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Is Arielle married to Vinson instead of some old man?

Impossible! This is absolutely impossible!

Arielle is a country bumpkin. How is she worthy of Vinson who is such a fine specimen of a man that even I dare not fantasize about?

It must be a coincidence. I must have been mistaken.

As if to prove Yvette wrong, Vinson walked over to Arielle's side and wrapped his right arm tenderly around her waist.

Without a word, the gesture confirmed all of Yvette's suspicions and more.

Her last scornful remark of Arielle never finding happiness returned to her like a slap in the face.

Yvette's face was drained of color as an overwhelming feeling of dissatisfaction and rage engulfed her.

Why? How dare she?

Why does a country bumpkin like Arielle get

to marry Vinson and all that I'm good for is Mason, this useless degenerate?

Yvette clenched her fists hard, not feeling her nails digging deep into the flesh of her palms.

Vinson gently pulled Arielle's coat over her shoulders before casting a cold glare at Yvette and Mason. "I am putting up with you guys for the last time. If I catch you disrespecting my wife again, I will make sure you regret it."

Combining his icy cold threat and his large frame, Yvette and Mason were left cowering in fear.

Vinson's presence was not something an ordinary person could withstand. Even less so for Mason and Yvette who were bullies and who dared not stand up to people putting them in their place.

When Vinson turned to face Arielle, his expression switched back to one of warmth and tenderness, completely at odds with his hostile behavior. Yvette felt so jealous that she wanted to throw another tantrum.

"It's getting chilly," Vinson said gently to Arielle. "Get in the car before you catch a cold."

"Okay." Arielle nodded. Without sparing Yvette and Mason another glance, she turned and walked toward the Maybach.

Vinson remained behind. "If you wish to stay in Jadeborough, leave her alone. Arielle is my wife now. If you bother her again, I'll take it as a provocation against me."

He gave the couple a final cold gaze before departing.

Yvette felt beads of sweat rolling down her temples as she watched Arielle and Vinson climb into the Maybach.

The sound of the doors slamming shut alerted Yvette to the fact that she and Arielle had become people from two different worlds.

Arielle's world is one where she will never have to worry for the rest of her life, whereas mine is...

At the thought of the prospect of her own

marriage, Yvette's knees gave way like a lifeless doll, with her gaze remaining dully on the ground.

Mason jumped and hurriedly caught Yvette who did not even push him away as she did previously

Mason felt his heart leap with joy before realizing that something was wrong with Yvette.

Her eyes were unfocused. At that moment, she seemed indifferent toward the entire world, even him.

"Yvette! Yvette!" Mason shouted in a panic.

Is there anyone who can help me?

The only people who responded were his bodyguards who were even more shocked than he was.

Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.

... Wait! I Have Something to Say!

Send a Gift to the Writer!

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When Vinson entered the Maybach, the chauffeur noticed his scowl and tactfully lowered the blinders.

Being a large man, Arielle felt the air in the car compressing as it was displaced by Vinson's body

Coupled with the sudden change in atmospheric pressure within the vehicle with the fact that the chauffeur had lowered the blinders, Arielle felt deeply uneasy.

Vinson, on the other hand, looked as carefree as ever.

Arielle kicked herself for being so easily frightened.

It's only a sham wedding. Why do I have to be as nervous as an actual new bride?

Arielle was inwardly frustrated when Vinson suddenly handed her a document that looked like an agreement

"What's this?" she asked in surprise.

"The ground rules which you've laid out," Vinson answered carelessly. "I've taken the liberty of drawing up an agreement. Go ahead and sign it if everything looks good to you. We'll each keep a copy."

Stunned, Arielle dropped her eyes to the

agreement.

It was so detailed that it filled an entire page. In a formal and somewhat pompous air, Arielle was "The Wife" while Vinson was "The Husband."

Arielle thought that Vinson had drawn up the agreement with the purpose of taking advantage of her. Upon closer inspection, she realized that she was the benefactor in almost all of the terms while they were constrictive for Vinson. One of the terms stated that "If The Husband is found to be overly intimate with the opposite sex, The Wife has the right to call for a divorce and up to a hundred percent of The Husband's asset as alimony."

