

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 761

“Go away!” Aaron pushed the woman leaning close to him aside in disgust.

The woman widened her eyes in panic, not knowing what she had done wrong. Immediately, she turned and walked out of the mansion.

Click. However, the moment before Aaron stepped out of the mansion, the sound of a gun being unlocked echoed in the doorway.

Aaron instantly turned to look in the direction of the sound.

Right then, a bodyguard was aiming a gun at him.

Aaron narrowed his beautiful, blue eyes. A cold glint flashed across his gaze. It was so sharp that it pierced through the bodyguard’s heart like a shard of ice.

However, that bodyguard was well-trained. He remained calm and unbothered as if he had gotten used to Aaron’s cold stare. Then, he began to warn like a robot, “Apologies, Mr. Aaron. Mr. Anderson said that you can’t leave the mansion.”

Aaron had been stopped by the bodyguard multiple times on that day. He could not endure it anymore. “What if I insist on leaving?”

“Then I can only follow Mr. Anderson’s order to make you stay forcefully,” the bodyguard replied.

Aaron snorted. “I don’t care. I’m going to leave today!”

With that said, he immediately took another two steps forward.

As soon as he walked out of the door, a loud gunshot rang out.

Bang!

Aaron shifted his body to the left in reflex. His movement was as fast as a bolt of lightning.

The next second, a hole appeared in the door behind

him.

Aaron frowned as he stared at the hole. If it wasn't because of his fast reaction speed just now, he might already get shot in his chest.

“Are you crazy?” He turned to glare at the bodyguard. “Do you know who you are shooting?”

Again, the bodyguard replied like a robot, “Mr. Anderson has instructed us not to let you leave before his cooperation with Duke ends. You're not allowed to step out of the mansion, even if we have to kill you. Mr. Aaron, please go back inside.”

“Y-You...” Aaron got so furious that he began to tremble.

Suddenly, the bodyguard froze as he put down the gun slowly. He turned around and bowed politely at the middle-aged man behind him. “Mr. Anderson.”

The rest of the bodyguards bowed and shouted in unison, “Your Majesty.”

Aaron lifted his eyes in shock. His father, Anderson, was walking toward them arrogantly.

Although Anderson was in his middle ages, he did not look old at all. His exquisite facial features exuded a regal and imposing aura of a matured man.

Aaron lowered his eyes as he bowed toward him reluctantly. "Father."

Although he despised Anderson a lot, he was afraid of him too.

Anderson nodded as he handed a document to Aaron without saying anything.

Seeing that, Aaron quickly took over the document.

"Aren't you trying to get out of here? I'll give you an opportunity to do so. Investigate the woman in the document for me," Anderson said calmly.

Aaron instantly opened the document upon knowing that he could finally leave.

There was a picture of Arielle on the first page of the document. Oh, my kitten...

For some reason, Aaron felt that he was destined to be with Arielle every time he saw her face.

Perhaps, this is fate.

Aaron looked at Anderson confusedly and asked, "Father, why do you want me to investigate her? Is it because of the explosion on the cruise back then?"

Anderson furrowed his brows, feeling puzzled. "What explosion?"

Aaron was even more surprised. “If you don’t know about the explosion on the cruise, then why do you want to investigate her?”

“You don’t need to know about that.” Anderson narrowed his eyes impatiently. “Try to get her DNA after you found her, as well as the man’s DNA on the following page. Find out as much information about that girl. I want to know everything about her.”

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Although Aaron had a lot of questions in his mind, he decided to keep them to himself since he finally got to leave the mansion. Then, he accepted the task and watched as Anderson left.

However, he failed to control himself in the end. He then ran up to Anderson and asked, “Father, Mother called me and told me that she has learned to make a few new dishes. Would you like to go and give it a try?”

“Never mind. I’m busy recently.” Anderson responded plainly before speeding up to leave.

Aaron’s gaze darkened as a flash of resentment flashed across his eyes.

Every citizen in the country said that Anderson was a good leader. (This novel will be daily updaed at www.m.techkaushal.com)Moreover, he was a responsible father. He attended all of Aaron’s birthday parties, gave him the best education and everything he wanted.

