

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 191

/ [A Beauty with Multiple Masks](#)

Chapter 191 Ulterior Motives, A Beauty with Multiple Masks

Holding a luxurious gift box, Alfred handed it to Arielle with a smile. "Ms. Arielle, Ms. Actonward has prepared this gown for you. Since Mrs. Southall isn't at home, she said she was worried that you didn't prepare one. Hence, she took the liberty of doing so." Arielle raised her eyebrow slightly. *Since when did Yvette become so kind as to prepare a gown for me? It must be a trap. I had better be more vigilant.* However, Arielle didn't reveal her true emotions.

Instead, she received the box with a smile and even opened it in front of Alfred. "Wow! It's beautiful!" Arielle exclaimed. Alfred's eyes were filled with disdain. *Mrs. Southall even claimed that Arielle was as sly as a fox. But now, isn't she just an innocent and vain little girl?* Hiding his contempt, Alfred replied with a smile, "It's good that you like it.

If you wear this gown to Ms. Actonward's birthday party, she will definitely be delighted." Arielle nodded. "Don't worry. I will not disappoint Yvette. In that case, let me try it on, and I will wear it to the birthday party." Alfred acknowledged, "That's wonderful. After all, it would be rude if you didn't wear the gown she prepared for you. Anyway, please go ahead and try it on. Feel free to let me know if you have any problems." "Alright. Thanks, Alfred." "Don't mention it. It's the least I can do."

Alfred left, smiling. Arielle maintained the wide grin on her face until Alfred was out of sight. Closing the door behind him with a frosty gaze, she laughed at herself in a self-deprecating manner. *At this rate, I'll get an award for Best Actress.* Turning back into her bedroom, she carefully opened the box Yvette had presented her. Inside, there was a gown, a pair of heels, and some accessories. Everything she needed was there. Arielle examined the items carefully and even used a special method to test the material. Strangely, she didn't find anything wrong with them. After trying them on, she verified that the gown and shoes fitted without any problems at all.

Can it be that Yvette didn't sabotage the items and sincerely prepared them for me? With the gown on, Arielle twirled herself in the mirror. It was a black-themed gown where the back and collarbone portions were covered with lace. It looked gorgeous and dignified, just like a charming black swan in the middle of a lake. The gown was gorgeous regardless of whichever angle one looked at it. If she wore the gown to Yvette's birthday party, she would undoubtedly be the focus of everyone's attention.

It was just that... Is she really that kind? Arielle dispelled that thought at once. After all, no one would want to be outshone on their own birthday. Therefore, something was definitely amiss, just that she had yet to discover what. *What could it possibly be?* As time flew by, a car arrived at the monastery entrance.

Shandie, who had been told of the news by Louisa, was eagerly waiting there. Finally, she saw the car arrive at sunset. With her luggage in tow, Shandie headed toward the car. Suddenly, a hand appeared out of nowhere and stopped her. As Shandie lifted her gaze, her eyes met with Cindy's worried expression.

The moment Shandie saw Cindy, she asked coldly, "What do you want?" "Shandie! Where are you going?" Holding Shandie back, Cindy anxiously asked, "Why didn't you tell me that you are going out?" Henrick had called Louisa directly. Hence, Cindy wasn't aware. Furthermore, Shandie had lost all trust in Cindy.

Therefore, she too didn't inform her. Nevertheless, Cindy's intuition told her that wherever Shandie was going, it was definitely not a good idea to do so.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 192

[/ A Beauty with Multiple Masks](#)

Chapter 192 Despair, A Beauty with Multiple Masks

Shoving Cindy's hand away, Shandie thrust her chin into the air. "Where else can I go? I'm going home, of course." "Home?" Cindy asked in surprise, "Why would your dad suddenly let you go home?" Shandie dug her ears in frustration. "I'm my dad's biological daughter after all. Of course, he won't let me stay in there my entire life." However, Cindy was still puzzled. "Your dad is not someone who would call you home for no reason. You shouldn't go, it may be a trap!" "What nonsense are you spouting?" Shandie rebutted with a frown, "Just because you are cruel and abandoned your own daughter, it doesn't mean everyone in the world is the same as you. Move aside! I'm leaving." Just as she spoke, Shandie nudged Cindy aside and strode to the waiting car. "Shannie! Don't go!" Cindy wanted to stop her still but was met with the sound of Shandie slamming the car door shut. "Drive!" Shandie ordered the driver, leaving Cindy, who was desperately chasing them, in the dust. Looking at Cindy's distant silhouette, Shandie let out a mocking smile.

