

A Beauty With Multiple Masks

Chapter 51

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If Cindy had the gall to siphon off that much money from Henrick without his knowledge, then it only proved how little she truly cared for him. Arielle had always believed that what Henrick and Cindy had was true love. Why else would Cindy have done something as unglamorous as marrying her sister's husband? However, judging by how things were going now, Arielle could tell that Cindy was up to no good. Perhaps, Henrick was merely a pawn in her game.

Once she had gotten to the bottom of the matter and exposed the truth, Arielle had no doubts that Cindy and Henrick would be at each others' throats. It couldn't have been more than a couple of minutes after the last phone call when Ashley called again. "You've found out so fast?" Arielle asked in surprise. "No. There's something I forgot to tell you." "What is it?" "Someone here has been investigating you recently. Your company came close to being exposed, but I managed to thwart their plan."

"Investigating me?" Arielle asked worriedly. "Is it Cindy?" "No. I traced the search back and realized the other party wasn't even covering their tracks. It's Harvey Jupiter, CEO of Jayhawk Group." "Harvey Jupiter? I don't think I know him..." Arielle muttered. "Regardless, don't let him find out about my identity. I can't risk getting exposed now." "Yes!" After the call, Arielle again tried to recall if she had ever come across a Harvey Jupiter in her life.

Try as she might, the name didn't ring a bell at all. However, there was still a possibility that Cindy had sent him to do the dirty work. *No, wait. Ashley did mention that Harvey's the CEO of Jayhawk Group, a world-renowned technology company. There's no way Cindy would be able to get a man like him to be at her beck and call. So the question is, why is he investigating me?* Frustrated with the lack of answers, Arielle decided to give it a rest. She was confident that her real identity would be safe, given how she had spent a lot of money and effort to conceal it.

If anyone were to try, all they could ever dig up was the fake identity of Arielle being the girl who grew up in the countryside. However, the fact that someone had managed to track her down overseas remained a cause for concern. Back in the living room, Cindy finally got the call from Matthias. Not wanting to attract Henrick's suspicion, she walked to an empty corner before answering her phone. "Hello?" Cindy whispered gently.

"You're back already?" "Yes. Cin, I want to see you..." Cindy smiled tenderly as her heart filled with warmth. "I know. I miss you too. Henrick's bringing Shannie and me out for dinner tonight, and I'll try to get him drunk then. Once I've sent him home, I'll go to you." "I'll see you at our usual place then." "Sure," Cindy replied, her voice so sweet and gentle it'd turn anyone into mush. Despite being over forty, Cindy maintained her looks well, thanks to a strict beauty regime.

She might pale in comparison to Maureen, but her beauty still left men breathless and wanting more. Besides, she had her ways with men and knew how to please them. That was also the reason why Henrick hadn't strayed since his second marriage with Cindy. Cindy was the only one with the patience to put up with him and spoil him at every chance available. Unfortunately, Cindy had played Henrick for a fool. The only time a woman could have that much patience for a man was when she didn't love him. Soon, night had fallen. As promised by

Henrick, he took the entire family out to a famous restaurant in Jadeborough for dinner. During their meal, the eagle-eyed Arielle noticed that Cindy kept plying Henrick with wine. *What is Cindy up to?* Despite her suspicions, Arielle kept her face straight as she pretended not to have noticed anything amiss. Henrick, on the other hand, was blissfully unaware of his wife's intention. He was enjoying the day with his family and downing wine one glass after the other.

After several glasses in a row, Henrick soon became drunk and started spouting nonsense. "You all better watch out! The one thing I hate the most is people who betray me. If any of you dare do that, I swear I'll skin you alive!" Henrick's sudden outburst scared Cindy as a pang of guilt struck her. She steadied a woozy Henrick and gently said, "Let's head home. You've had too much to drink, and it's also getting late. The kids have work tomorrow too."

"Oh, right! There are movies and money to be made! Let's go home right now!" Henrick was bubbling over with excitement as he made his way to the car, but once he got into it, he instantly fell into a deep slumber. With her father dead to the world, Arielle also shut her eyes and pretended to sleep. During the journey home, she took several peeks at Cindy and realized she had been on her phone the entire time, busy replying to messages. *Cindy's up to no good!*

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"Who exactly are you?" Arielle asked. The man was in such a stupor that none of his words made sense. In the end, he started stripping off his clothes instead. Arielle's eyes widened in shock as she stumbled backward and instinctively shielded her chest. "Why are you taking off your clothes? Don't you dare do anything funny! I'll fight back!" Realizing that he might have frightened Arielle, the man immediately stopped in his tracks.

