

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 541

Henrick's words caused Cindy to blanch fearfully as her heart pounded wildly in her chest.

Did Henrick find out about Matthias and me? Is he suspecting that the child isn't his?

At once, her palms turned clammy.

She convinced herself that Henrick merely wanted to know how old the child was.

Cindy cast a nervous glance at the doctor, who answered, "She's three to four months along."

"Three to four months," Henrick repeated. A look of relief washed over his face, and he finally allowed himself to beam happily.

Three to four months ago, Matthias was managing Cindy's branch office overseas. We had sex at least once a week back then, which means the child is mine!

As the doctor wanted to help Arielle out, he offered, "If you want to know the exact date, we can carry out a thorough checkup for you for free."

Cindy rejected his offer at once. "No need. I shall do that at another hospital. Thank you, though."

As she was insistent, the doctor had to give up.

He shot Arielle an apologetic gaze before leaving with the nurse in tow.

Arielle didn't blame him, for Cindy was indeed too heartless.

She'll get a taste of her own medicine someday!

With a polite smile on her face, Arielle congratulated Henrick, "Congratulations, Dad. You're going to have a son!" She paused before adding, "No, I should congratulate myself as I'm going to have a younger brother soon."

Her words struck a chord with Henrick.

He flashed a grin and gazed at Cindy affectionately.

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"Cindy, you did a great job. If I knew you were pregnant, I wouldn't have sent you to the psy... To that place."

His comforting words reassured her anxious heart.

After heaving a sigh of relief inwardly, she put on a surprised but shy smile and offered, "I'm no longer young, so it's quite embarrassing to say it out loud. At least you can finally be proud of me if I'm pregnant with a son."

Henrick's heart softened at her words.

Looks like the rumors at the psychiatric hospital are fake. Not all doctors and nurses are kind souls. For example, that b*stard from earlier!

At once, Henrick's suspicion faded away as he gazed at

Cindy lovingly.

He now felt increasingly remorseful. It wasn't easy for us to end up together. I shouldn't have suspected my wife.

With that thought in mind, he ignored the others and pulled her into his arms.

“Don't be embarrassed. This is good news! Mom will be delighted to hear about it. A few months later, I shall announce to everyone that I have a son, an heir!” He guffawed in excitement.

Everyone shot him confused gazes, but he ignored them as he was too delighted at the news.

All the while, he had been yearning for a son, so much so that he even entertained the thought of getting a mistress to bear him an heir to inherit his fortune. Now, his wish had come true.

Cindy leaned into his arms shyly and sneaked a peek at Arielle.

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She was curious as to how Arielle would react to the news.

The reason Henrick defended Arielle was that she was his only child left. Now that he thought he'd have a son, she wasn't that important to him anymore.

If Cindy used Malorie to sow discord between Arielle and Vinson now, and they broke up, would Henrick still defend Arielle?

The answer was no.

Without having a rich son-in-law like Vinson around, Henrick will definitely turn a blind eye to whatever I do to her. As long as I make sure not to leave any traces behind, I shall be able to avenge Shandie soon!

Cindy was both curious and excited to find out Arielle's reaction. However, when her gaze landed on Arielle, she only saw the latter's slight smile.

Her smile showed no hint of anger or alarm. It seemed that her congratulations were sincere.

She's congratulating me sincerely? The person who killed her mother? That's impossible! Did she see through me? That sounds impossible, too.

Contrary to her expectation, she felt a chill go down her spine.

Cindy immediately hung her head low and gave Henrick a slight shove. "Rick, we're at the hospital.

Let's talk back home."

Henrick released his grip on her as though he had just realized that fact. "Yes, you're right," he exclaimed gleefully. "Let's go home and tell Mom about it. I bet she'll be delighted to hear the news!"

With that, he helped Cindy walk in an exaggeratedly careful manner, as though he was afraid she'd slip and fall any minute.

She was pregnant with his son, and he wouldn't allow anything to happen to his beloved son.

They held hands and walked out of the hospital.