It is now Cindy's turn to wait indefinitely in the monastery. For being a heartless mom, she should have a taste of what despair feels like. By the time the car was out of sight, Cindy frantically made a call. However, just before she could press the call button, her phone was snatched away from her. Lifting her gaze, her expression drastically changed. It was Louisa. "Louisa, what are you doing?" Cindy asked while trying to remain calm. Louisa replied with an indifferent expression. "I was wondering how you can have food being discreetly delivered to you every day.

Now, I finally know how. I am taking your phone!" "No! Louisa! Let me make a call, I have something urgent..." Ignoring her, Louisa turned and left. When Cindy pursued her, two young men stopped her. "Mrs. Southall, please go back." "No, my phone! I need my phone back!" Cindy's scream thundered across the sky. However, the only response she got was the sound of birds fluttering out from the forest. Meanwhile, after driving for half an hour, Shandie realized that the

route they were taking didn't look familiar. *Can it be that Cindy is right about someone trying to harm me?*

Cringing anxiously, Shandie asked, "Where are we going? This isn't the way home?" The driver replied with a smile, "Ms. Shannie, Mr. Southall has instructed me to take you to Yvette's birthday party first before sending you home." "Yvette's birthday party..." Shandie mumbled as her fears were eased. *I see. Yvette must have said something favorable on my behalf. That's why Dad has allowed me to come home.*

When I see her later, I must thank her properly. The next moment, Shandie ordered the driver to stop the car. "I can't go dressed like this, I need to change into a gown." "Don't worry, Ms. Yvette has prepared them for you. The gown is on your right. Why don't you take a look." Only then did Shandie notice the luxurious gift box beside her.

When she opened it, a black gown made of expensive-looking fabric was nestled inside. Shandie's eyes lit up the moment she saw it. *What a gorgeous gown!* Hugging the gown fondly, she couldn't stop running her fingers over its fabric. She didn't expect Yvette to treat her so well on such an important occasion despite being nasty to her all the time.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 193

[/ A Beauty with Multiple Masks](#)

Chapter 193 I Should Not Have Brought You, A Beauty with Multiple Masks
Given how beautiful the gown was, she could imagine how stunning she would look in it. It was obvious to her that the gown was extremely expensive. *So what if Arielle is born pretty? She is alone in Jadeborough and doesn't have any money nor power. There is no way she would wear a gown as luxurious as this. As the saying goes, "Clothes maketh the man." With this gown, I will impress everyone at the party! After suffering in the monastery for such a long time, this will be my reward.*

I will make a glorious return! "Hey, go faster!" Shandie pestered impatiently. "I want to arrive at the party right away." The driver replied with a smile, "Ms. Shannie, don't worry. We have to get you to the stylist first. Other than your clothes, your makeup will also have to match the occasion." "Yes, of course!" Shandie tried her best to keep herself calm. However, she couldn't stop her smile from widening still. After all, she just couldn't wait to impress everyone there! Meanwhile, at the Spaunia International Conference Hall. There was a gathering of the elite from every industry in the nation.

Only figures of exceptional stature were invited. Vinson arrived at the red carpet dressed in an all-white suit, looking the part of a dignified nobleman. The reporters who were lined up on both sides of the red carpet raised their SLR cameras and began snapping furiously. Meanwhile, the emcee spoke gleefully into his mic, "Let us welcome the CEO of Nightshire Group, Vinson Nightshire! Last year, Mr. Nightshire attended the event by himself. Will he have a plus one this year?"

