

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 282

When Vinson entered the Maybach, the chauffeur noticed his scowl and tactfully lowered the blinders.

Being a large man, Arielle felt the air in the car compressing as it was displaced by Vinson's body

Coupled with the sudden change in atmospheric pressure within the vehicle with the fact that the chauffeur had lowered the blinders, Arielle felt deeply uneasy.

Vinson, on the other hand, looked as carefree as ever.

Arielle kicked herself for being so easily frightened.

It's only a sham wedding. Why do I have to be as nervous as an actual new bride?

Arielle was inwardly frustrated when Vinson suddenly handed her a document that looked like an agreement

"What's this?" she asked in surprise.

"The ground rules which you've laid out," Vinson answered carelessly. "I've taken the liberty of drawing up an agreement. Go ahead and sign it if everything looks good to you. We'll each keep a copy."

Stunned, Arielle dropped her eyes to the

agreement.

It was so detailed that it filled an entire page. In a formal and somewhat pompous air, Arielle was "The Wife" while Vinson was "The Husband."

Arielle thought that Vinson had drawn up the agreement with the purpose of taking advantage of her. Upon closer inspection, she realized that she was the benefactor in almost all of the terms while they were constrictive for Vinson. One of the terms stated that "If The Husband is found to be overly intimate with the opposite sex, The Wife has the right to call for a divorce and up to a hundred percent of The Husband's asset as alimony."

There was only one constraint for her. She, too, was required to not be overly intimate with the opposite sex. If she was found to have violated the agreement, she too would be required to surrender all of her assets as alimony.

In other words, it was an agreement that only benefitted her.

Arielle gazed at Vinson in shock.

"Vinson," Arielle blurted. "Did you draft this agreement?"

He nodded. "Yes, I did. Is there anything wrong?"

"No, there isn't." Arielle replied as she pointed at the agreement. "Did you make a mistake? Why are there so many constraints on yourself?"

"Don't worry; there is no mistake." Vinson gazed deep into her eyes. "If you have no other comments, go ahead and sign it."

Arielle was flabbergasted. He seems awfully sure he didn't make a mistake. What reason does he have for doing so?

Vinson seemed to have read her thoughts. "This is the only way to assure you to marry me without any worries, is it not?"

Arielle jumped, question after question racing through her mind. "Vinson, you're not in love with me, are you?"

That is why he proposed to me so many times. To appease me, he even went ahead and drafted so many constraints for himself.

Out of Arielle's sight, Vinson's fist clenched slowly

A couple of seconds later, he looked away. "Though I don't hate you," he declared, "I don't like you that way too. You're not worthy. This is only a sham wedding, so don't get any ideas."

Arielle was indignant. "Who do you think you are for me to develop feelings for you?"

"Let's keep it that way." Vinson grunted.

Arielle gritted her teeth and signed the agreement.

This only benefits me. Why shouldn't I sign it?

It's better if Vinson doesn't like me. If he does, I won't agree to this marriage! If feelings were to get in the way, it wouldn't be a simple sham wedding anymore.

After both parties signed the agreement, the pair of them turned away from one another to gaze out of their windows.

The silence was so palpable that it seemed to solidify in the air.

After ten minutes, the Maybach rolled to a stop before the entrance to a private restaurant.

Arielle got down and looked at the sign. Being greeted by the words "Maureen's Kitchen," she froze.