

## A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 981

Unfit As A Teacher

"I've done what you asked," Arielle protested with a hesitant gaze at him. "What else do you want from me? To solve another question?"

"Not at all!" Marcus and Arthur hurriedly waved their hands, denying it.

Marcus explained, "Arielle, I would like you to know that throughout this ordeal, I, Professor Sleight, and the rest of the staff had never once doubted your talent. Mr. Baxter was the only one to have any suspicions toward you."

Arthur nodded eagerly. "Mr. Brown is right. As per our agreement with Mr. Baxter, he has promised to publicly apologize to you if you were able to solve his three questions. It is time that he takes responsibility for what he has done, including the incident with Kelsea. Furthermore—"

"No need for all of that," Arielle cut him off with an airy wave of her hand. "I don't care about it anyway."

What good would an apology do me? There are many things that apologies cannot make up for. Since I'm not going to give him my forgiveness, I'm not going to stand up here and listen to Donovan another second longer.

Arielle's indifference incensed Donovan's anger.

"What do you mean by that? Are you looking down on me?" he said furiously.

Arielle glanced up to meet Donovan's eyes with disdain. "How would I look down on you if I had never even deigned to notice you?"

Donovan scowled.

Despite being spared the humiliation of having to publicly apologize, her indifferent attitude toward him somehow hurt even more.

This feels like a harder slap to the face than when she successfully solved my three questions.

"Well..." Arielle turned away from Donovan to face Marcus. "I'll be heading back to my seat, then."

Marcus nodded, not wishing to make things any more uncomfortable for Arielle. As soon as she resumed her seat, the principal strode over to snatch Donovan's microphone. "If

Arielle would not hear a word out of your mouth, I suppose I would have to speak on your behalf.”

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“Mr. Brown, I...” Donovan started, though he could not think of anything to say.

How could I explain the fact that I would rather apologize than have the girl look at me with such disdain? If I did, how am I going to explain myself? Tell him that I have a crush on a student whom I despise the most? If this gets out, I'll be ruined.

Finding his patience for Donovan wearing thin, Marcus raised the microphone once more. “Allow me to make a minor correction to what Mr. Baxter said earlier. Let me make it clear that Jadeborough University did not share in Mr. Baxter’s suspicions despite his overwhelming temerity. He and he alone were deluded into pursuing the matter of having a public interrogation of one of our brightest students.”

At that, comprehension dawned on the faces of the students of the preparatory class as though it was the most obvious thing in the world.

It was common knowledge within the preparatory class that Donovan disliked Arielle.

“Hasn’t Mr. Baxter gone too far for doing this? The questions he posed were so difficult as if he had done it on purpose to stump Boss. In the event of her failure to solve the questions, that would unfairly incriminate her as a cheater.”

“The punishment for cheating in an examination is termination from the university. Why does Mr. Baxter hate Arielle to such an extent for him to resort to something as drastic as this?”

“Come to think of it, Mr. Baxter’s actions are awfully unethical. He’s unfit to be a teacher.”

As the students of the preparatory class were seated in the first row, Donovan heard every word.

Overwhelmed by the feeling of shame weighing down on him, he gazed around wildly for a place to hide, but to no avail. As a result, he was forced to remain where he was to endure the repercussions.

Tonight was supposed to be an enjoyable one where I prove that Arielle is a cheater in front of the whole school! However, every additional second on this stage now feels like deeper and deeper shame.

Little did he know that the worst was yet to come.

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## **A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 982**

### **Donovan And His Revelation**

Marcus did not leave the stage after resolving the matter of Arielle's innocence. Instead, he began the narrative regarding Kelsea and other stories detailing Donovan's misconduct with Arielle.

Throughout Marcus' speech, Donovan's face was contorted in a fury so intense that his outburst seemed imminent.

However, the rational part of him reminded him that doing so would completely ruin any dignity he had left as a teacher.

At long last, Marcus concluded his speech.

Turning toward Donovan, he addressed the younger man, "This accusation has been nothing short of serious. Since you have chosen to take the matter up to involve the entire school, you have given me no choice but to reprimand you in a similar fashion."

Donovan's heart sank. Unable to find any words to defend himself with, he was forced to accept Marcus' rebuke. "If you fail to ensure the success of three of your students in the upcoming interviews for Maxwell University, and if you are unable to obtain your teaching and academic certificates from Maxwell University as proof of your affiliation with them, Jadeborough University will officially dismiss you as a member of the teaching faculty."

