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Vinson's expression turned grim. He told Arielle, "I sent her to protect you. Could you take care of her for a while? She has a special identity, so it would be better not to let anyone know about this. I will come back immediately once I've settled my matters here."

"Okay." Arielle hung up without saying another word. She brought a chair to bring the woman down from the wall carefully.

There was an injured woman in their house. As it was not a simple matter and Vinson had also emphasized the woman's special identity, Arielle could not just bring her to Henrick.

After contemplating for a while, Arielle supported the woman around the backyard and toward the servants' quarters.

They met Larissa on the way, and Arielle stopped her and said, "This is my friend. Bring her to your room; she can't show her face openly. Help me take care of her for a while. I will go and take some medicine to treat her injuries."

Larissa nodded her head quickly and brought the woman into her room.

Luckily, there was no one near the servants' quarters, and they were able to enter Larissa's room successfully.

Although there were many servants' quarters, there were not many servants in the Southall residence. Every servant had their own room, so no one would discover

anything if Larissa was careful.

This was also the reason Arielle placed the woman in Larissa's room.

After a while, Arielle returned to Larissa's room without anyone noticing, covering the first aid kit with her jacket.

Larissa was helping the woman wipe her wounds. However, the woman had her guard up and did not want to take off her clothes.

Only when Arielle returned did the woman's expression slightly relax. She greeted respectfully, "Ms. Moore."

As she was greeting, she tried to stand up from the bed. Arielle quickly stopped her. "You don't need to stand. Let us deal with your wounds first."

The woman's gaze fell upon Larissa.

Arielle could feel her hesitance. She explained, "She's one of mine, and she's reliable. You don't have to worry."

The woman nodded and finally cooperated with Larissa as she took off her clothes.

When her clothes removed, Larissa gasped in shock.

Arielle glanced up and noticed that the woman had many wounds on her body. However, there was a wound on her waist that stood out among the rest.

There was a piece of glass about an inch long pierced deeply into her waist. Blood kept gushing out from the wound non-stop.

Larissa squeezed her eyes shut, unable to bring herself to see the wound again.

Arielle's expression did not change as she inspected the wound carefully. She then took a pill out of the first aid kit and said, "This is to relieve your pain. It takes effect faster than the painkillers on the market. I don't have any injections, so we can only use this as a substitute. Is that all right?"

Sasha shook her head nonchalantly. "It's fine. I don't need to eat it. I'm not afraid of pain."

"That's not fine. Although you are not afraid of pain, it does not mean that your body is not afraid of pain. You are hurt badly, so you have to eat medicine or you will faint."

After Arielle said that, the woman nodded and swallowed the pill.

Arielle estimated the time the pill would take effect. She then wore her gloves and grabbed the glass. "I am going to pull it now. It will still be a little painful, so you have to bear with it."

"Okay!" Sasha nodded her head and bit the cloth that Arielle had prepared for her.

Larissa did not dare to look at both of them. She stood

at the side and stared at her toes.

Whoosh! Larissa only heard the sound before Arielle threw the glass shard into the trashcan in front of her. Then she heard a flurry of actions.

When she finally had the courage to look, Arielle had already finished stitching up Sasha's wound.

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That lengthy wound shaped like a centipede extended from her wrist to the tip of her fingers when Larissa measured her own palm against it.

She could not imagine how Arielle was able to stitch up such a gruesome gash without flinching as the sight of it made her own skin crawl. At the same time, she also felt sorry for her.

When she looked over at the other woman, she found that apart from being more pallid than before, she had nary a frown on her.

My word. They are really badass, these two.

After Arielle had carefully treated every single injury on the woman's body, she helped her into a fresh change of clothing that was loose and comfortable.

Her own back, though, had become slick with her own perspiration once all these were done with.

She then exhaled and said, "All right. Now you can tell me what happened."

The woman eyed Larissa again with the same degree of apprehension as she did before, or it might be that she did not trust anyone outside of Vinson, so much so that even the confidence she had in Arielle seemed to stem from the former.

The discerning Larissa then spoke up, "Take your time, both of you. I'll head outside to keep watch."

