

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 901

Arielle surveyed the meeting room with a satisfied look. She was pleased by everyone's awed gazes.

It looks like people do judge books by their covers.

Before arriving at Southall Group, Arielle dropped by the shopping mall and purchased this suit. There, she spent some extra money to customize it to her liking. Nevertheless, the money I spent on this suit didn't go to waste.

Despite the smile on Arielle's face, there wasn't a trace of humor present in her bright eyes.

When she noticed a few of the members on their feet,

Arielle strode to the head of the table. "There's no need to be so uptight," she remarked as she sat down. "Everyone, please take a seat."

Arielle's boldness left Oliver utterly dumbfounded.

I should be the one saying that! It's her first time here. How could she act so brazenly? It's as if she thinks she owns this place.

Oliver rapped his knuckles against the table to catch Arielle's attention. "Arielle, how could you sit there? That seat is reserved for the future chairman. Don't you have a basic understanding of workplace etiquette?" he asked her in a displeased manner.

Even Oliver and Jacob avoided the seat because they wanted to conceal their true colors.

Arielle merely smiled in response. "I know the rules like the back of my hand. That's why I'm sitting here."

In other words, Arielle was referring to herself as the future chairman of Southall Group.

Promptly, a dark look crossed Oliver's and Jacob's faces.

"Arielle, we all know that you have thirty percent of the shares. Logically speaking, you have the full right to be the future chairman. However, you are too young and inexperienced. In fact, you are yet to even graduate from university. Therefore, you should appoint me as the temporary chairman. What do you think?" Jacob attempted to persuade Arielle.

Arielle's smile vanished into thin air as her sharp gaze slid toward Jacob.

When Jacob met Arielle's piercing gaze, he felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand up.

How could a mere woman be so intimidating?

When Arielle noticed Jacob's silence, she said airily, "Since you've admitted that I'm the most qualified candidate to be the future chairman, I believe that I should accept this position. You don't have any objections, right?"

Jacob nearly choked on his own saliva when he heard Arielle's statement. "I-I have an objection! You haven't even graduated from university yet. Having only a high

school qualification makes you unfit to be the new chairman!"

"I see." Arielle nodded her head in acknowledgment. "So once I obtain my university qualification, I can take on the position as chairman?"

For a brief moment, Jacob pondered over Arielle's question. Since it would take Arielle another three or four years to graduate, Jacob was confident that he could secure his position as the chairman during that time.

Immediately, Jacob bobbed his head to agree. "Of course! Once you've graduated, you can be the chairman of Southall Group. I hope you'll understand where I'm coming from. After all, this is an immense corporation with many employees. We can't let a young teenager like you manage it alone."

Arielle raised her brows and shifted her attention to Oliver.

In truth, she had a deep understanding of Southall Group.

The company was split into two factions. One of the factions belonged to Cindy, who had bribed Oliver to take her side.

Upon sensing Arielle's gaze, Oliver's back stiffened.

"What about you? Oliver, what do you think?" Arielle asked him calmly.

Naturally, Oliver was reluctant to give Arielle the position too. I have fought too hard for this position to give it up like this! "I agree. Before you receive your university qualification, it would be unwise for you to take over as chairman. I believe the others will agree

As he spoke, Oliver glanced at the other members in the meeting room. They all nodded their heads to express

After all, letting a young woman who was yet to graduate from university become the new chairman was a preposterous idea.

“Excellent.” Arielle smiled before she turned to the meeting room’s entrance. “Now that everyone has agreed, why don’t you come in?” she called out.

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Who is she talking to?

Everyone was befuddled when Arielle suddenly said that.

Promptly, the doors to the meeting room swung open to reveal a middle-aged man. There was a pair of gold rimmed glasses perched on his nose and a briefcase tucked under his arm.

“Who is this?” Oliver asked when the stranger entered.

Before Arielle could introduce him, Southall Group’s lawyer rose to his feet. “Mr. Kane, why are you here?” he cried out in surprise.

“You know him?” Oliver looked at the man with confusion.

“He is Aidan Kane, a personal lawyer from Nightshire Group. Earlier, he has recorded everything that you’ve said. Henceforth, all of your statements have been listed into a contract,” Arielle explained.

