

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1241

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1241 Losing Everything

Arielle is a businesswoman. She has never taken any lessons or training on acting. How is it possible that she can act so well? Is it all because of her looks and connection? I'll definitely grab hold of this opportunity if I could get into the entertainment industry! Yet, Arielle joins the industry for the fun of it. Hmph, the world is so unfair!

Taking a deep breath, Penelope lifted her lips into a cold smirk as a plan abruptly appeared in her mind. A nationwide goddess, huh? I'll make sure your reputation goes down the drain and loses everything!

Penelope had lost her appetite for the fruits before her at this point. She headed back to the room and began plotting a scheme.

Meanwhile, Arielle had finished washing up in the bathroom.

When she saw the trending news, she could not help but feel a throbbing headache.

She had agreed with Sam to film his movie without thinking much. But now that she had a ton of unfinished work on hand, it was inevitable that she would cause a delay to the entire film crew.

She was determined to get the Mills' patriarch; hence, she had no other choice but to apply for leave.

Just as she was about to give Sam a call, she received a call from him.

Surprised, she answered it, only to hear Sam apologize, "I'm sorry to inform you at the last minute, Ms. Moore. I have to head to Lightspring to attend a film festival award ceremony, so the filming tomorrow will have to be pushed forward to three days later."

Sam was a serious and responsible director. He would only feel at ease after watching the filming process of every movie personally. Therefore, he had no choice but to pause filming.

"I see..." Arielle heaved a sigh of relief and smiled. "I was just about to call you to take a few days off filming as I have some urgent matters to attend to. I guess our schedules match well coincidentally."

"That's great. If that's the case, I'll be relieved to go to the award ceremony."

"Yeah, don't worry. Just go ahead."

“Mmm,” Sam acknowledged and hesitated for a short while before he asked, “Ms. Moore... have you settled your personal matters?”

Stumped, Arielle tightened her grip on the phone.

“I guess it’s considered all sorted out.”

“That’s good to know. I’ll stick to my offer—just let me know if you need help.”

Sam had built massive connections having worked in the entertainment industry for a long time.

If he had the intention to do anything to Vinson, the latter would, unquestionably, suffer the wrath.

Arielle understood what Sam meant and let out a helpless smile. “Actually, things aren’t as complicated between him and me. I’ve exaggerated a bit during my recount. You don’t have to worry too much about me.”

“Well, I’m glad to hear that. I won’t disturb you then. Have a good rest.”

“All right.”

Arielle waited until Sam hung up the call before she put down the phone.

The room was all quiet, yet her mind was a complete mess.

Even Sam has shown his care and concern, but that man still hasn’t said a single word. What exactly is wrong with him?

Arielle was somewhat at a loss.

She sighed while trying her best not to let her thoughts drift. She called Maureen’s Kitchen and informed them that she would not be able to head over for the next three days as she had important matters to attend to.

Being as responsible as they were, the two managers assured her that they would do their very best to handle matters with regard to the restaurant and that she could finish her work without any worries.

As soon as the call ended, a door knock sounded.

Arielle felt her heart pounding.

Could it be Vinson?

She sucked in a deep breath and tried to pull a composed expression as she strode over to open the door.

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1242 Sneaking In Late At Night

The door opened, but the person standing outside was the housekeeper who had come to deliver some milk.

The sparkle in Arielle's eyes vanished.

It's not Vinson.

She couldn't help but laugh at herself.

Did I overestimate how important I am to him?

But how could someone change so quickly?

"Good evening, Mrs. Nightshire." The housekeeper beamed. "I made you some warm milk. It should help you sleep better. Sweet dreams."

Arielle snapped out of her thoughts and forced a smile. "Thank you for the trouble."

The housekeeper hastily shook her head. "Not at all! It's part of my job."

Even so, she couldn't help but be reminded herself of how different every individual could be. There was no way Vinson would ever say such kind remarks to her.

Not wanting to bother Arielle any longer, the housekeeper handed the glass of milk over and left the room.

Arielle stared at the glass despondently before chugging it down.

Despite not being fond of milk, she was willing to try anything that would help her sleep.

After that, she washed up and tucked herself in bed.

It was already late. The room was now dark and quiet, and all the housekeepers had turned in for the day.

Arielle tossed around in bed for a while. She wasn't sure if it was due to the warm milk or the therapeutic candles, but she soon began to feel sleepy.