Arielle nodded, and the woman only broke her silence after the door closed. "Thank you, Ms. Moore."

"It's the least I could do," Arielle replied while she shook her head. "Go on and tell me what happened back there."

The woman pursed her lips briefly and her brows creased into a taut furrow, as though she had been overcome by some painful recollection. "While we were tailing your car for your protection yesterday, a truck that was parked by the side suddenly rammed into us. The size of the vehicle and the sudden impact sent our car over the edge and into the river below while we were all still in it."

She fell quiet for some time afterward, but Arielle waited patiently and made no attempt to harry her.

A whole two minutes passed before the woman continued, “Both Toni’s and Andy’s hearts stopped beating when we hit the water, and Blake was rendered unconscious... Water kept rushing inside so I smashed the side windows to pull Blake out but...”

The woman was close to choking up at this point.

“I was hurt and my head was already submerged, so I had no choice but to get myself out first. When I wanted to go and get help, those guys found their way to us. I had to leave Blake and swim across the river alone, but they kept hunting for me. It took several hours before I could find an opening to escape.”

With that, the woman buried her face in her hands and sobbed uncontrollably.

Arielle could tell that the woman desperately wanted to suppress her own emotions by the way she quivered all over. The latter let out nary a sound even as her tears gushed like a burst dam.

Arielle closed her eyes and turned away as she did not know how best to console her.

It took some time, but she waited until the woman regained her composure before she spoke again. “I’ll help seek revenge on your behalf!”

Be it the deaths of those three individuals or the two explosions prior, she remembered well the payback that was due.

The baleful expression Arielle evoked drew a quizzical look from the woman who thought that was at complete odds with the former’s exquisite appearance. The vibe she picked up on Arielle almost reminded her of Vinson.

That left her stunned for a moment there. “Thank you, Ms. Moore, but you don’t have to do anything; it’s our job to protect you. So as long as you remain safe, my brothers will not give their lives in vain.”

The woman’s loyalty took Arielle by some surprise and that put a smile on her face. “Looks like Vinson has been great to each and every one of you.”

The woman shook her head and said, “We’re in his debt. Had it not been for him, we’d have all died in Manchernius. Our lives are his to command.”

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Unsure as to how to continue this conversation, Arielle paused before she asked, "What's your name?"

"Alexandra. Alexandra Jeannot."

Arielle acknowledged that with a nod. "Then I shall call you Sasha. You don't have to worry about anything. Just rest up and get well. Blake may still be alive. I'll send someone out to find him."

Sasha's eyes lit up when she heard what Arielle said, and it was then that Larissa knocked and entered.

"Mr. Southall's asking for you, Ms. Arielle."

"Understood." Arielle then got back to her feet. "Take care of her."

"Rest assured that I will."

Arielle nodded before she made her exit to the living room where Henrick awaited.

He frowned when she approached and castigated her, "Where have you been? I've been looking for you all day!"

Arielle bowed her head and came across a little aggrieved. "I went to the backyard to leave some flowers for Shandie."

There was not much Henrick could have reasonably said to that. "Your grandmother has just woken up. She hasn't eaten anything all day and refused to have

anything that the servant brought up. Go make her some ravioli again; she seems to quite fancy those."

The cheery-looking Arielle appeared to be quite amenable to what was proposed. "So as long as it pleases her, I'll get down to it right away."

After that, she hurried off.

Her lips twitched at the smack of satisfaction she saw on Henrick's face, which was reflected in the glass pane she passed by before she strode into the kitchen.

In the kitchen, several chefs lined up and were on standby at the side, presumably having been notified to do so earlier.

Arielle addressed them candidly, "I'll take it from here; all of you may go."

Not daring to defy her, the chefs made a swift exit.

She then went on to rummage through the fridge and casually put together a few ingredients before she proceeded to prepare the filling.

As she worked, she also made a call to her own subordinates.

The call got through quickly and an obsequious voice came through the other side. "Ms. Sannie."

Arielle was prompt to cut to the chase. "Did we manage to catch Matthias outside of the psychiatric hospital?"

"Not yet. I'm guessing that he hasn't received the news. But I've set up a surveillance camera outside Cindy's room so that I'll be able to know the second he shows

up."