There was only one constraint for her. She, too, was required to not be overly intimate with the opposite sex. If she was found to have violated the agreement, she too would be required to surrender all of her assets as alimony.

In other words, it was an agreement that only benefitted her.

Arielle gazed at Vinson in shock.

"Vinson," Arielle blurted. "Did you draft this agreement?"

He nodded. "Yes, I did. Is there anything wrong?"

"No, there isn't." Arielle replied as she pointed at the agreement. "Did you make a mistake? Why are there so many constraints on yourself?"

"Don't worry; there is no mistake." Vinson gazed deep into her eyes. "If you have no other comments, go ahead and sign it."

Arielle was flabbergasted. He seems awfully sure he didn't make a mistake. What reason does he have for doing so?

Vinson seemed to have read her thoughts. "This is the only way to assure you to marry me without any worries, is it not?"

Arielle jumped, question after question racing through her mind. "Vinson, you're not in love with me, are you?"

That is why he proposed to me so many times. To appease me, he even went ahead and drafted so many constraints for himself.

Out of Arielle's sight, Vinson's fist clenched slowly

A couple of seconds later, he looked away. "Though I don't hate you," he declared, "I don't like you that way too. You're not worthy. This is only a sham wedding, so don't get any ideas."

Arielle was indignant. "Who do you think you are for me to develop feelings for you?"

"Let's keep it that way." Vinson grunted.

Arielle gritted her teeth and signed the agreement.

This only benefits me. Why shouldn't I sign it?

It's better if Vinson doesn't like me. If he does, I won't agree to this marriage! If feelings were to get in the way, it wouldn't be a simple sham wedding anymore.

After both parties signed the agreement, the pair of them turned away from one another to gaze out of their windows.

The silence was so palpable that it seemed to solidify in the air.

After ten minutes, the Maybach rolled to a stop before the entrance to a private restaurant.

Arielle got down and looked at the sign. Being greeted by the words "Maureen's Kitchen," she froze.

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Maureen...

Maureen Moore...

Isn't that Mom's name?

"What are you standing there for? Go on!" Vinson said, interrupting her stunned reverie as he gave her a little shove from behind.

Arielle entered the restaurant without comment, dismissing the naming as a coincidence.

It was only eleven in the morning, the restaurant was nearly empty as it was not lunchtime.

Arielle glanced around and thought the decor to be expansive and simplistic. Though it looked good, she found nothing special about it aside from the name

Arielle sat across from Vinson without a word. She did not speak until Vinson started browsing the menu. "What is special about this restaurant?"

"Why? Is it not good enough?" Vinson asked, glancing up at her.

"No, I don't have many demands about that." She shook her head. "I just thought that you would bring me to an exotic restaurant that was difficult to make reservations."

"You like foreign food?" Vinson asked, his eyebrows raised

"No." She shook her head once more. "I just thought that... Ah, never mind. Forget I asked."

When Vinson had said "You don't know your husband well enough," Arielle thought that he would at least take her to somewhere much pricier than this. She did not expect to be brought to a place where an entire family can get full for the price of an appetizer.

However, she meant what she said about not being particular about what she ate.

Arielle dismissed the peculiar feeling and after ordering her meal, she passed the menu to Vinson.

Vinson ticked off several items on the menu for himself before summoning the waiter.

It did not take long for the food to arrive.

Upon the very first spoonful, Arielle detected a familiar taste.

Initially, she did not think much of it. She simply thought that the chef had a knack to cater to the taste of the general public.

Upon the second bite, the sense of familiarity became stronger, as though it was food that she had had many times before.

In disbelief, Arielle tasted a different dish. The sense of familiarity did not only diminish but became more overwhelming. It was as if she had been here once before.

How is this possible?

Arielle gazed at Vinson. "Have I been here before?" she asked Vinson in wonder.

"Yes, you have." Vinson nodded a tender smile spreading across his lips.

"How do you know?" Arielle demanded, her

astonishment growing,

Vinson wiped his mouth with a napkin before responding, "I've investigated old articles regarding your mother. There was an old photo of you taken by the paparazzi of your mother bringing you here. It seemed that you were brought here more than once. I thought you might like it here."

Arielle felt her nose twinge. Gazing at the food before her, she felt an old forgotten sense of warmth creeping up her heart. It was as though her mother had brought her here again.

