

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1441

Chapter 1441 Provocation

Undeterred by his authoritative voice as she outranked him in terms of power wield and was a favorite of the queen's, Miranda merely sneered at Sybil down the length of her nose.

“So what if she is a distinguished guest invited by the king?” she asked with arrogant provocation. “The bodyguard under her employ beat the prince up. You know as well as I do that it is a crime to assault a member of the royal family.”

Only then did Sybil discover the true reason for Arielle's summon.

“Be that as it may, Ms. Moore is Chanaean and an honored guest of the king's. Turlenese laws and regulations have no jurisdiction over her.”

It is indeed a crime for a commoner to lay a finger on the prince. However, Ms. Moore is the eldest princess of Turlen. Isn't it normal for an older sister to hit her younger brother?

Nevertheless, Sybil did not dare voice his thoughts out loud as it was not yet time to expose Arielle's true identity.

Miranda raised an eyebrow. “Though she can't be punished, her bodyguard is a citizen of ours who does happen to fall under our jurisdiction. We only intended to take him with us, but Ms. Moore insisted that she come along. That puts me in a tough spot, doesn't it?”

“I was the one who ordered the bodyguard to strike, Sybil,” Arielle corroborated, aware that he must have been sent by Dylan. “If the queen is going to punish him for following orders, it's only fair to hold me accountable too.”

“Don’t worry, Ms. Moore,” Sybil said cryptically before departing. “Things will turn out well.”

Arielle stared doubtfully at Sybil’s departing silhouette as she recalled Vinson’s analysis of him several days ago. It seems that I need to find out why the king cares about me so much.

Miranda’s eyes narrowed as she studied the exchange between Sybil and Arielle. What does the king see in this Chanaean doctor? What sorcery could she possibly possess to cause both men of the royal family to be this infatuated with her?

Sybil reported his encounter with Arielle to Dylan the moment he returned to the latter’s study.

Dylan was relieved to learn that it was another matter altogether that had invoked the queen’s summon rather than the exposure of Arielle’s identity.

Although he wanted more than anything else to reconcile with his daughter, he was not in the optimum position to do so at the moment. If the queen mother and the queen find out about Arielle’s identity, who knows what they will do to her? I must not take this risk and put Arielle in danger.

“Your Majesty, the prince and the princess seem to be on excellent terms,” Sybil said after a short pause. “If I may, you could give the prince a call and have him speak to his mother.”

Dylan frowned as he considered the matter before eventually agreeing. At this juncture, it’s the only viable method left to resolve the matter peacefully.

However, the unfairness to his son if he did so gnawed at him. Although the boy was not born to his expectations, Aaron was his son nonetheless. It would be unfit for him to demand that the person who assaulted his son be rescued and spared.

Ultimately, he chose to side with his daughter as he felt guilty for being absent from her life for over twenty years. Although he did not give the boy too much

fatherly love, he did fulfill all of the paternal responsibilities expected of him. He felt awful for not standing up for his daughter who had grown up without a fatherly figure to depend on.

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Chapter 1442 He Is With Me

Dylan looked up at Sybil and was about to have him call Aaron when he decided to make the call himself on second thought. If I have to even ask Sybil to carry out such a simple task on my behalf, how is it different from running away from my own problems?

As he dialed Aaron's number, Sybil left the study tactfully and waited outside.

Aaron had just had his bruises tended to when his phone rang. The bodyguard beside him immediately picked up the phone and handed it to him. He glanced at the caller ID and answered the call immediately.

"Yes, Father?"

"Ms. Moore was taken to the palace by your mother's orders," Dylan said solemnly. "I'm entrusting you with her safe return."

Aaron became anxious upon hearing that Arielle had been taken away by his mother as he knew very well what she was capable of. "Why would she do that?" he asked, panicking.

Could she be angry at Arielle because I rejected the marriage prospects she had lined up for me?

Aaron's eyes darkened at that thought.

"She learned that Ms. Moore's bodyguard beat you and had them taken away," Dylan replied impatiently. "Enough questions, Aaron. Save them from your mother's wrath."

