

# A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 111

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Afraid that he would chase her out, Arielle quickly added, "Don't worry, I won't disturb your sleep. I'll just sit in the living room. When the time's up, I..." "Where's the hair?" Vinson suddenly asked. Arielle was stunned before reacting. She took off her shoes and retrieved a ball of tissue. The strand of hair which she had secretly plucked from Henrick's head was wrapped inside. Feeling relieved, she said, "Luckily, I was careful enough to hide the hair on my way here.

"I'm afraid that if I kept it in my pocket, I'd lose it accidentally." As she spoke, she took out the hair and passed it to Vinson. He took it disgustedly and said curtly, "Wait." Then, he whipped out his phone and made a call, "Send someone over. I need to conduct a DNA test." Carter, who was on the other end of the call, widened his eyes. He asked in shock, "No way! Did you fool around outside and get someone pregnant?

"You aren't that type of man..." "I'm not that shameless. Cut the crap and send someone over. I'm in the penthouse suite at Jadeborough Hotel. Keep the matter hushed and tell the person to come over secretly." With that, he hung up the call. Arielle subconsciously said, "Thank..." Before she could even finish her sentence, Vinson scratched his ears impatiently and interrupted, "I've told you not to say those two words, right?

"It's annoying." She was speechless. "You're really such a..." *He's a kind man, but his style of speaking is really so unlikeable.* "What about me?" Vinson raised his chin and stared at her. "Nothing." Arielle shook her head. "I'm saying that you're a nice guy." Vinson snorted in disdain. "I don't like you, so you don't need to friendzone me by calling me a nice guy. I'm not a nice person at all." Looking at him, Arielle shook her head and insisted seriously, "No, I really think that you're a nice person. If you're somebody else, I wouldn't have dared to come here."

Vinson frowned. *If she dares to go to someone else, I'll break her legs.* Upon the thought of legs, Vinson could not help but stare at Arielle's legs. Her legs were so fair, slender and long that he had an urge to touch them and see how they felt like... Suddenly, Vinson had a feeling that the temperature in the room had risen. Gulping, he instructed, "Wait in the living room. I'll take a bath first." "Okay... You don't have to care about me at all. Just rest well.

"I'll leave after a while." Not replying to her, Vinson headed straight to the bathroom. Arielle soon heard the sound of water running in the bathroom. Although she was initially sitting obediently, she started to become restless. Being alone in a room with another man and listening to him bathing was quite strange to her. Arielle could not help but stand up and pace around the living room. Soon after, the sounds of water stopped and she could hear footsteps coming from the bedroom.

As the footsteps became louder, her heart started to beat even faster. Feeling frustrated, she clutched her right chest. *What's going on? Why am I feeling nervous? It's not like anything's going to happen between us.* However, the more she wished to calm herself down, the more rapidly her heart beat.

When the door was pulled open with a creak, Arielle's heart leapt to her throat. She clenched her fists tightly and swallowed her saliva. At that moment, someone knocked on the door. "The person you've asked to come is here!" Arielle stood up, about to open the door. "Wait!" Vinson strode toward her.

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Arielle turned around to look at him subconsciously, only to find that there was only a towel wrapped around his lower body. There was nothing covering his muscular figure. A droplet of water slide down his toned abs and fell onto the towel... Immediately blushing, Arielle averted her gaze guiltily and asked, "Why aren't you wearing anything?" "I didn't bring any clothes," replied Vinson matter-of-factly. "Let me open the door..."

Not wanting to meet his gaze, Arielle took a step forward, about to open the door. However, Vinson pulled her into his arms in the next moment. His warm body pressed against her back. It was as if the air was charged with passion and seduction. Arielle's mind immediately went blank. She instinctively shoved Vinson away and jumped far away. Wrapping her arms around herself, she shot a terrified gaze at him. "What are you doing?"

