

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 283

Maureen...

Maureen Moore...

Isn't that Mom's name?

"What are you standing there for? Go on!" Vinson said, interrupting her stunned reverie as he gave her a little shove from behind.

Arielle entered the restaurant without comment, dismissing the naming as a coincidence.

It was only eleven in the morning, the restaurant was nearly empty as it was not lunchtime.

Arielle glanced around and thought the decor to be expansive and simplistic. Though it looked good, she found nothing special about it aside from the name

Arielle sat across from Vinson without a word. She did not speak until Vinson started browsing the menu. "What is special about this restaurant?"

"Why? Is it not good enough?" Vinson asked, glancing up at her.

"No, I don't have many demands about that." She shook her head. "I just thought that you would bring me to an exotic restaurant that was difficult to make reservations."

"You like foreign food?" Vinson asked, his eyebrows raised

"No." She shook her head once more. "I just thought that... Ah, never mind. Forget I asked."

When Vinson had said "You don't know your husband well enough," Arielle thought that he would at least take her to somewhere much pricier than this. She did not expect to be brought to a place where an entire family can get full for the price of an appetizer.

However, she meant what she said about not being particular about what she ate.

Arielle dismissed the peculiar feeling and after ordering her meal, she passed the menu to Vinson.

Vinson ticked off several items on the menu for himself before summoning the waiter.

It did not take long for the food to arrive.

Upon the very first spoonful, Arielle detected a familiar taste.

Initially, she did not think much of it. She simply thought that the chef had a knack to cater to the taste of the general public.

Upon the second bite, the sense of familiarity became stronger, as though it was food that she had had many times before.

In disbelief, Arielle tasted a different dish. The sense of familiarity did not only diminish but became more overwhelming. It was as if she had been here once before.

How is this possible?

Arielle gazed at Vinson. "Have I been here before?" she asked Vinson in wonder.

"Yes, you have." Vinson nodded a tender smile spreading across his lips.

"How do you know?" Arielle demanded, her

astonishment growing,

Vinson wiped his mouth with a napkin before responding, "I've investigated old articles regarding your mother. There was an old photo of you taken by the paparazzi of your mother bringing you here. It seemed that you were brought here more than once. I thought you might like it here."

Arielle felt her nose twinge. Gazing at the food before her, she felt an old forgotten sense of warmth creeping up her heart. It was as though her mother had brought her here again.

Arielle suddenly recalled the first instance of her surprise when they arrived. "What about the name of the restaurant?"

At that, Vinson snapped his fingers.

The waiter who had brought them their food earlier reappeared with a smile as he placed an agreement before her.

She glanced at the title and found it to be a transferal agreement of the restaurant.

"Is this your restaurant?" Arielle asked, comprehension dawning on her face.

"It's yours after you sign that."

Arielle gazed back at the agreement.

"You..." she began, unable to find the words as

she clutched the document.

Vinson cleared his throat. "This is my wedding gift to you. Do you like it?"

Arielle nodded as tears welled up in her eyes, rendering Vinson's face a blur before her.

But that did not matter as Vinson's face was already etched in her memory.