

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 821

As Wendy was evidently shaken, her mother was shocked and asked what happened.

After explaining everything while sobbing, she clarified, "I was afraid Arielle might ruin the archive, but Mr. Brown thought I was framing her. Mom, I can't take it anymore!"

"That b*tch!" Cecilia huffed. "Darling, calm down. Your father and I will be there this Friday. You have tests on both Thursday and Friday, right?"

"Yeah."

"We'll wait for you at the gate after your test."

"Okay!" Wendy nodded profusely.

Mom and Dad are finally going to be here. I might not be Arielle's match, but they are!

Meanwhile, Aaron asked his assistant to find a nice restaurant nearby, and the car soon rolled to a stop at Maureen's Kitchen.

Though the entrance seemed ordinary, it was crowded.

His assistant opened the car door for him. "Mr. Aaron, please wait. I shall clear the venue for you."

"No need." Aaron gave him a dismissive wave. "I've been cooped up at home for too long. This is new. I shall eat together with the peasants."

"Understood." His assistant gave him a polite bow and led him in.

There happened to be an empty table, so Aaron sat down and ordered a few dishes. He waited patiently for his food to be served.

After glancing at the ordinary menu, his assistant said, “Your accommodation is ready. We have a chef in our entourage. If the food here isn’t to your liking, I can ask the chef to prepare dinner for you.”

“Mm.” Aaron didn’t say no, for he thought the food in this ordinary restaurant would not be delicious.

The reason he came here was to experience Chanaea for himself.

Shortly after, the first dish was served—spicy beef stew.

Aaron stared at it, his appetite gone.

The soup was red, and it was as though the chef had thrown random ingredients inside. There were meat, chipotle peppers, and beans all mixed together in one bowl of stew. It looked somewhat like a bowl of leftover food.

His lips twitched as he picked a slice of meat and stuffed it into his mouth.

His assistant glanced at the stew and declared, “I shall ask our chef to prepare dinner for you.”

The moment he said that, Aaron’s eyes lit up in disbelief.

Before the assistant could say anything, Aaron ate another piece of meat swiftly.

This time, he swallowed it without chewing.

He then tasted every ingredient in the spicy beef stew and mumbled, “This is incredible. I can’t believe it!”

I can’t believe something that looks like leftover food tastes this delicious! The meat practically melts in my mouth, and the spiciness hits just the right spot. I never knew beef can be this tender! Is Chanaean food this delicious? Or is it only this restaurant?

Aaron turned to his assistant and ordered, “Get the restaurant owner now. I want to buy this restaurant!”

If Turlen allows entry to foreigners, I will definitely bring the chef back to my country!

“W–Why do you suddenly want to buy the restaurant? Is the food that delicious? I–It looks really average to me.” His assistant was confused.

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Aaron frowned. “Don’t judge a dish by its appearance!”

But you didn’t seem to like the dish when it was first served, his assistant mused silently.

Of course, he dared not say it out loud.

Aaron gave him a fork. “Try it. You’ll find out why I want to buy the restaurant.”

His assistant was surprised. In Turlen, the strict social hierarchy meant that a servant would never get to share his or her master’s food.

He accepted the fork earnestly and picked a slice of meat from the side of the bowl before placing it into his mouth carefully.

Even though Aaron had praised the food, the assistant still couldn't bring himself to believe that the bowl of stew was delicious. Mr. Aaron must've been starving. Anything would be delicious to him!

Without warning, the meat melted inside his mouth.

It was tender and fresh. Though the taste was slightly spicy, it was still acceptable.

"How was it?" Aaron lifted his chin and inquired, as though he had prepared the dish himself.

It took the assistant a while to regain his composure. He stuttered, "I-It cannot be described in words."

Rising to his feet, he declared, "I shall get the owner right away!"

"Off you go, then!" Aaron waved him away. When the second dish was served, he continued gulping down the food. His antics soon attracted the other diners' attention.

"Maureen's Kitchen did a good job. Look, a foreigner's here!"

"That foreigner looks like he had starved for ages. Ha!"

"Stop laughing. You were the same earlier! Now that you're full, you're laughing at him?"

The diners chatted happily around Aaron. This was the first time he had experienced such a lively meal, for back in his country, everyone ate in silence. It suddenly occurred to Aaron that it would be nice to chat with friends over a meal.

