

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 351

“I know,” Matthias cut in. “She stole my drug!”

“What drug?” Cindy asked in disbelief.

Matthias told her what happened at Yvette’s birthday party angrily. “It was my fault. You suffered because of me!” He blamed himself for the mistake.

Shaking her head, Cindy assured him, “It wasn’t your fault. Arielle’s too cunning. She didn’t fall for it and even stole your drug to use it on me!”

Matthias inhaled long and deep. He grabbed Cindy’s shoulder and stated, “Cin, you need to pull yourself together. You’ll only get to leave and take revenge on Arielle once you calm down!”

In a trembling voice, Cindy answered, “The hospital belongs to the Morgans. Carter and Vinson are friends, and Arielle has something to do with Vinson. This must be a trap! I need the doctor’s approval to leave the hospital, but Arielle won’t let that happen. Matthias, I could be stuck here forever!”

Clenching his jaw, Matthias declared, “If they won’t allow you to leave, I’ll take you out! We’ll leave Southall Group behind and flee the country!”

“It’s not that simple. We’re in a psychiatric hospital, not a normal hospital. There are surveillance cameras and nurse aides everywhere to

stop patients from escaping We can't make it out of here. If you do that, our relationship will be exposed. Henrick won't let us escape easily if he finds out. He's more brutal than both

of us combined!"

Matthias punched the bed as flames of anger licked through him. "Why can't I be of help?"

Two minutes later, his eyes lit up. "I got it! We can go with our original plan. By then, Henrick will have no choice but to let you leave the hospital."

Cindy was slightly confused. "What original plan?"

"Don't you remember the medicine I gave you back then?" Matthias reminded with a smile.

Slowly, a grin tugged at Cindy's lips. "Yes, we can do that!"

When the drug takes effect, Henrick will let me leave for sure. Perhaps he would have to carry me out carefully!

"I will bring you the medicine every day from today onward. I've found a reason to visit you without alerting Henrick," Matthias revealed.

Cindy nodded firmly. "Good!"

As Matthias couldn't remain here for long, he comforted Cindy briefly before standing up to leave.

Cindy lay back in bed in relief with a calm expression on her face. I'll have to wait patiently. After I get out of this place, I can exact revenge! There's no way that brat can defeat me again!

They did not know that Arielle, who was back at the Southall residence, was watching their entire exchange in the ward.

Her gaze fell on the grin that was playing on Cindy's lips.

Besides offering Cindy an idea to leave the psychiatric hospital, Matthias also gave her hope. This must be the power of love. Hmm... I wonder what their plan could be. They were grinning from ear to ear in the psychiatric hospital.

Back at home, Henrick reverted to his normal grumpy self and kept picking on the help, claiming that they had given him scorching hot tea and didn't clean the fruits thoroughly.

Arielle went out for a stroll in the backyard and left him alone.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 352

Arielle was wandering idly in the backyard when Larissa scurried over to her. "Ms. Arielle, that young lady fainted," she whispered.

At once, Arielle got to her feet and strode toward the servants' quarters.

As Larissa had dismissed the other helpers, no one saw Arielle heading into her room.

After pushing the door open, Arielle saw the girl buried in the covers, her face drained of color. Her eyes were shut as though she were in agony.

“Sasha? Sasha!” Arielle gave her shoulder a gentle push.

Frowning, the girl started mumbling incoherently.

Arielle leaned nearer and heard her muttering, “Revenge... Blake...”

Larissa stepped in and asked worriedly, “Ms. Arielle, what should we do?”

Arielle turned at her shoulder. “I’ve bandaged her wound, so this shouldn’t be happening. Did you feed her the medicine on time?”

“Yes, I made sure she finished everything before I go to work after every meal,” Larissa answered.

Arielle was confused.

She touched Sasha’s forehead and realized it was burning. She must be having a fever of over thirty-nine degrees Celsius.

“Sasha’s running a temperature,” Arielle told Larissa. “Go to my room and grab the medical kit underneath my desk. If someone asks, tell them your distant cousin

is here to visit you but got ill.”

“All right!” Larissa spun on her heels and rushed out of her room.

Arielle pulled back the covers to check on Sasha's wound, but the latter's shoes caught her eyes instead.

Her shoes were covered with mud and had leaves stuck on them.

Did she go out earlier?