Oliver’s and Jacob’s eyes widened in shock.

Since they were unaware of Arielle’s relationship with Vinson, they were stunned that Arielle managed to hire the personal lawyer of Nightshire Group.

The lawyers from Nightshire Group were renowned for their skill as they had never lost a case before. Moreover, only those with Nightshire Group’s authorization could enlist the help of these lawyers.

It looks like we have underestimated Arielle.

Oliver and Jacob traded glances with each other. Immediately, they decided to form a temporary alliance against Arielle.

“Arielle, aren’t we all members of the Moore family? You should call me your uncle.” Oliver smiled slyly.

Arielle was not convinced by Oliver’s attempt to sway her. “Uncle, where were you when Henrick and Cindy murdered my mom?” she asked without batting an

eyelid.

“R-Right now, we are picking the new chairman!” Oliver’s cheeks flushed crimson red as he skirted around Arielle’s question. “Don’t mention any topics that are unrelated to this election!”

“All right, then let’s proceed with the matter at hand.”

Arielle beckoned to Aidan with a wave of her hand. Immediately, he handed her a file and bowed respectfully.

Although everyone else didn’t seem to think much about Aidan’s respect toward Arielle, the lawyer representing Southall Group was terrified out of his wits.

Aidan was known as the best lawyer in the industry. Even though I had the opportunity to shadow Mr. Kane in the past, I’ve never seen him treat a person with such reverence. Wait a minute, I remember it now. He only treated Vinson with this sort of respect! What

on earth is Arielle’s relationship with Vinson?

Immediately, his lawyer’s intuition told him that Arielle was no ordinary woman.

Southall Group’s lawyer quickly decided to side with Arielle.

and tossed it in front of Oliver and Jacob.

“What is this?” Jacob felt his skin prickle with unease.

On the other hand, a look of contempt and disdain flitted across Oliver’s eyes.

What is she trying to prove? She’s nothing more but a foolish young girl.

Without hesitation, Oliver grabbed the file and opened

Upon opening, he found a certificate inside the file.

When Oliver read the words stamped on the certificate, he was rendered speechless with shock.

The words “Graduation Certificate” were stamped on the piece of paper.

This can’t be... Isn’t Arielle in her first year of university? Why does she have a graduation certificate?

Unable to stand the suspense anymore, Jacob snatched

the certificate from Oliver's grasps to read it.

When Jacob read the words, he was so shocked that his legs gave out. Promptly, he collapsed into his seat.

This man is useless. Oliver sneered before he grabbed the certificate to read it in greater detail.

A few moments later, Oliver's entire body stiffened with a palpable sense of dread.

I have underestimated Arielle. Not only did she graduate from Maxwell University, but she even obtained a double major in economics and physics!

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In the blink of an eye, all of Oliver's hopes had been crushed to dust.

Isn't she supposed to be a university student? How did she become a graduate of Maxwell University? It's one of the most prestigious universities in the world!

This sudden revelation left Oliver angry and stunned. "This certificate must be fake!" He pointed at Arielle and yelled at the top of his lungs, "Didn't you grow up in the rural countryside? How is it possible for you to attend Maxwell University? I doubt that you've even stepped foot outside of this country before!"

"That's right!" Jacob snapped as he finally regained his senses. "We all know that you are a student enrolled in Jadeborough University's preparatory class. You can't fool us with this fake certificate!"

Despite the duo's outbursts, Arielle remained as cool as a cucumber. She had already guessed that they would have such violent reactions. With a quirk of her lips, she said, "I attended Jadeborough University for my own amusement. You must be aware that it's almost impossible to forge a graduation and degree certificate from Maxwell University. If you don't believe me, you can go ahead and verify it yourselves."

"How are we supposed to verify it? We aren't graduates from Maxwell University," Jacob asked with a frown.

All of a sudden, Oliver had an idea. He turned toward one of the directors and asked, "Didn't you spend a year as an exchange student at Maxwell University?"

The man in question had been stunned by Arielle's intimidating presence ever since she stepped foot into the room. When Oliver singled him out, he finally snapped out of his daze. "Although Maxwell University's certificates appear like ordinary paper, these certificates are actually printed on a special material that is resistant to fire and water," he explained.