A few other socialites that were walking on the red carpet slowed down on purpose. Every year, Vinson came alone and this year was not expected to be any different. Therefore, whoever could walk the red carpet with him would have bragging rights amongst the other socialites given how great an honor it was. However, instead of walking the red carpet right away, Vinson turned around and opened the car door fully. Putting one hand underneath the roof to shield her, he offered his other hand in a chivalrous manner. The socialites were stunned.

Can it be that Vinson has brought a companion this year? One of them shook her head in denial. "It's definitely not a female companion. It must be Mdm. Stone instead." However, a hand with flawless white skin gently accepted Vinson's hand. After that, an equally fair pair of legs stepped out of the car. *Judging by how taut her skin is, it definitely isn't Susanne.* The socialites widened their eyes in shock when they saw a lady gracefully emerging from the car.

She was wearing a white-feathered gown that was so white that it seemed to glow under the lights. The perfect curves of her body were all accentuated by how the gown was tapered. When they lifted their gazes, they saw a lady with a dainty face and high nose. Her eyes sparkled like the stars while her luscious lips were pursed slightly. She was the epitome of rare but noble beauty and her appearance awed everyone present.

Every other beautiful phenomenon in the world paled in comparison next to her. At that moment, everyone's attention was focused on Arielle. No one was able to peel their eyes away. Even the photographers who were used to taking pictures of gorgeous women were so astounded that they forgot to work their cameras.

This is the kind of beauty that could launch a thousand ships. Once she got out of the car, Arielle could sense that everyone's attention was focused on her. The very next second, she felt Vinson lean closer and whisper by her ear, "I am beginning to regret bringing you along."

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 194

[/ A Beauty with Multiple Masks](#)

Chapter 194 Being Chased Out, A Beauty with Multiple Masks

Stunned, Arielle asked curiously, "Why?" Just as she spoke, her breath blew past two strands of stray hair, tempting Vinson to tuck them back behind her ear. However, he tried hard to suppress the urge to do it. Chuckling awkwardly, he averted his gaze and held her hand. "It's nothing." He just resented others ogling at her beauty. Arielle felt puzzled over the exchange. Nevertheless, as his plus one, she naturally accepted the hand he offered.

Holding each other's hands, they sauntered down the red carpet together. Given how amazing both of them looked, they were undoubtedly the most compatible couple at the event. As the emcee was the first to regain his senses, he remarked excitedly, "It's a surprise to see Mr. Nightshire attending this year's event with a companion. Mr. Nightshire, come, please sign here before you enter." After

receiving a fountain pen from an usher, Vinson signed his name neatly before leading Arielle inside.

Many of the guests regained their senses only after Vinson and Arielle disappeared into the venue. "Who is that girl? She's absolutely stunning!" "Given that she came with Mr. Nightshire, she definitely isn't someone ordinary. I must chat them up later." Of course, there would naturally be negative comments. "I know who she is. So what if she's pretty? She is the daughter that the Southalls were reunited with. She grew up in the village. Other than being pretty, I don't think she is good for anything else." "Huh? She grew up in a village? Tsk-tsk, that means she won't amount to much at all."

"It is a tradition of this event for everyone to participate in a round-robin chess tournament. The participants ranked at the bottom ten will be asked to leave the venue. As a village girl, I'm not sure if she even knows what chess is..." "Hahaha, it seems she is going to be forced to leave right after entering." While making snide remarks, they just couldn't wait to see Arielle being kicked out after losing. Coincidentally, Vinson heard their conversation and shot a glare in their direction.

The few of them quickly lowered their heads in guilt. They might dare to ridicule Arielle, but definitely did not have the guts to do the same to Vinson. After recovering his gaze, Vinson led Arielle into the venue. Having heard their words also, Arielle asked curiously, "What kind of gathering is this?" "This is the national Haut Monde, where all the elites from every industry and the top financiers of the country gather.

They also include top detectives and police officers in the country. I will introduce you to them later. In the event you need any help, you can always look for them. Of course, they aren't the main reason why I have brought you here. Instead, we're here to see Josiah Doyle." "Josiah Doyle? Who is he?" Vinson explained, "The chairman of Noah Group who is also a chess fanatic. Coincidentally, your mom is a very skilled chess player.

