

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 309

The moment Dileon and Teddy left, Henrick's face resumed its normal expression. He smiled at Malorie, asking, "How have you been, Mom? Have you been taking the supplements I bought you?"

Malorie nodded at him. "I've been well. And this must be... Sannie?"

Arielle immediately felt Malorie's sharp gaze piercing her face as the latter openly scrutinized her.

She knew at once that this woman before her eyes was not going to be easy to get along with.

Nevertheless, she quickly flashed a radiant smile at her and answered in a sweet voice, "Yes, Grandma, I'm Sannie."

"Mmm." Malorie nodded curtly as she walked around Arielle in a circle, scanning her from head to toe, at the same time muttering, "Your looks indeed resemble that dead mother of yours. Hopefully, your fate and temper are nothing like hers."

Arielle's hands immediately balled into fists under the sleeves of her coat as she struggled to suppress her rising fury.

Taking in a deep breath, she forced herself to maintain the same pleasant smile as she responded, "Thanks for your concern, Grandma, but I've always been in good health."

"It's good that you're healthy." Malorie narrowed her

eyes and shot her a disdainful look before going on, "But you're way too skinny! That isn't ideal for childbirth. You need to put on some weight. Look at you, barely having any flesh on your bum! The rich folks don't like your sort, you know, as you're unlikely to give birth to sons!"

At that, the smile on Arielle's face was beginning to falter.

Are women merely birthing machines in this old woman's eyes?

Arielle finally understood the reason for Henrick's personality. Like mother, like son!

Timing her reaction perfectly, she turned toward him with a helpless and aggrieved look in her eyes.

It seemed to work well on Henrick, who immediately stepped forward.

"Mom, Sannie's still young. Let's not terrify her just yet. Anyway, we've been traveling all day. Have you prepared any food?"

Furrowing her brows, Malorie reprimanded him at once, "Look at me and think of how old I am! Were you really expecting me to cook for you? Guess what! I've been waiting here all day for you to arrive and cook for me,

too!"

At this, Henrick cleared his throat and retorted, "Well, I suggested hiring a live-in cook for you, but it was you

who turned the idea down."

"Didn't you see what happened just now?" Malorie snapped back at him without missing a beat. "How can we hire a live-in cook under these circumstances? Those bastards would come banging on our doors, begging us for money every day!"

Her words instantly caused Henrick to silence himself.

Then Malorie glanced at Arielle and asked, "Didn't you grow up in the countryside? Can you cook? Or are you like that dead mother of yours, thinking you're too good for that?"

Forcing herself to keep smiling, Arielle did not even bother to answer her question but asked instead, "Sure,

I'll cook. Where's the kitchen, Grandma?"

Malorie pointed toward its direction haughtily. "Right there. There's nothing in there, by the way. You'll need to dig for some vegetables yourself. The patch is opposite the front door, on the other side of the fence."

Arielle froze on her spot, taken aback by the extent of Malorie's meanness.

She was just about to nod when Henrick stepped in. "I'll send the chauffeur to get it. She's just a girl. Let's not be too hard on her."

"Chauffeur? What chauffeur?" Malorie scoffed, raising her eyebrows at him. "I've been telling people that the chauffeur is a friend of yours, and the car belongs to

him as well. Who on Earth asks their guest to dig for vegetables? Besides, it's just digging for vegetables! Are you afraid she'll break her fingers at it?"

Henrick felt a little awkward. He was simply worried that Arielle would later tell Vinson about this.

However, on second thought, it did not seem like a bad idea. After all, Arielle had been enjoying the easiest life ever since he brought her home. This would not be a bad opportunity for her to toughen up.