

# A Beauty With Multiple Masks

## Chapter 81

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Rayson looked at the coffee stain on her dress and said, "I went all the way to buy this cup of coffee, and this happened. Do you know who I bought this coffee for?" His expression turned grim. The color drained out of Yvette's face. *Did he buy this coffee for... Vinson?*

No one should ever mess with Vinson as he was the most difficult person to deal with among the four young men from Jadeborough's prominent families. Unlike Harvey, who had shown her some respect, Vinson had never paid attention to her. And now, she knocked over his coffee and reprimanded his assistant.

Yvette could not stop her body from shaking and asked in a trembling voice, "Where did you buy the coffee? I'll go and get another one..." "Yes! We'll get you another cup of coffee right now!" Sharon echoed. Sharon had to be even more mindful than Yvette because the Nightshire Group could destroy her family more easily than the Actonwards. When Rayson was about to respond to their plea, he saw a familiar face from a stone's throw away.

He grinned and greeted, "Ms. Sannie!" Rayson ignored the two women and ran toward the entrance of Feature. Yvette knitted her brows, looked in his direction, and saw Arielle coming out of the shop. *Arielle Moore? The coffee was for her? What? Besides Vinson, who else could get Rayson to work for them?* She could not believe it when she saw how Rayson was trying to curry favor with Arielle. "I walked past a café earlier and bought you a cup of coffee. I believe you like coffee right?" Rayson asked. Arielle responded with a wry smile. She did not expect to see Vinson's assistant here.

"Yeah, I do drink coffee. So... where is it?" Seeing Arielle got him so excited that he forgot he no longer had the coffee. He hesitated for a bit, turned around, and shot daggers at Yvette. Yvette's mind went blank upon seeing his reaction. *He really bought that coffee for her? What has she done to deserve such a privilege?*

Yvette could not help but look at Arielle's face. *That vixen! She must have seduced him! She's really good at finding the right target. What a shameless woman! Now it all made sense. Arielle must have gotten to know Fanny through Vinson's assistant!* Yvette remembered Shandie had once told her about the rumors between Vinson and Arielle, but at that point, she believed the man whom Arielle was involved with was Vinson's assistant.

*I wonder how Vinson would think of their relationship.* Yvette thought since she had offended Rayson, she might as well take this opportunity to get rid of him! *You chose to fool around with Arielle, so don't blame me for being cruel!* The fear in her had vanished into thin air. A corner of her mouth quirked up, and she decided to give them the final blow.

*Time for revenge, suckers!* Arielle followed his line of sight and saw Yvette. Yvette strode in their direction with a condescending look on her face. "You seem to be very good at seducing men. That's quite an achievement for a country bumpkin," Yvette mocked.

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Arielle's brows clumped together in a frown. "What nonsense are you spewing now?" Beside her, Rayson shot a sharp gaze at Yvette as well. He warned, "Do mind your language, Miss." Rayson assumed that Yvette would shrink away like some frightened rodent and apologize to Arielle, but that wasn't the case. Yvette raised a leering brow at him while rebuking, "Mr. Seet, is your boss aware of your gallivant ways out here?"

I suggest you be careful while playing with fire because Mr. Nightshire is not a lenient man. He won't tolerate a sloppy assistant." Then she yanked Sharon's wrist and sashayed off without waiting for Rayson or Arielle's response. Sharon walked with shaky knees as she asked, "Yvette... Is it wise to speak so rudely to Mr. Seet?" Yvette huffed, "Why does it matter? That pathetic assistant will be relieved from his position and left to roam the streets soon.

Once he becomes useless, I doubt Arielle will stick to him as she's doing now!" She scowled inwardly. *Arielle is just like her scheming father, Henrick—power-hungry monsters.* Flaring with irritation, Yvette dialed her butler's number. "Edmund, find out Mr. Nightshire's current location at once." Edmund paused nervously on the other end of the call. He eventually stuttered, "A-are you referring to Mr. Nightshire of Nightshire Group, Ms. Yvette?"

"Who else, captain obvious?" "Um... I'm afraid it's impossible to track the current whereabouts of a big shot like Mr. Nightshire." Within seconds, Yvette's expression darkened as cried, "I don't care! You'll do as I say and track him now. Otherwise, you can kiss your job goodbye!" Edmund hung up shortly after. His blinking gray eyes stared gravely into the space. *How on earth will I track him...* Coincidentally, one of the Actonwards' housekeepers had just returned from delivering gifts to Jordan.

