

A Beauty With Multiple Masks

Chapter 71

/ [A Beauty with Multiple Masks](#)

Chapter 71, A Beauty with Multiple Masks

Upon noticing how Vinson cringed and furrowed his brows, Harvey recalled that Vinson was a clean freak. Immediately, Harvey gestured as he said, "Forget it. I'll ask him to get a new set." Before Harvey could reach for the phone, Vinson stopped him and uttered casually, "It's okay. Let me do it." Hearing that, Harvey grinned. "You're the best bro ever! With you lending it to me, we can save a lot of time." "Who said you can borrow mine?"

Vinson narrowed his eyes. Harvey was perplexed. Then, Vinson stated indifferently, "Since you don't have the right clothes, use me as the model then. After all, it's my own commercial." Harvey stared at Vinson in surprise and questioned, "I thought you loathed putting yourself in the limelight? It is a global commercial we're talking about. You know that, right?" "So?" Vinson replied with a blank face. *So? This is so unlike Vinson's personality to agree to something like this.*

Equally baffled, the director tried to confirm what he had heard. "Mr. Nightshire, are you sure you want to participate in the shoot personally?" Vinson became impatient. Frowning, he retorted, "What's with all these questions? Get going right away! I don't have much time to spare." "Oh, sure! Duly noted." The director's hands were shaking when he walked Arielle and Vinson through the scenes and camera movements.

Actually, there was nothing much to explain as the storyline for the shoot was very straightforward. Arielle could not help but keep gazing at Vinson. *What's wrong with this guy? He seems to be a very difficult person to work with. He'd rather do the shoot himself than lending his clothes to others. That's quite a serious obsessive-compulsive disorder. Whoever marries him in the future is an unlucky soul!* While Vinson was focusing on the director, he realized that Arielle stole glances at him every now and then.

Suddenly, he felt uneasy and started fidgeting with his hands. *What's this woman looking at?* Vinson had the impression that she secretly coveted him albeit saying otherwise. With Arielle kept staring at him, his ears started to turn red. Finally, he could not tolerate it anymore. Pretending to be upset, he glared at Arielle. "What on earth are you staring at?" Arielle glimpsed at him and smirked in the most disdainful manner.

Just as I've predicted, he's such a demanding person. He doesn't even allow people to look at him. Vinson caught her contemptuous expression. *Have I always been mistaken that she adores me? Why is she grimacing at me?* That expression of hers ticked Vinson off, but there was no way for him to release his anger. He could only clench his jaw to suppress his emotions. When the director had finished giving his advice, it was time for the two to rehearse.

As expected, the take was just perfect. “These two are like a match made in heaven!” As soon as Iris exclaimed, someone stared daggers at her. She traced the gaze and caught Harvey looking away. His sudden action left Iris confused. *Hmm? Did I see it wrongly? I’m pretty sure it was a death stare. But why would it come from Mr. Jupiter?*

While Iris was still trying to figure out an answer to her question, Arielle had begun shooting for her scene. With a cup of coffee in her hand, Arielle approached the hostile Vinson. The latter did not even need to act as he had always been wearing an icy-cold attitude toward everyone.

However, the director was worried about the last scene where Vinson had to stare at Arielle affectionately. He thought it would be quite a challenge for Vinson to do that.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks

Chapter 72

[/ A Beauty with Multiple Masks](#)

Chapter 72, A Beauty with Multiple Masks

Lo and behold, Vinson handled the last scene superbly well. It went way beyond the director’s expectations. When the camera zoomed in, Vinson looked deeply into Arielle’s eyes as if she was the goddess that he truly adored and loved. It was unbelievably real! “Cut!” The director walked away from the monitor feeling smug. He clapped his hands and complimented the duo, “I’m so impressed with Ms. Sannie’s sensitivity toward the camera while you, Mr. Nightshire—your acting blew my mind away!

You’re so talented. It’s such a waste that you’re not considering to enter the show business...” Vinson found his comment ridiculous. *What acting skills? All I did was accepted a cup of coffee, took a sip, and then stared at Arielle in the eyes. There wasn’t even a line uttered. Were there any skills required?* Yet, he kept his thoughts to himself and listened to the director’s praise. He merely asked, “Is that all to the shoot?”

The director nodded his head. “Yes, yes, it’s a wrap! You guys are excellent. That one take was simply perfect!” Upon hearing that, Vinson creased his forehead disapprovingly. *Aren’t kissing scenes necessary in romantic dramas when the lead actor and actress became a couple? Why didn’t I get a chance to even hold Arielle’s hand? Such a useless director!* Looking glum, Vinson ordered, “Pack up and leave immediately since the filming is over.