Cindy sped up and left Arielle behind. The latter couldn't help but wonder if she had done this on purpose.

Once Cindy entered the car, she told the chauffeur, "Leave now. I don't want to suffer any longer."

Henrick immediately urged, "Hurry up and drive!"

Arielle hadn't gotten into the car yet, so the chauffeur was about to remind them when Henrick ordered, "What are you waiting for? Can't you see Mrs. Southall's feeling uncomfortable?"

The chauffeur had to swallow his words, for he knew Henrick would fire him if he delayed any further.

When Arielle made it past the crowd and arrived by the road, she was greeted by the exhaust of the car speeding away.

Henrick had left her behind!

I'm no longer important to him now that he has a son. Whatever. It's better if his attention isn't on me anyway.

Nevertheless, she was a human being with feelings. It still felt dreadful to be left behind.

As bitterness rose in her heart, she massaged her temples and chided herself for being too sensitive.

Sighing, she stretched out a hand to hail a cab. Before she could do so, a car with the Morgans' family insignia rolled to a stop before her.

Looking up, she saw Carter heading her way.

“Chief,” he greeted her.

At the sight of him, Arielle flashed an apologetic smile. “I’m sorry to drag your hospital into the mess.”

Carter gave a dismissive wave. “I’ve sorted everything out. Our hospital only hires doctors with integrity. Cindy must be lying. It would happen even if you were not there. Besides, this hospital’s location isn’t that

great. We were already planning on shutting it down this year and sending the doctors to other hospitals. Don’t blame yourself,” he assured her.

“Thank you for your comforting words.”

“I’m not comforting you. I’m just stating the truth,” Carter said. He pointed somewhere and requested, “If you feel sorry, can you help me with something? Actually, can you help Vin out?”

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Arielle instinctively turned in the direction Carter was pointing.

It was a skyscraper with the signage “Nightshire Group” on the top floor.

Suddenly, Arielle recalled Vinson’s text. He claimed he was busy at work and couldn’t return to the Southall residence immediately.

Her eyes twitched as she demanded, “What happened to Vinson?”

Carter exhaled. “I just found out about it, too. Vin told me to keep it a secret from you, but I came anyway—”

“Just tell me what happened to him. How can I be of help?” she urged.

Carter gestured for her to get into the car. “Come on. Let’s talk on the way there.”

“All right.” Without hesitation, Arielle nodded and hopped into Carter’s car.

Carter stepped on the gas and started explaining the entire incident. “You’re Soir Coffee’s ambassador, right? A customer ate something in the cafe and had a severe, potentially life-threatening allergic reaction. He’s receiving emergency treatment in the hospital now. His family came to the company and demanded Soir Coffee be shut down. It’s quite a serious matter, and everyone’s talking about it online. Many netizens are starting to boycott Soir Coffee.”

Arielle listened to everything carefully and thought over it. “It’s normal for a customer to have an allergic reaction. The company

has to offer adequate compensation and settle the matter. Why did it escalate into something this big?”

“You’re right.” As the car stopped at a red light, Carter pulled out his phone and showed a few screenshots to her. “Take a look at this.”

Arielle glanced at the screenshots taken from a few online articles. A few reported that a few customers had food allergies after dining at Soir Coffee. Some articles even outright reported that the customers had suffered from food poisoning.

Food poisoning was way more serious than food allergies.

Finally, Arielle understood the severity of the situation.

Back when she was shooting the advertisement, she had heard Nightshire Group wanted to make Soir Coffee into a worldwide famous cafe. To achieve that, they had already invested an enormous sum of money and manpower.

If multiple food allergy and food poisoning cases popped up, the brand was doomed.

Arielle’s expression turned grim.

After a brief silence, she asked, “Did you check the food in the cafe? Was it a case of contradictory food

items?”

Contradictory food items would cause food poisoning.

Carter shook his head. “I’ve asked Vin about it. When the first case happened, he ran a thorough investigation. The coffee shop doesn’t use a lot of ingredients, so the results were out in less than a day. The ingredients were fine.”