But just as the woman dozed off, she suddenly heard the door click.

Someone's in here.

Who could it be at this hour?

Arielle frowned but remained still, not wanting to alert the intruder.

If this person is after my life, I'm going to take care of him while he thinks that I'm asleep.

As the footsteps drew closer, Arielle balled her hands into fists, ready to attack at any time.

Just when she felt that the intruder had reached the bedside, she swiftly got up and reached for his neck.

Yet, the mysterious figure reacted quickly, pinning her back onto the bed.

Then, the smell of refreshing cologne wafted into her nostrils.

This scent...

"It's me." Vinson's deep voice sounded above her.

Arielle, who was just about to scream, quickly held herself back.

"How did you-"

"Shhh." Vinson made a hush gesture.

It was dark, but the moonlight shining from outside the window allowed Arielle to see Vinson's face as well as his index finger placed in front of his lips.

We're husband and wife! Why does he have to sneak in like this?

Despite feeling perplexed, Arielle nodded.

Vinson finally relaxed his muscles, but he remained on top of her and leaned closer into her ear. "I just heard about this when I got home. There's a mole in this house watching our every move."

Arielle's eyes widened at the news.

Now, she finally understood the reason behind Vinson's unusual behavior tonight.

It was all for show—including how he had made Penelope stay against Susanne's order to chase her out.

Instantly, Arielle suddenly felt a lump form in her throat.

All the anguish and indignance she had felt earlier transformed into tears that now trickled down onto Vinson's arms.

Caught by surprise, the man quickly pulled her into his arm.

Arielle had never really cried in front of him before nor had she shown him her vulnerable side. But this time, she couldn't help herself.

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1243 Cry

A heartbroken Vinson continued to hold Arielle tightly. "Don't cry. Please... I'm sorry."

He didn't know how to comfort someone; those were the only words he could say.

Guilt washed over him knowing that she was crying because of him.

At this point, the man didn't want to carry on with the plan anymore.

He refused to do anything that would hurt Arielle.

"Don't cry," Vinson cooed. "It's all my fault. I shouldn't have brought that woman here. But don't worry, I'm going to catch that mole and kick that woman out right now."

Hearing that, Arielle hurriedly wiped her tears and grabbed onto Vinson's collar. "Don't"

She ended up unbuttoning his sleepwear by accident, revealing his firm chest.

Arielle immediately looked away with a flushed face. "Sorry."

"It's fine." Chuckling, Vinson kissed her tears away. "Don't cry, okay? I really don't know what to do when you cry."

"Okay. I'll stop." Arielle sniffed. "I just feel so horrible and... jealous."

That was the first time that she mentioned the word "jealous".

Even she felt embarrassed to say it.

On the other hand, Vinson pursed his lips in satisfaction. "I thought you didn't care about me. I was feeling sad all night."

"And you still came looking for me?"

"Of course!" Vinson gently nibbled on the tip of her nose. "If I didn't, you'd probably never come looking for me."

Arielle felt her heart stir. She also began to feel a little warm, possibly due to Vinson's kisses.

The woman let out a dry cough before making a solemn remark. "We've gone this far with our little act, so let's not waste all our efforts. I noticed someone watching me when I left with Jason earlier today. The funny thing is... I think I've met that person before."

"You have?"

"Yeah." Arielle sat up. "Do you still remember the incident on the cruise?"

"Of course, I do." That was when he had nearly lost the only woman he loved.

The man sharpened his focus and sat up too. "But why are you suddenly bringing that up?"

"Remember the guy spying on me at the entrance to the karaoke bar—I saw him on the cruise back then too. Come to think of it, he was the one who warned me about the bomb on the cruise. I'm also certain that he wasn't responsible for planting the bomb."

Vinson's brows furrowed. "You're saying that the man who sent you those photos and wants to break us up isn't the same person who is trying to kill me?"

"Yeah." Arielle nodded. "That's just my guess, but I have a feeling that these two men know each other. How else would he have known about the bomb on the cruise?"

Vinson's expression turned unfathomable.

"Then, why is the guy who helped you on the cruise trying to split us up now?"

"I'm... I'm not sure either. Who knows, maybe he doesn't actually mean to do that."

"Should we continue with our plan, then?"

"Yes," Arielle answered firmly. "He probably knows the guy responsible for the two explosions. As long as we keep going in this direction, I'm sure we'll be able to lure that rat out."

