

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1351

Chapter 1351 I Have No Idea

“What’s wrong with me? Why can’t you empathize with me?”

“Why? Are you sure you don’t know the reason?” Arielle rolled her eyes in frustration.

Aaron snorted. “I have no idea.”

“Well, you should think about it then. I don’t have the time to keep talking to you. I should be using the time to make some desserts for Pat.” With that, she turned around and stormed away.

“Arielle, I’m really not going to eat if it’s not your cooking!” Aaron said hurriedly when he saw her leaving. Sadly, when he finished his sentence, Arielle did not even turn around to glance at him, let alone reply to him.

Aaron was so mad that he punched the bed furiously, giving Todd a shock. The latter quickly stepped forward, saying, “Mr. Aaron.”

“You may leave. And don’t disturb me if there aren’t any important matters,” Aaron said in annoyance. Hearing that, Todd answered briefly before scurrying away.

I thought Mr. Aaron’s temper had become better recently. Who would’ve known that he’s still as scary as before? Todd pressed a hand against his chest and let out a long sigh.

The moment Arielle returned to her room, Andrea approached her and asked, “San, Aaron is awake, right? Is he okay?”

Arielle snorted. “What else can happen to him? Guess what? He’s so energetic that he can even threaten others.”

Hearing that Aaron had threatened Arielle again, Andrea panicked. Her gentle expression vanished, replaced by a look of anxiousness. “Threaten others? Did he threaten you again? What does he want now?”

Seeing her reaction, Arielle quickly assured, “It’s not exactly a threat. He just said he’s hungry and wants to eat my cooking. I told him to let his assistant bring him food from the kitchen, but he said he won’t eat unless it was my cooking. He thinks he can threaten me with those words. Hah! He can dream on. He wouldn’t even let me contact Vinson. On what basis should I cook for that rascal?”

Andrea heaved a sigh of relief upon hearing that. She thought he was going to threaten Arielle to do something else.

“Didn’t you want to look for your biological father? From what I can see, Aaron’s identity isn’t that simple. I believe he’s your best bet in finding your father. Maybe you shouldn’t argue with him so much and make things sour between the two of you,” she said, placing Arielle’s hand in hers.

“You have no idea what happened before the surgery. I said if he won’t let me contact Vinson, I won’t operate on him. And guess what? He actually refused to have me do his surgery. He’d rather die than let me contact Vinson. What on earth is he up to?” Arielle’s head hurt from anger as she recalled the entire incident that happened in Aaron’s room earlier.

It had not been easy to get a chance to threaten him and make him let her contact Vinson. Never did she expect Aaron to refuse. On top of that, the signal lights were even broken.

“But we’ve managed to come so far. If you anger him, wouldn’t all our efforts be wasted? San, don’t let your feelings destroy the grand plan. Don’t forget what our end goal is,” Andrea advised.

Arielle was well aware of everything Andrea said. However, she simply could not swallow her frustration.

“I got it, Mom. I’ll go make him some food now.” Arielle sighed. She had no choice but to give in, as she was in the enemy’s territory.

After all, she still wanted to look for her biological father.

Forget it. Since he’s given me the opportunity to enter Turlen, I’ll endure this. I’ll have no choice but to accept this!

Andrea’s eyes twinkled when she saw Arielle’s dejected looks.

Shortly after, Arielle went to the kitchen and accepted her fate to cook for Aaron. As he had just completed surgery, he had to eat light and soft food. Thus, she started preparing some pumpkin soup for him.

First, she brought over some pumpkins, onions, garlic, and other ingredients. After washing them, she diced them and placed them in a pot. She then added some chicken broth and started the fire to let it boil until everything was soft.

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Once the ingredients had softened, Arielle blended everything that was in the pot until it was smooth. She then added some cream and seasoned the soup before giving it a final stir.

“San, what yummy food are you making again? It smells so good.” The aroma of the pumpkin soup wafted out of the kitchen, attracting Pat to hurry into the kitchen.

“You little glutton. Your nose is so sensitive!” Arielle grinned brightly and pinched Pat’s cheeks. Ah... This boy’s cheeks are so chubby!