Get ready for tomorrow’s shoot.” The director hesitated. “The shoot tomorrow requires an office building as the location. Unfortunately, we haven’t found a suitable one to date. Hence, we might see a delay in the schedule.” Vinson was never bothered about petty operational matters. He simply murmured in acknowledgment and walked toward Harvey. “Let’s go! We’re done here. Since there’s nothing on my schedule today, let’s call up Jordan for a meal together.”

"I'll take a rain check..." Harvey rejected. "You guys go ahead. I want to treat Ms. Moore to a meal." Vinson's face instantly turned solemn at his words. He felt somewhat irritated—the same uncontrollable feelings he had when he heard that Harvey fell in love with Arielle at first sight. He tried taking a deep breath to maintain his composure.

"You can save it. From my limited understanding about her, she won't go out to a meal with you so easily." Harvey shrugged his shoulders. "I'll never know if I don't give it a shot." He looked forward to asking her out. In fact, he had been waiting for this moment for ages. With his arms folded across his chest, Vinson let out a skin-deep grin. "Well, good luck! I bet you won't succeed." He thought he knew a fair bit about Arielle.

Though she appears to be obedient and good-natured in front of Henrick, she's actually a sly fox that bites. For someone as shrewd as a fox, would she go out with a man whom she's just met for the first time? Vinson was as confident with his assumption as he was with Arielle's personality. Right then, Arielle walked out. She had removed her make-up and put on a plain white t-shirt and a pair of faded jeans. Typically, lighter colors were known to make people look plump.

However, that was not the case for Arielle. The jeans actually accentuated her figure and her pair of long legs, in a way that made people gawk. Harvey strode toward her. "Ms. Moore." Arielle had quite a good impression of Harvey. She smiled at him and replied, "Mr. Jupiter, thank you for getting us this place as the filming set."

Harvey shook his head. "Don't mention it. Vin and I are like brothers, so this is nothing. By the way, are you free? I heard from your assistant that this is your last shot of the day?"

"Yup, I'm going home, and have a good rest." Harvey checked his watch. "Since you're not rushing to go anywhere and it's already noon... May I have the pleasure of treating you to lunch?" Vinson stood nearby and eavesdropped.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks

Chapter 73

[/ A Beauty with Multiple Masks](#)

Chapter 73, A Beauty with Multiple Masks

Vinson was extremely certain that Arielle would not say yes. Yet, in the next second... "Sure! I happen to have something that I want to tell you." Vinson immediately frowned. *She actually agreed? There's even something that she wants to say to him? What gives? What common topic do they possibly have? It's their first time meeting each other!* Vinson could no longer contain himself. He approached Arielle and warned her intentionally, "Arielle, there's one more shot tomorrow.

Watch your diet. Don't consume any junk and affect your performance tomorrow." Before Arielle could answer, Harvey chimed in, "Don't worry, Vin, the CEO. Rest assured that I won't treat her to any junk food that will pose an adverse effect on her work tomorrow. We'll have a healthy diet, all right?" With a darkened face, Vinson muttered, "It's up to you." Then, he left. The perplexed Harvey stared at his back and grumbled, "This fellow..." "What's wrong?"

Arielle asked, "Did you guys have any prior arrangement?" "Yeah, initially, he wanted to gather with a few friends because he has no plans today. Oh well, it doesn't matter. We have plenty of chances to meet up anyways." "I see. Shall we go?" "Let's go! What would you like to have?" Sitting in his car, Vinson witnessed the two of them chatting happily as they boarded their vehicle. Subconsciously, Vinson tightened his grip on the documents in his hand.

His assistant, who was at the driver's seat held his breath as the air was as thick as butter and the tension so thick one could cut it with a knife. After half an hour, they arrived at an Italian restaurant. Arielle and Harvey sat opposite each other, enjoying some delicious pasta. She ate hastily and then went straight into the topic. "Mr. Jupiter, I need to tell you something..." He put down his fork and interrupted her words. "Are you trying to hide your identity abroad from everyone else?"

Stunned, she nodded. "I have my reasons. So, do you mind pretending that you don't know me when we meet in the future? Nothing like today shall ever happen again." Arielle articulated her intention calmly, but firmly. An unfathomable coldness layered her tone, making Harvey feel like she was keeping him at arm's length. It was exceptionally hard for him to take it. He felt his throat tightened at that moment.

As an assertive man, he was a hundred percent sure that everything would go as planned under his control. His self-assurance came from his excellent family background as well as his outstanding abilities. When he was in the army, he was a marvelous soldier. In the business sector, he remains a competitor that others revered. The Jupiters were one of the most prominent families in Jadeborough. He could basically command anyone to do anything as he wishes within a snap of his finger. However, he felt like a hopeless small fry in front of Arielle.