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1244 Mole

Vinson appeared hesitant. "Then, that woman..."

Arielle shot him a glare. "You brought this upon yourself, so you figure out how to deal with it. I don't have the time or energy to care about her."

Vinson flirtatiously kissed Arielle on her forehead, nose, and eventually her lips.

"Come on, Darling. Give me a hand. You know how terrible my acting skills are. I might end up making her run away."

Arielle threw her hands up. "Don't give me that. Your acting skills are pretty good that even I fell for them."

"I tried my best only because I found out about the mole."

"Who's the mole?" Arielle asked sternly.

"Someone you'd never suspect."

"Stop leaving me guessing. Tell me!" she demanded, pinching the man's waist.

"It's Geoffrey," Vinson answered in a hushed voice.

Arielle was visibly shocked.

"Geoffrey? Are you sure about this? Hasn't he been working for your family all these years?"

"Yeah. He pretty much watched me grow up."

Arielle creased her brows. "What on earth is going on?"

Vinson sighed. "He really is loyal to the family. I'm sure of that. He's served us faithfully even after so many years. He only became a mole about two days ago. I ran a security check on all the housekeepers and bodyguards for the family's safety. That's when I noticed that Geoffrey had suddenly received a thirty-million sum in his bank account two days ago."

"Thirty million?" The crease between Arielle's brows deepened.

Thirty million didn't mean a lot to her, but it was an unimaginable figure to a butler. Despite working at the Nightshire Manor, Geoffrey's monthly salary only amounted to about eight thousand. It was good money, but his total income would be no more than two hundred thousand a year.

Thus, having thirty million in his account was certainly unusual.

"Did he really betray your family for thirty million?"

“No,” Vinson continued. “I initially thought he did it for the money too. But after staying calm and getting Rayson to investigate further, we realized something.”

“What is it?”

“Geoffrey’s wife and child have gone missing from the suburbs they live in. I secretly got a hold of the surveillance cameras outside his house. It turned out that a group of men broke into the house and took his wife and child away by force.”

Realization dawned upon Arielle.

With his family’s life at stake on top of receiving a bribe of thirty million, it was no surprise that Geoffrey would switch sides.

“His family’s and thirty million versus his employer of several decades—things must have been really hard for Geoffrey,” muttered Arielle. “How do you intend to solve this?”

“First, we’ll find Geoffrey’s family and make sure they’re safe. Then, we’ll try to get him to return to our side. I’m sure he’ll come around once he finds out that his family is okay.”

Arielle nodded. “This is all we can do. In that case, let’s carry on with our plan and wait for them to take the bait.”

“Yeah.”

Arielle fell silent for two seconds before suddenly remembering the Mill family. “I’ll be heading over to the Mills’ place from tomorrow onward to take part in their heir selection. It’ll last for three days. Their medical manuscripts are really important to me, so I’ll have to be there. I’m counting on you to hold the fort here.”

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1245 Long Distance Relationship

“The Mills?” Vinson frowned. “Queenie’s family?”

Arielle nodded. “Yes, that’s right. The rest of the family is different from her, though. They’re all simple and honest people. Honestly, the medical manuscripts are like a cherry on the cake for me, so it’s not that big of a deal if I can’t get them. But the Mills are so kind-hearted and simple-minded that they’re easily fooled.”

Vinson didn’t quite understand. “But what do the Mills have to do with us? Even if they end up being fooled, it’s just a bunch of medical manuscripts. Why are you trying so hard to become the next head of their family?”

“Arielle shook her head. “You don’t understand. Even one of my former mentors talked about that book before. Not only does it teach you how to cure many complicated diseases, but it also contains instructions on how to make an array of deadly poisons. These poisons are so harmful that even I wouldn’t be able to find a cure for them in a short period of time.”

“Poisons?”

“Yes.”

A crease formed between Vinson’s brows as he heard that.

If the medical manuscripts were to fall into the hands of the wicked, those poisons could be used to harm others.

This isn’t just about the medical manuscripts anymore. It concerns the life of many other people.

At the thought of this, Vinson knew he couldn’t stop Arielle from taking part in the Mill family’s important occasion.

The medical manuscripts would only be safe in her hands.

“The truth is...” Arielle paused briefly before continuing, “The first thing I’d do if I were to become the head of the Mills is to destroy all the poison manuals. If such guides continue to exist, people will only keep trying to get their hands on the book for evil reasons.”