He was engrossed in his thoughts when his phone suddenly rang.

Only less than five people had his phone number.

His face darkened as he pulled out his phone. The caller ID made his displeasure heighten.

After taking a breath, he spoke in Turlenese. "Hello, Grandma."

"I heard you're in Chanaea?" An elderly but terrifying voice rang out.

"Yes," Aaron answered. "Father gave me a mission to complete."

"I don't care what he wants you to do. For now, you need to complete the mission I entrust you," the voice demanded tartly.

Aaron had no choice but to say, "Yes, of course. What is it about?"

"Head to No. 111 on Sunflower Street. There will be a woman waiting for you there. Arrange for her to leave Chanaea at once. She's wanted there, so I need you to give her a disguise and a fake identity," she ordered.

"Understood."

His grandmother urged, "Get going now! Time is of the essence, so I need her to leave Chanaea by tonight."

"Got it. I'm on it right now."

After the call ended, Aaron stood up. He gazed at the third dish that was just served and looked away in frustration

Grandma's so annoying. She and Father aren't on good terms, but I have to carry out both missions. Ugh!

Right then, his assistant rushed over to him, “Mr. Aaron, they refused to sell the restaurant and gave us the owner’s contact number instead.”

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“This is their owner’s contact number. I heard she’s just a student.” The assistant handed a contact to Aaron.

Alas, Aaron wasn’t in the mood to buy the restaurant now. He didn’t even spare the contact a glance as he ordered, “Pay the bill. I need to leave.”

His assistant grunted In acknowledgment and ran off to pay for the meal.

In the library archive.

Arielle was engrossed in reading the files when her phone began ringing.

It was a call from Maureen’s Kitchen’s manager, so she answered it.

“What’s wrong?”

“A foreigner stopped by today and asked to acquire our restaurant. I rejected their offer, but they kept increasing the price until it reached ten million. Since I don’t call the shots, I gave them your contact.”

“Mm, got it. If they contact me, I’ll deal with them.”

“Okay.”

After the call ended, Arielle fell into deep thought.

I should register Maureen’s Kitchen as a trademark when I’m free. After that, I’ll make Maureen’s Kitchen a global franchise business.

Right after the manager hung up, Vinson's call arrived.

Arielle connected the call and inquired, "Did you find Cindy?"

"No, sorry." Vinson paused before adding, "But I've set roadblocks at all the exit routes of Jadeborough. I'm sure I can find Cindy as long as she doesn't turn into a butterfly and fly out of the city."

Sighing, Arielle answered, "Got it. Thanks for your effort."

"It was my men's fault, so the responsibility is mine. What about you? Rayson told me you went back to campus. Classes should've ended by now. So why are you still there?"

"I'm in the archive right now looking for the man in the photo." Arielle glanced at her phone screen and realized it was already past seven in the evening.

"You can continue your search tomorrow. Come, let's have dinner together." Vinson extended an invitation.

"Where are you?"

"At the campus entrance," came his answer.

His words warmed Arielle's heart. "All right. I'll head out now."

"Great. I'll wait for you, so there's no need to rush."

After the call ended, Arielle placed the file back into its position and left the archive.

At the entrance, she saw Vinson leaning against his car with a cigarette dangling from his lips.

His aloof elegance made many students halt to gawk at him.

Arielle marched forward and tapped his shoulder. “Hey, bee!”

“Bee?” Vinson turned around, his gentle gaze landing on her figure.

“Why did you call me a bee?”

“Don’t you realize you’re attracting attention like a bee?”

“Flowers attract attention, not bees.”

“I’ll call you flower, then.”

“That sounds ridiculous.”

Conversing heartily, they entered his car. Wendy was heading back to campus after dinner and happened to spot them together.

Overwhelmed by jealousy and hatred, she was about to curse Arielle inwardly when someone started talking behind her. “That’s Wendy, right? Look at how she’s glaring at Arielle. She looks terrifying.”

“Shh, lower down your voice. That nutcase might set you up so you’ll get reprimanded by Mr. Brown.”

Wendy’s legs trembled when she heard those words.

Although she wanted to slap those two gossipmongers, she reckoned they would post about it on the forum if she did, making her a ‘nutcase’ forever.