Based on my investigations, he is a friend of hers and likely knows who your biological father is." Arielle widened her eyes in shock. *So, it seems Vinson didn't bring me here to accompany him. Instead...* Touched by his gesture, Arielle replied, "Thank you. I realize that there's no way I can thank you enough for all that you have done for me." Vinson couldn't help but smile. "It's not like you did any lesser for me." Returning his smile, Arielle asked, "So, why is chess played during the Haut Monde?"

Also, why does the bottom ten need to leave the venue?" Vinson replied, "The very first Haut Monde was founded by Mr. Hans Jewell. He was renowned for his skills in chess. Ever since then, playing chess became a tradition to kick off the event."

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 195

/ [A Beauty with Multiple Masks](#)

Chapter 195 Leaving Early Voluntarily, A Beauty with Multiple Masks

Vinson added, "But, you don't have to worry as I have made some arrangements. As you are my guest and not a member of the Haut Monde, you don't have to participate in the chess tournament." However, Arielle was stunned. *Hans Jewell? My student, Hans?* Arielle had a talent for chess. During an international tournament, she had beaten Hans before. Ever since then, Hans pestered her to be his teacher until she had no choice but to take him in as her student. *So, it seems Hans is a renowned chess player in this country. What a coincidence. However, a few years have passed since then, I wonder if his skills have improved.* Lifting her gaze, Arielle requested, "In that case, can I trouble you to let the organizers know that I want to participate in the chess tournament too? The round-robin format sounds exciting." When Vinson saw the sparkle in Arielle's eye, he raised his eyebrow in surprise. "Do you know how to play chess?" "A little bit."

Vinson fell silent. During the acupuncture session and explosion incident, Arielle used the words "a little" too. Therefore, he would be a fool to believe Arielle when she used the words "a little" ever again. "Fine. Since you're keen to play, I'll let them know. Go ahead and have some hors d'oeuvres while you wait for me here. Just don't stray away." "Alright." Arielle let out a mesmerizing smile, causing Vinson's heart to race.

He assumed that he had a high level of self-restraint. But, when it came to Arielle, he just couldn't keep himself in check. *It's better not to look at her so often.* Averting his gaze, Vinson went off at once. The moment he left, many other guests approached Arielle to greet her. In a very short time, her hands were full of name cards. Meanwhile, she glanced at the chairman of Noah Group and realized that he was an elderly man. Silent the entire time, he didn't greet anyone at all.

Anyone who approached him would be quickly dispatched after a quick exchange of pleasantries. That was the reason why Vinson didn't introduce her to him. Instead of taking the initiative to meet him, she might as well wait for him to come over. However, she just wasn't sure how skillful he was at chess and whether she was good enough to attract his attention. Just when Arielle was feeling conflicted, a few glamorous-looking socialites approached her with champagne glasses in their hands.

The leader among them, who was wearing a striking yellow gown, was the first to greet her, "Ms. Moore, it's been a while. Do you still remember me?" Looking at her, Arielle couldn't recall who she was. After apologizing cordially, she asked, "I have just returned to Jadeborough and don't know many people.

May I know who you may be?" The lady thrust her chin proudly into the air to reveal a necklace filled with Swarovski diamonds. She elaborated, "My name is Kelsea Morgan and Carter is my cousin. We met at Shandie's birthday party

before this." Arielle had a sudden realization. *Since she is Carter's cousin, I suppose she is a friend?* Just when Arielle smiled, she heard Kelsea sneer. "It seems clothes do make the man.