Vinson's expression froze on his face. He had pulled her into his arms out of panic. There was nothing else on his mind. When he hugged her, he could feel how slender her waist was. It was a difficult feat for him to cool himself down with the cold shower, yet he could feel his body temperature rising again. He said in frustration, "What else will I do? I just wanted to stop you. Don't overthink." Arielle shot a suspicious glance at Vinson and asked, "Why are you trying to stop me?" "They won't be here so quickly. Go to the bedroom first while I check who it is."

As Vinson spoke, he turned his head toward the bedroom, signalling for her to hide inside. Arielle paused for a while before nodding and entering the bedroom quickly. The scent of Vinson's shower gel still lingered in the room. The image of Vinson's face surfaced in her mind subconsciously... However, in the next second, Arielle shook her head violently, dispelling these irrational thoughts in her mind.

*This isn't the time to think about this.* She leaned against the door gently to hear what was happening outside. After Vinson opened the door, he asked coldly, "It's already so late. What's the matter?" Arielle's heart skipped a beat. *Indeed, it's not someone whom Vinson's expecting! Luckily, he's careful enough.*

*Otherwise, everything might've been exposed.* Just when Arielle heaved a sigh of relief, she heard a deep voice from a middle-aged man. "I'm here to see if you're drunk and to send you some remedy for a hangover." "It's fine, I'm not drunk. I still have something important to do, so don't disturb me." Vinson's voice was cold and emotionless. However, his words were enough to make one misunderstand. "Okay, okay! I won't disturb your rest."

"I shall leave now too." There was an obvious hint of amusement in the man's voice. Then, Arielle heard the door being closed. After two seconds, she walked out and asked softly, "Who's that?" "A designer. He often collaborates with your family's company. He and your father probably arranged for you to come over."

As Vinson spoke, he glanced at her and asked, "Are you alright?" "What?" As Arielle did not know what he was asking about, a puzzled look crossed her face. Vinson's lips parted as he hesitated to speak. After a while, he cleared his throat and explained, "Are you sad that your own father set up this entire scheme against you?"

*Silly girl! Why are you making me say it so directly?* "I'm not sad." Arielle shook her head and remarked indifferently, "He has always been like that. I've already seen his true colors a long time ago." Vinson snorted, evidently not believing her. Waving the ball of tissue paper in his hands, he asked, "If you aren't sad, why do you want to test this?"

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"I..." "Arielle, you don't have to put up a strong front in front of me..." As Vinson spoke, he suddenly realized that he did not sound like himself at all. Hence, he hurriedly added, "Your act doesn't work in front of me. I can see through everyone's pretenses, so you should just save your energy." Initially, Arielle felt slightly touched by Vinson. However, her expression now turned cold. "Thank you for helping me save my energy, but I'm really not upset."

She never told anyone about her vulnerabilities. Gazing at her deeply, Vinson felt a strange sense of frustration. He was about to speak when someone knocked on the door again. "Shh..." Vinson made a shushing gesture. Understanding his intention, Arielle hid in the bedroom again. However, the moment she entered, she heard Vinson. "Come out. He's one of us." Arielle quickly pushed the door open and returned to the living room.

She saw the bespectacled man, whom she had seen in the Jupiters, standing in the living room. He was holding the tissue paper which contained Henrick's hair. The man sniffed it, scrunched his nose and asked, "Why is there a smell?" Arielle blushed. As she had hidden it in her shoe, it smelled a little... Just when she was feeling embarrassed and unsure how to explain, Vinson said calmly, "You're such a clean freak. I have only held it in my hand for a few minutes."

If it smells... It's probably the scent of my body." Arielle was stunned. When Carter heard that, he did not dwell on it further and shoved the tissue paper into his pocket. Then, his gaze fell onto Arielle and lingered there for a moment. When he glanced at Vinson, who only had a towel wrapped around him, a look of surprise crept into his eyes. "Are both of you..." "It's something personal, so we need to hide it from some people." "Looks like this lady is the one who requires the DNA test." Carter stretched his hand out to her. "Please give me a strand of your hair too."

Arielle immediately plucked out a strand of hair and passed it to Carter. He grabbed a piece of tissue, wrapped the strand and said to Vinson, "About that dude in the hospital... We've tried all kinds of methods, but none of them works. The doctor said that he has post-traumatic stress disorder, so the treatment's going to be tough. It'll take at least a year." "A year?" Vinson immediately frowned and said, "We can't wait for so long."

