

## A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1701

Arielle knew they would not easily believe her, especially since she had deliberately revealed many talents. However, it was their suspicion she required as that was the only way she could convince them and become one of them.

“The salary is attractive, but I don’t like the work,” Arielle said in a level voice as she gazed at the professor. “I prefer something more challenging. That is why I submitted my resumé without a second thought when I saw that you were hiring. I am especially interested in your research and would like to join you in taking up this challenge.”

“You enjoy research?” Torsten asked, gaping at Arielle.

If she really is an innocent researcher enamored with our work, I might even be able to recruit an apprentice.

“Yes, I especially enjoy research,” Arielle said with a smile. “I have always wanted to know if dogs could survive if their heads were swapped, so I bought two dogs to conduct this experiment at home. To my surprise, both dogs died.”

As she spoke, Arielle recalled her competition with Abraham, in which she had forfeited the match as she could not bear to raise a hand in cruelty.

“Do you know what our research is about?” Torsten asked.

Arielle shook her head. It was not because she was unclear. But, even if she knew, she could not say it aloud.

“You will know soon...”

Torsten picked up the phone on the table and handed it to her. “By the way, you are not allowed to bring your phone when you come to work. There is nothing more to be discussed with you for now. You may retire to your dorm.”

Arielle knew it would not be easy to gain admission into their inner circle. She took the phone and returned to her room. The first thing she did upon returning was sending Vinson a text telling him she was safe.

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Vinson had not slept the entire night as he missed Arielle. He unlocked his phone at once at the sound of the alert tone and read the message.

Arielle told him everything via text that had occurred to her without a single omission ever since arriving there. As she had gone into great detail, he was not as worried about her as he should have been.

Vinson wrote, "What about the kid? When shall we rescue him?"

He wanted to wait until the rest of the children were brought together to rescue all of them at once and catch the people conducting experiments on the children in one fell swoop.

He shared his idea with Arielle, whose lips curled into a smile when she finished reading his text. He is indeed my man to be thinking along the same lines as I am.

She, too, had had the same idea.

I'm going to think of a way to make the already healthy child appear the opposite. It is only through this way that I could buy some time.

Arielle texted back, "Tell Lawrence to speak to Aaron and put the people on their guard regarding their children. Have the police and the military take precautions. According to her plan, they would stop Nancy and the others from abducting the children if they could. If they could not, the children would be sent where she was, and she would think of another way to buy them time to await rescue."

At the mention of Aaron, Arielle's head ached with frustration when she recalled that Nancy had not released him from his imprisonment.

She hurriedly sent another text, "Ask Lawrence when Nancy will release Aaron. We'll gather the ministers to pressure her if he isn't released in two days."

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At that moment, Aaron, who Monisha had released, returned to the chambers occupied by Dylan when he was alive, which had been renovated to Aaron's taste.

Upon entry, a subordinate came forth to make a report. The king's expression grew grim as he listened.

"D\*mn it!" he cursed as the veins on his arm bulged.

## **A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1702**

"When did this happen?" Aaron asked sternly as he shut his eyes forcefully before opening them.

"Two to three days ago, Your Majesty."

Aaron lowered his voice. "Keep this to yourself. Do not tell a soul."

The servant knew the severity of the matter very well and did not dare reveal it even under the threat of death.

After dismissing his servant, Aaron stood before the window with his hands clenched around the windowsill. He was, at that moment, broiling with rage.

How dare she do something like this before she even got the chance to conceal the photographs that had been previously exposed!

As if that wasn't bad enough, I can't believe she would make a move on my future father-in-law.

How despicable! She is not fit to be my grandmother and not worthy of the right to rule Turlen. I vow to drag Nancy down by whatever means necessary.

At that thought, the king placed an outgoing phone call.

"Bernd, it's me." Aaron then told Bernd his plan.

Bernd paused for a moment after the other finished speaking. "Will that work? Will it bring you any danger?"

He thought Aaron's decision was too risky.

What would happen if he faced danger upon being found out?

"It's the only way, Bernd!" Aaron was aware that his way would harm himself almost as much as the enemy, but he had no other choice.