The last time I saw you at the Southall residence, you smelled terrible, just like a beggar. But today, your beautiful outfit makes a world of difference. However, I still wonder if you have taken a proper bath? After staying in the village for so many years, had the stench gotten into your blood too?" Her snide remarks wiped the smile off Arielle's face.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 196

[/ A Beauty with Multiple Masks](#)

Chapter 196 Are They Bullying You, A Beauty with Multiple Masks

Arielle answered coldly, "I had no recollection of you the last time. This time, given that you are wearing diamonds the size of pigeon eggs, you really look different too. Next time, I'll just remember you as the pigeon egg lady." Kelsea's expression darkened at once. "Shut up! Who do you think you're talking to? I'm one of the Morgans!" Kelsea's friends felt indignant on her behalf. "You really are an impudent girl from the village. You have no shame at all!"

"Exactly! The chess tournament is going to start soon. If you don't want to be kicked out, you'd better leave voluntarily now." When Kelsea heard how her friends ridiculed Arielle, her mood improved tremendously. She was looking forward to the moment when Arielle would be asked to leave. *So what if she is Vinson's companion? Given that playing chess is a long-time tradition of the Haut Monde, she would be asked to leave in the event she loses even if she is Vinson's guest. By then, she will be humiliated and won't dare to show her face in Jadeborough anymore.*

Holding that thought, Kelsea pretended to show some concern. "Enough, everyone. It wasn't her choice to grow up in a village. If you happen to play against her later, remember to take it easy, so that she wouldn't lose the game too badly." The girls laughed together. "We do want to help her. But, if she doesn't know how to arrange the pieces or even their names, there's very little we can do about it." Arielle found their words amusing. Even if all of them were rolled into one, they wouldn't even come close to beating her still.

Tucking aside the stray hair over her forehead, she plainly replied, "Since the few of you know how to play, I will see you at the chessboard later." Just as she spoke, Vinson came back. When he saw Arielle being surrounded, he quickly returned to her side. Standing in front of her to protect her subconsciously, he glared frostily at the group. As the socialites felt a chill down their spine, all of them fell silent at once. Only Kelsea, on the account she was Carter's cousin, dared to greet Vinson.

"Vinson..." She was aware that he and Carter were good friends. Hence, she expected him to at least show her some respect on Carter's account. However, Vinson ignored her as if she was invisible. Feeling humiliated, Kelsea bit her lip in

shame. All she saw was Vinson turning to ask Arielle in a protective tone. "Are they bullying you?" When Kelsea saw how gently Vinson spoke to Arielle, she bit her lip even harder, to the extent it lost all color.

She had a crush on Vinson since they were young. However, she never dared confess her feelings as she felt no one in Jadeborough was worthy of him. Since nobody ever snagged him, she too resigned herself to fate. Unfortunately, when she saw how much concern Vinson was showing Arielle, which had never happened to anyone else before, she felt as if her world had imploded. As hatred welled up within her, both her hands clenched into fists.

When Arielle heard Vinson's reassuring words, her heart melted inexplicably. Shaking her head, she replied with a smile. "No, they didn't bully me. Instead, we were talking about the chess tournament." "I see." Vinson nodded. Ignoring Kelsea and the others, he continued, "There's a friend whom I would like you to meet. Come with me."

"Sure." Arielle nodded before leaving with Vinson. Once both of them had left, Kelsea and her friends began to chatter incessantly. "Why does Mr. Nightshire fancy someone from the village? Are looks everything? I can't believe it!" "That aside, I must admit there's really no one prettier than her." "Didn't her mom use to be the prettiest girl in Jadeborough?"

It appears she has taken after her mom." "Huh, if only I was half as pretty as her. I wouldn't have lost to Yvette during the beauty contest..." Kelsea's expression darkened when she heard their discussion. Unable to bear it anymore, she barked, "Enough! Stop talking about it!"

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 197

[/ A Beauty with Multiple Masks](#)

Chapter 197 Know Thyself And Know Thy Enemies, A Beauty with Multiple Masks Her friends were so shocked that they shut up immediately. They had never heard Kelsea scream with such a high-pitched voice before. Nevertheless, they were all good friends and quickly understood her feelings after they saw the look in her eye. Kelsea was obviously jealous. When the fact dawned upon them, all of them smiled wryly. No longer able to praise Arielle's beauty, they changed their tack instead. "Arielle has no reason to feel smug.

