn't cross my mind? Even when I offered them two hundred thousand, they still turned me down."

At that moment, the group fell into an uproar.

"How can they reject two hundred thousand for reserving the whole place for lunch? Who do they think they are?"

"The owners have to be financially strong not to be tempted by two hundred thousand."

"After hearing what you said, I'm curious to go and try. After all, I've not heard of a restaurant where one needs to start lining up at dawn."

"Actually, I'm not thinking about the food, but more of the business opportunity. Taking into consideration how great the dishes taste and how booming their business is, why don't we talk to the owner and acquire some shares? We can open up a few more branches together and perhaps be able to make a small profit from it. What do all of you think?"

Just as everyone came to an agreement, they turned toward Susanne, who had been silent the whole time, and asked, "Susanne, what do you think? Are you interested?"

"I..." She was filled with mixed emotions.

Although she knew Arielle's ravioli was delicious and that she could not have enough of them, she never expected Maureen's Kitchen to achieve such fame.

Pondering over the matter, she realized that Arielle had never disgraced her in whatever she had done, including the new restaurant.

As a result, she considered consenting to their marriage and dropped her attempts at getting them divorced.

One of her friends continued, "Susanne, since all of us have so much free time on our hands, why don't we use this restaurant to keep ourselves busy? What do you think?"

Clearing her throat, Susanne affected a puzzled look and asked, "What was the name of the restaurant you mentioned just now?"

"Maureen's Kitchen! Are you interested in joining us to be shareholders? Although it might be too small of a sum to interest you, it would certainly be fun as a pastime."

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1165 Approved Of Arielle

"No." Susanne smiled. "When you mentioned this restaurant name, something came to my mind."

"What is it?" the others immediately asked.

Even though they were capable of purchasing a restaurant themselves, it would be great if they could use this opportunity to get closer to Susanne. If they could become business partners, it would be a great advantage for their future.

Susanne paused for a while and said, "Maureen's Kitchen. I think it belongs to my son's girlfriend."

"What?" the trio responded simultaneously.

Everyone in the circle had heard that Vinson had a girlfriend now. However, it seemed like Susanne had not approved it yet.

She is mentioning her now. Is she going to approve of that woman?

Susanne's lips curled into a smile. "That girl is pretty and smart. She did mention to me about opening a branch. I didn't think much about it. But now I realize Maureen's Kitchen is indeed hers."

The other ladies exchanged looks with complicated gazes.

It turned out that they had been discussing purchasing the future Mrs. Nightshire's restaurant in front of Susanne. What an awkward situation this is.

However, they noticed Susanne did not seem pissed. They immediately tried to ease the situation.

"I've been wondering what kind of person could open such a nice restaurant. It must be someone outstanding. I didn't expect it to be your future daughter-in-law!"

"Your son is already a brilliant man. And now he has such a talented girlfriend. I'm so envious of you!"

"Exactly."

Everyone liked to be flattered, including Susanne. She displayed a prideful look upon hearing those words.

"Indeed, I never need to worry about Vin."

Noticing that their flattering words seemed to work, they continued to ask about Vinson's girlfriend curiously.

"I wonder who this smart woman is? I hope I can meet her if there is a chance."

"That's right. Who knows, we might be able to eat there for free in the future."

Susanne hesitated for a while and uttered, "She is a daughter of an old friend. The old friend's name is the same as this restaurant."

Upon hearing that, the others instantly thought of the talk of Jadeborough over ten years ago. Her name was Maureen Moore.

If it weren't for her passing away, Maureen would now have a higher status than Susanne.

However, they were aware that Maureen was married to Henrick.

The latter was currently locked up in Specialized Forces, and he had a bad reputation on the internet.

They also heard that Maureen's daughter wasn't Henrick's.

It was apparent Susanne refused to mention the man deliberately.

She had approved of that girl and had cut all ties with Henrick.

The rest immediately chimed in, "Mr. Moore is an excellent man. I bet Maureen's daughter is smart as well!"

Susanne knew they were thinking about Henrick.

She let out a cough and did not want to continue the topic further. "All right. It's late already. Let's have some food."

As soon as she finished her sentence, the butler reported, "Mrs. Nightshire, Mr. Vinson is back with Ms. Moore. They brought a lot of gifts too."

Upon hearing Vinson was back, Susanne's lips curled into a bright smile.

## **A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1166**

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1166 Naughty Hands

"Vin is back. Let's have lunch together then." Susanne's smile grew broader.

The other women immediately praised, "He is such a good son. He still comes back to visit you even though he is a busy man."

They walked to the living room as they spoke.

Susanne saw Vinson holding Arielle's hand while walking toward her.

The other women noticed Arielle as well.