However, he was never a good husband.

Aaron could not help but feel bad for his mother.

Poor Mother. She loves Father wholeheartedly, but he doesn't even bother to pay more attention to her.

Therefore, although he respected his father, he hated him at the same time.

How can Father be so cold-hearted? They have been married for years, but he has never given any warmth to her.

Aaron closed her eyes as complicated emotions rose in his heart.

"Mr. Aaron." Suddenly, a bodyguard approached him. "I've asked all the guards to leave. You can go anywhere you want now."

As soon as Aaron opened his eyes, he threw a punch onto the bodyguard's face.

However, that bodyguard did not seem to feel the pain at all. Those who had been keeping an eye on Aaron were all Anderson's personal bodyguards.

They had undergone special training since they were young, so their pain endurance was much higher than ordinary people.

As expected, the bodyguard wiped his bleeding nose casually. (This novel will be daily updated at www.m.techkaushal.com) Then, he bowed at Aaron before leaving.

"Damn it!" Aaron got even more frustrated upon seeing how ineffective his punch was.

However, his mood lifted when he realized that he had finally regained his freedom.

“Prepare a helicopter for me, as well as another identity. I’m going to Chanaea!” Aaron ordered.

Wait for me, my kitten. I’m coming!

Meanwhile, in Chanaea, Arielle was on her way to Henrick’s old estate. Suddenly, she felt her nose

tickle, and she sneezed out loud in the next second.

“Are you okay?” Vinson turned around and asked, “Is the temperature of the air-conditioner too low?”

Before Arielle managed to reply, he ordered the chauffeur, “Adjust the air-conditioning.”

“No, no. It’s fine,” Arielle said. “I was just feeling a little tickle in my nose.”

Besides, she had an unpleasant feeling that something bad was going to happen.

However, she did not tell Vinson about it, as that was only her intuition.

Vinson was relieved upon hearing that. He took off his coat and covered Arielle’s knees. “Although the weather is hot, you should avoid wearing short skirts. Women have weaker immune systems. You might catch a cold.”

Moreover, he did not want her to catch the attention of other men.

Arielle could not help but flash a smile. “Vinson, do you know who you look like right now?”

“Like what?”

“Like my adoptive parents.”

After all, Vinson nagged and took care of her like his child.

Vinson shrugged. “I don’t want to become your dad.”

Suddenly, Arielle’s gaze darkened as she thought about the Wilhelms. It had been a few months since she last saw them.

Vinson knew that Arielle had thought about the Wilhelms upon seeing her expression. (This novel will be daily updated at www.m.techkaushal.com) He said softly, “You can bring the Wilhelms here as soon as we finish dealing with Henrick.”

Arielle nodded, trying to cheer herself up.

Five hours later, the car finally arrived at the town where the old Southall estate was at.

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Sasha, Blake, and Arielle’s subordinates stayed in that town.

That was a small village, so the arrival of strangers would attract the villagers’ attention.

Whenever Arielle’s subordinate headed to the town, he would always disguise himself as a businessman to hide his identity.

As soon as they met, Blake began to start chattering. “Boss, the roads in that village are bumpy and uneven. Moreover, there are buildings collapsing from time to time. Many villagers do not dare to stay inside

their houses, so they build their tents outdoor.(This novel will be daily updaed The structures of those houses will definitely kill someone in the future.”

Arielle’s subordinate, Rube, shook his head vigorously. “No. That had already killed someone in the past. From what I know, an elderly and her daughter got killed when their house collapsed. They went to ask for explanations from Mrs. Southall, but she evaded the responsibility by saying that it was an accident. She only paid part of the funeral fees as compensation.”

Blake widened her eyes as she spat, “They are so cunning and despicable!”

Arielle turned to Rube and asked, “I have asked you to spread the news about Mrs. Southall’s death. What are the villagers’ reactions upon hearing that?”

“Initially, only thirty percent of the villagers had signed the petition. However, after they heard about the news, the number of villagers signing the petition has increased to sixty percent.”