Once the chess tournament is over, she will be asked to leave." "Exactly! Kelsea, we won't be able to see that irritating lady anymore. Thinking about it makes me miss her already." "Tsk-tsk. If she meets Kelsea in the first round, she is finished. Kelsea's chess mentor is Mr. Jewell, the founder of Haut Monde. Arielle would be trashed by Kelsea in just a couple of moves." "That goes without saying. Given the participants today, only Mr. Nightshire, who was last year's champion, is good enough to take on Kelsea. Therefore, comparing Arielle to Kelsea is by itself an insult to her."

After hearing their words, Kelsea's gloomy expression turned into a smile. Every year during the Haut Monde, her goal was to beat Vinson at chess so that she

could impress him. Unfortunately, she would never get the chance to face him because she would be defeated by Everett Eakins first. After a whole year of hard training, she was confident of beating Everett so that she could finally face Vinson. With that, Kelsea began to calm herself down.

She knew that she shouldn't lose her focus because of Arielle. After all, Arielle was just a distraction while her real rival was Everett. Holding that thought, Kelsea made an excuse to leave the group. After that, she found a quiet place on the balcony and discreetly watched the videos of Everett's latest games. After all, "Know thyself and know thy enemies" was the secret to victory.

Meanwhile, as Vinson introduced Arielle to other guests who were elites in their own fields, one famous detective caught her attention. She made an effort to obtain his contact and planned to get in touch after the banquet. Soon, the chess tournament began. The opponents in the first round were decided by a draw. Coincidentally, Arielle's first opponent was one of Kelsea's friends from earlier. However, anyone who attended the Haut Monde was an elite in their own right.

It had nothing to do with them being socialites. When Vinson saw the draw she picked, he couldn't help but feel worried. "If you don't feel confident, I can have a word with the organizer." "It's fine." Arielle remained exceptionally calm as she tightened her grip on the lot. When Vinson saw the expression on her face, he didn't remonstrate further. After wishing her good luck, he headed to his allocated chessboard. By the time Arielle found hers, Kelsea's friend was already seated at the board. Her name was Zany Zane.

The moment she saw Arielle, she sneered, "Oh, why does it have to be you, Arielle. Do I need to go through the basic rules with you?" The moment Zany spoke, the person on the board next to them turned around in shock. He couldn't believe that there was someone present who didn't know the rules of chess. *How did she get in here?*

Looking at her face, they surmised that Arielle must have attended the event because of her looks. *Mr. Nightshire shouldn't have brought someone who doesn't know chess to the banquet. Wouldn't he just disgrace himself?* Arielle ignored what everyone else thought. Instead, she calmly made eye contact with Zany and tried to hold back a smile. "Thank you for your offer. I appreciate it."

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 198

[/ A Beauty with Multiple Masks](#)

Chapter 198 Checkmate, A Beauty with Multiple Masks

Zany didn't think that someone who grew up in the village would know how to play chess. Therefore, Arielle must just be putting up a strong front. Unbeknownst to her, reality was different from what she expected. The tournament was about to begin in two minutes, and Zany noticed that many people had gathered around them to watch. Pretending to be magnanimous, she explained, "I had better run through the ground rules with you."

The chess pieces are already in place so I don't have to show you that. I'm black while you're white. I'll move the black pieces and you will do the same to the white pieces. Based on the rules, white will move first. If you want to surrender, all you need to do is to topple your king..." Zany acted as if she was an expert while going through the rules with Arielle.

However, Arielle didn't interrupt and quietly listened to her show off. In the eyes of others, Arielle looked as if she was learning the game earnestly. Finally, the tournament began. Zany gestured courteously for Arielle to start. Smirking, Arielle made the first move. Without any hesitation, Zany followed by capturing Arielle's pawn. Arielle made her second move... and third... and fourth. Gradually, Zany's expression turned into one of disbelief.

