

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1341

Chapter 1341 Pinch Me

Pat was caught in a dilemma upon seeing that. He was craving Chanaean dishes, but he didn't want to entertain his kidnapper. He then looked at Arielle helplessly, hoping that she would help him figure something out. In response, Arielle shrugged while looking back at him. She was trying to tell him that there was nothing she could do about it.

Naturally, Arielle knew Aaron was just messing around with Pat. If I want to build a rapport with him, I better start now.

"I'm not ignoring you!" Eventually, Pat gave in to his cravings. He'd rather entertain Aaron in the meantime than not get the food he wanted. He had it all figured out. I'm going to ignore him once he gets me all the Chanaean ingredients.

As expected, Aaron was just messing with him. When he heard Pat's words, he turned around and walked toward him. He then copied what Arielle did, and he pinched Pat's cheeks. "What do you want to eat? Tell me. I'll get someone to send it over immediately." Well, it's not like we're getting anywhere now that the cruise ship has broken down. While we're stuck here, we might as well enjoy the peaceful serenity we have here.

"Don't pinch me." Pat smacked Aaron's hands away in annoyance before taking a step back toward Arielle.

"What would you like to eat, San?" Pat asked sweetly. I like to eat whatever San likes to eat.

Arielle smiled and demanded the dishes she wanted. "I want grilled salmon, braised pork, spicy beef stew..."

Every time she mentioned a dish, Pat gulped. I've never had any of these dishes before! They must taste heavenly. I can't wait!

"San, that's enough," Pat said. The more she makes, the longer she's going to take to prepare. I want to be able to eat those dishes as soon as possible.

"Aaron, do you have all the ingredients needed?" Arielle smiled and asked.

"The kitchen should have everything you need. You can go over and pick the ingredients yourself. Besides, every room has its own simple kitchen. If you want to make those dishes yourself, you can do so after buying the ingredients," Aaron answered.

Since the cruise ship was often used for trips, the kitchen was packed with various ingredients.

"Do you mind leading the way, then?" she asked.

Initially, Aaron thought Arielle would hate him for dumping her phone into the sea. The moment he heard her talking to him nicely, he was overjoyed.

"Let's go!" Aaron led the way with a grin on his face. Little kitty is talking to me nicely? What a happy surprise.

The cruise ship was so big that it took them twenty minutes to get to their destination.

Arielle picked out all the ingredients needed for the dishes. It looks like the ingredients they have are all very fresh. They'd probably stock up every time they dock.

"You pay for the ingredients." Arielle carried the bags of ingredients and told Aaron to pay. She had no cash on her, and her phone had been dumped into the ocean. There was no way she could pay for the ingredients.

"Everything here belongs to me. You don't have to pay for anything." With that, Aaron reached out his hand and helped Arielle with the ingredients.

Pat was eager to help them carry as well. In order to raise Pat to become a gentleman in the future, Arielle picked out a smaller bag and let him help.

Pat then purposefully ran past Aaron and gazed at him after turning around. He was trying to show Aaron that he was capable of helping as well.

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Chapter 1342 Be Nice

Instead of getting annoyed, Aaron found Pat's behavior adorable.

Once they'd gotten back, Arielle went ahead and prepared the ingredients. Pat was helping her rinse the vegetables at the same time. While the Wilhelms were reading newspapers, they would go into the kitchen to check up on them from time to time. It was a heart-warming scene.

When Aaron saw that, he was filled with envy. I want to have a warm and blissful family as well.

After an hour, the exquisite dishes were served at the dining table. Aaron couldn't help but drool when he got a whiff of the delicious food.

Between keeping his pride and enjoying the food, he ended up choosing the latter. Hence, he acted casual as he made his way toward the table before taking a seat. In fact, he was quite nervous. What if little kitty chases me away? Wait, even if she does, I'm going to stay.

"Hey! San made these for me. You're not allowed to eat." Pat stared at Aaron warily when he sat down next to him. Pat was extremely protective of the food served. He was worried that Aaron might finish them all up.

"Pat, be nice," Andrea instructed gently. Surprisingly, it worked. Upon hearing that, Pat immediately toned down and behaved himself.

Aaron realized Arielle didn't mind having him around for the meal because she had put five sets of utensils on the table. With his confidence renewed, he turned and taunted Pat, "Hey! Did you forget where those ingredients come from?" At the same time, he was trying to divert the attention away from himself.