Frowning, Arielle pulled the covers further down and saw that the bandage was utterly wet.

Right then, Sasha groaned and opened her eyes slowly.

“Ms. Moore...” Her voice was weak.

Though Sasha was technically a patient, Arielle's expression fell as she demanded, “Did you go out earlier? Where have you been?”

Sasha bit her lip. “Where the car fell...”

“Nonsense!” Arielle had the urge to crack open her

skull to see what was inside.

She tamped down her irritation and declared, “Don't you know you'll die if this goes on?”

Sasha looked away guiltily. However, she refused to admit to her mistake.

The desperation and survival instincts Arielle had seen in that man no longer applied to Sasha.

She spoke gently. “I’ve sent someone to go after Blake. When there’s news, I’ll inform you straightaway. You’re badly injured, but you went out and wet your wound. If something happens to you, how will Blake react when he returns? What if he takes his own life out of misery?”

Sasha’s initial indifference disappeared as she looked up.

“I’m sorry, Ms. Moore,” she uttered, remorse filling her eyes.

Though she had no intention of troubling Arielle, she was worried about Blake.

After all, Blake was the youngest among them, and he was only eighteen years old. She couldn’t lie here and recuperate calmly when he was still missing.

“I’m sorry,” she apologized again.

Arielle sighed. “I’m glad you know your mistake.” Her

voice grew stern. “Even if I only recover Blake’s body, you can’t give up. Have hope. They are waiting for you to avenge them. You can’t die before doing that. Otherwise, you’ll feel ashamed to reunite with them in the afterlife!”

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 353

After a brief silence, Sasha made up her mind. “Ms. Moore, please do your best to treat me. I’ll definitely cooperate with you and get better soon.”

Arielle heaved a sigh of relief, for her reverse psychology worked.

“Don’t worry. I’ll decrease your temperature for now. Your wound is infected and I need to clean it again. It might hurt, so bear with it,” she warned.

“Mm!” Sasha nodded obediently.

Larrisa arrived with her medical kit the moment Arielle finished disinfecting the wound. She brought along good news as well.

“Ms. Arielle,” said Larissa happily. “Mr. Nightshire is here! He’s talking to Mr. Southall in the living room. Mr. Southall wants you there, and I told him you’re strolling in the backyard to buy you some time.”

Arielle brightened at the news. Vinson’s back!

She was actually quite worried about his overseas trip, so the news of his safe return relieved her no end.

However, Sasha’s response was huge.

“Mr. Nightshire!” She made to get up.

Arielle pushed her back to the bed. “I’ve just disinfected your wound. Don’t you move around! I’ll give you an injection to lower your temperature. Stay here. I’ll bring

him here if there’s a chance.”

Nodding profusely, Sasha returned to her original lying position on the bed.

Arielle prepared the dose and injected the medication into Sasha's body. She then told Larissa to stay here with Sasha before heading toward the living room.

In the living room, Henrick was turning down Vinson's gift.

"Why did you waste money to get me a gift on a working trip?" was what Henrick said, but he took the gift, anyway. "Can I unwrap it?" he asked.

Vinson motioned for him to go ahead, and he immediately unwrapped the gift.

There was a delicate cake sitting inside the box.

The smile on Henrick's lips froze at once.

Vinson explained, "I bought this cake from the most popular bakery in Lightspring for you. I had to queue up for two hours to buy it. I wanted to buy an expensive watch or something similar, but it then occurred to me that buying expensive gifts for my family is too much of a trouble. Thus, I bought you this cake instead."

Henrick's lips twitched as he thanked Vinson reluctantly.

At the sight, Arielle's lips curved into a smirk.

She plastered an indifferent expression on her face as she stepped into the living room. "Vinson, you're back?"

When Vinson met her gaze, for some reason, his heart started thumping furiously.

Coughing lightly, he nodded and answered, “Yes, I just got back. I have some gifts for you.”

Henrick took one look at the cake and felt extremely annoyed. “You must miss each other a lot. I won’t take up your time, then. Go upstairs and talk in your room.”

“All right. Thanks, Dad,” Vinson replied. He grabbed the other two gift boxes and turned to Arielle. “Let’s go upstairs. I have some gifts for you. You can unwrap them in your room.”

“Sure!” Arielle shot him a nod, her eyes twinkling with mirth. It seemed that she was really thrilled to be reunited with her husband after a long separation.

