

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 279

Vinson's dark eyes glimmered mischievously under the bright sunlight, causing Arielle to feel a blush creeping across her face.

Clearing her throat loudly, she attempted to disguise her emotions with levity. "I know you are rich. I've married a wealthy old bachelor."

Vinson missed the point entirely. "Old?" he repeated with a frown. "I'm only three years older than you!"

Arielle thought it was funny to see him get riled up over their age difference. "Don't you know that three years is as much as a generational gap these days?"

Vinson's frown deepened in alarm as he took Arielle's words literally.

"I'm joking with you," she said helplessly. "You can't even take a joke."

He's taken my remark about marrying him seriously. And this time, he's sulking over the generational gap thing... I get it now. He is an obtuse guy who can't take any jokes.

Even Arielle's reassurance did not ease his

frown.

"Wait for me in the car," Vinson said rather dully. "I'll get your coat."

Without another word, he disappeared back into the building.

"Hey!" Arielle called after him, but he did not turn back. It was hard to tell if he was doing it on purpose.

Arielle scratched her head. Is he seriously angry?

She was worried that she had inadvertently offended him as she had never flirted with men before.

Just as she was feeling guilty, she suddenly noticed a car stopping by the road. Several familiar faces emerged from within.

Isn't that Yvette and Mason?

Yvette was handcuffed by the bodyguard. It was obvious that she had been forced to the City Hall against her will.

It did not take long for Arielle to deduce

that they were at the City Hall to get married.

Not only did Yvette fail to destroy Arielle, but she had also pushed herself deeper into the abyss of her own creation.

It was very unlikely that Yvette would be able to find happiness with Mason through forced marriage, given her character.

Arielle smirked at the opportunity. "Yvette, Mason," she greeted them right before the couple saw her.

Turning around to see that it was Arielle, they scowled at her.

Yvette looked as if she would like nothing more than to skin Arielle alive.

If Yvette was not held by the bodyguard, she would have pounced on Arielle and scratched her eyes out.

Arielle pretended not to understand Yvette's hostile stare. "Yvette, what's wrong?" she asked innocently. "What's gotten into you?"

"B*tch!" she screamed as she struggled. "It

was you! You plotted all of this, didn't

you?"

Arielle's eyes flashed coldly.

How dare she? Does she not remember what happened?

"Yvette, you seem to have an awful prejudice against me," Arielle protested with an irritating smile. "But it's fine. I forgive you. By the way, what are you doing here at the City Hall?"

The innocuous remark by Arielle completely broke Yvette.

"B*tch!" she howled, sounding quite deranged. "I'm going to kill you!"

However, Arielle remained unaffected. At that moment, the bodyguard gripped Yvette's elbow like he was escorting a particularly fierce dog, rendering any

further struggling futile.

To Yvette, the handcuffs were symbolic of her life imprisonment in the bonds of matrimony.

"Mason, you're here too!" Arielle's eyes met

Mason's furious ones. "Wait a minute. Are the two of you here to get married?"