“Yes, Father.” Aaron hung up and rushed to the palace.

Despite still feeling hurt at Arielle prioritizing her bodyguard over him, Aaron could not bear for her to suffer any harm or grievance if he could help it.

Gloom accompanied him all the way to the palace. As soon as Aaron arrived outside the queen’s quarters, he spotted Sybil, who was pacing with visible anxiety.

“Don’t worry, Sybil.” Aaron offered a reassuring smile before entering. “I’ll bring her back safely.”

Though he did not know why Sybil had not dared to meet Arielle until recently, Aaron felt obligated to be on friendlier terms with Sybil to gain his support if he ever needed it to marry Arielle in the future.

After all, I can’t use my authority to force Arielle into marrying me.

Sybil frowned at Aaron’s departing silhouette. The way the prince had spoken to him gave him a funny feeling, though he quickly dismissed it as Arielle’s safety consumed his thoughts once more. The king must be out of his mind with worry.

Meanwhile, Miranda led Arielle and Vinson through the main hall of the queen’s quarters. Atop her throne at the very end, the queen sat on a chair and surveyed Arielle and Vinson imperiously.

Her gaze darkened when she turned to Arielle. This must be the woman who has my son’s heart on a string. Because of her, he has forsaken better and worthier girls.

Initially fuming over the impossibility of punishing her, the queen was delighted when Arielle volunteered to come over herself. Since she showed up expecting me to show no mercy, I won’t be doing so.

“Put that one in jail,” she said to one of the guards as she pointed to Vinson.

Immediately, the guard in question stepped out smartly.

“I’d like to watch you try!” Arielle stepped out and met the queen’s haughty stare with her own.

You’ll be needing my permission to lay a finger on him!

“He is with me, Your Majesty. Nobody can touch him without my say-so, including you and your royal husband.”

Arielle’s nonchalant tone made the queen tremble in spite of herself. It was the first time she was met with a regal presence that rivaled even her own.

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Chapter 1443 Insolence

However, her insecurity was fleeting.

This is the first time anybody has dared speak to me like this. How presumptuous! The queen was about to explode with fury as she pointed a shaking finger at Arielle. “You arrogant little b*tch. Who do you think you are to speak to me like that?”

Arielle sneered at the sight of the queen’s austere features that contorted from her anger. “Is my gruff manner of speaking too much for your delicate palate? Let me return to Chanaea, then. I don’t care much for your country.”

Her impertinence took the queen’s breath away.

“What are you still standing there for?” the queen shrieked at her men. “Take him away!”

The guards started at once for Vinson, who caught Arielle’s eye and nodded grimly as an unspoken understanding passed between them. Just as the guards were about to lunge, Aaron burst through the doors.

“Stop!” he roared. The guards froze at the sound of his voice. Aaron glanced at Arielle before walking to the queen’s side. “Mother,” he asked sullenly, “what are you trying to do?”

“This peasant dared raise a finger against you,” the queen snapped at her son for his gallantry. “As a punishment befitting the crime under our laws, I’m having him arrested and put in jail.”

Aaron agreed with his mother. “It’s indeed a crime to beat the prince in his own country, Ari,” he said as he turned to look at Arielle. “Nobody in Turlen is above the law.”

In truth, Aaron had an ulterior motive. Having intensely disliked the bodyguard from the moment he saw him, Aaron had planned to replace him just so that he could not remain by Arielle’s side.

Arielle saw through his charade at once.

“I’m not saying that he has immunity,” Arielle began tentatively. Aaron’s eyes lit up. Is she going to obey the laws of Turlen and comply? Before he could celebrate, her condition plummeted his hopes. “I’ll accompany him throughout his imprisonment, and I will only come out upon his release.”

Instantly, his heart sank. Aaron suppressed the aching pain in his heart with great difficulty as his eyes fell on Arielle.

Why is this bodyguard so important to her? Is it worth keeping him company even at the cost of going to jail? Who is he?

As if he had known it all along, a name appeared in his mind.