Vinson felt his heart racing at the sight.

When did my heartbeat become this irregular?

He pressed his chest silently and followed Arielle up the stairs.

Back in her room, Arielle put away her smile. She checked Vinson out and inquired, “How are you? Did you get hurt? Did you run into any trouble?”

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 354

Vinson started feeling himself shaking after being pulled by Arielle. Smiling, he helplessly asked, “I’m totally fine. Don’t worry!”

Arielle looked at him from head to toe again. After making sure that he was unhurt, she finally heaved a sigh of relief and said, “The guy who

hid in the dark is really devious. Try not to travel abroad as often as possible.”

Looking at the worried expression on her face, Vinson felt utterly warm.

Just then, he thought about the gifts he brought over. “Oh yeah! I bought you something. I’m sure you’ll like it.”

Arielle shook her head. “What’s with the sudden gifts? I’m not Henrick.”

“Take a look first. Maybe you’ll like it,” Vinson said, setting the gifts down on the table. “There are two gifts here. You may choose and unwrap one first.”

Arielle couldn’t bring herself to say no. She then simply picked a smaller one.

“This one!”

Vinson gestured at her with his chin, signaling her to unwrap it herself.

While unwrapping the gift, Arielle couldn’t help asking, “Did you really queue for two hours to buy a cake for Henrick?”

Vinson smiled. “I bought it at the airport.”

Upon hearing that, Arielle paused and chuckled.

At the same time, the wrapping of the gift box was removed.

It was a red velvet jewelry gift box.

The moment she opened the box, she was aghast at the sight of a pair of expensive-looking amber earrings.

Arielle knew a thing or two about this kind of ornament. Judging from their color and workmanship, they minimally cost tens of millions.

“Try them out!” said Vinson.

Arielle grunted in reply and tried to put on the earrings.

However, she hadn't worn earrings for a long time, so she seemed to have trouble putting the earring in her right earlobe.

Just as she was about to go to the washroom, Vinson suddenly grabbed the earring and said, “Let me help you.”

Arielle subconsciously wanted to reject his offer, but Vinson already started to put it in.

She had no choice but to relent.

The next second, she could feel his wrinkly hand on her earlobe. Since it was one of the most sensitive parts of the body, she couldn't help feeling ticklish.

She wanted to turn her head. Just then, Vinson's other hand reach out to support her chin before she could make a move. Holding her face, he said in a low voice, "Don't move."

As he spoke, she could feel his breath on her ear. Instantly, her ears turned bright red.

Perhaps Vinson sensed something. It took him a few minutes to put it in.

After that, he even squeezed her ear and asked, "Why are your ears so red?"

Arielle immediately slapped his hand and huffed, "Don't touch!"

However, Vinson stared at her and said, "Gorgeous!"

She was not sure if he complimented her or the earrings.

This time, Arielle would not be self-obsessed again. She replied, "I know that you have good taste. Are you satisfied now?"

Pfft! Vinson then asked, "How did you know that I'm not talking about you?"

Arielle was at a loss for words. Feeling embarrassed, she shot a glare at Vinson. "People like you... will die

alone sooner or later."

Vinson shrugged. "Impossible. I'm rich and handsome. I even have a wife. There is no way I will die alone."

His words choked her off. “Your ego is really out of this world. I’ll file for divorce tomorrow.”

“No!” Vinson immediately gave in and said, “My bad! Okay? To express my sincere apology, I’ll give you the description of these earrings.”

“What’s so interesting about the description?” Arielle was puzzled.

Vinson then handed over a document that resembled a certificate to her.

Arielle was mystified. She then flipped open it and fixed her gaze on the designer’s name.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 355

Designer: Maureen Moore

“Mom?” She turned to look at Vinson in disbelief. “My mother designed this pair of earrings?”

Vinson nodded. “I was at an auction, and it so happened that I saw the earrings. Of course, the interesting thing is that the designer is your mother. What a great coincidence!”

In fact, he had spent a lot of time and energy finding this pair of earrings.

Tears welled up in Arielle’s eyes. She was clear that the coincidence he mentioned was just a made-up story.

There are no such coincidences in this world.

She sniffed and said gratefully, “Vinson, thank-”

“Don’t mention it!” Vinson cut her off by placing his finger on her lips.
“Have you forgotten what I said earlier? What should you say instead?”