Arielle suddenly recalled the first instance of her surprise when they arrived.
“What about the name of the restaurant?”

At that, Vinson snapped his fingers.

The waiter who had brought them their food earlier reappeared with a smile as he placed an agreement before her.

She glanced at the title and found it to be a transferal agreement of the restaurant.

“Is this your restaurant?” Arielle asked, comprehension dawning on her face.

“It’s yours after you sign that.”

Arielle gazed back at the agreement.

“You...” she began, unable to find the words as

she clutched the document.

Vinson cleared his throat. “This is my wedding gift to you. Do you like it?”

Arielle nodded as tears welled up in her eyes, rendering Vinson’s face a blur before her.

But that did not matter as Vinson’s face was already etched in her memory.

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“Thank you.” Arielle choked.

“Why are you crying?” Vinson stood up uncertainly as he leaned over and wiped her eyes.

“I’m not.” Arielle said with a shake of her head. “I’m just happy. Thank you.”

Vinson sighed. “If I knew you were going to cry I wouldn’t have done this.”

I only wanted to see her smile. Not her tears.

Arielle's fingers tensed up at his words before slackening. She felt the toughness of her heart give way as it was being filled with something soft and warm.

"Vinson, though you have plenty of issues" Arielle hiccupped="you're a good man after all."

"Are you praising or insulting me?" Vinson frowned

"It's a compliment. Take it." Arielle wiped her tears and looked at him seriously. "Whoever marries you in the future will be very lucky."

"Are you referring to yourself?" Vinson gazed at her.

Arielle forgot that she was already married to him.

owners was enough to attract scores of new customers.

At the dining table, Arielle was trying hard to compose herself by focusing on her meal.

Though she said nothing throughout the rest of the meal, her heart was bursting with happiness

My tastebuds clung on to my past even if my memories did not

I used to have this with Mom all the time,

Vinson did not interrupt Arielle's thoughts. Instead, he focused on his own meal.

When she was almost done, Vinson finally

spoke. "Do you recall anything?"

Arielle took a moment to return to the present. "Are you hoping that I will regain my memories?" she asked.

"Yes, I do." Vinson nodded, "You have a lot of things you don't remember, do you? Instead of searching for evidence from another place or person, why don't you try and look within? Anything you remember might help to locate your mother."

"I know." Arielle said wearily. "But it's no use. Before I returned, I had consulted many doctors with the hopes of regaining my memories, but

nothing worked."

"That was because you were still away" Vinson said firmly. "Now that you are back, try revisiting some familiar things. It will be more effective than any treatment."

"Maybe..." Arielle's voice trailed off. She took a deep breath and smiled. "No matter what, I think I've made progress by recalling the taste of my childhood here. I will come back more often in the future."

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"Come whenever you want. This restaurant is yours, anyway."

Arielle was about to thank him when Vinson raised a hand to stop her. "Save it if you're going to thank me again. I've heard it so many times over the course of this meal that I'm sick of it."

As he spoke, he stuck his fingers into his ears.

Arielle burst out laughing. "What kind of person does not like receiving thanks?"

As she spoke, her phone, which was on the table, rang

With a glance at the screen, Arielle was informed that Larissa was calling.

She glanced at Vinson before picking up. "What is it?" she asked without hesitation.

Larissa told her everything about the people who had turned up to the wake. "Has she gone crazy?" Arielle asked with a hopeful smile.

"I'm pretty sure she was cross-eyed. I don't think it was an act, though. It looks like this has really hit her hard. Be careful, Ms. Arielle."

"I know." Arielle nodded. "Aside from that, did anything peculiar happen?"

"There's one more thing, but I'm not sure if I

should tell you."

"Speak."

"Uh... I heard Mr. Actonward telling your father that you saved his life at the Actonward residence. It should be a good thing, but Mr. Southall looked a bit strange after being told about that..."

Arielle's face fell. "I know," she repeated before hanging up.

"What is it?" Vinson asked, noticing the change in her expression. "What happened? You were smiling just a minute before."

Arielle set down her cutlery, "Good news and bad news," she said in an air of forced calmness. "Which do you want to hear first?"

"I'll have the good news first," Vinson said after considering for a moment.