Donovan stood thunderstruck.

That's it. I'm done for. After all the careful efforts to conceal the matter, Marcus just told the whole school about it.

The crowd, who were initially transfixed during Marcus' speech regarding Donovan's past misdeeds, erupted suddenly in a deafening outburst.

"What? Donovan has never even graduated from Maxwell University?"

"I can't believe it! When he first brought me into his preparatory class, he was boasting that he was one of the best teachers who has graduated from Maxwell University!"

Terry was near tears from glee.

“Hah! Now I get why Master Arielle always says that he has sh\*t for brains. He didn’t even graduate!”

“This is considered fraud, you know. To lie about your qualifications. People these days think they can get away with anything.”

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The comments made by the students of the preparatory class were polite in comparison to what the other students had to say.

“How dare an idiot who lied about his credentials accuse my goddess of cheating? Could he be jealous that she’s cleverer than him?”

“What a shameless thing to do! If it were up to me, I’ll kick him out right now instead of having to keep him around until the interviews.”

“Hah, look at his terrified face! I bet he did not think this through! If I were him, I would never challenge such a genius student, and I would just stick my nose in my own business!”

“A teacher? He’s not even fit to shine my shoes!”

Though the scathing remarks made by the students grew in volume, Donovan did his best to pretend not to hear any of them. The only indication that he had heard was his knuckles turning white from clenching his fists in a rage.

“Well then, Mr. Baxter.” Marcus turned to Donovan as he moved the microphone away. “Even though Arielle wouldn’t accept your apology, that is what you have promised the staff after all. We would still like to hear it.”

His tone, too, was hostile and unpleasant, which was vastly different from his usual affable demeanor. His sternness was not lost to the students, who nudged one another as they had never known their principal to behave in such a manner.

Finding himself face-to-face with scowls from his fellow teachers, Donovan reluctantly took the microphone from Marcus.

As he was opening his mouth to speak, his gaze found its way to Arielle.

Though the audience was plunged in the shadows of the auditorium, Arielle seemed to have a halo of light over her head. Her cold eyes especially glowed like stars, which made her look otherworldly in the midst of her drab surroundings.

Without realizing it, Donovan gulped as he had a revelation.

Why shouldn't Arielle obtain a spot in Maxwell University, anyway? It would be a breeze for her, especially after demonstrating her mathematical prowess against my three questions! She has a higher chance of qualifying for Maxwell University than Wendy, that's for sure!

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## **A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 983**

Insignificant

Rather than break my back trying to mentor a simpleton like Wendy to obtain a spot in Maxwell, wouldn't it be much easier to have a genius like Arielle do it all on her own? Since there's no more chance to be romantically involved with her, she would serve me better as a tool to guarantee my graduation.

Confident that his sudden inspiration would begin to turn the tides of his predicament, Donovan felt a weight lifted off his chest.

With the microphone in his hand, he gazed steadily at Arielle. "I would like to offer my sincere apology to you, Arielle. I am sorry for my past misconduct, though I, too, have been unaware of the matter before. Let's put this behind us, shall we?"

Arielle merely dug her fingers into her ears with a look of disgust.

The gesture was not lost upon Donovan. With a supreme effort to compose himself by fixating on Arielle's potential to salvage his career, he spoke once more.

"As a demonstration of my sincerity, I promise to devote my time and attention to you in the coming days to ensure that you gain a spot in Maxwell University."

Arielle chuckled in disdain before standing up abruptly. "No, thank you."

Donovan's grimace-like smile froze on his face. "What do you mean by that? I've already apologized to you despite you not wanting to hear it! I'm sure you wouldn't give up the opportunity for a spot in Maxwell University just because of a feud with me! I'm willing to bury the hatchet between us to coach you."

“Maybe I wasn’t clear enough,” Arielle replied with a bland look on her face. “I do not need a spot for an interview with Maxwell. Please let somebody else in greater need of it have it.”

Donovan lost his temper.

“Arielle, do you have any idea what you’re saying? Have you seen the number of students who study through the night just for an opportunity like this?”

Even Trisha, who was seated beside Arielle, began to look uneasy.

“Sannie, don’t speak out of anger!”