Immediately, Oliver grabbed a lighter from his pocket and tried to set Arielle's certificate alight.

But even after several seconds, the certificate showed no signs of burning.

Oliver couldn't believe his eyes. Initially, he assumed that there was something wrong with his lighter. When Oliver reached out to test his lighter, the flickering flames scalded his fingers.

"Ouch!" Oliver yelled in pain as he hurled the lighter away and quickly blew on his fingers to relieve the stinging pain.

Seeing this, Jacob opened the bottle of mineral water in front of him and tossed the water onto the certificate.

Yet, the certificate remained in perfect condition. Not a single letter was smudged by the water.

Jacob's entire body tensed with shock and disbelief.

Nevertheless, he refused to admit defeat. "This doesn't prove anything. You must have hired an expert and used the same material to forge your certificate!"

The director from earlier quickly grabbed his phone and used it to scan the QR code printed on the certificate. "There's another way to test its authenticity. This is an anti-counterfeit code specially created by Maxwell University. It's a unique QR code that no hacker can bypass. It will prove if this certificate is real or not."

Beep! A page loaded on the director's phone screen.

The page was proof of Arielle's graduation from Maxwell University. There was a small picture of

Arielle's face in the top right corner.

Suddenly, the director's eyes widened in shock as he whirled around and looked at Arielle as if he'd just seen a ghost.

“Y–You are San?” he asked.

“Do you know me?”

“Of course!” A look of admiration crossed the director’s face. He continued in an excited voice, “You are the legendary student of Maxwell University who always topped every class! I can’t believe that you are San! I

complete his sentence.

After he regained his composure, the director briefly explained San’s renowned reputation at Maxwell University to Oliver and Jacob.

“I heard that even the university’s professors begged for her to accept a position in Maxwell University!” the director gushed in veneration.

Oliver’s and Jacob’s moods appeared even worse than before.

With what seemed like a smile, Arielle turned to Oliver and Jacob. “Am I qualified to be the chairman now?”

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Immediately, all the blood drained from their faces as both men turned deathly pale.

Never in their wildest dreams had they expected that Arielle would be a university graduate. Furthermore, she had a double degree from Maxwell University.

Earlier, they claimed that Arielle didn’t have the educational qualifications to be the new chairman. Right now, Arielle had used their own words against them.

Jacob felt an immense sense of regret. Why didn’t I think of this possibility? I should have just agreed with Arielle earlier.

Oliver glared at Jacob before he said to Arielle, “Although you have the educational qualifications to be a chairman, you lack the proper experience to take on this position.”

Arielle chuckled and sneered, “Uncle, are you trying to go back to your words again?”

She then gave Aidan a knowing glance. Immediately, the latter stepped forward. “If you have any doubts

can bring this matter to court. I believe that you will receive a satisfactory answer in less than a week,” he offered.

Aidan’s suggestion caused Oliver’s entire body to freeze up like stone.

After all, he was well aware that the legal team of Nightshire Group had never suffered a loss in their winning streak.

If this issue were filed to the court, Southall Group would be met with even more ridicule and shame. Henrick's notorious incident had already made them the laughing stock of the town.

Oliver clenched his jaw in fury. "I have no other objections against your new position. However, you must prove that you can lead this company to its former glory."

A lightbulb lit up in Jacob's head as a sudden idea popped into his mind.

"Arielle, if you can increase the profits of the AI technology department by fifty percent and restore the profitability of other departments in this company in a month, we will accept your position as the chairman of Southall Group without any further complaints. If you fail to do so, don't forget that the directors have the power to vote you off this position too," Jacob said.

Even if Arielle owned the most amount of shares, she would be helpless if the board of directors voted against her.

Arielle herself was aware of this fact. Without hesitation, she nodded her head in agreement. "Okay."

The AI technology department has just begun drafting new designs. It would take them at least three months to release these new products.

On top of that predicament, the other departments in the company had suffered tremendous detriment as they received no orders. It would be impossible for Arielle to reverse this entire situation in just a single month.

Who cares if she has a double degree from Maxwell University? She is too young and foolish for this role.