"Good," said Arielle in satisfaction. "Try to spread the word about Cindy's admission, and also..."

She continued as she deftly chopped the spinach, "There are two more tasks that I need done."

Her subordinate replied respectfully, "Please instruct

us."

Arielle kept the order to locate Blake concise and also directed them to seek out a little boy named Teddy at the old Southall estate.

"Go to him with my photograph and he'll pass you something which you must bring back to me."

"Understood!"

The filling for the ravioli was done by the time the call concluded.

As there were already pasta sheets available in the manor, Arielle simply called upon two of the chefs to

fold the filling in, and soon, a plate of piping hot ravioli was ready for her to present to Malorie personally.

Henrick happened to be inside Malorie's room as well when Arielle came through the door. He said smilingly, "Arielle has made you ravioli, Mom. Would you like to have some?"

Malorie's eyes widened slightly when she heard that and she replied rather reluctantly, "Bring it to me."

When Arielle brought it before her, the matron did not even take one look at her. She simply sampled a piece from the plate which she received before her forehead creased into a furrow. "This is positively awful! Are you doing this on purpose? Do you mean to starve me to death?"

Arielle widened her eyes innocuously. "I followed the same recipe that I used before, Grandma..."

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Henrick cast Arielle a reassuring look before he regarded his own mother. "You're unwell, Mom, and that's why your appetite is poor. Regardless, you should at least try to have some..."

Through Henrick's persuasion, Malorie managed to consume a few but completely lost her enthusiasm by the fourth piece. "Enough. I'm done eating."

With a sigh, Henrick motioned for Arielle to leave with his hand, and the latter vocalized her acknowledgment before she turned to head out.

No one noticed the sly curl upon her lips.

Of course it's awful.

She had a reason to make it tasty while they were out in the countryside. Now that the situation did not call for it, why would she put in the effort at all?

It was not as if she was here to be Malorie's personal cook!

Henrick, though, was not going to suspect foul play because how would it have occurred to him that a dutiful and filial daughter like her could harbor such deviousness?

Apart from Vinson, she had no desire to spend the rest of her life making ravioli for anyone else as far as she was concerned.

That was when she became aware of those intrusive

thoughts about Vinson sneaking up on her. She shook her head and cast them out before she returned to the room to make some preparations for the matter concerning Teddy.

Now that she had ascertained that Henrick was her enemy, there was no reason to delay things further, and being tired of pretending to be docile, she wanted to see this through as soon as possible.

Meanwhile, elsewhere in a sales office in the Western Hemisphere.

This was Epea's only sales office that dealt exclusively in premium luxury real estate and also where all relevant transactions throughout Epea would be conducted

If he were to pretend to shop, he had to do so at a place that seemed fitting for him so that those who hid in the shadows would not question their motives.

Vinson and Jordan hence strode inside confidently.

The dignified air with which the remarkable-looking duo carried themselves immediately impressed upon the sales manager there that these were two exceptionally wealthy individuals, and that prompted the manager to approach them with a welcoming smile.

The sales manager, Charles Bose, was a polyglot who promptly addressed them in fluent Chanaean when he recognized their nationality. "A very good afternoon to you, gentlemen. Might you be interested in acquiring

some property?"

Vinson did not reply and acted casually, but in truth, he was carefully scrutinizing his surroundings.

Jordan, to his side, looked the part of a loaded scion with his hands stuck inside his own pockets. "What do you have to recommend? Money is no object."

That certainly got Charles' undivided attention.

He immediately gestured cordially and led the duo to the front of a scaled architectural model where he enthused, "Here's a building located in the south of Chanaea. It's twenty-seven stories high and has a floor area spanning some forty-thousand square meters..."

Vinson raised a hand and stopped the sales manager, catching the latter off guard. "What's the matter, Sir? Do you not like it?"

The poker-faced Vinson replied, "I'm not interested in properties within Chanaea."

"We want something in the area that we'll be able to view in person today," added Jordan.

Charles scratched his head and replied, "That has to be the modern mansion in Lightspring then. It's a three hour drive from here."

