

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1421

Chapter 1421 Privacy

Arielle pushed the door open and left the infirmary. At that time, the school was quiet because most of the students were already asleep. After checking her surroundings, she rushed up the stairs with Vinson following closely behind. Arielle then quickly opened the door to her office and went inside with Vinson.

“I—” Before Arielle could finish her sentence, Vinson went up to her and kissed her overbearingly. Arielle eventually gave in and went along with the intense and passionate moment.

The lights in the school shone into the office through the window. Right then, Vinson’s desires intensified when he saw the expression Arielle had on her face.

He then bent down and carried her up onto the bed before unbuckling his leather belt. As he leaned his bulky body toward her, his eyes were filled with the love he had for her. With his head lowered, he gently kissed her forehead, nose, and extremely seductive lips.

Two hours later, Arielle was leaning tiredly in Vinson’s embrace. After giving her a kiss or two, he carried her into the bathroom. By the time they got out of the bathroom, another hour or so had passed.

After a few hours of steamy interaction, Arielle was lying lazily in Vinson’s arms under the blanket. Where did he get his energy from? How is he still capable of nailing me for more than an hour in the bathroom after two hours in bed?

Vinson kissed her forehead and asked in a deep voice, “Are you heading home tonight?”

“Since it’s so late already, no.” Arielle had already informed the chauffeur that she’d be staying over at the school that night.

Vinson’s eyes flickered when he heard that. He then immediately turned over and pinned her down.

Arielle widened her eyes in puzzlement and asked, “You want more?”

“Well, I’m not satisfied.” Vinson kissed her again.

Since she wasn’t heading back, they got to spend the entire night together.

When Arielle woke up the next day, Vinson had already left the room.

She then whipped out her phone and listened to a voicemail Vinson sent her. He told her to stay at the school from then on, and he’d sneak in whenever possible.

Arielle curled her lips into a smile. Doesn’t he get exhausted?

Arielle was in a great mood throughout the day. Although she tried to suppress her joy, Aaron had noticed it right away. Since he was paying attention to her every move, he could more or less judge her mood.

“What are you so happy about? Did something good happen?” Aaron smiled and asked.

In response, Arielle scoffed and retorted, “What does it have to do with you?” She realized she was showing too much of her emotions after a blissful night with Vinson. I have to conceal my emotions better.

Upon getting shut down by Arielle, Aaron could only smile wryly in response.

In fact, it was meant to be a casual question without any ulterior motive.

Aaron disregarded her wariness against himself and asked with a smile, “Hey, it’s Saturday tomorrow. Since you don’t have any classes tomorrow, is there anywhere you’d like to go? I can bring you out.”

Arielle shook her head because she wanted to spend the day with Vinson. “I have something going on tomorrow.”

Aaron’s eyes flickered. Since she’s unfamiliar with the place and its people, what could she have planned for herself?

He pretended to be nonchalant and queried, “What is it? May I go with you?”

“It’s a private matter!” Arielle answered and gazed at him intently. “Why do you need to ask so many questions? So that you could send your men to stalk me and keep an eye on me?” With that, she turned around and left.

Aaron was rendered speechless. Does she think I’m that kind of person?

Arielle went back to her office after leaving the classroom. That morning, she’d already told the chauffeur that she’d be staying over at the school from time to time, and she didn’t need him to drive her around anymore.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1422

Chapter 1422 Fight

Arielle left the lesson plan on her desk before bringing a set of clothes with her to the bathroom. By the time she got out of the bathroom, she saw Vinson sitting at her desk and using her computer.

“Why are you here so early?” The sky had just turned dark, and she was worried about him getting caught.

Vinson moved his chair toward her and pulled her in by her waist. While sitting on his lap, she instinctively wrapped her arms around his neck. Vinson kissed her on her lips and said, “I came because I miss you.”

After getting separated, Vinson finally realized how much he loved Arielle. He loved her so much that he wished to be with her at all times.

Blushing, Arielle acted calm and urged, “You have to be careful.”

Indeed, since they weren't in Chanaea, they'd be in deep trouble if they got caught.

“Okay. I know,” Vinson answered before looking at her and asking, “Do you have a hairdryer here?”