Aaron’s vicious gaze became fixed on Vinson at that thought, but he quickly became certain that Vinson was clearly not the person he had in mind.

“Ari, you are putting me in a tight spot here,” Aaron said with a scowl.

She knows that I would never have the heart to put her in jail. She’s saying these things just to hurt me further.

“It feels as though you are putting the screws on me instead. You want your mother to put him in jail despite knowing that he acted on my orders. If you are dissatisfied with my presence, you can send me back to Chanaea. I’ve had enough of Turlen.”

Arielle took a small pause before continuing, “If you’re going to arrest him by force, I promise you that not a single one of you will leave this palace alive. Don’t test me.”

If it were not due to the fact that she was looking for her biological father, Arielle would have attacked Aaron back when he kidnapped her adoptive parents in Lightspring.

Disregarding most of what Arielle said, the only part that had caused a stab-like pain in his heart was her disdain for remaining in Turlen. Has nothing in Turlen captured her heart at all?

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Chapter 1444 Please Leave

“Let them go, Mother,” Aaron said resignedly after tearing his gaze away from Arielle.

“Let them go?” the queen repeated as she slammed the table with a fist. “Why would I do that? Leaving here unscathed after beating the crown prince, what next?”

Nobody, not even the king of the neighboring country, is allowed to lay a finger on my son except me.

“I was sparring with him, Mother,” Aaron explained as he met her eyes. “I threw in quite a bit of punches myself, you know.”

Aware that his mother was only indignant on his behalf, he did not feel it prudent to incur Arielle’s wrath and risk the lives of everybody in the palace though he wanted more than anything to have the bodyguard locked up.

As the head of the Mill family. Arielle had committed the content of the medical manuscripts to memory before setting them on fire.

As he had heard of the potency of medicine and poison created following the manuscript’s instructions, Aaron was certain that Arielle had mastered the formulae to a high enough degree for daring to make such a bold claim. In addition, he knew Arielle well enough to know that she did not make empty threats. If her bodyguard were to be locked up, the entire palace would succumb to her rage.

Aaron studied Arielle closely. Why was she willing to follow me to Turlen if she had such destructive powers at her fingertips?

For the first time, he began to harbor doubts regarding her purpose in coming to Turlen with him.

“I have already interrogated the bodyguards, Aaron,” the queen said with irritation at the sight of her son fawning over Arielle. “They insisted that it was completely one-sided..”

She’s obviously done something to him to make him willingly defend her bodyguard. What does he see in her? Look at what she’s turned him into! The crown prince lying to defend a common rat!

Aaron knew that his mother was not going to let Arielle and her companion go that easily. After another glance at Arielle, he walked over to his mother and whispered a few words in her ear.

The queen’s mood did not improve after hearing Aaron’s words. On the contrary, she looked even more uneasy.

Having never been willing to go on a blind date with the prospects of her choice before, he was leveraging it into a condition for Arielle and her bodyguard to leave unscathed.

Half intending to reject Aaron’s offer out of spite, the queen thought the better of it, and her relief that he had finally agreed to her request trumped her pettiness. If she did not seize the opportunity, she might never have the chance again. Upon mulling it over, the queen nodded stiffly.

“I’ll hold you to your promise, son,” she said grimly.

Aaron heaved a sigh of relief. “Don’t worry, Mother. I intend to keep it.”

After nodding at his mother, he turned around and walked to Arielle’s side. He reached for her hand, but she squirmed away. Arielle hated more than anything to owe favors, least of all favors done under the conditions of blackmail.

I can leave the palace perfectly fine on my own. Why does Aaron think he's doing me a favor by making a deal with his mother?

"You don't have to do a d*mn thing for me," Arielle said nonchalantly. "I can leave the palace whenever I want."

Her purpose in making that trip to the palace was to resolve the matter once and for all as well as tie up the loose ends.

"I know. That's not what I did."

Aaron gazed into her eyes deeply. Uncomfortable with the way she was subjected to his scrutiny, Arielle took several steps back. Her less-than-subtle withdrawal made Aaron's heart wrench painfully.