Arielle stroked the back of Trisha’s head comfortingly. “I know exactly what I’m talking about. I truly do not need to be included, as I have already graduated from Maxwell University.”

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The auditorium fell deathly silent following her proclamation, before erupting in a roar of excited chatter.

“What? Do my ears deceive me?”

“No, they do not! I heard her too. She said she had already graduated from Maxwell University!”

Susanne widened her eyes in shock.

“Maxwell University! Did the girl actually graduate from Maxwell University?”

Though Cecilia was initially shocked like the others, she regained her composure fairly quickly. “She’s just a bratty child speaking out of turn, Susanne. If she really did graduate from Maxwell University, why did she have to come back to the country to enroll herself in Jadeborough University? From my understanding, she’s only been brought to Jadeborough this year after spending her entire life in a village. How could she have graduated from Maxwell University if she had not even stepped foot out of the country?”

Susanne nodded. “You have a point. According to the information, she was always…”

Her voice trailed off suddenly as she gazed at Cecilia with eyes narrowed with suspicion.

“Did you have Arielle investigated?”

Cecilia hurriedly tried to undo her mistake. “Investigated? She’s famous enough for being the ambassador of Soir Coffee! Her entire history could be found on the internet. I would be a fool to hire an investigator just to uncover that!”

“Is that so?” Susanne’s eyes became slits, conveying blatantly that she did not believe a word of Cecilia’s.

In the meantime, Wendy who was seated with the rest of preparatory class students was shaking like a leaf.

Arielle has already graduated from Maxwell? What sort of a sick joke is this? Impossible!

“Stop lying!” Wendy demanded shrilly as she turned back to glare at Arielle.

If she is telling the truth about being a graduate of Maxwell University, then I’m just a nobody in her eyes!

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## **A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 984**

Graduate Of Maxwell University

Arielle did not even spare Wendy a glance.

There’s that same look of disrespect she gave Donovan earlier!

Wendy clenched her fists until her nails dug into the flesh of her palms.

Even Marcus and Arthur were stunned at Arielle’s extraordinary statement.

“Arielle, i-is that true?” Marcus asked breathlessly after snatching the microphone out from Donovan’s hand.

“That’s right.” Arielle nodded. “I wouldn’t be able to lie about something like this, anyway. You can look up their database if you don’t believe me.”

“That’s impossible! She’s lying!” Donovan shrieked.

She was going to be a tool to secure my graduation and employment! She must have sensed my intentions, thus resorting to coming up with an outrageous lie like that!

“You’re lying! Are you trying to get back at me by giving up your spot for Maxwell University on purpose?” After having the last chance of redemption slip through his fingers, Donovan became utterly deranged. The students were startled to see such a deviation from his usual calm self.

Arielle pursed her lips. “Feel free to investigate it yourself and prove me wrong.”

However, Donovan was beyond reason at that moment. He was convinced that it was a lie conceived by Arielle after she found out that the future of his career depended on his success in enrolling three students in Maxwell University.

“Arielle, you’re—”

“Donovan, that’s enough!” Marcus roared. “Security! Kindly escort Mr. Baxter out of here!”

Two guards hurried over and pinned Donovan’s arms to his sides, then dragged him out of the auditorium with some difficulty.

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The students were flabbergasted at the spectacle, having never before encountered a teacher as hysterical as Donovan.

Marcus hastened to repair the damage. “Mr. Baxter is not feeling too good today. Please don’t worry, we will have him right as rain soon enough. Since Arielle has graciously offered her spot to another student, the sixth in her class will inherit the honor. Professor Sleight, if you would kindly take over from Mr. Baxter in the meantime, I would be ever so grateful. We’ll submit all six names together as soon as the top student in the regular class is announced.”

“Yes, Mr. Brown.” Arthur nodded in a daze, clearly still trying to process the surprising turn of events.

As skeptical as Donovan was about Arielle’s claim of having graduated from Maxwell University, Arthur, on the other hand, had complete faith in Arielle.

With brains like hers, I would be surprised if she actually failed to graduate from Maxwell University. Actually, it would have been Maxwell University’s loss if she was never their alumnus.

After delegating the matter of interviews with Maxwell University, Marcus cleared his throat and addressed the auditorium once more. “Beloved students and guests, I

apologize for the embarrassing matter earlier for taking up so much of our time. Without further ado, let us begin the charity auction! Ushers, kindly bring the donated items up on stage.”