Although he heard Aaron loud and clear, Pat kept mum. All the ingredients are provided by this bad man. If I say anything further, he might chase me away and keep all the dishes to himself. I better not say another word.

Despite thinking so, Pat wasn't willing to back down just like that. After pondering for a while, he decided to scoff and roll his eyes at Aaron. Aaron found the boy's actions amusing and burst into laughter. Frustrated, Pat rolled his eyes at him again.

As Arielle was serving up the last dish, she raised her brows when she saw Aaron sitting at the table. That's quite self-conscious of him. After spending a day with him, he doesn't seem like a bad person at all. Although he'd kidnapped the Wilhems to blackmail me, he hasn't done anything to harm them.

Actually, she had her reason for letting Aaron have a meal with them. She wanted to get on his good side so that she could use him to find her biological father once they had arrived at Turlen. Since I don't speak Turlenese, and I don't know anything about the place, I have to build a rapport with him.

"San, take a seat. You've already done so much," Andrea said with a smile on her face.

Hubert took a piece of the braised pork and put it into his mouth. Instantly, he widened his eyes in amazement. He glanced at Arielle and praised, "San, your cooking skills have improved again! This is amazing!"

"San, the meat is so tender and delicious!" Pat exclaimed after having some spicy beef stew. He was very impressed with the food, and he quickly took some more.

When Andrea saw how much Pat and Hubert were enjoying the food, she picked up her utensils and started digging in. Aaron, on the other hand, was skeptical. These three must be overreacting. I've eaten quite a lot of Chanaean dishes myself, and Maureen's Kitchen has the best food. How is it possible that little kitty can cook better than them?

However, he immediately changed his mind after having a taste of the spicy beef stew, which he had also eaten at Maureen's Kitchen. Wow! Not only is this spicy beef stew comparable to Maureen's Kitchen's, but I think it's even better!

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Chapter 1343 First Friend

Indeed, Aaron's taste buds were on point. The spicy beef stew Arielle cooked was definitely better than the one served at Maureen's Kitchen. It was mainly due to the ingredients available, as they were all premium goods. Hence, the outcome would always be better when compared to Maureen's Kitchen. However, Maureen's Kitchen still had the best food compared to the other restaurants.

Arielle noticed that although Aaron was eating hastily, he still seemed very elegant. He must be someone of status. Otherwise, he wouldn't be so conscious about dining etiquette. In that case, it's even better for me. If he's an influential person, he can help me find my biological father with ease.

When they were done with the meal, Andrea helped Arielle clean up. Aaron had already left because someone came looking for him prior to that. By the time Arielle and the others were done cleaning up, the cruise ship was still stopped at the same spot.

"Dad, does your phone have reception yet?" Arielle was eager to get ahold of Vinson. She was anxious because she didn't see him waking up personally.

Hubert knew Arielle was trying to contact Vinson. He shook his head and answered, "No. There's no reception, and I still can't make a call."

Arielle's heart sank when she heard that. However, she tried to cheer herself up. Since I was the one who did the surgery on him, I'm sure he'll be fine. Despite what she thought, she was still worried about him.

Meanwhile, at Turlen, a man in a plaid shirt and a white suit was walking down the street with a suitcase. That man was none other than the detective Vinson spent hundreds of millions to employ—Xavier. At that point, Xavier had already spent more than half a month learning Turlenese. At last, he'd gotten into the country along with a friend of his.

"Dillon, I'm going to find a hotel to stay in. Do contact me if there's anything, okay?" Xavier said to a gentle-looking man that was on the short side. Dillon was a friend he made at the border.

As a detective, Xavier's capabilities were unquestionable. Not only did he have incredible deduction abilities, but he was also very observant. He met Dillon when he was approaching the border.

When Xavier saw him, he looked disheveled while sitting by the roadside. At first glance, Xavier could tell that he wasn't just an average Joe. With the idea of how convenient it would be if he had a friend around, Xavier went up to him and inquired about his situation. What Xavier found out was that Dillon was mugged, and he had lost his wallet. Not only did he lose his identification documents, but he also had no money on him. Upon hearing that, Xavier whipped out a stack of cash and handed it to him.