Tired of waiting for him to tell the truth, Arielle stepped forward to address the queen. "I don't know what it was that Aaron said to you to let us leave, but I assure you I do not need his help. Please, go back on whatever he has promised you."

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Chapter 1445 Unappreciated Gestures

The queen was irritated by how disdainfully Arielle behaved toward her son's gestures. I would like to see just how you manage.

She cast a cold glare at Arielle. "Sure, if you want to stay so badly." Arielle was not afraid of her at all. Instead, her lips curled into a smirk. "Your Majesty, do you feel a tightness in your chest like you're having trouble breathing?"

Like a trigger, her words startled the queen who clutched at her chest with one hand and pointed an accusatory finger at Arielle with the other. "What have you done to me?"

"Ari..." Aaron stared at her, horrorstruck. "I'd warned you not to test me." Ignoring Aaron, she stared at the queen coldly. "In half an hour from now, even the antidote wouldn't save you."

Though Vinson had been looking in confusion at one speaker after another throughout their time at the queen's quarters, he could tell that she was powerless against Arielle. Unnoticed by any of the others jabbering away in Turlenese, he smirked with amusement as he observed the proceedings silently.

By then, the queen was becoming thoroughly frightened. She did not expect Arielle to be capable of poisoning her without a trace.

Even Miranda was cowering with terror in the corner of the room as she clutched her chest.

"What do you want?" the queen asked through gritted teeth.

“Cancel your deal with Aaron, let us leave peacefully, and never use this matter to trouble my bodyguard again.”

“You’re not getting out of here alive if you kill me,” the queen said viciously, unwilling to back down from Arielle’s threat.

Arielle sneered. How naïve.

“With all due respect, Your Majesty, you really are a stupid woman. I’ll just tell everyone that you have succumbed to an illness for which you’ve contracted my services. Unfortunately, I found out that there is no cure for your terminal illness.” Arielle shook her head with mock sadness before adding, “What exactly did the king see in you, I wonder? Definitely not your brains, Your Majesty.”

Her words struck a chord.

The queen had only managed to marry Dylan due to the efforts of the queen mother. If it weren’t for her, Dylan would have been unwilling to fulfill their marriage contract. Aaron might never have been born if it had not been for the act of his grandmother against his father on the night of our wedding.

“Insolence!” she shouted at Arielle. “Treason!”

The queen was so furious that she wanted to sentence them to imprisonment on the spot. Before she could open her mouth, Arielle spoke again while smiling at the queen’s outburst, “Twenty-five minutes to go!”

“She really is capable of doing this, Mother,” Aaron pleaded. “Just give in, will you?” Knowing his mother well, he could tell that she was just being stubborn. By speaking up, he was saving her ego.

Although he knew that Arielle wouldn’t kill his mother, he was familiar with his mother’s temper. He was aware of how ugly things would get if she got infuriated and refused to allow Arielle and her bodyguard to leave.

Though unwilling to let Arielle and her companion go unpunished, the queen knew that survival was much more important. If she lost her life just for the momentary satisfaction of her ego, it would all have been in vain.

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Chapter 1446 The Antidote

The queen stared at Arielle for a long moment. Then, she reluctantly said to Aaron, “Leave the antidote behind. You can bring them away.”

It was Aaron’s turn to look at Arielle, who declared coolly, “Don’t worry. As long as I leave the palace safely, your poison will be cured.”

The queen was vexed that her fate lay in someone else’s hands. Eventually, she waved for Aaron to lead Arielle’s group away.

Aaron tried to hold Arielle’s hand as they left, but she would not allow him to do so. She hastily dodged him and eyed Vinson meaningfully before leaving the room.

Vinson side-eyed Aaron before following Arielle out.

The queen realized then the extent of her son’s one-sided crush on Arielle. Exasperated, she advised, “Aaron, that woman doesn’t like you at all.” She looked at him and added, “Nico has a great personality. She’s beautiful, kind, and generous, and she’s a perfect candidate for your consort. Your grandmother and I like her very much. You’d better drop any feelings you have for that woman and spend some time with Nico. I’m sure you’ll fall in love with her eventually.”