“What about the customers? Could there be something wrong with their health?”

Carter shook his head once again. “The customers were all healthy young adults. This particular case is especially serious because the customer suffers from a blood disorder. He’s still in a critical condition now. The family members of the other affected customers are gathered at Nightshire Group’s entrance. Vin is figuring out a way to settle the matter in private. When you called me, I was right there. It was a chaotic scene.”

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Arielle’s brows furrowed in concern. Her sixth sense told her it was a setup.

Who would want to do this to Vinson, though?

Suddenly, someone popped up in her mind.

She turned to Carter. “Did you monitor that person who placed the bomb? Could it be him?”

“We’ve thought of that and planted Harvey as a spy. Though he hasn’t infiltrated them completely, he discovered they’re currently in the middle of an important deal with a mysterious family. They don’t have the time for this.”

Arielle nodded in understanding as her confusion heightened.

If it isn't him, who could it be? Is it really a coincidence? Or is there indeed something wrong with Soir Coffee's food?

As her nails dug into her palm, Arielle urged, "You said you needed my help. Explain."

"It's about the patient," Carter revealed grimly. "The previous customers got better swiftly, but this particular customer is still in a critical condition. I need your help to check him out. Can you do that?"

Arielle inclined her head. "I'll do my best."

Carter heaved a sigh of relief before letting out a self-deprecating chuckle.

Not long ago, he had his doubts about her medical skills. Now, instead of going to the best doctor he had, he came to Arielle for help.

The more he thought about it, the more absurd it felt.

Arielle might be an expert in psychological illnesses, but this is different. I wonder if she can do it.

It didn't take long for Carter to dispel his doubts, for he believed that she was the best doctor in the whole wide world.

He floored the accelerator and picked up speed.

“Before heading to the hospital, we need to stop at Nightshire Group and enter through the back entrance. I need to inform Vin and ask him to come with us,” he explained.

Even if they wanted to treat the customer, his family might refuse to let them butt in.

“All right,” Arielle agreed. She promptly urged, “Hurry!”

If the customer’s condition is as serious as he claims, it will be a race against time.

Carter sped up. He ran two red lights before arriving at Nightshire Group.

Though Arielle expected the chaos, she realized it was worse than what she had imagined earlier.

The once empty area before Nightshire Group’s building was crowded.

The protesters even held up banners to attract everyone else’s attention.

Nightshire Group poisoned their customers! We demand the closure of Soir Coffee!

Shut Soir Coffee down to protect the consumers!

Soir Coffee, a subsidiary under Nightshire Group, is killing innocent people!

After Carter parked the car, a group of people with white bandannas marched over while clanging cymbals noisily. The word “protest” painted in red over their bandannas immediately caught the bystanders’ attention.

Nightshire Group’s entrance was packed, so Carter’s car was instantly surrounded by people, too.

Frowning, Carter whipped out his phone to call Vinson, but the latter’s phone was engaged.

“I’ll head up to look for him,” Carter said. He added, “Now that the place is crowded, I’m afraid they’ll recognize you and harm you in a fit of rage. Stay in the car. I’ll be back with Vin soon.”

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Arielle was the ambassador of Soir Coffee. Back when the advertisement was first released, it became a trending topic.

Clearly, people would recognize her.

Arielle had no intention of causing trouble. “I’ll stay in the car.” She reminded him, “Be careful. I saw a few men with baseball bats in their hands.”

“Okay,” came Carter’s reply. He then left.

As he was clad in an expensive suit and obviously stood out from the others, his appearance immediately attracted the protesters’ gazes.

“Hey! Stop right there!” someone hollered.

In the blink of an eye, Carter was surrounded.

As those protesters couldn't enter Nightshire Group's building since it was guarded by burly bodyguards, they decided to stop any employee they happened to see.

The leader demanded, "Who are you? Do you work in Nightshire Group as an executive?"

Carter adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses and shook his head. "I don't work here. I'm Nightshire Group's business partner. After hearing about Soir Coffee's recent negative incidents, I want to dissolve our contract."

