

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 16

Chapter 16

Once Cindy left, Henrick's gaze darted over to Arielle. "Sannie. Tell me the truth, how did you meet Vinson? Are you two close?"

Henrick wanted to ask this long ago. However, he worried that Arielle would think he was using her as a stepping stone. Hence, he refrained from asking up till now.

At this rate, it seems like she's too naive to question my motives. I may as well cut to the chase and ask whatever I want to know. This silly girl will tell me anyway.

As expected, Arielle answered him without a sliver of hesitation. "I don't actually know him that well. I encountered him by chance when my ship sank at sea. He was injured at the time, so I treated his wounds with whatever herbs I could find. It was later when his subordinates came for him that I got rescued and brought back here."

What he didn't know was that Arielle had summarized the story. She omitted the details where they undressed and huddled up for warmth, as well as the truth that she saved Vinson's life.

Hearing her story, Henrick felt both disappointed yet pleased.

He was disappointed because he had hoped for some emotional entanglement between Arielle and Vinson, but there were none.

At the same time, he was buzzing with joy that Arielle had aided *the* Vinson Nightshire. Because it meant Vinson owed Arielle's family a favor for her kindness.

Imagine that. A favor from the Nightshires! That experience alone is worth its weight in gold!

"Wonderful! That's great, Sannie! As expected of my daughter!" Henrick chortled.

He stared endearingly at her as if he was looking at the world's rarest gem.

Arielle put on an innocent and unknowing expression. She flashed a quick appreciative smile at this compliment, then resumed with her dinner.

The next day had arrived at the speed of light. All four of them departed Jadeborough and headed towards Norham.

For the journey, Arielle and Shandie sat beside one another in the backseat.

Shandie wore the Crown Coffee Academy's yellow team uniform. A soft and glamorous makeup was applied on her face, befitting her aristocratic status.

In comparison, Cindy had prepared minimalistic clothing for Arielle. She also hadn't hired anyone to do Arielle's makeup. Thus, Arielle was completely bare-faced and had her hair up in a simple bun; she looked like an ordinary high school student.

Even without any form of embellishment, Arielle was irresistible to the eye. Her presence glowed with angelic purity, almost like a blooming orchid whose beauty was so rare that people could only appreciate from afar.

She was the definition of true beauty. Not the kind that was sought after by many men, but a true beauty that made men reflect on whether they were worthy of being by her side.

Shandie initially felt like the brightest star in the sky, knowing that her makeup was worth six figures. Yet, that confidence plummeted after seeing Arielle's simplistic beauty. Shandie now felt like a miserable side character while Arielle was the lead of

the show.

Outshined, Shandie clenched her fists so hard that her claw-like nails nearly cut into her palms.

Ahem! Cindy cleared her throat from the front passenger seat.

At this, Shandie broke from her daze and refocused on the present.

So what if Arielle is pretty? She's nothing but a pretty face that men keep around like toys. I'm the real deal with both the body and looks; the kind of woman that men want to make their

wives.

Shandie suppressed her anger. She cracked a stiff smile and said, "Arielle, I haven't had the chance to apologize. So now that we're both here, I just wanted to say I'm sorry. I shouldn't have thrown that childish tantrum and put you in jeopardy. Please forgive me."

Arielle knew that Cindy must have scripted this whole apology, and Shandie was merely acting accordingly.

Childish tantrum? Humph. What kind of child harbors murderous intentions during a tantrum?

Regardless, Arielle cast a gentle gaze as she held Shandie's hand. Then she soothed in a honeyed voice, "It's alright, Shandie. There's no need to dwell on the past or apologize anymore. We're family, after all."

Caught in Arielle's tight grip, Shandie bit down her repulse. She desperately wanted to fling Arielle's vermin-like hand away but couldn't.

Hence, she resisted and continued to smile stiffly.

Meanwhile, Henrick smiled contentedly at his daughters' reconciliation from the driver's seat.