After a brief hesitation, he pulled up his sleeve to reveal a bandage over his shoulder and proceeded to pull it off. One look at the wound and Arielle instantly recognized it as a knife wound. The wound was deep as if the knife had cut to the bone. Because of the stitches, the wound looked like a big, red, and angry centipede. Due to the force of ripping the bandage off, the wound had reopened, and Arielle gasped as blood started seeping out of it.

It was at that moment that Arielle suddenly recalled an incident. Back when she was living overseas, there was one night when she walked past a street after dinner. To her horror, a group of men with machetes was beating up another man. Incidents like those weren't an uncommon sight, and Arielle's initial thought was to walk away. However, when she saw the attackers start to slash the man with their machetes, she hurriedly ran over and fought them off.

No matter how good she was at fighting, she was still one lone woman up against a group of men. In the end, she escaped with the injured man in tow. They ran for almost ten blocks before they managed to shake his attackers off. Once the coast was clear, she gave the man some money and even got a car to send him to the hospital. The man's knife wound, if she recalled correctly, was right on his shoulder blade, just like the man in front of her now.

In that instant, everything came flooding back as she finally recognized the man. "It's you?" Arielle asked in disbelief. The man let out a deep sigh of relief despite his wound still bleeding. "I've looked for you everywhere overseas, but when one of my friends got missing, I had no choice but to come back here. Even then, I kept sending people to look for you, and just when I thought I had finally found you, I lost the lead again..."

Arielle suddenly recalled the phone call she had with Ashley. "What's your name?" "Harvey! I'm Harvey Jupiter!" Everything became clear in that instant, and Arielle's earlier concerns were gone. She gazed deep into Harvey's eyes and smiled. "Who knew I'd accidentally save the CEO of Jayhawk Group. How are you doing now?" Harvey nodded excitedly. "I'm good. Everything's good." "I'm glad to hear that." Arielle pointed at this shoulder and added, "Your wound's bleeding again.

You might want to get it checked out at the hospital. I should be going home now too." "No problem!" Harvey replied confidently. "Don't worry about a small wound like this. What about you? Where are you living now? C-Can I get your contact number? I want to repay you." Arielle groaned silently, feeling somewhat helpless.

Why does everyone like to repay others? She smiled faintly and shook her head. "I'm doing very well, thank you. And you don't have to repay me. I'm just happy that you're well and good. Right then, I should leave now. Bye!" With a wave of her hand, Arielle turned and walked away.

A few feet in, Arielle realized Harvey was still following behind. She turned around and looked at him quizzically. "Is there anything else?" "No... There's nothing else," Harvey mumbled while scratching his head. "It's late, and I'm worried to let you walk these streets alone. Can I walk you home? Don't worry. I promise not to bother you."

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No matter how well-intentioned Harvey was, Arielle still stood her ground and declined his offer. "It's not that you're bothering me, but you know I'm skilled enough to protect myself. You, on the other hand, shouldn't probably stay out so late. What if someone comes after you again?" Harvey once again scratched his head while his face turned pink from embarrassment. "I had been ambushed the last time. Someone injected me with drugs which left me weak and powerless. Besides, I'm now back in my territory. I don't have to fear a repeat of that incident."

Harvey had such a determined look about him that Arielle knew he wasn't going to give up that easily. "All right then, you can send me to the neighborhood gate. I'll get a car home from there." Happy as a pig in mud, Harvey nodded his head and grinned. "Okay!" With Harvey quietly following behind Arielle, they soon walked to the gate. As luck would have it, there was a taxi parked there, which Arielle promptly boarded. Harvey paid the fare in advance and reminded the driver to drive safely. The driver chuckled at how worried Harvey sounded.

"Don't worry. I promise to send your girlfriend home safe and sound!" "Not girlfriend...." Both Harvey and Arielle replied simultaneously. Except one was frowning while the other was still smiling happily. The driver only saw Harvey's

expression, which was enough to make him break into a laugh before driving off. *Youngsters these days don't often mean what they say. I wish they'd stop lying to themselves!*

During the drive home, Arielle's face was illuminated by the soft glow of the passing street lamps, making her look even dreamier and more beautiful. Yet all she had on her mind then was what Cindy had been doing in that villa. Just as she was about to get lost in her thoughts, Ashley called her again. "I've got it. The villa belongs to Matthias Ford." "Matthias? Isn't that the man who manages Cindy's properties overseas?" "That's right.