Dillon was like a naive twenty-year-old man, and it seemed like that was the first time he had ventured out on his own. Hence, he was incredibly grateful for the help Xavier had given him. He told Xavier everything that had happened to him and became friends with him.

"Eric, don't stay at the hotel here. Come and stay at my house, okay? My house is huge, so it'll be fine." Dillon invited Xavier to stay over at his house enthusiastically. After all, Xavier was the first friend he made abroad.

Xavier was tempted, but after thinking it through, he turned Dillon down. Although he looks innocent, the same might not apply to his family members. Things will get tricky if my cover is compromised.

"I appreciate your kindness, but I could never get used to staying over at somebody else's home. I hope you don't take it the wrong way." Xavier smiled.

"Oh, okay, then. Anyway, my house is located in the most prosperous part of this street. If you need anything, just ring me up," Dillon scratched his head and uttered.

"Sure! Thank you!" Xavier answered with a smile.

After parting ways with Dillon, Xavier dragged his suitcase along and went to look for a hotel. He eventually found one that looked seemingly pleasant on the outside and walked in.

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Chapter 1344 Undercover

"This hotel seems nice, but I can tell that it's not going to be cheap," Xavier sized the hotel up and muttered to himself. He was worried that the hotel might cost him a lot of money.

Since he had to work hard to make his money, he was always conscious of his spending.

"Receptionist, I'd like to book a room," Xavier spoke in Turlenese which he had spent half a month learning. If I can use it to communicate with Dillon, I guess it's safe to assume no one's going to notice that I'm not local.

"May I know how long you plan on staying here? And may I have your ID card?" Since the hotel was only frequented by the rich and famous, the receptionist was rather hospitable.

Seeing how friendly the receptionist was toward him, Xavier heaved a sigh of relief. "I'll be staying for half a month."

He was certain that he could finish the job Vinson gave him within half a month.

As he was answering the receptionist, he gave her his ID card.

Dillon was the one who had helped him get the ID card when they met. When Xavier was told that Dillon had lost his identification documents, he then realized he needed an ID card as well. Hence, he got Dillon to help him apply for an ID card when Dillon was applying for his own.

In regards to how Dillon managed to help him without knowing his full personal details, Xavier decided to not ask about it.

When the receptionist was entering his details based on his ID card, a clear voice was heard saying, "Wait!"

The moment the voice was heard, a fine-looking lady came forward from behind a corner. She took the document from the receptionist and scrutinized it.

Xavier got anxious, and his heart started pounding wildly when he saw the lady checking his ID card endlessly. He acted calm and collected when he asked the lady, "What's wrong?"

Instead of saying anything, the lady waved the receptionist away. After throwing another glance at the ID card in her hand, she raised her gaze toward Xavier. "Are you a foreigner?"

"What?" Xavier questioned. Is my cover blown? So soon? Am I really that bad at this?

The lady then stared sternly at him before uttering, "You're a foreigner!"

The lady's name was Lana, and she was the owner of the hotel. She was twenty-six-year-old that year. After she graduated from university, her father gave her the hotel, and she was very much a hands-on owner.

"How could you tell I'm a foreigner?" Xavier stared at her calmly. That was the first time he had blown his cover so quickly.

Lana flashed a faint smile and raised her brow. "You don't have to know that. All you need to know is that I can tell just by looking at you."

Xavier chuckled. "Really? You're that good?"

"Of course! I've seen people from all walks of life with my eyes. I could tell you're a foreigner with just a glance," Lana boasted with confidence.

She was a girl from a well-off family. Hence, her father used to send her all over the world in order for her to broaden her perspective. Indeed, she had been to countless countries, and she had seen it all.

Xavier wasn't convinced. He laughed it off and said, "Well, you're wrong this time around, for I'm born and raised locally."

Lana immediately withdrew her smile when she heard that. She frowned and retorted, "That can't be." How could I be wrong? I've busted so many foreigners trying to sneak into the country. There's no way I'd be wrong about this.

Seeing that, Xavier composed himself before leaning on the counter lazily and staring at Lana frivolously. He moved his lips slightly and asked with a charming smile, "Tell me, then. How am I a foreigner in your eyes?"

He was perfect at camouflaging. Prior to going over, he had already purchased some solution at the hospital to change the color of his eyes. I'm certain she can't pinpoint a characteristic of me that says I'm a foreigner.

Lana furrowed her brows and scrutinized him closely.