“I’ll think about it,” Aaron replied dismissively before leaving to follow Arielle.

Meanwhile, Arielle and Vinson had just left the queen’s palace when they saw Sybil pacing anxiously outside. After some thought, Arielle walked toward him.

Sybil lifted his head then and spotted Arielle approaching him. He immediately broke into a smile. Before he could say a word, Arielle’s cold voice drifted over. “Tell His Majesty that I’m fine.”

Her instruction stunned Sybil. How does she know that I'm here under His Majesty's orders?

He did not have much time to dwell over her knowledge, however, as he remembered how anxious Dylan was. Concerned that Arielle would immediately rush home, Sybil said, "Ms. Moore, His Majesty was extremely worried for you. Now that you're fine, could you pay him a short visit?"

Throughout this time, Dylan had been concerned over the princess' injuries. He remained worried despite sending a chef to prepare her daily meals, and he longed to leave the palace to visit her. Unfortunately, Sybil prevented him from doing so. However, now was the perfect opportunity to arrange for the princess to visit Dylan instead.

Arielle had planned to sound out Dylan anyway, so she promptly agreed to Sybil's suggestion.

She said, "You can lead the way. I've been meaning to thank His Majesty for his care."

Sybil smiled and walked ahead. Vinson and Arielle exchanged a glance before following behind him.

Aaron, who had just exited the queen's palace, saw the three of them together and was stunned by how much they looked like a family. He shook his head to clear his mind of those thoughts. Instead, he directed a menacing glare in Vinson's direction. A family? Hmph! Even if there's a family here to speak of, it should be Arielle and me! Someone as lowly as a bodyguard doesn't deserve to be with her!

"Ari!" he shouted to catch her attention.

"I'm going to meet His Majesty. You can head back if you're busy," Arielle replied coldly. She did not wish to be involved with him further.

Aaron insisted, "I'll go with you."

He knew Arielle was upset because of his mother's actions.

Arielle merely shook her head and refused. She had her reasons for meeting Dylan, and Aaron's presence would only complicate her agenda.

She warned, "Aaron, if you don't want me to hate you, please don't appear in front of me for the time being."

Aaron was heartbroken at that. He lowered his eyes and suppressed the crazed look that threatened to appear in his gaze. I can't do anything that'll scare her away.

"I suddenly remembered that I have some things to attend to, so I'll get going. You can meet my father with Sybil. When you're leaving the palace, have Sybil arrange for a chauffeur to send you home." After a hasty farewell, Aaron turned and left without waiting for Arielle's response.

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Chapter 1447 Covering Things Up

Arielle stared at Aaron's departing figure for a long time before retracting her gaze. Then, she followed Sybil to meet Dylan. Her actions did not escape Vinson's notice. He glanced at the faraway Aaron with an inexplicable expression in his eyes.

Soon, the three of them arrived at Dylan's palace. The king was waiting in his study at that time. Instead of informing Dylan of his surprise visitor, Sybil led them straight to the study's door.

He knocked twice on the door.

Dylan was looking at a photograph of him and Maureen when someone knocked on the study's door. He hastily shoved the photo into a book on his table and asked, "Who is it?"

"Your Majesty, I have Ms. Moore with me."

Sybil's words had barely left his mouth when they heard a loud noise coming from within the study. A few seconds later, the door opened from the inside.

Dylan's eyes were glued to Arielle the moment he opened the door. After appraising her carefully, he heaved a sigh of relief and muttered, "It's great that you're not hurt."

Arielle had noticed that the king was unusually concerned over her wellbeing, and she began to think that Vinson's hypothesis was correct.

Before she could utter a word, Dylan invited her into his study.

The study was a space of privacy. As such, the king did not entertain guests in the room. Anyone allowed into the room was highly regarded and trusted by the king.

Arielle entered the study with nary a hint of hesitation. Vinson was about to go in with her when Sybil stopped him and pointed downstairs. Vinson immediately caught his meaning and followed the man away.

