

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 911

In Jadeborough University's library archive.

After reading through the files for over an hour, Arielle's eyes were starting to hurt.

Thus, she stood up and stretched, thinking of buying bread to stop her stomach from growling.

However, just as she stepped out of the library, she heard someone ask the student in front of her, "Hello, may I know if Arielle's in the library?"

Arielle instantly snapped her head toward the source of the voice. It was then she saw two towering men talking to a student with smiles on their faces.

Narrowing her eyes, she began studying the two men.

Although they were wearing casual clothes, something about the way they carried themselves was strange to Arielle.

I sense a murderous intent from them, she realized, feeling startled.

Immediately, she turned to walk back into the library, but in the next second, the student pointed at her and said, "Are you looking for Arielle Moore? She's right there."

Arielle halted in her tracks. Knowing that she could not hide anymore, she spun around to look into the men's eyes and questioned, "Who are you? Why are you looking for me?"

Both men were stunned to see her, but they were quick to let a smile return to their lips. "Arielle, here's the thing. We're Mr. Nightshire's friend, and since Mr. Nightshire helped us out the other time, we were thinking of treating him to a meal as a token of gratitude. However, he's in Horington right now, so he asked us to come to you instead. Won't you have a meal with us?"

"I'm sorry; I'm not free. You should wait for Vinson to meet you himself." As she spoke, she began walking past them.

However, just as she walked past them, one of the men grabbed her wrist.

"Arielle, there's no need for such courtesy. If you don't want to have a meal, why don't we treat you to a cup of coffee instead? We really have to express our gratitude to Vinson."

"He's right." The other man grabbed her other wrist as well. "There's no need to be so polite with us, Ms. Moore."

Arielle did not want to make a move in front of the library. After all, it was a crowded place even though it was a weekend.

Hence, she narrowed her eyes before suddenly beaming at them. "All right. Let's go to the cafe opposite the school. However, I have to ask you to let go of me. You're holding me too tightly, and you're hurting me."

Caught off guard by how easily Arielle had agreed to their request, the two men immediately let go of her.

They, too, did not want to cause a commotion on the school grounds. There were too many people around, and if anything happened, they would easily be caught by the law enforcers.

"Ms. Moore, please lead the way."

One of the men gestured to the front, and Arielle began walking to the school gates.

Soon, they were at the entrance.

At that time of the day, no one was around; only some cars would pass by occasionally.

In seconds, Arielle sensed the changes in their demeanor, so she decided to drop the act as well.

This is a good place. There won't be any need for me to hold back here.

Coming to a stop, Arielle then turned and glared at them. "Speak. Who sent you here?"

The smiles on the men's faces froze then disappeared.

"It seems like you're not a complete fool. Since you've already seen through us, don't bother asking questions and just come with us. Otherwise, we'll have to do this the hard way."

However, it was as if Arielle had just heard them crack a joke, for she grinned and responded, "Just the two of you? Are you going to come at me together, or are you going to do this one-by-one?"

"Preposterous!" one man shouted as he promptly swung his fist at her.

Arielle nimbly dodged it. At the same time, she grabbed that man's arm and shifted her foot to throw a kick. Surprised by her agility, the man lost his balance and fell onto his face.

"Grab her!" he screamed furiously.

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The other man never thought that a dainty girl like Arielle would be somewhat proficient in defending herself. When his initial impression of her was proven wrong, he quickly stopped underestimating her and fished out the knife by his waist. Then, he lunged at her.

Arielle was also about to make a move when two figures appeared out of nowhere to trip her attacker.

“Ah!” With a cry of agony, the man’s knife fell to the ground, and a foot stepped on his face.

That foot seemed to possess much strength, and Arielle’s attacker felt as if the skin on his face had been peeled off.

Feeling dumbfounded, Arielle glanced toward the two figures. However, when her mind registered who they were, she relaxed a little.

“Sasha. Blake.”

“Ms. Moore.” Sasha nodded before kicking away the attacker’s knife. After making sure that he would not be able to grab it again, she lifted her head and asked Arielle, “Are you hurt?”

Arielle shook her head. “No.”

When the other man realized Arielle had backup, he swiftly clambered to his feet.

Then, he whipped out a gun from his jacket and pointed it at Blake, the nearest beside him.

“Blake, duck!” Arielle cried out.

Blake instantly obeyed, and the bullet flew past his back by a mere two centimeters.

“You must have a death wish,” Arielle growled out as she hurtled toward him. Before the man could realize what was going on, her foot had already smashed against his wrist.

Feeling the immense pain, the man loosened his grip on the gun, and it flew out of his hand.