Arielle nodded and pointed at the bedside table. Vinson acknowledged it and carried her toward the dressing table. There, he took off her shower cap and blew dry her hair attentively.

Arielle checked her phone and saw that Sonia had sent her a text asking if she wanted to hang out with her the next day. Obviously, she rejected her because she wanted to spend time with Vinson.

A few minutes later, Vinson started combing her hair after he was done blow-drying it.

Arielle couldn't help but smile when she saw Vinson in the mirror. She could see the love he had for her by looking at how attentive he was.

"Have you had your dinner?" Vinson asked after combing her hair. He'd even kept away the hairdryer and comb for her.

Arielle shook her head in response. She went to shower right after she was done with her work, so she hadn't had the time to have a bite yet.

"I'll bring you out for dinner, then. I'll wait for you across from the school." With that, Vinson kissed her and left.

Arielle smiled and took her keys and her purse before heading down the stairs. Since the sky had turned dark, she was walking toward the entrance of the school under the moonlight. After spotting Vinson's car from across the road, she ran her fingers through her hair, which had been ruffled by the breeze, before walking toward him.

Suddenly, she stopped in her tracks when she saw four burly men walking toward her. Right when she was about to defend herself, two of her bodyguards appeared out of nowhere.

There, two of them were fighting the men off and protecting Arielle at the same time. They weren't going to let those four men get near to her.

Since Arielle wasn't one to back down from a fight, she clenched her fists and started throwing punches as well. Indeed, she wasn't a weak and defenseless woman.

Vinson immediately darkened his gaze upon seeing that. He got out of the car right away and joined the fight.

Initially, those four men thought they could get rid of Arielle easily. Not only did they not expect her to fight, but they also didn't know she had bodyguards around her. The four of them suddenly whipped out their weapons after exchanging glances with each other.

One of Arielle's bodyguards got careless and suffered a slash to his arm. Despite getting injured, he was still protecting her bravely, and as a result, he got stabbed a few more times. As for the other one, he was stabbed in his abdomen, thigh, and back. Just like that, both of her bodyguards were defeated.

One of the armed men then approached Arielle. Before he could get to her, Vinson managed to send him flying with a kick. Right then, one of them dashed toward Arielle.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1423

Chapter 1423 Injured

Seeing that, the bodyguards rushed forward to shield Arielle. However, one of the other men aimed a hard kick at them and sent them flying through the air. Arielle saw the blade moving swiftly toward her, but it was too close, and there was not enough time for her to dodge the attack.

A second later, she felt the blade slash her arm, and crimson blood flowed from the wound.

Watching Arielle getting injured made Vinson see red. He grabbed the knife from the man's hand and stabbed the latter repeatedly. I'll make sure that whoever dares to harm Arielle will suffer in kind tenfold or even twentyfold.

Vinson was out for blood, and three out of the four men wound up with severe injuries. Realizing that there was no way for him to complete his mission, the man who was not seriously injured shot Vinson a glance before fleeing.

Suppressing the pang in his heart, Vinson turned to Arielle and asked calmly, "Are you okay?"

Arielle noticed the worry and pain in his eyes. She shook her head and said, "I'm fine. It's nothing serious."

The two bodyguards turned to her, their gazes brimming with guilt as they had failed to protect her.

"We're sorry, Ms. Moore. It was our fault you got injured."

Arielle shook her head again and replied, "It wasn't your fault."

Vinson hid the pain he felt as he gazed at her wound and said, “I’ll take you to the hospital.”

Knowing that he was worried about her, she nodded in agreement.

Vinson did not speak Turlenese, so Arielle was the one who spoke to the doctor at the hospital.

The bodyguards took the opportunity to contact Morrison and informed him about the assassins. Recognizing the gravity of the situation, Morrison reported it to Dylan immediately.

Dylan paced in circles anxiously after learning about the news of Arielle’s injury.

“Sybil, I want to go and see her.” It would be impossible for any father to calm down after finding out that their child was hurt.

Sybil understood Dylan’s worries and did not attempt to dissuade the latter. Even if the king rushes out in the dead of night to see the princess, everyone would merely think it was because he thought highly of the doctor he just invited here. They wouldn’t think anything more of it.

Over at the palace, the queen looked grim as she gazed at Miranda.