Harvey plastered a smile on his face. "Okay, I understand. You can rest assured that no one else will know that you're San. But... can I get to know you as Arielle?" Tilting her head, she had a bad hunch about where he was going with that. "What do you mean?" He took a deep breath and plucked up the courage to make a confession. "Ms. Moore, I like you and I want to date you!" Arielle was dumbfounded. "You..." His chiseled face blushed like a tomato.

Clenching his fists, he continued, "I'm not a sophisticated person because I grew up in the army with my parents. So, I don't usually beat around the bush. I'm always straightforward about my intentions." That was not the first time someone had confessed to Arielle, but it was definitely her first experience at an abrupt one.

She was at a loss for words, allowing Harvey to continue speaking. He took a generous sip of the wine before continuing, "I can't forget how you saved my life. You've got no idea how attracted I am to a heroic and cool girl like you. Since that very day, I've been looking for you.

At first, I thought that I just wanted to repay you for your kindness. Then, as time goes by, I realized that I really like you." She gazed at him quietly, overwhelmed by his sincerity and anxiousness.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks

Chapter 74

[/ A Beauty with Multiple Masks](#)

Chapter 74, A Beauty with Multiple Masks

After a long moment, Arielle finally responded. "Thank you. Frankly, relationship matters are at the bottom of my priority list. I'm sorry, but I have countless issues to deal with." Immediately, Harvey's bright gaze dimmed with disappointment. His joy seemed to deflate like a balloon pierced with a needle. Yet, he regained his composure in the blink of an eye. "It's all right. I understand this confession must have taken you by surprise as I said it without warning. Can we remain friends?

I won't tell anyone that we have met overseas. Today is the first day we've met." Harvey forced a smile to mask his sorrow. "I-I...don't even want to make new friends. However, thank you for your offer," Arielle replied after a moment of hesitation. "What are you planning? Why do you need to conceal your identity and avoid any romance?

You can't even make new friends?" Harvey asked suspiciously. Arielle averted her gaze guiltily. "I'm handling some private matters..." Harvey sensed that Arielle's mood had dropped. Immediately, he apologized profusely. "I'm sorry, I've overstepped my boundaries. I shouldn't have pestered you with so many questions. However, you can contact me anytime if you need help. No matter the situation, I will help you."

"Thank you," Arielle beamed her reply. On the other hand, Vinson was feeling frustrated when he received a phone call from Carter. "Vin, we managed to capture one of the men from the gang that tried to assassinate the two of you when you were overseas." "Where is he?" Vinson raised a brow when he heard Carter's statement. "He's in my car. I'll bring him over. It will probably take half an hour before we reach Jadeborough.

He was stranded at sea for nearly a month and that has taken a toll on his mental health." "Got it. Send him to Harvey's residence. We will head there," Vinson ordered after a brief moment of pause. "Alright." Vinson was in great spirits after

Carter's call. Quickly, he called Harvey. After all his efforts, Harvey finally managed to get past Arielle's defenses. Just as they were about to start a conversation about the issues overseas, Vinson's call came in.

Harvey declined the call swiftly and planned to continue the conversation. Yet, his phone rang once again as Vinson called him for a second time. Harvey couldn't help but feel frustrated. *Vinson is the kind who keeps to himself and never gets into a relationship. But why is he ruining it for me?* "Please excuse me while I answer this call," Harvey said with an apologetic smile.

"Sure." Finally, Harvey rose to his feet and strode towards the window to answer the call. "Vin, why are you calling me right now? Can't you wait—" Harvey snapped impatiently. "Where are you?" Vinson interjected before Harvey could finish talking. "I'm at the Irushean restaurant located opposite the shopping mall near my home. What do you want?" "We captured the assassin who tried to murder us. My men are bringing him to your house right now.

You should come right away!" "Shouldn't we deal with such matters at the Themis Mansion?" Harvey jolted in shock. "It's not convenient for me to go there right now. Hurry up and come over!" Vinson continued in an urgent tone. "But I'm still in the middle of my meal..." Harvey mumbled. Vinson hung up before Harvey finished his sentence.

"This b*stard," Harvey cursed under his breath. When he whirled around, he found that Arielle had packed her things into her purse, waiting for him patiently. "You..." "Go ahead; you don't have to worry about me." Arielle cut him off before he could continue. "Let me send you back," Harvey added in a hurry. "It's all right." Arielle refused his offer politely. "I noticed a shopping mall opposite. I want to go for a walk and get some clothes."