With nowhere to vent her frustrations, Wendy took a deep breath and decided to head to the library to revise.

I'm going to sit for the tests soon. Brainiacs are always well-respected at Jadeborough University, so I shall shut them up with my results!

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When Wendy arrived at the library, she realized most of the students who were gossiping about her were there.

She walked in nonchalantly, but the other students started whispering among themselves.

"Isn't that the nutcase? How dare she show up in the library?"

"If I were her, I would've dug a hole and hide."

Wendy lost her patience and snapped, "Is there any rule stating I can't study at the library?"

The student had no idea Wendy would speak out. She coughed awkwardly and returned to her revision.

Wendy exhaled sharply and sat down in an empty corner. She got rid of distracting thoughts and tried hard to focus on studying.

The monthly test on Thursday and Friday is my last chance to clear my name. I must place first in the test! I can do it!

Meanwhile, Arielle and Vinson decided to have dinner at Maureen's Kitchen,

On the way there, Arielle explained her plan to make Maureen's Kitchen a franchise business,

Vinson nodded. "Sure. I'll help you with that after Cindy's found."

Arielle felt annoyed when Cindy's name was mentioned.

"Where the hell is Cindy?"

Meanwhile, at No. 111 Sunflower Street.

When Aaron arrived, Cindy had just come out of the shower.

After spending two days at the pigsty, even her breath stank. Thus, she spent over an hour in the shower to scrub every inch of her skin and only exited the bathroom when her palms turned wrinkly.

Finally, she was squeaky clean.

When she stepped out of the bathroom, a disgusted voice demanded, "Who pooped in the room? It stinks!"

Cindy's face fell. She looked up and saw a handsome foreigner walking in while pinching his nose in disdain.

He was tall and had pale, porcelain-like skin. With his thick brows and Grecian nose, he exuded a noble aura

For some reason, Cindy found him familiar. However, she was sure she had never seen this man before.

When she parted her lips to ask who he was, the man who saved her from the Specialized Forces gave the new male guest a polite bow. "Mr. Aaron."

Mr. Aaron? Is he that old lady's son? No, he must be her grandson, judging from his age.

She stepped forward and curtsied. "Hello. Thank you for saving my life."

Wrinkling his nose in distaste, Aaron snapped, "Let's get to the point. I'm busy. Take a seat and we'll start right away."

"Start?" Cindy was puzzled. "Start what?"

No one bothered to answer her question. Two bodyguards promptly came forward to drag her to a chair.

She panicked and yelled, "What are you doing? I said nothing! I didn't betray you!"

"Shut up!" the bodyguards warned. "Mr. Aaron wants to help you leave Chanaea. Stay put, or else it'll be too late when the Specialized Forces come for you."

When Cindy learned they were going to take her out of Chanaea, she shut up and dared not ask

questions.

After an hour, Cindy looked into a mirror only to be greeted by an unfamiliar face. Surprise and fear enveloped her. "How did you do it?" she questioned.

Instead of answering her, Aaron told his grandmother's subordinate, "The human skin mask can only last for five hours before it splits apart by itself. Be quick. Take a plane to Manchernius, which is nearest to Chanaea, then leave Manchernius."

"Got it." The subordinate nodded and dragged Cindy to the car. Their destination was the airport.

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The Specialized Forces soon found a clue through the surveillance cameras around their headquarters.

They tracked Cindy down to No. 111 Sunflower Street, only to find an empty house. The woman was long gone by then.

The deputy captain clenched his jaw as he ran a finger across the water droplets in the bathroom. “We’ve just missed her!”

“What should we do now, deputy captain?” one team member asked. “This is the outskirts, so there are no surveillance cameras around. We’ve checked but couldn’t find their whereabouts.”

The deputy captain thought about it and furrowed his brows. “Inform all our men stationed at the exit routes that the fugitive is going to leave Jadeborough soon. Make sure they screen everyone who’s leaving the city carefully.”

“Got it!”

“Remember to gather any fingerprints in the room. Don’t miss anything out!” he added.

“Yes!”

The Specialized Forces got busy.

Meanwhile, Vinson was having dinner with Arielle when he received a phone call from the deputy captain.

He frowned upon hearing the report.

After cutting the line, he revealed everything to a curious Arielle. “I’ll give you a ride back to Maple Mansion.”