The leader immediately flashed a satisfied grin. He

handed his baseball bat to someone else before stepping forward to shake Carter's hand.

"Oh, we're on the same side. Did I scare you?"

Carter nodded. "To be honest, yes."

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"You're making the right decision by canceling your collaboration with Nightshire Group. We're planning on blowing the matter up and making their share price hit rock bottom. You should hurry and dissolve your contract now!"

Carter's expression froze for a split second.

Make the share price hit rock bottom ? This is clearly a part of a bigger scheme!

He couldn't stop himself from saying, "We're on the same side, so I should remind you that the police might arrest you for causing a scene here."

"We're not afraid of that!" The man patted his chest and declared arrogantly, "We're ordinary citizens placing our lives on the line! Besides, why would the police arrest us victims ? They should arrest Vinson Nightshire of Nightshire Group!"

Carter did his best to conceal his true feelings. His lips curved up as he nodded and reminded them to be careful. After bidding goodbye to those protesters, he headed for Nightshire Group's entrance.

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Arielle had her eyes on Carter, so she heaved a sigh of relief upon seeing him striding away from the crowd.

Right then, someone turned to glance at the car.

Arielle immediately turned her head aside so they wouldn't recognize her.

Alas, it only took one glance for the man to realize who she was.

After all, her arresting features would definitely leave an impression on anyone she met. One could easily recognize her from her side profile.

The man yelled, “Come here, everyone! Arielle Moore, the ambassador of Soir Coffee, is in the car!”

At once, everyone clustered around the car.

“Are you sure this is the ambassador of Soir Coffee?”

“There’s no way I’d mistake that face for another person!”

“What are you waiting for? Let’s drag her out! She must be an evil person for agreeing to be the ambassador of such an unscrupulous store!”

“The car’s locked!”

“Smash the car! Do it now!”

As Arielle was in the car, she thought she could stay

inside even though they had recognized her. To her utter shock, those men started bashing the car forcefully!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

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The crashing sounds became harder and louder by the minute.

Though she was in an expensive car, a crack soon appeared in the glass window.

On the other hand, Carter heard the commotion even before he reached the entrance.

It was too loud and noisy to ignore, after all.

He turned to look over his shoulder and spotted the window beside the passenger seat shattering into pieces. Someone had stretched his arm in, attempting to open the door.

Arielle's been discovered!

Shocked, Carter dashed toward her.

At the same time, in an office on the top floor of Nightshire Group.

Rayson was reporting to Vinson. "Mr. Nightshire, we've hushed the media as per your order. Similar reports will be stopped before they get published. But if those family members keep protesting, we can't really stop the netizens' gossiping."

Vinson inclined his head and inquired, "What about the customer at the hospital? How is he doing?"

Rayson shook his head. "He's still in the emergency room. I've asked Mr. Carter Morgan to send his best

doctor to the hospital, but the customer is still in a critical state."

Solemnly, Vinson lit a cigarette and ordered, "Tell the doctors to do their best and get the best specialists in town. For now, close every Soir Coffee store in Jadeborough. Make sure no employees stay behind so they won't get hurt."

"Yes. I'll get it done right away."

Frowning, Vinson looked down and noticed a bunch of people hitting a car.

Not far away, Carter was rushing toward that car.

Surprise flashed across Vinson's face.

Carter isn't someone who'd risk his life for a cheap car. There must be someone inside the car! Who could it be?

Suddenly, a sense of dread welled up within him.

At once, he turned on his heels and ran out while praying fervently, Please don't let it be Arielle. Please don't let it be Arielle!

Downstairs, in the car.

Arielle looked around for something to defend herself but to no avail.

As a hand reached in to open the car door, she grabbed the person's wrist and twisted it forcefully. Crack! The

sickening sound of bone cracking filled everyone's ears.

"Ah!" the man yelled in agony and withdrew his hand as the color drained from his face.

Right then, Arielle suddenly noticed the logo of the car.

It's a Rolls-Royce!