At that moment, Arielle took a step forward and asked, "Post-traumatic stress disorder?" When she suddenly chimed in, Carter adjusted his spectacles unhappily. To him, all women were trouble. However, as Arielle was Vinson's friend, he had more patience for her than for other women. As he had already argued with the other two in the hospital because of Arielle, he was so annoyed that he had a headache.

Hence, he was starting to lose his patience with her. "It's between both of us, so Ms. Moore, you shouldn't..." Before Carter could finish his sentence, Vinson raised his hand and interrupted him. Confused, he heard Vinson ask Arielle, "Do you know about post-traumatic stress disorder?" She nodded and said, "The acronym for post-traumatic stress disorder is PTSD."

My... My friend from overseas—or to be more specific, a couple—is doing research in this area. They aim to cure it through traditional Chanaean medicine. When I was free, I picked up some knowledge from them." Carter asked in surprise, "Treat a psychological illness with traditional Chanaean medicine? Are you joking?"

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Arielle's expression became serious. "Traditional Chanaean medicine has been in existence for thousands of years and it is a very profound field of knowledge. Moreover, there are many people learning it now; so how can you look down on it as a Chanaean?" As Carter's family owned a modern medicine hospital, he naturally looked down on traditional Chanaean medicine. Amused, he said, "I'm not saying that traditional Chanaean medicine is useless.

It can cure cold and fever, but isn't it ridiculous to suggest that it can treat a psychological illness too?" Arielle frowned. Her adoptive parents were currently

doing research on that. After a few experiments, they discovered that it was actually effective. Yet, Carter rejected all of their efforts just like that. She said disapprovingly, "I'm not being ridiculous. If you agree, I can give it a shot." Carter refused without any hesitation.

"There's no need for that. If traditional Chanaean medicine's as amazing as you claim it is, you can use it for your DNA test." "You..." Arielle was at a loss for words, not knowing how to rebuke him. However, Vinson immediately said, "Just let her try." Carter and Arielle looked at him simultaneously. Carter protested, "Vin, you know very well how important that guy is to us." Vinson replied calmly, "I let her give it a shot precisely because he's important."

If we stick to modern treatments, we'll have to wait for a year. We are facing a lot more obstacles now. In fact, my life and Harvey's are being threatened, yet we don't even know who the enemy is. Do you think that we can afford to wait for another year?" Carter fell silent. *It's true that we can't wait for so long. Who knows what the opponent's next step would be?* Arielle glanced at Vinson in surprise.

*Strangely, he seems to trust me a lot. Is it because I've saved him before? Since Vinson trusts me so much, I will not disappoint him.* She took in a deep breath and said, "There are a lot of side-effects associated with modern medicine, but there's none for traditional Chanaean medicine. Even if I fail, it won't be your loss at all." When Carter heard that, the wary look in his eyes faded slightly. "Fine, then let's give it a shot. Just don't kill the person."

"Don't worry, even if I don't cure him, I will not let anything happen to the patient." "Let's go now." Carter headed out. "Wait..." interrupted Arielle embarrassedly. "Can you please prepare a set of clothes for me? Also, I can't leave from the front door. There are countless pairs of eyes staring at this room right now." Vinson said, "Get her a set of clothes and some ropes. If we could not leave from the front door, we'll have to flip through the window."

Carter nodded. "When I entered, I could feel that someone is guarding the entrance of the hotel. However, you said in your call that I shouldn't alert others, so I deliberately wore a hotel staff's uniform. I came up while avoiding the watchful eyes. However, this is the eleventh floor. Even if we can climb down, can she?

Are you going to carry her down?" Vinson was about to say that he would carry Arielle down, when she interrupted curtly, "You don't have to worry about that. I can climb down myself." The two men stared at her simultaneously. After meeting Arielle's determined gaze, Vinson turned back and instructed Carter, "Go and prepare everything."