“What about you?” Arielle asked.

“I’ll head to Sunflower Street to see if they left any trace behind.”

Arielle stood up. “I’ll come with you.” Her tone allowed no room for negotiation.

Left with no choice, Vinson nodded reluctantly.

They bade goodbye to the manager before leaving.

The manager asked, “About that foreigner...”

Arielle shook her head. “He didn’t contact me. But if he shows up again, just ignore him.”

“Got it.”

Arielle pondered shortly before adding, “Remember to inform the chef about our franchise business. He can be a shareholder through technical achievements.”

The manager was smart enough to understand she didn’t want anyone else to poach the chef.

“I understand,” he assured her. “Have a safe trip!”

In the car, Vinson inquired, “You were talking about a foreigner earlier. Who is that?”

“Just a diner who wanted to acquire Maureen’s Kitchen,” Arielle revealed.

Vinson inclined his head. “He has good taste.”

Chuckling, Arielle uttered, “Well, no matter what, I won’t sell Maureen’s Kitchen.”

Maureen’s Kitchen was important to her. Not only did Vinson gift the place to her, but it was also Maureen’s favorite restaurant. As such, she hoped to expand it to become a global franchise business.

However, the most important thing now was to locate Cindy.

The car sped along the road smoothly. As Arielle was in the car, Vinson would step on the brake at least five seconds before the light turned red.

If he was alone, he would’ve sped up whenever the light turned yellow.

Although it was only a twenty-minute journey, Vinson took over forty minutes to arrive at Sunflower Street.

“Captain Nightshire,” the deputy captain greeted him. “This house has been empty for a long time as the owner is dead. I wonder how they manage to find this place.”

“What about the surveillance cameras?”

“There aren’t any surveillance cameras nearby, so we have to rely on the fingerprints in the house.” came the deputy captain’s reply.

“Mm.” Vinson acknowledged his words with a nod. He turned at his shoulder to see Arielle kneeling beside a chair. She seemed to be staring at something.

He strode over to her with the deputy captain in tow. “Sannie, did you find something?”

Pointing at the skin flakes on the ground, she said, “Look.”

Vinson and the deputy captain leaned closer to take a look at the flakes that were scattered all over the ground. As the flakes were extremely thin and near-transparent, one might fail to notice it.

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The deputy captain was shocked. He immediately apologized, "I'm sorry. We didn't pay attention to it."

Vinson kept mum. He bent down and picked up something in front of him. "Are these their skin flakes? That's a lot."

"No, they're not." Arielle's face turned serious. "These skin flakes came from a hyper realistic face

mask."

Vinson frowned instantly. "You mean Cindy might have left Jadeborough using a fake identity?"

Arielle nodded and sighed. "People who can produce artificial human skin must be experts in ancient Chanaean medicine. Even the person whom my adoptive parents called master didn't possess this skill. I always thought this was a long-lost mastery, but the person who rescued Cindy proved me wrong. They must be someone extraordinary."

Vinson turned to the deputy captain and said in a serious tone, "Get everyone at all the departure gates to pay attention to Cindy Moore. She might have performed a face swap."

Arielle interrupted. "But you can't possibly be checking all the passengers' faces, can you? Why not..."

She then lowered her head and started checking the flights.

“Huh?” Vinson took a closer look at what she was doing.

Arielle pointed at two flights and explained, “I read from books and learned that the materials used to make the mask would start disintegrating in five hours. Since Cindy has gone through a face swap, she would definitely want to leave the country. I’m sure she’ll choose the country that is nearest to Chanaea.”

Upon hearing that, Vinson immediately opened the system software and started checking all the flights. “I suppose they’d either take the morning nine o’clock flight to Manchernius or the morning half-past nine one to Minalur.”

Arielle nodded. “I believe so.”

“Got it.” Vinson then turned around and gave the deputy captain a new order. “Book tickets for the flights to Manchernius and Minalur right now. Get your men to put on casual wear and ask them to keep an eye on any suspicious figure on these flights.”

“Yes, sir!” the deputy captain answered.

The deputy captain assigned half of his men to this mission and then divided them into two teams.

he teams then boarded the flights to Manchernius and Minalur, respectively.

In a snap of the fingers, the tickets for the two flights were all sold out.