In the next second, Arielle grabbed the man’s wrist before lifting him and throwing him over her shoulder.

Thud! The man’s body fell to the ground heavily.

Then, Arielle stomped her foot on the man's back.

It was not a random stomp; she had made sure to step on an acupuncture point.

That point was one of the weakest points. Even a tiny amount of force onto it could cripple someone for life.

Arielle's stomp had been swift and forceful. After a loud crack, the man rolled his eyes, and he passed out instantly.

Arielle was protective of those around her.

She could tolerate anyone who took a jab at her, but she could not hold herself back if those people targeted the

ones she cared about.

After making sure the man was fully unconscious, Arielle strode toward the other man that Blake was stepping on. She then grabbed his collar and fixed her frigid gaze on him before asking, "Speak. Who sent you here? Are there any more of you?"

The man had just witnessed what Arielle did to his partner. Her speed was something he would not be able to defend himself against, and her accuracy... Even a professional killer like him might not be able to be as skilled as her.

Hence, when she started questioning him, he paled and stammered, "W-Who are you?"

"You're not in the position to ask questions. Tell me who sent you here right now!"

The man stared at her for a while longer before biting down hard.

Instantly, alarm bells rang in Arielle's head, and she hastily raised his head.

Unfortunately, it was too late. The man coughed out blood before falling to the ground, convulsing.

Soon, he stopped moving

Sasha stepped forward to put her finger under his nose, but she shook her head at Arielle a beat later. "He's not breathing anymore."

Arielle furrowed her brows at that. When she raised her head to look at the opposite street, she caught a glimpse of a black car speeding off.

Sasha immediately tried to run after it, but Arielle stopped her. "You can't catch up to it. I've memorized its plate number, so look into it instead."

“Okay.” Sasha gave Arielle a curt nod before walking to the man who Arielle had stomped on earlier. She then said, “It’s fine if that one’s dead. We have another here.”

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Blake then rushed over to that man and pried his mouth open.

In seconds, she took out a capsule behind the man’s teeth and handed it to Sasha.

“Sasha, it’s this. He’s indeed a mercenary.”

Sasha glanced at it before walking toward Arielle to explain, “Ms. Moore, these two are mercenaries, but they’re also suicide fighters. Many rich families in Chanaea would hire mercenaries to do their dirty jobs. If they’re at any risk of getting interrogated, they’ll bite on this pill to ensure that they won’t betray their employers.”

Blake glanced at the unconscious man before adding, “To be honest, Sasha and I are mercenaries too, so we bring poison with us as well. It’s a good thing you knocked the other out before he had the time to take his poison.”

Hearing that, Arielle awkwardly mumbled, “I was a little too rough after seeing him pointing the gun at you. I think it’ll take at least a week after his treatment before he can start talking.”

In response, Sasha’s mouth twitched. All of a sudden, she felt that the two of them were completely unneeded there.

“It’s fine,” she then said after clearing her throat. “We’ll go to Specialized Forces to check that car’s surveillance camera. We’ll soon find out who they’re working for.” Arielle nodded. Then, she turned to the corpse at the side and said, “Deal with them first so that no one sees them.”

“All right.”

Soon, Sasha summoned the bodyguards that Vinson left behind in Jadeborough.

In less than two seconds, all signs of what happened earlier, including the surveillance cameras at the gate, were erased.

Just as Sasha was about to head to Specialized Forces, Arielle stepped forward and said, “I’ll come with you.”

Arielle wanted to see who was the one who was trying to kill her.

Soon, their car was speeding toward Specialized Forces.

On the way there, Blake voiced his guesses. "Sasha, could it be that person who tried to hurt Boss back then?"

"That's impossible. That person wouldn't just do something like this," Sasha swiftly denied.

Arielle nodded and agreed, "You're right. It won't be that person. That person hasn't appeared for a long time, and every time they do, it'll be something major. They won't do something so obvious. I think it's someone else at work."

"Then... could it be Cindy?" Blake made another guess.

Arielle shook her head. "All our people are looking for Cindy right now. She wouldn't do anything to me at a time like this."

Blake then sighed. "True. She's more focused on hiding from you for now. Who is it then?"

Arielle did not speak; she, too, wanted to know who had grown a lion's heart.

Soon, the car reached outside Specialized Forces' building.

The moment Arielle stepped into the premises, the deputy captain approached and greeted her.

After finding out the aim of her trip, the deputy captain began looking into her case. In moments, they tracked down the car with surveillance cameras.

Meanwhile, in the black MPV, Daniel's face was grim.