"The good news is that Cindy is so traumatized by Shandie's death that she isn't right in the head anymore, though I'm not sure if she is faking it. After all, acting deranged has been known as an efficient method to obtain Henrick's trust."

Vinson frowned. "It doesn't sound like good news. What about the bad news?"

"Henrick is beginning to suspect me," Arielle

said with a grim look on her face,

Vinson raised his eyebrows. "What makes you think that?"

Arielle recounted what Larissa had told her earlier. "He is a man full of doubt," she concluded as she heaved a sigh. "During the barista championship, I was positive that he was beginning to suspect me. But brewing coffee isn't particularly difficult, is it? Anybody can make fine latte art with some practice. However, the medical arts take much more than that to achieve mastery. It is impossible to do so without systematic studying from a mentor."

Vinson fell silent. "Arielle," he said after a while. "Now can you tell me where you learned all of it?"

Before she could respond, Vinson added, "If you are not willing to share, you don't have to tell me anything."

Arielle bit her lip as she clutched the transfer agreement in her hand. "Actually, I didn't stay in the village at all."

She paused to allow Vinson to react. However, he remained impassive.

"You already know?" she asked, shocked.

"I guessed it. There is no way for someone to

grow up in a village to have encountered so many things like latte art, chess, and most

astounding of all, your medical skills. The only thing that I do not know is where you grew up."

"Do you know the Wilhelms?" Arielle asked.

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After a moment's thought, Vinson asked, "Are you referring to the famous psychologists?"

"That's them." Arielle nodded. "They were the ones who saved my life. They're also my adoptive parents."

Vinson's eyes widened in shock. After several seconds, he found his voice. "No wonder you knew how to treat PTSD. But if I remember correctly, you employed traditional Chanaean medicine, didn't you? Did the Wilhelms teach

you that as well?"

"Yes, they did." Arielle nodded again. "They are not just psychologists. Being aware of the power of the unexplored branch of medicine, they are conducting deep research on traditional Chanaean medicine. To be more accurate, they wanted to learn ancient Chanaean medicine. That was the reason why they came to the village to learn from an expert who lived in seclusion there. It was by fate that they found me abandoned there and took me with them. That was why I grew up abroad. The rumor of me growing up in the village is a lie i fabricated at great expense."

"That explains everything." Vinson stared at her. "Everybody thinks you came from the village.

To think that you are the famous adopted daughter of the Wilhelms!"

"Yes, they are very good to me. However, I still cannot reveal their identities."

"I understand." Vinson fell silent again. "Tve suddenly recalled," he exclaimed. "There is a name that might be of help to you."

"Who is it?" Arielle asked, her eyes brightening up.

Vinson gave a mysterious smile. "It looks like we have to resume our act as loving husband and wife for a while."

Half an hour later, the Maybach rolled to a halt outside the Southall residence.

Most of the mourners had already departed when Vinson and Arielle arrived. Being engaged in conversation with Henrick, only Russell remained.

His eyes brightened at the sight of Arielle. "Sannie!" he cried with a smile. "You're back. Where did you go? I didn't see you earlier."

Arielle studied Henrick carefully. True enough, the doubt which was never there before appeared in Henrick's eyes when she appeared before him.

Before that day, Henrick had never looked at her that way.

Arielle pretended not to notice as she greeted Henrick like she normally did before returning Russell's greeting. "I took care of some business with Vinson."

It was at that moment when Russell noticed Vinson. "Mr. Nightshire," he said at once with a courteous nod.

"Hi" Vinson responded tersely. "How are you feeling today, Mr. Actonward?"

Russell thumped a fist on his chest. "I'm doing great! As long as nothing weird happens at home, I feel strong enough for anything."

Vinson appeared pleased with Russell's answer. He took the lead in the conversation. "I'm happy to hear that. If you still feel unwell, you could look for Dr. Jankowitsch at Carter's hospital. Though he is a psychologist, he is a student of the Wilhelms who is skilled in ancient Chanaean

"No need for that," Russell interrupted. "I don't need any other doctor when we have a miracle doctor standing in our midst!" He beamed at Arielle.

Arielle noticed that Henrick's scowl had deepened.