Arielle shook her head. “That’s not enough yet. We need at least eighty percent of villagers to sign it.”

“Then, what should we do now? Should I disguise as a businessman to persuade them again?”

“No need for that.” Arielle narrowed her eyes. “Henrick hasn’t held a funeral for Mrs. Southall in

Jadeborough. Based on his personality, he’ll always try to make himself look like a filial son. Moreover, he’s feeling little guilty toward Mrs.

Southall, so he'll definitely hold a grand funeral for her when he's back. I want you to add fuel to the fire when the time comes."

"Understood."

"Also, I'm following you to the village tomorrow. Please bring Teddy along too. I need him to help me with something."

"All right!"

Arielle could not sleep that night. When she woke up, she noticed that Vinson was smoking on the bench in front of the hotel.

She got off the bed and walked toward him. As soon as Vinson saw her, he stubbed out the cigarette in his hand.

Then, he waved his hand to get rid of the smoke. "What's wrong? You can't sleep?" His tone was gentle.

Arielle sat down beside him and sighed. "I'm not sure whether I understand Henrick enough. I'm worried that he won't hold a funeral..."

"Don't you still have Teddy? He is part of your backup plan, isn't he?"

Arielle chuckled softly. "It seems like I can never hide anything from you, huh? But in fact, I don't really want to let Teddy join. He might get injured in my plan."

"You can ask for his opinion tomorrow. If that doesn't work out, we can think of other solutions. Don't worry. There must be a way."

"Okay." Arielle nodded. They then continued to chat for a while longer.

Soon, both of them gradually felt sleepy.

Arielle rubbed her eyes. “I’ll go to bed now. Don’t stay up too late.”

“Okay.” Vinson responded as he watched Arielle leave. After that, he opened his laptop and started doing his work.

There were a lot of properties under Nightshire Group. Besides, Vinson was a perfectionist. He preferred doing most of his work on his own.

Finally, Vinson headed back to the bedroom at the first crack of morning sun.

The next day, Rube acted according to the plan by disguising himself as a businessman.

He passed by Teddy’s house when he was on his way to the village.

Coincidentally, Teddy had just come back from gathering coals.

“Rube!” A bright smile appeared on his dirty face the moment he saw Rube.

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Since Rube was not a common name in the small village, he had named himself Robin.

Rube nodded. “I’ve brought you a gift since you helped me back then. Do you want to come to my car to have a look at it?”

Teddy knew that Rube was Arielle’s friend, so he trusted the latter a lot. He nodded excitedly and said, “Sure! But I have to inform my mom about it first.”

“Okay. Also, I’m bringing you to the town for dinner tonight. (This novel will be daily updaed at www.m.techkasuhal.com)Tell your parents that I’ll send you home tomorrow.”

“Okay! Yeah! I’m going to the town!” With that, Teddy ran into the house cheerfully.

A moment later, Teddy walked out while holding a woman’s hands.

She was Teddy’s mother, and her name was Josee Crawford. As soon as she saw Rube, she lowered her head apologetically, “Robin, thank you for taking him out, and I’m sorry for troubling you.”

“Don’t mention that. Teddy is an adorable and considerate kid. (This novel will be daily updaed at www.m.techkaushal.com)I’m happy to take him out and have some fun.”

“Thank you.” Suddenly, Josee started coughing intensely after saying that.

“Are you okay?” Rube looked at her with concern. “Your sickness seems to become worse than before. My b-boss knows a little about medical skills. How about you come with us to town? I can ask my boss to take a look at you.”

Josee waved her hand to reject him. “It’s okay. That’s no need for that. I’ve had it for a long time. Moreover, we can’t afford to pay for that. I don’t want to waste your boss’ time.”

“It’s free of charge.”

However, Josee was insistent. “Thank you, but I really don’t need that. I didn’t get to persuade that stubborn man for you, so I shouldn’t accept your offer for granted.”

Everyone in Teddy's family had signed the petition, except for his father. He used to work for a long time under the Southalls, so he was reluctant to accept that request.

"Okay, then. But, if your situation gets worse, you have to go to the hospital as soon as possible," Rube replies helplessly.