Jacob had to resist the urge to burst out laughing as he spoke. "Since you've agreed, let us sign a contract. If you fail to reach our agreement within a month, you should resign from the position."

"Could you please draw up this contract?" Arielle asked Aidan.

Although Aidan hesitated to follow Arielle's instructions, he relented after he caught sight of the determined sparkle in her eyes. "All right, Ms. Moore."

Quickly, the contract was drafted and presented to Arielle.

“I want to add another clause to this contract,” Arielle said after she read the contract. “If I manage to achieve the goals that the two of you have set, please voluntarily resign from your respective director positions.”

Jacob’s heart skipped a beat. “Why would we do that?”

“All right, I wholeheartedly agree to this clause!” In contrast, Oliver agreed without a second thought as he was confident that Arielle would fail.

Jacob seemed to share Oliver’s thoughts. After contemplating for two seconds, he nodded his head and agreed, “Okay, you can add that clause into the contract.”

It won’t make any difference anyway. While Arielle is busy this month, I will use this chance to affiliate myself with the other directors and prepare for the next chairman’s election. Now that I think about it, Arielle’s appearance has benefitted me greatly.

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Seeing that no one had any objections, Aidan added Arielle’s clause to the contract.

If Arielle fulfilled the contract, Jacob and Oliver would be stripped of their positions as directors. It meant that they would only be shareholders of the company and did not have any power over Southall Group.

After Arielle signed the contract, she clapped her hands together and announced, “Thank you for your hard work. I’ve brought a basket of fruits outside to serve as

light refreshments. Please enjoy them to your heart’s content.”

With that, she left the meeting room with Aidan at her heels.

Before she stepped out, Arielle came to a sudden halt and whirled around. “I almost forgot. I hope everyone will abide by workplace etiquette. Please refrain from addressing me by my name. Instead, you should address me as Ms. Moore,” she declared.

Without another word, Arielle left the meeting room.

The directors in the meeting room were conflicted. Although a handful of them sided with Arielle, a majority of the directors chose to wait and watch from the sidelines.

To them, the identity of their new chairman wasn’t of utmost concern. Instead, they were much more interested in restoring the company’s profitability.

Even if the AI technology department was earning a departments.

Hence, it would be up to Arielle to handle this matter.

Oliver was seething with rage. "It's all because of your nonsense!" He glared at Jacob. "Why did you tell her that she needed the educational qualification to become the new chairman? Now that she has trampled all over

"Mr. Moore, relax. Don't forget about the contract we just signed." Jacob chuckled in response.

How can Arielle accomplish something that we couldn't? Does she really think that she can change everything within a month? What a joke!

Hearing this, Oliver calmed down.

When they walked out of the meeting room, they caught sight of the fruits that Arielle had left for them.

"Are these lemons?" Oliver bent down and picked one up. "Why did she give us lemons?" he asked in confusion.

Immediately, Oliver was furious. "Who do you think you are to call me a good-for-nothing?"

Jacob merely rolled his eyes. "Are you a fool? In

Lightspring, receiving lemons means that the person is calling you a good-for-nothing."

Enraged, Oliver hurled the lemon to the floor and stomped on it. "F*ck!"

That b*tch! The audacity of her to humiliate me! Is she trying to provoke me?

Jacob laughed coldly. "I must admit, her foolish bravery is admirable. Oliver, why don't we join hands? Together, we can teach her a lesson."

Oliver nodded in agreement.

The two men came to a truce as they set their sights on the AI technology department.

Since the AI technology department was under Oliver's jurisdiction, he quickly called the staff and forbade them from getting involved with Arielle.

It was already noon when Arielle strolled out of Southall Group

“Mr. Kane, thank you for your help today.” Arielle nodded slightly as she thanked him.

“You don’t need to thank me at all. I was merely following Mr. Nightshire’s instructions. I will try my best to help you no matter what.” Suddenly, he thought of something and said hesitantly, “Ms. Moore, I have something to mention.”

“What is it?”

“You should not have signed that contract!” Aidan blurted out

“Oh?” Arielle turned to Aidan. “Do you think that I can’t restore the company’s profits?”

