

# A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 106

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Cindy shrugged it off and chuckled. "You think Vinson willingly helped Arielle? He only did it because he didn't want to be exploited by Shannie. No man with his kind of power and status could stand being exploited by others. Trust me, Vinson's going to chase Arielle away! Maybe I wouldn't even need to carry out my plan. After tonight, she'd be the laughing stock of the entire city!" "Okay, it better be like that..." "Leave this be for now and find a suitable man as discussed.

If Vinson forgives Arielle for having helped him before, then we'll just have set our plan in motion to destroy her reputation." Cindy hadn't been in a good mood the whole day, but after the call with Matthias, she felt like she had finally caught a break. It was deep night and the streets of Jadeborough remained as lively as ever. Just like the streets outside, the banquet hall in the hotel was just as lively. A group of prominent socialites sat around Vinson as they dined and drank, each trying to flatter him so they could be a part of Nightshire Group's latest project.

Vinson sat at the head of the table, swirling his wine glass lazily. He was so engrossed in his thoughts that he had barely spoken ever since the meal started. The light that shone on his handsome face accentuated his features and made him even more dignified. Despite his silence, he was still like the brightest star in the sky, one that people couldn't help but admire. The people around Vinson started discussing amongst themselves in hushed tones as they watched Vinson warily. "What's wrong with Mr. Nightshire today? He hasn't said anything at all. Is he unhappy with the meal?"

"Mr. Nightshire has always been a man of few words. Maybe he isn't in a good mood today." "Has the person I arranged for been sent over?" "I just received the call that she's at the hotel entrance." "Are you sure this arrangement would be okay? There have been others with the same gift ideas before, only to have Vinson scream his head off at them..." "Don't worry. This time around, the head of Southall Group has offered me his daughter."

"Shandie Southall? I know she looks all right and is quite a popular socialite too, but I don't think Vinson would take a liking to her." "It's not Shandie but the other one. I've seen a picture of her, and I guarantee she'll do just fine!" "Show me the picture! I'm curious to know who has gotten the approval from an experienced old man like you."

Before the man could fish his phone out, Vinson suddenly stood up, shocking everyone into silence. The man with the phone laughed and stood up as well. "Are you tired, Mr. Nightshire? You've had so much to drink, so why don't you rest here in the hotel?"

We could set off together in the morning to view the land in the western suburbs." Vinson was about to reject the man's offer when he felt his phone

vibrate. He checked his phone, only to find a text from his mother: *Come back earlier tonight. The Greenes are here, and I find their daughter rather delightful. I would like you to meet her too.* Frustrated, Vinson knitted his brows. After a moment's hesitation, he turned to the man and asked curtly, "Which room?"

The man was happy to comply and handed over the room key to the suite on the top floor. "I shall retire for the night first. Enjoy the rest of the night, everyone," Vinson said politely before making his way out of the banquet hall. However, he had only taken a few steps when he felt a throbbing in his head.

He had been so preoccupied with Arielle that he inadvertently downed a lot of wine throughout the banquet. If it were someone else, they would have been blackout drunk from all that alcohol. Vinson rubbed his temples as he waited for the elevator, eager to get some much-needed rest so he could accompany Arielle on her shoot the next day.

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Arielle had only just entered the suite on the top floor when one of the Southalls' housekeepers delivered a bag of clothes to her. To her surprise, nestled on top of the clothes, was a disc. "What's this?" Arielle asked quizzically. The housekeeper cleared her throat before replying, "About that... I'm not comfortable saying it. You'll know once you play it." Though still curious about its content, Arielle decided not to probe further and went back into the room.