She was about to say something when Vinson spoke again. "Arielle got her skills from Dr. Jankowitsch. What she knows pales in comparison to his. She is not even worthy of the title of miracle doctor. All that she knows is because of Dr. Jankowitsch."

"What?" Russell and Henrick were startled.

"Sannie, where did you learn medicine from?" Henrick asked urgently.

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The trap has been sprung, and these fools have fallen into it. "Yes, I grew up in the village," she said with a nod as they had rehearsed. "From where could I have learned medicine? It was a while ago when Vinson brought me to meet Carter that we coincidentally saw Dr. Jankowitsch saving somebody's life. I thought it was interesting, so I learned a couple of moves from him. I didn't expect to put it into use one day!"

Henrick appeared satisfied with the explanation

as his suspicion toward Arielle decreased visibly.

Russell, on the other hand, was in awe. "If you were able to save my life with just a couple of moves, Dr. Jankowitsch's skills must be

formidable."

"Yes, they are," said Arielle with a smile. "However, the Wilhelms are even better. Mr. Actonward, you actually owe your gratitude to Dr. Jankowitsch and the Wilhelms. Not to me"

Russell nodded, his gaze toward Arielle dipped in admiration as he did not attempt to conceal his disappointment.

I have gone out of my way to attend the funeral just to be able to meet my savior. If I knew that Arielle had learned it from somebody else, wouldn't have come here to waste my breath.

Russell cleared his throat. "I've overstayed my

welcome," he told Henrick. "I must be going. Goodbye, all."

"Thank you for coming. Let me see you out." Henrick departed with Russell.

When he returned, Arielle was pleased to see Henrick smiling again. Though she heaved a sigh of relief, she did not let her guard down.

"Sannie, Mr. Nightshire, how was your Wedding?" Henrick asked, appearing in the best of spirits.

Arielle showed him her marriage certificate, looking like a young girl deep in love. "Dad, look. This is my marriage certificate."

"Excellent." Henrick smiled contentedly at the sight of the certificate. He took it and studied it for a long time before returning it reluctantly to her.

"Would you like to spend the night here, Vinson?" Henrick turned suddenly to address Vinson

Arielle's smile froze. Henrick is going too fast with this, isn't he?

It didn't take long for him to be on a first-name basis with Vinson.

Besides, does Vinson staying over mean that/ have to share my room with him?

Arielle turned to give Vinson a warning look, hinting that he should find an excuse to reject.

Vinson did not even look at her. "I would love to. On our way over, Sannie was saying that she did not dare to sleep alone. As her husband, I must oblige her."

Arielle wanted nothing more than to yell at him, but there was nothing she could do in front of Henrick besides maintain her fake smile.

Henrick's smile widened even further. "Then I'll have the servants clean Sannie's bedroom and put in a larger bed for your stay. We will move her to a larger room in the future for your convenience should you choose to visit."

"Thank you, Dad."

Henrick laughed heartily at being greeted in such a manner by Vinson.

Arielle glanced at Vinson, bewildered. This fellow seems to be getting into character really quickly

At that moment, a servant came running down the stairs. "Mr. Southall, the lunch that we brought up to Mrs. Southall was smashed to pieces by her. Would you like to come up and have a look?"

Henrick scowled. "Leave her alone if she doesn't want to eat," he grumbled. "She will eat

when she's hungry. Let's see how long she keeps this madness up."

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Arielle played dumb and pretended to ask in confusion, "What happened to Aunt Cindy, Dad?"

"She couldn't accept the fact that Shandie is dead and has been causing a ruckus, so I had someone lock her in her room. Wouldn't want to scare the guests who have come to mourn," Henrick replied with a sigh.

Arielle nodded. "Aunt Cindy really loves Shandie and treats her like her own daughter, even though she was adopted. It's only natural that she doesn't take too well to her sudden death."

Henrick cleared his throat awkwardly upon hearing that. "Ahem... No need to concern yourself over this. She'll come to terms with it over time."

"But... We can't just let Aunt Cindy stay depressed like this. Prolonged grief can be really bad for her body. How about we have Dr. Jankowitsch take a look at her?"

Henrick arched an eyebrow at her and said, "That's a good idea. Will he be willing to travel all the way here?"

