

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Novel Read Online Chapter 162

"What?" Both Henrick and Cindy snapped their heads upward instantly. Then, Vinson continued, "I have a bad temper, so I have many enemies. Among them are many who want to take my life. The explosion in the building was supposed to be an assassination attempt meant for me." At that, the colors drained out of Cindy's face. If what Vinson said was true, that meant that she was claiming that Vinson was the bringer of ill luck, for she thought it was Arielle's fault the building collapsed. She would never dare to insinuate that if she knew what was actually going on.

At that very moment, Cindy's mind was filled with an overwhelming buzz. With the last bit of her courage, she murmured, "Mr. Nightshire, even if you're interested in Arielle, there's no need to be a scapegoat for her." Almost immediately, Vinson shot Cindy a cold glare that made her break out in cold sweat. "Give me the thing," Vinson said to Carter as he kept his eyes on Cindy. Carter had been enjoying the show from the side, and finally, it was his turn to enter the stage. Without saying anything, he took out a piece of note. "Have a look." Cindy and Henrick then simultaneously turned to look at the paper.

On it was: I'll be bringing them back. Vinson Nightshire will have to pay with his life for frightening my subordinate. Upon reading the note, Cindy shuddered. *The building really exploded because of Vinson!* Fixing his glacial eyes on Cindy, he asked, "Have you read it?" Cold sweat began beading on her forehead. Plastering on a forced smile, she stammered, "S-So that's what happened. It seems like I have misunderstood the situation." Tilting his chin higher, Vinson said, "It's one thing for you to misunderstand Arielle, but another for you to claim that I'm a bringer of misfortune.

Tell me, how should I settle this score with you?" A shudder wracked Cindy's body as she mumbled with trembling lips, "This is a misunderstanding. Mr. Nightshire, you know I wasn't talking about you. I'd never say that you're a bringer of misfortune." "Is that so?" came Vinson's response. "But I don't think there's anything wrong with my ears. Mr. Southall, what do you think I should do about this?" Henrick was fuming. *Cindy's nothing but trouble! She nearly ruined Vinson's impression of Arielle, and she even infuriated him.* Henrick was simultaneously enraged and afraid.

The first thing he did was apologize to Vinson. Then, he slapped Cindy. It was something common he did at home, but this time, it was in public. Everyone was watching them, including the reporters who were here for the scoop. At that moment, the only two senses Cindy felt were shame and pain. Yet, she didn't dare lose her temper nor make a sound. All

she could do was quietly endure Henrick's slap. In the end, Arielle was the one to stop Henrick.

"Dad, don't hit her anymore. Everyone's watching. If you're really angry, you can send Aunt Cindy and Shandie to the monastery for a while. Once she clears her mind there, you can ask her to come back." Snapping her head up, Cindy snarled, "How dare you try to get rid of me, Arielle?" Pretending to be terrified, Arielle hid behind Henrick. In the beginning, Henrick did not bear any thoughts of sending Cindy away, but when he saw the way she treated Arielle, his anger burned anew.

"It seems like you still have no idea what you've done wrong. Sannie's right; you should head to the monastery with Shandie to clear your heads." "No, no..." Cindy's tone instantly weakened as she grabbed Henrick's arm and began pleading, "Dear, I know I've done wrong. I shouldn't have said Sannie's a bringer of misfortune. I only said it because I was upset. Please let me off this time. I swear I won't say anything like this anymore. Please forgive me!"