Although Carter was still suspicious, he still left the room. Soon, he brought back everything that was needed. After changing into her clothes, Arielle was the first to grab the ropes on the floor.

"As I'm wearing the hotel staff's uniform, I won't attract much attention. I'll go down first to keep a lookout for both of you." Carter could not help but remind

her, "Ms. Moore, we're on the eleventh floor. Are you sure you can go down alone?"

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"Yeah." Arielle swiftly hooked the safety belt. Before Vinson and Carter could speak, she walked to the window and propped her arms against the rims. She flipped over and jumped onto the condenser outside swiftly and accurately. Her actions were so swift that Carter, who initially did not believe that Arielle could not make it, was stunned. "She..." He asked Vinson in surprise. "Who is she? Isn't she a daughter whom the Southalls found in the countryside?"

How can a village woman like her know how to flip out of a window and even possess medical knowledge?" Vinson did not reply to him. Instead, he walked to the window to check if Arielle was fine. He saw her nimbly climbing down the rope, had descended two floors within a few seconds. He immediately suppressed his urge to voice out his concern. Turning around, he said to Carter, "Don't look down on women.

I'll go down next, and you'll be the last." Carter went to the window and was utterly stunned after he saw that Arielle was already halfway down. He could not help but exclaim to Vinson, "She's really very impressive. I now understand why Harvey's treating her so differently. He hates weak and fussy heiresses the most. Instead, he has a peculiar liking for a strong woman like her." Annoyed, Vinson glanced at him and said, "Cut the crap and prepare to go down."

When he recalled Harvey saying that he fell in love with Arielle at first sight, a sense of agitation surfaced within him. He did not even know what was wrong with him. Within ten minutes, the three of them landed on the ground safely and drove to the Morgans' private hospital. The Morgans had established private hospitals all around the world, with five in Jadedborough alone. The person they intended to treat stayed in the Hillview Hospital, which only accepted special patients.

Because of that, the hospital was extremely empty. When Arielle alighted from the car, she did not see anyone else except for the few medical staff on shift. "This way." Carter walked in front to guide them. However, he still did not trust Arielle much. *Traditional Chanaean medicine can cure a psychological illness which modern medicine needs one year to treat? I will never believe that! But since she's already here, I'll just let her try.*

The three of them walked to the wards located at the last building. There was only one patient in the entire building—the person whom they had captured. Walking along the abnormally quiet corridor, Arielle could not help but exclaim, "This is the emptiest hospital I've been to." Hospitals were forever crowded

whether they were local or overseas. Carter said proudly, "Not everyone can be admitted to this hospital. Only the rich and powerful can come here."

Furthermore, they only took in the richest and most powerful of them. Arielle shook her head in disagreement. "That's not right. The patients' lives are at stake. Hospitals are supposed to treat illnesses and doctors are supposed to save all lives, regardless of status and background. If you refuse to save patients, how is it different from murder? How can you select your patients based on these conditions?" Carter wanted to rebuke her, but gave up eventually.

When Arielle saw the conflicted look on his face, she stopped trying to convince him. Such classist ideologies were entrenched in the mindsets of those at the top of the social ladder. She could not change their minds just by saying a few words. All she could do was to prove it through her own actions.

That was what her adoptive parents taught her. If her adoptive parents had discriminated against their patients based on class, she would have been dead a long time ago after being abandoned by the human traffickers. Hence, Arielle's expression was extremely serious. Vinson tried to say something a few times, but decided against it.

However, he could sense that Arielle's attitude toward him and Carter was much colder than before. He felt speechless and frustrated. Soon, Arielle was led to the thirteenth floor.

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She had just stepped out of the elevator when she heard Jordan and Harvey bickering. "That's enough from you. Calling that true love? Which one of your exes didn't you consider your true love?" "I've had enough of you myself. What does a lifelong bachelor like you know? And love at first sight? *Pfft*. Sounds more like hoes before bros to me! I think you should be the one to give her up to me instead!" "Maybe you should ask my fists what they think about that!"