Her skin was utterly fair, and she had a sophisticated charisma. For a moment, they thought they had caught a glimpse of Maureen.

“Mom.” Vinson was the first to open his mouth. “Arielle and I came to visit you. She has brought a lot of gifts for you, and some of them are from Lightspring. We’ve put them in your room.”

Susanne raised her brows and asked, “How is Maxwell University?”

Arielle nodded. “It’s great. The teachers and the principal all welcomed me. Plus, those students that I brought there are performing well also.”

“That’s good to know.” Susanne nodded.

The other women immediately asked, “Maxwell University? I thought ordinary people could not access that place?”

Susanne was expecting that question from them. “Arielle is a graduate of Maxwell University. A graduate can go back there anytime.”

Those women’s eyes instantly lit up.

“Ms. Moore is not only good in business, but she also has a great education background. Mr. Nightshire, you have great taste!”

“That’s right. We just mentioned Ms. Moore just now. We didn’t expect we could meet her so quickly. She is even prettier than Maureen back then.”

Vinson smiled slightly. “Thank you.”

One of the women opened her mouth. “Ms. Moore, I’ve tried a few dishes at your restaurant. The taste was amazing. I wonder if I have the chance to eat there again. I heard the reservations are always full, and we have to wait for days to get a seat.”

Arielle smiled. “Since you are Susanne’s friend, there is no need to wait for a reservation. If you want to eat there, I can ask the restaurant to arrange a table for you.”

“That would be great. Susanne, we’ve benefited from our association with you!”

Susanne was beyond delighted by that.

She used to dislike Arielle, but now she had become utterly pleased with the latter.

“Let’s go when we’re free then.”

Susanne continued saying, "By the way, I plan to make an appointment with the wedding organizer to decide a date for your wedding."

Arielle was stunned momentarily as she glanced at Vinson in surprise.

The young man was happy to hear that, and he thanked his mother.

Susanne waved her hand. "There's no need to thank me. Of course, I'll support you if you like her."

With that, they went on to have their meals and talked about the wedding joyously.

That night, Susanne asked Arielle to stay at the Nightshires' manor. She did not even give the latter another room but arranged for the latter to share the same room with Vinson.

That was enough to prove Susanne's attitude toward Arielle and Vinson.

She had accepted and approved their relationship completely.

Arielle leaned against Vinson's embrace in the middle of the night and smiled. "Vinson, I am so happy today..."

"So am I," Vinson responded and paused for a while. "Since both of us are so happy, why don't we do something happier?"

As soon as his words fell, his hands began to wander around Arielle's body.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1167 A Crazy Night

"Don't..."

Arielle tried to avoid Vinson's hand. Her face became utterly red.

Yet, her body got pulled into Vinson's embrace after she turned around.

She wanted to struggle, but then she heard Vinson's hoarse voice. "You're already mine. You can't escape."

Having said that, he started kissing her neck hard and passionately.

Instantly, Arielle felt her body flushing hot.

The moisture from their breaths mingled in the humid and enclosed space. Each breath grew more urgent, chaotic, and intimate.

Right then, a knock sounded at the door.

Arielle's body stiffened as she immediately covered herself under the blanket, not daring to make a sound.

Vinson stared at the door with a displeased expression.

"Who is it?"

"It's me." Geoffrey's voice rang out.

"What is it?" Vinson sounded utterly displeased.

"Mrs. Nightshire told me to bring you both some hot milk."

"No thanks," Vinson rejected directly.

At first, Geoffrey did not understand why Vinson sounded angry. A moment later, his face turned red as realization dawned on him. He immediately said, "Then I won't disturb you."

Upon saying that, he turned away and left with the hot milk.

After hearing Geoffrey's footsteps disappear, Vinson pulled Arielle out of the blanket and leaned toward her. "All right. He left."

Arielle's cheeks were burning hot.

"Please don't touch me. I'm going to sleep." Her voice was soft.

Yet, Vinson pulled her toward him and forced her to look into his eyes.

"The fire is already burning. It'll be dangerous if you don't put it out." He then kissed Arielle in an authoritative manner.

Arielle felt the kiss lasted for a century.

After she regained her senses from the kiss, she realized she was already naked.

"Vinson..."

"Don't be afraid." Vinson kissed her forehead gently. "I won't do it many times tonight. Only three. Okay?"

"No!" Arielle's face turned even redder.

Vinson gave in a little. "Two times!"

"No way!"

"Then..." Vinson uttered reluctantly, "Only one time?"

Arielle bit her lip as she looked into Vinson's eyes. "Only one time then. Not more than that!"

"Okay!"

With that, the duo shared a passionate night.

Arielle's face was filled with desperation and regret as the sky began to turn bright. Why did I agree with him?

Even though he promised only to do it one time, it lasted for what felt like an eternity!

