

# A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 18

## Chapter 18

She shot onto her feet and shrieked, "Arielle, what's the meaning of this? Can't you suck it up this once instead of vying against me for the first-class seat? Need I remind you the reason we're on this flight? It's because we're going to my awards ceremony! Mine!"

Arielle spat coldly, "Relax. I'm not here for your precious first-class seat."

Shandie knitted her brows before interrogating loudly, "Then why are you here?"

Right then, Henrick had overheard the commotion and joined in with a thunderous voice. "What do you think you're doing, Arielle? And here I thought you were a sweet and obedient girl. Was that all just a façade?"

Arielle was about to respond, but the man beat her to it. He interjected with a sharp gaze, "I'm afraid you're all mistaken. Ms. Moore is not here for the first-class cabin. Rather, I'm escorting her to that private jet, the one next to this aircraft."

"What!" Shandie bellowed as her eyes shot over to the window in disbelief.

What she saw next clouded her thoughts with resentment. It was a luxurious private jet with an extremely sleek and polished exterior. Across the jet's body was an elegantly written word with fine penmanship-Nightshire.

*That's the Nightshire family's private jet!*

Shandie whipped around to stare daggers at Arielle, jealousy flitting across her dark eyes.

Even Cindy, who had been silently observing, balled her fists after seeing the Nightshires' jet.

Henrick soon snapped back to his senses and quickly asked the man, "Sir. I'm Sannie's father, and our family is traveling together on this flight. If it's alright, can the rest of us go as well?"

The man maintained a neutral expression as he pointed out, "Apologies, Mr. Nightshire has only extended his invitation to Ms. Moore alone. Not to mention, the three of you got a cabin upgrade but chose to abandon Ms. Moore in economy-class by herself. Is that how a family should be with one another?"

Regret festered in Henrick like a tumor.

*Damn it! I should have upgraded Arielle's seat to first-class too. If I had done that, then maybe I would be lounging in Vinson's private jet at this very moment...*

The man couldn't care less about what Henrick thought. He swiftly turned on his heel and bowed respectfully to Arielle. "This way, Ms. Moore."

Arielle nodded, then cast an icy stare at Henrick. "I'll meet you guys at the airport."

With that, Arielle held her head high like royalty and disregarded Shandie completely. She followed closely behind the man as they exited the airplane.

Shandie's and Cindy's faces twisted with jealousy at the luxurious private jet that parked beside them.

Shortly after, Arielle boarded the jet. The first thing she saw was Vinson, whose head was lowered to focus on reading a contract.

The assistant spoke up, "Mr. Nightshire. I've brought Ms. Moore over.",

Vinson hummed a simple *Mm-hmm* in reply without even looking up.

Arielle felt uneasy. Not knowing how to respond or what to do, she tensed with her feet planted on the ground.

Thankfully, the assistant came to her rescue. He advised, "Mr. Nightshire is currently busy. You may make yourself comfortable in the cabin that's inside."

"Okay." Arielle nodded. She then cautiously walked past Vinson and entered the cabin.

Once inside, Arielle's jaw dropped in shock. She exclaimed, "Rain?"

The blonde man lifted his gaze and gawked, equally as surprised. "San? I never thought I'd see you here. Have you returned to this country?"

"Mm-hmm, I just got back some time ago."

Rain cheerily patted at the seat beside his, beckoning her over. "Come sit with me."

Arielle obliged. Once she sat down, questions about her current life came out of Rain's mouth with burgeoning excitement. He also invited, "I'm heading to Norham for the academy's award ceremony. If there's nothing on your schedule, would you like to attend as well since you are one of our academy's founders?"

Rain was the principal of the Crown Coffee Academy and a world-renowned coffee sommelier.

Back then, Arielle and Rain were the ones who came up with as well as established the Crown Coffee Academy.

They wanted to create a place where coffee enthusiasts could expand their knowledge on coffee-making.

What they never expected was for the academy to develop into a well-known spot for socialites. Hence, Rain created a restriction whereby only ten students may receive the expert level barista certificate. This way, only the elite, talented, and worthy coffee connoisseurs could receive these certificates.

Arielle's lips curled into a devious smile when she heard that Rain was on his way to Shandie's award ceremony. She stated, "What a coincidence. I'm heading there myself."

Rain beamed at once. "That's wonderful! The students will be ecstatic to meet the academy's founders. They'll be over the moon!"

"No." Arielle shook her head and requested, "I was hoping that you'll keep my identity confidential."

Rain's vibrant smile fell glum in an instant. He then inquired, "Why?"

"I have some personal reasons."

"Alright then, I'll be more than pleased as long as you attend the event."

Arielle flashed a faint smile but didn't say anymore.

Two hours of flight later, the jet gradually made its descent into Norham airport.

Vinson had already left by the time Arielle disembarked from the jet.

Unbothered, she exchanged goodbyes with Rain and went to look for the other three Southalls.

*That's strange. Didn't we agree to meet up after getting off our flights? So why aren't Henrick and the others here at the arrival hall as promised?*

Arielle held her ground in silence. She knew that Henrick wouldn't abandon her because she was still of value to him. So she waited.

Right then and there, a bodyguard dressed in a coal-black suit strode towards Arielle's direction. Beside him was a man that she would recognize anywhere Vinson.

Despite standing next to a tall bodyguard, Vinson still towered with his superior stature.

Some passersby curiously paid attention to Vinson. Their faces either turned a bashful shade of red or gawked as they vividly babbled about Vinson's appearance.

"That guy's incredibly handsome! Do you think he's a celebrity?"

"No way. If he is, then he should have blown up all over the internet by now. Even those influencers can't compare to his good looks."

Compared to the eagerly buzzing crowd, Arielle's skewed frown was an underwhelming reaction.

She glanced briefly at him before focusing on her phone and dialing Henrick's number.

The call went through, yet Henrick had instantly rejected. Arielle knew that this must have been Shandie's doing.

*Although Cindy is a wicked woman, she wouldn't be so stupid to use such sloppy tactics against me. It seems like Shandie is trying to get on my nerves by keeping me in the dark about their whereabouts. Game on, then. I'll patiently wait here for them.*

Noticing a lounge nearby, Arielle headed over for some refreshments.

What she hadn't realized was that she walked right into the lion's den; just as she entered, the lounge door flung shut behind her.

Arielle instinctively turned around but was shoved to the wall by a towering man. His powerfully built body pressed against hers, trapping her.