He never thought that a student like Arielle could be more well-trained in combat than his mercenaries.

That young female student should be frightened out of her mind at a time like that. How did she still have the guts to defend herself?

Moreover, the two people who were helping her out were no ordinary people either.

"D*mn it!" Daniel inhaled his cigarette in one swift breath, frustrated by how things had turned out.

Two mercenaries have failed to take down one girl. What kind of bad luck do I have?

After the car turned around a corner, the driver-also a mercenary—turned his head to the back and asked, "Sir, do we need to change a few cars before going back in case she tracks us down?"

“No!”

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Daniel tossed the cigarette in his hand away before rejecting, “If we fail today, we’ll do it tomorrow. A dead girl is no threat to me even if she finds out about my identity. Moreover, I’ve already looked into her background. She’s just a girl from the countryside. How can she possibly track us down? We don’t need to waste our time; just go straight back.”

The mercenary hesitated, but he did not insist after hearing Daniel’s determined voice.

Soon, the car arrived outside the condominium.

Daniel took a while to smoke before heading upstairs.

Meanwhile, Wendy had been waiting for her father’s news at home, and she was anxious.

For reasons unbeknownst to her, an ominous feeling was looming over her.

Cecilia, who was good at cooking, made a dessert for her daughter and said with a chuckle, “Don’t worry that much. Don’t you know how good your dad’s subordinates are? Moreover, your dad has gone there himself. What’s there to worry about?”

Nevertheless, Wendy was still a little distressed.

“How many people did Dad bring with him?”

“Three, I think.”

“Three?” Wendy paused her eating and jumped to her

feet. “Three is too little. Arielle’s very cunning. Don’t give her the chance to escape and tell Vinson about it!”

Cecilia chuckled again. “So what if she’s cunning? How many punches can she take? Can she even fight?”

Wendy hesitated before shaking her head, unsure. “I don’t know, but I had a classmate named Kelsea back then. She wanted to disfigure Arielle, so she sent a whole group of people from that forum to her. In the end, Arielle dealt with them all.”

“From that forum? Those people only know the basics of fighting. Your dad has put in everything this time and took the gun he had since forever with him.”

“A gun?” Wendy’s eyes lit up. “Dad has a gun?”

As Cecilia dotingly smoothed out Wendy’s fringe, she said, “Of course. Don’t you know who your father is? We’re the ones with the final say in Horington. Although guns are illegal in Chanaea, it’s no tough feat for your dad to get a gun. I’m sure they’ve brought that minx to somewhere remote to end her life now.”

Hearing that, the anxiety in Wendy’s heart finally dissipated.

Right then, someone knocked on their house door.

“It must be your dad. What perfect timing. I’ve made an extra plate of dessert. Open the door, Wendy. I’ll take out the dessert from the kitchen.”

“All right!” Wendy practically skipped toward the door.

Indeed, it was Daniel.

Wendy was so excited that she nearly cried as she blurted out, “Dad, have you dealt with her? Where did you bury her?”

Daniel’s throat tightened. Staring at his daughter’s eager eyes, he did not know how to respond for a moment.

When Wendy registered the silence from Daniel, she finally noticed something amiss.

Taking a step back, she looked at her father in shock and stammered, “D-Dad, y-you didn’t let her go, did

you?”

Daniel cleared his throat before muttering, “I never thought that she had two bodyguards who can fight well too. Furthermore, it seems like she’s not just a weak student...”

However, that was not the answer Wendy wanted to hear. She continued asking, “Did she escape?”

Daniel jumped from Wendy’s sudden high-pitch before nodding. “Yes. She escaped.”

Then, he quickly added, “I underestimated her this time. Don’t worry. Once the sun sets, I’ll send my men to go after her again. This time, I’ll make sure she’s dead.

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Nevertheless, Wendy could not hear anything Daniel said after that as she slowly backed away with a pale face.

It was only after her back collided with the drawer did she mutter, "Doomed... I'm doomed."

If Arielle escapes, she'll surely tell Vinson about this. Then, Vinson will be prepared. How are we going to get rid of Arielle now? The best opportunity has slipped by us. It's unlikely we'll ever get another chance to end her life now.

When Cecilia walked out of the kitchen to see Wendy's disheveled state, she hastily put down the plate and grabbed her daughter's shaking shoulders. Then, in a worried tone, she asked, "What's the matter, Wendy? What's going on with Wendy, Daniel?"

Daniel gritted his teeth as he responded, "I accidentally let that girl escape."

"What?" Cecilia shrieked as her eyes went wide. "You brought three mercenaries with you, but you couldn't even handle one girl?"