“Not at all.” Aidan shook his head. “But one month is simply too short. Even Nightshire Group cannot achieve such a task within a single month.”

Arielle merely smiled. “If that’s what you are worried about, please rest assured that I can achieve it.”

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When Arielle smiled, her eyes seemed to light up with radiance.

Although Aidan was worried out of his mind, her soft smile seemed to relieve his worries. Promptly, Aidan’s confidence in Arielle returned.

Given that she has captured Mr. Nightshire’s attention, she must not be an ordinary woman. I shouldn’t place my doubts on her.

With this renewed determination, Aidan lifted his head. “Ms. Moore, if you need any help, please don’t hesitate to contact me.”

“Thank you. I’ll be taking my leave.”

“Where are you headed?”

“I’ll be dropping by my school.”

“You are going to school on the weekend?” Aidan’s respect for Arielle increased tenfold. “Although you’ve graduated from Maxwell University, I can’t believe that you are still studying. I won’t take up your time any longer. I should head back and improve my skills too.”

“Haha.” Arielle’s laugh came across as forced and reluctant.

Truthfully, she wasn't going back to school to study

Nevertheless, Arielle did not elaborate any further. After sending Aidan off, she headed toward

Jadeborough University's archive.

She planned to spend the weekend reading all of the archive's materials.

Since she had a lot on her plate, Arielle couldn't afford to linger around any longer.

At the same time, Wendy and her parents had arrived at Nightshire Manor.

When Susanne caught wind of their sudden arrival, she nearly choked on her coffee.

She set her cup down and asked Geoffrey with widened eyes, "Who's here?"

"Ms. Greene and her parents are here."

coffee was long forgotten. "Quick, tell them that I'm not home."

voice echo from the entrance.

"Mrs. Nightshire."

Susanne was forced to a screeching halt as she glared at Geoffrey accusingly.

"I assumed that you were willing to meet Ms. Greene, so I asked the guards to let them in," Geoffrey explained with an apologetic look.

"You fool!" All of a sudden, she noticed the Greenes walking into the room.

Quickly, Susanne retracted her glare and replaced it

"Wendy, why didn't you tell me that you were coming? I could have asked the staff to prepare your favorite lunch." Susanne turned to the Greenes with a sympathetic look. "Your trip from Horrington must have been a tiring journey."

"Although we are tired, our poor Wendy must be suffering even more," Daniel replied stoically.

Susanne stiffened when she heard Daniel's icy tone. On the other hand, Cecilia nudged her husband and laughed to lighten the mood. "Susanne, please ignore him. My

weather. Even worse, we heard about Wendy's sufferings while she was in Jadeborough. I hope you won't take his anger to heart. It wasn't directed at you."

Susanne's smile became even more forced.

If Cecilia had been as short-tempered as her husband, Susanne could have seized this opportunity to kick them **out**.

Yet, the two of them were playing good cop, bad cop. Susanne couldn't excuse herself at all.

She then laughed wryly. "It's all right. We all have our bad days. Have you guys eaten lunch? If you don't

mind, you can stay and have a meal together."

"We will be glad to accept your offer." Met with Cecilia's friendly smile, Susanne could not deny her at all.

Thus, the four of them settled around the table for lunch.

After a few moments, Cecilia spoke again. "When we came to Jadeborough, we were heartbroken to see Wendy like this. Susanne, we placed her under your care. You even promised to look after her. Yet, why has

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Just as Cecilia's words were out of her mouth, Wendy began crying

Putting on a look of confusion and pretending not to know what happened, Susanne asked, "Was someone mean to Wendy? Why didn't I hear about this? Wendy, why didn't you tell me that someone was bullying you? You said you were going to take good care of yourself when you moved out back then."

Instantly, Wendy froze mid-sob; she never thought that Susanne would redirect the focus back to her so quickly.

Is she giving up on me? No, I can't let Susanne hate me!

Thus, Wendy quickly changed tactics and shook her head. "No, no one was mean to me. I just miss Mom and Dad too much, so I felt like crying when I saw them. They just thought that I was bullied by someone else."

At that, Susanne smiled. "Good to hear that."