"Oh, getting serious here now, are we?" "Damn straight we are!" Unsure as to what the disagreement was about, Arielle intervened immediately upon seeing how close they were to coming to blows. "We're in a hospital, so what the heck do the both of you think you're doing?" The two men were caught off guard and both appeared surprised when they turned and saw Arielle in the lift lobby. "What are you doing here, Arielle?"

Harvey was first to approach, with Jordan close behind. Arielle was about to speak when Vinson got in ahead of her. "I brought her over to take a look because she said that she may have an idea for a treatment. If there's nothing better for the two of you to do here, quit messing around and just go home to

sleep already." "Nah! We're plenty busy, aren't we, Harvey?" Jordan ignored him and turned to regard Arielle instead.

"Are you able to address psychological ailments?" Arielle replied humbly, "I just happen to know a little about post-traumatic stress disorder, so I thought it might be worth giving a shot. Which ward is the patient at?" Carter pointed to the right. "This one." Arielle strode forth and went on inside. Carter's eyes dimmed as he watched her silhouette disappear beyond the door. He then pulled out his phone to make a call. "Where are you?"

Come up to the thirteenth floor and check on your patient right away." Vinson frowned when he cast his gaze upon Carter. "Who did you summon?" "His attending doctor, Dr. Jankowitsch. It wasn't easy for me to bring him in from overseas." Vinson have heard of that distinguished professional, a protege of the Wilhelms who themselves were considered amongst the top psychologists in the world. This fact alone spoke volumes of the doctor's expertise.

However, that gave him a moment for pause. "If Arielle's already looking into it, then what are you getting Jankowitsch over here for?" Carter shrugged. "What else. To have him oversee things and make sure that she doesn't get the patient killed! We're clueless about her level of competency, so I don't think you ought to place too much trust in her just because she's friend of yours. You know how important this fella is and why we need him alive."

Vinson appeared doubtful but made no comment before he made his way in with the others in tow. Inside the ward, Arielle began examining the emaciated man lying on the bed using the Four Diagnostic Methods based on ancient Chanaean medical traditions. "Disorientation, sluggishness, disharmony and dredging imbalance in the liver, hyper-arousal, palpitation and other symptoms... it does appear to be characteristic of post-traumatic stress disorder."

The observing Harvey and Jordan clapped enthusiastically in approval. "Spot on, Ms. Moore! Bravo!" "We couldn't have known that you also possess such a talent. We're mighty impressed!" Carter twitched his lips as he did not think much of Arielle merely parroting what he had already said about the patient's condition.

At this moment, the door to the ward was pushed open. "Dr. Jankowitsch!" Carter hailed the newcomer before he regarded Arielle. "This is the internationally renowned Dr. Jankowitsch who studied under the illustrious Wilhelms." Arielle's eyes widened when she heard name "*the Wilhelms*" mentioned, because they were her adoptive parents.

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As Arielle was unfamiliar with the innumerable students that they mentored, she was a little concerned about being recognized. Klaus' expression was indecipherable under his surgical mask. He extended a hand and greeted her in Ustranasion, "Hello, I'm Dr. Jankowitsch. Are you the patient's family?" Arielle sighed in relief that he did not recognize her. She was about to reply when Carter interjected. "Do you understand Ustranasion, Ms. Moore?"

He's extending a greeting to you. I can help translate if you can't." He did not think her Ustranasion would be any good, considering that she grew up in the countryside. But to Carter's astonishment, Arielle started to converse fluently with Klaus in Ustranasion while also interspersing their exchange with some profound terminology like "acupuncture", "moxibustion" and "neurasthenia" which stumped him.

Not only did Arielle understand Ustranasion, her command of the language might even surpass that of those specialists who tutored him at home throughout his formative years. Carter could feel his own face burning up. Just as Carter was mired in self-conflict, he heard Vinson whisper in his ear, "Didn't I tell you not to underestimate women?" Never mind speaking Ustranasion, women could literally carve out his face when they got serious.

He now highly doubted that Arielle grew up in the rural areas, and became convinced that there was more to her than just her revenge motive. Carter took in a deep drawl to settle his own emotions. He supposed that some people just had a knack for picking up languages. On top of it, with her own mother being Jadeborough's previously heralded Maureen Moore, it should come as no surprise that Arielle could be so accomplished at spoken Ustranasion.