Already frustrated by things not going his way, an annoyed look crept onto Daniel's face when he heard Cecilia's question,

"Stop kicking up a fuss! I'll send more people after her tonight. What's there to scream about when her fate is certain? I'm tired. I'm going back to my room to rest first." With that said, Daniel went back to his room.

Cecilia bit down on her lower lip before turning to the trembling Wendy. "Don't worry, Wendy. Your dad will be going out again tonight. I'll ask him to bring that minx to you so that you can torment that girl yourself. How does that sound?"

"It'll be impossible." Wendy tightened her fists. "Arielle's a crafty b*tch. If you go after her again, you'll step right into her trap. She'll be fine, but we'll be doomed. She'll screw us over!"

At that, Cecilia began mulling over her words.

Indeed, if they had gotten rid of Arielle immediately, Vinson would not have held the Greene family accountable. However, that was not the case as they had not succeeded. Furthermore, Vinson was at the peak of his prime, where emotions ruled alongside rationality. Perhaps a few words from Arielle would make him go up against the Greens.

With that thought in mind, Cecilia's expression turned grave.

She then went to get Daniel from his room and told him about her thoughts.

Daniel, like her, frowned after her explanation.

“What do you think we should do now then?”

Cecilia’s eyes narrowed.

“What can we do? We’ll have to stay put for now while

we wait for an opportunity to get rid of her. Right, you didn’t leave any evidence behind, did you? That little b*tch doesn’t know that we’re the ones who are trying to kill her, right?”

Daniel nodded. “Don’t worry. The ones I sent out were the mercenaries. Although we were a street away from them, I saw them kill themselves with the poison.”

That made Cecilia sigh in relief before turning to console Wendy, “Wendy, don’t get too anxious. The day after tomorrow will be Monday, and your results will be out by then. Susanne is most concerned about the pros and cons, and she’ll be coming to your school with me. When she sees that you’ve gotten first place in the preparatory class, she’ll know who’s the one she should choose between you and that b*tch. After all, without Susanne’s agreement, that b*tch won’t be able to marry into the Nightshire family.”

Despite the reluctance she was feeling, Wendy had to agree to hold her horses so that Vinson would not find out she had made a move against Arielle.

What a pity. We’ve lost such a good opportunity.

“By the way, Wendy,” Cecilia started. “You’re confident about your results, right? You’ll be able to get the first place, right?”

Immediately, Wendy stiffened and gulped.

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First place...

Wendy had always been assured about her grades, but ever since she joined the preparatory class, her confidence had been chipped away by Arielle.

This time, Cecilia’s question was a question she couldn’t give a confident answer to.

Nevertheless, the next thing Wendy thought about was how Arielle’s further mathematics and Ustranasion was much better than hers.

However, Arielle had not taken one of the exams Chanaean. I should be able to get first place because of that, right?

With that thought swirling in her mind, Wendy then gritted her teeth and nodded. "It should be fine for me to get first place."

"Good. You have to show yourself off in front of Susanne."

"I know."

Wendy nodded before turning to look out of the window.

Dear God, please bless me. I'll do lots of good things from now on. Please make sure I'll get first place like I used to do in high school.

Meanwhile, in Specialized Forces.

The men from Specialized Forces soon narrowed down their searches to a condominium with the help of surveillance cameras.

"This is it."

The deputy captain pointed at the screen before turning to Arielle. "Do you need us to arrest them?"

Arielle thought about it for two seconds before shaking her head. "I'll make up my mind after finding out who they are."

"Of course."

The deputy captain then stood up and went away to look into the residents of that condominium.

Soon, the deputy captain returned with more information.

"Ms. Moore, please have a look at it."

Arielle nodded and reached out for the file.

According to the information, this unit was rented out a few weeks ago, and the one who rented the unit is...

"Wendy Greene?"

Arielle was surprised by the name, but at the same time, it made sense to her,

She always knew that Wendy was not as harmless as

she looked. However, she also never thought that Wendy would be wicked to the point she would kill her.

“Ha,” came Arielle’s cold laugh as her eyes darkened. When Sasha saw the look in her eyes, the hair behind her neck stood.

“Ms. Moore,” Sasha said after recomposing herself. “Do you need us to deal with her right away?”

“Not yet.”

“Hm? But we have the evidence against her. Are we not going to arrest her right away?”

“I wish we could.” Arielle sighed. “But Vinson is currently negotiating a business deal in Horington. The Greenes are the boss of Horington. I’m scared that they might do something to Vinson if anything happens to the Greenes here. So, I’ll wait until he’s back from his business trip. Before he returns, don’t do anything to alert them to our newfound knowledge. Oh, don’t tell Vinson about this too.”