He did not know how else he would be able to snatch power back from Nancy.

"Let's think of another way, Aaron. We'll mobilize your plans as a last resort..."

Bernd was not supportive of Aaron bearing such a considerable risk, and he thought they should think of another plan before using Aaron's if there was no other way.

Bernd advised Aaron for a long time before the latter agreed to Bernd's suggestion, though Aaron privately felt they would resort to the method he supplied one way or another.

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Arielle, on the other hand, was still unaware that Aaron had wanted to use his method against Nancy because she was, at that moment, staring with shock at the children before her.

“Morse, Professor Hoffmeister, are these the newest experimental subjects?” Arielle did not expect them to successfully procure another three children within two days.

How heinous of them to neglect the lives of children for their experiments.

Despite the anger in her heart, it did not even express itself on her face. Instead, she regarded the children before her with a delighted expression.

Torsten had specially asked Morse to bring Arielle over as he wanted to see her reaction when she saw the children with his own eyes.

She did not disappoint me!

He was instantly relieved upon seeing her joy. It was somebody like her he required to be his apprentice.

“That’s right. These are the new experimental subjects. Do you like them?” He smiled at Arielle.

Arielle hated him and wanted nothing more than to cause his demise, but her face portrayed nothing but elation.

“Of course I do! I am thrilled by the thought of being able to use them for all sorts of experiments.”

Arielle’s gaze on the children as she expressed immense interest caused Torsten to nod with satisfaction.

Regardless, if she were to show the merest display of sympathy or tenderness toward the children, she would not be able to participate in his experiment; worse yet, she would not be able to leave. After all, only dead men tell no secrets.

## **A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1703**

These children have been examined, Dr. Moore, and some are malnourished. You will care for them for a couple of days. We’ll begin the experiment when all indicators meet the requirements,” Torsten declared to Arielle.

Arielle had been worried that Torsten would immediately begin the experiment upon the arrival of the children and heaved a sigh of relief upon being told to wait until the subjects’ indicators met the requirements.

This would also buy them time. However, this also indicates how important they are to the experiment.

“Sounds good,” Arielle replied as she gazed at the children before her with interest before turning to look at Torsten. “Did you buy them supplements to restore their health?”

Her words jolted Torsten, who suddenly remembered that he had forgotten to have Morse buy the supplements as he was busy delegating the care for those children to Arielle earlier.

“Morse will buy some later. Take them to your dorm first...”

Accounting for the time, the children would be awake by now. They must get well acquainted with Dr. Moore.

Arielle had no way of bringing all three children to her dorm at once on her own, so she enlisted Morse’s help to bring the children to her dorm.

Arielle studied the three sleeping children after Morse left.

They looked slightly older than Bella’s child but were malnourished.

Could they be children from poor families?

Arielle snapped a picture of the three children and sent it to Vinson while informing him that they were the three children sent over this time so he could keep an eye out for anybody who lost their children, then investigate further. She deleted the text immediately after sending it.

No matter who they are, they would have no way of recovering the message.

Half an hour later, the three children awoke one at a time. They began wailing when they saw Arielle, who instantly felt like crying herself.

Are they hungry or are they thirsty?

Arielle was flustered. She had nothing edible in her dorm. Thankfully, Morse arrived at that moment with some supplements, milk powder, and diapers.

“Help me watch them. I’ll make them some milk,” Arielle delegated the task to Morse before bringing the milk bottles to the kitchen.

After sterilizing the three bottles, she boiled some water and, when it reached a suitable temperature, mixed in the milk powder and handed it to the three children.

Visibly starving, the three children cradled the bottles and gulped down their contents. In a matter of minutes, they finished three hundred milliliters of powdered milk.

Morse gazed in slight bewilderment at the fluidity of her sequence of actions.

“How are you so good at caring for kids?”

“I have a younger brother. I cared for him when my parents were at work,” Arielle smiled as she spoke.