“What did you say? She only suffered a minor injury?”

Miranda nodded. I had no idea Arielle was skilled in fighting either. We knew two bodyguards followed her everywhere, but no one knew she could fight.

“The assassins we sent reported that a man skilled in combat suddenly joined Arielle. Otherwise, they wouldn’t have suffered such a crushing defeat.”

The queen’s gaze darkened. There are no excuses for a defeat. I spent so much money to get the best fighters, yet they still failed just like that. They’re nothing but a bunch of good-for-nothings!

Her face clouded over as she muttered in frustration, “After what happened today, she’ll surely be on high alert. It won’t be that easy to attack her in the future.”

Even with her bodyguards, I thought that sending four men would be enough to take Arielle down. The four men were highly-ranked fighters, and any one of them should’ve been able to take her life. I never imagined they’d turn out to be so useless and incapable of doing anything.

Meanwhile, Miranda hung her head without daring to make a sound. She had personally handpicked those four assassins. Now that the mission had failed, she was fearful it would mean trouble for her.

After pondering for some time, the queen finally said in a grave tone, “Let’s set this matter aside for the time being. We can’t let anyone find out it was us.”

Miranda breathed a sigh of relief when she heard that. She had been terrified of incurring the queen’s wrath.

Looking up at the queen, she said in an ingratiating tone, “Your Majesty, I heard that His Majesty has gone to the hospital.”

“Did you make sure you didn’t leave any traces? He cares so much about that doctor from Chanaea that it wouldn’t do to let him know that I was behind it.”

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1424

Chapter 1424 I Want To Feed You

The queen stared at Miranda intently, and she sounded nervous. She could not help feeling a little anxious after learning that Dylan had gone to the hospital.

Miranda had served the queen for many years, so she was well aware of everything that went on between the royal couple.

Seeing how distressed the queen was, Miranda hurriedly assured her that there was no way the king would not be able to pin the incident on her.

Her words put the queen at ease.

Although I don't have any love for him, I don't want to ruin the image he has of me in his heart.

Over at the hospital, Arielle was finally admitted into the hospital's ward after Vinson's repeated requests. I'm a doctor myself, so no one knows my body better than I do. But he was so concerned that he kept urging me to get admitted. He insisted that I get an intravenous drip to reduce the inflammation. I knew resisting would be futile, so I had no choice but to give in.

Her bodyguards had also sustained serious injuries and were admitted into the ward next door. Since there was temporarily no one standing guard inside Arielle's ward, the couple did not have to worry and could be much more relaxed.

Vinson had planned to pick up Arielle and take her out for a meal, but they wound up encountering the assassins. After making sure Arielle was comfortable, Vinson went downstairs to buy some food. Since he could neither read nor understand Turlenese, he could only mime at the sellers, then hold out his wallet so that they could take the money on their own.

Twenty minutes later, Vinson returned to the ward with the pasta he had just bought.

He picked up a forkful of pasta and held it up to Arielle's mouth, "Eat up."

"I only hurt my left arm, Vinson. I can eat by myself," she said rather exasperatedly.

Smiling, Vinson replied, "I want to feed you. Can't I?"

Can I even refuse? Obviously not. He's already holding the fork up to my mouth. Being waited on hand and foot like a child made Arielle feel both helpless and contented at the same time.

After feeding her a few mouthfuls of pasta, he held out some salad to her. "Have some of this too."

Arielle took a few bites, then smiled at Vinson. "It's just a minor injury, but why do I feel like I've become a cripple?"

"That'd be a good thing. I could lock you up and take care of you for the rest of your life," said Vinson. That way, no one would ever be able to harm you.

Arielle stared at him wordlessly.

Vinson's lips curved into a smile when he saw that she was at a loss for words. After discarding the food containers into the trash can, he was about to cut up some fruits for Arielle when he heard the sound of footsteps from outside the ward.

It was very noisy, and it sounded like there were many people.

Sensing something amiss, Vinson quickly set aside the grapes and strawberries he was holding.

Arielle had also realized there were people approaching. Just like Vinson, her guard went up.

Knock! Knock!

Hearing the knock on the door, Vinson got up to open it. Since whoever it is was able to knock on the door, that shows it's someone who knows Arielle.