Vinson looked toward Jordan who read his mind right away. "The scaled model won't tell us much. It'll be better if you can take us there directly."

"All right. Let me go fetch the key and then we can be on our way."

Charles hurried away after a bow and returned with a key card in short order. "We can go now. Shall we take my car, or?"

"Ours. You'll take the wheel."

"Understood," said Charles who then quickly followed the two out of the door.

En route, the sales manager continued to sing the praises of the mansion in Lightspring.

"This particular mansion, which spans thousand-five hundred square meters, is the creation of the luxury architectural maestro Clean. It features your archetypical open concept living space and automated full-length casement windows..."

Vinson nearly dozed off in the backseat while he listened.

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The next instant, however, Charles said, "By the way, the seller of the property is an exceptional head-turner named Ms. Sannie. She seems to be Chanaean, I think..."

That caused Vinson's eyes to widen.

"What did you say the owner's name was?"

Charles was so spooked by Vinson's sudden input that he nearly lost control of the steering wheel.

To him, the man in the back seat looked to be one of high standing and few words. For him to speak up so abruptly did indeed cause the sales manager to jump.

However, Charles was also one who was suitably experienced, having dealt with his fair share of affluent folk. Thus, he was able to recover quite ably. "Her name is Ms. Sannie..."

The pronunciation of that name was the same as that of Arielle's, and for some inexplicable reason, it gave Vinson a peculiar feeling when he heard it.

He could not help but ask, "What's her Chanaean name?"

"That, I'm unsure," Charles replied as he shook his head. "Ms. Sannie only came by once, and it was her finance department who took over correspondence after. Besides... I must apologize, for I'm not exactly at liberty to divulge personal information about our clients. However, Ms. Sannie will surely come in person to

finalize the paperwork should you like to confirm your interest in acquiring this mansion."

Vinson lowered his eyes and fired off a text to Arielle who was working on a form in her room when she received it.

Its content was to the point and contained only one question. Did you put a property up for sale in Lightspring several months ago?

Arielle hesitated for a moment but decided against keeping things from Vinson. That's right. Why do you ask?

On the other end, Vinson curled his lips.

It would seem that one's intuition could sometimes be quite dependable.

"San" was the name she went by while overseas, and that drew a chuckle from Vinson. Isn't this quite a coincidence?

Even if he had not run into Arielle before, this could have been an opportunity for them to become acquainted, only that their story might have played out differently had they met under such differing circumstances.

Vinson allowed his own thoughts to wander until the sales manager's voice droned back into his consciousness. "Despite the size of the estate, it has only five bedrooms. Make no mistake, however, for

each of these measures over a hundred square meters. There's also an infinity pool, wine cellar, gallery, and a private film theater. Its most unique feature, though, is the automated bonfire which you could ride a swing and bask in the nighttime scenery beside..."

Jordan, who was riding shotgun, had already plugged his own ears in annoyance. Only Vinson continued to listen in earnest while he envisioned how Arielle would have looked regarding the bonfire from the swing where she was seated.

It was around this time that they arrived at that mansion which Charles spoke of, and Jordan was the first to alight, having had quite enough of the man's incessant prattling.

It was not as though they were seriously here to shop for real estate because this hillside mansion was one which they had selected beforehand and deployed their men all around

The trap had been laid and was ready to be sprung.

Having not received a response from Vinson after a protracted period, the somewhat curious Arielle sent over yet another text message.

How do you know that I have a house in Lightspring up for sale?

Arielle's message reached Vinson as soon as he got out of the car. He lifted his gaze and paused to take in the sight of this breathtaking hillside mansion before he

responded. It's just a mere coincidence. I honestly couldn't tell that you're a little rich woman.

That comment caused Arielle to raise an eyebrow.

Aren't you being a bit dismissive with that "little" adjective that you used?

She replied with a smiley emoji, put down her phone, and resumed her own work.

Once she had whatever Teddy was holding onto for her in hand, she would be able to complete the form, and what awaited Henrick would be a series of nasty surprises.

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Round the other side, along the edge of the pristine aquamarine pool, a devilishly handsome man in floral trunks with only a white towel draped over his torso was stretched out leisurely upon a deck chair.