Despite the announcement of the commencement of the charity auction, Wendy was still unable to move on from the way Arielle navigated her way out of her predicament.

Like Donovan, she was still unable to accept the fact that Arielle was a graduate of Maxwell University.

“Impossible! She must be lying,” Wendy muttered feverishly to herself.

Her classmates seated in her vicinity began to edge away from her, fearful for their safety lest she suddenly erupt in a temper the same way Donovan did.

“Master Arielle, have you really graduated from Maxwell University?” Terry asked excitedly.

“Yes,” Arielle answered with a nod.

Since Henrick was safely confined within the walls of Specialized Forces Prison, there was no need for Arielle to conceal her history anymore.

It is time for me to lower my walls and start trusting again.

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## **A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 985**

### **Appearance Of The Duke**

Though Terry had not been acquainted with Arielle for very long, he found himself trusting her easily for some reason.

As a result, any residual trace of Terry’s skepticism vanished with her assurance.

Despite being in awe at Arielle, Terry could not help teasing Trisha who was looking thoroughly bewildered. “Trisha, you’re ranked number six in our class!” He prodded her enthusiastically. “Looks like we’re shortlisted for the interviews.”

With great effort, Trisha regained her composure as she turned to gaze at Arielle. At the reminder of her being granted an interview with Maxwell University, a mixture of shock, delight, and anxiety appeared on her face.

“Sannie, how have you never told me any of this?” she asked apprehensively.

Arielle answered gently, “I was going to tell you that I don’t need the spot to get into Maxwell University and that I think you deserve this more than anyone else. However, you never did give me the opportunity to tell you this, you know.”

With a sob of gratitude, Trisha threw herself into her friend’s arms.

“Thank you, Sannie. Thank you so much!”

Pleasantly surprised, Arielle returned the hug with one arm around Trisha’s back and caressed her head with the other hand.

Unnoticed by the girls locked in an embrace, a pair of dark, sinister eyes were watching them closely, like a predator watching its prey before it moved in for the kill.

The pair of eyes belonged to a tall, broad-shouldered man. He was clad in a suit of jet-black which served to camouflage him seamlessly against the darkest shadows of the auditorium. His carefully measured, shallow breathing allowed him to hide himself without being noticed by a single soul.

Despite being rooted at the spot for over half an hour, not a single person had been aware of his presence.

At that moment, another dark shadow flitted across the entrance to the auditorium and arrived at the large man’s side.

“Duke, that young lady is Arielle Moore.”

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The large man raised his eyebrows. “A rare beauty, indeed.”

“Are we going to make our move now?” his subordinate enquired. “It’s pretty crowded here. I’m afraid that it would not be too convenient.”

“Of course not, you fool!”

“A-All right. When shall we do it then?” replied the subordinate, somewhat flustered.

“Let’s see how it turns out. If she is able to be converted into an ally, our work ahead against Vinson would be made much easier.”

The subordinate was taken aback. "Aren't we going to kill her?"

"The Chanians have a saying that an additional friend guarantees an additional option."

As soon as he said that, the duke felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand. As if by instinct, he turned his gaze toward the entrance of the auditorium and found a handsome but familiar face that was just barely visible under the faint lights.

"He's here!" The duke muttered, confusion and suspicion arising in his heart.

The subordinate piped up, "There is something else I have forgotten to inform you. His Majesty's loser son has, for some reason, become smitten with Arielle, which is why he's spending all his time here at Jadeborough University. He has even gotten himself enrolled in the preparatory class just to be near her."

"That's strange. What is the nature of their relationship, I wonder?"

"Regarding our plan to abduct Arielle..."

"That will be put on hold. We'll make our next move after ascertaining Aaron's motives. We can't afford to make an enemy out of Turlen right now."

"Understood."

After exchanging another meaningful glance, the men exited the auditorium noiselessly through a side door.

By then, the ushers were already onstage with the first item for auction.

As a result, Aaron's sudden appearance in the auditorium went unnoticed as the crowd's attention was captured by the item.

It was a beautiful sculpture of Jadeborough University made of white marble. The work was so intricate that even the miniature models of students striding across the grounds were captured in startling detail.

"That sculpture's pretty nice." Arielle gave a nod of approval, which was considered high praise.