Her eyes lit up. When the second person came at her, she pushed the door open forcefully and pressed a secret button.

Click! An umbrella popped out.

All Rolls-Royce cars were equipped with an umbrella!

Swiftly, Arielle opened the umbrella and shoved the men closest to her away before anyone could realize what she was trying to do.

As it was crowded, her action caused everyone else to stagger backward like dominoes.

Arielle grabbed the opportunity to leap onto the hood of the car.

She then propelled herself upward and landed at the other end of the crowd, rolling on the ground to break her fall.

Her movement was swift and natural, as though she was a skilled martial artist.

Everyone gaped in disbelief.

Arielle rose to her feet swiftly. As everyone gazed at her in shock, she ran away, heading for the road.

One man regained his composure and hollered, “She’s running away! Hurry, go after her!”

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The road was full of cars.

When Arielle arrived by the road, there were only three seconds left before the light would turn red.

She dashed across the road so quickly that everyone could only see a shadow flitting past them.

When the protesters arrived by the road, the light had already turned red.

Watching the cars speeding across the road, most of the protesters came to a halt hesitantly. However, some ignored the red light and dashed across the road to go after her.

Honk! Honk!

At once, the vehicles on the road screeched to a halt.

Bang! A car promptly rammed into the car before it.

The owner hopped out of his car in fury and shrieked, “Didn’t you see the red light? Do you have a death wish? My car costs over two million! I demand compensation!”

The road descended into chaos. Some took the chance to go after Arielle, but most of them got stopped by the car owner and the busy traffic.

When Carter appeared beside the road, someone suddenly realized he had alighted from the same car that Arielle was in earlier.

“He didn’t come to call off the contract; he’s on the same side as that woman!” someone roared.

The crowd immediately made their way toward him.

Carter had no choice but to turn and run in the opposite direction.

It just so happened that the man who had talked to Carter earlier was right behind him, flanked by two tall and muscular young men.

It was three versus one. Unfortunately, Carter didn’t have any weapons with him, while the three men were either holding baseball bats or knives.

Clearly, Carter was at a disadvantage.

Nevertheless, he didn’t seem to have any other choice than to face them head-on.

Carter took off his glasses and placed them aside before shrugging out of his suit jacket. Pushing his sleeves up, he clenched his fists and declared, “Come on!”

Now that his glasses were gone, an air of hostility replaced his initial scholarly impression.

It’s a piece of cake to defeat three men in one go.

The leader cursed, “B*stard, you lied to me! I shall let you know the consequences of lying to me. Get him!”

Upon command, the men brandishing knives ran toward

Carter.

He dodged an incoming attack deftly and spun around to kick the attacker's back.

The attacker shrieked in pain and collapsed to the ground.

The other man roared angrily and increased his speed, aiming his knife at Carter's chest.

Though he was fast, Carter avoided him in time and punched his face.

“Ouch!” The man covered his cheek in anguish and spat out a tooth.

“Damn it!” he cursed. His expression turned icier as he attacked Carter again and again.

Even so, he failed to gain an upper hand.

The leader pulled off his bandanna and swung his baseball bat in the direction of Carter's head.

Carter managed to avoid being stabbed by the knife but didn't notice someone behind him. Before the baseball bat could land on his head, a hand appeared out of nowhere and gripped the leader's wrist.

He couldn't even move as the force immobilized him.

“Who are you?” He glared at the culprit.

The sunlight reflecting off the other man's face made him a gorgeous sight to behold. His chiseled features glinted dangerously under the sunlight. It was a daunting sight

It's Vinson Nightshire!

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“Vinson Nightshire! Y-You opened an unscrupulous store to trick the consumers!” the leader exclaimed in a shaky voice, as Vinson seemed too intimidating.

Vinson shoved his hand away coolly. “After I find out the reason behind the incidents, you'll receive adequate compensation. But before that, please leave the premises now before the police arrive!”

He initially didn't want to call the police so he could quash the affair. Now that more protesters had gathered though, he had no choice but to call the police.

