

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 252

"You..." Arielle was filled with exasperation. Nevertheless, she knew that she had to keep her promise.

Left without a choice, she let herself out of the car under Vinson's watchful eye. After that, she dragged herself and followed him into the mansion.

Despite how extravagant the mansion looked on the outside, Arielle was surprised to find the interior furnishings to be simple.

The rooms were largely painted in black. Even the walls were covered with dark colored tiles.

It was one thing for the hard furnishings to be black, but another for the soft

furnishing to also be in black. Other than some basic furniture, the living hall had nothing else. Even the sofa was a single seater, causing the mansion to look eerily empty inside.

"Does anyone live here?" Arielle couldn't resist asking.

Vinson grunted before replying, "When I'm not at the manor, I'll usually be here."

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Arielle was shocked. How can it be so spartan with someone living here?

Cognizant of what was going through her mind, Vinson explained, "I don't like anyone to disturb me here. Besides, the minimal furnishings make it easier to clean."

Does that mean even a cleaner isn't allowed here?

The next moment, he added, "Other than Carter and the other two, you're my first

guest."

Arielle's lips twitched. "You seem to be quite the loner."

"Perhaps." Vinson pointed at the fridge. "The ingredients are all in there."

Resigned to the fact that she wasn't there on a tour, Arielle sighed before heading into the kitchen.

The moment she opened the fridge, she was stunned.

There were only two eggs inside the fresh vegetable compartment.

How am I going to make ravioli with just two eggs? Is Vinson overestimating me? know how to cook ravioli, but I can't make them out of thin air!

Just when she was about to question Vinson whether he actually bought any ingredients, his voice rang out from outside. "They're in the freezer."

With that, Arielle opened the freezer and saw a few packets of frozen ravioli inside.

After rummaging through the compartment, she noticed there was nothing else other than the ravioli.

Did he just bring me here to cook this? Why can't he do something as simple as this himself?

Vinson explained from behind her, "This batch of ravioli is a new product yet to be launched. We'll try it after you cook them. If they're unacceptable, I'll stop them from bringing it to market."

Stunned, she turned around to look at Vinson, who had appeared out of nowhere. She asked, "Did you invite me here to test the ravioli?"

After all, anyone could have cooked it. There was no need for her, specifically, to do it.

Can it be that he is worried that I'm hungry? Actually, I haven't eaten anything the entire day, and my stomach is growling.

The next moment, she heard Vinson's reply. "In your dreams. You are good at cooking ravioli. Hence, I just want your honest opinion."

Arielle was exasperated.

Can I be any more narcissistic? As if he would be someone so attentive and thoughtful. Even if he is, he wouldn't behave that way to a friend like me. Instead, he would reserve it for his loved one. What was I even thinking?

Vinson pestered her, "What are you spacing out for? Get cracking now! I'm hungry. Cook some of each available flavor and tell me what you think. If you don't give me a satisfactory answer, I'm not going to let you leave tonight."

Gritting her teeth, Arielle glared at Vinson, "Given that attitude of yours, aren't you worried that you will never get a girlfriend