Hence, he paid little more attention to it. Being good at Ustranasion doesn't mean one will also be a skilled medical practitioner. Like she said, she has only a limited understanding of the affliction, so when she does fail to cure

the patient, she'll only end up embarrassing herself. Of course, Carter had nothing personal against Arielle. It was just traditional Chanaean medicine that he was skeptical about. Hailing from a family of modern healthcare providers, his aversion to traditional Chanaean medicine was inherent.

That proved even more to be the case for him when its representative was a young country lass, and a very pretty one, at that. Suffice to say, his confidence in her healing skills was practically non-existent. Over the other end, Klaus pulled down his mask and cast a questioning look at Arielle after they concluded their discussion of the patient's prognosis. "Could we have, by any chance, met somewhere before?"

Klaus suddenly switched to speaking in Chanaean. Arielle was taken aback, but came to realize that he did not speak to her in Ustranasion because he wanted to make things difficult for her, but because he knew that she had no relation with the patient right from the start. His code switching also conveyed a shift in attitude toward her. "I'm sure that we're meeting here for the first time," Arielle replied. "But I keep having this feeling that I've seen you before..."

Klaus was wracking his head trying to sift through his own memories when he felt Jordan bump against his arm. "Man, you'd best be trying something else cause this method of hitting on girls has long gone out of style in our country. But nope. You still have to get in line." "Get in line... to do what?"

Klaus asked, quite confounded. Jordan was about to expound upon it when Carter cut him off. "What's your verdict about her idea of employing traditional Chanaean medicine after all that discussion? Is it complete nonsense?" Klaus scratched the back of his head. "I don't understand what you mean by that, but I do think this lady's proposal may be worth trying."

"And her proposal is?" asked Carter uncertainly, as he was unable to grasp what Arielle said in Ustranasion. Klaus pointed at the unconscious man. "She has suggested using traditional

Chanaean medicine' s acupuncture approach in conjunction with repeated application of Transcranial Magnetic Stimulation...”

Carter did not understand the latter half of what he heard.

“Could we treat mental illnesses with just acupuncture? Then, what use is there for the multitude of medications available in modern medicine?”

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Klaus shook his head in disagreement. “The field of traditional Chanaean medicine is wide-ranging and profound. Even my two mentors have previously traveled far and wide ten years ago to do research and learn from various established practitioners here, so I think you shouldn't be too quick to dismiss it. Perhaps, we could really give it a go.” Hearing that the Wilhelms had also studied traditional Chanaean medicine more or less helped ease Carter's concerns that Arielle might end up making things worse.

“Well, let's do it then! Go on ahead and help her prepare whatever she needs, but in the event that you sense the patient isn't doing well, you are to stop her immediately. I cannot allow anything untoward happening to him.” “Will do, Mr. Morgan. I shall proceed to get what she just asked for.” Klaus nodded politely at Arielle before he turned to walk out. Without having gone for more than a few steps, Klaus stopped and looked back.

“May I ask if you are acquainted with the famous Wilhelms in the field of Psychology?” Arielle's fingers tightened around themselves while she shook her head sheepishly. “No.” She could deny anything with a straight face, but was somewhat ill at ease disavowing the adoptive parents who have treated her like their own. Her discomfort did not escape the stolid Klaus, but he did not press further. “I see... I just thought that you might.”

“The Wilhelms are world-class experts in Psychology, so how could I have known them? I guess you must be overthinking this,” Arielle said. “I considered the possibility that you might because they so happened to be actively looking into using acupuncture to treat post-traumatic stress disorder these past few years, so don't mind me for casually asking,” Klaus replied with a smile. Carter waved him off. “I seriously doubt that they would have known each other.

You should go on and make preparations.” “Understood.” Klaus regarded Arielle intently before he departed. Arielle was a little unnerved by the way Klaus looked at her, and was relieved to finally be away from his presence. She was quite worried that this Klaus Jankowitsch might had actually seen her previously,

as her adoptive parents often invited their students over to their home for lessons. While she was lost in her own thoughts, Vinson stepped in front of her.