They mentioned that Jordan was visiting Vinson at the Jupiters' residence. That housekeeper was quite the babble mouth. He rambled on, "I don't get why these men gather so frequently. What a waste of leisure time! I personally think that Mr. Baker should be using this opportunity to spend more time with Ms. Yvette."

Nevertheless, Edmund's eyes lit up gratefully for this newfound information. He instantly dialed Yvette's number. "Ms. Yvette, I found it. Mr. Nightshire is currently at the Jupiters'." "The Jupiters?" Yvette casually checked on her nails. Her lips curled with delight as a plan hatched in her mind. "That's even better. Rayson and Arielle were frolicking about in the Jupiters' territory. What a perfect opportunity to rat them out to Mr. Nightshire."

Once their call ended, Yvette turned to look at Sharon. "I'm going to visit Mr. Nightshire. You should head home if you're too much of a chicken. Also, inform the others that I'm off to see Mr. Nightshire. Tell them that I won't be joining them for tea." Sharon had initially crossed her arms tightly in panic. However, this changed at the mention of Vinson's name; an eager gleam flitted across Sharon's eyes. Yvette's family, the Actonwards, were close with the Bakers because of the marriage contract between her and Jordan.

Hence, this gave Yvette frequent access to meeting men from Jadeborough. Sharon had always envied Yvette for this, because her chances of encountering those handsome men from Jadeborough were zero. The more Sharon thought about this, the more a steadfast determination surged through her veins. She stated, "How could I let you face that alone? I'm coming with you!" Yvette's eyes roamed over Sharon, studying her in approval.

"I'm impressed. You've always seemed like an opportunistic minion, but I guess you're pretty loyal to me, huh? Alright then, let's go together and make sure those two get kicked out of Jadeborough for good!" "Absobloodylutely!" Sharon nodded with passion. *Perfect! I'm finally meeting Mr. Nightshire! My looks are comparable to Yvette's, so maybe Mr. Nightshire might fall in love with me at first sight.*

*I don't care if I'm not worthy of marrying into the Nightshire family. Just spending a passionate night with Vinson Nightshire is more than enough for me. I'll be living out every girl's dream!* The two had different plans, but both merrily went their way to the Jupiters' residence. Meanwhile, Arielle hadn't paid any mind to Yvette's ultimatum.

Arielle had dismissed Rayson, instructing him not to follow her around, to which he complied. Then she spent the rest of her day shopping with Fanny. While they browsed through some clothing racks, Arielle explained her current situation and expressed her wish to keep her identity a secret.

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Fanny readily agreed, "Sure. Do reach out if you ever need my help. I'm taking part in a fashion design TV show, so I'll be in the country for the next few months." "All right!" The two chatted for a bit before exchanging contact details, then going their separate ways. Arielle was about to hail a cab, but an MPV suddenly drove up to her—it was Rayson. He rolled down the window and tee-heed. "Ms. Sannie, it won't be easy to get a cab from here. I'll give you a ride home instead." He mentally justified his actions. *Mr. Nightshire instructed me to stay by Ms. Sannie's side. Plus, I can't help but worry about letting her go home on her own. Who knows? She might be the future Mrs. Nightshire. As Mr. Nightshire's assistant, how can I allow such a distinguished figure to travel home in some dodgy cab?* Arielle's shoulders fell, giving in to his persistence. Still, she couldn't help but ask, "Don't you have anything better to do?"

Like helping out at Nightshire Group?” Rayson chuckled awkwardly at her question. Little did she know, he had sorted out Mr. Nightshire’s schedule for tomorrow and looked through three of the company’s documents while waiting for her to shop. Arielle didn’t decline and got into his car. Unfortunately for them, their car broke down halfway. Then the two of them stood by the roadside while staring at each other.

Various cars drove by as they waited for the tow truck to arrive. As time passed, Rayson frowned deeper and deeper. He then checked their location and awkwardly uttered, “Ms. Sannie, the tow truck might take another half an hour to arrive. It’ll also be difficult to hitch a ride on this highway. I happen to know that Mr. Jupiter lives within this area. Perhaps we should head over and see if he’ll lend us his car...?”

Arielle heaved a sigh before nodding. *We can’t keep waiting aimlessly here for the next half hour.* The Jupiters lived in the northern suburbs, near the national park. Their home sat on a large estate. It had traditional architecture, featuring pillars as well as white and black color schemes. Tall white fences surrounded the house, guarding the artistically built home inside as if it were a portal to another world. By the time Vinson and Harvey arrived, Carter had already moved the person down to the spare garage in the basement.

The otherwise pitch-black garage was now brightly lit. As soon as Vinson entered, he saw that the man had crouched into the corner. The man rocked his body slightly while mumbling a series of nonsensical words. His clothes were in tatters; the white shirt he wore was heavily stained and had multiple holes.

