

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 26

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Chapter 26

Shandie's expression bordered on savagery, to which Arielle responded with a stern rebuke. "Get your hands off. You've been warned!"

She had really been overtly polite to Shandie all the time.

Shandie was stewing as she stared straight into Arielle's eyes, but what she saw hidden inside was like a gargantuan glacier that could swallow someone whole.

That intimidating coldness shocked Shandie as it was something she had never seen before.

Arielle tugged Shandie's offending hand off her own collar and turned to the host. "Sir, I think my sister might be a little agitated, so it might be best if you could bring her backstage to cool off."

Before the host could react, two black-clad bodyguards walked onstage and positioned themselves either side of Shandie before they escorted her off.

Arielle was a little taken aback by the appearance of the duo as she did not bring along any bodyguards herself on this trip back.

In the next second, a tall and stalwart man steadily approached her.

It was Vinson.

His standout chiseled face appeared unapproachable without a smile, but perhaps owing to the lighting from behind him, he seemed a little more genial at this time,

"Are those two bodyguards working for you?" Arielle asked.

Vinson stopped less than two feet away from her and extended his right hand. "Congratulations for becoming the brand ambassador to Soir Coffee, the retail chain under Nightshire Group. I'll have my lawyer contact you regarding the details in due time."

Arielle did not manage to reply before Henrick's voice rang out again. "Thank you for giving Sannie this opportunity, Mr. Nightshire. As she's still young and unfamiliar with contractual agreements, I'll be standing in as her manager. So please, direct your lawyer to follow up with me."

Vinson evoked a rare smile at Henrick. "In that case, we'll be in touch again."

Seeing that Vinson was about to leave, Henrick quickly called after him. "Wait, Mr. Nightshire! To facilitate communications, would you be able to give me one of your name-cards?"

That only earned him a frosty look from Vinson.

The demeanor of his assistant beside him was just as aloof. "Mr. Nightshire's name card is custom-made and is not something granted to just anyone. There's no need for you to try to reach us either, as we'll contact you as and when there's a need to."

Henrick's face shriveled and reddened and he cleared his throat awkwardly, not daring to bring up the issue of the name-card again.

The observing Arielle was a little taken aback by this.

Isn't the assistant overreacting a little? It's just a name-card.

After Vinson departed, the curious Arielle inquired of her father, "Why won't he give us a name-card, Dad? Is there any special meaning to it?"

"Of course, my girl." Henrick looked upon Arielle with the eyes of a kindly father as he patiently explained. "Mr. Nightshire's name-card isn't handed out freely, so when he chooses to give it to someone, it means that he's taken that person into confidence. Anyone in possession of Mr. Nightshire's name-card will be held in esteem, and will be able to enter and leave Nightshire Group's premises at will."

Arielle instinctively reached over the pocket holding the name-card Vinson gave her.

If what Henrick said was true, she had nearly thrown away an invaluable gift.

She supposed that she probably would not find a use for something like that, but even if she did, she was certain she would not want to hand it over to someone like Henrick who would more than likely abuse the privilege.

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"That's why, girl," Henrick continued, "You've to try to get me one of those when you're better acquainted with him, got it?"

Arielle sneered quietly but nonetheless nodded dutifully. "Yes, Dad."

She then continued, "I'm going need more knowledge to perform my role as ambassador, Dad. As I haven't attended much school, could I use your study to do some reading? I noticed that you have quite a collection in there."

What she figured was that there might be some clues in there which may reveal the cause of her mother's death.

Henrick's study was not a place which she was allowed to access freely, so over the past week, she had not managed to find an excuse to get in.

The man hesitated before he nodded. "Sure! But you are not to go through any documents or the likes inside."

"Yes! Thanks, Dad!" Arielle's sweet smile drew the eyes of the people around her, and only she herself was oblivious to how captivating she was.

Those looks only served to improve upon Henrick's good mood, as he thought to himself what a gem he lucked out on.

Not only was she beautiful, but she was also skilled at latte art as well. He felt that somebody up there must really like him, and thought how much of a travesty it would be if he could not manage to put the Southalls on the map.

At this moment, Cindy hastened over. "Dear, I saw someone take Shannie away so could you help find out where she is? I'm afraid that she might be in trouble..."

It was only then that Henrick remembered that he still had another daughter, and proceeded to search for her alongside Cindy.

However, Shandie showed up when they were about to set off.

The aggrieved and irate woman ranted at Henrick, "Dad! Arielle had Mr. Nightshire's men lock me up inside a house! She's an evil woman! You've to set this right by punishing her!"

Henrick's face darkened as he barked hoarsely, "What are you raving on about? Keep acting out like that, and see whether I'll smack you!"

Shandie was stunned and reflexively raised a protective hand over her own tender face.

It took three days of icing for her to get the swelling down the last time she got hit, and she had not even had that broken tooth of hers patched up to date.

Shandie staggered back two paces. She could not understand why her father was yelling at her when it was clearly Arielle who was at fault.