A grin appeared on Xavier's face. She looks adorable when she has a serious look on her face.

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Chapter 1345 Motive

"You really think I wouldn't notice? In fact, I was deliberately trying to confuse you." Lana smiled smugly and pointed at Xavier. "You've missed out on something. Even though you've already tried your best to dress up as a Turlenese, you've forgotten something."

"And pray tell what I forgot?" Xavier was intrigued.

"You have a tattoo there." Lana pointed at a spot below Xavier's neck. Although he tried to cover it with his shirt, she still spotted it.

"What's so weird about having a tattoo? It's not like I'm the only one here with a tattoo," Xavier said nonchalantly. Throughout the half a month he had spent with Dillon, he had also seen a tattoo on him. Hence, he wasn't fazed by the fact that Lana had seen it.

"You're quite a stubborn bloke, aren't you? Must you force me to say it out loud?" Lana was getting pissed at Xavier's continuous denial. She scoffed and said, "Your tattoo is something different. It's an eagle. That's the symbol of the international detective ranking system."

Xavier's eyes flickered when he heard that. He didn't expect someone to recognize it. So what? As long as I keep denying it, there's nothing she can do. He scoffed and answered, "You're quite good at talking crap, aren't you?"

"I'm not talking crap!" Lana continued proudly, "I've been to countless countries and seen all sorts of people. I've been told by a friend of mine about that tattoo of yours. He's a detective as well, but he couldn't make it into the ranking system. His lifelong wish is to make it there and have a tattoo like yours."

In truth, Lana was a huge admirer of detectives. She was very fond of them because detectives were capable of solving all sorts of problems. She was getting upset because Xavier didn't want to admit it.

Despite how she felt, a glint appeared in her eyes. She leaned toward Xavier's ear and whispered, "Don't deny it. You do know that the more you try to explain yourself, the more it's incriminating you, right? No matter what you say, you can't deny the fact that you're a foreigner. Do you know what happened to all those foreigners that I've exposed in the past?"

That was the first time Xavier had been so near to someone of the opposite sex, and he wasn't used to it. He took a step back and said, "I don't know what you're talking about. Since you're unwilling to let me stay here, I'll go somewhere else then." With that, he took the ID card off of Lana's hand and turned around to leave.

When Lana saw that Xavier was about to leave the hotel, she shouted, "Hey! Don't leave. Let me finish!" She hurried out of the front desk and said, "I'll tell you something. In this country, being a foreigner is against the law. If you're exposed, no one's going to help you."

Lana's words got Xavier thinking about his options. If she doesn't report me to the authorities, no one's going to find out I'm not from Turlen. After all, I doubt there's anyone else in Turlen like her, who has been to so many places and knows so much.

With that thought in mind, Xavier said, "Don't worry about me." He wanted to leave right after he said that. However, Lana stopped him again and uttered, "Stay here. Don't worry. I won't report you."

Xavier looked at her skeptically. If you're not going to report me, why did you say so much just now then?

"I promise you that I won't report you. Really. So, just stay here," Lana urged. Deny all you want, but I'm certain you're not from Turlen.

Xavier raised his brows and questioned, "What's your motive?" He couldn't help but think she had her motives for wanting him to stay so badly.

Lana snorted angrily in response. Motive? Why would I have one? Obviously, I just want to learn some skills from him as a detective. Since she had never had a chance to learn any of that, she was rather fascinated.

Wait, doesn't that mean I do have a motive for getting him to stay? Guilt flashed across Lana's face instantly.

Under Xavier's skeptical eyes, Lana answered guiltily, "I just want to learn your skills as a detective."

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Chapter 1346 Searching For Someone

"You want to learn detective skills?" Xavier frowned. "I don't know how to teach you that."

After all, that was his innate talent.

Hearing that, Lana thought Xavier was unwilling to teach her. She felt deeply disappointed and sighed inwardly.

Somehow, when Xavier saw the disappointment on her face, he felt a little uncomfortable on the inside. After giving it some thought, he said, "I'm not saying you can't learn it, but you've got to rely on yourself. If you encounter anything you'd like to investigate about during the next two weeks, I can help you out. After all, I've never learned this intentionally, nor have I taught anyone. The only reason I'm in this field is my talent."

Lana's eyes sparkled when she heard his offer. That works too. I'll just learn however much I can from him.