Next to him was an attentive bikini-clad woman who served up a mojito which the man took one glance at but otherwise left untouched.

The woman was wary and knew not to get too cozy. Therefore, she returned to the pool where she frolicked with another similarly skimpily dressed woman.

Babes, bikinis, and pools were the fantasy of many men, but the man's attention seemed to be elsewhere, as though completely unmoved by everything before him.

It was then that a black-clad blond man approached him.

The man's eyes finally perked up when his counterpart's outfit drew a frown from him. "You look like a swarthy rat dressed up like that today, Gerald."

The swarthy rat laughed it off. "Heading out later, so I've got to keep a low profile. Do you know what I've found out?"

The man pursed his lips and was in no mood for mind games. "Out with it."

Electing not to continue beating about the bush, Gerald said, "Vinson Southall has returned, and he's pretty capable too to turn back the heads of those who we broke the bank to bring over to our side."

Anticipating that there might be more to it, the man prompted staidly, "Continue."

Gerald was about to when he was interrupted by the laughter of the two beauties in the pool. He shifted his eyes over and saw that they were in the midst of teasing a bodyguard.

The bodyguard, though drenched all over, dared not lose his cool and could only stand there stiffly as he tried to dry himself off.

Gerald was about to avert his own gaze when he heard the frosty voice of the man rang out from behind him. "Shoo!"

When the two terrified women looked over, they trembled when their eyes met the man's monstrous gaze before they reacted and half-fled from the scene.

Gerald, though, was not all that fazed. "You really don't know how to treat women, Duke."

"Cut the crap and keep talking," was the man's cold response.

Making no further attempts at being humorous, Gerald continued, "Vinson has gone to purchase a property, and he has his sights set on that modern mansion in Lightspring. Do you think we should seize this opportunity to..."

He then drew a finger across his own throat.

The man shot to his feet with a face full of murderous rage.

"Why are you informing me of such an important matter only now? Put a team together and get on it!"

While he spoke, he picked up his pace and made his way to the mansion. His aggressive movements caused the towel he had on him to fall onto the floor and that exposed the massive tattoo on his back to Gerald.

It was an unusual-looking crimson dragon with seven heads that donned seven crowns. A third of its tail was made up of stars, and its entire length extended to underneath the man's trunks. The entire creature was simultaneously eye-catching and intimidating.

This was a tattoo that Gerald had seen many times before, but he had yet to decipher its meaning to date.

He withdrew his gaze and picked up the dropped towel before he caught up, and when he did, he heard the man communicate with and gather his men over the walkie talkie.

He could not refrain from asking when the man was finished, "Do you intend to come along, Duke?"

The man's expression was resolute and terrifying.

"I've allowed him a chance to elude me once before, but this time, I'm going down there to cap him myself!"

It was a vendetta almost twenty years in the making, so he no longer wished to wait. He wanted to claim Vinson's life right away!

The man opened his wardrobe and retrieved a revolver from within one of the partitions, for it was not illegal to bear firearms in Epea.

"Let's go!"

Upon his command, a few dozen black vehicles raced toward Lightspring.

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Back at this end, Vinson and Jordan followed the sales manager through the gates of the mansion.

Charles eagerly got down to making his pitch, "The design of the lighting throughout the entire hillside mansion is completely decentralized, and it has naturally illuminated interiors... Of course, the pool! Let me take you there to have a look!"

He extended a hand cordially, and the two kept up the charade by following the man over as genuine buyers would.

The blueness of the sky was mirrored in the reflection of the infinity pool which was clear all the way to the bottom.

Upon the pressing of a button, a massive LED screen was steadily elevated to the side of the pool.

That led Jordan's brows to perk up. "Now that's something I haven't seen before. Swimming and watching a game at the same time. Marvelous! The owner of this house really knows how to enjoy life!"

Vinson's lips curled into a slight smirk when he realized how laid back a lifestyle Arielle led overseas, and consequently, his mood dampened when he contrasted that with what she had to contend with back home.

Anyone else would have struggled to adjust but not his own wife, who endured bouts of loneliness and kept her desire for vengeance under wraps.