Being busy with their careers, the Wilhelms had no time to raise Pat. It was then she began to care for him often. Arielle bathed and dressed him, prepared his milk, and took him to play. She would have been at a loss with the three children if she had not had the experience of caring for him.

Arielle’s smiled, making Morse’s heart skip a beat involuntarily. He hurriedly turned away when she looked at him.

Despite finishing their meal, the three children were unappeased.

“Mama! Mama!”

Arielle’s heart ached with sorrow at their despair as they cried for their mother, yet she could not show Morse.

Who could work here and be soft of heart?

“Give them some sleeping pills, Dr. Moore. That would stop their crying,” Morse frowned at the crying children.

## **A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1704**

The children are so young, and you want to feed them sleeping pills just because they are crying?

As Arielle was forced to hide her anger, she could not dissipate it.

Instead, she gazed at Morse. “Is there any place around here we could take them to play? They wouldn’t cry after tiring themselves out. On the other hand, sleeping pills will harm their health and make proceeding with the experiment impossible.”

Morse scratched his head before giving it a shake.

There aren’t any places for play around here.

“None?” Arielle was slightly disappointed.

This dorm is not big enough. Three children wouldn’t be able to stretch out properly.

Morse noticed Arielle's disappointment. His eyes flashed with sudden inspiration as he recalled somewhere possible.

"There's a place which might be suitable. Hang on. Let me ask Professor Hoffmeister."

He left without giving Arielle a chance to respond.

Several minutes later, he returned with a smile and declared that the professor had granted her leave to go there before leading Arielle and the three children to the place.

To her surprise, Arielle was brought to a small laboratory. Though it was smaller than the other rooms, it was at least a little larger than her dorms. However, the equipment within had been stowed away, making it appear like an abandoned laboratory.

She knew better than to ask.

With a suitable location for the children to play in at last, Arielle spared no expense in amusing them. They were all around two years of age, and though their energy seemed limitless, they, too, would fall prey to fatigue. The children began to show tiredness at noon, so Arielle and Morse brought them back to the dorm.

She bathed them, and after another meal of powdered milk, they began yawning and whining for bed. The two boys were obedient. As soon as they were tucked in, they fell asleep with a yawn.

Despite being very sleepy, the girl, on the other hand, rubbed her eyes and spread her arms, asking to fall asleep in Arielle's embrace.

Her demeanor triggered Arielle's maternal instincts.

There were no surveillance cameras in the dorm, and Morse had left long ago after she had bathed the children.

In addition, Arielle was not worried that her gesture would make them suspicious. She held the little girl against her bosom and pinched her cheek as she hummed a nursery rhyme to coax her to sleep.

Feeling secure in Arielle's embrace, the little girl soon closed her eyes and fell asleep.

Afraid that the child would wake up upon being set down, Arielle held her for another ten minutes before tucking her in. Her eyes narrowed as she gazed at the three sleeping children.

I must protect them and not allow Professor Hoffmeister and the others to take advantage of them.

Morse brought lunch not long after.

Arielle ate and rested a little before taking a shower. She had been drenched in sweat after playing with the children and felt sticky and uncomfortable.

Arielle heard a faint knock when she emerged from the bathroom. While toweling her wet hair, she walked over to open the door.

Morse was standing on the other side with a bag of fruit. The tips of his ears grew red instantly when he saw Arielle drying her hair with one hand.

“H-Here are some fruits for you...” Morse placed the fruits on the floor and turned to leave as if eager to escape.

Arielle narrowed her eyes. She sensed a difference in how Morse treated her.

Is this another way of testing me?

Her gaze darkened as she picked up the bag of fruits and shut the door. Despite initially planning to take a nap, she no longer felt drowsy. Instead, she began thinking of countermeasures.

Two days later, Norma returned with Bella’s child and informed Torsten that the child was in good health. Arielle’s heart thumped with fear as she heard the news.

Does that mean the experiment will commence? How will I stop it?

## **A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1705**

Despite having used Morse to scout out the surroundings, Arielle still could not guarantee her success in taking away four children in one go.

What should I do?

She did not even know her actual location, as her imprisonment in the basement did not afford her the opportunity to get outside.