Henrick continued to lecture her, "Don't you know the principle of seniority? You are not to speak of your big sister again that way cause if you do, you're going to get it from me!"

"Mom.." Shandie was tearful and trembling all over.

Cindy steadied her by her shoulders. "Quickly now. Congratulate your sister."

Shandie managed to rein herself in but was unable to eke out a smile. Hence, she said stiffly, "Congratulations, Arielle..."

Arielle curled her lips and her eyes hinted at a smile. "If not for you giving me a chance, I'm afraid I'll be unable to get this endorsement deal with Soir Coffee. So thank you, Shandie. You truly are my dearest sister."

"You.." Shandie tried to take in a deep drawl, but she was so angry that she could neither breathe in or out. She felt her sight blacken and would have passed out again in public had Cindy not caught her in time.

"Arielle!" Cindy could not help but glare at Arielle as she watched Shandie recover. "You've already cost Shandie the ambassadorial role, so would you stop provoking her already!"

Arielle replied innocuously, "I'm sorry, but I'm not sure how I might be provoking her... Are you alright, Shandie?"

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Shandie's frustration kicked in upon seeing how fake Arielle was, and she fainted right away.

Henrick knitted his brows and said, "What an embarrassment. Quick! Send her back to the hotel!"

Cindy shot daggers at him at first but immediately hid the disdain on her face. She then called a waiter to help carry Shandie away.

The sponsor did not expect Shandie to faint. Just when he was about to defuse the tension, a group of sponsors representing various coffee brands came over.

One of them said, "Would you like to be the ambassador for our brand? We'll reward you handsomely."

The other sponsor echoed, "Choose us, Miss. We're a world renown brand!"

"Yeah, right! As if no one knows you're just a company that sells cheap instant coffee!" another sponsor mocked. He then turned to Arielle and said, "Please work with us!"

More and more sponsors from different brands walked up to them. Some even started fighting amidst the commotion.

The situation spiraled out of control so quickly that the sponsors even pushed Henrick out of the crowd.

He was utterly at a loss for words.

Are these sponsors fighting to get my daughter to be their ambassador? My daughter who grew up in the country? Well, well, well... Despite growing up in the countryside, she has a great charisma like me. I guess she takes after me.

Henrick looked at his daughter and nodded with a smile.

Shandie finally woke up when the waiter carried her to the entrance of the ceremony.

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She opened her eyes and noticed those sponsors had all surrounded Arielle. No one paid attention to her anymore.

All this happened because she wanted to challenge Arielle, thinking she would crush her in public.

But who knew, her plan had backfired.

Shandie felt a jolt of anger and fainted once again.

Shandie fainting for the second time made Cindy even more nervous. She could hardly pay attention to Arielle anymore.

By the end of the awards ceremony, Arielle received a stack of name cards from representatives of different coffee brands.

Henrick eventually snatched the cards away and started going through them one by

one.

Arielle responded with a sigh upon seeing the excitement on Henrick's face. *What have I gotten myself into? All I wanted was just to teach Shandie a lesson...*

But she was still glad that she had successfully disturbed the family, and she knew the mother-daughter duo would not let her off easily.

Cindy had been trying to get rid of Arielle the moment she decided to return to the family. Arielle knew she would have to face Cindy head-on eventually.

Bring it on, Cindy. Bring it on!

Before leaving the ceremony, Henrick took out a card from his wallet and gave it to Arielle. "This is a supplementary card. If you've maxed out the other two cards, you can still use this."

"Buy yourself some nice clothes and doll yourself up," he added, "Don't worry about the money."

After a few perfunctory rejections, Arielle accepted the card.

The card would come in handy for her to investigate Henrick's current assets.

Arielle had once hired a private investigator to find out more about her mother, Maureen. She eventually learned that Maureen had ten billion worth of liquidity in cash flow before she passed away.

So she was curious how much did the Southall Group own after they took over the Moore Group

Arielle and her family soon got on a flight, and in the blink of an eye, she arrived back at Jadeborough.

They did not interact with each other when they stepped out of the airport.

Henrick had to leave for work, so his chauffeur was already waiting there to pick him

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While waiting for their car to fetch them back to the manor, Shandie could no longer

contain her anger anymore. She shot daggers at Arielle and warned, "My patience has limits. You'd better watch it."

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Arielle responded with a shocked expression. "Oh, really? You actually have the concept of limits?"

"You!"

"I'm surprised that someone who has resorted to using a venomous snake to attack others understands what the word 'limit' truly means," Arielle said with a smirk. "I'm so sorry, Shandie. I'll be more careful next time, okay?"

Just when Shandie was about to explode with rage, she somehow managed to read between the lines. She took a few steps back and asked, "You knew it? So it was you who put the snake in my room?"

Arielle responded with a grin. "Oh, calm down. I had to send it back to where it belongs. It's yours, isn't it?"

Shandie widened her eyes and threatened, "That's enough! I'm going to tell Dad!"