While Charles expounded upon his explanations, he took the effort to offer them a reminder, "The asking price by the owner is in the region of two hundred million. That's a very reasonable amount for a property of this sort, so I wonder if you gentlemen have any thoughts about that?"

Jordan looked toward Vinson who replied calmly, "It's very affordable. We would like to take a look around for ourselves, so we won't keep you."

The ecstatic Charles nodded his head profusely. "Aside from being more careful around the paintings inside the gallery and the wine in the cellar, please feel free to explore the rest of the house."

"All right," acknowledged Vinson before the sales manager wisely made himself scarce.

Jordan let out a sigh of relief the moment the man disappeared from his sight. "What a wordy fellow! This house is splendid though, and I must confess that I'd be seriously tempted if we weren't here on a mission. What's more, the owner does possess a tremendous sense of refinement, and according to him, is extremely beautiful as well, so I do wonder if we'll ever get the chance to meet. Personally, I wouldn't mind buying the house for myself if she's as lovely as she was described."

Emotionally, Vinson appeared quite distant. "You'll get an opportunity to see her eventually."

Perhaps more than a passing opportunity, they had

already met previously.

Not quite catching on, an astounded Jordan asked, "Do you really intend to purchase it?"

That yielded no direct response from Vinson. "Let's head up and check out the top floor."

Jordan was left even more stunned by that and sought to clarify things. "Are you serious? Don't you forget our purpose for being here, my good man."

Vinson took one glance at his companion and said, "The view up there would be better."

We'll be able to spot any vehicle that may be headed our way.

Finally, Jordan understood and replied with a drawn-out grunt. He felt much more at ease inside, for they were here to catch prey and not to shop for real estate.

Then, to his dismay, Vinson subsequently added, "We'll hit up the sales manager for a contract after all this is over."

That caused Jordan to freeze in his tracks. "What contract???"

"For the purchase of the house."

The stumped Jordan's eyes widened. "Good grief. You really are serious about this."

Vinson said no more and started his own ascent up the well-carpeted steps and onto the top level.

Specifically, it was not the house that he was into, but its owner.

Of course, it would be more accurate to say that he was looking at the possibilities than anything else.

Ever the cautious type, he was even more so where affairs of the heart were concerned. He was not going to reveal his own feelings in the slightest to Arielle before he was sure of them himself.

An anxious Jordan raced to catch up. "You travel to Lightspring, like, maybe once every year, tops. So what's the point of buying this?"

In his perturbation, Jordan almost let slip on his Jadeborough accent.

From Vinson, he heard only a sedate reply. "For my potential future partner."

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Since the Wilhelms were from Lightspring, Arielle might eventually end up settling down here, so it would make better sense for her to stay somewhere familiar if she was to return.

That was interpreted differently by Jordan, whose voice shuddered upon feeling a chill down his spine. "That future partner of yours... I think you shouldn't speak so prematurely. Besides, y'all haven't even gotten close enough to starting a relationship, and you're both so different..."

Not to mention being different types, even their gender is a mismatch!

Certainly, he was not opposed to same-sex relations, but he did find it unacceptable when it involved himself.

Jordan was in panic mode, so much so that beads of sweat mounted on his forehead.

He did not want to lose a buddy like Vinson, but he simply could not accept having to become the latter's partner!

While he wracked his brain trying to figure out how to navigate this conversation, he heard Vinson bring a finger to his lip and shush him.

Jordan traced Vinson's line of sight into the distance, but all he saw was a gallery filled with paintings.

One which hung on the outermost wall featured a foreign lady dressed in a white coat. Seated upright in a

chair, she was relaxed and smiling and looked extremely lifelike.

At first glance, Vinson was able to recognize this as Andrea, even though the eyes were left incomplete. That, however, did not detract from the aesthetic quality of the portrait.

The painting was so realistic that Jordan momentarily forgot about the matter that preceded it. He could not help but gasp. "This evokes the impression of Mona Lisa's smile... Damn, it's awesome! Is it signed off? I want to buy this artist's work for display in my own living room!"

Vinson's finger pointed to the bottom right and Jordan exclaimed when he saw what was written there. "Damn! It was done by the owner of this house! Looks like she could be an artist by profession!"