Fraught with worry over Arielle, Dylan rushed inside the room as soon as the door opened.

Arielle was somewhat surprised to see who it was. Why is His Majesty here?

"Your Majesty, what brings you here?" she asked, moving to get down from the bed. However, Dylan waved his hand to stop her.

It pained him to see her getting down from the bed even though she was injured, and he quickly prevented her from doing so by saying, "You're injured, so you shouldn't get down. Just sit there."

I'm here to make sure she's all right, not to make her suffer even more.

Arielle nodded calmly. Even though he's the king of this country, I don't feel nervous when I see him. I wonder if that's because he acted as my tour guide before this. Instead, I feel a sense of familiarity. But why is he here? Why would the king come all the way to see me? Even if I died, there are countless other doctors in Chanaea. Is it necessary for him to hold me in such high regard?

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1425

Chapter 1425 Someone Wants Me Dead

Dylan did not know what was running through Arielle's mind. Spotting the white bandage around her arm, he asked with a pained look in his eyes, "How did you get hurt?"

Recalling how the four assassins had attacked her, Arielle answered coldly, "Someone wants me dead."

"What?" Dylan widened his eyes in astonishment. She's here as an esteemed guest at my invitation. Who would dare to target her?

"I don't know who wants to kill me, but if it weren't for the bodyguards and this passerby, I'd probably be dead by now." Arielle glanced toward Vinson as she spoke. He was the passerby she was referring to.

Just moments earlier, Arielle had thought of a plan that would allow Vinson to stay by her side.

Dylan's expression darkened. I don't care who it was. I won't let anyone who dares to lay a hand on her get away with it.

"Don't worry, Ms. Moore. I'll find the culprits as soon as possible," he declared solemnly, concealing how upset he felt.

There's no way I'll spare the lives of those responsible for this.

Arielle gazed at him and said, "It's important to capture the culprits, but it's even more important to find out who was the mastermind behind the incident."

She was curious to know who she had angered to the point that the person actually sent assassins to kill her.

“Absolutely,” Dylan replied with a nod.

Even if she hadn't mentioned it, I would've made sure to investigate the matter. The woman I loved the most gave birth to her. She's my daughter and my most beloved little princess. How dare someone try to assassinate her under my watch? Whatever it is, I have to give her an explanation.

Meanwhile, Vinson had been quietly observing Dylan ever since Arielle greeted the latter with “Your Majesty.” Xavier said there's only one person named Dylan, and that's the king. Arielle also enquired about the man in the photo and learned that he looked nothing like the king when he was twenty years younger. We suspected that Arielle's father went under the alias Dylan to date Maureen. That was our guess at the time. But I've just realized that the king seems overly concerned about Arielle.

After hearing Arielle mention that a passerby had saved her, Dylan's gaze fell upon Vinson as Arielle pointed toward him. He gazed Vinson up and down, studying him carefully.

He looks like an average person on the surface, but he has a unique air about him that contradicts that impression. Nonetheless, I'm truly grateful to this passerby for saving her. If he hadn't stepped in to help, the consequences would've been disastrous.

He walked over to Vinson and patted the latter's shoulder. “Young man, you've done a heroic deed today. Tell me, what is it that your heart desires? As long as it's within my power, I'll grant you anything you ask.”

When speaking to Dylan, Arielle would subconsciously use Ustranasion because that was what she had used during their very first encounter.

And since Dylan also spoke to Arielle in Ustranasion, he used the same language when speaking to Vinson without even thinking about it.

Quietly withdrawing his scrutinizing gaze toward Dylan, Vinson looked at the latter and answered calmly, “It was no big deal, Your Majesty. There’s no need to reward me.”

A hint of a smile appeared on Dylan’s stern face when he saw how humble Vinson was. “It isn’t no big deal. Ms. Moore is someone extremely important to me. Saving her life is just like saving mine. Just go ahead and tell me what you want.”

Although Dylan emphasized the word “extremely,” Vinson’s attention was caught by another sentence.

Saving Arielle’s life is just like saving His Majesty’s life? He shot a discreet glance at Dylan.