Instead of leaving, the housekeeper followed Arielle into the suite. "Mr. Southall has instructed that I make sure you change into the clothes." Arielle frowned but said nothing. As she reached into the bag for the clothes, she couldn't help but wonder why they felt so odd to her touch. Bracing herself, she took the clothes out and gasped in shock at her discovery. *These are all sexy lingerie!* Arielle gritted her teeth in anger as she cursed Henrick silently under her breath. *Henrick really would do anything as long as he could benefit from it! What a sc\*mbag!*

Arielle's blood was boiling as she stared at the clothes, wishing she could shred them to pieces right there and then. Alas, with the housekeeper keeping an eye on her, Arielle could only suppress her anger and proceeded to change in the bedroom. When Arielle finally walked out dressed in her lingerie, even the housekeeper was blown away by her beauty. The sexy lingerie accentuated all the best features of Arielle, from her beautiful collarbone to her slender legs and thin waist.

She was simply breathtaking. Arielle stared coldly at the astounded housekeeper. "I'm all changed, so can you leave now? Or are you going to stay with me to accompany Mr. Nightshire?" The housekeeper instantly turned red in embarrassment and mumbled, "I'll leave right now. The disc is already in the

player, so you can just press play later. Right, goodbye then..." With that, the housekeeper hurriedly left the suite, still blushing from the encounter.

*Ms. Arielle has such irresistible charm that Mr. Nightshire's in for a ride tonight! Mr. Southall will be so pleased with my work!* Though still a little embarrassed, the housekeeper left contentedly, knowing that she had fulfilled her duties. With the housekeeper gone, Arielle was now all alone in the suite.

She tugged at her lingerie, uncomfortable with how revealing it was, and felt nothing but a chill in her heart. *These will be my first and last times wearing such perverted clothes!* Arielle wanted to change back into her clothes when she realized, to her horror, that the housekeeper had taken them away.

"F\*ck!" As someone who had always been able to control her emotions well, not even Arielle could refrain from swearing at that moment. She had no choice but to meet Vinson dressed like that. *Vinson isn't interested in me, though. So, what I wear wouldn't pose much of a problem.* Feeling more at ease, Arielle decided to check out the disc that the housekeeper had popped into the player.

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*Aren't the clothes enough? What else would Henrick have prepared for me?* The more Arielle wondered, the more curious she became. Eventually, her curiosity got the better of her, and she played the disc. A good-looking couple on the couch immediately showed up on the screen. *Is this some kind of romantic drama?* Arielle tilted her head in confusion as questions started going through her mind. *Does Henrick think this drama would spark some romance between Vinson and me?*

Before she could question any further, the couple on screen had gone on to engage in various embarrassing acts. Arielle gradually went from a state of confusion to a state of utter shock. *What the hell is this?* As she stared wide-eyed at the screen, Arielle felt numbness all over her hands and feet. Even though she considered herself to be knowledgeable, there was still a first time for everything. All Arielle wanted to do then was to drag Henrick out and curse angrily at him.

Due to a combination of shock and rage, Arielle's hand trembled and dropped the remote control. *Thud!* The loud sound finally brought Arielle out of her daze as she quickly leaned forward to pick up the remote control so she could turn the television off. However, in her hurry, her foot accidentally kicked it under the couch. "F\*ck!" Arielle once again swore loudly. The more panicked she was, the messier things got. Arielle tried to calm herself by taking a deep breath and forcing herself to block out the moans the couple was making on-screen.

After a few more deep breaths, Arielle finally found herself in a more composed state. She used her phone to illuminate the bottom of the couch and look for the remote control. Seeing as how it was quite a distance back, Arielle knelt on the floor and stretched her hand out to try to reach for the remote. Meanwhile, Vinson felt himself getting more drunk by the second. When he got to the suite, it took two tries before he managed to unlock the door with his key.

As soon as he stepped into the suite, Vinson heard strange noises that sounded a lot like a man and woman having sex. *Have I entered the wrong room?* Vinson stepped back out of the suite to check his room key, only to confirm that he hadn't made a mistake. At the same time, he was also sure that he hadn't made a mistake with what he had heard. As a grown man, he was only all too familiar with what those sounds were.