A smile cut through Dylan's stern expression when he saw Arielle walking into his study.

He pointed at the couch beside his desk and gestured for Arielle to sit. "Have a seat."

Arielle nodded and took a seat on the couch.

"Would you like to drink anything?" He was a bit nervous now that he was alone with Arielle.

She was about to reject his offer when she remembered her motives for visiting him. She changed her mind and smiled at him before requesting, "A cup of coffee, please."

Dylan was about to call Sybil and instruct his subordinate to prepare the beverage. However, the moment his hand touched his phone, he thought of doing something else. He smiled at Arielle and said, "Wait here for a while. I'll prepare it for you."

Then, he left the room before Arielle could say a word.

He was smiling the entire time. My princess can enjoy a cup of coffee that I brewed for her.

Meanwhile, a dumbfounded Arielle stared at Dylan's merry gait as he left the study beaming. She thought that the king would relegate a task as menial as brewing a cup of coffee to his servants, and she was surprised that he had offered to do it himself.

Is it really him? Could it be?

Her suspicions prompted Arielle to get up and scrutinize the study. She wanted to find any clues about his identity, yet after surveying the room, she came up empty-handed. Are my guesses wrong?

She was questioning her assumptions when Dylan returned. He seemed shocked to see her lingering around his desk. Arielle reacted as though she was caught red-handed, and she pointed at a book on the table, asking, "Could I borrow this book?"

Dylan was naturally delighted that Arielle wanted to borrow a book from him. He happily agreed to her request, only to regret his decision immediately when Arielle picked up the book. In his haste earlier, he had stuffed the photograph of him and Maureen in that very same book.

How can I talk my way out of this if Arielle discovers the photograph? Could I cover the truth up? After all, I disguised myself back then. Even if she sees it, I'm sure she'll only wonder why I have Maureen's photograph.

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Chapter 1448 Only Her

Although Dylan believed he could hide the fact that he was the man in the incriminating photograph, he felt safest if the book was in his hands. With that thought in mind, he approached Arielle, planning to take the book away from her while he handed her the cup of coffee. Alas, Arielle placed the book on the couch where she sat. Dylan could only watch the book as though it was a ticking time bomb.

Arielle received the coffee from him and took a sip. Her eyes lit up in delight. She did not know that the king could brew a mean cup of coffee. The body of this coffee is excellent!

Dylan's eyes appeared to brighten in joy when he noticed her delight. He looked at her and asked, "Is the wound on your arm almost healed?"

Little did he know that Arielle's wound had opened up again thanks to Aaron. Arielle shook her head and said, "I accidentally knocked into something, and the wound reopened. I guess it'll take a few more days for it to heal completely."

She had barely finished her sentence when Dylan rushed to her and fretted over her. "Why are you so careless? Did you cover it with a fresh dressing?"

"Why do you care so much about me?" Arielle finally voiced the question brewing in her heart when she saw the worried look in his gaze. Her sudden query shocked Dylan to no end. His heart skipped a beat, and he gently let go of Arielle's arm before retreating backward.

He stared at Arielle's questioning gaze and pondered a suitable response. He eventually explained, "I invited you here to share your medical expertise. That

makes you an esteemed guest of my palace. Caring about my guest is part of my duties, is it not?"

Arielle did not believe his words one bit. If he's telling the truth, there are plenty of better doctors in Chanaea. Even if I'm not here, he can easily find a better expert in the country. Why does it have to be me?

"I suppose you know Maureen Moore," Arielle said nonchalantly as she stared at him. She phrased it as a statement instead of a question.

The mention of Maureen's name caused something inexplicable to flash through Dylan's eyes. She's mine and Maureen's daughter. Why do I feel such a strong urge to acknowledge our relationship once she mentions her mother's name?

Still, in consideration of his current situation, Dylan shook his head gently in denial.

He asked, "I don't know who she is. Why would I know her?"

After that, he stared at Arielle with his heart in his throat. Our daughter is too intelligent. I was just a bit kinder to her, and she almost discovered our relationship. Thank God I reacted quickly, or I would've fallen for her trap.