Arielle blushed. She then pulled his hand and awkwardly replied,
“Vinson, you’re the best!”

He snapped his fingers upon hearing that. “Yeah, that’s right. But I guess you have to say it again later.”

“What do you mean?”

“Take a look at the other gift!”

After unwrapping the first gift, Arielle couldn’t help wondering what the second gift would be.

Without wasting any time, she removed the wrapping of the gift, only to find that the gift was packed in a plain and undecorated bag.

However, Arielle knew that the thing inside must be something that would again take her breath away.

She then opened it. The box was filled with scented candles.

Arielle recognized that they were therapeutic candles that were made by Andrea to help one relax and prepare for sleep.

Basically, they were not available on the market, and Andrea had never gifted them to anyone. It was merely for own use.

Fixing her gaze on the candles, Arielle was at a loss for words.

Seeing her remain silent, Vinson didn't say anything. He just quietly watched her as she stared intently at the candles.

After a while, Arielle finally came to her senses. She picked up one of them and took a sniff of it. That's a familiar smell.

She turned to look at Vinson. For the first time, she took the initiative and said, "Vinson, you're the best."

Vinson was startled for a moment before putting on a smile. "If I had known that seeing Andrea would make you happy, I would have visited her earlier."

Arielle remained silent for a moment before asking anxiously, "No one found you when you were there?"

"Don't worry! I was also worried that I would cause them trouble, so I changed a couple of cars on the way there."

Arielle heaved a sigh of relief. "How are things going with Mommy and Daddy?" she asked.

Vinson nodded. "They are doing fine. It's just that they miss you."

Her eyes reddened. She quickly wiped her tears away and forced a smile. "Thank you, Vinson!"

Shaking his head, he replied, "I just dropped by."

As he spoke, he suddenly thought of something. “Oh yeah! It almost slips my mind.”

Confusion overtook Arielle’s features. She then saw him fishing out a letter from the pocket of his coat and handed it over to her. “Pat asked me to pass this to you.”

Arielle took it, but she didn’t open it immediately because she had something more important to do.

“Sasha is now in the housekeeper’s room. I just gave her

an injection to reduce fever. I think her fever is gone now. She really misses you. You should go check on her.”

At the mention of her name, Vinson’s relaxed facial expression was gone and was replaced by a solemn look.

After a brief moment of happiness, it was time to face the cruel truth.

He had already learned that Toni and Andy were killed and Blake was still missing.

If only I had killed him the other day... He felt irritated at the thought of that.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 356

Vinson nodded coldly and said, “Let’s pay respects to your sister, then.”

Understanding his intentions, Arielle kept the things he brought and led him to the backyard.

Coincidentally, since Henrick had just left, they did not need to pretend anymore. After sending the housekeepers away, they quickly entered the maid's room.

Sasha was drinking water inside.

When she heard some noises, she immediately turned to look at the entrance.

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Upon seeing that handsome man stride in, Sasha's eyes lit up as she quickly scrambled to get out of bed.

“Lay down!” Vinson walked over and pressed her shoulders down.

Thinking that it was still rude of her, Sasha insisted on standing up.

Vinson had no choice but to pass her a pillow and let her continue sitting.

Before she could say anything, tears streamed down her face.

“I'm sorry, Mr. Vinson...” Sasha sobbed. “I couldn't protect them.”

Although she was a woman, her abilities surpassed that of the other three. Hence, she thought that it was her responsibility to protect the rest.

Vinson shook his head. “It’s not your fault. My men are looking for Blake too. He’s a smart boy, so I’m sure that he’ll be fine.”

Sasha nodded, though tears kept gushing out of her eyes. She kept mumbling under her breath, “It’s all my fault.”

“Sasha.” Vinson repeated solemnly, “I said that it’s not your fault!”

“No...” Sasha shook her head vigorously. “It’s all my fault. I should’ve dragged Blake out... He’s still so young! Only my death can absolve me from my sins.”

“Shut up!” commanded Vinson grimly. “Your life’s mine. Without my permission, you are not allowed to say something like that.”

Sasha instinctively fell silent.

Sighing, Vinson said in a gentler tone, “You heard me? Other than me, no one else can take your life away—not even yourself.”

Sasha nodded and wiped her tears away forcefully.

As Arielle witnessed this scene, an inexplicable feeling rose within her.