Vinson was quick to reassure him, "Don't worry, Dad. I'll give Dr. Jankowitsch a call right away and have him come over!"

"All right, then! Thank you very much, Vinson!"

"No need to thank me. We're family, after all!" Vinson said as he pulled out his phone and gave Klaus a call.

To ensure that everything would go smoothly for Arielle, he had already told Klaus about their plan when he came over that morning

Klaus said he wasn't on duty that night and could pay them a visit right away.

Vinson then hung up the phone and told Henrick, "He'll be here in half an hour.

"Thank goodness Dr. Jankowitsch is able to make it. With his medical skills, I'm sure Cindy will be back to normal very soon!" Henrick exclaimed while breathing a huge sigh of relief, completely oblivious to the sudden twinkle in Arielle's eyes as she thought of an idea that would destroy both Cindy and Matthias in one

go.

Naturally, Vinson noticed that look in her eyes and whispered to her when Henrick was in the backyard, "Come on, out with it. Let's hear this bright idea of yours."

Arielle pouted. "What... Are you able to read minds or something?"

Vinson simply shrugged in response and waited for her to continue.

Arielle then flashed him a smile and decided to

keep him in suspense as he did before. "Looks like I'm going to have to put on another show! All you have to do is sit back and watch as everything unfolds!"

Vinson wasn't bothered by it and carried on waiting with a look of anticipation on his face.

Klaus arrived shortly after and got all excited when he saw Arielle, but he did his best to contain his excitement as told by Vinson beforehand.

He then put on his usual attitude and asked Vinson, "Where is the patient, Mr. Nightshire?"

"She's upstairs." Vinson then turned toward Arielle after a brief pause and said, "I'll go get Henrick, you can have a little chat with Dr. Jankowitsch in the meantime."

"Okay." Arielle nodded and led Klaus upstairs before sneakily handing him something when no one was watching.

"What is this?" Klaus asked in confusion.

Arielle leaned in close to whisper something into his ear, and Klaus' eyes lit up in surprise. "What? Where did you get something like this? I heard it got banned immediately after it was developed!"

"You don't have to worry about that. Just make sure you do as I say later on, okay?" Arielle said

with a faint smile.

Klaus nodded profusely and patted his chest as he reassured her confidently, "Don't worry. I'll surely put this to good use!"

"Okay!" Arielle then quickly made a shushing motion at him when she heard Henrick coming up the stairs. She even pretended to be worried and pleaded with Klaus, "Please, you have to treat my aunt, Dr. Jankowitsch!"

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Klaus felt flustered when he heard that, but he kept his composure and cleared his throat as he said professionally, "Don't worry, Ms. Moore. I've dealt with a lot of similar cases, and assure you it is no big deal. She'll be all better very soon!"

"That's good to know."

Henrick arrived on the second floor with Vinson right after she said that, and he held Klaus' hand excitedly the moment he saw him.

"Your reputation precedes you, Dr. Jankowitsch! Please, do take a look at my wife. I've just lost my daughter, and I can't imagine what I'd do if I were to lose my wife as well!"

Heh... Henrick is only trying to get Cindy treated so that she won't humiliate him with her crazed antics! Arielle thought to herself but held herself back from showing any of her true emotions.

She even added on to Henrick's words by saying, "We're all counting on you, Dr. Jankowitsch!"

Klaus nodded and turned toward Henrick as he asked, "Which room is the patient in?"

"Here, I'll show you the way!"

Henrick motioned at Klaus to follow him as he led him to the bedroom door.

The sounds of furniture being smashed against the floor could be heard the moment they opened the door, and Arielle saw Cindy throwing cups on the floor upon entering the room.

She looked up at them with her hair all messy the moment she heard them coming in, and the look in her eyes grew cold when she saw Arielle.

She looked a lot skinnier. It was as though she had aged ten years overnight.

The next thing they knew, Cindy began charging toward her with bloodshot eyes and a vicious expression on her face.

"Arielle, you b*tch! I'll kill you!" she screamed like a malicious spirit seeking vengeance, and even Arielle found herself a little scared as she had never seen Cindy like that before.

Henrick stepped forward and stopped Cindy in her tracks by wrapping his arms tightly around her waist. "Get a hold of yourself, Cindy!" he shouted out loud.