Vinson heaved a sigh of relief after making all the arrangements. “Thank God you told us about the face mask. If it were not for you, we would be running like headless chickens.”

“We might have some leads now, but there’s no guarantee we could find her,” Arielle said:

“At least there’s hope,” Vinson said optimistically.

Arielle nodded and picked up the rest of the artificial skin flakes from the ground.

Vinson wondered why she did that. “Why are you collecting these?”

Arielle placed the flakes in her pocket and looked at Vinson. “I always thought the skin-making

mostery was just a myth. Now that I know it’s real, I want to see if I can master it. I’m sure this skill will come in handy in the future.”

“You’re right. Let’s study together,” Vinson proposed.

Arielle nodded.

The next day, Henrick’s court hearing began.

Since it was a public hearing, people could watch it on the internet.

The live broadcast was filled with people because of Arielle. The broadcast was even interrupted several times during the hearing because the system could not accommodate the number of viewers.

Arielle did not watch the live telecast. She attended the hearing as a witness instead.’

The judge in charge of this case was Arielle’s grand-disciple, Everett.

Before the hearing began, Everett had a chat with Arielle.

Unbothered by the two jury members behind him, Everett greeted her, “Grandmaster!”

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Not knowing that Everett was calling Arielle, the two jury members kept looking for the grandmaster, as they thought he or she should be at least sixty years old.

Yet, there was only one young girl standing before their eyes.

Could it be...

While the jury members were still trying to process their thoughts, Everett stood in front of Arielle and greeted her once again in excitement, “You’re here, Grandmaster.”

Arielle nodded in response. “I’ll leave the case to you, Ev.”

“It’s my honor. Besides, it’s clear that Henrick had committed a felony. If the other judges were to handle his case, I’m sure they would not let him off easily too.”

The two jury members were still in disbelief. Not only were they taken aback by how young the woman was, but they were also stunned when she called him Ev.

Did someone call the country’s youngest judge Ev? And the judge, who’s usually stern and taciturn, is okay with that?

Who is she?

The jury members followed right behind and asked, “Sir, is she the chess expert Grandmaster you told me before?”

Everett nodded and responded with a rare smile, “Hard to believe, right?”

They nodded. “We couldn’t really tell.”

Suddenly, one of them exclaimed, “Are you sure this is the ambassador of Soir Coffee? Are you... Ms. Moore?”

Arielle nodded. “Yup. That’s me.”

“Oh, wow! You look even prettier in person!” The jury was in awe of Arielle’s beauty.

“Thank you.” Arielle’s lips curled into a smile. She then put on a serious look and added, “I’m sure you need to prepare for the hearing as it’s about to start soon. I’m going to go now.”

“All right, Grandmaster.” Everett bowed and sent Arielle off.

After the latter had left, Everett reverted to his stern self. “Let’s go.”

He wanted to give Henrick the harshest punishment possible within the law.

The spectator area in the court was packed with people when the hearing was about to start.

Among the spectators, some were Henrick’s business partners. They attended the session in the hope of gaining some benefits from it.

But most of them were Arielle’s fans, who tried their luck to see if they could meet her in person.

Of course, a few of Queenie's fans and Arielle's haters were also present at the court.

They were curious to know if Arielle was as pretty as how she looked on the internet.

While the spectators were each buried in their thoughts, Henrick was brought to the dock.

After a briefing by Everett, the hearing began.

Everett said in a cold voice, "Henrick Southall, you've been accused of owing the salaries of 171 workers for ten years, causing ecological damage to the land that eventually destroyed houses of the villagers, and..."

Henrick was at a loss for words for a bit when Everett read out all the charges against him.

He reached out to many legal counsels, but all of them refused to take up his case. In the end, he had no choice but to use the counsel that the court had assigned to him. During the session, the lawyer asked a few questions. It was clear that counsel was not ready to defend Henrick.

Henrick turned around and took a sidelong glance at the spectators and realized they were all shooting a sullen stare at him.

Among the spectators, he spotted Nigel. Henrick clenched his fists. What the hell is he doing here?

A man i humiliated in the past is now here to see how I'm about to fall from grace? How ironic!

Seeing Nigel around made Henrick feel utterly uncomfortable.

“Did you hear what I say, Henrick Southall?” Everett raised his voice.

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Shocked, Henrick turned around and looked at his lawyer for help.