“I understand,” Vinson responded. “Go. Leave this place to me. Everything will be fine with me keeping watch. By the way, how long will you be gone for?”

“At least three days, according to the Mill family’s oldest son.”

“That long?” A reluctant Vinson tucked a strand of the woman’s hair behind her ear.

“Can I secretly drop by and see you at night?”

“No, you cannot do that!”

Vinson was evidently disappointed. “Fine. Looks like we’ll be in another long-distance relationship.”

He had finally gotten to see his wife after returning from Lightspring. But now, they were going to be apart again.

The man sighed. “Take Sasha with you. I heard Queenie has woken up. The car accident happened all because Donovan ran out of Maxwell University like a madman

after getting expelled, and she went after him. I guess both of them hate you so much that they can't wait to get rid of you now."

Arielle smirked. "Don't worry. I won't let that happen."

She was heading over for the medical manuscripts, not to get involved with Donovan and Queenie.

But if they were planning to do something to her again, she wasn't going to let them off this time.

Vinson grinned as he noticed the woman's expression. "Now I'm starting to worry a little."

Arielle turned to him in confusion. "Why? Are you worried that they might plan something against me?"

"No." Vinson shook his head. "I'm worried about them not being able to escape your clutches."

Arielle shrugged. "I don't attack unless I'm being attacked. If they do anything to get on my nerves, I'll make them regret being alive."

Come to think of it, it's been a while since I last attended a funeral...

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1246 I Am Your Antidote

"All right." After speaking, Arielle shoved Vinson's chest and said, "Don't blow your cover. Leave now!"

"Leave?" Vinson frowned. "What do you mean? It was so difficult for me to sneak over here and I've only stayed for a short while. Why are you chasing me away?"

"So what if I'm chasing you away?" Arielle scoffed and snapped, "Go sleep with Ms. Little!"

In the next moment, Vinson kissed her lips.

The passionate kiss caused Arielle to feel a little dizzy, as if she was floating in the sky.

The kiss lasted for a long time before Vinson released her reluctantly.

"I really want to continue sleeping here..." His voice was deep and sexy, yet he sounded like a child throwing a tantrum.

Arielle was starting to change her mind on getting Vinson to leave.

For some reason, her body felt extremely warm, while Vinson's body felt very cool.

She had an urge to keep moving closer to him.

While mulling over this thought, she pressed her body closer against Vinson subconsciously.

Vinson gulped as he warned, "If you continue being so close to me, I won't be able to hold myself back..."

"Mm..." mumbled Arielle.

Her voice was like the fuse to a firework. Vinson could barely control himself.

"Sannie..." His voice became deeper and hoarser. "You'll be in danger, you know?"

He was the danger.

He did not plan on doing anything when he came to see her, so he did not bring any safety precautions. If they did it just like that...

Well, he was more than happy to do so. However, he also knew that Arielle did not plan on getting pregnant for the time being.

When he said that, Arielle did not move away from him. Instead, she moved even closer.

Vinson realized that something was wrong.

Usually, when he warned Arielle like that, she would have fled immediately instead of approaching him.

"Sannie?"

When Vinson touched Arielle's face, he discovered that her cheeks were burning.

Shocked, he asked, "Are you having a fever?"

"No..." Arielle still had control over her rationality.

Taking in a deep breath, she suppressed her urge to move closer to Vinson and sat up straight instead. When she took her pulse, she was astonished.

"What happened?" Observing Arielle's expression, Vinson asked, "Are you sick?"

Arielle bit her lips as her gaze landed on the glass of milk on the table, which she had already finished drinking.

Back then, she had noticed that the housekeeper who sent the glass of milk over was acting a little too enthusiastically. Looks like the milk has been spiked.

“There’s something wrong with that glass of milk.”

Vinson was not dumb either—he immediately understood what she meant by that.

Someone has drugged Arielle!

“Who did it?” asked Vinson hurriedly. “Did Geoffrey give this to you?”

“No...” Arielle shook her head and reminded, “Don’t make a fuss. I think that the person who spiked the drink is hoping that we’ll reconcile. It’s probably Mom’s idea.”

An idea popped up in Vinson’s mind. “Then... Should I stay?”

Arielle glared at him. “If you aren’t staying, are you going to send me to the hospital? In that case, won’t everything get exposed?”

Vinson nodded before pinning Arielle underneath his body.