“What do you mean by no one bullied you?” Daniel yelled, slamming his palm on the table. “Everyone’s cursing at you on the school forum. You silly child, why are you still hiding this from us. Since Mrs. Nightshire is here now, just be frank with us about what happened. She will stand up for you!”

Once again, playing the role of the good cop, Cecilia shot a glare at Daniel. “Stop talking.”

She then turned to Susanne and said, “Susanne, I know

Vin is currently discussing a business deal in Horington, so I’ve helped him book the transportation and hotel. With the two of us helping him out, he’ll surely be able to expand his business in Horington. However, we won’t be able to stay here in Jadeborough for long. Once we leave, we’ll have to entrust Wendy to you again.”

Susanne stiffened at that.

What Cecilia meant was—if their family were to have a fallout, Nightshire Group would not be able to establish itself in Horington.

No foreigner would be able to navigate the streets better than a local, but Horington was a land full of opportunities. If the Nightshire family planned to develop in Horington, they would have to rely on the Greene family of Horington.

In other words, Cecilia was subtly threatening her.

Despite the irritation she felt, Susanne knew that the only place left that Nightshire Group had yet to expand to was Horington. If things went sour between them and the Greens, Nightshire Group would have trouble with their business expansion.

With that thought in mind, Susanne forced down her annoyance and squeezed out a smile. “Of course. I’ll take good care of Wendy.”

“I’m glad to hear that,” Cecilia replied with a chuckle. “Her school will be having a charity auction on Monday, and we’re planning to attend it with her. We’ll

be taking the opportunity to help Wendy mediate her relationship with her classmates. Susanne, why don’t you come with us if you have nothing much to do on Monday?”

Before Susanne could reject her, Cecilia added, “I’m thinking of making some homemade pastries to give the students. It won’t be as sincere if I were to ask the servants to help out with the baking, so why don’t you

same time, hm?”

There was no way Susanne could reject after all that, so she stiffly nodded.

Finally, after lunch ended, Cecilia asked the housekeeper to put down the gifts before rising to her feet to bid Susanne goodbye.

“It’s time for us to leave after disturbing you for so long. Wendy, say goodbye to Mrs. Nightshire.”

Wendy then obediently waved to Susanne. “Mrs. Nightshire, we’ll be leaving now.”

With a faint smile on her face, Susanne nodded and

Before they stepped out of the house, Cecilia even reminded, “I’ll come to the manor on Monday. See you then.”

Hearing that made the corner of Susanne’s lips twitched, but still, she waved at the trio.

Why didn’t I notice how well the Greenes can talk their way through things before today?

A moment later, the butler stepped forward and asked, “Shall I open these gifts now, or shall I put them in the warehouse right away?”

When Susanne turned to look at the pile of gifts, she felt a gnome creeping into her head and starting to drill her brain.

“Put them in the warehouse.”

As she spoke, she took out her phone to call Vinson.

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Vinson arrived at Horington Airport while Cecilia and Daniel were visiting Nightshire Manor.

He should have arrived much earlier, but due to bad weather conditions, the flight was delayed for two hours.

Nightshire Group had a subsidiary company in Horington, but it was a small one. By the time Vinson arrived, a representative sent by the subsidiary company was already waiting for him at the airport.

When Vinson reached the arrival gate, he realized there were two groups of people who had come to pick him up.

He recognized one the representative from the subsidiary company—but not the other.

“Mr. Nightshire, you’re finally here,” the person greeted with a bright smile. “We’re from Greene Corporation. When Mrs. Greene found out that you’re coming here to work, she has arranged for us to wait here since early in the morning. I’m happy to finally see you.”

“The Greenes?” Vinson’s brows immediately drew together.

However, the other man did not notice the changes in his expression as he continued to enthusiastically say, “We’ve booked a room in Horington’s best hotel. Why don’t you come with us for a meal at the hotel and rest for a while before working?”

Having said that, the man then raised his head to see the grim expression on Vinson’s face.

“Mr. Nightshire...” The man gulped as cold sweat began forming on his back.

Vinson scoffed and uttered in an icy tone, “When did you have the right to make arrangements for my schedule?”

The atmosphere around them seemed to turn gloomier as Vinson said those words.