Henrick had assigned her countless tasks yesterday; he also asked her to enhance her appearance. *It's impossible that Cindy will help me purchase any clothes. I should look around the shopping mall and find something before I head back.* "You want to head to the shopping mall?" Harvey asked.

Arielle nodded her head. In response, Harvey smiled at her. "All right, take your time. You can contact me if you need anything." "Okay," Arielle replied in puzzlement when she noticed his smile. On the other hand, she did not take Harvey's words to heart. After all, Arielle didn't like bothering others.

They both descended to the ground floor. Just as Harvey was about to send Arielle off, a black car pulled up in front of the duo. The car window rolled down to reveal Vinson's handsome face.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks

Chapter 75

/ [A Beauty with Multiple Masks](#)

Chapter 75, A Beauty with Multiple Masks

"Vin? Why are you here?" Harvey exclaimed in astonishment. Vinson cleared his throat. "Coincidentally, I was on the way. I thought that I'd pick you up." "I can drive myself there. Why don't you go ahead? I'm sending Ms. Moore to the shopping mall. I'll be there in a jiffy." "Can't you walk such a short distance alone?" Vinson gave Arielle a cold stare. A deep scowl graced Arielle's forehead upon his brusque words. *He must have been a saint in his past life.* *How on earth does Vinson have friends when he's so short-tempered?* Arielle pouted before she turned towards Harvey with a smile. "Go ahead; I can walk over myself. You don't have to send me off." "But—" "Stop dallying! Let's go!" Vinson urged again. Vinson exited the car and dragged Harvey in. Next, he shoved his own assistant out of the car.

Arielle looked at Vinson with confusion. "What's the matter? Can't you go shopping with another person? Why must Harvey be the one who sends you there?" Vinson replied nonchalantly. "No... I don't need anyone to—" Before Arielle could finish her sentence, Vinson ordered the driver to start the car. The car sped off into the distance, leaving Arielle and the assistant behind.

Vinson's assistant had a personality that was a stark contrast to Vinson himself. The assistant wore a bright smile and a cheerful demeanor. "Ms. Moore, it is an honor to keep you company whilst you shop. What brands are you looking at?" The assistant glanced at Arielle as he spoke. Arielle returned his gaze with a sharp and cold look. Under her glare, the tone of his voice dropped until it was as soft as a mouse. In the end, the assistant coughed awkwardly.

"I won't interrupt your shopping. I'll follow after you to ensure your safety," he said. "I said that I don't need someone to keep me company. You should find Vinson or return to the company. I wish to shop alone," she insisted. Seeing Arielle's insistence, the assistant left in a hurry.

The enormous shopping mall located opposite the restaurant was called Sunway Mall. Despite its size, there weren't many people in the mall that day as it was a weekday. The few customers wandering around the mall were mostly rich wives or mothers with their children. The moment Arielle stepped foot into Sunway Mall, she felt a prickling sensation across her skin. It felt like someone was watching her. Immediately, Arielle whipped her head around.

However, there wasn't anyone there—only the occasional customer who crossed the path behind her. *Was it just my imagination?* Arielle turned around again. She looked around and walked into a clothing store that caught her eye due to the beautiful clothes on display. The moment Arielle stepped foot into the store, the shop attendant hurried over to greet her. Yet, the friendliness in her eyes vanished the moment she caught sight of Arielle's simple clothing.

"You are free to look around as you please. However, no touching is allowed," the shop attendant said rudely. "How am I supposed to know the material if I can't touch the clothes?" Arielle frowned. The shop attendant clicked her tongue impatiently. "This is Feature. Don't you know all of our clothes are made out of high-quality cotton and linen?"

Naturally, the prices of these clothes are expensive, starting at five digits figure. If you are uncomfortable with the pricing, you should visit other shops.” When she was overseas, Feature was a clothing brand that Arielle wore often. The clothes felt extremely comfortable when worn. Additionally, the designer was a friend of hers. For the sake of her friend and the comfort of the clothes, Arielle ignored the shop attendant’s scorn.

She continued to choose the clothes in earnest. *Since it’s Feature, I don’t have to touch the material. I just have to pick a style that catches my eye.* The shop attendant scowled when she noticed that Arielle refused to leave. *She even has the audacity to continue shopping! Her canvas shoes look so dirty and ugly. How dare she even step foot into the store! How bold!*

The shop attendant ridiculed Arielle in her thoughts as she trailed after Arielle. It looked like she was afraid that Arielle would steal the clothes. However, Arielle was someone who wasn’t easily intimidated by such rude attendants. Despite being aware of the negative thoughts that the shop attendant harbored towards her, Arielle maintained her calm composure.