“It’s all your fault. Your cooking is so good that it turned me into a little glutton,” Pat said, blinking his eyes. It was true that he was not like that in the past.

“Oh? So it’s my fault, huh?” Arielle massaged her chin and teased, “Maybe I should cook less in the future then. I don’t want to turn my dear Pat into a greedy little kitten.”

Pat was shocked when he heard that. He quickly tugged at Arielle’s arm and said sweetly, “San...”

“Okay, okay. I was just teasing you,” Arielle said, taking out a big, clean bowl and filling it up before placing it on the table. “Here, this is yours. Wait for it to cool before eating it, okay? I don’t want you to burn yourself.”

Pat followed her to the table and nodded firmly in response to her words, never allowing his gaze to leave the bowl of pumpkin soup in front of him.

Seeing that, Arielle chuckled and shook her head. She then took another bowl, poured the remaining soup into it, and walked out with it.

When she arrived at Aaron’s room, she realized Todd was not around. Hence, she had no choice but to push the door open and entered the room by herself.

“Didn’t I tell you not to disturb me if there aren’t any important matters?” Aaron said in an annoyed tone, thinking it was Todd when he heard the sound of the door being opened.

“Okay. I’ll leave then,” Arielle responded, preparing to leave.

Aaron was slightly surprised to hear Arielle’s voice. Seeing she was about to leave, he called out immediately, “Hey, sorry. I-I wasn’t talking to you. I didn’t know you’d come.”

Hearing that, Arielle finally turned around and walked over to his bed with the bowl of soup in her hands. “Here you go. Now eat.”

I've already made it, anyway. There's just enough for his portion. Besides, if something happens to him, how am I supposed to find out the truth behind my mother's urgency in looking for Henrick to get married back then?

Seeing that, Aaron's eyes lit up. He thought she had gotten angry since he did not allow her to contact Vinson. Never did he expect her to give in and even bring him a bowl of pumpkin soup she made.

"Thank you!" It was the first time Aaron thanked her.

Arielle arched a brow at him. "There's no need for that. When are you going to let me contact Vinson? I'll thank you if you let me do that."

Aaron fell silent immediately.

Seeing him remaining silent again, she set the bowl of pumpkin soup on the table and said sulkily, "Just eat it."

"I've just completed a surgery, and I don't have any energy in me. Can you feed me?" Aaron said in a sullen tone.

"Feed you?" Arielle was so stunned that she was at a loss for words.

"Yes. I don't have any energy," Aaron repeated, gazing at Arielle with a pitiful gaze as if telling her he was the patient and was still weak.

Arielle eyed him doubtfully. "You? Don't have any energy?"

Aaron nodded.

Arielle's lips twitched in response. "No energy, eh? Well, I can just ask your assistant to come over and feed you personally then."

"I don't want him to feed me!" Aaron protested childishly. "Can't you feed me? I'm a patient. Aren't you a doctor? Isn't it normal for doctors to feed their patients?"

Arielle almost laughed in exasperation. I've got to feed the patients because I'm a doctor?

Of course, she could choose to feed the patients. However, he was a different case. He was perfectly capable of doing things on his own. Clearly, he had feelings for her.

Since she was already a married woman, she did not want to get into any trouble. Otherwise, Vinson would be mad when he found out about it.

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Chapter 1353 Give In To Persuasion

“It’s up to you whether you want to eat it or not.” Arielle was furious. She was already being nice by delivering the food to Aaron. She couldn’t believe that he even wanted her to feed him. He’s really pushing his luck!

“Arielle... Ari...” Aaron pleaded pitifully.

Arielle was infuriated by his behavior. Immediately, she turned around, picked up the bowl, and made a gesture as if she was going to throw it into the trash can.

“You don’t want to eat it, right? If you don’t want to eat it, then I’ll just get rid of it. It’s annoying for me to bring it here and there.”

Aaron’s expression fell immediately. When he saw that Arielle was serious about dumping out the soup, he quickly stopped her. “No, don’t! I’ll eat. I’ll eat it on my own.”