“No, no,” the man hastily explained. “I’m not making arrangements for your schedule. It’s just that I’m afraid you might be tired from your trip—”

“No need,” Vinson mercilessly rejected him. “I don’t like others telling me what to do. Tell Greene that she doesn’t need to worry about my matters.”

Before he was even done speaking, he began walking out of the airport with the representative from the subsidiary company.

Face paling drastically, the man stood transfixed as another person beside him leaned closer and whispered, “Mr. Freeman, what does Mr. Nightshire mean? Isn’t he supposed to be our chairman’s son-in-law soon? Why is he not acting like one?”

The man, Brandon Freeman, gloomily replied, “I’m afraid things are not going too well between Mr. Nightshire and Ms. Greene.”

“What do we do now?”

“I’ll ask the chairman about it,” Brandon said as he dialed Daniel’s number.

At that moment, Cecilia and Daniel had just left Nightshire Manor. After realizing that Vinson did not care about respecting them, Daniel’s expression turned dark.

“Is that brat Vinson looking down on us Greenes?”

Unlike her earlier soft demeanor, Cecilia snarled, "Susanne's attitude is equally poor. It seems like we'll have to do this the tough way."

Daniel nodded as he said to the person on the other end of the line, "Do everything you can to stop Vinson from succeeding in Horington. Show them that it's not good to cross the Greens!"

After the person on the other end of the line responded to him, Daniel turned to Wendy and spat out, "You can't even win over a man's heart. My time teaching you all these years has been wasted!"

Wendy's face turned ashen, and her eyes reddened. Soon, tears were pouring out of them.

Cecilia's heart broke, and she glared daggers at Daniel. "Why are you losing your temper at her? Vinson must not be any simple man if he managed to inherit the Nightshire family's business and let it grow even larger. As long as he senses how important the Greens are,

someone like him will surely have a change of heart and come after Wendy instantly."

Then, Cecilia asked Wendy, "What's that minx who's always around Vinson called again?"

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Wendy's heart skipped a beat as she replied, "Arielle. Her name is Arielle Moore."

Gritting her teeth, she then continued, "If not for Arielle, I would have won Vinson over a long time ago! Dad, you keep saying that I don't know how to steal someone's heart, but have you helped me out in any way during this period of time? If you and Mom came here earlier to teach Arielle a lesson, would things have turned out this way? Now Vinson is annoyed every time he sees me."

Daniel wound down the window and lit a cigarette before replying, "It's all because of that Arielle. Make her disappear then."

Wendy's eyes lit up when she heard that. "Are you going to get rid of her?"

"Of course. It's best to rid ourselves of an obstacle like her. Since Vinson isn't in Jadeborough right now, this is a good opportunity to make her disappear."

Daniel inhaled two more puffs of his cigarette before tossing the bud away. Then, he took out his phone and dialed a number.

“Hello? Contact the underworld forum and get someone to get rid of the woman named Arielle Moore. I don’t care about the budget as long as someone takes on the job.”

However, after hearing what the person on the other end of the line said, Daniel’s face darkened even more.

Wendy was watching her father’s expression closely the whole time, so she quizzically asked, “What’s the matter, Dad?”

Daniel ended the call and sneered, “I heard that Specialized Forces has found out about the forum, so now it’s gone.”

“What do we do now?”

Daniel scoffed, “Finding someone through the forum is easier, but since it’s gone, we’ll get one of our own to do it instead.”

Worry rose in Wendy’s chest when she heard that. “Will Vinson find out about us, then?”

“So what if he does?” Daniel huffed out impatiently. “For someone like him, women are just toys. He’s only interested because she’s new. Once he’s back, the woman will already be six feet under. He’s not stupid enough to seek trouble with us for a dead girl. As long as he has a brain, he’ll know who to choose for his future wife.”

“Is that so?” Wendy muttered, still anxious.

“Of course. You don’t know men, but I do,” Daniel replied as he called someone to make the arrangements.

Thus, Wendy slowly calmed down.

Dad’s right. Even if Vinson doesn’t think of Arielle as just a plaything, he won’t be stupid enough to go up against the Greenes for a dead woman. The dead can’t come back to life, and the living must go on. Vinson will know what to do.