"You liar!" Arielle pinched Vinson's nose angrily. However, the latter had already dozed off.

I would never agree to do it again!

Arielle almost could not get out of bed the following day as her waist ached.

Nevertheless, she had to wake up early since it was an important date.

She let out a sigh, wanting to climb out of bed, but Vinson, who was sleeping, suddenly hugged her waist.

"It's only seven in the morning. Why are you up so early? Accompany me for a little while..."

"I don't want to accompany you!" Arielle's tone was filled with resentment. "You jerk!"

Vinson did not even open his eyes. He nodded obediently. "Yes, I am a bast\*rd. Could you please tell this bast\*rd where you are heading early in the morning?"

Arielle bit her lip slightly. "Today is a special day..."

## **A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1168**

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1168 Gone Wrong

"Huh?" Vinson sat up and was about to ask what day it was. Suddenly, he remembered it was the day of the bionic arm press conference.

He immediately wanted to get out of bed.

"What are you doing?" Arielle questioned confusedly. "Aren't you going to the company at nine?"

Vinson pinched her ear gently. "This is an important day. How could I let you go alone? I'll accompany you."

“No, it’s fine.” Arielle immediately stopped him. “Many people still don’t know about our relationship, especially the Moore Group. So, I figure I should take back Mom’s company by myself. I don’t want to rely on others.”

Vinson furrowed his brows slightly.

“Sannie, I am not other people. I am the closest person to you.”

He paused awhile and continued, “But I understand why you want to take back Moore Group by yourself. Since you want to attend the conference alone, at least let me send you to the company, okay?”

Arielle felt somehow sorry.

“I didn’t mean that you are other people. I’m sorry. I just—”

Vinson locked her lips with his the next moment.

The kiss lasted for a few minutes before Vinson finally let go of her. “Sannie, you never need to say sorry to me, nor explain anything to me. I understood what you meant.”

Arielle felt a warmth surging from within.

Living in a big world like this, I know it’s not easy to be able to meet someone who understands me.

She wrapped her arms around Vinson’s neck and kissed him.

After some time, Vinson suddenly pushed her away. “Sannie, if you don’t stop kissing me now, I can’t guarantee that you can reach the site in time.”

Arielle was stunned momentarily.

She immediately let go of Vinson and rushed into the bathroom to freshen up.

Vinson’s lips curled into a smile, and he also got out of bed.

They brushed their teeth together. It was an ordinary routine, yet, Arielle thought it was the best indulgence in a peaceful life.

Vinson naughtily smeared some bubbles on her face. Both of them started teasing one another innocently. After freshening up, they headed downstairs.

Meanwhile, Susanne was still sleeping. Vinson greeted Geoffrey and left with Arielle.

Before long, the car arrived at the branch office of the technology department.

Vinson did not go into the building. He waited by the roadside and watched Arielle enter before driving off.

Meanwhile, everyone was in instant chaos inside the technology department except for the designers.

They all gathered inside the office of the person in charge and kept complaining.

“It is too difficult to manufacture the bionic arms. Average factories won’t even want to take the order. Not a single bionic arm was made successfully. Why didn’t you report to the headquarters and request the press conference to be postponed?”

“That’s right. The site will start selling new products after the press conference. What are we going to sell to the clients by then?”

“What exactly is the headquarters thinking?”

“If we get many orders and fail to deliver, what will happen? Will all the blame be placed on us?”

The person in charge scoffed upon hearing that.

The real reason is not because of its high difficulty. No matter how difficult it is, the factories could still make it as long as there are graphics and accurate data.

The truth was those factories refused to take the order because he had bribed them with a massive sum of money.

## **A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1169**

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1169 Time For Revenge

Meanwhile, at the headquarters, Jacob was the most prominent figure currently. After Oliver sold all his shares to Jacob after being threatened, the latter’s shares were almost equivalent to Arielle’s.

Arielle managed to get some loose stocks these few days. Only then was she able to win over Jacob by a little.

Even though she was a director, she was still a young lady. Most board members approved Jacob instead of her, except for a few elders who used to work under her.

Plus, ever since Arielle signed a disadvantageous deal with Jacob, almost no one in the company took her seriously.

It was precisely Jacob's plan not to postpone the press conference this time.

He intended to make Arielle give up her position as soon as possible.

The person in charge of the technology department did not say anything. Those leaders in charge of the bionic arms were beyond anxious.

"Sir, please say something!"

The person in charge lit a cigarette and said calmly, "Since the company isn't postponing the date, they must have a good reason. I think the headquarters might have some other plans. Let's follow their arrangement and carry on with the press conference."

Having said that, he turned to the staff in charge of the press conference. "How is it going with the decorations?"

