

# A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 308

Peering through the windows, Arielle saw Malorie Thisdale's wrinkled face illuminated by a single yellow lightbulb. Her expression was exceedingly pitiful as she pleaded, "Please, I'm just an old woman. I'm begging you to please let me go. I swear if I had any money at all, I would have given some to you all!"

A shabbily dressed man stood before her. Arielle caught sight of multiple patches on his trousers with her sharp vision.

Beside him stood a little boy who looked about ten years old. Clad in similarly ragged and filthy clothes, he gazed at the adults with big, bright eyes.

The man sighed wearily. "I don't mean to force you either, Mrs. Southall, but we're really at our wits' end! It's the rainy season now, and once the rain pours, my house turns into a lake! It's completely uninhabitable!"

Hearing that, Malorie fished around in her pocket and retrieved some cash. She handed it to him, stating, "Here's two hundred. It's all I have on me now. Take it and fix your roof. Now, please leave. At least let me have a moment's peace before I attend my granddaughter's funeral tomorrow!"

A blush quickly spread across the man's cheeks when he heard those words. Embarrassed, he quickly tugged at the boy's hand and left the house.

They walked out of the front door only to see Henrick and Arielle standing outside.

"Henrick?" The man's eyes lit up at once as if he had just found a glimmer of hope.

Inwardly cursing himself for his untimely appearance, Henrick cleared his throat and put on a sorrowful expression.

"Hello, Dileon. It's been a while," he greeted the man, deliberately dabbing at the corner of his eye as though he was drying his tears.

Seeing him so devastated, the man, Dileon Lowe, could only swallow the rest of his words.

Patting Henrick on the shoulder, he said instead, "My condolences, Henrick."

Henrick gave him a slight nod. "Give me some time. Once Shandie's burial is over and the coal mine's business picks up, I'll definitely look into renovating your houses. You've all been working with me for years. I promise I won't let you suffer like this for long."

"Don't worry about this for the moment. Just carry on with the funeral first. I'll pass on your words to the others."

"Thanks, Dileon." Henrick stretched out his arms and gave the man a hug. Then he bent down toward the little boy. "Hey, it's Teddy, isn't it? Do you remember who I am??"

The little boy, Teddy Lowe, gazed at him innocently with his large round eyes. "Old Mrs. Southall just said

she doesn't have any money. Aren't you living in Jadeborough, Mr. Southall? Do you not have any money as well? I haven't been to school for two years now...

An awkward expression immediately spread across Henrick's face. He was just about to answer the child when Dileon hurriedly slapped his hand over Teddy's mouth and apologized, "I'm terribly sorry, Henrick. He didn't mean it. We'll make a move first. You go ahead and catch up with your mother."

With that, he hastily turned and left, holding Teddy's hand in his.

Arielle's gaze happened to fall upon Teddy's hands that were entirely covered with coal ash. Even his fingernails had been stained black. Clearly, he had been spending his days working in the coal mines with Dileon.

In that instant, everything became clear to her.

Henrick was brutally exploiting the villagers.

Not only had they ended up so poor that they were forced to live in broken-down homes, but they could not even afford to send their children to school.

She could not believe this level of poverty still existed in this day and age.

Suddenly, it also made sense to her why Henrick had chosen to drive the cheapest Volkswagen in his garage

to this place. That car barely cost one hundred thousand, and he hardly ever drove it in Jadeborough.

As this thought crossed her mind, Arielle instantly felt rage firing up in her heart.

This man never ceases to surprise me with how disgusting human nature can possibly get!

Seething with rage, she was suddenly struck with an idea – one that was enough to take down the Southalls.