With that, he snatched the bowl from her and started digging in.

However, after taking one mouthful, his actions came to a stop.

“Ari, it’s a little hot,” Aaron said pitifully.

Arielle rolled her eyes in annoyance. “Are you an idiot? Don’t you know how to blow on it?”

Aaron stared at her without saying anything. In the end, he had no choice but to blow on it on his own.

Despite that, he purposely dawdled just to make Arielle stay in his room for a little longer.

It took him about twenty minutes to finish that bowl of pumpkin soup.

Massaging the arm that was sore from cooking the soup, Arielle stood up and said, “Get some rest. Call out for your assistant if you need anything.”

Aaron was feeling satisfied after having Arielle keep him company while he drank his soup. Thus, he responded happily. Seeing his behavior, Arielle turned around and rolled her eyes exasperatedly.

Aaron took about a week to recover from the surgery. Meanwhile, the cruise ship had been repaired on the second day of his recovery. Despite that, he gave out the orders, saying it was not done repairing, and asked everyone on the ship to keep their lips sealed.

Since he was the one with the most authority there, everyone could only obey his words.

During that week, he did his best to torture Arielle, demanding all kinds of food and making her so angry that she had the urge to harden her heart and not cook for him.

On the day that he was completely recovered, he immediately went looking for Arielle, who felt a sudden headache at the sight of him.

“Ari, I’ve recovered. I’m craving spicy fish stew, braised pork, spicy soup, and—”

Hearing him order all kinds of dishes excitedly, Arielle rolled her eyes and cut him off. “Aaron, now that you’ve recovered, you should go to the cafeteria to order whatever you want to eat. I’m not the chef you hired. By the way, address me as Arielle or Ms. Moore. Who gave you the right to call me Ari? What relationship do we have that allows you to use that name?”

“I just really want to have your cooking. Ari, I haven’t eaten good food in ages,” Aaron said, pouting. Ever since he could get off his bed and walk around, he had always been hanging out with Arielle and the Wilhems. Whenever it was mealtime, he could only have plain soup while watching them indulge in all kinds of delicious cuisines with envy.

“Sure, if you want me to cook, then you need to give me something in exchange,” Arielle said slyly.

Aaron eyed her, getting the feeling she was up to no good. However, he still wanted to find out what she wanted. “What do you want in exchange?”

“I can cook for you, but you must not stop me from contacting Vinson,” Arielle answered, gazing at him expectantly.

She had not contacted Vinson in a long time. Only heaven knew how much she was missing him. If I knew this was going to happen, I would’ve worked with Vinson to rescue my adoptive parents, take this rascal hostage, and go to Turlen with him. I’ve miscalculated. There are too many miscalculations.

“No!” Aaron rejected her right away after hearing her words. I knew she was up to no good.

“Then, leave. There’s nothing for you to eat here.” Arielle crossed her arms and snorted. Fine. If he wants to end the discussion, so be it. Where there’s a will, there’s a way, I’ll contact Vinson on my own. I don’t need his permission for that.

Aaron felt a little upset when he realized Arielle really had no intentions of letting him stay for a meal. He could not help but wonder what was so great about Vinson.

“Will you settle for something else?” He put on a pitiful expression.

After spending time with her for the past few days, he realized his little kitty was someone who would give in to persuasion. No matter what, she would always give in.

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Chapter 1354 Falling For Her

Settle for something else?

Instinctively, Arielle wanted to reject him. After all, at that moment, nothing would make her happier than being able to contact Vinson.

Then again, Aaron was a rigid person who never gave in to that request of hers. No matter what she said, he never allowed her to get in touch with Vinson. If that's the case, maybe I can exchange it for something advantageous for me?

“Then, teach me Turlenese,” she said plainly. “I can't possibly go there without having the ability to understand a single word. What if someone is dissatisfied with me or if someone doesn't understand when I'm exchanging medical thoughts with them? It'll be troublesome.”

“Our language is very difficult to learn. Are you sure you want to learn it?” Aaron was not the slightest bit upset about teaching Arielle his country's language. Conversely, he was quite happy about the suggestion.