He looks different from that man in the photo indeed. Even if his appearance were to change over twenty, thirty, or even forty years, there would still be some resemblance.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1426

Chapter 1426 He Has Guts

Vinson's gaze darkened. It looks like he's really not my father-in-law. I need to switch up my strategy to locate him.

As the thought crossed Vinson's mind, he saw Dylan was about to speak when Arielle's voice rang out.

"Your Majesty, he's quite skilled in combat. Do you think he could stay to protect me?"

Dylan had not expected to hear that suggestion from her. But it does make sense. After all, her life is under threat. Now that she has met someone who can protect her in critical situations, it's understandable that she'd want to hire him as a bodyguard.

Moreover, he had already heard of what happened to the bodyguards, and he was alarmed to hear how badly injured they were. I probably wouldn't have had the chance to see my precious daughter again if it weren't for this young man's help. I'm worried for her safety. We haven't caught the culprits yet, and they failed in their mission. Hence, it's likely that there'll be another attempt on her life. I won't let anyone harm her again, not even a single hair on her head. It seems that it's indeed time to get her a better bodyguard.

Dylan's gaze shifted to Vinson subconsciously, and he asked, "What's your name?"

"My surname is Knightley," Vinson replied, changing it from 'Nightshire' to 'Knightley.'

"What do you work as? How did you become so skilled?"

Arielle furrowed her brows as she glanced toward Vinson. She had come up with the plan of letting Vinson become her bodyguard at the last minute. Hence, they had not discussed anything beforehand, and she did not know how Vinson would handle Dylan's questions.

Vinson looked at Dylan and replied in an apologetic tone, "My apologies, but I'm afraid I can't answer that."

I haven't gotten everything in order yet. If I make up an answer recklessly, what'll happen if the king sends someone to look into it? The best solution is to reveal nothing. That way, he won't have any clues to help him dig up any information about me.

Dylan was stunned. I'm the king, yet he dares to talk to me in that manner.

Pretending to be enraged, he fixed Vinson with a stern glare and said, "You know who I am, but you still dare to talk to me like that?"

Vinson raised his eyebrows. "Everyone has their secrets. Moreover, you're not a tyrant. Why wouldn't I dare to talk to you like that?"

Dylan was secretly a little pleased when he heard that. Not bad. He has guts!

Gazing at Vinson, he said in a sincere tone, "I'm truly grateful to you for saving Ms. Moore from such a dangerous situation. Unfortunately, the danger hasn't passed. Since you're a skilled fighter, I wonder if I could hire you as Ms. Moore's bodyguard for the time being."

"That's..." Vinson turned to glance at Arielle, a torn look on his face. "I still have some business to attend to, so I'm temporarily—"

Without waiting for Vinson to finish his sentence, Dylan cut in and said, "I'm willing to hire you at three times your current salary."

Arielle also looked up at Vinson. Well, well... He puts on quite a convincing act. Even though he desperately wants to be my bodyguard, he's acting as if it's an imposition.

“Mr. Knightley, I'm sure you know I'm a doctor and that your king specially invited me here. Turlen lacks medical practitioners, so I'm here to impart my knowledge. But you can see for yourself the predicament I'm in. I'd feel much more at ease with you by my side to protect me,” said Arielle while looking at Vinson with an earnest expression.

Vinson's eyes flitted to Arielle imperceptibly. I wouldn't have expected anything less from my wife. She's on the same page as me and has a tacit understanding of my actions. If I agree too quickly, I might arouse the king's suspicions. After all, I'm only a stranger in his eyes. But if I pretend to hesitate and the king is serious about hiring me, it'd work more to my advantage.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1427

Chapter 1427 Planned

And once Arielle persuaded him to stay, the plan would be a success. As though he had made a tough decision, Vinson turned to Dylan and Arielle and nodded. “Since Ms. Moore has said so, I guess I have no other choice but to agree.”

Arielle curled her lips into a smirk. What a waste that he isn't an actor! On the other hand, Dylan was delighted upon hearing his words.

After all, it was the first request Arielle had asked of him. If he failed to do it, it would be embarrassing for him. He did not want Arielle to recall this matter in the future when they acknowledged each other and thought that he was an incapable father who could not even hire a bodyguard.

Therefore, he was elated to learn that Vinson had agreed to be Arielle's bodyguard. That would only not provide ample protection for Arielle but also save his pride.

