

# A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 253

Vinson shrugged. "What's the use of having one? Stop wasting time and start cooking. I'll be waiting outside."

Just as he spoke, he walked out with his cutlery and plate, as if she was his housekeeper.

Arielle stomped her feet in frustration, However, she had no choice as she was bound by her word.

Taking a deep breath, she reminded herself to not make a fuss over the matter. After all, Vinson had helped her significantly that evening.

With that thought in mind, Arielle calmed down and began cooking.

Obedying Vinson's instructions, she cooked some of every different flavor. Soon, she had prepared two plates of freshly cooked ravioli.

After making the sauce, she poured it over the ravioli before bringing out the plates.

Vinson was on the phone when he saw Arielle approach. Pointing at the food, he gestured for Arielle to start first.

Coincidentally, Arielle was hungry. Disregarding Vinson, she began to dig in.

She didn't feel hungry earlier because there were too many things going on. But now that she had a break and Vinson was still on the phone, she realized she was famished. In no time at all, she finished a significant portion of the ravioli.

The amount she ate was a lot more than her usual capacity.

Putting down her cutlery, she sighed in satisfaction.

Since she was done, she subconsciously looked in Vinson's direction.

He had a grim expression on as he uttered into the phone, "There's nothing we can do if we were discovered. You should continue your search and see if you can find anything useful."

When he was done, Vinson ended the call with a grunt.

Looking at his solemn face, Arielle couldn't help but ask, "What happened? Is there anything I can do to help?"

Vinson replied candidly, "Harvey has gone to the location you provided and found their hideout."

Arielle's eyes lit up before she asked curiously, "So what's with that expression of yours?"

Sighing, Vinson explained, "By the time they arrived, it was too late as the men were gone. However, there was some stuff left behind which I instructed them to recover."

After pondering a moment, Arielle suggested, "We can conduct a fingerprint analysis of the items and see if there's a match in the database."

Smiling wryly, Vinson replied, "They already did that, but it was a dead end. The perpetrators' identities are very well hidden. Despite matching against the global database, we were still not able to find any matches."

Arielle's heart sank in response.

The killers that were after Vinson were ruthless. Arielle began to worry now that they were unable to find them.

When she saw the ravioli that was getting cold, she reminded Vinson, "At least we discovered their hideout. I'm sure we can find a lead in there somewhere. Anyway, don't dwell on it so much. Have some ravioli before it gets cold."

Vinson replied, "I already had dinner so I'm not hungry. Anyway, I'll send you home now."

Just as he spoke, he got to his feet.

Stunned, Arielle asked, "But I haven't given you my opinion about the ravioli."

Isn't that why he wanted me to eat them?

However, Vinson waved his hand and answered, "The marketing department has specialists to do it. So, you don't have to. Let's go."

Arielle was dumbstruck as she watched Vinson's silhouette as he walked out.

So why did he invite me here? Is it just so that he can treat me to ravioli?

Arielle didn't ask nor think too much of it, worried that she would get carried away

again and feel a sense of inexplicable disappointment.

Just as their car left the residential area, Arielle made an effort to look at the sign by the entrance. On it were the words "Maplelake Manor" emblazoned in gold.