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## A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 986

### Can You Afford Six Million

As it was rare to hear Arielle giving a compliment, it spoke volumes about the sculptor's artistry.

Terry, who considered himself an authority of the school's rich history, hastened to inform Arielle of its origins at the sight of her piqued interest. "This sculpture is made by an alumnus of Jadeborough University, Master Nicholas Leigh. He is now the best sculptor in the country."

"I see."

Every one of this university's alumni is a talented individual, it seems. What a shame that a teacher like Donovan might have stifled some of their potentials.

As Marcus gave an introduction to the piece and its creator, some of the students in the crowd began to nod off. At long last, the bid for the sculpture began.

"The bid will start off at two million. Kindly be informed that only bids in increments of a hundred thousand will be accepted. Let the auction begin!"

As he spoke, the ushers scurried to hand out paddles to the parents. The flutter of movement within the auditorium roused the students out of their drowsiness.

As most of the students of Jadeborough University came from affluent families, two million was not considered an exorbitant sum.

Cecilia lost no time in making an impression. "Two and a half million!" she cried, waving her paddle frantically.

"Pfft!" Somebody in the crowd snorted in derision. "Is she an idiot?"

"Is that Wendy's mother? Is she actively trying to make a fool out of herself?"

As the mockery was made purposefully audible, Wendy lowered her head in embarrassment.

I should not have asked Mom to come!

Susanne was amused. "Mrs. Greene, it appears that your bid is causing some jest among the students. Would you like to revise your offer?"

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Cecilia raised her paddle again while blushing furiously. "Three million!"

Three million for a Leigh was as much as pieces of this caliber would generally go, as Nicholas was only thirty years of age. Though he was undoubtedly talented, he was still considered inexperienced. Cecilia was confident that the piece would skyrocket in value as his reputation as a master craftsman would solidify in the coming years.

As Susanne was seated right beside her, Cecilia did not dare go small in her bids.

Suddenly, a clear voice rang out. "Four million!"

Cecilia gazed disbelievingly over to the source of the voice.

Who is foolish enough to spend four million on a Leigh?

At the realization that the one who had raised the bid was Arielle, she froze.

Is this b\*tch going against me on purpose?

Arielle's actions did not go unnoticed by Wendy. "What are you doing, Arielle?" she demanded with a vicious glare toward Arielle.

Before she could retort, Terry leaped to her defense. "What? We're at an auction in case you haven't noticed. It's obvious that Arielle intends to buy the piece."

Wendy was so angry that her cheeks were flushed bright red.

"She's doing this on purpose! She is intentionally trying to outbid my mother!"

Arielle cast a cold glance at Wendy. "I wouldn't stoop to enter into a bidding war with the likes of you."

Indeed, her intention of winning the bid for the sculpture was to gift it to Teddy with the hopes of encouraging him to study hard and earn a place in Jadeborough University.

If Wendy had not drawn my attention to the fact that the other bidder was her mother, I wouldn't even have noticed it.

"You're lying!" Wendy hissed, her face turning ashen grey. At that moment, Marcus struck the gavel.

"Four million, going once!"

Wendy bit her lip anxiously as she glanced at her mother.

Discerning her daughter's unspoken plea accurately, Cecilia nodded grimly. I'm not going to be beaten by Arielle even if I make a loss on this.

"Five million!" Cecilia cried.

Marcus was taken aback before striking the gavel again. "Five million, going once."

"Six million," Arielle called without even batting an eyelid.

"Can you afford that, Arielle?" Wendy sneered. "I seem to recall that you're a country bumpkin who might not know how auctions work. Once that gavel strikes, you've got to pay up, you know!"

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## **A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 987**

### **An Interesting Woman**

Arielle smiled. "Yes, I'm a country bumpkin, yet I have graduated from Maxwell University. Somehow, you, the high and mighty Ms. Greene, still never seem to be able to catch up to my grades."

Wendy flushed crimson at the slight.

"Arielle Moore!" she snarled.

"You talk too much," replied Arielle with a yawn.

"You—"

Before Wendy could complete her threat, she heard her name being called by the principal. "Wendy, kindly refrain from discussing matters unrelated to the auction, or I would be forced to remove you from the auditorium."

In an instant, every eye in the crowd was drawn to Wendy.