The man plucked up his courage and demanded, “All businesspeople say the same thing. No one knows if you'll compensate us for real! Besides, we don't want your compensation. We want you to shut down that unscrupulous store!”

“If it was Soir Coffee's fault, I'll take your suggestion into consideration. Now, please leave!” Vinson warned.

Alas, the man refused to listen to his warning.

“You’re a liar! I don’t trust you. Everyone, come and pin him down. We shall force him to get on his knees, apologize, and shut Soir Coffee down!” the man exclaimed, reaching out to grab Vinson.

Before he could do so, Vinson grabbed his wrist instead.

With a deft flick of his hand, the man was forced to turn around.

Vinson then kicked the man in his butt.

“Ah!” he screamed in pain before falling to the ground.

Carter was busy dealing with another man who he had underestimated in the beginning.

After knocking that man out, he turned and spotted Vinson.

The discovery made him heave a sigh of relief as the other protesters who were initially after Arielle scurried toward them at once.

He could take three men down by himself, but a crowd was too much for him to handle.

Before the other protesters made it to them, Vinson hollered, “Let’s go!” and promptly led the way to Nightshire Group.

Carter took one look at the crowd who was pursuing them like zombies. He picked his stuff up and hurried

It was time to beat a hasty retreat.

Vinson's car was waiting for him before the entrance. Once they got into the car, Vinson reminded his bodyguards not to take action unless absolutely necessary. He then floored the accelerator and left before the protesters could make it there.

Naturally, they fell far behind his car.

As the crowd grew smaller behind them, Carter exhaled sharply.

He recalled the three men and parted his lips to state his opinion. "Vin, something's not right. Those three men are experienced in combat. If you hadn't shown up in time, they would've gotten me. The other protesters seemed trained too. I think someone must've hired them to cause a commotion."

"I know." Vinson's gaze darkened as he uttered icily, "This is not an accident. Someone is targeting Soir Coffee. To be exact, I am that person's target."

"But that snake who's overseas has been ruled out. Do you have other enemies besides him?"

"I don't know," Vinson responded with an equally puzzled gaze.

Nightshire Group was a leading force in Chanaea, so it was normal to have some competitors. Thus, he couldn't figure out who was behind this.

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After a while, the car merged into the traffic.

The crowd disappeared from view.

Recalling the crushed car, Vinson asked, “They smashed your car earlier, right? Who was inside your car?”

“F*ck!” It was only then that Carter remembered Arielle was still being pursued.

He exclaimed, “It’s Arielle. Hurry, let’s go save her!”

Vinson’s heart sank at the news.

Back when he hurried downstairs, he kept praying that no one would be in the car. Even if there was someone in the car, it shouldn’t be Arielle! Alas, his hope was crushed.

“Where did she go?”

“She ran across the road when the light was green and

she escaped into the shopping mall across the street. The mall should be crowded enough for her to shake those men off.”

Carter paused, his expression scrunched up guiltily. “I’m sorry. If I knew this was going to happen, I wouldn’t have brought her here.”

“You shouldn’t have brought her here in the first place.”

Vinson’s face fell as he tamped down his irritation.

Carter said apologetically, “I wanted to see if she could

help save that customer in the hospital. I had no idea this would happen. It’s all my fault, so you can punish me however you like.”

Instead of replying, Vinson made a sharp U-turn and headed for the shopping mall.

Right before they arrived at the mall, Vinson finally spoke. “We shall get to that later. Now, we need to find where she is. You should contact the person in charge of the shopping mall and check the surveillance cameras, and I’ll look around for her. Keep in touch.”

“All right!” Carter agreed.

He had barely finished his words when the car came to a screeching halt before the shopping mall’s west entrance.

At once, a security guard marched over to them.

“You can’t park_” Before he could finish his sentence, he saw two men alighting from the vehicle.

He froze and immediately hung his head low. “Mr. Nightshire.”

This very shopping mall belonged to Nightshire Group.

Vinson slammed the door shut and told the security guard to bring Carter to the control room before striding off hastily.