Josee got so grateful that her eyes became teary. "I know that you're asking us to sign the petitions for our own good. I'll try my best to persuade him."

"Thank you." Rube nodded as he turned to Teddy. "Shall we go now, Teddy?"

"Okay." Teddy waved at Josee. Then, he held Rube's hand and left together.

Josee watched Rube and Teddy walk away before going back into the house, coughing.

Right then, Teddy's father, Nigel Lowe, came back to the house for lunch.

Upon scanning the surroundings, he asked, "Where's Teddy? Is he still gathering coals?"

"He has gone to the town with Robin. Robin will send him home tonight."

Most of the villagers were simple men. Hence, Nigel was not worried that Rube would do anything bad to Teddy. However, he frowned and asked angrily, "How can you let someone take your son away like that?"

“What do you mean by that? Teddy hardly gets to enjoy himself in the town. You’re his father. Can’t you think more about Teddy?”

Nigel fell into silence.

Josee took the opportunity to continue with her sentence, “You should reconsider signing the petition. (This novel will be daily updated at www.m.techkaushal.com) Hasn’t Robin talked to us about that? As long as we work together, we can still get the salary they owed us for years.”

Nigel continued to remain silent. He was an honest and obedient man. He had been working under the Southalls for years, so he could not bring himself to go against them.

Josee was anxious upon seeing his reaction. “Can you at least think for Teddy and me? Do you want me to end up like our daughter? We could not even afford her funeral after she died from her illness!”

Nigel took a puff of his cigarette and said, “Let’s wait for a little longer. As soon as Mrs. Southall’s funeral is over, I’ll try to claim my salary with Rick. If he still refuses to pay us, then we’ll discuss it again.” It sounded like he was willing to sign the petition now.

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Her eyes lit up, and Josee passed Nigel the only plate of fresh vegetables left in the household. “Have more of this. You need the energy for your work.”

“Alright,” Nigel replied. The ambiance in the house restored its joviality.

In the Southalls.

Henrick and the local construction workers were discussing the renovation of the house

“Here I want to build a backyard with a fountain. I want the architecture of the house to have more European elements. I will pass the pictures to you and you may think about it later. Please let me know the manpower that you will need,” Henrick said.

“Alright alright. However, this will cost millions,” the workers reminded Henrick.

“Don’t worry about it, I will ensure that you will be paid for your work,” assured Henry.

With Henrik’s assurance, the workers joyfully left.

After sending off the workers, Henrick noticed Matthias who was weak and frail when he passed by the chicken coop.

After the whole torture yesterday, his high spirit had entirely diminished.

This was due to the force of the beating, coupled with the fact that the wound was inflamed. Obviously, the injuries on his body were starting to get infected.

When he saw Henrick, his eyes opened widely.

Henrick gestured the bodyguard and said, “Whip.”

The bodyguard immediately passed him the whip.

Matthias quavered and said, “Henrick, do you really want to kill me?”

Henrick smirked in reply. “I’m a man of my word. Ten whips a day are what you will surely get.”

He whipped Matthias instantly after finishing his sentence.

However, Matthias was not as resilient as he was yesterday. Upon the fifth strike, he slumped into unconsciousness.

Henrick was not satisfied. He threw the whip away and walked towards Cindy, who had not eaten for a day.

Cindy cowered in a corner and shivered. “Henrick, I was wrong. Please give me a chance? I swear I will not betray you again!”

She also swore that if she were to be given the chance to leave, she would repay his generosity ten fold.

Henrick laughed at the thought. “Do you think I will give you another chance to betray me?”

He picked up a stone and forcefully hurled it in Cindy’s direction.

She didn’t have time to react. The next second, she felt a sharp pain on her forehead. Following that, blood started dripping into her eyes.

“Ouch! Ouch!” Cindy started to shriek in pain.

Henry impatiently covered his ears and said, “Mrs. Southall’s funeral will be tomorrow, and the two of them will be a nuisance. Lock them up in the farm, but remember to feed them. Nothing too fancy, just some pig fodder will do.”

