

# A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 23

## Chapter 23

Vinson wanted to speak up but Arielle shot him a look before she replied with a meaningful smile, "Very well. Challenge accepted!"

Shandie was momentarily taken aback but recovered quickly with a smirk. "Good! Let's do it. Right here, right now!"

Cindy was not idling away in the gallery either as she went over to hash things out swiftly with the organizers, after which two coffee tables were moved onstage and equipped properly.

Vinson looked a tad apprehensively at Arielle who remained silent throughout.

Once the host saw that both of them are ready, he said, "Ladies, you may begin."

Shandie burst into action the moment his voice trailed off.

The first step to creating latte art was, of course, to prepare the espresso which had to be hand-brewed by the participants themselves.

The assiduous Shandie weighed up fifteen grams of coffee beans and fed them into the grinder with tremendous refinement.

She was surprised to see Arielle appearing quite competent when she stole a glance over, as though the latter actually knew what she was doing.

Arielle had fluidly set up the paper filter inside the filter holder before she raised the kettle to pour the boiling water in, clockwise and in a circular movement.

Shandie was unable to contain herself when she observed that, noting that this was something only professional brewers would know. Pouring clockwise would allow for the filter to adhere better to the holder, and at the same time, eliminate the starchy taste from the paper and warm up the receptacle. The resultant would be a much more flavorful cuppa.

It was easy to tell from Arielle's understanding of this coupled with her deft gestures that she knew how to make coffee.

*How can it be possible for this country girl to know how to brew?*

In spite of her certainty that she was not hallucinating, Shandie was completely bamboozled.

*Isn't Arielle from the countryside?*

Shandie remained stumped for some time before she pinched herself hard and turned her focus back to the task at hand.

*Brew it! Even if Arielle knows how to make coffee, will she be able to do latte art?*

Shandie took a deep drawl in a bid to settle herself and resume her own work.

Traditional pour-over coffee required two infusions of water, after which an aromatic cup would be ready

Shandie quietly chuckled when she saw Arielle still awaiting her second infusion while she herself was already done, and dismissed Arielle's knowledge as something the latter must have picked up from a stint at a coffee shop.

Shortly after, Arielle completed her brewing as well, and in response, the host communicated that they could both proceed with the creation of their latte art.

Compared to brewing, the latte art was the real litmus test.

The creation of latte art required the use of whole milk, and each person needed to conceive their theme before they began.

Maintaining an elegant smile, Shandie was first to speak, "My chosen theme is: *A Snow-Covered Cottage in Freezing Weather...*"

When the microphone came to Arielle, she paused before replying staidly, "Mine will be: *The Bloom of a Thousand Pear-Flowers Ushered Forth by the Night Breeze of Spring.*"

Shandie twitched her lips upon hearing Arielle similarly reciting a verse from classical poetry.

*Is this little b\*tch trying to be pedantic like me? How many years did she spend in school? I am, of course, an arts graduate from the University of Avenport.*

Shandie scoffed at the thought of Arielle's proposed theme in the assumption that the latter was only going to put together a few pear-flowers, and went on to

concentrate on shaping out her own designs with the whole milk.

First, Shandie covered the top of the coffee with froth from the whole milk, and then employed the use of latte art pen to tease out a snow-capped mountain and a little wooden house upon it.

At a glance, it did foster the feel of *A Snow-Covered Cottage in Freezing Weather.*

# A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 24

## Chapter 24

When Shandie's swiftly realized theme was flashed on the screen, it drew gasps of astonishment.

"This artistic conception is pretty good. If this cup of coffee were to be offered in a coffee shop, surely it could fetch a good twenty?"

"This isn't coffee art, but art itself!"

"No wonder Crown Coffee Academy has the reputation of being the best place to learn the techniques of brewing!"

Cindy was extremely pleased at the reactions received, and was proud that the daughter she painstakingly nurtured had not let her down.

Shandie quietly began to grow in her complacency as she was able to listen in to the discussions taking place and praise lavished upon her off-stage.

She just knew that she would be the one to come up on top!

Her theme was secretly conceived by a famous designer, and one which she had spent a week practicing at home. There was none who could rival her work in terms of visual impact.

She could just imagine the legions of fans she would be able to garner when the video was posted onto the blog, and all before she even starred in any movie.

On top of that, Vinson would also be mighty impressed, making her a winner in both love and her professional life!

The more Shandie thought about it, the more her delight grew. She then needed to pinch her own thigh in order to stop herself from laughing aloud.

Of course, she had not forgotten about Arielle, who was still busying away.

Shandie thought that though Arielle's *Bloom of a Thousand Pear-Flowers* did showcase a considerable degree of skill, its few pear-trees with budding blossoms nonetheless paled in contrast to her own creation.