At that thought, a delighted smile formed on her face. "Okay. Thank you, mentor!"

Upon seeing the smile on her face, Xavier's eyes twinkled. "I can't be your mentor since I'm not even teaching you anything. You can just call me Eric."

"You can call me Lana, then. Come on, I'll take you to your room." Lana was extremely hospitable and wanted to take Xavier to his room personally. Xavier did not reject her kind intentions and followed after her.

"This is your room. It's fully equipped with all kinds of facilities here. If you want to order your meals without going downstairs, you can give the front desk a call. If you feel like going down to have your meal, there's a restaurant for you to try. Feel free to go in there and order anything you want to eat."

"Okay. Got it. Thanks!" Xavier's lovely almond eyes looked as though they were smiling as he stared at the enthusiastic Lana.

For some reason, Lana blushed when she saw the smile on his face.

"Well, you should get some rest. I'll get back to work now." With that, she scurried out, looking as though she was running away.

As Xavier watched her leave, a smile tugged at his lips. He then shook his head and put down his luggage.

The sun shone brightly the next day.

After washing up, he went downstairs in a rush. There wasn't much time left. Hence, he had to complete the task assigned by Vinson as soon as possible.

"Eric!"

The moment he arrived downstairs, he heard someone calling out to him. As he turned around, he saw Lana. Curious, he raised his brows and flashed her a smile. "What is it?"

"Have you had breakfast? If you haven't, let me treat you then." Lana beamed.

Originally, Xavier had no plans to have breakfast. However, he changed his mind and looked at Lana. "I haven't, but shouldn't the guy be the one treating others to a meal? So here, let me treat you to a meal. What would you like to eat?"

Turlenians were generally tall people, including females. Although Lana was about one hundred and eighty meters tall, she was still a head shorter than Xavier when she stood before him. She tilted her head and scrutinized the man, praising him inwardly for being such a gentleman. Naturally, she would not reject his offer. After all, she needed to get closer and build a relationship with him. That way, it would be easier for her to learn from him.

Xavier, being the international top detective that he was, was well aware of her intentions. Despite so, he did not dislike it as he had his own motives, too.

Feeling curious, Lana asked after the meal, "Eric, why did you come here?"

"I'm looking for someone," Xavier answered plainly.

Looking for someone? Lana's eyes lit up, her interest piqued.

"Who are you looking for? Perhaps I could be of some help." Lana propped her head up and blinked her attractive, wide eyes while staring at Xavier.

"My boss is looking for her father. Her father fell in love with a woman in the past, causing the latter to be pregnant. After that, he disappeared. My boss carried out all kinds of investigations which led her to believe that her father is a local here. That's why I took the risk of coming here."

His ultimate goal was to look for someone, and he thought that Lana might be able to help him out.

Thus, Xavier did not bother to conceal any details and told her truthfully about his motive for traveling to Turlen.

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Chapter 1347 Return The Power To The King

"That's how Turlen is. Truth is, that's not a good thing. There's actually nothing wrong with the locals getting married to a foreigner. I just don't understand why the government doesn't promote this."

At the mention of that topic, Lana became furious. In actual fact, her youngest aunt had fallen in love with a foreigner when she traveled to another country. Unfortunately, due to the conditions of the country that did not approve of intermarriages, Lana's grandparents married her aunt off to another man.

Regardless, her aunt was unwilling to marry since she loved another man. Lana's grandfather would not allow it. So, without any warning, her aunt was forced into a marriage, which led her to death in less than three years.

"We're living in modern times. How can the country still have such laws? Why aren't they changing it?" Xavier was rather curious about the issue.

"Of course, it's because of—" Lana suddenly stopped herself before she finished her sentence.

Raising his brows, Xavier asked, "Why did you stop?"

Lana had stopped out of fear. She was worried her words might spread, leading her to be convicted for commenting on the country's affairs and bringing trouble to her family.

"Are you afraid?" Xavier's words had hit the nail on the head, making her grunt briefly in response.

"Why can't you tell me about it? Don't you already know my identity? Why should you be afraid when I'm not even worried about you exposing me?" Xavier asked on purpose since he really wanted to know the details of the matter.

Lana gave him a glance. After thinking about it, she realized he was right. After all, she knew about his secret, which made her the one with the upper hand. She figured he would not dare to reveal the information to anyone. At that thought, she scanned her surroundings, making sure there was no one around before saying, "Of course, it's because of the queen mother and the queen herself."