I’m not letting them die this easily, torture is awaiting them!

On the other side.

In Rube’s van.

Teddy saw Arielle once he hopped in the van.

He immediately cheered in excitement, "Sannie!"

Arielle extended her arm and embraced Teddy.

Teddy, on the other hand, shied away from her. He looked at his dirty hands and said, (This novel will be daily updated "Sannie, I think I might have dirtied your clothes."

Arielle was unbothered and shook her head. "Don't worry about it, it's just a small issue. Teddy, how are

you?"

Teddy nodded at first but shook his head in sorrow afterward. "Mom's coughing is getting worse, but Dad does not have money for her treatment..."

Rube started explaining the situation of Teddy's family to Arielle.

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Arielle sympathetically rubbed his head. "Don't worry, I assure you that your dad will have money for your mom's treatment very soon."

Teddy rubbed his eyes and said, "But Dad refuses to sign the document. My crying pleas towards him were ineffective."

Arielle's gaze visibly darkened, taking a deep breath. "Your dad will surely sign it."

Even if Henrick held a grand funeral for Malorie as she had expected, he would make sure to expose the truth to everyone. Truth be told,

Henrick was not financially constrained, but rather he was unwilling to pay. In the blink of an eye, it was nightfall.

Arielle sent Teddy back to the village. Before he left the car, Arielle pinched his cheeks and uttered, “Teddy, I want to discuss something with you.”

“Sure!” Teddy patted his chest in reply. “Sannie, you are the person who treats me the best, apart from my mom and my dad. I will do anything for you.”

Arielle felt relieved. “I will give you a pill. If you consume it, you will feel extreme discomfort but it won’t kill you. There won’t be any side effects at all. Once the drug effect subsides, you’ll feel better.”

Teddy was confused. He stared mindlessly at the pill and asked, “Sannie, why do you want me to eat this?”

Arielle was hesitant to answer. “If your dad still refuses to sign, then you should consume this pill. He will need the money for you to get medical treatment and will have no choice but to seek Henrick’s help. Besides, I can confirm that Henrick will not offer any assistance. By then, your dad will be more than willing to sign.”

Teddy immediately understood what she meant. “Alright, Sannie. I will act according to the condition.”

“You mean situation.” Arielle cheekily corrected him.

Teddy scratched his head in embarrassment. He smiled and asked, “If Dad signs, does that mean that I can go to school?”

“You are right,” Arielle nodded. “I will also sponsor you to study in Jadeborough.”

“Wow!” Teddy’s excitement flourished. He carefully kept the pill and stepped out of the car.

Even after Teddy left, Arielle did not leave the village. She stayed in the car with Rube, Sasha and Blake until the next day. In the meantime, Vinson remained in town. The two separate groups were working together from the inside and outside.

In a flash, the next day arrived.

Just as Arielle predicted, Henrick organized a rather pompous and grand funeral for Malorie.

The dinner was prepared by one of the best chefs in town. Besides, the venue was decorated gloriously. The cost incurred for just the flowers could run up to tens of thousands.

The number was unimaginable in a place like this.

It was all within Vinson’s prediction. All the florists in town were booked and Sasha was to deliver to flowers.

Following Arielle’s instructions, Sasha feigned that she was lost and knocked on Teddy’s door.

Coincidentally, Nigel was preparing to head to the funeral. Bewildered, he asked, “And you are?”

Sasha smilingly introduced herself, “I’m a florist from the city. Mr. Southall booked some flowers from our shop but I cannot find the location. Can you show me the way?”

“Of course, I’m heading there as well,” Nigel happily agreed

On the way, Sasha took the opportunity and exclaimed, “Henrick is extravagantly rich!”

Nigel was stunned. He asked, “Why do you say so?”

Sasha was anticipating the question. “The flowers he booked from our shop are worth more than ten thousand!”

“That much?” Nigel’s eyes widened in disbelief. “Are you sure? We’re talking about the same currency, right?”

“Of course. If you don’t believe me, check out the receipt.” Sasha passed Nigel a piece of paper.