Succumbing to the hostility of the gazes by her fellow schoolmates, she slumped into her seat.

"Seven million!" Cecilia shouted.

“Seven million?” repeated Marcus in a daze.

The piece would never fetch seven million even after Nicholas’ death!

“Ten million,” Arielle said without hesitation.

Wendy and Cecilia gaped at her while the other students were quivering in anticipation.

Ten million is no laughing matter.

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“Master Arielle...” Terry gazed up at her, his eyes shining with admiration in the dim auditorium light.

Arielle gave a tiny smirk, secretly enjoying the effect she had caused.

Marcus’ hand shook as he grasped the gavel. “Ten million going once, going twice...”

Cecilia clenched her fists.

I do not have ten million just lying around for me to use in my feud! I can think of better ways to spend that kind of money instead of some silly marble sculpture.

Susanne’s bemused voice interrupted her internal debate. “It sure looks like you’re being outbid by a country bumpkin, Mrs. Greene!”

That remark seemed to act as a stimulant. Biting down on her lip with fierce determination, Cecilia decided to go all in. “Fifteen million!”

Despite doing his best to maintain his professionalism, Marcus could not conceal the amazement in his eyes. “Fifteen million going once...”

As he spoke, he found his gaze inadvertently drawn toward Arielle, who simply shrugged and lowered her paddle.

“Fifteen million going twice... Sold! Congratulations, madam, and thank you very much for your generous contribution. Kindly make your way to the back to make the payment after the auction ends, as well as to obtain the certificate of your participation in tonight’s event.”

Cecilia gazed at Arielle, clearly still dazed at what had transpired.

It feels like I have been fooled by Arielle.

Wendy, on the other hand, was adamant that Arielle had toyed with them. Turning back to gaze viciously at the latter, she spat, "Weren't you going to buy the piece? Why did you back down?"

Arielle sneered in response. "Oh, I've changed my mind."

It is becoming too expensive for a gift, anyway. Teddy might refuse it if he finds out how much it costs. I'll just think of it as taking pity on the Greenes by letting them have it. Besides, it feels great getting a couple of punches in.

"You..." Wendy was so angry that her chest puffed up alarmingly, though she could not do anything about it.

Oh, forget it. At the very least, this amount spent could be used as sending a message to the world that we have managed to crush Arielle in a bid and that our wealth far exceeds hers.

Her notions of self-comfort were quickly quashed by Terry's scornful remark. "That woman must be out of her mind to spend fifteen million on a sculpture!"

The other students chimed in, "That's right! What a fool!"

Wendy scowled as she clenched her fists so hard that her nails drew blood from the flesh of her palm, yet she did not feel any pain.

Meanwhile, Aaron smiled to himself from the back of the hall.

"How interesting..."

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## **A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 988**

Black Rose

My little kitten is far more interesting than I thought. If she were to continue to outbid that woman, she would merely appear to be a child throwing a tantrum. However, the sudden twist makes her seem more like a deadly black rose. Mmm, I dig girls like that.

Fuming, Cecilia raged under her breath, "That wretch! She did that on purpose!"

“Susanne,” she said, turning to address the woman beside her. “Did you see that? She’s a devious one, that girl. Do you think that she’s the type of woman your son ought to be marrying? I’m afraid that she would rain chaos and disorder onto your family in the future!”

As she had lost face, Cecilia attempted a last-ditch effort by painting Arielle in a negative light.

Unexpectedly, Susanne merely smiled. “I think that she’s a rather intelligent girl. I see potential in her,” she remarked, clearly impressed.

Cecilia scowled. “Susanne, listen to yourself!”

Susanne did not take the outburst kindly. “I am perfectly aware of what I am saying. How about you? Perhaps I have been overly lenient to you over the past couple of days, and that gave you the impression that you could somehow walk all over me.”

Cecilia flinched as though Susanne had flung a glass of water over her face. With a supreme effort, she regained her composure. “Of course that’s not what I meant, Susanne. As parents, we would want our children to marry out of love, right? Even if they don’t, we should at least consider fostering a marriage for the purposes of an alliance. Is that wrong?”

“Hah!” Susanne cackled mirthlessly. “Are you saying that you want a marriage for your benefit? I’m afraid that you Greenes are not worthy to be matched with us.”