I've also found out that Matthias had had many hotel rendezvous with Cindy and that the villa is a recent purchase." *Hotel rendezvous...oh my!* There was a glint in Arielle's eyes when she realized she had dug up dirt on Cindy. Sure enough, falling in love did make people stupid. Even at that crucial moment, Cindy still threw caution to the wind and visited Matthias. *Has she gone insane?* Over the phone, Ashley continued, "Matthias is also the one who went to the countryside to investigate you and ordered people to hunt you down on the cruise."

Arielle's grip on her phone tightened as she felt her blood boiling. "I got it. I want to know more about Matthias. Continue your investigation on him. No matter how irrelevant it may be, give me every bit of information you can find on him." Once Ashley had ended the call, Arielle's lips curled into a smile, but the look in her eyes remained cold and distant. Back at the villa, Cindy had only just shut the door when a topless man scooped her up in a tight embrace. Cindy yelped in shock.

Before she could say anything else, Matthias had already pinned her against the wall. "Cin..." he groaned as he started kissing her hungrily. Cindy and Matthias kissed each other with such a burning passion that it didn't take long before they were both panting heavily. At that rate, things were inevitably going to happen.

Everything happened so fast that Cindy soon found herself stripped off of her clothes. Stunned, she hastily pushed Matthias away. "Slow down. Tell me what you've found out first." Her words fell on deaf ears as Matthias carried her and made a beeline for the bedroom upstairs.

Soon, Cindy found herself being tossed onto the bed by Matthias, who was now eyeing her with hungry eyes. "The night is precious. Let's do what we came here for, and then we can talk about other things."

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Panting, Matthias undid his belt as he spoke. Then, he pinned Cindy down. By then, Cindy felt as if her body had melted. She could not push Matthias away. Not that she wanted to, anyway.

Although Henrick was a domineering man, he was as good as a dead fish in bed. She could only pretend to enjoy every time. Only Matthias could fulfill her. *Forget about Arielle first. We'll talk about her later.* Cindy then took off her panties herself. After the activity, the two were covered in sweat.

The musty scent of love filled the air in the room. As Matthias lit a cigarette, he sighed in satisfaction. With a blanket wrapped around her, Cindy drawled, "Shall we talk business now? What have you found out?" Matthias flicked the ash off his cigarette before muttering, "I don't know why you're so anxious. The girl's nothing but a country bumpkin." Hearing him, she instantly furrowed her brows and sat upright. "What? Did you not find out about anything?" Flicking away his cigarette, Matthias then turned to kiss Cindy, but the latter pushed him away.

"Spit it out," Cindy hissed. Matthias knew she was two seconds away from losing her temper. Stunned, Matthias then solemnly elaborated, "Everyone in the village knows the girl. They say she's raised there. I investigated her schools too.

She studied her elementary, middle, and high school there. Her name is in the graduation records. There's no way that's an error." After a few seconds of silence, Cindy asked, "What about her teachers? Have you asked them?"

Matthias nodded. "I have. I found her high school homeroom teacher. She said her grades are not bad, but she flunked her high school final examination, so she only managed to get into a third-rate university. However, due to its horrendous results, the university has now closed down." At that, Cindy knitted her brows. *Have I really overestimated Arielle? Is she really just a hillbilly?* Matthias then leaned closer to her. "Cin, she's just a little girl.

You're thinking too highly of her. Maybe she's a little witty, but she's still no match for you." Hesitating, Cindy muttered, "But Henrick values her greatly now. He even loves her more than Shannie. How can I not be anxious about that? Moreover, there's something between Vinson and her. I can't let her keep this up." "Why not?" Matthias kissed her earlobe. "In half a year, Southall Group will be ours. Henrick can love whoever he wants to.

Why do you need to bother yourself with these minor matters?" "But..." The worry remained in Cindy's eyes. Henrick was not as foolish as he looked. When the Moore family turned into the Southall family, a bunch of Moores had appeared, trying to get rid of Henrick. Yet, Henrick managed to suppress them.

In fact, he even turned some of them into his men. In other words, Henrick was more than capable of scheming on his own. Cindy desperately needed Henrick's love, and she wanted to turn his men into hers. That way, she would be able to stop the internal conflict from happening again.

However, Matthias did not know that she was contemplating such things. He whispered, "If you really don't like her, I'll deal with her again. Back then, at the sea, she was lucky. I don't think she'll be that lucky again at Jadeborough." Rubbing her temples as a headache began to make itself known, Cindy mumbled, "Let me think about it." "Don't. Let's do it again..."

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On the other side, Harvey had just received Carter's message. He sent a voice message back. "Hey Harvey, are you home yet? Don't sleep on the road. Some wild dogs might eat you alive." "Hahaha! He'll be able to feed five dogs." In a good mood, Harvey refuted, "Shut it, Jordan. I'm not going to drink anymore." The other three thought they were hallucinating when they heard Harvey, the man who essentially lived in a bar, announced that he was not going to drink anymore.