"You really don't know her?" Arielle challenged, shooting him a dark stare. She did not know why he denied any knowledge of her mother.

"I really don't know who she is." Dylan pretended as though he was utterly clueless about Maureen. He looked at Arielle and added, "Who is she? And I assume she's a woman? Where is she now?"

"If you don't know her, then it's fine." Arielle got to her feet and hugged the book to her chest. She continued, "Anyway, I have other matters on hand, so I won't continue to take up your time."

Since Arielle claimed to be busy, Dylan could hardly keep her in the palace. He accompanied her downstairs and instructed Sybil to arrange for a chauffeur to send her to the hospital.

Arielle furrowed her brows and piped up, “I don’t want to go to the hospital. I want to return to Paelsford Manor.”

Her words immediately brought a frown to Dylan’s face. He argued, “You can’t. You haven’t recovered from your injuries, so you should stay in the hospital for a few more days. You can return to the manor once they’ve taken out the stitches.”

Arielle shook her head and replied, “I’m a doctor myself. This injury hardly necessitates a stay in the hospital. I don’t want to waste their resources. If I don’t feel well, I can treat myself at home.”

She had not been to medical school or Paelsford Manor for many days. The Wilhelms’ prolonged silence was worrying, and she wondered if they were in trouble.

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Chapter 1449 Jealousy

Faced with Arielle's insistence, Dylan stopped pressuring her to go to the hospital. Still, he cautioned, "Then, monitor yourself carefully when you're resting at home. Apart from that, you shouldn't go to medical school for the time being.

When your wound eventually recovers, get it checked one last time at the hospital. There is plenty of staff in Paelsford Manor. Feel free to instruct them to help you around the manor. Don't try to do everything alone and risk injuring yourself further."

His incessant nagging caused Arielle's gaze to darken. She replied lightly, "I know. Don't worry."

The chauffeur had brought the car over in the meantime. He got out and opened the front passenger door for Arielle. She exchanged a glance with Vinson before settling in the backseat with him. After bidding Dylan farewell, she ordered the chauffeur to drive off.

Having noticed Arielle sitting with her alleged bodyguard in the backseat, Dylan frowned and asked, "Sybil, don't you think the princess is exceptionally kind to her bodyguard?"

His words piqued Sybil's suspicions as well.

"You're right. She even argued with Her Majesty so that he could enter the palace," Sybil muttered.

Dylan's eyes dimmed in response.

Meanwhile, out of the chauffeur's sight, Vinson reached beside him and held Arielle's hand tightly.

Arielle shot him a glance and drew circles in his palm. The ghost of a smile appeared on his face, and he tightened his grip on her hand.

Forty minutes later, the car pulled into Paelsford Manor. Arielle led Vinson into the manor.

During her stay, she maintained a good relationship with the help. When they saw her return with a new bandage around her arm, all of them rushed forward to fawn over her.

"I'm fine. It's just a minor injury," Arielle reassured them with a smile.

The chef piped up, "Would you like to eat anything? I'll prepare it for you right away. Go upstairs and get some rest in the meantime."

"I miss your fish chowder."

"One fish chowder, coming right up."

The chef happily strolled into the kitchen to prepare Arielle's requested dish, while the rest of the help dispersed to perform their own tasks.

Arielle led Vinson upstairs and pointed at a nearby room, explaining, "This is my bedroom. The other one is my parents', and Pat stays in his own room over there."

At the mention of Pat, Arielle raised her brows meaningfully and added, "He seems to like you a lot."

"What's wrong with that? Don't you like me a lot too?" Vinson whispered beside her ear. He had wrapped his arms around her from behind and tucked his chin on her shoulder.

His sudden hug came as a surprise. Arielle elbowed his stomach and hissed, “There are many housekeepers here. I don’t want to give our secret away.”

In response, Vinson lifted her and turned around. He opened her room door and walked inside.

“Sannie, I didn’t like the way you looked at Aaron.” With Arielle in his arms, Vinson recalled how she had looked at the prince, and displeasure brimmed in his gaze.