For some reason, she felt a little upset.

Hence, she called Larissa over and left the room quietly, leaving some space for Vinson and Sasha.

After Arielle left the room, she raised her head and gazed at the sky. For once, she felt lost.

What’s up with me?

She did not know how much time had passed—it could be ages or merely ten minutes—before Vinson slowly opened the door behind her.

She turned around subconsciously and heard him say, “Why are you waiting at the entrance? I thought that you’d left.”

Arielle shook her head. “I have nothing to do now. How’s Sasha? Has she calmed down?”

Vinson mumbled an acknowledgment and said, “I’ll bring her to Carter’s hospital so she won’t trouble you here.”

When Arielle heard the word ‘trouble’, she paused for a while.

Since when did Vinson start acting so formally toward me?

However, she proceeded to mock herself. We’ve barely known each other for two months. In reality, we’re just close acquaintances.

To be honest, I don’t even really know Vinson. All I know is that he loves ravioli.

Arielle cast her gaze downward, feeling frustrated.

After two seconds of silence, she suddenly raised her head and smiled. “Okay, go ahead. The hospital is more convenient than my place, anyway. She should seek treatment quickly and get discharged sooner. Her wound mustn’t be infected anymore.”

When Arielle was speaking, Sasha called out to Vinson.

Oblivious to the complicated look that flashed past Arielle's eyes, Vinson turned around and shouted a response to Sasha. Only then did he look at Arielle and excuse himself, "Let me go in and take a look."

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 357

Arielle did not say anything else and merely nodded.

"Okay."

When Vinson entered the room, he asked, "What's the matter?"

Sasha bit her lip and asked, "Have you found Toni and Andy's corpses?"

Vinson nodded. "After hearing about the incident, I sent my men to look for you. Their corpses are with the traffic police now. After I send you to the hospital, I'll retrieve them."

Sasha's tears streamed down her face again.

Vinson said, "Don't bother yourselves with too much. Spend your effort on recovering instead. We'll host a funeral for them later on."

"Okay!" Sasha nodded firmly and promised, "I'll recover as quickly as possible!"

At that moment, it was the first time Sasha genuinely regretted sneaking out to look for Blake when Larissa was not around.

If she had not left, she could have recovered faster and met Toni and Andy for the last time before they died.

After a while, Vinson's men arrived.

Arielle instructed those in the manor whom she had bribed to free up the exit route through the back gate.

From there, she sent Sasha out.

As Vinson had not come with anyone else, he carried Sasha out himself.

Arielle followed behind silently.

She did not know what to say, nor did she want to say anything.

Vinson placed Sasha into the car carefully. Sighing, he turned around and said to Arielle, "You should go back so no one will be suspicious. Aren't there Cindy's spies in the manor as well?"

Arielle nodded and told Sasha, "Rest well, okay? I'll try my best to look for Blake."

"Thank you, Ms. Moore." Enduring the pain at her waist, Sasha squeezed out a smile.

When Arielle saw her forced smile, she felt even more bothered. I must be crazy to feel this upset. The hospital is much cleaner and more hygienic than Larissa's room. Since she's going there, why am I feeling unhappy? I should be delighted!

Arielle scolded herself for feeling upset for no reason. Forcing a smile, she waved goodbye to Sasha and closed the car door.

She turned around and said to Vinson, “I’m going back. Drive safely, okay? Her wound’s deep, so don’t make her move about.”

“Don’t worry, I know.”

Arielle nodded and returned to the manor with Larissa.

Vinson kept watching Arielle’s back until she disappeared around the corner. Only then did he avert his gaze and get into the car.

The car drove forward slowly in silence.

“I’ve always wondered...” Sasha, who was sitting on the backseat and clutching her wound, broke the silence. “About the kind of woman you’d find to accompany you for the rest of your life.”

When Vinson heard that, he remained expressionless, though his grip on the steering wheel tightened.

Feigning a look of nonchalance, he asked, “What kind of woman do you think I’d find?”

Sasha smiled and asked, “Haven’t you found her already?”

“Who are you referring to?” Vinson gulped, but his expression remained the same.

“Ms. Moore, am I right ???

A hint of an emotion crept into Vinson’s face.

He cleared his throat. “Why would you say that? We’re only friends.”

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Friends who are married.