Arielle knew Vinson well. If he found out that the Greenes had laid a finger on her, he would undoubtedly toss aside his potential business and confront the Greenes head-on.

Therefore, regardless of how absurd Wendy acted, she had to endure it silently for now.

“I understand.” With a nod, Sasha then left with Blake.

Their job was to appear when Arielle needed them and to make themselves scarce when they were not required.

After Sasha left with Blake, Arielle instructed the deputy captain, “Specialized Forces are focused on investigating the dirty affairs that the rich stick their fingers into. Have you ever looked into the Greenes?”

The deputy captain responded, “The Greenes used to be on good terms with Nightshire Group, so we’ve always closed an eye on their matters.”

“Good. It’s time to look into them.”

Ever since Cindy had been rescued, the deputy captain had been upset about the lack of opportunities for him to make up for his mistake. Now that the chance finally came, he was thrilled.

“Of course!”

“I’ll repeat myself. Don’t alarm the other party. Just gather evidence for now. When the right time comes, we’ll get them all at once.”

“Understood.”

After making the arrangements, Arielle left the building and headed toward Rocher Private Hospital.

Since the Greenes are behind this, that guy doesn’t need to wait for his death in the hospital. He’s still useful, so I might as well spend some time treating him.

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After Sasha handled the corpse, the gravely injured man was sent to Rocher Private Hospital.

As the mercenaries did not have names, no one knew of their existence and their deaths often went unnoticed. As such, there would not be any complications.

Arielle headed to Rocher Private Hospital immediately after informing Carter who was visiting Harvey at the hospital with Jordan.

Once Arielle arrived at the hospital, she spotted the two men waiting for her at the entrance.

“Chief!” Jordan waved at her excitedly.

Arielle acknowledged him with a slight nod before turning to Carter and asked, “How is he?”

“He’s still in the emergency room. But his condition isn’t looking good. He was already hanging on to his last breath when he was sent here,” Carter replied. “Is he your friend?”

“No. He’s my enemy,” Arielle replied expressionlessly, shaking her head.

Carter froze for a second when he heard that. Jordan asked at once, “Why did you save him if he’s your enemy?”

“Because I need him to get rid of an even greater enemy,” Arielle simply replied before heading toward the emergency room with Carter.

On the way there, Carter could not help but say, “I already know about Harvey’s situation. You should have a good chat with him.”

Arielle nodded her head and said, "Let me know when his condition stabilizes. I'll talk to him then. I don't want him to be in a bad mood when he sees me, as that'll affect his health. At this juncture, it's important that he keeps his emotions in check so that he can rest well and have a speedy recovery."

"I understand," Carter replied. He sighed inwardly, wondering when Harvey would be able to move on.

Meanwhile, in the emergency room, the lead surgeon's forehead was covered with beads of perspiration.

"The attacker definitely has some medical knowledge. This is a vital area of the body. Even a light punch to the spot could cause a person to be paralyzed, not to mention the force he used."

"Is it really that serious?" the surgeon's assistant asked.

"Of course! This is the spine, the body's central support structure that connects different parts of the musculoskeletal system. No one can live without a spine."

"So... can he be saved?"

"That's possible. But even if he manages to keep his life, he'll remain in a vegetative state. Unless..."

"Unless?" the assistant quickly asked.

After letting out a sigh, the lead surgeon said, "Unless a miracle happens, or if we could get Ms. Moore's help."

Right after he finished speaking, the side door of the emergency room opened.

A woman dressed in a surgical gown entered the room and took large strides toward the operating table.

The lead surgeon's eyes immediately lit up as he exclaimed excitedly, "Ms. Moore!"

Arielle nodded slightly. "Brief me on the patient's condition."

"Sure!" The lead surgeon began to report the patient's condition to Arielle at once.

He had observed Arielle conduct the surgery on Harvey previously and was completely in awe of her.

After getting a clear understanding of the situation, Arielle started making preparations for the surgery.

Meanwhile, when Vinson arrived at Zaprington Restaurant, Luke Yeager, Yeager Group's chairman, was already there,

Situated next to the Horington River, Zaprington Restaurant was surrounded by beautiful scenery. It was also a three-star Michelin restaurant and most of its diners were either wealthy or powerful people.

While waiting for Vinson, Luke's secretary could not help but ask, "Mr. Yeager, why did Mr. Nightshire ask to meet you? I thought the purpose of his visit was to collaborate with Larson Group."

"I'm not sure as well," Luke answered. Even though he had his doubts, he was happy to have the opportunity to strike a business deal with Vinson.

