

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 297

Arielle was also proficient in Ustranasion, so she could understand what was going on during the video conference.

She gathered that Nightshire Group wanted to expand their ravioli business globally.

Although it did not seem like much, they felt that they could potentially make a huge profit if they released it internationally.

As Arielle listened, her gaze was drawn toward Vinson.

Dressed in black from head to toe, he exuded an understated coolness that added to his charm. She gazed at his handsome face with chiseled features, unable to look away.

As she listened to his low voice, she started to feel drowsy, and her vision began to turn blurry.

Eventually, her breathing steadied, and she dozed off.

After the video conference ended, Vinson was surprised when he turned around and saw Arielle fast asleep on the couch.

Is she simply too exhausted? Or is she too trusting? How could she fall into such a deep slumber with only two of us in the room?

Vinson turned off the computer and walked over to the couch without making a sound. He gazed down at Arielle, studying her carefully.

His gaze first fell on her lips.

She had rosy pink lips that were not too thick nor too thin. Although they exuded an air of youthful innocence, her well-defined cupid's bow added a hint of sexiness to them.

Vinson could not help swallowing hard.

Lips like these can really be... one's undoing.

Vinson forced himself to look away, and his gaze then fell upon her brow.

When he saw her furrowing her brows, he could not help doing the same.

Why is she still so troubled when she's asleep? When will she ever be able to truly feel happy?

At that thought, his hand reached out toward her brow as if it had a mind of its own.

However, before his fingers could touch her, Arielle suddenly opened her eyes. In one swift motion, she grabbed his arm and pulled him toward her.

Caught off guard, Vinson fell forward, feeling as if the room was spinning around him.

When he could see clearly again, he realized that he was lying on the couch with Arielle on top of him. Her hands were around his, holding them in a death grip.

She's much stronger than other women!

Vinson could sense murderous intent radiating from her.

In the blink of an eye, Arielle wrapped a hand around his throat.

"It's me!" Vinson choked out frantically.

She froze, then her fingers loosened their hold at once.

When she jolted back to her senses and saw that her fingers were around Vinson's throat, she was shocked. Then, she quickly apologized, "I'm sorry... I always wake up in a foul mood."

"It's fine. That's a good habit to have. At least no one will be able to harm you when you're asleep," Vinson replied nonchalantly.

Seeing that Vinson did not blame her, Arielle felt even more guilty. She shifted uneasily and explained, "I really didn't do it on purpose. A-Are you okay?"

"My neck is fine, but this is not." As he spoke, he pointed toward the wound Cindy had inflicted.

Arielle looked down at Vinson's arm immediately, aghast.

There were blood splotches on the clean shirt he had just changed into that afternoon.

It was clear that his wound had opened up after she

grabbed him and flung him down.

"It's bleeding... Your wound must have opened up. Let me take a look."