“You...” Cecilia choked as her capacity to grovel finally wore out. “Without the alliance of the Greenes, I can guarantee that Nightshire Group will never be able to complete the project in Zaprington. I suggest you give it a long, hard consideration, Susanne.”

Susanne glanced at the screen on her phone. It’s exactly seven.

“I’ve thought about it,” she replied, her eyebrows raised. “It’s a flat no.”

Cecilia fumed, “You’ve made a permanent enemy out of me! You will receive word that your project will not be allowed to proceed first thing tomorrow!”

Susanne glanced toward the stage nonchalantly and commented airily, “The second item up for auction is tickets to a concert. Though I thought it’d be prudent to remind you that those are definitely not worth fifteen million. Bid responsibly, will you?”

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Cecilia was about to explode.

“Susanne, don’t you regret choosing a country bumpkin over Wendy! You’ll have to come crawling back if you change your mind!”

“Right back at you, Cecilia,” answered Susanne coolly. “When the time comes, try not to cry too hard when you’re on your knees before me.”

Cecilia froze. “What do you mean by that?”

“It’s seven o’clock now,” Susanne replied enigmatically.

Cecilia was thoroughly confused. A sense of dread that came out of nowhere began to suffocate her.

The only thing she could do was suppress her discomfort and await the conclusion of the charity auction.

As soon as I make the payment for that sculpture, I’ll call Daniel to have him put pressure on Nightshire Group’s branch office in Horington!

At that moment, various media platforms on the internet simultaneously revealed a piece of breaking news, to Wendy and Cecilia’s ignorance.

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## **A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 989**

One Hundred Million

The second item was quickly sold for a hundred thousand. Immediately after, the third item was carted out.

From Marcus’ brief introduction, the item was revealed to be a blue amber necklace, the work of a jewelry designer who was another alumnus of Jadeborough University.

Made from the sap of a tree and forged by the heat and pressure of the earth’s core over tens of millions of years, regular ambers were precious enough. Translucent and emitting a faint glow seemingly on its own, the mystique and beauty of the blue amber necklace on stage made other jewels look barely more impressive than cobblestones by comparison.

The value of its gem aside, the intricacies of the work done on the pendant itself showed quite plainly that it was a masterpiece that would be the highlight of the night.

There was a single black rose petal encased in the amber.

The lucky wearer of the necklace would undoubtedly attract attention wherever they went.

Arielle was not interested in jewelry. She seldom even wore make-up as she prioritized comfort and convenience over her vanity. As a result, the bid for the necklace barely sparked her interest.

Wendy, however, sat upright at once. The startling blue of the necklace was reflected in her greedy eyes.

This necklace is made for me!

After providing the necessary introductions to the item and its creator, Marcus began the bid at twenty million.

Aside from the students and their parents, many affluent alumni of Jadeborough University were in attendance at the charity auction that night. Though it was common for rare and exorbitant items up for bids in an event like that, the necklace was by far the most expensive.

Trisha's eyes shone at the sight of the necklace. "Oh, how pretty..." she blurted longingly.

"Do you like it?" Arielle turned to glance at Trisha.

"Oh, no, no. Not at all!" she cried, afraid that Arielle was going to spend lavishly on her. "I just thought it looked pretty, that's all. I wouldn't feel comfortable wearing it on my neck in public."

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"Are you sure you don't want it?"

"I don't want it. Thank you." Trisha shook her head firmly.

Though her family was well off, twenty million for a necklace was ludicrous, even for Trisha. It would be a burden to own and protect such an expensive necklace. Besides, it would be unreasonable for Arielle to foot the bill for me.

"All right, then." Arielle smiled. "I was going to gift it to you."

“There really is no need for you to spend that kind of money.”

Wendy sighed in relief at the row in front of them. She’s not going to try to outbid me this time.

Though she was not sure if Arielle was boasting about having twenty million to spare for a necklace, Wendy could not shake the uncomfortable feeling that she seemed to fail miserably at everything Arielle decided to meddle in. Upon knowing that Arielle was disinterested in the necklace, Wendy felt relieved to know that the night would end with her having something nice to bring home.

On that positive note, Wendy raised her paddle hopefully.

“Twenty-five million!”

By starting the bid with a dominant offer, she was sending a clear signal to other potential bidders that she was intent on walking away with the necklace.

Hopefully, that would discourage anybody who is even considering taking this away from me.