The queen mother? And the queen?

Xavier arched a brow. Why is this place still so conservative? They even have such titles.

"They're just women. Isn't the king supposed to be the one deciding for the country?" he questioned.

"Don't you dare underestimate women!" Seeing the look in Xavier's eyes, Lana snorted. "The queen mother and the queen are cunning people. Otherwise, how do you think they can be in power for so many years?"

"Huh... This place is quite modern, after all," Xavier muttered under his breath, with his brow still raised.

"That's quite incredible," he responded half-heartedly.

"Sure, they're incredible, but it's too dictatorial. It's not a wise move at all," said Lana, resting her chin on her hand. "They should return the ruling power to the king."

"But that can only happen if they're willing to do so," Xavier replied, rising to his feet. It was time for him to leave, as he still had many matters to deal with.

"They'll never agree to that. They would've done so long ago instead of being in power for so long if they're willing to return the power to the king," said Lana, getting to her feet as well.

Seeing Xavier was about to walk out the door, she asked curiously, "Where are you going?"

Xavier turned around and glanced at her. "Didn't I tell you earlier? I've got to look into some matters. Would you like to help me out?"

Lana really wanted to help him, but after much consideration, she decided not to. Anyone who could travel abroad was either wealthy or influential people. Moreover, she feared she might bring trouble to her family. She did not care much about her well-being, but she could not afford to get her family involved.

"Forget it. I don't have the guts to be involved in this mess," Lana replied, embarrassed.

She was not alone in the country. Thus, there were some things that she could not do.

"That being said, what I can do is lend you a car. With a car, it'll make traveling convenient for you. You can even save on getting a car," she offered. He's only here for half a month, anyway. There's no need to buy a car if he's only staying here for half a month.

Meanwhile, on the cruise ship, Aaron's assistant, Todd, knocked anxiously on Arielle's room door. "Ms. Moore, Mr. Aaron is sick. Can you go over to take a look?"

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Chapter 1348 Sick

"He's sick?" Arielle opened her room door and stepped out. Seeing the worried expression on Todd's face, she demanded, "What happened to him? How sick is he?"

Recalling the scene from a while ago, Todd immediately replied, "He's having a stomachache!"

"Take me there!" Arielle was hoping to use Aaron to find her biological father. Hence, she could not sit idly by and do nothing.

"San? What's happened?" The Wilhelms hurried over after hearing the relentless knocks.

Arielle turned to her adoptive parents and shook her head. "It's Aaron. He's having a stomachache. I'm going over to take a look. Don't worry."

"Do you need our help?" They, too, were doctors. Hence, they could not bear to leave a patient in suffering.

Arielle stared at the couple and thought about it. "Why don't you come with me, Dad? Mom, you can stay back to take care of Pat."

"San, I want to go too!" Pat did not want to be separated from his sister.

"Be good, Pat. I'll be back in a while." Arielle pinched Pat's cheeks and promised, "I'll bring you something delicious when I come back."

It was only when Pat heard there would be good food that he agree to not go along with Arielle.

Soon, they arrived at Aaron's room. The first thing they saw was him clutching his stomach with his body curled in a ball. On top of that, he looked extremely pale.

Arielle and Hubert rushed forward. Looking at Aaron, the former asked, "Does this part hurt?"

As she spoke, she pressed the lower right area of his abdomen.

"Yes!" Aaron replied while enduring the pain.

In reality, he really did not want Arielle to see him in such a humiliating state. Sadly, she was the only one with the best medical skills on the ship.

Arielle turned to Hubert and said, "It's acute appendicitis. He needs surgery."

"Ms. Moore, is Mr. Aaron's condition serious?" Todd looked so worried that he was on the verge of tears. Aaron was the remaining heir in the country. Thus, it would be a big issue if something happened to him.

Arielle looked at Todd and assured him, "He'll be fine after the surgery."

"Then, please do it. We can't let anything happen to Mr. Aaron." The assistant gazed hopefully at Arielle, hoping that she could operate on Aaron as soon as possible.

"I can do the surgery. But first, give me your phone. I need to make a call," Arielle said to Todd.

She had no choice but to act in a despicable manner in order to contact Vinson.