Sasha burst out laughing when she heard that. However, having accidentally pulled on her wound, she immediately paled.

Luckily, the pain subsided quickly.

Breathing slowly, she said, “Friends? Mr. Vinson, you’ve never acted like that even toward the four of us and Mr. Morgan.”

“This is a special circumstance,” replied Vinson calmly. “I brought Arielle so much trouble, so it’s only reasonable that I should protect her.”

“Really?” Sasha shook her head in disbelief. “Just like a sneeze, love is something that can never be concealed. There’s no use in lying to me—I can still sense it.”

Vinson subconsciously touched his nose.

When he realized that he was doing that, he was stunned.

Gulping, he insisted, “I don’t know. I need to confirm it.”

Sasha asked in confusion, “Do you even have to confirm if you like somebody?”?

“Of course!”

As he had never liked anyone, he did not know how it felt like.

Hence, he needed to confirm it.

Sasha asked curiously, “How do you plan on confirming it?”

“I don’t know,” replied Vinson exasperatedly. “I haven’t thought of it yet. Do you have any suggestions?”

Sasha thought about it for a while before saying, “I have an idea. When I was at the borders of Manchernius, I liked someone. To confirm if I actually liked him, I chose to avoid him for a week. I told myself that if I could endure the wait, I merely had a good impression of him. If I couldn’t, it meant that I really liked him.”

Her words piqued Vinson’s interest.

“What happened? Were you able to endure it?”

Sasha averted her gaze and smiled bitterly. “You know how chaotic the Manchernius borders are. On the second day of my decision, I heard that he died from a bomb dropped from the fighter jets. Even his corpse couldn’t be found.”

Vinson shot a brief glance at Sasha. “I’m sorry.”

“It’s nothing,” said Sasha dismissively. “If you didn’t arrive in time and saved us four from the rebels, we would’ve died there. I’m grateful for every subsequent day that I’m alive. I was too rash just now. I promise that I will only give up on my life with your permission, regardless... regardless of whether Blake is still alive or not.”

“I’m glad that you think that way,” said Vinson as he stepped on the accelerator. “After your wound is healed, I’ll leave Arielle in your protection.”

Sasha was stunned for a while before nodding. “Yes, Sir.”

The four of them never refused Vinson’s orders.

Furthermore, she had a feeling that Arielle would become her future master as well. It was her honor to protect Arielle.

Luckily, Arielle escaped unscathed from this incident. Otherwise, Sasha would never be able to absolve herself from the guilt.

Sitting on the driver’s seat, Vinson gripped the steering wheel as a grim look crossed his eyes.

Can I endure it for a week? Do I wish that I can endure it or not?

Vinson racked his brains over it, but could not arrive at an answer. Perhaps, the answer will come soon.

Meanwhile, at the Southall residence, Arielle returned to her room and sat for a while to calm herself down.

She needed time to deal with her complex emotions.

The curtains in the room were open slightly. In the dark room, a ray of light shone through the gap, landing on Arielle’s cheek.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 358

Half an hour passed before the ray of light dimmed. Even till then, Arielle still could not figure out what caused those complicated emotions.

She shook her head, deciding to stop thinking about it. Standing up, she turned on the lights, took out Pat's letter, and read it silently at the desk.

Pat always loved to use that kind of paper for his letters. At the top, he even drew a red heart.

When Arielle saw that, her heart melted.

My dear sister, it's been ages since I've met you. I really want to go to Chanaea and meet you, but Daddy and Mommy said that you're doing something important, so I shouldn't disturb you. Alright, then. A mature kid shouldn't disturb an adult from doing something important. Still, I have a lot of things that I want to tell you and I don't know when you'll see this letter..."

Pat drew a sad face after that. Arielle chuckled as she continued reading

I made a new friend this semester and even found myself a girlfriend. Her name's Sofia and she's the one who pursued me. Since she gave me a packet of milk each day, I agreed. However, she's really clingy! She would insist on playing with me every day after school. Since I'm already her boyfriend, I have to take responsibility for her and bear with her clinginess. Don't tell Daddy and Mommy about this! This is a secret between both of us. Yesterday, I heard Daddy and Mommy say that Reya from next door is going to get

married. When are you going to get married? Have you found a boyfriend?

Arielle smiled bitterly.

Pat had always been a mature child. He was even starting to feel worried about her marriage.