Nigel scanned the receipt and his gaze locked on the final amount, instantly bringing himself to a halt.

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Fourteen thousand and eight hundred.

It was not ten thousand, but almost fifteen thousand!

But last night, when he was pestered by Josee to ask for money from Henrick, Henrick's response was a cold, harsh refusal.

All he asked for was the salary for the month!

How is it that he can spend fifteen thousand on flowers, but cannot pay his salary?

"This is not just it," Sasha continued, "My neighbor, who is a construction worker, told me that Henrick wants to build a huge mansion with a backyard, costing a few million."

"A few millions?" Nigel nearly lost his voice. He shakingly asked, "Are you telling the truth?"

"Definitely. It's big news in town. Even the town mayor wants to visit him."

Nigel frowned and fell silent.

When they arrived at Henrick's place, Nigel noticed the glistening ornaments that decorated the venue. He was hesitant to enter and ushered Sasha, "Miss, this is the place. Go on in."

"Thank you." Sasha smiled and nodded her head. She entered the house with the receipt to collect payment.

Not long later, when Sasha came out, Nigel was still standing out there.

She deliberately approached him. "Mister, I've already collected my payment. Why are you still here? I thought you are planning to attend the funeral?"

“I’ll... I’ll head in soon.” Nigel stared at the receipt in Sasha’s hand. He couldn’t move away, as if his limbs were screwed on the ground with nuts and bolts.

At the same time, disappointment loomed all over him.

His trust towards Henrick vanished completely.

Sasha was observing Nigel’s reaction. Without a word, she left quietly.

For a long time, Nigel was left standing in front of the entrance. Finally, he gazed deeply at the main door before turning away and heading towards the house of the village chief.

About half an hour later, the funeral was about to start.

When Henrick arrived at the front yard of the funeral, he realized that not one of the villagers was there.

“What is going on?” Henrick asked his bodyguard, “Why isn’t anyone here yet? Are they informed of the funeral?”

The bodyguard shook his head. “We acted according to your instructions, but only a few showed up. But those

that showed up, also left shortly afterward. No one else came since then.”

Henrick was uneasy. Are they planning to cause a scene?

Nonetheless, he quickly brushed off that thought.

How can some lowlifes like them even dare to do that?

“Get your minds together and act fast! We’re short of time and stop dilly-dallying!” Henrick lashed out, “head out and tell of them that attendance is compulsory! Ask them to drop everything and head over here now!”

“Yes!” Just as the bodyguard wanted to leave, a horde of tumultuous footsteps could be heard.

Hundreds of people were heading towards them.

Henrick raised his head and noticed the crowd.

He heaved a sigh of relief and thought to himself, “I knew that they will come.”

Even better, they all arrived at the same time. Speaking about respect!

Henrick was full of himself and walked towards them grinning from ear to ear. “Everyone is here. That’s great. Now, put on the white hat.”

According to the rules of the old Southall estate, the attending guests of funerals must put on a white hat prepared by the host as a sign of respect.

However, Henrick quickly sensed that something was off.

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The crowd was led by the village chief, and each and every one of them looked aggrieved and infuriated.

Some were clenching their fists, while others brought their hammers and shovels. Instead of attending a funeral, they seemed to be here for a fight.

Even the village chief who had always been an easy going person looked furious. He stared angrily at him, sending off a very fearful message.

Henrick's noticed the oddity and anxiously asked, "Err... what is going on?"

"Holding you accountable," the village chief replied. Albeit spoken softly, his tone was extremely determined and to a certain extent, aggressive

Henrick frowned and asked again, "What do you mean? I don't know when I have offended you, but surely this commotion is unwarranted! When my mom was still around, she never took advantage of you! Is this how you treat her son now that she is gone?"

"Hmph!" the village chief let out a huge grunt. "Indeed, your mother did not take advantage of me. But remember, I was the person who paid her share of the repair costs for the church. Your mother refused to contribute!"

"So this is what all of it is about..." Henrick nodded. "You should have told me earlier! It's a good deed to contribute to the repair of the church. How much did you pay on behalf of my mom? I'll pay you back."