She remained unbothered and continued to pick the clothes at her own pace. *Anyway, I’m not here to bring the shop attendant home. I’m here to buy some clothes.* Right at that moment, a high-pitched yet familiar voice echoed from the entrance. “Hey, have the new seasonal pieces arrived yet? Do you have the shirt that I reserved during my last visit?”

A Beauty With Multiple Masks

Chapter 76

[/ A Beauty with Multiple Masks](#)

Chapter 76, A Beauty with Multiple Masks

Upon hearing the voice, the shop attendant hurried towards the entrance as she ignored Arielle. “Mrs. Actonward! You are here! We’ve kept all the clothes just for you. The new clothing has just arrived today; we haven’t put them on display yet. Why don’t you wait for a short while? I will bring the clothes here for your selection,” the shop attendant said in an attempt to flatter Yvette. “All right, pick up the pace! I have a lunch appointment with my friend later.” “It will only take a short while.” The shop attendant assured her. After hearing their conversation, Arielle thought that the woman’s voice sounded extremely familiar. *It feels like I’ve heard of it before.* Subconsciously, Arielle tilted her head to look at the source of the voice. She caught sight of a woman with exquisite makeup, dressing in a trendy miniskirt.

A look of arrogance painted the woman’s face as she sat in a cross-legged position. There was a cup of tea poised in her hand. Occasionally, the woman would take a delicate sip from the cup. On the other hand, Sharon stood by her side as she picked at her manicured nails with a look of boredom. Arielle recognized the woman in a blink of an eye. *Isn’t she the woman who set her dog on me before? She must be Yvette!*

According to the gossip amongst housekeepers, Yvette had an engagement contract with one of the four most eligible and powerful bachelors of Jadeborough. *If it weren't for them, I wouldn't have encountered so many problems trying to uncover the truth behind my mother's death.* Arielle looked away quickly and shifted her attention back to the clothes. Coincidentally, she spotted a blue short-sleeved shirt.

Immediately, Arielle took it and headed towards the cashier. All of the clothes manufactured by Feature were one-size-fits-all. Thus, Arielle didn't need to test it out before buying it. However, Arielle barely managed to take a few steps before she bumped into the shop attendant. The shop attendant glared at her with contempt when she noticed the shirt in Arielle's clutches. "What are you doing? Are you trying to steal it? I'm warning you.

There are surveillance cameras all over the shop!" The shop attendant snatched the shirt from Arielle rudely. Arielle couldn't believe the shop attendant thought that she was about to steal the shirt. Despite her high tolerance for rude behavior, Arielle's patience couldn't endure it any longer. "I was about to make a payment," she replied darkly. The shop attendant laughed mockingly. "You want to make a payment?

Have you seen the price tag of this shirt? Are you sure that you can afford it?" she sneered. "So? Is there a rule on the price tag that says I can't buy it?" Arielle's gaze was as cold as ice. Seeing Arielle's dark stare, the shop attendant flinched in terror. *She has such a cold glare.* The shop attendant gave Arielle another once over. Despite Arielle's simple outfit, there was an aura of elegance that radiated from her figure.

Her distinguished temperament was not one that a commoner would have. *Have I offended a renowned customer?* The shop attendant was so scared that she was at a loss for words. Right at that moment, Yvette made her way over to the duo. "What's happening here? Where are the new clothes you promised to show me?" The shop attendant snapped out of her daze. "No... there was a misunderstanding," she explained.

"Are you really going to pay?" the shop attendant asked Arielle hesitantly. "What else would I do? Did you think that I was going to steal your clothes when there are so many surveillance cameras around?" Arielle frowned in displeasure. "T-Then please go ahead," the shop attendant stuttered and gulped nervously when she spotted the scowl across Arielle's face. "It's you?" Yvette blurted out all of a sudden. Arielle turned towards Yvette.

Simultaneously, the two women locked gazes. "Yes, it's me. How are you, Ms. Actonward?" Arielle replied calmly. Immediately, Yvette looked amused. "I never expected that the distinguished Ms. Arielle would be mistaken as a shoplifter. Wouldn't you be the laughing stock of town if someone finds out about this mistake?

However, I can see why she viewed you as a thief. After all, you came from a lowly village. Why don't I buy this shirt for you? Come, put this shirt on my tab," Yvette sneered as she instructed the shop attendant. The shop attendant was a quick thinker. In the blink of an eye, she realized Arielle's high status.

Additionally, she could see the hostility that Yvette wielded towards Arielle. She beamed, "Ms. Actonward, you are as kind as ever. Let me pack this shirt for you." The shop attendant then turned to Arielle. "You don't have to do that. I will pay for the shirt with my own money," Arielle replied impassively.