However, his lawyer pretended not to see him and avoided his gaze because he felt bad.

To a lawyer, Justice was victory.

He would rather lose the case than face the public’s detest.

Henrick bit his lips. He had no choice but to defend himself.

“Your Honor, the pollution that my mining company has brought to the environment is not done purposely. I apologize for the lack of professional knowledge, and I promise I will learn from this mistake. As for my employees’ salaries, I have no choice but to owe them first. I will pay them as soon

as possible!”

“He’s lying!” Nigel stood up and yelled. “He has the ability to build a mansion that costs a million, but he won’t even pay me three thousand for me to pay for my wife’s medical bills! If not for him owing me my salary for years, my daughter wouldn’t have died of fever years ago!”

“Silence!” Everett ordered, but his expression was softer compared to when he looked at Henrick.

Facing Henrick, he said, “Defendant Henrick Southall, what you said will be counted as part of your verbal testimonies. If you lie, you’ll face

stricter punishment. I shall ask you one more time. Do you wish to plead guilty?"

Henrick would never admit his crime. "No! I never intended to owe my employees their salaries on purpose."

Everett scoffed in his mind as he looked at the plaintiff's lawyer. "You may begin your statement, plaintiff."

"Thank you, Your Honor." Nightshire Group's best attorney, Mr. Benson, walked to the center and started listing out the evidence.

First, he showed a list of assets owned by Henrick and asked for the witnesses to make their statements.

Nigel and other witnesses, including Henrick's business partners who used to play golf with him and the board members of Southall Group, told the jury about Henrick's wrongdoings.

With all the evidence presented, Henrick had nothing left to defend himself.

There's a saying that everybody hits a man who is down, and Henrick could relate to it right then.

Just as he thought that he would get at most a few years of jail and pay a small fine, Everett said, "The last allegation. Defendant Henrick Southall, you are accused of killing your first wife, Maureen Moore. Do you have anything to say in defense?"

Henrick's face went pale instantly.

If he were convicted of the crime, he would need to be locked up for more than a few years.

“I... I didn’t! How can you say that I killed my wife!”

Everett nodded at Mr. Benson calmly and said, “Plaintiff.”

The latter stood up and stated, “Your Honor, allow me to play a voice recording as evidence.”

Everett nodded. “Permission granted.”

The moment Mr. Benson gave his assistant a look, he immediately played the voice recording in court.

It was Cindy’s voice.

In the recording, Cindy was sobbing while describing how she and Henrick killed Maureen and faked her suicide together.

“That’s not true! She’s lying!” Henrick yelled so madly that a policeman had to come up and stop him.

Everett waited for Henrick to keep quiet before continuing to say, “The defendant has denied your evidence, plaintiff. Do you have other evidence to present?”

Mr. Benson replied firmly, “Your Honor, please allow the plaintiff herself to speak in court.” .

“Permission granted.”

As the door to the court opened, a pretty woman entered the room.

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“It’s Arielle!” one of Arielle’s fan exclaimed.

Arielle's haters turned around to look at her.

Finally, they got the chance to see that ugly woman.

However, the moment they laid eyes upon Arielle, they widened their eyes as they realized how beautiful she was.

Her skin was fair, and her lush black hair was tied up in a simple bun. She had mesmerizing eyes and had light makeup on. The plain white dress that she was wearing showed off her amazing figure.

Ugly? It was the advertisement's fault for not capturing her beauty!

How could such a beautiful woman exist in the world? God is so not fair when He creates all of us!

At the instance, Arielle's haters felt like they went through a roller coaster. Shocked at first, they were so amazed by her beauty that they couldn't believe their eyes.

In the end, they felt as if they were slapped on the face. They wouldn't judge Arielle based on her looks again.

After all, some people had the ability to win people over with their looks.

When Henrick saw Arielle in court, he was agitated.

"How dare you sue me? I will sue you for slandering me! Your Honor, she is behind all this!"

"It is not your turn to speak, defendant," Everett warned Henrick.

Turning to Arielle, he began, "Please present your evidence, plaintiff."

Arielle nodded her head as she handed over a booklet filled with numbers. “Everyone thought that my mother was under too much stress, and it triggered her depression, causing her to commit suicide. However, I’ve checked her medical report, and she didn’t have depression.”