She did try to use Morse to bring her outside, but Morse would ask her what she needed and went out by himself whenever she brought up the matter of going out to shop for the children.

Worried about drawing his notice if she asked too often, Arielle did not dare bring up the matter of going out again. Her helplessness over her predicament plunged her into a stalemate.

What should I do? Should I resort to that?



However, she did not dare guarantee that that plan would work.

What if something went wrong?

Before she could think of something more fool proof, Norma's arrival with Bella's sister's son in her arms intensified Arielle's anxiety when she saw how demure the boy looked. However, her face displayed only joy.

"This child is a fine specimen. Are we ready to begin the experiment? Can I join in by then?" she asked Norma excitedly, who heaved a sigh of relief at the happiness and interest on Arielle's expression and decided that it looked genuine.

As Dr. Moore is here under my recommendation, I would be the one to blame if she harbored any ulterior motives. It relieves me that she seems pretty interested in the research. I can use her without worry.

"All in good time," Norma replied with a smile.

"Why? I'm not here to babysit children, Professor Norma. I'm here for research."

Various doubts arose in Arielle at Norma's cryptic response.

Did she mean there is no rush for my participation or that the use of children in research is temporarily halted?

She could not decipher the meaning behind Norma's words, so she decided to feign anger.

Arielle's look of impatience made Norma very happy as she enjoyed meeting people capable of drastic means for science.

"Professor Hoffmeister said this child has been ill for days. Though his immune system is strong and his condition has taken a turn for the better, he's been on the drip and has residual drugs in his system..."

"It wouldn't be too late to begin the research when he's completely healed, as the drugs in his body would have been completely absorbed by then. Since this child is the best specimen out of all this batch of children, we have to maximize his potential."

Arielle was relieved at those words. As she gazed at the adorable and obedient child, another idea occurred surreptitiously to her.

"I thought I would have been able to join in on the research as soon as possible. How disappointing!" Arielle huffed with dissatisfaction.

“I’m sick of caring for kids over the past few days. One child isn’t a problem, but I can’t handle three. I’m tired all the time. Look at what my skin has become.”

Norma was overjoyed by the grievance in her voice, though she did not show it.

“It’s only a couple of days of work, which will pass very soon. We have waited many years for a test subject,” She patted Arielle’s arm comfortingly.

Arielle nodded helplessly and stretched out a hand to poke the child in her arms.

“Though he’s the smallest, he’s the most well behaved,” she said through pursed lips.

Norma gazed at the child in her arms and nodded in agreement.

The two women exchanged a few more words, with Norma showing no signs of wanting to leave. Arielle sensed that Norma had an ulterior motive, but she could not figure out what it was.

Just as she was considering different possibilities, Norma spoke.

## **A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1706**

“Dr. Moore, a-about the skincare products you mentioned last time...” Norma stuttered.

She was feeling both difficult and awkward. After all, she declined the offer last time, only to return a few days later, asking for them.

In fact, she was not quick to change her mind. She only changed her mind because of the tiring babysitting. In just a few days, she had already aged so much, and she did not want that to happen because she was still in her fifties.

Meanwhile, Arielle was still trying to figure out what Norma wanted. She did not expect Norma to be so direct about what she wanted. It would not be much of a problem if it were just about the skincare products, but Arielle frowned and put up a worried expression regardless.

“Professor, I’d love to give you some, but...”

Initially, Norma thought all she had to do was ask, and she would receive the products from Arielle. With her half-lidded eyes, Norma locked her vision on Arielle.

Her vision then shifted toward Arielle’s silky smooth face.

If she so much even dared to turn me down with a random excuse, I wouldn’t mind using this face that did not belong to me.

As for Arielle, she had no idea what Norma was brewing in her mind. She merely felt a slight cold seeping into her bones when Norma looked at her like that. On the outside, however, Arielle remained unflinching.

Arielle frowned a little. "I don't know the address of this place. My grandmother can't courier the products to us without an address..."

Hearing this, Norma let out a relieved breath.

She did not see this coming. She thought that Arielle was planning to go back against her words by turning her down for a random reason.