Pat's letter continued. However, I hope that you'll not marry, Arielle. After Reya got married, she stopped bringing me to the playground. When will you come back? I can already help Mommy with the chores. I clean your room every day too! My friend gave me a gift, but I haven't even unwrapped it yet. Let's unwrap it together after you come back. Ariella, come back quickly. I really, really, really miss you!
Missing you eternally, Pat

At the end of the letter, he drew a string of colorful hearts.

After Arielle finished reading the letter, she was surprised to find herself crying.

She smirked self-mockingly. I'm already an adult, but I still cry when reading a letter.

Arielle wiped her tears with a tissue before folding the letter neatly and inserting it inside a favorite book of hers.

Then, she dialled a number and asked, "How's it going?"

The person replied courteously, "Teddy's progress is a bit slow. He's barely found half of the items. Without your instructions, we don't dare to intervene either. Do you think that we should intervene?"

“It’s fine. We’re in no hurry,” said Arielle calmly. “If we act too rashly, we might alert the enemy unnecessarily. There must be Henrick’s men there too, so you mustn’t reveal yourself. Let Teddy do it. No one will care about or suspect what a child is doing.”

“Okay!”

After the call ended, Arielle gazed into the distance.

I mustn’t be distracted by Pat’s letter. If I get anxious, I might become flustered and loopholes will appear in my plan. In that case, I can only go back to Dad, Mom, and Pat even later.

I must stay calm and take slow, steady steps.

Soon, night arrived.

Arielle did not receive any messages from Vinson. She wanted to text him about Sasha, but she deleted the message she drafted.

Forget it. There are a lot of talented doctors in Carter’s hospital. Furthermore, Sasha isn’t diagnosed with some terminal disease, so there’s no need for me to be so worried. Since Vinson didn’t message me, that’s good news.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 359

Arielle sighed gloomily. Lighting the therapeutic candles which Andrea had given her, she switched off the light and went to sleep.

The therapeutic candles were very effective and she soon fell into a deep sleep.

Meanwhile, Vinson kept tossing and turning around on his bed after turning off the lights.

He stopped himself from contacting Arielle for six hours. Over that period of time, he had been busy with work, so he couldn't contact her. However, now that he was back in the Maple Mansion, his urge to contact Arielle increased.

Upon recalling what Sasha said about waiting for a week, he forcefully held himself back. Just go to sleep. The night will end soon!

Two hours later, Vinson sat up abruptly in the darkness and switched the bedside lamp on.

I can't sleep! D*mn it. Why is my insomnia acting up now? Is it because of the time difference? It must be!

Vinson grabbed his phone from the table and looked through his messages. There were a bunch of texts, but none of them was from Arielle.

This cruel woman! Even though I didn't contact her, doesn't she know how to call me and ask if I've reached home?

Frustrated, Vinson leaned against the headboard and lit up a cigarette.

Through the hazy smoke, he suddenly spotted what he had brought back from Hubert's place.

Standing up, he drank the medicine in one gulp before returning to bed.

Perhaps it was because of the medicine or his biological clock, he finally felt drowsy. Closing his eyes, he drifted off to sleep.

When one was awake, time passed by slowly. However, when one was asleep, time passed in the blink of an eye.

Vinson was woken up by his phone.

As he was easily annoyed when woken up, he barked in annoyance after picking up the call, “What’s the matter?”

Terrified by his fierce tone, the person on the other end introduced himself with a trembling voice, “Good morning, Mr. Nightshire. I’m Marcus Brown, the principal of Jadeborough University.”

Vinson fell silent for a while. His temper subsided as he greeted, “Good morning, Mr. Brown.”

Only then did Marcus heave a sigh of relief. “Looks like I’ve disturbed your rest.”

“It’s fine. Please go on.” Vinson put the call in speaker

mode while he threw on his clothes.

Marcus sounded delighted as he spoke, “I have some updates regarding your recommendation of your friend to our school.”

Vinson’s lingering annoyance disappeared. He asked, “How did it go?”

Marcus replied, “We’ve just welcomed a teacher from Maxwell University, who has established a class that only enrolls exceptional

students. I've reserved a spot for your friend and you can ask her to sign up for the class today. The timing is at noon. After she signs up, the class will start at two in the afternoon."

"Okay. Thank you, Mr. Brown."

