

# A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 301

"Aaargh!" she screamed, using the clothes to block her line of sight. "Vinson! Are you an exhibitionist?"

"Hah..." A playful chuckle escaped his lips. "See for yourself if I'm one."

Half doubtful, Arielle lowered her hands slightly, catching a glimpse of his chiseled chest. The fog did nothing to dampen those alluring abs plastered on his body, a masterpiece produced from years of working out. Each line seemed to be crafted to perfection.

It took her about two seconds to realize she had been ogling his chest. Flustered, she shut her eyes tight. "You clearly are! You're not even wearing anything." A mottled pink flush covered her cheeks.

Argh... Why did I look when he told me to!

"Don't just stare at my chest. Look down. I am wearing something," he replied softly.

Vinson was speaking the truth. He had on a pair of boxers, but Arielle refused to look lest she got tricked by him again.

Even though Vinson had helped her a lot, but he made the worst first impression on her. He had acted like a douchebag, watching her struggle to start a fire, only to take out his lighter after she had successfully started

one.

She learned best not to take words from a man like him too seriously.

In a swift motion, she threw his clothing and toiletries above the cabinet and strode off.

Vinson was thoroughly amused by her flustered behavior. Never had he expected that beneath the steely cold facade was an endearing maiden's heart.

After closing the bathroom door, his smile disappeared. At the back of his mind, he knew that even though this marriage did not result from love, he would still act his part, treating her as if she was his real wife.

And as her husband, Vinson believed it was his duty to let Arielle live a carefree life, free from any worries.

Back in the bedroom, Arielle was busy laying the mattress on the floor. I can't possibly sleep with him!

Just as she finished preparing the mattress, the sound of the shower faucet stopped. The brief silence amplified the churning noises coming from her stomach. Unbeknownst to herself, she had been swallowing nervously.

About two seconds later, the bathroom door opened.

She turned toward him, coincidentally meeting his eyes. Vinson was already effortlessly good-looking, but that after-shower look completely blew her mind away. The leftover water droplets clung to his disheveled, wet hair like a scene from a movie.

Out of embarrassment, she averted her gaze, the sheets tautening under her nervous grip. Then, she pointed to

the mattress laid out. "You take the floor. If you're not okay with that, you may leave."

Instead of answering her, he asked, "Where's the blow dryer?" Of which, Arielle took that as a yes.

Deep down, she felt puzzled as to why Vinson cared about this husband-wife act more than she did. But, one thing for sure, she was tired of guessing whether he had real feelings for her. This time around, she would be nothing but professional.

She handed him the blow dryer, grabbed one of her most conservative nightgowns, and headed to the bathroom.

Soon after, she came out of the bath hearing Vinson in the middle of a call about the foreign exchange market. It was not surprising that he knew this topic well. She took a seat on the bed, listening in on the conversation.