"That's easy. Just have your grandma ready the products and courier them to me. I'll give you the address later," Norma replied casually, which caught Arielle off guard.

She had never expected Norma to give her the address easily.

"Of course!" Arielle then leaned closer toward Norma.

She stared at Norma and pretentiously examined Norma's face before backing off after a minute.

She looked at Norma. "Now that I remember your skin condition in my mind clearly, I'll let my grandmother know about it. She will customize the products accordingly. The effect of the products will be so mind-boggling that you wouldn't believe it!"

The last sentence from Arielle was spoken so proudly and confidently that Norma was all hyped up to receiving her products.

"So, how long do I have to wait?" Norma asked.

After all, Arielle once mentioned that after her grandmother applied her skincare products, her looks changed a lot. She looked just like she was in her forties when, in fact, she was in her sixties.

Hence, Norma was looking forward to using the products right now. She even started imagining herself looking in her thirties after using the products.

"I can't give you an exact timing, but I will tell her to produce the products as quickly as she can," Arielle answered before she narrowed her eyes.

"I'll also ask my grand mother to prepare some body lotion for you. The body lotion will help your body return to its smooth and snowy white state from before."

Norma was overwhelmed by happiness upon Arielle's words.

Not a single woman in this world would not like to see themselves in their peak state. She was anxious about the aging of her body that even Torsten stopped having any erotic feelings for her now. She had never expected such a great surprise from Arielle at all.

“Dr. Moore, I’ll take you on a shopping spree once the products are here. I reckon it’s boring over here. Youngsters prefer to see how the world outside looks, right?” Norma hid the happiness she felt while she patted Arielle’s arm.

As for Arielle, she only wanted to obtain the address from Norma by using the products as an excuse. She did not expect any other surprises, so it felt like someone delivered a pillow to her just when she was sleepy.

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Meanwhile, just as Arielle saw some progress in her matters, Vinson found himself stagnant at this moment.

There was a monitor in front of him, and he was staring at the content displayed on the website with a frown.

## **A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1707**

There are no movements at all!

How could there be not a single word about the lost kid? He’s been lost for several days already!

Vinson frowned.

Could he be a child left to live in a rural place?

It can’t be. Even if he were a left-behind child, the adults in the household would inform the parents as soon as the child went missing. How is there nothing at all? That’s strange...

Harvey called just as Vinson was trying to obtain more information about the case. Through the call, Harvey told Vinson that Aaron’s men had arrested the queen mother’s secretary and thrown him in jail.

“What? For what reason? What about the queen mother?”

Vinson was shocked, but Aaron’s action had also won his approval. Throwing the queen mother’s secretary in jail was the first thing Aaron did after getting out, and that was quite a move.

If Aaron continued to let Nancy have her ways against him, Aaron would be unfit as the king of Turlen.

Unlike Vinson's father-in-law, Dylan, Aaron was very different. Dylan's imprisonment by the queen mother and Maureen's death dashed all of Dylan's hopes, allowing Nancy to erode his authority slowly. It was only until he learned the news from Arielle did Dylan start to fight back.

On the other hand, Aaron was the little prince of Turlen since he was young, which was also why he had a certain amount of men he trusted by his side. If Aaron did not do anything, Vinson would need to lower his evaluation of Aaron.

"Aaron arrested him for drug abuse and drug trafficking," Harvey smiled as he spoke.

Some time ago, they had bribed the secretary's mistress to have the goods on Nancy, but the secretary was very alert and careful.

He kept his mistress in the dark regarding any essential matters, which led to them thinking that this was a dead-end, but Aaron managed to pull it off with some bold actions. He figured it out in just a short period and executed his plans.

With the secretary imprisoned and interrogated by the men left behind by Dylan, Aaron was bound to gain something.

Vinson, too, raised a brow after learning about this, for Aaron's moves had earned the approval from Vinson.

"If he keeps this up, Sannie would finally be able to leave in peace."

Though Arielle did not say anything, Vinson knew that only by throwing Nancy off the throne and returning all the power to Aaron would the lady leave this place peacefully.