Juxtaposed against Jordan's dramatics, Vinson's response was comparatively muted.

Not that he was not blown away by Arielle's talent for drawing himself, but rather than surprise, his sentiment was closer to concluding that it could only have been her handiwork.

"Strangely, though, Vin..." Jordan muttered aloud. "Have you noticed that none of the figures in these portraits have their eyes painted in? In their places are just smidgens of white. Could it be that she doesn't know how to paint eyes?"

Vinson did not believe that to be the case, but he was similarly mystified by that.

Jordan wanted to continue admiring the paintings but was held back by Vinson. "Don't forget what you're here for. Get upstairs!"

The former was not quite done yet and shot a glare Vinson's way as he thought to himself, Is this how you ought to treat your own romantic interest?

Never mind winning him over, Jordan supposed that Vinson might even struggle to be successful with women with this sort of attitude.

He let out a muted snort and headed up the steps once he realized that Vinson had largely ignored him.

The two of them quickly found themselves at the top level of the hillside mansion.

Many rare trees were planted there and at its heart stood

a little fountain. The environment was a picture of scenic splendor, as though they had arrived in some classy park.

Right at the edge of the highest vantage point available, Vinson was able to see half of Lightspring when he peered into the expanse below.

From there, he found a good angle from which he could survey the only road which led toward the mansion.

His eyes narrowed as he had not noticed that to be the

only way in until he was standing at this elevated position.

He lifted his right wrist and spoke into the small black microphone he had hidden inside of his sleeve. "Set yourselves up at the fork in the road two kilometers out.

There are forested areas on both sides where you can conceal yourselves. Engage them immediately when they arrive.”

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Carter’s voice came back promptly from the other side.

“I was about to inform you that I’ve just received a topographic map of the area. I’ll be making my way over and will be planting two mines when I get there,” said Carter. “Acquiring mines in a dump like Lightspring is as easy as buying a pack of chips, but it took me half the day just to get my hands on this map.”

Vinson merely grunted as he watched the few cars parked by the hillside mansion drive over to the fork.

Carter’s car could cover five kilometers in the blink of an eye, and the mines were buried in place in a jiffy.

Once the cars were cleared out, his subordinates spread themselves out and lay in ambush nearby in a process that came up to no more than ten minutes.

His enemies were the ones who had the advantage of striking from the dark, which he had no means of retaliation from his own vulnerable position. This time, the roles were reversed as they were the ones who now wielded the element of surprise.

Vinson’s clenched fingers tightened against themselves, for what was owed to Arielle and himself from before would be settled here once and for all.

Letting his enemies die in an explosion would be too easy on them, but he was more concerned about complications should he fail to see through a swift resolution.

Beside him, Jordan’s perturbation percolated as well, and he persisted in asking, “What if that buggar doesn’t show up himself? What if he only sent out some small fries to us? Wouldn’t our efforts all end up in vain?”

Vinson’s steely eyes were riveted to that distant fork in the road. “He’ll be here.”

Did we not go to extreme lengths and do everything possible to lure him out?

He remained uncertain of his counterpart’s identity and was even less clear as to why the latter had been scheming against him so viciously time and again.

However, the depth of his enemy's desire to end him meant that he or she would not likely walk away from this golden opportunity to tread on his own corpse for him or herself.

Be it just a gut feeling, he was almost certain that he might be right about his conjecture.

He had been quite dismissive when Arielle spoke of a sixth sense previously, but now, he had actually felt its relevance for himself.

Jordan shrugged. "You better be right about that. That fella's been coming at us time and again, so he should consider himself lucky to be blown to bits! I'm sure as hell going to give his dead body a good flogging afterward just to let off some steam!"

Without answering, Vinson kept his eyes to the fore and narrowed them suddenly a couple of minutes later.

"We've got company!"

Jordan craned his neck over and saw scores of black vehicles race their way.

He cursed and said, "How brazen of them to travel with so many men in tow! From the looks of it, it might seem that the head honcho's really here!"

"Hardly so." Vinson shook his head. "It seems that our enemy was so certain of my demise that he has to come to see to it personally."