On top of that, the man’s unkempt hair looked like overgrown weeds. His frazzled appearance resembled that of a beggar who had gone insane. Even so, Vinson immediately recognized the man—he’s one of the assassins on the cruise. Carter noticed that Vinson and Harvey had entered. He nudged his gold-framed glasses and joined Jordan in approaching them. “What’s going on?” Harvey glanced at the disheveled man before resuming, “This guy stabbed me when I was overseas. Back then, he looked like some CEO of an international company or something.

So why does he look like this now? Is he faking it?” Jordan shrugged. He tossed the toy rat aside and shook his head in response. “I’ve tested him, and it doesn’t seem like he’s faking it. He really is insane.” The rubbery rat that Jordan threw landed on Carter’s foot. Disgusted, Carter kicked it away. He nudged his gold-rimmed glasses once again and said, “This man drifted at sea for about a month. The local fishermen said that he encountered a shark before they found him.

Luck was on his side, but it seems like the whole thing scarred him mentally. We won’t get much information from interrogating him while he’s in this state. All we can do now is treat him in my family’s private hospital.” Harvey cursed at this, “This b\*stard nearly killed me! And you want to treat him? Where the hell is the logic in this?”

Boisterous laughter roared out from Jordan. He teased, "Hah! Would you look at that? I didn't think you knew such colorful language. It looks like you're back to normal now, eh?" Harvey's face puckered into a glare. Then he walked closer to the deranged man and looked him coldly in the eye. "I get that we're sending you for treatment, but I gotta get my revenge!"

With that, Harvey gripped the collar of the man's shirt and rammed a fist into his stomach. The impact rattled the man, who spewed a mouthful of blood before passing out cold.

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The other three dropped their jaws at the sight of the unconscious man. They were well-acquainted with Harvey's tactless ways; they knew that he would never think twice before doing or saying anything. However, they couldn't help but freeze in shock after seeing Harvey knock the man out. Jordan was the first who broke out of his trance. He clapped his hands dramatically and exclaimed, "Well, that's just splendid! We spent ages going after this guy to use as bait, and now you've killed him!"

Darkness loomed over Vinson's face. He frowned at the severity of Harvey's actions; they needed this man alive. Catching him wasn't the primary goal because they still needed him as bait to lure out the mastermind behind the assassination attempt. Vinson hurried over and placed a finger under the man's nose. He let out a relieved sigh after feeling faint breathing from the man. Then he whipped around to inform Carter, "He's still alive."

Get him to your family's private hospital right away." "On it." Carter instantly pulled out his phone, dialing for a private ambulance. Once sorted, Vinson flashed a furious gaze at Harvey as if warning him to never pull another stunt like this again. Harvey only wanted to teach the man a lesson. Now that he locked eyes with Vinson's deadly gaze, he scratched the back of his head guilty. "I-I have the right to be upset too..."

This man nearly killed me, just like he almost killed you too..." "Fine." Vinson's brows twisted into a frown as he continued, "Don't let it happen again. And remember, he's not the one who wants us dead—we're after the person who's giving this man orders." "Exactly," Jordan chimed in with uncharacteristic seriousness. "This guy is merely a pawn. Our main objective is to seize the big guy, so quit acting on impulse, all right?"

I prefer you drinking your sorrows away." Harvey glared daggers at Jordan. Before he could retort, a bodyguard knocked and peeked in from the door. The bodyguard quickly reported, "A guest has requested your presence, Mr. Jupiter." Harvey cast a questioning look at Carter and asked, "Did you get caught while bringing the man back?" "That's impossible," Carter denied with an amused scoff. "I'm not Jordan."

At once, Jordan's chest puffed up in offense. "Hey! Who do you think you're throwing jabs at, Mr. Carter Morgan?" Carter sneered through a chiding tone, "Simple. I'm insulting the person who just responded to my jab." Seeing the two men rile up, Vinson thundered, "That's enough!" Only then did the fiery anger between the two dissipate. Then Vinson questioned the bodyguard, "Who's the guest?" The bodyguard was so terrified by Jordan and Carter's dispute earlier that he promptly answered, "A lady named Yvette Actonward."

She requests Mr. Jupiter and Mr. Nightshire's presence." "Yvette?" Jordan's eyelid twitched, signaling a bad omen. "What is she doing here? And why is she requesting to see them?" The bodyguard shook his head. "I'm not too sure... But Ms. Actonward seemed like she had something urgent to inform the two gentlemen about."