"Do you really think that I'm the only one asking for money?" replied the village chief.

Then, he turned and looked towards Nigel.

Nigel stepped forward and said, "Henrick, I heard that you spent fifteen thousand on flowers for this funeral. However, when I asked for

my salary for this month yesterday, you refused me! Josee is bed-ridden for such a long time and I cannot afford to take her to seek treatment! Henrick, how can you be so heartless? When are you going to pay up?"

The veins on Henrick's forehead popped out visibly

He wanted to assure them that he would pay them after the funeral. However, the moment he looked up and saw the crowd, he became speechless.

Mrs. Southall owed them a substantial amount of salary. She only paid them once in a while, but even so, it was only a month's worth of salary, just enough to keep the villagers alive.

If he were to pay them immediately, that would involve an extremely huge sum!

Henrick was indeed a very stingy and cunning person. He could spend millions building his own house, but would not pay his workers, who he saw as imbeciles.

Henrick hesitated, before lambasting them, "Who started this rumor? My cash flow is extremely tight! How will I be able to spend fifteen thousand on flowers!"

Henrick raised his voice to the crowd. "I'm pretty sure all of you know what kind of person I am! The situation in the industry is atrocious at the moment. I have to pay for the expenses and costs upfront, but the payments from clients take a very long time to clear. It's not that I don't want to pay you all, but there are simply not enough funds available now to do it immediately!"

Nigel was an innocent person. Swayed by Henrick's speech, he gulped and asked, "Are you telling the truth? You're not planning to build a mansion worth millions, nor did you spend so much on flowers?"

Henrick nodded profusely. "Of course! What luxurious mansion are you talking about? Nonsense! I'm not sure where you hear this from, but don't believe it! We are a family, and I will not hang you up to dry!"

Nigel's felt a deep sense of penitence.

"I'm really, really sorry..."

However, before Nigel could finish his sentence...

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A figure walked out of the crowd. "Mr. Southall!"

It was a familiar voice. Nigel immediately turned around.

Sasha walked forward. When she saw Teddy's father, she greeted him cordially, "Hello, mister!"

"Please stop disturbing me!" Nigel frowned. "It's because of you that I almost mess up the funeral."

In no case should a funeral be disturbed as it was disrespectful to the deceased.

Pretending not to know anything, Sasha said, "I don't know what you're talking about." She then turned to look at Henrick.

Henrick had a bad feeling about it and wanted to stop Sasha from saying anything, but it was too late.

“Mr. Southall.” Sasha smiled. “Thank you so much for your order. The flowers have already been delivered. My boss even rounded down the number. Here’s eight hundred for you.”

Sasha took out a stack of cash and handed it to Henrick.

Her action shocked Henrick. Taking a few steps back, he subconsciously waved his hand. “No... I...” “Henrick Southall!” Nigel let out a scream. His face

turned purple with rage.

Having worked vigorously all these years, Nigel looked almost as tough as Henrick’s bodyguards. His roar startled Henrick.

He quickly regained his senses. Pushing Sasha, he said, “Please leave first.”

However, Sasha remained immobile. “Sir, you don’t want the money, do you?” she asked.

“What are you talking about? You got the wrong person. Please leave now!” Henrick kept pushing her.

To his great surprise, the little girl did not move an inch even though he pushed her with great strength. A smile played around Sasha’s lips. She gave him a thumbs-up and exclaimed, “Sir, you are really rich as what people in the town described. Is eight hundred too little to you? Sure enough, the more generous one is, the easier one makes money. I hope your mansion will be completed soon.”

Henrick's face darkened. "What nonsense are you spouting? What are you all doing there? Kick her out now!"

The bodyguard immediately stepped up. This time, Sasha chose to walk away first.

Just as Henrick thought he could twist the truth after driving away Sasha, a couple of workers came into sight.

"Mr. Southall, with the help of a designer, we have finally completed the layout of the mansion. This is the blueprint. You may have a look at it."

"Mr. Southall, we also specialize in building houses. When you decide to build your new mansion, I can be your contractor."

One after another, the workers volunteered themselves. All the villagers clearly heard their conversation. Beads of sweat began to form on Henrick's forehead.

