

# A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 324

Arielle, who was on the cruise, stared at the two threads as she summarized Ronald's words for Vinson.

Instantly, Vinson looked even tenser. "I don't know much about him since he's very secretive... But I remember hearing his voice when those people tried to kill me at sea. He called me a 'dirty black rat.' I guess he hates the color black."

At once, Arielle placed the dagger below the black thread. She put her phone between her shoulder and her cheek. "I'll cut the black one, then..."

Vinson's forehead began to perspire heavily. Agitated, he paced back and forth. "Wait! How much time do you have left?"

Arielle glanced at the timer. "Fifteen seconds."

"Let me think. Let me think..." Upon closer observation, there was a slight tremble in Vinson's voice.

Never in his life had he felt this nervous before.

A few seconds later, Vinson gritted his teeth and cried, "Don't cut it! Arielle, run! Jump overboard! I'm not entirely sure about this!"

At that very moment, immense fear, helplessness, and anger overwhelmed Vinson.

He hated that he did not catch that bastard who caused this mess and did not know much about that person. As

a result, he put Arielle in harm's way.

Vinson understood that he could not gamble with her life based on the limited info he had about that perpetrator.

He dared not take any chances.

Hence, Vinson tightened the grip on his phone and said with a quiver in his voice, "Ignore them, Arielle! Run! I can't let you die for me! We can't take chances!"

Arielle chuckled wryly. "Vinson, if I manage to escape in one piece today, I'll live in remorse and agony for the rest of my life. My conscience will keep haunting me."

"Don't think about that! There's always hope as long as you're alive!" Vinson added hastily, "Even if you don't care about yourself, you gotta consider your mother, too! Who'll find out the truth about her if you're dead? Didn't you tell me so? Apart from Henrick and Cindy, there could be another perpetrator..."

"But if I run away, I'll be no different from Henrick. I'll become a killer like them..." Arielle spoke before placing the phone away from her. Then, she turned on its loudspeaker and said, "I'm going to cut it, Vinson."

"No! Arielle, don't cut it!" Vinson yelled.

At that moment, the man with bloodshot eyes gave off a murderous aura. He seemed to be shrouded in a dark mist, and nobody would dare to look him in the eye.

Meanwhile, Arielle smiled bitterly and looked at the timer. There was only eight seconds left. "Vinson, getting to know you is the best thing that has happened to me since my return. Actually, I kinda like you. If I survive, perhaps, we can become lifelong friends."

Vinson shrieked, "Arielle! No! Don't do it!".

He hated himself deeply for approaching her. As a result, he brought danger to her.

Furthermore, he resented himself for his uselessness and for going overseas at this time.

Arielle inhaled deeply and placed the blade against the middle of the folded black thread. She was about to cut it when she heard Vinson's voice again. "Arielle! Don't cut the black thread! Cut the white one!"

She paused and asked skeptically, "Why?"

"That fellow is a twisted pervert. His brain is probably wired differently compared to a normal person. If you really want to bet on it, cut the white thread, then!"

Arielle tensed up. Next, she moved the blade from the black thread to the white one