Coincidentally, the private ambulance arrived and swiftly brought the unconscious man away. With nothing left to do, Vinson looked over at Harvey and stated, "Let's go see what she's fussing about." Harvey looked as confused as Jordan. He pondered, *Isn't Yvette supposed to be Jordan's fiancée? What does she want from Vinson and me?* The four men decided to head up to the living room together. There, Yvette and Sharon tapped their feet anxiously as they had waited for some time. When the men approached, Yvette immediately noticed Jordan, whose features had darkened in displeasure.

A shiver crept down Yvette's spine as she no longer felt as eager about ratting Arielle out as before. *Sh\*t, Edmund! That goddamned butler! I can't believe he didn't tell me that Jordan was here too! How will I pretend to be super close with Jordan and win over Vinson, as well as Harvey's support against Arielle?* Since they were in the Jupiters' territory, Harvey initiated pleasantries, "It's been a while, Ms. Actonward. Is there a reason for your visit?" Yvette stole a glance at Jordan. However, he averted her gaze and appeared nonchalant altogether.

Pain prickled across Yvette's chest at his ignorance. Still, she feigned a bright smile and replied, "I have something to tell you and Mr. Nightshire... But I didn't know that Mr. Baker would be here too." Jordan raised a brow. "Why? Am I not allowed to be here? Or is my presence causing you any inconvenience?" Anger broiled in Jordan. He had witnessed Yvette's vile nature during the dog incident at the Southalls' residence. Now that Yvette showed up here, he couldn't help but doubt her intentions. *Did she seriously try to wreak havoc among my brothers? And behind my back too?*

*How shameless.* Meanwhile, Yvette assumed that Jordan had misunderstood the situation. She thought he was jealous that she was seeking out other men. In reality, the romance between her and Jordan was one-sided; she was keen on their marriage while Jordan was not. Although she often wished for Jordan's presence, this wasn't one of those times. *Rats, he's here. I can't make use of my title as Jordan's fiancée to complain about Arielle now.*

Yvette contemplated her next move extensively before finally answering, "Your presence isn't inconvenient per se, it's just that this matter involves Mr. Nightshire and Mr. Jupiter..." Vinson had sat onto one of the sofas. His face was devoid of emotions, uninterested in joining the conversation. Left without a choice, Harvey brought the conversation back to its original focus. "What's the matter? Get to the point." The one thing he loathed with all his might was when

people beat around the bush. Stifled by the threatening aura from all four men, Yvette cut to the chase.

"I was at Mr. Jupiter's shopping mall today and saw Mr. Nightshire's assistant. He and his girlfriend were causing trouble in the mall. I stepped in to prevent things from escalating. But they wouldn't see reason. They even forced me to leave..." Vinson's uninterested gaze became more alert now that his assistant was involved. Unnerved, he locked eyes with Yvette. "Did you say Rayson's girlfriend?" He had always known that Rayson had a unique sexual preference.

Still, he couldn't help but mentally cheer for Rayson now that he finally got himself a partner. *Thank goodness. Rayson's Mom won't have to worry about his love life anymore. Even better, she'll stop begging me to convince Rayson into getting a partner.* Yet, Yvette dropped a bombshell when she announced the girlfriend's identity, "That's right. I'm sure you know her as well, Mr. Nightshire. Her name is Arielle, the Southalls' long-lost daughter from the country. "What!" "What?"

Vinson and Harvey shot onto their feet at once. Jordan hadn't connected the dots about who Arielle was, so he looked quizzically at the two startled men. Not only were they taken aback, but Yvette was too. She yelped backward in utter shock. *What's up with these guys? Why are they so shocked? Are they upset with Rayson's misbehavior? They must be.* Confident with her guess, Yvette went on with her made-up story, "Mr. Nightshire, your assistant is plenty arrogant. His girlfriend too!

She thinks she's so high and mighty; she even name-dropped you, Mr. Nightshire, to steal the clothes I was keen on buying and force me out of the shop. You mustn't allow such vermin to continue working alongside you!" For some reason, Yvette felt as if her words had garnered some vicious gazes. She instinctively looked up. It turned out that Harvey and Vinson were glaring at her with malice burning in their eyes. These men were different from the average person; Harvey was a member of the armed forces, while Vinson was a top-notch leader in the business industry.

Their glares were so intense that Yvette's knees weakened. Yvette reached out, motioning Sharon to support her. However, Sharon was spineless and had already fallen onto the ground. So Yvette focused all her might, propping herself upright by pushing against the sofa behind her. Fear rattled deep in her bones. Still, she mustered every bit of courage she had to ask, "Is something wrong, Mr. Nightshire? I swear I'm telling the truth.