Pleasantly surprised, Marcus said, "You're very welcome. Without your help, the Jadeborough University wouldn't have the largest library in the entire nation!"

Vinson replied calmly, "That's nothing. After my friend graduates, I'll donate a lab building to the school."

The principal's eyes lit up.

"Tell your friend to visit my office earlier. I'll handle all the paperwork for her, so she won't have to wander around in an unfamiliar place."

"Thank you."

"My pleasure!"

An entire lab building! With that, I won't have to be afraid that Barnold University, currently ranked second, will surpass us. All the best teachers and resources will be surging to us.

The principal thanked Vinson profusely before ending the call.

Immediately after, someone knocked on the door and entered the principal's office.

When Marcus saw who it was, his eyes lit up.

“You’re here, Mr. Baxter! Please take a seat.” Marcus stood up and greeted the man warmly.

The man had a pair of dark eyes, a chiseled face, and thin lips. There was a hint of aloofness in his elegant demeanor.

He wore a black suit and a pair of polished shoes. From head to toe, he exuded a solemn aura.

When Marcus met his cold gaze, his enthusiastic smile faded gradually. Passing the guest a cup of tea awkwardly, he asked, “Why did you suddenly come, Mr. Baxter?”

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 360

Donovan gave Marcus a knowing glance.

He had graduated from Jadeborough University with a PhD at a young age before heading overseas to further his studies. After teaching for three years, he returned home and was employed by Jadeborough University, racking in a high salary. However, money was of no importance to him. Coming from a family of teachers, his only aim is to nurture outstanding students.

Before the class started, Marcus was already adding a few useless students whose grades were so poor that they could not even enter a normal university. Now that he forcefully stuffed an additional student into the class on its first day, Donovan could not endure it anymore.

Marcus stood there and laughed foolishly without

saying anything.

Donovan stated directly, “I heard that you’ve added another student into my class.”

Looking apologetic, Marcus clasped his hands together and pleaded, “I promise that this is the last time, Mr. Baxter!”

Unconvinced, Donovan said grimly, “When the Morgans insisted on adding someone, you said that it was the last time. The previous time, you even added someone who has been expelled from high school!”

Marcus interrupted him, “Mr. Baxton, trust me for one

last time, okay? This is really the last time! I swear that I won’t add anyone into your class again.”

Donovan pushed aside the cup of tea that Marcus offered him and shook his head. “There’s not going to be another time. Either you let your new student join and I leave, or I stay and she goes.”

“Don’t do this!” Marcus protested anxiously, “She’s recommended by the Nightshire family, who owns the Nightshire Group!”

“So what?” A capable teacher like him did not need to fear rich families.

Seeing how determined Donovan was this time, Marcus sweated nervously.

He gritted his teeth and insisted, “Mr. Baxter, haven’t you always wanted a laboratory? Mr. Nightshire said that if the new student can

graduate on time, he'd donate a lab building to us! An entire building! When the time comes, I'll give one floor to you. How about that?"

Donovan frowned. "Mr. Brown, you know very well why I started this class. I wanted to nurture a batch of exceptional students who could make a national or even global impact in the future. There are already a few black sheeps in the class, so why are you still adding more?"

Donovan smiled appeasingly. "Well, since there are already a few black sheeps, it doesn't matter if there are more. Since you're so skilled, Mr. Baxter, an additional one won't make a difference to you, right?"

Donovan's expression turned grim.

"It's not the time to be joking, Mr. Brown!"

The smile on Marcus' face disappeared as he resumed a serious expression. "Don't reject her so quickly! What if she's different from the rest? I don't know her identity or her educational background. Perhaps, she's the talented student you've been looking for!"

Donovan fell silent for ten seconds before continuing, "Fine. If the new student fails to become one of the top twenty students in class, please kick her out. In addition to that, I have another condition."

Since Donovan had finally relented, Marcus nodded vigorously.

"Tell me! As long as I can fulfil it, I'll agree."

Donovan continued calmly, "I'd like to add another student to the class."

“What? That’s it? I thought it’s something significant. Just go ahead with it! As long as the classroom can accommodate everyone, you can even add ten more students.” After a slight pause, Marcus asked, “Is the student your relative?”

Donovan stiffened up before saying, “I don’t know her.”

“Who is she, then?”

“Wendy Greene. She joined Jadeborough University as the top student of the batch.”^a