Speaking of which, Harvey recalled the things mentioned by Sonia, which led to him asking about Arielle.

"I heard that Arielle is no longer around here from Sonia. Where did she go?"

As for Vinson, he did not intend to hide anything about Arielle from Harvey. After all, Vinson and Harvey were tightly connected and closely associated.

Apart from not being biological, they were like real brothers. Hence, Vinson was not worried when he told Harvey what Arielle was up to.

"Why didn't you stop her? That place is dangerous!" Harvey did not expect any of these.

Not only did he not anticipate that she would leave alone, but he also did not think Vinson would let her have her way by letting her go alone. At this point, he had no idea what to comment.

“If she wants to do something, she will have my support. Besides, I believe in her.”

There was no way he would have let her go alone if not for the circumstances at hand. Vinson only agreed to this decision because they had to rescue the child and get a hold of the evidence of Nancy’s criminal acts. Because of that, Vinson quickly gave in because he knew what she had in mind very well.

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At the same time, in the palace, the queen mother also learned that Aaron had arrested her secretary.

Upon learning the news, she immediately ordered Monisha to call Aaron to tell him she wanted him to come over. Aaron, however, turned her down immediately by saying that he had matters to attend to.

At the same time, Carlos was busy interrogating the secretary in prison.

“I want to see the queen mother!” Gerrard, who endured a series of torture, stared right at Carlos with bloodshot eyes as he shouted.

Then came a deep and charming voice, saying, “You wish to see the queen mother? How unfortunate. I don’t think you can...”

## **A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1708**

“Y-Your Majesty...” Gerrard stuttered upon Aaron’s appearance.

He was Nancy’s secretary, and given the intense conflict of power between the king and the queen mother, there was no way he would be saved. At least not when he was now within the king’s control.

Gerrard was overwhelmed by panic immediately.

“I can see that you’re pretty smart. I mean, abusing and trafficking drugs? I’m sure you’re very well aware that your actions are against the law...” With his eyes narrowed, and a smirk on his face, he locked his vision on Gerrard.

As soon as this was mentioned, Gerrard’s heart tightened for a split second, for he knew that the king would not let it pass easily this time.

“I’ve been framed!” Gerrard stared at Aaron angrily.

He did not take any drugs, and he definitely would not sell drugs. These were all made up by them. None of them were the truth. Yet, he had no ways and means to prove his innocence.

Where's Her Majesty? Why is she not here? Did she give up on me?

No, no! The queen mother will never give up on me. Maybe word has yet to reach her. She would immediately try to set me free if she received the news.

The thought had Gerrard's worried heart calmed down.

As the queen mother's subordinate and without the involvement in actual drug abuse and drug trafficking, they would not be brave enough to punish him without solid evidence.

"Do you expect us to believe you were set up just because you said so?"

With his eyes narrowed, Aaron grinned. "Don't even think about being saved by someone because no one will be able to save you. You're the only one who can save yourself."

Gerrard, however, believed not a single word from Aaron. He was confident that Nancy would come to his rescue.

"Grandma has already received word about your arrest, and she did nothing. You may want to ask yourself, what does this represent?" Aaron glared at him and asked.

It means that she gave up on me...

That was what came to Gerrard's mind. But he did not believe it, he believed not even a single word from Aaron.

"All right. Let me show you something." Aaron then retrieved a piece of paper from his pocket and handed it to Gerrard.

After looking at the content, Gerrard's eyes immediately turned red.

He glared at Aaron. "This is a set up! You framed me!"

"Set up? Oh, no, no, no. These are all evidence," Aaron smiled and continued talking while the secretary watched with horror in his eyes. "Apart from your mistress' house, we also found some in your own house."

"These are all nothing but your evil schemes! You framed me!"

Gerrard was on the verge of breaking down but could not do so. Though greedy and perverted, he dared not get involved in any forms of drug abuse and drug trafficking. Not even for a single time.

His father alone was a drug addict. For this reason, Gerrard grew up hating any person who did drugs. Hence, he never wanted to be involved in anything related to drugs.