The moment Aaron heard Arielle's request, he was so infuriated that he kicked his legs in the air while enduring the pain. He glared at his assistant and hissed, "No! Don't give it to her!"

"Aaron, I just want to inform my husband of my whereabouts." Arielle looked at Aaron, frowning. "He and I are a couple. He'll be worried if he can't find me, and I don't want him to worry."

"No! I don't want you to operate on me!" Aaron huffed in anger. He had finally managed to take Arielle away with much difficulty. Hence, he would never agree to let Vinson know about her whereabouts, no matter what she said.

"Are you sure you don't want me to do the surgery?" Arielle eyed Aaron. "Do you know your life will be in danger if you delay the surgery?"

"Mr. Aaron—" Before Todd could say anything, Aaron interrupted, "No. I don't need you to worry about me. Get out!" He closed his eyes, breaking into a cold sweat.

No matter what anyone said, he would not let Arielle contact Vinson. Arielle was downright infuriated by his behavior.

"Ms. Moore, it's not that I don't want to give you my phone. It's just that it's useless even if you have it. The signal light on the cruise ship has broken. That means there's no signal on the entire ship. So, even if I give you the phone, you won't be able to make any calls."

Arielle knitted her brows, unable to believe Todd's words.

"You can give it a try if you don't believe me." Noticing the look of disbelief on Arielle's face, Todd quickly handed her the phone.

Arielle took the phone and started dialing Vinson's number. To her dismay, her calls could not get through.

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Chapter 1349 The Surgery

"D*mn it!" Arielle cursed angrily and returned the phone to Todd.

"Is the signal device really broken?" Arielle shot Todd a suspicious glance. Isn't it too much of a coincidence? How could the signal light be broken at this very moment?

Todd nodded. "It's true. I found out it was broken when I woke up in the morning. I just didn't have the time to report it to Mr. Aaron yet."

Seeing him explaining in a hurried manner, Arielle decided to believe him.

"Ms. Moore, can you operate on Mr. Aaron now?" Todd asked cautiously. The doctor who was on standby on the cruise ship had already examined Aaron, but the doctor said there was no cure for the latter. Thus, Todd had no choice but to seek help from Arielle.

Hearing that, Aaron turned his head to look at Arielle. He wanted to know what she would do.

Arielle, too, stared at Aaron. In truth, she did not understand what he had in mind. He needed someone to teach his country about medicine, which she had agreed to and was willing to teach. However, she just could not understand why he would not allow her to contact Vinson.

Could it be that their country has some secrets, and they're afraid I might leak them?

With that thought in mind, she queried straightforwardly, "Aaron, I've already agreed to teach your citizens about medicine. So why won't you let me contact my beloved? Do you people have some secrets or something? Are you afraid I might leak them? If that's the case, you can rest assured. I'm not interested in that kind of matter."

Aaron said nothing. This little kitty is quite honest.

"Well? Don't just stay silent! You've got to tell me something!" When Arielle saw he had no intentions of replying, anger surged in her heart. How is he still unwilling to speak at a time like this?

"Ms. Moore—"

"Don't interrupt me! I'm talking to your boss right now!" Arielle cut Todd off furiously. She then turned to glare at Aaron. "Are you really not going to answer me?"

Aaron was in so much pain that he was sweating more intensely. Yet, he remained silent.

"You... Just I-leave. I don't w-want you to operate on me." If the consequence of him getting the surgery was to let Vinson know her whereabouts, Aaron would rather refuse the surgery.

In the past, he was interested in Arielle. He felt as though her presence would make his boring life more interesting. However, now, he reckoned he had actually fallen for her.

As such, he did not want Arielle to return to Vinson's side. He believed he could give her the kind of happiness she wanted.

"Please, Ms. Moore. I'm begging you. Please save Mr. Aaron." Todd had become more frightened when he saw Aaron's face becoming paler by the second. He stared at Arielle with a pleading look in his eyes, hoping she could help him out.

Arielle glared at Aaron. The sight of him unwilling to explain his actions for not allowing her to contact Vinson when he was in such a state made her livid.

"Is there an operation theatre here? My dad and I will give him the surgery." In the end, she relented and agreed to operate on Aaron.

Still glaring at Aaron, she muttered under her breath, "I'm only using you to find my biological father. I'm not giving you medical treatment because I'm giving in."