Regardless of the man's reasons for meeting him, as long as he managed to clinch the deal, he would be able to gain an advantage over Larson Group.

Just then, an MPV with Nightshire Group's logo on it arrived at the entrance of Zaprington Restaurant.

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Seeing that, Luke immediately walked up to the vehicle and opened the car door for Vinson.

"Mr. Nightshire!"

Vinson nodded his head slightly and stepped out of the car to greet Luke. "Mr. Yeager."

Luke gestured for Vinson to head into the restaurant enthusiastically, saying, "Mr. Nightshire, I've already booked a private room that overlooks the river. We can enjoy the scenery while having our meal."

Vinson acknowledged with a slight nod before following Luke into the restaurant.

Just as Luke said, that was no doubt the best private room in the restaurant. One could gaze out the window and enjoy the entire view of the Horington River.

However, Vinson was not in the mood to appreciate the view.

He started speaking at once. "Mr. Yeager, even though this is our first time meeting each other, I'm a straightforward person, so I shall get straight to the point. Regarding

the new land development project in Zaprington, would you be keen to collaborate with Nightshire Group?"

Luke could not believe what he just heard and widened his eyes at once.

"Mr. Nightshire, did I... hear you correctly?"

The corners of Vinson's lips curled up slightly and he replied, "You heard it right. I'm interested in working with you, but I'm not sure if you feel the same way."

"Of course! Of course, I am!" Luke replied, nodding his head continuously. However, he couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Nightshire, may I ask you why? According to my information, the purpose of your visit is to collaborate with Trevor Larson. And if I may be honest, everyone knows that Larson Group has Greene Corporation as their backing. Even though both our companies are on par with each other, they have access to much more resources. So, Mr. Nightshire, why did you choose us and not them?"

Luke did not beat around the bush as he was an honest man who could not hold back his thoughts.

Vinson was not annoyed by his questions. He admired Luke's honest and straightforward personality instead.

Besides, without Greene Corporation behind Yeager Group, Vinson did not have to worry about the Greenses playing dirty.

"Because I hate being stood up," Vinson replied placidly.

While Luke was momentarily stunned by the man's reply, Vinson added, "And the Greenses get on my nerves."

Hearing that, Luke instantly understood why Vinson had chosen to cooperate with him instead of Trevor.

Trevor was working with the Greenses on many projects. Moreover, Trevor's sister had married the chairman of Greene Corporation. Since the two families were that closely connected, if Vinson disliked the Greenses, it was natural that he would prefer to cooperate with Yeager Group instead.

Luke straightened his back and made a decision on the spot.

"Mr. Nightshire, may we have a fruitful collaboration ahead!"

"Let's work well together!" Vinson replied, extending his hand, which Luke immediately shook.

The project manager, who was standing next to Vinson, handed over a contract to Luke at once.

“Mr. Yeager, if you have no questions about the project proposal, you can sign here and we can start work immediately.”

“Sure, sure!” Luke signed the contract immediately without even looking at the details.

Everyone knew that any project that Nightshire Group had their eyes on would be hugely profitable. With that deal, Luke would not have to worry about being oppressed by Greene Corporation and Larson Group anymore.

There was finally hope for Yeager Group!

Meanwhile, at Horington’s largest golf course, Trevor was sitting in the shade while watching two sexy women play golf.

He was enjoying an unobstructed view of the women’s cleavages as they bent down to swing their clubs.

Just then, one of his subordinates walked up to him and reported, “Mr. Larson, he’s here.”

“Bring him here.”

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Very quickly, a man was brought to Trevor.

“Mr. Freeman,” Trevor greeted while rising from his chair, “why did you call me just now to ask me to stall Vinson? What’s going on? Isn’t my niece going to marry him? Since we’re going to be one family soon, why are we doing this?”

Brandon laughed dryly before replying, “Mr. Larson, I’m not sure about the details. I’m just following Mrs. Greene’s instructions.”

Hearing that, Trevor rubbed his temples and said begrudgingly, “That sister of mine is always so prideful! She’s even putting on airs in front of Vinson. I know she’s trying to play hard to get, but if she offends the man and he changes his mind about marrying Wendy, all our efforts will go down the drain!”

“Don’t worry about that,” Brandon replied confidently. “Even if you don’t trust me or Mrs. Greene, you need to have faith in Ms. Greene! She’s the most eligible bachelorette in Horington and countless men would die to marry her.”

“Indeed. Wendy has been outstanding since young. Not only is she smart and diligent, but her beauty is also unparalleled. Any man would find her attractive and there’s no reason Vinson would be an exception. However”—Trevor sighed — “for some reason, I just can’t help feeling unsettled. It feels suffocating.”