If Grandma and Mother agree to let me marry her, she won't feel awkward and unhappy about living there if she can speak the language. Not to mention she won't have any issues talking to Grandma and Mother.

The more he thought about it, the happier he was. Immediately, a smile tugged at the corner of his lips.

“Deal,” he said.

“Then, let's go and get the ingredients.” Arielle was happy to learn Turlenese as well. That way, it would make digging for information easier. If she could not make Aaron talk there, she could still fish for information from the others.

The moment Pat heard they were going to pick the ingredients, he got excited and said hurriedly, “I want to go too!”

If I go along, I'll get to pick some of my favorite ingredients. Otherwise, that evil man will only pick his favorites. If that happens, I won't get to enjoy anything. Pat loved Arielle's cooking, especially when it was his favorite dish.

Arielle never wanted to go with Aaron alone in the first place. Seeing Pat wanted to tag along, she happily agreed, “Okay. Let’s go together.”

On the other hand, Aaron glared at the little kid in front of him. He originally wanted to spend some alone time with his little kitty and cultivate some feelings. But now, all his plans were destroyed by that boy.

Regardless, no matter how displeased he was, the three of them still went to pick the ingredients together.

“Hubert, do you think Aaron likes San?” Andrea asked while staring at the trio that just left.

Hubert was stunned, and disbelief filled his eyes. “He likes San?”

“I noticed he looks at San differently.” Andrea paused briefly before continuing, “The more I think about it, the more it makes sense. If he doesn’t like San, why won’t he let her contact Vin then? Besides, his expression changes whenever Vin is mentioned.”

“Really?” Hubert was still slightly doubtful.

“I think so. If he doesn’t like San, what’s there for him to worry about when San is already on her way to Turlen? San enjoys being involved in the medical field and is willing to teach others about it, especially in a place where they’re weak in medicine. She’s willing to teach them and is more than willing to go to Turlen to do so. If Vin knows she’s heading to Turlen, he’ll definitely support her decision. So, what’s there for Aaron to worry about? There’s only one explanation for his worry—he’s fallen for San. That’s why he doesn’t want her to contact Vin.”

Hubert was shocked by Andrea’s analysis. However, there was absolutely no reason for him to not believe his wife. Feeling worried, he asked, “Should we tell San about this? If Aaron doesn’t allow her to contact Vin and detain her here, what should we do then?”

Andrea fell silent. She, too, did not know if she should tell Arielle about it at the moment.

After giving it some thought, she finally said, “Let’s not tell San about it for now. If we tell her now, she might get into another dispute with Aaron. His men are all over the place. If his love isn’t reciprocated, he might do something terrible again. We won’t be able to handle it if that happens. Let’s just wait until we arrive at Turlen. We’ll observe the situation and decide if we should tell San about it then.”

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The Wilhems had decided that if they still could not get the chance to contact Vinson upon arriving at Turlen, they would tell Arielle about Aaron's intentions to let her be on her guard.

"We'll go with your idea, then." Hubert's heart felt a little heavy at the moment. Never in his wildest dreams did he expect Aaron to have such intentions toward Arielle.

Seeing the helpless look on her husband's face, Andrea reminded, "Don't look so worried. San will notice it."

"I know. I'm trying to adjust," Hubert replied, taking deep breaths to calm his mind.

Seeing that, Andrea broke into a smile.

Meanwhile, Arielle and the others arrived at their destination.

Although the cruise ship had stopped at the location for a few days, the ingredients that the kitchen had were still quite fresh. However, it cost a lot to maintain its freshness.

Arielle proceeded to pick the Wilhelms' favorite ingredients, while Pat and Aaron chose theirs. He did not choose Arielle's favorite ingredients, for he realized that he and Arielle had similar tastes.

When the trio was done choosing the ingredients, they returned to the room.

"Aaron, I need you to help me prepare the ingredients," Arielle instructed Aaron.

If he wants to eat something yummy, then he'll have to put in the effort. If he only depend on me, I would be constantly busy.

"What about me, San?" Pat wanted to help as well.