Jordan was irked into a scoff. "Better for us then! Let's see who gets to walk over whose cadaver! I'm definitely going to cut him up and feed him to the dogs!"

His agitation was understandable, as not only did their foe target Vinson alone while they were hidden, they had also indiscriminately brought harm upon the four most prominent families which they led.

Thus, the four of them, inclusive of Harvey, had nothing but contempt for their counterpart.

Vinson took a deep drawl, and anyone who knew him understood that this was habitual to him whenever he was pumped up.

This was the decisive moment, be it for victory or defeat, as only a few hundred meters separated the convoy and where the mines were buried.

In the last black vehicle, a man in pure white with a

handgun tucked inside the belt around his waist evoked a blood-lusted visage.

Gerald, who was riding shotgun, had never seen this expression on the man before and could almost feel the temperature inside the car plummet.

It's a good thing that the mansion's finally within reach!

Gerald pointed to the hillside mansion not too far away. "There it is! Shall we stop the car somewhere and try to sneak up on it, Duke?"

The man shook his head. "We'll hit it straight on!"

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 340

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 340

No more cat-and-mouse games. This time, he would face down Vinson in a duel to the death, for his thirst for vengeance could only slake through his own hands!

The phone in the man's pocket started to ring in an untimely manner.

He meant to pull it out and reject the call but found cause for pause when he saw that the call came from Chanaea. Nevertheless, he answered.

The party on the other end of the line hailed him before continuing, "I've just received word from those useless fools. Arielle is alive!"

"Arielle who?" The name mentioned eluded the man and did not register with him.

The caller grew audibly upset. "That's the woman who infiltrated our systems and forced us to abandon the whole island!"

The man's eyes froze over for a moment. "How?"

On the other end, the caller said briskly, "We've already rigged several explosives on the cruise she was on, but the vessel did not blow up when we pulled out! When I sent someone up to investigate, we discovered that the wires had been cut!"

By this point, the lead vehicle of the convoy was a mere two meters from the fork in the road.

"Pull over!" the man suddenly shouted.

Clueless as to why the man wanted them to stop, Gerald dared not question him either, and so he yelled into the walkie-talkie to those ahead of the pack. "Stop the car!"

With a loud screech, the entire convoy slammed on the brakes immediately.

Up at the top of the hillside mansion, Vinson saw how close the cars were from where the mines were buried. They were less than half a meter away from impact when they pulled up.

That drew a frown between his brows.

Jordan tapped his feet impatiently and hollered, "Come on! Get moving, dammit!"

The lead vehicle would be destroyed if it continued its advance. That would have set off a chain reaction which would have taken out the entire convoy!

He was miffed that the car simply stopped and did not resume its forward trajectory.

Inside, the confounded Gerald turned around to check in with the man in the backseat. "Why did you make us stop, Duke?"

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"Something's off." The man's expression was severe.

The dismantling of the bombs established that Vinson must already have been informed of it, so why would he be so leisurely as to come and shop for real estate here under these circumstances?

With a solemn look on his face, the man said, "This isn't a bid for the property, but an attempt on our lives! We have to turn back. Now!"

The frustrated Gerald's gaze switched between the hillside mansion in front of him and the man himself. "Are we really going to walk away like this? This is a tremendous opportunity!"

Regardless, the man was not to be persuaded. "Don't make me repeat myself."

On any other day, he would surely have thought things through more meticulously, but this time, he had allowed his thrill of being successful at what had been a considerably daunting task of luring Vinson over to Epea to ultimately get the better of him.

This must be a trap laid by Vinson, that wily fox!

Seeing that there was no changing the man's mind, Gerald could only gnash his teeth and pick up the walkie-talkie once more. "Turn around and pull out, all of you!"

In the next second, the vehicles variously spun around and dropped back.

As he watched the cars retreat in the direction from where they first came, Gerald could no longer restrain himself. "Why, Duke? We're already here."

"It's a trap," came the man's perspicuous reply.

Disappointed as he might be, it conversely invigorated him.

If Vinson had been some witless fool, it would be meaningless to hunt him the way he did, so it seemed to the man that his road to vengeance had only grown more interesting.

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