*Who the hell has the guts to do that in my room?* Under the influence of alcohol, Vinson had lost all rational thought and let his emotions get the better of him. With a stoic face, he marched into the living room, only to see a scantily clad woman kneeling on the floor with her back facing him. The woman had a superb figure, especially her thin waist that he found extra alluring. However, what he found even more appealing, was the white bunny's tail at the back of her costume that swished away with every movement the woman made. No man, under those given circumstances, would still be able to remain calm and composed.

Vinson swallowed hard, trying to resist the temptation in front of him. He was a man, but he was also one who would never engage in casual sex. If there weren't feelings involved, he wouldn't bother wasting his time with those women. The more he reasoned with himself, the soberer he got. He suddenly recalled how the men had all looked at him when he left the banquet table earlier. And now that he was looking at the woman squirming about on the floor, everything instantly became clear to Vinson.

Having recovered from his initial shock, Vinson's expression darkened as his eyes blazed with rage. *Those a\*sholes!* They had sent women to Vinson before, but they were all admonished by him. But instead of learning from it, they had the gall to do it again. *How dare they don't show me any respect!*

The disdain in Vinson's gaze grew even more intense as he continued staring at the woman. Just then, the strange moans once again came from the television. Vinson turned toward the screen, only to see the couple engaged in unbelievably embarrassing acts. *So that's where the sounds came from.* Vinson's face turned even darker with anger. *Not only did those old b\*stards send a woman to his room, but they also played such filthy shows.*

*They make me sick to my core!* Having run out of patience, Vinson marched toward the woman and bellowed, "Get the hell..." Before he could finish his sentence, the woman on the floor had finally noticed his presence and turned around in shock. Upon seeing the familiar face staring back at him, Vinson was at a loss for words.

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A look of surprise surfaced on his face as he raised his right hand and pinched his nose. Indeed, alcohol was the greatest saboteur. He actually had an illusion that the woman sent to him was Arielle. *I must be out of my mind! Wake up!* Vinson closed his eyes forcefully. Just when he was about to open them and take another look, he heard Arielle's voice beside him. "You... Why did you enter so quickly?" Even her voice was identical to Arielle's.

*Looks like I'm really drunk.* Slapping his head, Vinson averted his gaze and snapped in frustration, "I don't care who sent you here, just get lost!" His breathing became heavier. When he saw the resemblance between Arielle and the woman's face, he realized that he was starting to lose control of his senses. However, he did not dwell on the reason why he was losing control. Instead, all he wanted to do was to chase the woman out.

He was a clean freak in real life. Similarly, he was very particular about his feelings. He would never sleep with any woman whom he did not have any feelings for. This was the reason why he had never touched a single woman after he had come of age. He did not wish to commit a mistake that would disgust himself. "Did you hear me? Get lost!" urged Vinson furiously. It was Arielle's first time seeing such an unpleasant look on Vinson's face. Surprised, she quickly explained, "Don't misunderstand me, Vinson. I... I didn't plan on being here on purpose. I just want you to put on an act with me."

*An act?* The veins on Vinson's forehead throbbed. *Her voice is so clear that it doesn't seem like an illusion. Although I'm slightly drunk, it's not to the extent that I'll actually hallucinate. Could it be that... she's really Arielle?* Vinson turned around slowly and stared at the woman's face intently. *She's really Arielle!* He subconsciously reached out his hand and pinched her cheek. *It feels so soft and nice to touch...* "What are you doing?"

Hissing in pain, Arielle slapped Vinson's hand away. The spot where he pinched her reddened gradually. Vinson was finally certain that she was actually Arielle. *She's the real deal!* After confirming that he was not hallucinating, the veins on Vinson's forehead throbbed again. Noticing that his expression was still unpleasant, Arielle clutched her hurt cheek and asked, "If you don't wish to see me, can I spend the night in the toilet?"

