

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 298

Arielle leaned over to check on Vinson's wound.

Some strands of her hair fell forward and brushed against his forehead. The touch was light, making him feel slightly itchy, and his heart skipped a beat.

For some reason, Vinson's mind was all over the place, and he swallowed hard again. However, Arielle continued sitting on top of him without noticing anything.

It was the type of torturous feeling only a man could understand.

Unable to bear it any longer, Vinson said in a low voice, "Arielle."

Arielle was rolling Vinson's sleeve up. As soon as she heard him call out her name, she looked up instinctively.

However, it would have been better if she did not do so. When she did, the tip of her nose brushed against Vinson's nose bridge

With their noses touching, their eyes met.

Their breaths mingled, and the atmosphere was intimate.

Arielle let out a cry of surprise.

She finally realized that they were in a potentially compromising position.

Her ears and neck were flushed as she jerked back her head and quickly climbed off Vinson.

She moved at the speed of lightning as if her life depended on it.

In an amused and exasperated tone, Vinson said, "I'm not a wolf. You don't have to be so afraid of me."

Of course, she's right to be afraid. If this keeps up, I don't know what I'll end up doing.

Vinson had come to terms with the fact that he was a man with desires.

"I'm not scared..." Arielle muttered.

Suddenly, she remembered that she was supposed to be tending to Vinson's wound. Hence, she got up and hurried to get the first-aid kit.

Vinson sat quietly on the couch as he watched Arielle flitting about busily. Subconsciously, his lips curved into a smile.

Things feel different now that I have a wife...

Meanwhile, Arielle focused all her attention on cleaning his wound. When she finally finished and looked up, she realized that he was gazing at her.

Vinson's eyes were dark and mesmerizing.

Her heart began to race, and she could not help holding

her breath.

Seconds later, Arielle averted her gaze and asked uncomfortably, "W-Why are you looking at me?"

Inexplicably, Vinson felt pleased when he saw the tips of her ears reddening.

He arched his eyebrow slightly and said with a smile, "We're already husband and wife. Can't I even look at

you?"

Arielle shot him a look, then said, "Stop joking around. Let's get back to business. I used something today that made Cindy think that I was Shandie. She told me that she and Henrick were involved in my mom's death."

Vinson frowned. "Did you record the conversation?"

Arielle shook her head. "With the state that she was in, even if I did record it, the recording would be useless. I wouldn't be able to use it to bring her to court. We'll need to proceed slowly."

"Well then, let's start with Henrick," Vinson replied.

Once again, Arielle shook her head. "Henrick is starting to be wary of me. He won't even let me go to the office. Instead, he wants me to further my studies. Clearly, he doesn't want me to get involved in the business because he's afraid I'm up to something. It's going to be difficult to find out anything from him."

Vinson was not surprised to hear that. He nodded and

answered, "I've managed to get a good understanding of his character. He's someone who is wary of everything. What's more, since he's involved in your mother's death, it's only natural that he's intimidated by what you're capable of."

Arielle sighed. "Then what should I do next? Should I continue pretending to be their sweet and naive daughter?"

After pondering for a moment, Vinson said, "One is only likely to reveal deepest, darkest secrets when they're pushed to the brink of a meltdown. Take Cindy, for example. Even if she thought you were Shandie, she wouldn't have revealed something like that under normal circumstances."

"Do you have a plan?" Arielle asked, her eyes lighting up.