“Twenty-five million, going once...” Marcus raised his gavel.

“One hundred million,” said a voice from the back of the auditorium.

The crowd gasped as once.

A hundred million! Is this a joke?

Along with the crowd, Arielle craned her neck toward the source of the voice.

A tall silhouette emerged slowly from the back door of the auditorium. His handsome and roguish face, which bore an attractive smirk, became illuminated as he passed under one of the spotlights.

With his good looks, brash bid, and startling glow of the black earring he wore, the crowd felt unable to tear their eyes away from him.

Arielle froze in disbelief upon recognizing him.

It’s him...

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## A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 990

### Greene Corporation Exposed

I'm absolutely certain that he's the man from before. He was on board the rigged cruise ship and even tried to kidnap me. Yet, he must have told me about the bomb by accident. In the end, he saved my life and allowed me to escape unscathed. Nevertheless, why is he here?

As Arielle pondered over the man's sudden appearance, she heard a voice that jolted her out of her thoughts. "Sannie, there's something I forgot to mention. Although he's a new transfer student in our class, he has been absent every single day. He only drops by to ask if you are present. If you aren't here, he leaves without a second glance. It's like he transferred to Jadeborough University with the sole intention of meeting you."

When Arielle caught wind of this, she was even more confused.

Clearly, this man has his sights set on me. But why? Is he a potential ally or foe?

Instinctively, Arielle glanced at the man in question, only to realize that he was looking at her too. When they locked gazes, the corners of his lips upturned into a sexy smirk.

Arielle scowled and looked away.

At the same time, Marcus finally recovered from his initial shock. "Are you sure you want to purchase this necklace for one hundred million?" he asked Aaron.

"That's right," Aaron confirmed with a nod. "Is there anyone else who wants to bid a higher price?" he questioned casually.

Wendy could not help but bite her bottom lip in frustration.

Initially, she assumed things would go according to plan because Arielle was not participating in this bid. Yet, there was an unexpected turn of events.

Worse yet, she could not overcome this hitch.

Although the Greenes could afford to pay one hundred million, Wendy was sure that her mother would disapprove of her lavish spending. One hundred million was too outrageous of a price for a mere necklace.

Reluctantly, Wendy lowered her paddle.

“One hundred million going once, going twice, sold!”

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Bang! The gavel was slammed against the sound block, indicating that the necklace now belonged to Aaron.

Now that the hefty transaction was complete, everyone else lost interest in the subsequent biddings.

In the meantime, news about the Greenes caused an uproar on the internet.

Horrington’s Greene Corporation is under suspicion for monopolizing local merchants, causing the demise of many smaller businesses.

Greene Corporation is accused of bribing local bureaucrats and breaching Chanean laws. It has been revealed that they are involved in the illegal sales of guns and drugs.

Greene Corporation selfishly put their workers’ lives at risk and ignored the interests of their consumers. Their poor-quality projects are nothing but a scam.

One by one, these articles exposed the truth behind Greene Corporation. Furthermore, these reports were backed with concrete evidence that ranged from photographs to eyewitness reports.

Not long after these articles were posted, the Specialized Forces published an official announcement stating that they had launched an official investigation into Greene Corporation. Through this investigation, they had obtained all the relevant evidence and information regarding Greene Corporation’s nefarious deeds.

Once this news was released, netizens were both furious and shocked.

Oh my God! I read an article that said that the lousy bridge Greene Corporation built collapsed! Many workers and pedestrians lost their lives in this tragedy. Yet, there wasn’t any news reported about this incident. It’s obvious that Greene Corporation colluded with the local government to bury this matter!

Although I knew that most businessmen are good-for-nothings, I didn’t realize the true extent of their cruelty and greediness. In their eyes, human lives must be even less significant than ants!

We need them to get to the bottom of this!

Boycott all of Greene Corporation’s products!

Greene Corporation should be shut down as soon as possible!

I also heard that the daughter of Greene Corporation's chairman is a well-known prima donna. She has earned this nickname due to her difficult temperament and horrible temper!

All of a sudden, Daniel's phone was buzzing with endless notifications.

When he read the news, all the blood seemed to drain from his face as his cheeks turned deathly pale. He was so stunned that his entire body shook like a leaf in the wind.

How could this be? I spent my blood, sweat, and tears burying this news. Why was it suddenly leaked to the internet?

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