Carter then texted: *What?* Jordan was equally quick to add to that. *What the heck?* Right then, Vinson, who rarely appeared in the chat, sent a voice message to the group. "What's wrong with you?" Upon his arrival, Jordan shrieked and sent a voice message. "Holy f*ck! Harvey, your nonsense forced our busy man out from his hiding! Hurry and tell us you're joking." He had been drinking continuously because he was unable to find her.

Now that he had found her, there was no reason for him to keep drinking. As long as Arielle was in the country, even if she did not give him a way to contact her, he would still find a hundred other ways to get to her. Then, he would create the opportunity for them to encounter each other.

Love at first sight. That was what happened to him. It sounded absurd, but that was the reality. *Who wouldn't fall for a brave, kind, and pretty girl?*

The moment Harvey's voice message was sent out, Jordan sent back a celebratory emoji. *Congratulations! May we know who this girl is? Hurry and propose to her! If she doesn't agree to it, we'll kidnap her and get her to your bed for you!* Upon reading the message, Harvey frowned. Perhaps he had been drinking too much, for he started imagining Arielle on his bed. Unable to help himself, he turned and looked toward the bed.

However, in the next second, he slapped himself. *Slap!* With the loud sound came his soberness. *What kind of scumbag am I? San's a goddess to me. How can I think of her in that way?* Irritated, Harvey responded, "Jordan, if you say something like that again. I'll skin you alive!" Jordan's reply came quick. "Oh?

Are you angry? It seems like you're serious this time. I won't say that anymore, all right? Let me apologize to your future wife. Come on, tell us who she is.

Your grandma's been waiting to hug her grandchild. As long as she comes from a decent family, it's fine even if she's a little poorer." Then, Jordan sent another voice message. "You won't be like our Mr. Nightshire. Mr. Nightshire, your family only lets you marry princesses, right?"

In the beginning, Vinson was in a good mood after getting Arielle to owe him a favor. However, when he heard the voice message, his expression darkened. Throwing his phone aside, he then returned to his computer. After a while of working, Vinson could not help but pick up his phone again.

He called his assistant and asked, "What's on the schedule tomorrow?" The assistant was used to receiving midnight calls from Vinson, so he was swift to exit his groggy state. After checking the next day's schedule, he replied, "You'll need to check the new plot tomorrow morning, as well as have a meeting with the engineer."

In the afternoon, you have a golf session with Mr. York. Your dinner will be with..." "Clear my schedule tomorrow." The assistant went silent for a moment before quietly asking, "Is there something important tomorrow?" "I'm going to oversee the shooting of Soir Coffee tomorrow."

You can represent me in the meeting with the engineer. Push back the rest of the appointments." "Yes, sir." Once the assistant ended the call, he reached out to pat his face. *Ouch. I'm not dreaming. Mr. Nightshire's ditching a project worth hundreds of billions to oversee an ambassador's shooting?*

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The assistant took a long while to recollect himself after the call. *Is there something wrong with my ears, or is there something wrong with Vinson's head? Could it be that he's in love? In that case... Who cares about the project worth hundreds of billions? It's more important to produce the next heir of the Nightshire Group.* The next day arrived in a blink of an eye. Early in the morning, the housekeeper woke Arielle. "Ms. Arielle, the people from Nightshire Group has arrived. It's time to wake up."

After finding out about Matthias and Cindy's relationship the night before, Arielle's mood was greatly lifted. For once, she had a good night's sleep. However, she was not grumpy about her sudden awakening. After rubbing her temples, she went to wash up. The moment she went down the stairs, she saw dozens of people standing around. Even the spacious living room seemed cramped with them around. *That many of them?*

Arielle could feel an oncoming headache. *It's going to be a tiring shoot, isn't it?* Right as she was about to go down the stairs, footsteps from behind her traveled into her ears. Turning around, she spotted Shandie walking toward her, an elegant makeup on her face. On Shandie's head were the two buns that Arielle wore the day before. However, it did not fit her like it fitted Arielle, as Shandie

had a sharper face and longer eyes. Instead of looking cute, Shandie looked odd. "Shandie," Arielle greeted with a smile. Henrick was dead drunk, and Shandie knew he would not be waking until noon.