“Then, I’ll act as your antidote.”

Arielle blushed. Before she could say anything, her lips were already sealed by Vinson.

His kiss was so domineering that it was as if he wanted to devour her.

“Mmm...”

Arielle could not help but let her moans slip out of her lips.

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1247 Is She Worthy

Arielle felt like she had just found a shady oasis in the middle of the scorching desert.

She could not help but seek for more.

Soon, both of their clothes had already been tossed to the side and their bodies were pressed close to each other.

Initially, Arielle felt like she had been set on fire. However, as time passed, it seemed like Vinson was the one being drugged instead.

Once was not enough—he did it twice.

Still, that was not enough. Vinson was only satisfied when the sky started to turn bright and their sweat had almost drenched the blankets.

“Go to sleep.” Vinson pinched Arielle’s nose and kissed her ears before releasing her.

Arielle got out of bed to wash up. Then, she collapsed on the bed and fell asleep.

It was like her insomnia had cured itself in an instant.

After seeing that, Vinson got up to take a shower. Then, he did not leave the room immediately. Instead, he gazed at Arielle for a long time as she slept. After leaving a lingering kiss on her lips, he snuck out of the guest room quietly and returned to his bedroom upstairs.

He had already checked that there were no surveillance cameras installed in the house, so no one would discover that he went downstairs.

Soon, morning came.

Penelope woke up early in the morning to prepare breakfast.

However, since the chefs had returned, she did not do anything except bark orders at them like she was the mistress of the house.

The chefs secretly complained, “Where did this woman come from? I have a Michelin award, but she said that my knife skill is bad!”

“It’s not just you! Didn’t you see our head chef looking so furious? She said that he did not know how to knead the dough properly! I’m really done with her.”

“Shh... Don’t say anything! Mr. Vinson was the one who brought her back.”

“What? Mr. Vinson? I thought that she was Mrs. Nightshire’s relative or something... Who does she think she is? Ms. Moore is better than her in all aspects! What does Mr. Vinson even like about her?”

“Perhaps he wants something plain after enjoying the good stuff. Aren’t all rich people like that?”

“Plain? She’s worse than that!”

The few of them were mumbling amongst themselves when a female voice suddenly rang out behind them. “What are you talking about? The oat is overcooked! Can’t you smell it?”

Everyone froze. When they turned around, they saw Penelope glaring at them furiously with her hands on her hips.

Evidently, she overheard what they said.

They immediately dispersed and continued with their tasks.

It was true that Penelope overheard what they said. Although she was furious, she was not the mistress of the Nightshires yet.

Hence, she had no right to scold them.

Frustrated, she clenched her fists. When I become the mistress of the house, I’ll definitely make these blabbermouths regret that they ever lived!

After two hours, the breakfast feast was finally ready.

The breakfast spread was extremely sumptuous. There were cuisines from all over the world—from Eastern to Western cuisines.

As Penelope’s grilled fish had lost to Arielle’s the previous night, she wanted to regain some of her pride through this breakfast spread.

Although she did not do anything to prepare breakfast, she planned to claim all the credit.

After all, the chefs would not dare to fight with her.

After inspecting the food carefully and ensuring that there was nothing wrong with them, she turned around and spotted Vinson walking down the stairs.

“Mr. Nightshire!”

Penelope immediately plastered a gentle smile on her face. She walked forward and said softly, “I’ve just prepared breakfast. Would you like to eat anything else? I can cook them for you again.”

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1248 He Does Not Even Look At Her

Penelope deliberately made her makeup look very natural like she had nothing on her face at all. In reality, she put in a lot of effort to conceal all the flaws on her face.

Her strength was that her eyes were pretty similar to Arielle's. Hence, she changed her eye makeup to make them look lively and alluring like Arielle's.

Penelope's eyes crinkled as she smiled sweetly. However, Vinson merely nodded and said curtly, "Thanks."

"You're welcome. It's what I should do, anyway..."

Immediately after Penelope spoke, Vinson strode toward the door.

Shocked, she chased after him and asked, "Where are you going? Aren't you having breakfast?"

"No. I need to settle some work."

"But..."

Before Penelope could finish her sentence, Vinson had already walked out of the house, leaving her behind.

Penelope could only bite her lips in frustration.

She woke up at six in the morning to do her makeup and prepare breakfast till now. In the end, Vinson did not even spare even a glance at her before leaving the house. There was no way that she could be happy with that.