In Horington.

The moment Vinson got into the car, he received a call from Susanne.

The more Susanne told him about what just happened; his expression became darker.

“The Greenes did send someone to pick me up, but I ignored them.”

At that, Susanne uneasily replied, "Brat, why are you so dumb? You should have gotten on their good side and finished the business deal before crossing them. What if your negotiation fails? What do we do about our expansion in Horington then?"

"Don't worry. I have a plan of my own. They're just the Greene family. You don't need to think too highly of them."

"But..."

"Just sit back and watch," Vinson answered before hanging up.

Right as his call with Susanne ended, the representative from the subsidiary company turned to say, "Bad news, Mr. Nightshire. Larson Group said that they have a business talk with the Greenes in the afternoon, so

they'll only be able to have dinner with you later."

The person then added, "Larson Group achieved success with Greene Corporation's help. I'm afraid you might have upset the Greenes, and that's why they're doing this."

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Vinson's eyes darkened, but he soon schooled his features back to a neutral look.

It seems like the Greenes are adamant about making me bow to them.

"I understand," he quietly replied. "Tell them that I won't be free at night, so let's have lunch tomorrow instead. At the same time, ask the chairman of Yeager Group if he's free to meet me in Zaprington."

"Yeager Group?" The representative of the subsidiary company paled upon hearing the company's name.

Yeager Group was Larson Group's rival, and the competition between the two companies was fierce.

However, Yeager Group did not have Horington's largest company Greene Corporation—to back them up, so they were not as well-established as Larson

Group.

Meeting with Yeager Group meant that Vinson was planning to collaborate with another company.

"I understand." The other man nodded and instantly contacted Yeager Group.

Yeager Group was more than delighted to agree to meet at a restaurant in Zaprington in an hour.

In the meantime, Susanne was even more distressed after Vinson hung up on her.

My dumb son! He has a high IQ, but he's not flexible when it comes to dealing with people. What if the Greenes get annoyed and start sabotaging his business deals?

After a long while of contemplation, Susanne decided to appease Cecilia first.

A moment of hesitation later, Susanne called Cecilia and enthusiastically said, "What are you planning to bake on Monday? I'll have the housekeeper prepare the ingredients first. That way, you can just come without needing to bring anything along."

Cecilia's lips slowly curled.

"Well, that'll be too much trouble for you..."

"No, no, it's fine. We're friends, after all. No need for pleasantries."

At that, Cecilia said, "Then I look forward to the day we become a family."

Susanne choked upon hearing the woman's words. After squeezing out two wry laughs, she replied, "See you on Monday."

"See you on Monday."

Cecilia then ended the call.

Immediately, Wendy asked, "What did Mrs. Nightshire say?"

Cecilia cackled. "Susanne seems all high and mighty at most times, but she can't even stand her ground whenever anything serious happens. Look, I just informed Horington's side to intervene in Vinson's collaboration, and Susanne is already calling me."

Wendy's eyes instantly glistened as she asked eagerly, "Mom, does that mean that I still have a chance to marry Vinson?"

Cecilia nodded confidently. "Don't worry, my good girl. The title of Mrs. Nightshire will eventually be yours."

As soon as Wendy heard that, her heart began to race.

Before that moment, she had lost almost all hope of marrying Vinson. However, her mother's reassuring

tone had lit the flame of hope again.

I'm the one who's most suitable for Vinson. I'm the only one who can help Vinson out. Arielle, on the other hand... Ha! One year from now will be her first death anniversary.

At that, Wendy asked, "How are things going on Dad's side?"

As she packed up her suitcase, Cecilia responded, "He called a while ago, saying that they had found Arielle. She's at Jadeborough University, and your dad is bringing his men there now."

"She's in school?"

Wendy's brows drew together, wondering, Why would Arielle be in school at this time of the day? Could it be that she's at the archive again? Why is she there? Who cares? What she's doing right now doesn't matter because she's dead meat!

After mulling over it, Wendy called her father.

"Dad, Arielle might be in the school library. She's always there."

"Got it."

Once the call ended, a grin crept onto her lips.

She could not wait to hear the news of Arielle's death.