“Vinson, I—”

Before Arielle could say anything more, Vinson had covered her lips with his. He only released her just as she thought she was about to pass out from lack of oxygen. He stared at her swollen, red lips as a subtle hint of darkness flashed through his gaze.

Arielle lifted her eyes and stared at Vinson. She muttered, “Vinson, Aaron could be my younger brother.”

“What did you discover?” Vinson asked as he stared intently at her.

Arielle explained her discovery in the study and how it tied in with Vinson’s earlier theory.

“But when I asked the king if he knew my mother, he said he didn’t,” Arielle said with a frown.

Vinson could tell from her words that she already had a new plan in mind. He asked, “What’s your next step?”

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Chapter 1450 Paternity Test

Arielle's brows were tightly furrowed in displeasure as she replied to Vinson, "I was planning on doing a paternity test with him, but it could be challenging to get a sample."

There were several methods of conducting paternity tests, though each was difficult to carry out under Arielle's circumstances. Vinson suggested, "If you can't get anything from the king, what about Aaron?"

Now that he knew Aaron was possibly Arielle's younger brother, his animosity toward the man had reduced significantly.

"Aren't you unhappy about my interactions with him?" Arielle looked at her husband and continued, "You got jealous when I spare him even a single glance." Subconsciously, Arielle's hand traced her swollen lips.

Vinson smirked. Well, things are different now. He did not know that Aaron was potentially her younger brother. Now that their familial relationship was a distinct possibility, Vinson was open to the idea of changing his jealous behavior toward the man. I mean, I still don't like him, but I'm no longer as averse to him as before.

"So, will you follow my suggestion?" "Vinson, if the king is truly my biological father..." Arielle trailed off hesitantly. She lowered her eyes in indecision.

Sensing her turmoil, Vinson wrapped her in a hug and advised tenderly, "Let's not worry so far ahead. We should confirm if he's truly your birth father first. We can think about the rest later."

She leaned into his embrace and nodded.

Arielle felt as though she was becoming more dependent on Vinson. In the past, she would have dealt with every problem that came her way alone, regardless of its complexity. However, ever since she met Vinson and started a relationship with him, she was always a little reliant on him when she ran into trouble.

She could not tell if her dependence on him was a bad thing. After all, having someone trustworthy to rely on was a happy and fortunate thing in life.

While Arielle and Vinson happily embraced each other at Paelsford Manor, Aaron was stewing in jealousy in the corner of a bar.

“Would you like a drink, mister?” A woman that was dressed revealingly came over with a drink in hand when she saw Aaron brooding silently in a corner. His cold and haughty demeanor intrigued her.

She bent down and practically put her assets in full view of Aaron. Then, she looked at him with her large, doe eyes and enchanting gaze. Her voice was soft and seductive.

Aaron looked at her and spat, “Get lost!”

She had not expected him to be this hostile, yet it only boosted her interest in him. No man had ever escaped her charms alive.

“Playing hard to get, I see.” The woman arched a brow and teased, “I like that!”

After that, she moved to face Aaron directly and placed a hand on his seat, intending to lean into him. To her dismay, Aaron pushed her away and glared daggers at her. He threatened, “Get lost. Don’t make me repeat myself.”

His frosty tone left no room for misinterpretation. The woman finally realized what was going on. He’s not playing hard to get. He just doesn’t like women!

She dared not test her luck further and scrambled off in search of her next target.

“What’s wrong? Isn’t she totally your type?” Bernd wheeled himself over to Aaron, stunned after witnessing his friend’s fierce dismissal of the woman.

Aaron vehemently downed the remaining pint of his beer and said, “That was in the past!”

“Bad mood?” Bernd arched a brow questioningly.

Aaron placed his empty mug on the table and looked at his friend. He asked, “Bernd, how would you make a woman fall in love with you?”

At the moment, he looked as lost as a child.

Bernd returned his stare and deadpanned, “You’re the prince, for God’s sake! Which woman wouldn’t be dying to marry you? Why waste your mind on such a useless concern?”