Yet, when Penelope turned her head around, she noticed that the housekeeper, whom she had slapped yesterday, was suppressing her laughter.

Immediately, the fury that Penelope was trying to suppress exploded.

She dashed forward and aimed a slap at the housekeeper.

Startled, the housekeeper closed her eyes subconsciously.

However, the slap did not land on her face.

She opened her eyes confusedly and saw Arielle gripping Penelope's wrist with a very cold expression on her face.

"Mrs. Nightshire..." The housekeeper felt tears welling up in her eyes.

"Are you okay?" asked Arielle with a frown.

The housekeeper quickly nodded. "I'm fine..."

Only then did Arielle look at Penelope, who was completely shocked. She demanded frostily, "Ms. Little, what are you doing?"

"I.. I..." Penelope gritted her teeth. Thinking that she had nothing to lose, she said, "I'm helping you teach the housekeepers! She was very disrespectful to me."

"Teach her a lesson? Is this how you teach the housekeepers? Furthermore, I've been watching from the door all along. She did not do anything at all."

"I'm just..."

"Stop giving excuses!" Arielle directly interrupted Penelope. "She might be a housekeeper here, but she's still a human being! How can you hit her for no good reason?"

"I..."

"Furthermore, you aren't even part of the family. Even if you are the mistress of the house, you can't hit someone so casually. I can call the police on her behalf and ask them to arrest you. However, I'll let this slide for Vinson's sake. If this happens again, don't blame me for not showing you any mercy!"

Penelope had no opportunities to explain. Hence, she could only withdraw her hand timidly and apologize reluctantly, "I'm sorry for being rash. I shouldn't have hit her. I'm sorry, Ms. Moore. It's all my fault..."

Arielle raised her chin and rebuked, "You aren't supposed to apologize to me!"

Penelope was at a loss for words. Suppressing her anger, she apologized to the housekeeper, "I'm sorry. Please forgive me."

The housekeeper was still furious at how Penelope slapped her last night. However, since Arielle was watching, she had no choice but to nod and accept her apology. "It's all right."

When Penelope looked at Arielle, she averted her gaze. "Since you've apologized, it's fine now. Just don't do it again."

As she spoke, she glanced at the housekeeper and instructed, "I have something to ask you. Follow me."

"Okay..."

The housekeeper nodded and followed Arielle out of the mansion.

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1249 For Self Interests

There was a huge place outside the mansion, so they did not have to worry that someone was hiding in the corner and eavesdropping on them.

“Mrs. Nightshire.” The housekeeper glanced upward and asked Arielle, “What are you going to ask me?”

“What do you think?” asked Arielle as she crossed her arms over her chest and stared at the housekeeper.

Feeling flustered by Arielle’s gaze, the housekeeper started to sweat profusely.

She averted her gaze guiltily. “I... I don’t know...”

A frosty look crept into Arielle’s eyes.

“You don’t know? Let me give you a reminder. Are you planning to tell me anything about the milk from last night?”

The housekeeper froze as she widened her eyes in fear.

When she met Arielle’s gaze, her knees buckled uncontrollably and she fell to her knees in front of Arielle.

That was how terrified she was by Arielle’s angry face.

As Arielle looked at the housekeeper who was kneeling in front of her, her expression became more relaxed. She helped the housekeeper up and said, “If you tell me what happened, I will just let it go. Otherwise, I’ll have no choice but to call the police or hand you over to Vinson directly.”

When the housekeeper thought of Vinson’s cold face, her heart pounded rapidly.

“So, are you going to tell me or not?” urged Arielle with a frown.

Overwhelmed with regret and fear, the housekeeper wiped her tears away and stuttered, “If... If I tell you, please don’t tell Mr. Vinson...”

Arielle nodded. “Tell me and I’ll think about it.”

The housekeeper bit her lips. Mustering her courage, she explained, "After you entered your room last night, Ms. Little hit me. I was furious and scared that she'll replace your position, so I wanted to let you reconcile with Mr. Vinson..."

Arielle raised her eyebrows in surprise.

She thought that this was Susanne's idea, but it turned out to be the housekeeper's own actions.

In that case, she could deal with this incident without taking Susanne's feelings into consideration.

An idea popped up in Arielle's mind.

The housekeeper was still saying, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Nightshire. I really didn't mean to sabotage you. I was just scared that the woman would take over your position..."