"You can help me by peeling the garlic. After that, I'll need you to choose some onions and leeks," Arielle said, handing him the items.

Pat took the items and went to a corner happily. Aaron, on the other hand, had a stiff expression as he stared at the ingredients Arielle handed him. He had never entered the kitchen before. Thus, he did not know how to prepare them.

After some time, he finally called out to Arielle and said embarrassedly, "Ari, I-I don't know what to do with this."

Arielle was dumbfounded. However, she came to an understanding right away. The man in front of her was a son of a rich family. It was only natural that he would not know what to do with the ingredients. At that moment, she realized she had asked the wrong person for help.

"I'll deal with them, and you can wash them later," Arielle said. She then asked, "You do know how to wash the vegetables, right?" I don't know what to think of him if he doesn't even know how to do this.

"I do! Of course, I know how to do that!" Aaron replied hurriedly. Arielle was staring at him in such a way that even if he did not know how to do it, he would have still said yes. If I told her another no, she might just see me as a useless idiot...

"Great!" Arielle said. Immediately, she started preparing the ingredients in an efficient manner. Once she was done with each ingredient, she handed it to Aaron. The poor, respectable prince of Turlen never had to do such chores in his life. He struggled with his responsibility, causing Arielle to secretly laugh at him.

Finally, when they were done washing and preparing the ingredients, Arielle started cooking. She started by making Pat's favorite dish—glazed pork tenderloin. She had chosen the best cut for the dish.

First, she placed the pieces of meat that had been cut into a bowl. Then, she added some black pepper, cooking wine, and egg yolk before stirring it well. After that, she added two spoonfuls of cornstarch and made sure each piece of meat was coated evenly. She then poured some oil into the pot and waited until it was hot enough before placing the meat in it. Once they were golden brown, she fished them out.

The temperature of the oil was increased again and the meat cubes were placed back into the oil for the second round of frying. She waited until the outsides were crispy before removing them from the oil. After pouring out some of the oil, she poured the sauce she had prepared into the oil. She waited until it started boiling before adding the fried chunks of meat. Then, a few peas were added and everything was stirred evenly under high heat. Finally, the dish was served on a plate.

The fragrance of the glazed pork tenderloin filled the entire kitchen, causing Pat to drool. Even Aaron could not help but swallow his saliva. This little kitty's cooking is so fragrant. I really want to sneak a bite.

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Chapter 1356 Stay Here

Seemingly sensing Aaron's thoughts, Pat took the plate and left. But before he did so, he smirked and said, "This is mine."

Aaron couldn't help but smile upon seeing that. What a rascal! I just wanted to have a taste. What is he so afraid of?

Arielle didn't see the interaction between Aaron and Pat. After serving the glazed pork tenderloin, she washed the pan and started cooking the Wilhelms' favorite dish, shredded pork. Although it was an easy dish to make, it was delicious nonetheless.

First, she put the marinated shredded pork into a pan with oil. She then added garlic, onion, and the sauce she had prepared for the dish. Once she could smell the fragrance after stir-frying, she added various types of vegetables. After cooking the ingredients, she added corn starch to increase the thickness of the sauce. With that, the dish was ready to be served.

At that moment, Aaron felt like he was being tortured in the kitchen. Wow! That aroma is too tempting. He was eager to taste the dish.

Aaron couldn't help but look at Arielle with his puppy eyes and uttered, "Ari..."

Arielle turned toward him in puzzlement. "What is it?"

"Can I have a taste? Just a bit?" As he was saying that, he gestured to show how small of a bite he wanted. Am I not the prince of Turlen? When have I become such a glutton? What happened to my manners?

"Go ahead!" Arielle gave him a fork. It's a small bite, so why not?

Aaron took the fork and quickly shoved the food into his mouth.

"Wow, this is really delicious!" Aaron praised her earnestly. "Ari, this is so good that it's on par with the cooking of professional chefs! Heck, your dishes are even tastier than the food served at Maureen's Kitchen!"

When Arielle heard the restaurant's name, she glanced at him and asked, "Have you eaten there before?"