You have to believe me!" Vinson's eyes narrowed as a murderous shade of purple flickered in his eyes. Beside him, Harvey was equally fuming. He had always been a straightforward person, so he spoke up as soon as Yvette stopped talking. "You said Arielle stole the clothes that you were interested in?"

Yvette nodded profusely. "That's right!" A smug grin spread across Harvey's face. He told her off, "Then you should have given it to her. I own that shopping mall, and this is what I have to say about your little complaint; Arielle can have whatever she wants from my mall." This declaration caused Yvette's features to harden.

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*Did my ears deceive me...?* Yvette stuttered in disbelief, “Y-You... what did you just say?” Harvey shoved his hands into his pockets and asserted impatiently, “I said Arielle can have whatever she desires. No one is to get in her way. Now, as for you... Correct me if I’m wrong, but were you speaking ill of her?” Despite Harvey’s good looks, his chiseled features twisted into a sharp, distasteful frown. A dangerous aura emitted from him as if he was taunting Yvette for her reckless complaints.

In response, Yvette shuddered even more. She panicked. *How could this happen...? I came here to tell them that Arielle had mistreated me. So why is Harvey looking at me like I’m the villain in this story?* On the other hand, Sharon remained kneeling on the ground. Her face had paled to a ghostly white that was full of regret. *Why did I think that following Yvette here would benefit me? I should have just gone for tea with the others! What the hell was I thinking—sleeping with Vinson?*

*I can’t even think about it after witnessing how scary he is. No ordinary person can look at him without getting chills; I can’t stop shaking after looking at his dark eyes.* Sharon was on the verge of tears. Compared to her, Yvette had more mental resilience and quickly got over her fear. Yvette then took a gamble by placing all her hopes on Vinson to react accordingly. “Mr. Nightshire...” Yvette mewled with a small panicky voice, “I-I’m not speaking ill of Arielle... I’m telling the truth because I worry for you.

Your assistant’s arrogance is disgracing your reputation. For your sake, you should do something about him...” Vinson’s lips pressed into a thin line as he glowered at Yvette. *Who does she think Arielle is? I may not know Arielle very well, but I don’t believe a single word that spews out of Yvette’s foul mouth. I would have asked the housekeepers to escort Yvette out by now if she wasn’t Jordan’s fiancée.* Vinson bit down his irritation while uttering a tart reply, “Let me spell it out for you, Ms. Actonward. I don’t appreciate you meddling with the affairs of my assistant.”

He had unknowingly said assistant as opposed to Arielle, which he initially intended to say. All color drained from Yvette’s face. “I...” she opened her mouth, but the words never came as her mind went blank. Never in a million years could she have predicted this to happen. *Great! That one is biased to the country bumpkin for no damn reason, while this guy wholeheartedly trusts his assistant. Why isn’t anyone on my side?*

Regret festered in Yvette’s chest. *Damn it all! I should have just hired some men to beat Arielle into a pulp!* Anger and fear battled inside Yvette like waves crashing against each other. She couldn’t comprehend how things ended up this way. Curses filled her mind as she had never been this humiliated in her life. Just as

Yvette was frantically searching for an excuse, she suddenly noticed Jordan from the corner of her eye.

Hope swelled in her chest. *I've still got Jordan! Surely he'll take my side?* "M-Mr. Baker?" Yvette flashed a set of teary, puppy dog eyes. Then she resumed with a small voice, "I didn't know Mr. Jupiter and Arielle were friends... I'm so sorry. I won't ever get in her way when she's shopping again. Please don't be mad at me..." Yvette was extremely skilled when it came to putting on a pitiful act. Her shivering pretense was so believable that Jordan caved in.

*Yvette is still my wife nominally. Plus, if what Yvette says is true, then she technically didn't do anything wrong. There's no need to kick her out in such a humiliating manner. If anything, my fiancée is the victim in this situation. She had to surrender the clothes while shopping because someone else wanted them.*

*Then she came here to rant and seek assurance from my friends, but they're kicking her out instead. This humiliation will also affect my reputation since I haven't called off the marriage contract.* Jordan's expression softened. He cast a look at Harvey and Vinson before saying, "Come on, guys.

Let's drop this..." Right then, the Jupiter family's butler came rushing in. "Mr. Jupiter, there are two guests outside. They're asking to borrow one of your cars." Harvey was already in a foul mood but grew frustrated at the news of more guests, who also wanted to borrow his car. He barked out, "Who is it this time? The butler threw a nervous look at Vinson and said, "It's Mr. Nightshire's assistant, Mr. Seet."