

# A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 302

Through his responses, she could tell that he was well versed in this area. His remarks were straight to the point and insightful.

The call lasted for around ten minutes. During that time, Arielle gained quite a bit of knowledge. "Vinson, you really are quite good at running a business!" she blurted.

He lay languidly on the mattress. "I'm good at other things as well."

Despite the obvious insinuation, Arielle was not getting it. "That's true. You're good at chess, coding... Ah! But not cooking."

He pouted in displeasure upon hearing her oblivious statement. She always seemed to be on a different wavelength from him.

Feeling frustrated, he turned away abruptly. "It's getting late. Switch off the lights and sleep," he said flatly.

Despite sensing a hint of displeasure from his voice, Arielle brushed it off as just part of his unpredictable temperament. She was pretty used to it by now.

The night got deeper. With the lights off, the room was pitch black except for the streaks of moonlight pouring in through the sheer curtains.

Tomorrow will be a good day... As her thoughts wandered, her eyelids got heavier. Just as she was about to fall asleep, she was alerted by the sound of Vinson

tossing and turning on the floor.

Being a light sleeper, his every movement made it almost impossible for her to fall asleep. Annoyed, she shifted her position in an attempt to sleep.

And just as she was about to fall asleep for the second time that night, Vinson turned again.

"Vinson, what exactly are you doing instead of sleeping?" she asked frustratedly.

"The floor's too hard. I can't fall asleep," he replied sullenly, followed by another turn.

"That's why you should've listened to me when I told you to go home and sleep..."

"Am I not doing all this for you? We need to keep up with appearances." He paused for a second before suggesting, "Can I..."

"No!" she interrupted.

Vinson sighed heavily. "I'm not even done speaking."

"Fine. What?"

Receiving her permission, his voice perked up. "Can I sleep together with you?"

And he received the same old answer. "No."

Approximately half an hour later, Arielle could not bear the sounds any longer, so she sat up on her bed.

Cluck. She switched on the lights.

Confused by her abruptness, he asked, "What's wrong?"

"Get in bed!"

"What are you saying! I'm not going to..." Then her words caught up to him. "You're allowing me in bed?" His eyes lit up.

"Stop asking. If you continue moving in bed, you're going home immediately."

"Roger that!" With two fingers, he tapped on his non-existent earpiece, re-enacting a spy movie. Then, he bunched up his sheets and got onto the bed.

Arielle shifted further to one side, leaving a pillow in between them before switching off the lights.

By then, it was one in the morning. Fortunately for her, his tossing stopped, allowing her to fall into a deep slumber.

However, the man himself was wide awake. This was the first time in his life that he was sleeping with a woman on the same bed.

Despite the two-person wide gap between them, it felt surprisingly pleasant.