“Are you really not acquainted with the Wilhelms?” That took Arielle a little by surprise, but she was prompt to dismiss his suggestion. “I’ve heard of them, but we’ve never met.” Carter hastened to chime in. “Now that y’all mentioned it, I kind of feel that we could consider inviting the Wilhelms here to treat this guy.” That drew a reaction from Arielle, who responded quickly to veil her emotions before anyone noticed. Vinson exhaled.

“Let’s have Arielle have a crack at it first. The two of them are so well-known that they would probably cause quite a commotion should they suddenly show up here.” Carter nodded in agreement. “You may be right about that. Dr. Jankowitsch must have learned something under their tutelage, so we should let him try first. As for Ms. Moore...” His tone was telling in spite of him stopping short of spelling things out explicitly.

A silent Arielle earnestly returned to reading the patient’s pulse. It was then that the man suddenly came to. “Ah ah... don’t eat me...” He then shoved at Arielle beside him. Taken off guard and given no time to grab onto anything, Arielle stumbled backwards, but was firmly intercepted by a large mitt in the small of her back.

When she reflexively looked over, she saw Vinson staring coldly at the man on the bed. As her gaze shifted onto the patient, Harvey had come out of nowhere to slug the patient across the face. The man’s eyes rolled and he lost consciousness after a dull thud. “Harvey!” Carter had to jump in swiftly to stop him from landing a second blow.

Only Jordan’s brain struggled to keep up with everything that transpired, but he did have a subtle sense that he had been robbed of an opportunity for to save the girl.

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“Are you alright?” Vinson looked back and asked. Arielle shook her head. “I’m okay. Please do not rough up the patient, Mr. Jupiter. Sufferers of trauma tend to be more sensitive toward external stimuli, so he didn’t mean to.” “Okay...” Only then did Harvey withdraw the hand that Carter held onto, but he remained where he was and kept a vigilant eye on the man in the bed. Carter winced and massaged his own temple.

“Hey, Harvey. How about you hit the fella harder next time and kill him outright so we don’t have to go through all this trouble of trying to fix his kooky head?” Harvey cleared his throat sheepishly in response, and found it inexplicably vexing to see Vinson and Arielle stand in close proximity.

Even though he understood that Vinson did it to save her, that did not stop him from feeling sore about it. Klaus returned with a box shortly after, only to see the patient completely out cold with a bloodied nose and with fate uncertain. "What... what's going on here?" All eyes then fell upon Harvey, who felt the pressure from that a little overwhelming. "I'm going to head outside for a breather." With that, he turned around and stepped away.

The confounded Klaus went on to examine the patient alongside Arielle. "Is he alright?" Carter asked with a frown. Klaus waved his hand. "It's nothing serious, but he can't sustain any more of these injuries, as it would only compound upon his condition. Sufferers of PTSD are emotionally fragile, so I'm not sure if he would be able to take it should this happen again." "Yeah. I'm going to test it out," Arielle said while she opened up the box Klaus brought in. Inspecting its contents, all the various acupuncture needles were there as she requested. "Are these the ones?"

Klaus asked. "Yes." Arielle replied in the affirmative. "I'm going to get started, so it's just as well that he's unconscious. It would be impossible for me to work if he stayed alert, considering his unpredictability." "Please go ahead." Klaus spoke diffidently without realizing it. Before Arielle began, she took the time to remind Carter. "Please help me get the DNA testing done. As for the issue over here, I'll do my best to deliver a satisfactory outcome."

"Got it." Carter replied. He then started for the door with the two strands of hair, but not before issuing Klaus another reminder. "Watch her. Have fun, but don't overdo it." Klaus bowed in response. "Don't worry, we won't." Carter then exited and closed the door to the ward behind him. Arielle retrieved a copper-plated needle and approached the patient. "Are you going for the head?" Klaus said, seemingly a little unsure.