Her eyes opened so widely that they were about to pop out of their sockets. *How is this possible? Arielle... has actually captured so many of my pieces.* Rubbing her eyes, she couldn't believe what was going on. Nevertheless, the reality was exactly what she saw. Her queen had been captured, causing her hands to tremble. Lifting her gaze at Zany, Arielle asked, "Are you moving?" Zany stared intently at the board. *This way?*

Checkmate! That way? Checkmate! No matter what moves she made, her king would end up being captured. Therefore, it was just a matter of time before she was defeated. Sweat began to break out of Zany's forehead. She couldn't believe that she, an amateur chess player with outstanding results, would lose to a country bumpkin. *Knock... Knock...* At that moment, she heard Arielle's fingers tapping on the table, as if to hurry her up.

What an insult! Unfortunately, there was no way for her to turn the game around. Closing her eyes with a pale expression, Zany toppled her king... That was a sign that she had admitted defeat. Arielle stood up and extended her hand to shake. However, Zany simply walked off in humiliation. Arielle grinned as she watched Zany flee in disgrace. *Sometimes, it's better to ignore the taunts and insults of others. All I need to do is to defeat them when it mattered.*

Given that Zany had admitted defeat, Arielle won the round in a quick two minutes. The scorekeeper noted down Arielle's points on a scoreboard. The participants would be eliminated based on their score. Given how low Zany's score was from losing to Arielle, she would likely be asked to leave Haut Monde. Meanwhile, Kelsea had just ended her game.

When she saw her opponent topple his king, she let out a triumphant smile before heading over to the scoreboard. She wanted to see how many moves Zany defeated Arielle with. *Perhaps... she didn't even need any? After all, Arielle doesn't even know how to play.* However, before she got far, Kelsea ran into Zany whose face was pale in shock.

She was holding her bag and looked as if she was about to leave. Stunned, Kelsea stopped her and asked, "Are you feeling okay? Where are you going?" Looking at Kelsea, Zany forced an awkward smile, "Erm... yes. I... I'm not feeling well. I'm going off first as I need to see the doctor."

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 199

/ [A Beauty with Multiple Masks](#)

Chapter 199 Useless Trash, A Beauty with Multiple Masks

Kelsea didn't doubt Zany's words. In fact, she held onto Zany's hand and asked, "Are you all right? Shall I get the driver to send you to the hospital?" "No, there's no need. My driver is here. Off I go now." Zany declined immediately. She was worried that Kelsea would find out she had lost to Arielle and admonish her in public. Furthermore, she had drawn her next opponent, who happened to be Everett. She knew there was no chance of her beating him.

If she lost two games in a row, she would definitely be asked to leave. Therefore, she felt it was better for her to leave on her own accord. That way, she could still preserve her dignity. After waving goodbye to Kelsea, Zany left in a huff and was a miserable sight to behold. Kelsea raised her eyebrows curiously. *Isn't she sick? Why can she still walk so fast?* Nevertheless, she didn't make too much of it and just assumed Zany wasn't feeling well.

Even if she is feeling under the weather, it would still be impossible for her to lose to Arielle. Smirking, Kelsea proceeded to the scoreboard. When she arrived, there was already a crowd. Tip-toeing to take a look, her eyes widened at what she saw. *Zany... lost to Arielle! Moreover, it was a decisive defeat! How... is that even possible?* There was no way the scoreboard would make a mistake. The fact was Zany had lost. Recoiling in shock, Kelsea almost lost her balance. *Does that country bumpkin actually know how to play chess? This is way beyond my expectation.*

No wonder Zany left in such a hurry. She has been humiliated just now. That useless piece of trash! Meanwhile, Kelsea's other friends ended their game and rejoined her. When they saw the result on the scoreboard, they were equally shocked. "What happened to Zany? How did she lose to someone who doesn't even know how to play?" "Where is she? I want to ask her what happened." "Did Arielle pay her off?" "Kelsea, what do you think?"

By then, Kelsea had regained her composure. Shaking her head, she replied, "Arielle couldn't have paid her off as Zany doesn't need the money at all." Her friends covered their mouths in shock. "Does it mean that country bumpkin really knows how to play chess?" Kelsea gave an expressionless nod. "Mmm-hmm. It appears that villages nowadays are much more developed than we think. They have even been exposed to chess.