Everett said, “You may begin your defense now, defendant.”

Henrick immediately retorted, “Maureen’s medical checkup was scheduled at twice a year. She might have gotten depression after the medical checkup. In fact, during the period before she committed suicide, she was already suffering from insomnia, and she had a bad temper.”

Arielle stated, “Besides the medical report, I have other evidence. After my mother’s death, the police arrived at the site soon. The spot where my mother’s body was found was recorded. However, if she jumped from the building on her own accord, she shouldn’t have fallen at the spot that the police recorded. She should have been found nearer to the garden.”

Everett turned to the jury and exchanged whispers with them.

After they nodded in agreement simultaneously, a physics professor was invited to the court.

After the physics professor did a calculation, he concluded that the landing site was incorrect.

Arielle raised her head and said, “The position calculated by the professor should be the spot that my mother would land on if she had killed herself. But she wasn’t found on that spot! She was pushed by

someone else, and according to Cindy, Henrick was the one who murdered her!”

“Liar!” Henrick yelled angrily and anxiously. “She is not my biological daughter! She is the illegitimate daughter of Maureen and some other man! She’s doing everything to frame me!”

Mease control yourself and mind your words, defendant Henrick Southall,” reminded Everett as he brought down his hammer. “Plaintiff, you may continue.”

Arielle nodded and replied, “I’m indeed not his biological daughter.”

The crowd gasped upon hearing her words.

“What? Arielle is not Henrick’s daughter?”

“Rich families always have so much drama going on!”

“Silence!” As soon as Everett brought down his hammer again, silence ensued.

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Arielle said calmly. “I’ve done a DNA test and found out that I’m not Henrick’s daughter, but Maureen is my mother.”

Arielle knew that she couldn’t hide the truth if she were to go to court.

She would rather acknowledge the truth than let Hendrick expose it rudely.

When Henrick heard Arielle’s confession, he laughed out loud. “Did you hear that, Your Honor? She is not my biological daughter! She’s purposely doing this to frame me! The evidence that she provided is based on speculations and not reliable at all!”

Arielle scoffed and replied, “The fact that I’m not your daughter proves that you are the one that killed my mother. After knowing that I’m not your daughter, you kill my mother because you hate her for cheating on you with another man who is much better than you.”

Arielle stared directly into Henrick’s eyes when she spoke.

She had learned how to hypnotize other people to reveal their thoughts from the Wilhelms.

Just as she expected, Henrick was even furious after meeting her gaze.

He yelled, “Shut up! You are lying! I only know about the truth yesterday!”

If he knew that Arielle wasn’t his daughter, he wouldn’t have asked her to return to the Southall residence.

He would have found a way to kill Arielle without anyone knowing at the time Maureen died!

Arielle knew that her hypnotizing work was almost done. She asked him in an inducing way, “If not, why did you kill my mother?”

Henrick didn’t even think twice before saying, “Because she’s too arrogant!”

Arielle suppressed a laugh and said calmly, “So you killed my mother because she’s too arrogant?”

“What?”

Henrick’s mind went blank instantly.

The next moment, he covered his mouth hastily and stared at Arielle in fright and disbelief.

What the heck?

Why would I say such things in front of the public?

As if he was hypnotized, his brain wasn't in control of what he said.

Silence ensued in the court. Even Everett looked at Henrick in disbelief because he had never seen someone who was defending themselves suddenly admitting to their crimes.

Unbelievable.

How did he manage to get into Jadeborough University with his brains?

What the crowd didn't know was that a person could lose control of their rationality when agitated. When Arielle hypnotized Henrick, it was no wonder that he would tell the truth.

If someone else were to stand in Henrick's position, the same thing would have happened too. "No, no!" Henrick hurriedly explained, "I've replied mistakenly. I didn't kill Maureen!"

However, it was too late.

After about ten seconds, discussions erupted in the court.

"Heavens! I thought Henrick is just an unethical businessman, but he's a murderer!"

"No wonder he looked so suspicious when Maureen died! He even married Maureen's sister right away. It's only a matter of time that he

gets his punishment. It's been ten years, and finally, Maureen has gotten the justice she deserved and can rest in peace now."

"Poor Arielle. I knew that such a wicked man like Henrick wouldn't have been Arielle's father!"

Everett couldn't help but look at Arielle.