"If not, can I leave after an hour?" Arielle's long string of words brought Vinson out of his daze and back to his senses gradually. He checked Arielle out from head to toe, his Adam's apple bobbing subconsciously. Noticing his gaze, Arielle looked at him warily and asked, "What are you looking at? You must be drunk!"

Usually, Vinson deigned to even spare a single glance in her direction. Even if she dressed herself up nicely for the shoot, he would only praise her clothes. Hence,

he must be drunk. Anyone under the influence of alcohol would do literally anything. Although Arielle initially did not have her guard up against Vinson, she now took a few steps back, starting to feel afraid. However, her foot tripped over the side of the couch, sending her toppling backward.

She stretched out her arms subconsciously to grab something, but ended up grasping Vinson's tie. As Vinson was pulled by Arielle all of a sudden, he fell forward to her. *Thud!* With a loud thud, both of them fell onto the couch, with Vinson's body lying above Arielle's. Coincidentally, his lips pressed against her smooth forehead.

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Arielle's breath hitched in her throat. Forgetting how to react, she simply froze under Vinson's body. Vinson was not in a better state either. He could feel the smooth sensation under his lips, while Arielle's natural scent wafted into his nose. It smelled different from other perfumes, resembling the scent of milk and fresh flowers. For a moment, he could not bear to leave her. All he could feel was that his body had become stiff, rendering him motionless.

However, every inch of him had the urge to move. His masculine impulses came over him rapidly, causing his breathing to become heavier. When Arielle could barely breathe with Vinson's body pressing against her, she returned to her senses. Pushing his chest away and blushing, she said, "Go away..." Vinson was jolted awake the moment he heard her voice. He quickly left her body. While tidying his clothes, he concealed the passionate look burning in his eyes.

Then, he shot a disdainful glance at Arielle and chided, "Why did you drag me down when you fell? If I get injured, how can you compensate me?" Arielle initially felt so embarrassed that she did not even dare to look at Vinson. However, when she heard his words, she immediately glared at him furiously and snapped through gritted teeth, "Well, I'm sorry, Mr. Nightshire!" *Hmph! I didn't do it on purpose, so why is he so fierce?*

*He's such a hot-tempered and cruel person. It's no wonder that no girls like him! He'll just be a single pringle forever.* Vinson raised his chin arrogantly and said, "Good that you know your mistake. When you fall down the next time, don't drag me down too." "You..." Arielle was so furious that she wanted to lash out at him. Widening her eyes, she spun around angrily. *Forget it. I won't feel angry if I don't see him. I should be more forgiving, and shouldn't get pissed over a weird man like him.*

When Vinson saw the tail on Arielle's clothes facing him, his emotions, which he had suppressed with much difficulty earlier, arose again. "Darn it!" Vinson averted his gaze and cursed under his breath. He asked in frustration, "Why were you kneeling on the floor?" "I was looking for the remote control..." Blushing,

she reached her arm out to grope under the couch. However, as the remote control was too far inside, she could not reach it no matter what.

At that moment, the voices from the television were cut off. Surprised, Arielle turned her head around and saw Vinson standing beside the television expression, an electric cord in his hand. She had not thought of unplugging it directly. Sighing in frustration, Arielle stood up. Vinson tossed the cord aside, took off his suit and threw it to Arielle. She quickly grabbed the suit and draped it around her body.

His suit was so big that it covered her thighs, making her look like a child wearing an adult's clothes. Vincent fished out a cigarette from his pocket and inhaled deeply. Only then did he finally calm himself down. He walked to the window, pushed it open and let the smoke drift outside.

After a few puffs, he said with his back facing Arielle, "Speak, what the hell happened?" "Ahem..." Arielle cleared her throat, trying to explain the slight mishap that occurred earlier. After narrating what had happened, she said, "I'd like to do a DNA test." Vinson had already finished the cigarette by the time she stopped speaking. He turned around to look at Arielle, his gaze was unfathomable to her.