Therefore, if any of you face her later, you cannot afford to be careless." "Understood!" "Don't worry, Zany is the least skillful among us anyway. If Arielle plays against any of us, she will not escape defeat." Feeling confident, they brushed aside Arielle's capabilities and simply assumed Zany was a terrible player. However, with a grim expression, Kelsea studied the scoreboard thoughtfully. Meanwhile, Vinson casually ended his game.

Someone approached and remarked with a smile, "Mr. Nightshire, congratulations!" Vinson shook his head calmly. "It's only one game. There's nothing worth congratulating over." "I wasn't congratulating you." The person puckered his lips in Arielle's direction. "I was congratulating your companion as she had won her game. Furthermore, she was the first to do so."

Vinson's raised an eyebrow. Despite the surprising nature of the result, he felt that it was within his expectation. "Just as expected..." he chuckled softly. *Whenever Arielle uses the phrase "a little bit", it will be an understatement.* Nevertheless, he was still curious to find out the true extent of how understated that phrase was.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 200

[/ A Beauty with Multiple Masks](#)

Chapter 200 Undefeated,A Beauty with Multiple Masks

Soon, the next round of the tournament began. Unfortunately, Arielle didn't encounter any of Kelsea's friends in the next few rounds. Before long, a list of the bottom ten players was displayed. Consequently, all of them left the venue awkwardly. Standing in front of the scoreboard, Kelsea's expression grew solemn. When she saw that Arielle had won all her games, just like her, panic began to set upon her.

During the first game, the sense of dread she felt wasn't strong. In fact, she was mostly filled with contempt for Arielle. But now, that sensation had intensified to the extent that her heart pounded furiously. Unable to tolerate it any further, she went to the organizer and asked for the videos of every one of Arielle's games. She wanted to see how good Arielle really was. Before long, she had finished watching all of them.

Although Arielle had won all her games, none of her opponents were really strong. Furthermore, the moves she made looked ordinary, and one couldn't tell that she was an expert at all. After watching the videos, Kelsea surmised that Arielle was definitely not good enough to defeat her. She was being too careful and had overestimated Arielle. From her perspective, Arielle had gotten lucky and was an ordinary player at best.

After heaving a sigh of relief, the tension on Kelsea's face eased. After all, she was certain that Arielle wasn't proficient at chess. Instead, it was her anxiety over the tournament that had fueled her paranoia over something so trivial. Closing her eyes, she took a few deep breaths and finally calmed down. Before long, the tournament entered its final stages. By then, only eight competitors were left. Vinson faced a lawyer while Everett played against a professional chess player.

The third pair was also highly skilled. And lastly, Arielle would face Kelsea. Kelsea's friends cheered enthusiastically for her. "Kelsea, defeat her in twenty moves!" "No, I think you should take your time and torment her instead." "It's such a pity I didn't get to face Arielle. She was really lucky to not have played

anyone strong on her way to the finals." Kelsea's ego was inflated by the praise her friends showered on her.

Furthermore, she no longer saw Arielle as a threat after watching the videos of her earlier games. When there was no one around, she couldn't resist patting Arielle on her shoulder. "I didn't expect you to know how to play chess." "Thank you," Arielle replied indifferently, not showing any emotion. "Ah..." Kelsea added, "However, it's a pity that you have to face me now. After this, you won't have the opportunity to play against Everett and Mr. Nightshire anymore."

"Oh?" Thrusting her chin in the air, Arielle met Kelsea's gaze and held back a smirk. "Are you sure?" Whenever Arielle stared intently at someone, her eyes would sparkle, causing the other person to feel embarrassed. Suddenly, the confidence that Kelsea was brimming with earlier dissipated.

Pressured by Arielle's intimidating vibe, Kelsea was overwhelmed with frustration. Dropping the act, she asserted, "Do you know who my chess mentor is?" "Who?" Arielle casually asked. Snorting, Kelsea declared haughtily, "The renowned chess player, Mr. Jewell. Have you heard of him before?" "...who?" Arielle's lips twitched. *That old man?*