Arielle scoffed coldly and interrupted, "There's no need for you to say it so nicely. I'm not a child so I know what you're actually thinking about. You just want to stay in the manor and lead a good life. Yet, if that woman continues to stay here, your life would get difficult. You're just doing this for your self-interest, so there's no need to sugarcoat it."

Stunned, the housekeeper broke out into cold sweat.

Now that her lie had been exposed by Arielle so directly, she could not help but reveal a look of embarrassment.

Eventually, all she could say was, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Nightshire. I know my mistake now..."

After a moment of silence, Arielle suddenly said, "I can pretend that nothing happened, but you must do something for me and keep it a secret from everyone else. Otherwise... You can go and search up how many years in jail you'd get for drugging someone."

Shuddering in fear, the housekeeper quickly said, "What is it? I'll do whatever you want, even at all costs!"

Arielle shook her head. "There's no need for that. Come here."

When Arielle wagged her finger, the housekeeper rushed over immediately.

Arielle whispered her instructions in the housekeeper's ears. Widening her eyes in shock, the housekeeper asked, "Keep an eye on Geoffrey? Why?"

"Shh..." Arielle placed her finger over her lips and warned, "Just keep an eye on him. You don't need to know why."

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1250 Lies

Knowing that she had spoken out of place, the housekeeper nodded. "Okay, I'll keep an eye on Geoffrey without him knowing. As long as you don't mention that incident about the milk..."

Arielle raised her eyebrows. "That'll depend on how nicely you accomplish your task. I'll be leaving home for three days. If Geoffrey does anything abnormal, you must inform me right away."

Only then did Arielle look less furious. After exchanging numbers with the housekeeper, she strode back into the mansion.

To prevent anyone from being curious about what she said to the housekeeper, Arielle called Penelope over specially.

"I've already explained to the housekeeper that it's her fault for disrespecting you. However, since you hit her last night, you are at fault too. Hence, both of you are even now. I hope that nothing like this will ever happen in the future. Otherwise, I'll make you pack your things up and leave right away as I don't care if Vinson wants you to stay!"

As Arielle spoke, she snuck a glance at Geoffrey.

Indeed, after he heard what she said, he stopped staring at her.

She wanted to dispel his suspicions.

Knowing that she was in the wrong, Penelope could only nod and stare at her feet. Pretending to sound weak, she said, "Yes, I understand..."

As Arielle merely saw Penelope as nothing but a distraction, she could not be bothered to waste any more time with Penelope. Nodding, she walked out.

Penelope opened her mouth, wanting to ask Arielle to stay for breakfast. However, as anger was boiling within her, she let Arielle leave without informing her that breakfast was ready.

After all, she was not there to prepare breakfast for Arielle, so it did not matter whether Arielle ate it or not. She made breakfast mainly to appease Vinson and Susanne.

Now that Vinson had gone to work, only Susanne was left.

At that moment, Susanne woke up too.

She usually did not wake up so early, but she was a little drunk last night, so she slept early; hence, she woke up earlier too.

When Penelope saw that, she quickly flashed Susanne a bright smile as she walked forward. "You're awake, Mrs. Nightshire. I've already prepared breakfast for you. Would you like to take a look?"

Ignoring Penelope, Susanne brushed past her and went to the dining table.

A look of embarrassment flitted across Penelope's face. However, she chased after Susanne and said appeasingly, "I don't know what you like to eat, so I prepared a bit of everything. If you'd like to eat anything else, I'll cook for you immediately."

By saying that, Penelope was claiming all the credit for making breakfast.

Yet, unbeknownst to her, Susanne knew the chefs' cooking very well. With a single glance, she could tell that the breakfast was prepared by the chefs.

"Hmph!" She snorted coldly. However, instead of exposing Penelope directly, she feigned surprise and asked, "Did you cook everything?"

"Yeah!" Penelope quickly took credit for it and said, "I woke up at five in the morning..."

That was not what Susanne wanted to hear. Pointing at the soy milk on the table, she interrupted Penelope, "I've always been curious about how you made the soy milk. You can explain it to me now!"

Penelope's expression quickly turned awkward.

I don't know how to make soy milk! It smells so weird. I can't even bear to smell it, let alone make it!

However, meeting Susanne's 'curious' gaze, she had no choice but to explain, "What a coincidence! Actually, I made everything else but the soy milk."