How come they all... come over at such a time as if they have received someone's order?

Before Henrick could come up with a solution, the village chief thumped his walking stick on the ground and asked in a low voice, "Henrick, what else do you have to say?"

"I..." Henrick gritted his teeth and began to rack his brain.

What the heck! So, this bunch of idiots wants money from me at a time like this. Fine then! I won't give you a single penny. If it happens once, it will surely happen again and again down the road... There will be no end to this.

Under no circumstances would he agree to their requests.

“You all go back first. I will contact you again later,” Henric said to the workers.

The workers were surprisingly cooperative and left gleefully.

“Henrick.” Tightened his grip to the hoe, Nigel asked, “You still owe us our wages. You have to pay us today no matter what.”

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As soon as his voice fell, the villagers chimed in and echoed their agreements.

“Yeah! You have to pay us today.”

“Pay us our money!” the villagers shouted in unison.

In fact, their patience had reached its limit. They had to humble themselves each time they asked for wages. When Malorie was delighted, they would be given a month’s salary. However, when she was in a bad mood, she would use all kinds of excuses to delay their salary payment.

Sad to say, they actually believed everything Malorie said each time, and so they had not been paid for a long time.

If it weren’t for the free meals provided, half of them would have starved to death a long time ago. They thought the Southalls ran out of money. But the fact was that they

just refused to pay them even though they had money. To their disappointment, they didn't expect that they had been toyed by the Southalls all this while.

A vein twitched on Henrick's forehead.

"You want to make me pay today?" Have you all lost your mind?"

Malorie had been owing them the pay for so many years. If he had to return the money to them, the figure

would be huge. Just the thought of it was enough to make him feel the pinch.

Fixing his icy gaze on Henrick, Teddy asked, "That's right. You have to pay us now and not a penny less! Or else..."

"Or else what..." Henrick was determined not to pay them a single penny. He raised his chin and looked at them provocatively. "Are you going to kill me if I refuse to pay? My mother owes you the money. If you want it so much, you can ask her. I don't have any with me now."

With that, the crowd fell silent and looked at him in disbelief.

Unexpectedly, Malorie's son was as shameless and stingy as she was—like mother, like son.

Nigel nodded and determinedly replied, "Okay! So you aren't going to pay, right?"

“Yes!” “Everyone!” Teddy then turned around and called out to the villagers. “We are going to empty his house today. Whatever that we can move out, it will be taken as our pay.”

“Right! Empty their house!”

Before Henrick could react, the crowd charged forward all at once.

The crowd then pushed him, and he stumbled. Luckily, the bodyguard supported him. Otherwise, he would have fallen flat to the ground.

After regaining his footing, he found that the villagers already rushed into his house.

He had brought over all those valuable items from Jadeborough, including the priceless antiques left by Maureen. Any of those could cost up to millions. There was no way he would let them move those things out of his house.

“Quick! Stop them! Stop them right now! What’re you all standing here for? Go stop them now!” Henrick shouted furiously.

For a moment, the bodyguards hesitated. After all, there were too many of them.

“Mr. Southall...” “Don’t you expect a payment from me if you all don’t stop them!”

With that, the bodyguards immediately rushed up to the villagers.

“Stay where you are, or we will use force!” one of the bodyguards warned.

“Beat them up!” Nigel bellowed.

Upon hearing his command, the villagers paused in

their actions and turned around to charge at the bodyguards.

Gritting their teeth, the bodyguards fought with the villagers.

Most of the villagers were strong, but they merely used brute force, which was why they both were actually in a dead heat although the villagers outnumbered the bodyguards.

Just when they remained locked in the stalemate, a group of bodyguards in black appeared out of nowhere and sprinted toward them.

“He still has other men coming here.” Another villager added terrifyingly, “There are a lot of them. It seems that we are unable to resist them any longer.”

Nigel sent a bodyguard flying with a kick. Looking at the bunch of people who were rushing up to them, he gritted his teeth and said, “Let’s retreat!” However... Wait! I Have Something to Say!

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!