Arielle nonchalantly nodded. "Sure. Go ahead and tell Dad about the snake. You're the one who released it in my room first, remember?"

Shandie, who was about to dial Henrick's number, froze instantly.

Damn it, she's right. If I were to report her to Dad, then he'll know what I did to her! No. I can't tell Dad about this.

Shandie's eyes glowed with a towering rage. "Go to hell, b*tch!" She charged at Arielle and tried to scratch her face.

She had been wanting to disfigure Arielle's face for a long time!

Yet unexpectedly, just when Shandie's hand was about to reach her face, Arielle grabbed her wrist and twisted it hard. In a snap of a finger, Arielle dislocated Shandie's wrist.

Shandie's wrist was so weak that Arielle broke it with just a minimal force.

Arielle looked at her icily. She did not sympathize with Shandie at all.

Cindy has slapped me once, and I swore I'll not allow her and her daughter to do that to me anymore.

Shandie was in so much pain that she almost fainted. She could not even move her wrist at all.

Shandie took a deep breath and was still in shock. She could not feel a thing with her hand at all.

Did she just snap my wrist?

Shandie gave Arielle a terrified look. *She's much petite than I am. Where did she find the strength to do that? Don't tell me she knows martial arts?*

Shandie instantly stay away from Arielle. She turned around and shouted for help. "Mom! Arielle broke my wrist!"

"What?" Cindy was stunned. She did not know what happened between them as she was busy looking after the luggage.

The moment she saw how pallid Shandie's face was, she shoved the luggage aside and ran toward her daughter.

"What happened?"

Tears rolled down Shandie's cheeks. She pointed at Arielle with another hand and wailed, "She broke my wrist!"

"What?" Cindy could not believe what she heard, and she did not think Arielle had the strength to do that.

She then went up and touched Shandie's hand gently, causing the latter to scream in excruciating pain.

Upon seeing that reaction, Cindy finally believed Arielle had broken Shandie's hand.

She instantly picked up her phone and was ready to report Arielle to the cops.

I'm calling the cops. There's no point telling Henrick about this. He'll side with Arielle because of all the benefits he got from her.

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Arielle acted as if she was not aware that Cindy was reporting her to the cops.

Soon, a cop stationed at the airport arrived alongside the medical team.

Arielle seized the opportunity and walked up to Shandie, then grabbed her by the arm when the latter was not paying attention.

Once again, Shandie roared in pain. She pushed Arielle away and screamed, "Mom! She did it again!"

When Cindy was about give Arielle a slap on the face, the cops arrived. Cindy had no choice but to stop. "Get her! She broke my daughter's hand!"

The cop took a glance at the innocent-looking Arielle and wondered if she was capable of doing that.

"Doctor! Please examine this lady to see if she's all right,(This novel will be daily updaed at)" the cop turned to the medical team and said.

Shandie pointed at her injured hand and said, "Take a look at my hand. It hurts so badly when I move."

The doctor got up and did a thorough examination. After some time, the doctor knitted his brows and took several glances at Shandie and Arielle.

"What's wrong, doctor?" Shandie asked, "Is there something wrong with my hand?"

Cindy gasped and exploded. "Nab this woman right now!"

With a deadpan expression, Arielle said, "Can you please show me some respect, Aunt Cindy? You are aware that I can sue you for defamation, right?"

"Defamation?" Cindy pointed at her and raised her voice. "How did I defame you? You broke Shandie's wrist!"

Arielle raised her brows. "Please watch your words. Let's see what the doctor has to say."

Cindy panicked upon seeing how calm Arielle was.

But with all the evidence pointed against Arielle, Cindy believed there was no way she could deny what she had done.

You are going to jail, Arielle!

Cindy immediately asked the doctor, "So how is her hand?"

The doctor gave Cindy a disdainful look and answered icily, "Is this a joke? You think we have nothing better to do but to solve your family dispute?"

Cindy froze for a moment. "What do you mean?"

The doctor ignored her and turned to the cop. "There's nothing wrong with her hand. I have to go and attend to the other patients now."

Both Cindy and Shandie were stunned.

What? How is that possible?

Shandie tried moving her hand, and oddly enough, her wrist did not hurt anymore.

She exerted more force on her hand and realized she could move it freely again.

"How... how come?" Shandie looked at Cindy in disbelief. (This novel will be daily updated at) "Mom, I think there's nothing wrong with my hand now..."

Cindy touched her hand, and Shandie did not scream like how she did earlier anymore.

Cindy heaved a sigh of relief at first before rage seared through her again. She gave Arielle a sullen glare and asked, "What on earth have you done to my daughter?"

Arielle said in an aloof voice, "I should be asking you this question. How could you file a false police report? I feel like you're doing this to air our dirty laundry in public."

Shandie roared furiously, "I didn't file a false report! You broke my wrist! Stop acting like you're innocent!" She then turned to Cindy. "Mom! Look at her!"