When Arielle was finally done, she raised a hand and asked the host, "Could you do

me a favor here?"

The host immediately went over.

Shandie sneered inside: *Sensationalist much!*

Never mind getting the host to help, Shandie deemed that her opponent had no chance of beating her even with Vinson's backing. As this was an open challenge witnessed by the masses, there was no way she would be able to pull strings here.

By this time, the host was already next to Arielle. "May I know if there's anything that you'd like me to do?"

Arielle turned to the big screen behind her which was now focused over her coffee, and decided that the timing was right.

"Do you mind lending me the script you have in your hand?"

"Certainly," replied the host who was happy to assent to a beautiful woman's request, and generously passed his own script along.

To the side, Shandie appeared even more disdainful when she saw Arielle's design on the big screen.

*So you drew up some nice looking pear-flowers?Big deal.*

She wondered what other tricks Arielle might be up to, but remained skeptical as to whether it would make any difference to the outcome.

Arielle reached out to receive the script from the host and at the same time, sought out the angle she wanted. Once she got a handle on the amount of force she wanted to apply behind it, she started to fan at the coffee with the script in hand.

Shandie was dumbstruck.

*How could you fan at the latte art?Wouldn't that mess up your original drawing? You're an ignorant country girl after all!What a joke!*

While Shandie ridiculed away at Arielle inside, an astonishing sequence was unveiled in the next instant as the buds on the pear-trees seemed to bloom under Arielle's steady fanning

Then, a few blossoms appeared to detach from the *branches* and scatter upon the ground below.

With that, Arielle stopped fanning and extended a bow to the audience and guests. "This is my work: *The Bloom of a Thousand Pear-Flowers Ushered Forth by the Night Breeze of Spring*. Thank you for watching."

# A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 25

## Chapter 25

All presents were so stunned that the entire hall remained hushed even after her voice faded out.

Latte art had always been static, but Arielle's effort was animated!

A cup of coffee was a one-off, but this one was worth a few times more because that few seconds of motion itself could sell for hundreds!

While the audience below was still awestruck, Vinson in the front row was the first to start clapping

There was no exaggeration to *The Bloom of a Thousand Pear-Flowers Ushered Forth by the Night Breeze of Spring*, as that scene they witnessed expressed just that.

Now he understood why Arielle accepted the challenge.

There was not only curiosity in Vinson's eyes but also an element of admiration,(This novel will be daily updaed at ) as he did not expect that this uncouth lass could also exhibit such elegance and finesse.

What else was there to her that he did not know about?

Vinson's applause brought the crowd back to their senses.

"Marvelous! I've never seen this form of latte art in my life. Could this be patented?"

"This is going to go viral. If the video goes online, it is going to take the coffee industry by storm!"

"Is she a student of the Crown Coffee Academy? How is it that I'm not able to find her within the list of alumni? Could it be that she isn't from the school?"

Henrick was delirious with glee and almost lost control as he jumped onto his feet. "She's not a student of the Crown Coffee Academy. She's my daughter, Arielle."

"So she's your daughter? I recall that you have another daughter onstage. (This novel will be daily updated at )You are one lucky man to have two talented girls like them!"

"The video! Could we play that segment again? I'd like to see it one more time!"

"Me too! Me too!"

"Could I get a sip of that coffee? Just one sip?"

"Excuse me, sir? Could you introduce me to your daughter? I'm the manager at Orecchiette Cafe..."

"I'm the CEO of XX Coffee and I'd like to get to know her too..."

Henrick's face was flushed red by the courtship of all the countless parties clamoring for his attention as never in his life had he been so popular with the sponsors, and for this, he had to credit his darling daughter Arielle for it!

Next to him, Cindy was already red in the face from rage, unaware that her fingernails had dug so deep into her own flesh that she was bleeding from it. All she could do was glare at Arielle onstage.

*Why?How did things turn out this way?*

There were no words to describe the hatred in her heart!

In less than the short one week since Arielle's return, she and Shandie had already lost out to her three times. And each time, it had been a complete slaughter.

Her own daughter who she thought the world of kept getting her thunder stolen by that wily fox Arielle!

She had to find out which burrow this vixen crawled out of so that she could bring the whole lair down as soon as possible!

Compared to Cindy, Shandie looked like she was about to explode onstage as the immense amazement she felt she saw the pear-flowers bloom and fell was supplanted by an irrepressible fury.

"You are a liar!"(This novel will be daily updated at )

Shandie stormed up and grabbed Arielle by the collar. "Aren't you someone who doesn't even drink coffee? How do you learn about latte art? You liar!"