She had no wish to argue against Yvette's mockery. Because of Arielle's words in the past, Yvette harbored a strong hatred for Arielle. Upon seeing that Arielle had no plans to entertain her, Yvette dropped her facade in the blink of an eye. "I changed my mind. I want to buy this shirt," Yvette announced in a cold voice.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks

Chapter 77

[/ A Beauty with Multiple Masks](#)

Chapter 77, A Beauty with Multiple Masks

The shop attendant was stunned. Yvette must have hated Arielle so much that she won't even let Arielle retain her dignity. Yet, she was unsure about Arielle's background. On the other hand, Yvette was an important customer and benefactor. Last year, she managed to achieve outstanding sales due to Yvette. Thus, the shop attendant merely hesitated for a brief second as she came to a decision. "All right, I will wrap this up right away," she beamed brightly and followed Yvette's instructions.

"Wait a minute," Arielle called out in a frigid tone. "I wanted to purchase this shirt first. Shouldn't you wrap it up for me?" It was blatantly obvious that Yvette's request was aimed at her. The conflict between the two women seemed unresolvable. *Since we cannot resolve it, why should I concede to her?*

There's nothing that I yearn for in this entire world. Even so, why should I let others take away what's mine? "You peasant! Do you think that you are in your village? This is my territory! Quick, pack it up for me right now," Yvette sneered cruelly. Caught between a rock and a hard place, the shop attendant looked at Yvette and Arielle in a conflicting manner. By right, she should sell the shirt to Arielle. Additionally, Arielle seemed like a person she shouldn't cross. Yet, Yvette was someone she couldn't afford to offend either.

The shop attendant gritted her teeth. "Miss, I'm terribly sorry. Ms. Actonward is one of our esteemed customers. She has the privilege to buy the clothes first. Why don't you take a look around the other clothes?" Yvette's lips curled into a triumphant smile when she heard the shop attendant's words. "Did you hear that?"

she gloated and crossed her arms over her chest proudly. Just as Arielle was about to reply, the manager rushed over. "Have you cleaned the shop? The designer is coming over to inspect our store soon. Quick, tidy up the clothing racks!" the manager instructed urgently. Right after the manager finished speaking, she noticed Yvette. Immediately, a courteous smile appeared on her face. "Ms. Actonward, are you here to look at our clothes?"

Yvette nodded arrogantly and extended her finger to point at Arielle. "I came here to buy some clothes. However, this idiot insists on buying the same product. Who do you want to sell this shirt to?" she turned to address the manager haughtily. Immediately, the manager gave Arielle a once-over. Despite her ordinary outfit, Arielle had a sophisticated temperament that was unlike ordinary people. After giving the question a brief thought, the manager cleared her throat.

"There is only one of Feature's clothing pieces in each of our stores. However, we restock our clothing on a regular basis. Miss, why don't you leave this shirt for Ms. Actonward? You can leave your address with us, and I'll personally deliver the shirt when it's back in stock," the manager offered politely. Arielle frowned when she heard the manager's decision. "I first assumed that the problem only existed in your shop attendants.

Seeing your attitude now as a manager, I'm now worried for the future of this brand." Immediately, the manager's mood darkened. "Miss, I don't think a customer like you should be worried about our brand. I've suggested a logical solution to the problem. If you aren't satisfied, you can leave without buying." "I'm not worthy?" Arielle chuckled in amusement. "Didn't you say that your designer is coming soon? Which designer is it?"

she asked the manager. Arielle's statement earlier had offended the manager. "I don't think that you have any business being involved in this matter," she replied stiffly. Immediately, the woman who accompanied Yvette called out mockingly, "The exit is right there! See yourself out!"

Arielle's cold gaze swept towards the group. She looked at them as if they were her sworn enemies. Just as she opened her mouth to retort, a stylishly dressed woman accompanied by an entourage of guards entered the shop. The moment she spotted the well-dressed woman, the manager leaped to her feet and pushed Arielle towards the exit.

"Stop meddling around. I'm going to lodge a report if you continue to cause a scene. Quick, bring her out via the back door!" the manager hissed lowly.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks

Chapter 78

[/ Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo](#)

Chapter 78, A Beauty with Multiple Masks

The shop attendant then pulled Arielle over to the other side of the door. After tidying herself up a little and whispering in Yvette's ear, the manager then brought Yvette and her friend over. She then greeted Fanny with a smile. "Ms. Fanny! I didn't expect you to come so early. Our VIP guest is here too. Why don't you have a little chat with her?" Yvette, too, greeted Fanny with a grin. "It's a pleasure to meet you.