"It'll be incredibly risky. Are you sure you can handle this?" Arielle blinked. Steadying the needles in her hand, she proceeded to jab them into the Baihui, Sishencong, Shenting, and Fengchi acupuncture points on the head with pinpoint precision. Jordan's eyes were riveted as he watched on at the side, positively certain that Carter would have lost his marbles if he were there because he himself could not help but worry for the patient.

He could not hold himself back from approaching Vinson. "Would poking this thing into his head kill him?" Vinson shot Jordan a look and communicated with his eyes for the latter to be quiet before turning back to observe Arielle at work. With the needling completed, Arielle's forehead started to bead with sweat.

Most acupuncture services available on the market do not get to the root of the ailments, and its effects were not felt by the practitioners themselves. While that of true traditional Chanaean medicine from antiquity, though quick and effective, often took its toll on the practitioner's own energies. After the placement of the four needles, Arielle's face appeared to be drained of color.

# A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 120

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## Chapter 120, A Beauty with Multiple Masks

Vinson was concerned at Arielle's worn disposition. "Are you alright?" Arielle responded in the negative even though she was a little short of breath. "I'm fine. Combining needling on the head with that on the body will produce the best results, so I must continue." With that, she produced a handful of silver-plated needles from the pouch and removed the patient's shirt so that she may begin to place the needles sequentially.

Compared to the initial placements on the head, the rapid pace at which she worked on the body was so many times faster that all Jordan could see was the trail of her right hand. Before he could catch the sight of her hand in full, a total of twelve silver-plated needles had already been jabbed into eight acupoints located throughout the man's body. Jordan gasped in astonishment, "This speed... How long have you been single, Ms. Moore?"

That drew a quizzical look from Arielle. Jordan giggled nervously. "Uh, never mind. How long do they need to stay on?" "Ten min..." Before she was able to enunciate "*minutes*", Arielle's strength deserted her. Her vision blackened and her entire body slumped backwards. "Look out!" Vinson rushed over and was able to catch the fainting woman in time, and discovered that her body was clammy when his arm accidentally came in contact with her neck. "Dr. Jankowitsch!"

Vinson shouted while he lifted up and carried Arielle over to the hospital bed. Klaus was taken by surprise as well and hastened over to check on her. An unsettled Vinson asked after a series of examining. "How's she doing?" "It was nothing serious. Just exhaustion. She should be better after lying down for a while, but I could get the nurse over to put her on a drip if you are still worried," Klaus replied, looking a little more relaxed.

"Then hurry." Klaus grunted in acknowledgment and hurried outside, only to crash head-along into Carter who was coming in from the opposite direction. "Ouch..." Klaus groaned while he rubbed at his head. "What are you in such a hurry for?" Carter barked in displeasure. Before Klaus could answer, Carter had already spotted Arielle lying in the one bed, and the foreign man with needles in his head on the other. "How could you let her poke needles into that bugger's head?"

he fumed with a furrow before he stormed toward the bed with the intention of pulling the needles off.. "Carter!" The eagle-eyed Vinson swiftly seized upon his hand. "What are you trying to do?" "What do you think?" Carter's eyes reddened amidst his own consternation. "As if it's not crazy enough to have needles in body, you had to have them in his head as well? Let go!" Not only did Vinson not relinquish his grip, he went on to hold on ever more firmly.

"Arielle said that these need to stay in for half an hour. Dr. Jankowitsch has been keeping watch by the side so it's going to be fine. Don't mess this up." That had Carter scoffing, "Not only was that punk Harvey bewitched, and now you too? This is the human head we're talking about!"

If this continues and that guy dies, how are we to find those who put him up to it?" The observing Jordan could no longer withhold himself. "Ms. Moore has already passed out, Vin, so I don't think we can count on her to treat the guy any longer. Maybe we should remove the needles as it's kind of creeping me out..."

Vinson remained unmoved as he spat, "Heck no!" "Vinson Nightshire!" Carter said in dismay, "You're in over your head and going to ruin everything! Hands off now, or you'll regret it!" Vinson's eyes darkened. "Not happening. If you want to pull them out, you'll have to get past me first!"