

# A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1

## Chapter 1

On an uninhabited island. Raindrops pelted down like bullets, and the crashing of the waves was like drums. With a dagger, Arielle Moore was shaving the wooden piece down with difficulty. It was as if she felt nothing as the rain continued to hit her face. She had lost contact with her family for ten years. Just as she finally found the Southalls—just as she was about to find out the truth about her mother's death and her kidnapping—a group of people who claimed to be the ones to bring her home tried to kill her. She successfully defeated them, but the ship sunk, and she ended up on this uninhabited island. It was her seventh day on the island, and she had yet to see any passing ships. Fortunately, there were many trees and plants on the island, and she had built herself a simple wooden boat. Right when she moved to work on the oars, it had abruptly rained heavily. Rising to her feet, Arielle was about to stretch when she spotted something dark by the rocks. Walking over suspiciously, it startled her to find out it was a man. The man was handsome, but his face was pale. He had an injury on his waist, and his blood was mixing together with the seawater, forming a sunset in the water. Arielle placed her finger under the man's nose. When she realized the man was not dead, she began dragging him further into the island and into the cave she had been sleeping in for the past few days. After starting a fire, she ran back out into the rain. It was only a brief while before she returned with some herbs. "You're lucky that you've met me," Arielle said as she reached out to take off the man's clothes. A quick glance at the man's waist told her that it was a deep knife wound. *Did it hit his internal organs?* The moment she reached out for his wrist to take his pulse, a hand grabbed onto hers instead. "W-Who are you?" The man's voice was almost a whisper, but the grip around her wrist was firm. Shooting the man a look, Arielle gloomily said, "Who am I? I'm your savior. If you're not going to let go of me anytime soon, I'm going to have to build you a gravestone. In memory of Nameless. Does that sound good?" The man only furrowed his brows in silence. Then, his eyes drifted toward the crushed herbs in her hands. "What's the matter? Take it off! I'll help you." With that said, Arielle's hand reached toward him again. "I'll do it myself." With a look of disdain, the man pushed her hands away and took off his shirt himself. The entire time, his dark eyes watched her warily. Once his shirt was off, Arielle saw the man's eight packs and the V cut abs that ran down his body and into his pants. *This man's figure... is a little too great, isn't it?* Unable to help herself, Arielle gulped. Blushing, she then carefully placed the crushed herbs on the man's body. "What is this?" the man asked. His voice was low, and she could not hear any emotions in them. "Antiseptic herbs for stopping the bleeding." "Where am I?" In the beginning, Arielle was a little shy to be around him. However, upon hearing his constant stream of questions, she raised her head to look at him impatiently. *He's handsome, but he has too many questions. If I know where I am, I wouldn't need to be trapped in this place for seven days, would I?* "If you have questions, you can ask your teacher instead. Why don't you save your strength and lie down to rest instead of speaking?" Irritated, the man muttered, "This isn't how a doctor should talk to her patient." "Excuse me?" Arielle deadpanned, "Is this the way you should be talking to your savior?" At that, the man furrowed his brows. "Woman, you're rude." "Dude, you're impolite." The two then glared at each other as the tension in the

atmosphere rose. In the end, Arielle was the one to give up. She saw no point in settling the score with an injured man, so she stood up and said, "The rain is quite heavy, so it'll be much colder at night. I'm going to start the fire again. Stay right there." As Arielle walked toward the corner, the man spoke again. "Hey." "What is the matter with you again?" Arielle spun around. *If I don't start this fire now, we're both going to freeze to death tonight.* The man's mouth opened, but he ended up saying, "Nothing." Rolling her eyes, Arielle returned to her fire-starting. There was only one way to start a fire on the humid island—drilling the wood. Arielle took over an hour to finally get a tiny flame going. However, the wind outside blew in and ended its short life. "Hey," the man said again. "What?" Arielle shrieked. The moment she spun around, she heard the sound of something metallic dropping onto the ground. Then, she spotted the lighter by her feet. *Huh? Oh!* After a three-second silence, Arielle cursed out loud, "Aren't you a despicable man? You b\*stard!" The man slowly closed his eyes and turned away, but there was a small smile growing on his lips. Night soon arrived. The two rested on the two sides of the caves. In the middle of the night, Arielle woke from grunting sounds. Opening her eyes, she realized the man's pale face was completely white. He curled into himself, cold sweat beaded all over his forehead. "Hey, jerk. Are you okay?" Arielle walked over to poke his arm, but the man did not even react to it. Hastily, she reached out to put her hand on his temple, only to find it scorching. *His wound must be infected. That's why he's having a fever.* Two amoxicillin would have done the trick, but where would she find amoxicillin on the uninhabited island? Left without any options, Arielle resorted to other methods to cool him down—by taking off his clothes. However, although that lowered the man's temperature, he began shivering and mumbling about how cold it was. Hence, Arielle moved him closer to the fire, but his condition did not improve. "Damn it," Arielle cursed before taking off her clothes. She then lay down and hugged the man to share her body heat with the man. *Who cares if he's a jerk? It's more important to save his life first. Saving someone is a good deed. Maybe God will let me survive my way back to find out the truth with the Southalls. If the ones who came to bring me home tried to take my life, it means that there's something wrong with the Southalls. I'll be merciless if I find out that my father is the one who did this.* Arielle lost herself in her thoughts as she hugged the man. Soon, she fell asleep. When she woke again, she heard voices and footsteps outside the cave. *There are other people around?* Shocked, she sat up to realize that the man's jacket was on her, but the man himself was gone. Hurriedly putting on her clothes, she then warily walked out of the cave. *If these are the ones who tried to kill me... How professional of them.* However, when Arielle reached the cave entrance, she realized there was a line of bodyguards clothed in black. A distance away was a helicopter, and the leader of the bodyguards was speaking to the man she saved. Right then, the man turned around. It was the first time Arielle had seen the man's face with proper lighting. He was still handsome, and he was quite intimidating just by standing there. Other than his pallor, he looked like any other individual. *He's quick to recover.* "You..." Just as Arielle started speaking, the man interrupted, "What do you want?" "What?" His question threw her off. Expressionless, he explained, "You saved me, so I'll fulfill a wish of yours." Arielle was rendered speechless for a moment. "How rude can you be? I saved you, but you don't even have a word of thanks?" Right as those words left Arielle's lips, the bodyguards all stared at her, aghast. It was as though she had said something strange. On the other hand, the man's expression remained neutral. "You'll regret it if you miss this chance." Arielle was fuming, but she thought, *My wooden boat might not last until I reach the land.* Gritting her teeth, she squeezed out, "Bring me home." Now, it was the man's turn to look astounded. "That's all?" "What else?" She only had one wish, which was to leave the godforsaken uninhabited island. Glancing at her as if she

was an idiot, the man then headed toward the helicopter. Three hours later, the helicopter was hovering in Jadeborough's skies. "Is that the place?" the man asked, pointing at the manor below. "I think so..." Arielle barely had any memories of her childhood, but she had investigated the Southalls before returning to the country. That place was supposed to be the Moores', but it now belonged to the man who never bothered looking for her during her ten-year disappearance, her father. "Down," the man ordered. The pilot instantly replied, "Yes, sir."