Nonetheless, he believed that one bodyguard was not enough. I still have no idea who the mastermind is. I should enlist more bodyguards. At that thought, he turned to Arielle and said, “For your safety, I've decided to send more men to follow you.”

She furrowed her brows. “Thank you for the offer, Your Majesty. It's just that I don't like too many people following me around.”

She did not see the need to have more bodyguards with Vinson's presence.

Dylan waved his hand dismissively, gesturing to Arielle that there was no need to persuade him. She's my daughter; how can I allow anything to happen to her again?

“Ms. Moore, I know you don’t like many people following you, but this is an entirely different situation. No one will be able to imagine the consequences if someone attacks you again.”

Yet, his kind intention had put Arielle in a difficult spot.

Watching Dylan’s behavior from one side, Vinson instinctively scrunched his brows tightly. He thought the former was giving off a strange vibe. Though Arielle is the doctor the country invited over, isn’t his concern a little too excessive?

I finally escaped being spied on and made Vinson my bodyguard. Yet now, he wants to add more bodyguards around me. That’s going to get in the way. Arielle’s eyes glowed as she thought.

Suddenly, an idea came into her mind. Looking at Dylan, she remarked, “If that is so, I shall thank you in advance then, Your Majesty. It’s just that...”

Arielle pretended to look as if a little hesitant to speak. Seeing her unconvinced look, Dylan said, “Go ahead and say anything on your mind. I’ll try my best to fulfill them as long as they’re within my capabilities.”

That was what she had been waiting to hear from him!

Averting her gazes to Dylan, she frowned as she explained, “Having so many people protect me will surely attract attention and cause suspicions.”

Convinced that Arielle made a lot of sense, Dylan fell into deep pondering.

Since someone has tried to assassinate Arielle, who knows when comes the next ambush? I’ve only thought of increasing security personnel but failed to consider how too many people around her will attract even more attention. By doing that, it’s equivalent to telling everyone that she’s an important person the country highly protects. It seems like there’s a need to think of a perfect countermeasure.

Guessing what was going through Dylan's mind, Vinson suggested, "It's fine to add more bodyguards to safeguard Ms. Moore's safety. If you're afraid it's too eye-catching, a good option will be for them to follow in the dark."

Dylan was instantly enlightened by Vinson's suggestion.

"That's a fair point. We shall do that, then. Fortify protection in the dark. Avoid affecting Ms. Moore's daily life and arousing the attention of others."

Dylan was a fast learner. Vinson only proposed a viable idea, and he would follow quickly.

As much as it seemed like a suggestion from Vinson, it was, in truth, pre-planned by the man.

Luckily His Majesty isn't suspicious at all and follows whatever I say.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1428

Chapter 1428 A Search

“All right! We shall proceed with your commands. Since you’re now Ms. Moore’s personal bodyguard, you’ll be fully in charge of the rest of the matters. As for the other bodyguards, Morrison will bring you to select them after Ms. Moore’s discharge from the hospital.”

“Sure.” Vinson nodded in acknowledgment. Of course, he had to put in extra hard work at the selection of bodyguards for Arielle.

After, Dylan sat down and engaged in a small talk with Arielle for a while longer.

He was like a father as he asked her if she needed anything, wished to eat anything or do anything, and what interests she had.

In any case, he had thrown a lot of questions for a really long time.

Arielle could not get used to Dylan’s enthusiasm. However, at the thought that he was the leader of the nation yet had once lowered his status to be her tour guide, she reckoned it was not a good idea to brush him off, so she eventually shared with him her interests truthfully. When Dylan received the answers he wanted, he left joyfully.

He had made such a hasty visit this round mainly because he wanted to check on Arielle himself. Having verified that she had sustained only minor injuries and was not in a life-threatening condition, he could finally be at ease.

About half an hour later, various types and sizes of fruit baskets filled the entire ward. Someone claiming to be Dylan’s personal chef also paid his visit, explaining that he would be entirely in charge of Arielle’s meals during her stay in the hospital.

Arielle and Vinson exchanged glances. What does that supposed to mean?

The man picked up a tropical fruit in his hand, with puzzlement written across his face. “Don’t you think His Majesty behaves rather odd toward you?”