I love your designs, especially your latest collection. I came here to buy them." Fanny kept a distance from her and responded with a smile. She then asked, "I

heard a commotion. Did something happen?" The manager panicked. The motto that the brand lived by was "the customers are always right." They were supposed to provide the best service to all their customers. The manager smiled wryly and explained, "Someone came and stirred up trouble earlier, but we managed to get her out of the premises."

Fanny knitted her brows. "What do you mean? Is she not happy with our after-sales service?" "Oh, n-no..." The manager immediately denied it. "She was just being difficult." Meanwhile, the shop attendant was about to drag Arielle out of the door. But Arielle stood rooted that the shop attendant could not get her out. She did not stop the attendant from pulling her because she was so shocked that they treated her in such a manner.

But by the time she came to her senses, she instantly swung her hand from the attendant's grip and stormed back to the shop. "Is this how you treat your customers?" Arielle exploded with rage. *Not only did the shop attendant look down on me, she even tried to kick me out of the shop?* Suddenly, she noticed Fanny standing in the middle of the shop. Fanny looked over and froze for a bit upon seeing Arielle from afar. Yet, the manager and Yvette did not notice the expression on Fanny's face.

The manager shot daggers at the shop attendant before confronting Arielle, "Why are you still here? Do you want me to call the cops?" Yvette, too, stepped in and reprimanded Arielle, "Are you not embarrassed? You are not welcome here! Yet, you're still here causing trouble!" Fanny still could not believe Arielle was standing before her. "Ms. Sannie? Are you Ms. Sannie?"

Arielle did not expect to see Fanny too. "It's you?" Fanny nodded repeatedly and was pleasantly surprised that Arielle still remembered her. "You remember me?" The manager and Yvette were utterly stunned. *They know each other?* Yvette was even more shocked. *How on earth did this country bumpkin get to know this famous designer?* Arielle nodded and continued, "They said the designer is coming over, and I thought they were talking about Phyllis.

"I didn't expect to see you here." Fanny responded with a nod. "I used to work as Ms. Reinley's assistant, but I'm a designer now. Ms. Reinley told me she couldn't get past her creative block ever since you left." The manager's jaw dropped after listening to their conversation.

The shop attendant then mumbled by the manager's ear, "Ms. Reinley? Isn't she the founder and the chief designer of our brand?" The manager shuddered at that thought and staggered almost instantly. *Oh God. Who have I offended!* Meanwhile, Yvette was at a loss for words at the turn of events.

Not only did this country bumpkin know Fanny, but she's also a friend of the founder of Feature? Did Fanny mistake Arielle for someone else? That was just Yvette's wishful thinking. Judging by their banter, it was clear that they were close friends. Both Arielle and Fanny seemed to have forgotten that there were people around them.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks

Chapter 79

[/ Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo](#)

Chapter 79, A Beauty with Multiple Masks

Suddenly, Fanny recalled the drama earlier and asked Arielle, "What happened just now? Why did they say you caused trouble here?" Arielle gave the manager and the shop attendant a sullen glare and said, "I wanted to purchase a dress, but one of them accused me of stealing, while the other gave the dress to your VIP guest. She even instructed the shop attendant to kick me out of the shop."

"What!" A fierce glint flashed across Fanny's eyes.

How dare they do that to Ms. Sannie? Even Ms. Reinley has to show her respect! Arielle took a deep breath and advised, "Instead of hiring high-profile designers, why don't you spend on training your staff on customer service?" That was quite a slap in the faces of the manager and the shop attendant. They tilted their heads and noticed Fanny was looking up at them with a scowl.

Feature offered great remuneration packages to all its employees, especially those holding managerial positions. Even a shop attendant could earn up to five figures a month on top of their sales commissions. It would be disastrous for them if they lost this job! The manager instantly grabbed Arielle's arm and begged for her forgiveness. "I'm sorry, Miss. It's all my fault. Please give me another chance to redeem myself!"

Tears started rolling down the shop attendant's cheeks. "Please forgive me too, Miss. I swear I'll treat all the customers equally in the future! Please!" They were on the verge of kneeling before Arielle. Yet, Arielle responded with a deadpan expression, "You have to swear that you'll treat all your customers equally when it's your responsibility in the first place? How pathetic." "No, no, no, that's not what I meant..." she immediately tried to explain.

"I'm sorry! I'm really sorry!" Arielle pulled her hands away and said icily, "That's enough. Had I not bumped into Fanny today, you all would have treated me like a thief and reported me to the cops. Instead of begging for my forgiveness, go and talk to Fanny!" Both the manager and the shop attendant looked at Fanny in fear. The grim-faced Fanny turned around and told her assistant, "Kick them out of the company, and blacklist them!"