"It's all arranged. The hotel venue's decoration should be completed by now. But, without the product, what are we going to display?"

The manager waved his hand. "You don't need to worry about that. Just make sure the press conference can start in time. Have you informed all the reporters?"

"We sent a notice to all of them half a month ago. But not yet for today..."

The manager frowned and urged, "Then what are you waiting for? Inform all of them right away!"

"But..."

"But what? If you can't handle such a small thing, there's no point for you guys to keep your jobs."

Upon hearing that, those staff had no choice but to get ready for the press conference.

The event would be broadcasted live. They even posted the live preview an hour ago.

Due to the stories about Henrick, Oliver, and Arielle, Moore Group became one of the top ten trending news as soon as the preview was posted.

Jacob was beyond delighted as it had saved him a lot of advertising costs.

He told his assistant, "Postpone all my schedules for today. I'm going to join the press conference."

"Okay!"

Jacob called him again when the assistant was about to turn and leave.

“Is there any news about her?”

The assistant shook his head. “I’m sorry, Mr. Campbell. All the men I sent failed to follow her. I have no idea where she is right now.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the person in charge of the technology department called.

“Mr. Campbell.” The person in charge uttered humbly, “Arielle has arrived at the technology department. She is in the design department now. The door is closed. I wanted to go in, but no one opened the door for me. Should I barge in?”

“There’s no need!” Jacob sounded utterly confident. “No matter how brilliant she is, there is no way she can turn this around. Stop troubling yourself. Just wait for the press conference to start!”

“Okay!”

The person in charge hung up the phone and left the design department.

There was only one last piece of the puzzle left for his entire plan to work, and that was Arielle giving up her position.

The person in charge was beyond exasperated as he recalled how Arielle treated him.

Finally, revenge is mine!

## **A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1170**

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1170 No One Wins

Meanwhile, at the design department.

The moment Arielle entered, she ordered the door to be sealed. Once she was sure no one would barge in, she said, “The bionic arms have arrived, and they’re currently in my house’s storage area. It’s safe there.”

Upon hearing that, the designers could finally heave sighs of relief.

The leader of the lot was a man named Kimi. At that moment, his eyes were red.

Rubbing his eyes, he said, "When I saw that the press conference did not get postponed, and there was no action on your end, I was so scared. Now it's all good again. There's nothing for us to worry about!"

Arielle smiled. "Since I have promised to resolve your production issues, I will make sure it happens."

Kimi nodded fervently and asked, "Can we have a look at the bionic arms?"

"Sure." With that, Arielle gave Sasha a video call.

The call only got answered after a few rings.

In the video, they could see the workers moving the bionic arms and Sasha instructing them.

The bionic arms should have been delivered on the same day she returned from Lightspring. However, due to the weather condition, they were only sent out the night before and had only just arrived.

Arielle linked the video to the screen in the conference room so that everyone could see it. "Sasha, did the shipping order tally with the goods?"

Sasha acknowledged with a "yes" and said, "Everything has been verified according to your instruction. Half of them are already in the warehouse."

As Sasha was speaking, she pointed the camera at the staff.

The workers were very careful when they were moving the bionic arms so that they would not damage them.

Although everyone could only see the external packaging of the bionic arms, it was sufficient.

"All right. I got it. Thank you for your hard work."

Arielle ended the video call and looked at all of them in the conference room. "Did you get a good look?"

Everyone nodded and said, "So now, can we set out for the press conference?"

Arielle shook her head. "We are going to the press conference but not the original one."

Although she did not say anything, it did not mean she was not aware.

Jacob had tried to make things difficult for them by preventing the local factories from accepting their production orders. At the same time, he refused to postpone the press conference. He was obviously out to humiliate her in front of everybody.

Since Jacob had put in so much effort to make a fool out of her, how could she disappoint him?

All of them looked at Arielle, who had an enigmatic smile on her face, and it sent chills down their spines. They were all thinking the same thing—Luckily, we are on her side.

At ten in the morning, the press conference was about to start.

Most of the reporters had already arrived, so did Jacob.

The press conference was held at a five-star hotel, and the venue looked very grand indeed.

Jacob asked his assistant, “Is the live streaming ready?”

His assistant replied without delay, “It has all been set up. We can start the live streaming at any moment.”

Jacob nodded and asked, “Where is that woman? Is she here yet?”

“No. Her designers aren’t here either.”

Jacob laughed out loud. “They don’t even have the bionic arms. Yet, they are having a product launch. No wonder they don’t dare to show up.”

His assistant hesitated before responding, “But, isn’t this a lose-lose situation for us too? The bionic arms will surely bring us lots of profits. If we disrupt this event, aren’t you worried that you will suffer a loss too?”

“A loss?” Jacob chuckled. “How can there be a loss?”