Arielle nodded firmly. “Yes, indeed!”

She shared the same sentiments—that Dylan had viewed her with high importance.

“Do you think he knows something about your father?” Vinson finally popped the question after staying silent for a long moment.

Arielle cocked an eyebrow and looked at him. “Why would you say that?”

She could not even bear to think of that!

“It’s none other than his attitude toward you that raises my suspicions,” Vinson solemnly said as he gazed into her eyes. “The fact that he can use His Majesty’s name to study abroad at Chanaea implies that this person has a good relationship with His Majesty. Even if he gets exposed that he’s not the real Dylan, he won’t be held accountable for the consequences.”

The more he analyzed, the more he thought he made sense.

Arielle was dumbstruck by Vinson’s words. Could it be like what Vinson says?

However, on second thought, she reckoned that scenario was impossible. If His Majesty is acquainted with my father, why didn’t he tell me anything while I’m here for so long?

“Vinson, your analysis sounds so logical I almost believe you. But I don’t think that’s truly the case. If he has news about my father, why didn’t he tell me about it despite my time here?” Arielle raised a brow and stared at the man as she spoke. That inevitably made him doubtful of whether he had indeed analyzed it wrongly.

Standing up, Vinson peeled an apple and passed it to Arielle. “Well, that makes sense too. Let’s change our direction and continue searching, then.”

Arielle bobbed her head since she had coincidentally thought the same way.

“Following my original plan, I’m thinking of investigating in secret. But I don’t think this method works anymore since his name is fake. Our only lead is his photo.” She paused slightly before adding, “Let’s do a high-profile search. Print copies of his photos and paste them along the streets. I’m sure he’ll contact us if he sees it.”

She believed that was the only way out at that point.

Conversely, Vinson frowned, an obvious sign that he was against her idea.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1429

Chapter 1429 Putting Her In Danger

Maureen's death was related to the people of Turlen. The fact that those people have grudges against her and killed her must have something to do with Arielle's father. If we search for him so openly, that will undoubtedly attract the attention of those culprits who killed Maureen. Wouldn't that put Arielle in an even risky position? No way. I can't put her in danger.

"Sannie, that's not a good idea. It'll only expose your identity." Vinson was very serious as he rejected Arielle's suggestion.

She knew he was worried that those people would come after her. Despite so, she believed there was no better way to do it than the method she proposed.

"Tell me what I should do then. His name is fake. What else can I do other than pasting his photo everywhere so that he knows we're looking for him?" Frustration was building up within Arielle so much that it became apparent on her face. She could not wrap her head around why her father had used someone else's name, which resulted in the great difficulty for her looking for him.

Unable to come up with a good idea in such a short time, Vinson comforted, "Let me think of something else. If we really can't think of anything, it's not entirely a no to using this method. It's just that we can't let Harvey return for the time being."

While Arielle and Vinson were brainstorming for ideas to find her father, on the other side of things, Dylan had made a surprising revelation. He had his brows knitted into one line as he recalled how he had conversed in Ustranasion with the young man who saved Arielle earlier at the hospital.

How did he know Ustranasion? Could it be that he has once gone abroad too?

Dylan presumed he was absolutely precise with his conjecture. Howbeit, he had no intention of pursuing the matter of the young man sneaking overseas. After all, he had always yearned for the world outside. If not for the laws restraining him, his relationship with Maureen would not have suffered such a fate.

But it's good that the man knows Ustranasion. At least it's easier for us to communicate. Besides, if someone overhears our conversation, they won't know what we're talking about either. Great!

Back at the hospital, Arielle was on the brink of falling asleep after the drip. Vinson carried and shifted her slightly inward, making space for himself to lie beside her so that he could hug her. In the man's warm embrace, she felt an insurmountable sense of security.

"Aren't you afraid of getting noticed?" she deliberately asked.

Tightening his arms, Vinson whispered in a deep voice beside her ears, "Is your husband that useless? Do you think I'll get caught that easily?"

Arielle flashed a slight smirk and proceeded to close her eyes. Shortly after, Vinson could hear light and steady breathing coming from her. Gently lifting his body, he stole a peek at her, and upon seeing that she was sound asleep, he tenderly left a peck on her cheek before closing his eyes.