"Yes, Miss!" The assistant then signaled the security guards to come in and pulled them out of the shop. Though the guards had removed them from the shop, Arielle could still hear them wailing from a distance. But she did not sympathize with them at all. *They deserve no mercy.* The other shop attendants looked at Arielle differently now.

They were relieved that they were not involved in the drama earlier. A few of them even took the opportunity to wrap the dress Arielle wanted to purchase. Nobody bothered to entertain Yvette, who used to enjoy all the VIP privileges. Yvette, who grew up living the life of a princess, had never experienced such humiliation.

It was as if no one cared that she was engaged to one of the Bakers and the number one socialite of Jadeborough. She became even more emotional when she recalled how they had killed her Pitbull right before her eyes. Her helplessness soon turned into anger. *I don't care what brand it is or how famous their designer is, and I don't give a damn about Arielle Moore.*

I want them to vanish from Jadeborough once and for all! Yvette's fingers curled into fists of rage. Upon noticing Yvette's resentment, Sharon wanted to stop her from acting impulsively, but Yvette brushed her aside. She then strode in Arielle's direction.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks

Chapter 80

[/ A Beauty with Multiple Masks](#)

Chapter 80, A Beauty with Multiple Masks

I don't believe someone as lowly as Arielle are friends with these people! Fanny must have mistaken her for another Ms. Sannie, and Arielle must have taken advantage of it and played along! "Arielle Moore!" Yvette walked up to her and raised her voice. "Enough with your act! Aren't you from the countryside? How did you know a designer from Feature?" When Arielle was about to defend herself, Fanny stepped in. "So you're saying I don't know who am I talking to? Do you think I'm blind? We don't welcome uncouth customers in our shop. Please leave." Yvette looked at her in disbelief. "How dare you? Do you not know that I can easily destroy your company with a snap of the fingers?" Fanny tilted her chin. "Try me." "You!" Yvette exclaimed, "Don't you regret what you've done today!"

She turned around and stormed away in frustration. *I'm going to ask Dad to get Feature out of Jadeborough! No. I should talk to the Jupiters instead since Feature's shop was in their shopping mall. Since her fiancé, Jordan, and Jupiter Group's CEO, Harvey, were good friends, she decided to get Harvey's help to avenge her. Harvey treats me with great respect because I'm Jordan's fiancée. I'm sure he'll do me this favor!*

Yvette dashed out of the shop and bumped into a man. The man, who had a cup of coffee in his hand, accidentally splashed the drink all over Yvette. The coffee was so hot that Yvette shrieked in pain. "Are you okay?" Sharon checked on her before reprimanding the man, "Are you blind?" The man was stunned for a moment. It seemed he was surprised that someone actually talked to him in such a manner. A sudden frown warped his face. He responded, "She knocked into me first."

Upon noticing the coffee stain on her new dress, Yvette shot daggers at the man. "Do you know how much this dress cost? Do you know who I am? I can ban you from entering this shopping mall for the rest of your life!" The man, who initially had a smiley face, instantly turned grim. He snorted and retaliated, "And do you know who I am?"

I can ban you from entering this shopping mall for the rest of your life!" "How dare you!" Yvette bellowed. When she lifted her head, she saw another man standing behind him. The man had a manager badge pinned on his blazer. *Great!* Yvette walked up to the manager and said, "Kick this man out of the shopping mall.

"I'm Jordan Baker's fiancée, and your CEO, Harvey Jupiter, is my friend." The manager froze for a moment and took a glance at the man before giving Yvette a response. "I'm sorry, Miss. I have to ask you to leave the shopping mall right now. Please leave before I call the security guards." "What the hell? I'm your CEO's friend! How could you not take my instruction?"

The manager extended his hand and explained to her who the man was. "I don't know if you're a friend of our CEO, but this is Mr. Nightshire's assistant, Mr. Rayson Seet." Yvette and Sharon's eyes widened in disbelief. *Vinson Nightshire's assistant?* Yvette recalled how her father had been trying to get in Vinson's good books but to no avail.

She also remembered her father had been giving Rayson some gifts in the hope of gaining Vinson's favor. *Did I offend someone whom Dad has been trying hard to please? Did I try to throw him out of the shopping mall?* Fear throbbed in Yvette's veins, and her face started twitching involuntarily.

"What are we going to do?" Sharon asked. *I don't know, Sharon. I don't know! I just got kicked out of a shop, and now I offended the assistant of a big shot? What's with my luck today?* Yvette swallowed the fluid lodged in her throat and immediately plastered an apologetic smile on her face. "I'm sorry, Mr. Seet. Please forgive us."