

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 310

With that thought, he quit arguing with Malorie and simply reminded Arielle, "Just be careful." Then he turned back to Malorie and began chatting with her about Shandie.

Without a word, Arielle picked up the basket beside the door and headed out.

She had barely taken a few steps before she remembered she would need a few tools for digging and turned back to obtain them.

However, as she approached the front door, she overheard the conversation between Malorie and Henrick coming from within the house.

"Mom, you never used to treat Shandie this way. What's up with you now?" came Henrick's puzzled voice.

D

Hearing that, Arielle stopped in her tracks unwittingly and quietly shifted to a blind spot where no one would notice her.

Malorie let out a long sigh. "I hated that high and mighty mother of hers, and I hate her as well! You're my precious son, whom I had worked so hard to raise and send to university in Jadeborough. You'd finally made it! Yet, that woman forced you into a matrilocal marriage, and you were silly enough to go behind my back and agree to it! Even though you've now gained full control of the Moore family, I still can't stomach this humiliation! If that b*tch hadn't died, I would still be a joke in everyone's eyes till this day!"

"Mom, this is all in the past. What's the point of bringing it up now? Besides, Arielle is nothing like her mother. She's a very sweet and obedient girl."

"What do you mean, sweet and obedient? Didn't you see her clenching her fists just now? That girl may look docile on the surface, but her heart must be spilling with hatred for me! She's nothing but a hypocrite! You better watch out."

"Mom, you're overthinking this. With the way you spoke to her just now, it's only natural that she felt a little sensitive."

"We can only hope so! It's either you're right, or you've really brought a beast home!" Malorie barked.

Eavesdropping on their conversation from the front porch, Arielle could not help being secretly surprised.

Who would have thought this old woman possesses such sharp observational skills? She's practically seen through me! I must be more careful from now on!

Gripping the basket tightly in her hands, she changed her mind about going in to grab the tools and went straight to the vegetable patch instead.

Arriving at the patch, she realized despite being barely an acre wide, there seemed to be almost every type of vegetable planted there.

After some thought, she figured she could whip up some ravioli.

Once she'd gathered the vegetables that she needed, she turned and headed back to the house.

On her way back, she happened to spot the little boy she had encountered earlier, Teddy.

Stopping in her tracks, she called him over.

After a moment's hesitation, the boy remained rooted in his spot as he stared at her unwaveringly.

Thus, she went toward him. Bending down before him, she greeted him in a friendly manner, "Hello! Is your name Teddy?"

Giving her a small nod, he asked timidly, "What about yours?"

"My name is... Sannie." Sensing his apprehension toward her, she assured him, "You don't have to be afraid of me. Just think of me like your elder sister, okay?"

Teddy shook his head. "No. I don't need you. I already have a sister."

With raised eyebrows, Arielle laughed in amusement. "Is that so? Then you must be very close to her. What's your sister's name? How old is she? Is she still going to school?"

Again, Teddy shook his head. "She's passed away."

Stunned, Arielle stammered as she asked, "W-What happened..."

Lowering his head, Teddy explained, "She had a high fever last year. Our family couldn't afford a doctor for her, so we only treated her with herbal remedies. However, she was gone the next day. Daddy said she's gone to a nice place where no one suffers. I wish to go to that nice place as well, but I'm scared..."

Hearing that, Arielle could not help but feel terribly shocked and upset at the same time.

Coal mining was supposedly a profitable field. If it were not for the Southalls' greed and exploitation of their workers, the villagers should not be so poor that they could not even afford medical care when it was necessary.

Above all, things should not have been so unbearable that a ten-year-old child had to wish he could go to "the nice place."

Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.

... Wait! I Have Something to Say!