"Let go of me! She's a murderer! She must pay with her life!" Cindy shrieked and continued to struggle with all of her might.

"Someone get the bodyguards to tie her up! Hurry!" Henrick shouted while maintaining a firm grip on her.

"Yes, Sir!" The butler quickly ran off upon receiving the order.

Arielle took a moment to regain her composure before saying with an innocent look on her face, "Why would you think that I killed Shandie, Aunt Cindy? Her death really has nothing to"

"Shut up! You're going to hell!" Cindy's voice was so shrill that it hurt Arielle's ears.

Suddenly, Cindy broke free from Henrick's grip, grabbed a shard of the broken cup, and hurled it at Arielle.

As Arielle wasn't expecting a skinny woman like Cindy to struggle free like that, she wasn't able to dodge in time and instinctively shielded her face with her arms instead.

The next thing she knew, Vinson appeared in front of her and took the hit on his right shoulder

"Vinson!" Arielle went wide-eyed instantly when she saw his white dress shirt stained red with blood.

Vinson simply shook his head calmly and reassured her, "Don't worry. I'm fine."

Arielle was about to say something when several bodyguards came running in and pinned the crazed Cindy to the ground.

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"Vinson! Your arm..." Henrick came running over frantically.

"I'll be fine. Just need to get some bandages on the wound. Do we have a first aid kit at home?"

Henrick nodded. "Yes, we do! It's in my study! Follow me!"

"Okay."

Arielle was about to go with Vinson, but he motioned at her to stay put instead.

That was when Arielle realized Vinson could've pulled her away from the broken shard but deliberately let it hit him so he could get Henrick away

He knows what I'm up to! Damn it, Vinson, you idiot! Why'd you let yourself get hurt because of me? You're such an idiot!

Arielle bit down on her lip and teared up at the thought of that.

Henrick brought Vinson over to get patched up in his study

Arielle hesitated for a few seconds but chose not to go with them in the end as she didn't want to let Vinson's injury be in vain.

She took a deep breath and told Klaus, "Dr. Jankowitsch, could you please get Aunt Cindy

looked at? Her condition seems really serious!"

"Sure." Klaus nodded and the two of them walked up to Cindy who was still writhing about on the floor.

Arielle glanced at Cindy who even attempt to bite her from time to time and told Klaus, "I don't think you can treat her in this state, Dr. Jankowitsch. Maybe you should try sedating her or something."

Klaus understood what she meant and retrieved a sedative from his medical kit. He then adjusted the dose before injecting it directly into Cindy's lower back.

Cindy struggled for a couple more seconds before slowly closing her eyes, and the bodyguards then carried her onto the bed when she had stopped moving.

Arielle glanced at Cindy who was unconscious and told the bodyguards, "All right, your work is done here. Please step outside so Dr. Jankowitsch can focus on carrying out the treatment."

"Roger!" The bodyguards immediately stepped out of the room, leaving only the butler who was a little slow in the head.

It wasn't until Arielle shot him a glare that he understood what she meant and bowed before leaving the room.

Honestly, hiring a stupid butler isn't necessarily a good thing sometimes!

Arielle shook her head at the thought of that and turned toward Klaus as she asked, "You didn't give a huge dose of the sedative, right? This stuff evaporates pretty quickly, so you need to time it well."

"Don't worry. She'll wake up very soon. I used a very low dose."

"All right, I'll be on my way out too. Here's the antidote. Make sure you take it so you don't get affected," Arielle said while handing him a green-colored pill

Klaus hesitated for a bit but swallowed it when Arielle urged him to.

Arielle left Klaus in the room and headed for Henrick's study after closing the door behind her.

Vinson had taken off his shirt in the study, revealing his firm chest and abdominal muscles which were only possible due to his long-term training and great genes.

Any other woman would've dropped their jaws if they saw him, and even Arielle was quick to avert her gaze when she did.

"How deep is the wound?" she asked Henrick.

"It's a little deep... It'll take about a week to recover," Henrick said with fear written all over his face.

Although Vinson was his son-in-law, their statuses were worlds apart. Henrick was afraid that Vinson would get mad at being injured and make Southall Group go bankrupt as a result.

Fortunately for him, Vinson showed no signs of anger whatsoever