Brandon chuckled. “It could be because of the humid weather. According to the weather forecast, there’ll be a

thunderstorm tonight.”

Trevor raised his brows and replied, “You should go make preparations too. We’ll make a reservation at Zapington Restaurant and meet Vinson together.”

After he finished speaking, Trevor walked toward the two women.

“Here, let me teach you,” he said, tapping one of the women’s butts with the golf club.

“You’re so naughty!” the woman exclaimed coquettishly.

Observing Trevor’s behavior, Brandon’s assistant, who was standing next to Brandon, could not help but ask softly, “Mr. Freeman, why didn’t you tell him about the conflict that happened between Ms. Greene and Vinson at Jadeborough?”

“Are you stupid? If we told him that, do you think a self-interested man like Trevor would continue cooperating with us to stall Vinson? Mrs. Greene said that we need to give Vinson a little push so that he will know the benefits of marrying Ms. Greene. It’s to ensure that their marriage will proceed smoothly.”

However, right after Brandon finished speaking, Trevor’s assistant rushed toward them while shouting, “Mr. Larson, there’s bad news!”

As Trevor was in the midst of flirting with the two women, he was annoyed at the interruption. Frowning,

he replied, “What’s the bad news? Is it a life and death situation? Didn’t I make myself clear that I don’t want to be disturbed?”

“Mr. Larson, something really bad has happened!”

Trevor pursed his lips and handed over his golf club to one of the women before walking toward his assistant. “What’s going on?” he asked coldly.

His assistant replied at once, “When I was making a reservation at Zapington Restaurant according to your instructions, I heard that Mr. Nightshire and Luke Yeager, the chairman of Yeager Group, were having a meeting there.”

When Trevor heard that, his pupils constricted at once. “Luke Yeager? Are you sure about that? Vinson is planning to collaborate with that guy?”

His assistant replied with uncertainty, “Luke made the reservation at the restaurant, so I’m not sure if they were meeting to discuss a collaboration or if Mr. Nightshire attended the meeting just out of courtesy.”

“Then what are you waiting for? Get to it now!”

“Understood!”

When Trevor’s assistant turned around, he almost ran into Brandon.

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“Whoa, whoa!” Brandon exclaimed, taking a step back. “Mr. Larson, what happened? Why is he in such a rush?”

Trevor glared at Brandon as he replied, “You still have the audacity to ask me that?”

Shocked by the man’s outburst, Brandon asked immediately, “What exactly is going on?”

Trevor let out a cold snort and replied, “Do you know that because you asked me to stand Vinson up, he approached Luke instead?”

“Luke Yeager? Mr. Nightshire actually approached him just because you postponed the lunch meeting to dinner instead?” Brandon was shocked to hear that as well and broke out in a cold sweat.

If that’s the case, does that mean Mr. Nightshire is going against Greene Corporation?

Trevor was extremely vexed. He paced around Brandon for a few minutes before coming to a decision. “I’m heading to Zaprington Restaurant right now to apologize to Mr. Nightshire.”

“No! You can’t do that! If you do that, our plan will be foiled!” Brandon blurted out those words in a panic.

“Our plan?” Trevor narrowed his eyes. “What plan? Didn’t you say that we were just going to establish our dominance so that Vinson would not look down on the Greens?”

Brandon’s throat tightened. He knew he had revealed too much. He tried to cover up immediately by replying, “Exactly! The plan was to show our power so that Ms. Greene would not be bullied after marrying into the Nightshire family.”

However, Trevor was no fool. *He* shot an angry glance toward the man and bellowed, “Don’t you *dare lie* to me! If you don’t tell me the truth right now, I’ll look for Vinson immediately and tell him that it was you who asked me to postpone our lunch meeting.”

The corners of Brandon’s mouth twitched as he tried to think of a reply. *However*, before he could come up with another lie, two of Trevor’s strong-built bodyguards were seen approaching them.

“M-Mr. Larson, what are you trying to do?”

“I’ll give you one last chance to tell me the truth. Otherwise, don’t blame me for being ruthless.”

Brandon was still trying to remain silent, not convinced that Trevor would really disregard the Greenes and take action against him. *However*, Brandon’s assistant could no longer withstand the stress and said, “Mr. Larson, I’ll tell you everything!”

“You...”

Brandon wanted to stop his assistant from doing so, but he was too late, as the man had already started speaking.