He had never thought that one day, that one thing he hated the most would be the one that destroyed his life.

“Your Majesty, as the king of Turlen, you must act accordingly to the truth and facts...”

“But what I’m saying is the truth. You were caught red-handed by the police in the bar. Is this not true? The drugs were all dug out from your mistress and your wife’s place. Is this not true?”

Aaron narrowed his eyes as he glared at Gerrard, but his tone was calm and relaxed. “Chances are for those who are prepared. Now, it’s up to you to decide.”

With that said, Aaron walked away while Carlos followed behind him.

“Keep an eye on him. None is allowed to see him, including the queen mother,” Aaron said as he locked his eyes on Carlos.

“Can you do that?”

“Yes!” Carlos replied seriously.

He decided that he would be on guard for twenty-four hours personally.

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In the study, the queen mother slammed her hand onto the table angrily after hearing Monisha’s reply.

“How dare he talk to me like that? Is he trying to usurp me? He thinks he can disobey my order because he is now the king of Turlen? How dare he!”

## **A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1709**

Monisha, too, did not see this coming.

Aaron spoke to her rudely, and he hung up on her without giving her the chance to speak. She was left dumbfounded on the spot, but she could not redial his number right before the queen mother. Hence, the only choice given to her was to tell the queen mother the truth.



“Your Majesty, what do we do now? Gerrard knows too much...” Monisha narrowed her eyes frustratedly.

“He wouldn’t dare to say anything,” Nancy replied in a chilling tone.

She was confident that Gerrard would not rat them out as he knew what he should and shouldn’t do. She decided she would still try to set Gerrard free as she spoke. He was her right-hand man, after all. If she did nothing after the king captured him, people would no longer feel safe when serving her.

Upon this thought, she hurriedly sent Monisha to obtain more news regarding the secretary.

About half an hour later, Monisha returned with the information she had acquired.

Upon receiving the report, Nancy immediately headed to the prison with Monisha. As a leader, she could not do anything that would break the heart of her followers. Therefore, she had to rescue Gerrard at any cost.

Upon arriving at the prison and acquiring Gerrard’s cell location, Nancy immediately headed to her destination, only to find Carlos safeguarding the cell.

“Your Majesty,” Carlos greeted as he bowed.

“Release Gerrard immediately!” Nancy ordered sternly upon seeing Carlos.

Carlos, however, shook his head. “I’m afraid I can’t do that.”

“You...” Nancy had never expected Carlos to disobey her order, and that angered her greatly.

“Who do you think you are? Obey the order you received and release that man!” Monisha sneered as she pointed her finger at Carlos.

Carlos, however, stared right back into Monisha’s eyes. He wondered who gave a mere servant with no official position the guts to talk to him, an official high-ranked military officer, in such a disrespectful manner.

“Don’t blame me for being cold-hearted if you dare to point your finger at me again!” Carlos threatened her coldly, and the intimidated Monisha quickly retracted her hand.

Her heart thumped fast as well as she finally learned that this man was no ordinary person she could bully.

“Carlos, she’s my subordinate, you...”

Before the queen mother could finish talking, she was immediately interrupted by Carlos, who said, "If she's your servant, then Your Majesty should educate her properly. She must be educated that pointing at someone is very rude..."

Nancy was furious that someone talked to her like that.

As much as she wanted to storm off, she still forced herself to calm down upon thinking of Gerrard. "Carlos, I'd like to talk to Gerrard."

Carlos, however, turned her down and replied seriously, "His Majesty said none is allowed to see him."

Angered by what Carlos said, Nancy sternly reprimanded, "Carlos, I'm the queen mother."

"I'm sorry, but this is His Majesty's order. I am told that no one is allowed to see him, including you, Your Majesty. Please don't make it difficult for me."

The queen mother glared at him and left right after that. Instead of meeting with Gerrard, she left with anger burning strong in her.

For this reason, Carlos had attracted her attention. She swore that if she had the chance, she would remove Carlos from his position, for he was the one that offended her by using the king's order as an excuse. After all, no one in Turlen was brave enough to offend her. The only exceptions were Carlos and Aaron.