"Yes. We have all the facilities on the cruise ship."

"Okay. Send someone to take him into the operating theatre," Arielle instructed.

Todd followed her instructions and had Aaron sent to the operating theatre. After two hours of surgery, Aaron's inflamed appendix was removed, and he was sent back to his room. Since he was given an IV drip, Arielle instructed Todd to stay there and watch over him.

Three hours later, Arielle went to Aaron's room.

"Hello, Ms. Moore," Todd greeted respectfully upon seeing Arielle.

She glanced at Aaron, who was on the bed, and asked softly, "Is he awake?"

Todd whispered, "Yes."

Hearing that, Arielle walked over. Right then, she saw Aaron's eyes drifting toward her.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1350

Chapter 1350 Feeling Shy

"How are you feeling?" Arielle asked according to standard practices. It was every doctor's duty to ask about the patient's condition regardless of how she felt about him.

Aaron stared at her for quite some time before opening his mouth. "I'm okay"

At the moment, he was feeling extremely displeased. He never expected Arielle would actually choose to blackmail him when he was unwell. The entire incident made him rather upset.

Could she really have zero feelings for me? Doesn't she like me even the slightest bit?

"Do you feel any pain or bloating in your abdomen now?" Arielle continued questioning.

"No."

"Were you able to pass gas and empty your bowels normally?"

When Aaron heard that question, a hint of redness crept onto his fair face. Why is this woman not ashamed of her words? Why would she ask me such a question?

His skin was originally quite fair. With Arielle staring at him for such a long time, his face blushed incredibly. Seeing that, Arielle immediately knew he was embarrassed. She almost burst out laughing. Are my questions that embarrassing? It's just a normal inquiry from a doctor to a patient.

"What are you so shy about? It's just a normal inquiry. It's nothing embarrassing to talk about," Arielle said plainly.

"Who are you calling shy? I'm not!" Aaron rebuked upon hearing her words, looking like an angry cat that was about to hiss at her.

Arielle suppressed her urge to laugh and continued, "Okay. You're not shy then. So, tell me. Were you able to pass gas and empty your bowels normally?"

Aaron turned his head away and answered softly, "Yes."

"What did you say? I didn't quite catch that. Can you repeat it again please?" Arielle asked deliberately.

"Arielle, are you doing this on purpose?" Aaron clenched his jaw and glared at her.

"Doing it on purpose? What do you mean? If you answered me as loud as you spoke earlier, would I have missed what you said? Would I even need to ask you to repeat yourself?" Arielle said before clicking her tongue, annoyed.

Serves him right for not letting me call Vinson. Yes, I'm doing this on purpose. But so what? What's he going to do about it?

"Yes. I was able to pass gas and empty my bowels normally. Are you satisfied now?" Aaron scoffed. I'd be an idiot if I can't tell that she's doing it on purpose.

"What am I supposed to be satisfied with?" Arielle rolled her eyes at him. "I'm just doing a normal inquiry. Don't make it sound like I'm doing it on purpose." With that, she turned around and walked out of the room. Only Todd saw the smile on her face, but he did not dare to say anything about it.

Seeing Arielle was about to leave, Aaron whined pitifully, "Arielle, I'm hungry!"

Unbelievable! Of all the questions she asked, she didn't ask if I'm hungry, if I wanted to eat, and what I wanted to eat.

Arielle turned around to look at him. "If you're hungry, you can get your assistant to bring you some food. Just remember to eat plain food. You can start eating other things after a few days."

"But I want you to cook for me!" Aaron demanded, his eyes fixed on her.

"Why should I cook for you? You won't even let me contact my husband, and now I've got to cook for you? The audacity of you to even ask me that! You should be more than grateful that I was willing to operate on you!" Arielle snapped.

Upon hearing those words, Aaron felt even more displeased. All she talks about is Vinson. Hmph! I'm never going to let you contact him!

"But I want to have your cooking. I'm not going to eat if it's not made by you!"

"Sure, don't eat then. What does that have to do with me? You can just starve to death!" Arielle snorted. Don't you dare think those words will make me give in. You want me to cook for you? Hah, dream on! I'll never lift a finger.

"You're so heartless. I'm sick, and yet, you don't even have an ounce of empathy in you," Aaron complained, putting on a woeful look.

"Empathy is something I can give anyone except you!"