The next day, news of Arielle running into thugs and being hospitalized spread throughout the school. Unbothered about attending his classes, Aaron instead reached for his phone to call Arielle to ask for the hospital's address.

Arielle had turned on the speaker mode then, and upon learning that he was asking for the address, she rejected it without hesitation.

"It's merely a minor injury. You don't have to make your way here." Since she had decided to keep a distance from him, she did not see the point in allowing him to visit her. Furthermore, Vinson was around. I have to give this jealous man ample security.

Hearing that, Aaron turned grim and immediately hung up the phone. Does she think I won't be able to find her if she refuses to give me the address?

Without hesitation, he made a phone call to Sybil to ask for the hospital's address, intending to head over after that. Little did he expect that someone would stop him before he could do so.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1430

Chapter 1430 He Will Get Jealous

Staring straight into the person's eyes right before him, he wrinkled his brows in displeasure. Why is she here? "Aaron, let's visit Ms. Moore together," Sonia said with her gazes fixed on him.

She had wanted to visit Arielle since learning about the latter's situation. But she happened to see Aaron making a call with a scowl at the school's main gate. Vaguely, she overheard him mentioning Arielle's name. The quick-witted her could instantly surmise what that man was up to, and hence, she decided to hurry over to him and say those words.

The truth was, she could have gone on her own. But recalling Arielle's tip about seizing one's own happiness, she thought it was the perfect opportunity to ask Aaron along for the hospital visit. Well, I shall give it a try now. At least I won't live in regret even if we don't end up together since I've given my all.

Unfortunately, Aaron's gazes were full of hostility. He did not like anyone to have a good relationship with Arielle—both male and female. But thinking about it further, he figured that it was not a bad idea for Sonia to tag along. If Arielle sees Sonia around, she can't possibly throw all of us out.

With that thought in mind, he showed his rare gentleness as he muttered, "Let's go."

In truth, Sonia had mentally prepared herself for rejections. Hence, when she heard Aaron's answer, she was initially stumped before she regained her senses and quickly followed behind the man.

At the hospital, Vinson flashed an ambiguous smile at Arielle.

“Why are you looking at me this way?” she said crankily. Didn’t I already reject Aaron from visiting?

Blessed with an excellent memory, Vinson knew the caller’s identity based on his voice alone. And unquestionably, he was irked and upset about that.

Indeed. He was pretty sure no man could tolerate and pretend to be happy to hear the voice of their beloved woman’s suitor.

“He called you Ari,” Vinson uttered as he stared hard at Arielle. His voice had an undetectable tinge of grievance in it.

I knew he’ll get jealous!

Narrowing her eyes, she planted a sloppy kiss on his lips.

She tried to pull a composed look despite her slightly blushing red face. “Are you happy now?” That was exclusive to Vinson, and no one else could get the same treatment.

Needless to say, Arielle’s method worked wonders. Vinson felt so much better at once.

“Nope!” he exclaimed. And in the next second, he raised his hand, pulled Arielle’s head toward him, and kissed her passionately.

“Um... Uh...”

Vinson did not let her go until the intense kiss had gotten her breathless. Looking at her slightly red and swollen lip, he lifted his lips into a satisfied grin.

At the sight of his appearance, Arielle purposely claimed, “At that look of yours, it somehow makes me feel like I’m having an affair.”

Hearing those words, Vinson ran his fingers over his face and turned to Arielle with a somber expression. “So what do you think I should do? Should I throw this face away and use my own face instead?”

In fact, he felt rather uncomfortable even without Arielle mentioning it. After all, he was making out with his wife while using someone else’s appearance. How could he not find it strange?

“Of course not!” Arielle raised her chin slightly and firmly declared her stance.

Does he not care that others might think he’s an illegal migrant with his Chanaean face here?

Vinson chuckled at her reaction. I can’t believe she takes it so seriously when I’m just joking with her.

“I know. I’m just teasing you.” His grin grew wider than before.

Rendered speechless by the man’s reply, disgruntlement flashed in her beautiful eyes as she gawked at him.

Is this that fun to play a prank on me?

Just as she was about to speak, she heard a knock on the ward door. Vinson stood up and walked over to open the door.