“In truth, Mr. Nightshire has no feelings for Ms. Greene and a third party has come in between them. Mr. Nightshire is madly in love with the other woman and is not keen on marrying Ms. Greene. As such, Mrs. Greene has ordered us to give Mr. Nightshire a little push so that he’ll marry Ms. Greene. Mr. Larson, this is really all I know. Please let me go.”

Brandon shut his eyes in despair, cursing his assistant silently.

Enraged, Trevor roared, “How dare you lie to me?”

Brandon could feel his legs weaken. He quickly explained, “I didn’t mean to lie to you. It’s a fact that Vinson will marry Ms. Greene sooner or later no matter what!”

“Nonsense!” Trevor was so furious that he was stomping his feet. “F*ck all of you! You’ve gotten me into serious trouble this time! How dare you lie to me and cause me to offend Vinson? Such idiots! Even though the Greene family is the most powerful family in Horington, the rest of Chanaea barely know them!”

Taking a deep breath after recomposing himself, Brandon walked up to Trevor and said, “Mr. Larson, Ms. Greene’s marriage into the Nightshire family does not only concern the Greenes. If the Greene family strikes it rich, you will benefit from it as well. By then, you’ll be able to walk all over Luke.”

Gritting his teeth, Trevor replied, "You still have the nerves to say that? If not for you, would I have offended

Vinson? Would Vinson have approached Luke?"

Brandon forced a smile and said, "Mr. Larson, since what's done is already done, we are on the same boat now. You don't really have any choice left other than to cooperate with us and ensure that Ms. Greene marries into the Nightshire family. Don't you think it's best for us to talk about it amicably?"

Squinting his eyes, Trevor replied coldly, "Are you threatening me right now?"

"Why do you have to put it that way?" Brandon replied, putting one arm over Trevor's shoulder. "It's not a threat but a proposal to collaborate. Just think about it. Without the Greene family, would Larson Group be doing so well in Horington today? If that's the case, wouldn't it make sense that Larson Group would prosper even more with Greene Corporation's continued successes?"

It was obvious that the man's implied meaning was that without the Greenes, Larson Group would hardly be able to thrive.

"You—"

Just when anger was rising in Trevor like a tide, his assistant rushed over to report once more.

"Mr. Larson, I've found out that Mr. Nightshire and Luke Yeager have already signed an agreement to collaborate."

"What?" Trevor's eyes were bloodshot with rage.

It was common knowledge that Nightshire Group's projects were always profitable and anyone would benefit from collaborating with them.

Trevor could not take it lying down that he had lost what was originally his because he had listened to the Greenes.

"Mr. Larson"—Brandon took the opportunity to continue convincing Trevor— "since Luke is already collaborating with Mr. Nightshire on the project, are you sure that you'll be able to compete with him without the support of the Greenes? Other than helping Ms. Greene marry into the Nightshire family, it seems that there's no better option for you."

Even though Trevor was boiling with anger, he could still think rationally.

Greene Corporation was mainly engaged in the real estate business, while Larson Group was involved in construction projects and the distribution of construction materials. Without the Greenes, it wouldn't be easy for Trevor to sell his construction materials that were expensive but of average quality.

Although he was not willing to admit it, it was a fact that Larson Group was only able to thrive in recent years because of its business dealings with Greene Corporation

Since he had already lost the opportunity to collaborate

with Vinson, he knew that his only choice was to rely on the Greenes.

At that thought, Trevor had no choice but to swallow his pride.

"Then tell me, what should I do now?" he asked through gritted teeth.

Brandon smiled and replied, "What you need to do is very simple! Acquire all the construction materials manufacturing companies in Horington. Yeager Group does not have as many resources as your company. After they exhaust all their current resources, they will not have any avenues to manufacture more materials. By then, Vinson will have no choice but to work with

us."

"That will cost me a bomb," Trevor said, cringing at the man's suggestion.

"Don't worry," Brandon replied while giving Trevor an assuring pat on the shoulder.

"When they are desperate for resources, even if you ask for double the original price, they will still be willing to pay. It's definitely a winning situation for you!"

"But what if Vinson is adamant not to work with me? If I acquire all the construction materials manufacturing companies and Vinson ends up not working with me, I'll go bankrupt!"

"That's impossible," Brandon replied confidently. "Taking into account manpower and transportation

costs, it wouldn't make economic sense for them to source for materials elsewhere. Vinson is a shrewd businessman and will definitely look for you."

Hearing that, Trevor decided to bite the bullet and do as Brandon suggested.

"Okay then! I'll acquire all those manufacturing companies right away!" Trevor said before rushing off.

After Trevor left, Brandon let out a long sigh of relief and gave Daniel a call to report the situation.