They went on their merry way to the airport. When they arrived, Henrick led his family through the check-in process and to the departure halls. Arielle trailed behind them throughout this.

According to the regulations, first-class passengers were given priority to board the plane before others.

So the Southalls had to wait in line as Henrick had bought economy-class tickets for the flight from Jadeborough to Norham.

When it was finally their turn to board the flight, Henrick suddenly halted and looked in the other direction. He exclaimed, "Mr. Nightshire?"

Shandie hadn't expected to see Vinson at the airport either. Now that it had happened, Shandie batted her lashes and cleared her throat shyly to attract Vinson's attention.

Vinson's assistant was reporting the progress of their recent project. Now that Henrick had rudely interrupted, Vinson shot a glare in Henrick's direction.

Seeing how Henrick and Shandie threw themselves at him, Vinson's glare turned murderously cold yet confused at the same time. He growled, "Do I know you?"

Henrick brushed his nose awkwardly at this. He was startled that Vinson didn't recognize him.

Shandie, on the other hand, clenched her jaw in irritation.

We've already met plenty of times. How can Vinson not know who I am? Is he really that

forgetful?

In reality, Vinson had an excellent memory. He was simply selective about whom and what he felt was worthy of remembering.

Thus, he wouldn't waste even a drop of his time or mental effort on people whom he deemed unimportant.

As for Arielle, she had noticed Vinson as well but didn't intend to greet him.

We're just passing by. There's no need to engage in pointless conversation.

Henrick frowned at how Arielle was letting this golden opportunity slip. Nevertheless, he quickly introduced himself, "I'm Henrick Southall. Surely you remember me, Mr. Nightshire? You attended my daughter's birthday party a few days ago,"

Vinson tried to recall. However, he had attended four birthday parties this week, so he couldn't quite figure out who this man named Henrick was.

Sensing the confusion on Vinson's face, Henrick briskly shoved Shandie aside while yanking Arielle forward. He then reminded, "Seems like you have forgotten about me, Mr. Nightshire. But perhaps you remember my daughter?"

Arielle was now visible to Vinson. He hadn't seen her earlier, no thanks to Cindy, who questionably stood in front of Arielle and blocked her.

Vinson's eyes roamed over Arielle's appearance. Unlike the other three, who wore fancier clothing, Arielle seemed like a regular student. It was as if they were from different class groups.

Vinson raised a brow, curious to see Arielle's reactions. He feigned confusion as he asked, "Apologies, I'm not very good with remembering faces. May I ask who you are, miss?"

Arielle blinked. Did he forget who I am?

Despite her initial shock, Arielle wasn't at all sad that he didn't recall her.

She responded placidly, "That's normal. You must see too many faces every day to remember mine. We won't be in your way now. Dad, let's go."

Now that she had excused their family, Henrick couldn't prolong the conversation with Vinson. Without a choice, Henrick begrudgingly complied with Arielle's request.

What rubbish was that? How can my eldest daughter be so inept at seducing men? How stupid can she be?

Henrick grew more frustrated at the thought of this. It was evident in the way he quickly stormed over to the boarding gate.

Cindy and Shandie were pleased with how things turned out. They stood straighter with delight as they watched Henrick leave.

What perfect timing for Arielle to ruin things. I doubt Henrick will continue to spoil her rotten after this.

Thinking this, Cindy paced in Henrick's direction.

Shandie and Arielle quickly followed suit. At that moment, Shandie's mood soared sky-high. It wasn't long before a mischievous thought flitted through her mind.

Walking alongside Arielle, Shandie mocked in a quiet voice, "Oh dear. I assumed that something special was going on between you and Mr. Nightshire, but I guess not. I can't believe that he didn't even recognize you. Well, don't be sad. It's normal for busy men like Mr. Nightshire to forget a country bumpkin like you."

Shandie made sure to emphasize the words: country bumpkin. She stared excitedly at Arielle, hoping to see her face blow up with anger.

Nothing would please her more than to see Arielle red-faced with helpless frustration.