The more she thought of it, the angrier she got.

As a result, instead of heading back, she decided to head to Dylan's residence to visit Aaron. Yet, as if he had anticipated this, Aaron was already long gone from the palace, turning Nancy's trip to his place in vain.

This incident had her tremble in immense anger. This was also the first time she felt so angry after so many years.

## **A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1710**

Outside the palace, Aaron's lips curled into a smirk when he heard the report by the palace servant.

He had done it on purpose. He had intentionally made her mad so he could see the lengths she was willing to go to.

"Aaron, getting on her nerves like that..." Bernd glanced over at Aaron, concerned.

Nancy was no goody-two-shoes. No one could predict what tricks would pull if she was enraged.

Aaron narrowed his eyes and shook his head. "I got on her nerves on purpose. I want to see what her next move will be."

His eyes turned cold when he thought about his father's fate. He could not sit idly and do nothing. He had to take the initiative to strike.

He still had to protect his mother and take care of Arielle on behalf of his father. Furthermore, he had to lead the people of Turlen into a brighter and more glorious age.

Seeing that Aaron had a plan, Bernd let out a breath of relief.

"How are your legs?" Aaron turned his gaze to Bernd's legs.

At the mention of his legs, Bernd grinned. "I can walk on my own now."

As his words fell, he tossed Aaron a grateful look. "I want to thank you for all of this. If it weren't for you..."

"There's no need to thank me," Aaron cut Bernd off in mid-sentence. "We're friends. Also, keep a close eye on your side."

Acknowledging the change of topic, Bernd nodded with a serious expression.

Truth be told, Aaron was feeling a little guilty that he did not make a couple of good friends in the past. In times of need, like at that moment, there was no one else he could reach out to for help.

Without another choice, he could only entrust the things he could not keep his eyes on to Bernd, even though the latter's legs were only beginning to heal.

Perhaps Bernd could hear his thoughts. Just as Aaron lamented in secret, Bernd opened his mouth and began telling Aaron that he would introduce a few people whom he believed could be of some help. Bernd's mention of the topic took Aaron aback.

"Let them help you with your tasks. Perhaps in the future..."

Before Aaron could finish his sentence, Bernd nodded understandingly, knowing what Aaron was talking about.

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In the meantime, Nancy dialed Matthew's number the moment she returned to the study.

By the time Matthew entered the study, Monisha had long sent the palace servants away.

When Nancy saw Matthew, her tears began rolling down her cheeks before she could even speak, which caused his heart to ache.

He quickly strode forward and held her in his arms. "Why are you crying? Who made you angry?"

"Matthew, Aaron thinks he's all grown up. He dares disobey me now," Nancy whined pitifully.

Ah... Someone got into a fight with His Majesty...

"Only a few will still be fully obedient when they've grown up. Plus, he has been crowned king now..."

"So what if he has been crowned king? Does that give him the right to not listen to me?" Nancy interrupted.

If it weren't for me, who knows how long it'd take for him to take his place on the throne?

Yet, now that he is king, he has the audacity to treat me like this. D\*mn it!

"Nancy, he is the king. You must know that with each new ruler comes a new age. Why do you need to go against him?"

Matthew was actually quite impressed by Aaron's character and skills. Before he had gone to the study, he had already learned that Aaron had arrested Nancy's secretary.

From his perspective, Matthew was quite glad that Aaron had the brains and the skills to be a good king. However, at the sight of the weeping woman in his arms, he could not help but frown.

She seems to care a bit too much about power and authority.

"Nancy, from now on, you should just be a good queen mother and enjoy your retirement. Leave the matters of the kingdom to His Majesty," Matthew advised in a deep voice while patting her hand gently.

When Nancy heard what he said, her expression darkened immediately.

Why did I put so much effort into pulling him onto my side?

How dare he ask me to retire to be a queen mother and leave Aaron with all the power?  
Is his future son-in-law more important to him than me?

Nancy clenched her fists.

What if... Don't say that I'm cruel!