The security guard didn’t even get to acknowledge his order as Vinson had already vanished from his sight.

Wow, he’s fast. Has something happened? Why is he in such a hurry?

Carter urged, “Lead the way!”

“All right!” The security guard brought him to the control room without further delay.

Meanwhile, when Arielle ran into the shopping mall, she headed straight for the crowd as she glanced over her shoulder.

There were two men coming for her.

She was dressed in white today, which made her stand out in the crowd.

“That way!” Both men spotted her at once.

Gritting her teeth, Arielle dashed ahead.

After turning a corner, she spotted a clothing store.

It only took her one second to make up her mind. She made a beeline for that store and grabbed an outfit before entering the fitting room.

The fitting room was tiny, and the weather was especially hot today. Arielle was sweating by the time she was done changing into the new clothes.

Her new outfit was a stylish outfit that made her look like a hip-hop musician.

She faced the mirror and tugged off her hairband so her hair tumbled to her shoulders, creating a different vibe about her.

Arielle then exited the fitting room and put on a cap.

Right then, the men ran into the store.

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One man said, “I saw her entering this store. Go in and search around while I stand guard at the entrance.”

“Got it!” The other man immediately strode into the store.

He was less than ten meters away from her!

Arielle turned her head and went in the opposite direction.

It just so happened that a young girl was touching up her makeup nearby.

Arielle went to her and asked softly, “Hey there. Can I borrow your makeup products?”

The girl lifted her head and met Arielle’s gaze.

Her eyes bulged at once. Wow, she’s pretty!

“Pretty please?” Arielle pointed at the makeup products in her hand.

The girl nodded vehemently and offered the makeup products to her. “You look really pretty. Have I seen you somewhere? Are you a celebrity?”

Arielle applied makeup on her face and answered, “Thanks, but I’m not a celebrity.”

She put on some makeup swiftly and applied purple eyeshadow to match her purple outfit. Through the mirror, she looked like an entirely different person.

The young girl stared at her and blurted out, “You look prettier without makeup. The makeup is covering up your beautiful features.”

Arielle’s lips curled up slightly, for this was the effect she desired.

She glanced at herself in the mirror, satisfied with the face that greeted her.

After returning the makeup products to the girl, she said, “Thanks for that. Can I buy you a drink?”

Attracted by her beauty, the girl nodded happily. “Sure!”

“Let’s go pay for my purchases and I’ll buy you a drink after that.”

The young girl motioned an okay sign. Arielle took her arm as they made their way to the cashier.

Just then, the man who was after Arielle bumped into them.

Arielle immediately looked away to avoid meeting his eyes.

The man merely glanced at them briefly before heading to the next rack.

Arielle was relieved. She paid for her purchases at the cashier and led the girl toward the exit.

Another man was waiting at the door.

Arielle leaned on the girl's shoulder and reached into her pocket for her phone. Keeping her head low, she inquired, "What would you like? Are there many coffee shops in this shopping mall?"

"Let's have some tea. I'm on a diet."

"You're losing weight when you're this skinny?"

"Look at you. You're skinny, too!"

They chatted away merrily.

The man ignored them and stared at the interior of the store.

When they walked past him, Arielle felt her heart leap to her throat.

Though only two men came after her, and she was sure she could shake them off, there might be others who'd arrive later. It was best to stay away from them now.

Finally, she made it past that man.

Before she could breathe a sigh of relief, she heard that man ask, "Hey! Girls, did you see a young lady in white running into the store earlier?"

Arielle tensed up, but she didn't turn around.

The girl beside her took one look at the man and answered, "Sorry, I didn't see her."

“Oh, all right.” The man stood in his spot and turned his attention back to the store.

Arielle let out a long breath and hurried away from the clothing store.

Some distance away, she released her grip on the girl and pulled out a one hundred bill from her pocket. “I’m sorry, but I need to go. This is for your drink. I shall buy you another drink some other time.”

She then stuffed the bill into the girl’s palm and strode away without looking back.