Hence, Shandie saw no point in keeping up with the act. She rolled her eyes at Arielle before continuing her way down. When her eyes landed on the dozens of people in the living room, they lit up. The film crew had informed her that they would be sending someone over to pick her up, but Shandie never thought so many would be here for her. *It seems like Vinson's business card is quite a good card to use. I knew it. I'm Vinson's friend.*

Even Sam Sleight's got to get on his knees and beg me to be in his shows. See? I'm right. He's already displaying such a grand gesture in picking me. I'm going to forgive him for being so rude to me during the audition. As she was in a much better mood after seeing the scene in the living room, she turned around to say to Arielle, who she had ignored earlier, "Arielle, I heard you're going for the filming too?" "Yes."

Arielle did not know why Shandie was concerning herself with her, but she nodded nonetheless. The next thing she heard was Shandie's pretentious and proud voice saying, "You don't need to be too nervous. It's quite simple to film promotional videos, unlike the movie I'm going to film today. I'm sure I'll be exhausted by the end of it. All right, we'll stop talking about it. Look, there are so many people waiting for me downstairs.

"I'll go ahead first." Arielle froze, and that was when she realized Shandie must have misunderstood the situation. She was about to speak when she saw Shandie turned and ran down the stairs. To those people, she said, "All right. I'm ready, so let's head to the filming site now." Then, Shandie walked toward the door.

It only took her two steps before she realized something was amiss—no one was following her. Casting a perplexed look behind, she saw the people sharing a confused look with each other. "What's the matter? Are we not leaving now?" Walking down the stairs, Arielle cleared her throat.

"Shandie, you've misunderstood this. They're here for me." Shandie was silent for a moment before she blurted out, "Are you kidding me?" *It's just a commercial shooting; there's no need for so many people to be here.* "Arielle, there's a limit to your daydreaming, you know?"

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Right then, a young woman walked into the house and asked, "May I know if Ms. Shannie who's filming today is ready to leave?" When Shandie turned around, she spotted the young woman standing alone by the doorway. *Sannie?*

She must be calling Arielle. I knew it. She doesn't need so many people just for commercial shooting. Amused, she turned to Arielle and crowed, "Do you see her, Arielle? She's the one who's picking you up for your shooting.

It seems like this is a major misunderstanding." However, in the next second, the young woman said, "Ms. Shandie Southall, is there a misunderstanding? I'm here to pick you up for the filming." The young woman had recognized Shandie. At that very moment, something exploded in Shandie's mind.

She stared at the young woman in disbelief before turning to look at the dozens of people in the living room. *They're really all here to pick Arielle up for a commercial shooting? It's just a commercial. Does she really need a crowd to take her there?* With a smile that did not quite reach her eyes, Arielle walked toward Shandie and muttered, "Shandie, a major misunderstanding indeed.

Hurry along for your filming. Don't let the film crew all wait for you. I'll go for my shooting too." With that said, she nodded at the group behind her before walking out of the house. Promptly, the group followed her after a simultaneous respectful nod. The anger that rose in Shandie's chest made her shake.

*B*tch. A shameless b*tch!* Arielle's shooting was located in Jadeborough's largest Soir Coffee shop. The shop had yet to have its official opening, but the renovations were all completed. When Arielle arrived at the scene, the others were all ready for the shooting. After all, the higher-ups had told them to take good care of the ambassador as the CEO valued her greatly.

Therefore, everyone treated her well. However, there are always outliers. "Is the ambassador here yet?" came a stern female voice. When Arielle looked over, she spotted a solemn woman walking over with a darkened expression. Immediately, Arielle's temporary assistant introduced, "Ms. Moore, she's Serena Assange, the person in charge of our shooting. She used to be an assistant to the CEO, and she's now in charge of the promotions of Soir Coffee.

With her around, I'm sure the shooting would be smooth sailing." Arielle nodded and reached her hand out to Serena. "Hello, Ms. Serena. I'm Arielle, but you can call me Sannie. I look forward to working with you." However, instead of reaching out to shake her hand, Serena folded her arms and questioned, "Do you know what time our shooting is at?" Arielle froze for a millisecond before replying, "Eight." "So it seems like you do know what time it's meant to start."

Serena then pointed at her watch. "It's already ten after eight. We're heading out for outdoor shooting as well, and the rental is calculated per minute. Do you know how much you have wasted?" Serena made it seem as if she was being professional, but she actually despised Arielle.

If not for Arielle, she would not have been transferred from the CEO's office to become in charge of a trivial shooting. Moreover, she had taken everything to avoid getting dismissed from the company; she had pulled all of her strings to remain in Nightshire Group. *This is all Arielle's fault.*

Therefore, even if Arielle made a minor mistake, she would never let her off easy. Arielle sensed hostility radiating off the other woman. However, this was the first time she had seen Serena, so Arielle could not understand why the other seemed to hold a grudge against her. *Am I overthinking this?*