Aaron nodded. "Yes, I have. To me, that's the best restaurant in Chanaea. I even wanted to buy it over. However, the owner refused to sell it to me. What a pity!"

Arielle was stunned momentarily upon hearing that before she let out a smirk. Oh? So he was the one who wanted to buy the restaurant? Did he want to buy the restaurant off of my hands? Dream on! The restaurant means a lot to me. No matter the offer, I'll never sell it off.

"What do you mean, it's a pity? If the owner doesn't want to sell it, you can always go there and dine, no? You can't possibly buy someone's restaurant just because you think their dishes are delicious." Arielle shifted her gaze back to the pot as she said that.

She had already started making the dish Aaron wanted—braised pork belly. There's no way I'm making spicy fish and spicy soup for him. Since he has just recovered, he

shouldn't eat anything spicy. Besides, it's good enough that I'm making him two dishes. It's not like he can finish all the food anyway. He's just going to throw them out in the end. It's bad to waste food!

"Well, you have a point," Aaron uttered after pondering for a while. Initially, he just wanted to buy the restaurant so that he could go over anytime and eat whatever he wanted.

Arielle remained silent and put some pork belly into the pot for blanching.

After putting the lid on the pot, she said, "Why do you have to wait here? Just wait outside, will you? If you're so free, why don't you go check on the cruise ship and see when we will arrive in your country?" She then started preparing the ingredients needed for the braised pork belly.

Aaron glanced at Arielle and pondered. Since it's so rare to be able to spend time with her alone, why would I head outside? Once we've gotten to Turlen, I might not be able to spend time alone with her anymore. I don't want to waste my opportunity now.

"I'd like to stay here," Aaron said.

Arielle merely threw him a glance and ignored him. She then took out the pork belly from the pot the moment the water inside started simmering.

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Chapter 1357 Craving

Arielle used a clean container to rinse the pork belly with running water. After that, she started caramelizing some sugar.

The temperature was key to a perfect caramel. If the sugar was burnt, the braised pork belly would taste rather bitter.

After melting the sugar with medium heat, she lowered the temperature to caramelize the sugar.

Once she was done with the caramel, she added the pork belly. After a quick stir, she coated the pork belly with the caramel. I should turn the heat to the lowest now. Otherwise, the caramel might turn bitter.

After that, it was time to add the other ingredients. I'll use the oil from the pork belly to stir-fry my ingredients. Then, I'll add some alcohol and soy sauce before pouring boiling water in.

After letting it cook for a while, she skimmed off the foam on the surface before adding some green onion. Then, she transferred everything into a smaller pot and closed the lid to let it simmer for forty minutes.

Afterward, she removed the flavor-enhancing side ingredients and simmered the pork belly for another twenty minutes. Twenty minutes later, she turned up the heat to vaporize the remaining sauce. Once that was done, the braised pork belly was ready to be served.

While she was waiting for the braised pork belly to simmer, Arielle had also prepared other dishes such as stir-fried chicken, fish stew, omelet, and braised eggplant. It took her almost two hours to prepare all the dishes. Luckily I have insulated containers here. Otherwise, everything would be cold by the time I'm done.

Meanwhile, Pat had been waiting at the table the whole time. I have to prevent that bad guy from eating my favorite dish, glazed pork tenderloin.

"Dad, Mom, food is ready," Arielle called out while setting up the table.

When the Wilhelms came out, the dining table was already filled with dishes. "Why did you cook so much? Can we even finish everything?" they asked in bafflement.

"Since I'm here, I'm sure we can. In fact, I'm famished," Aaron immediately answered.

He had been only having pumpkin soup for the past couple of days. What's life with only pumpkin soup? I'm going to enjoy all these dishes!

Not wanting to be left out, Pat added, "Hey, I'm here too! I'm also starving!"

"Pat, I think it's time you go on a diet. You're fat!" Andrea pinched Pat's chubby cheeks and grinned mischievously.

"What? I am? I don't think so, though." Pat then looked at Arielle and asked, "San, do you think I'm fat?"

Seated opposite him, Arielle narrowed her eyes and rubbed her chin. "Well, I've never noticed it before this. Now that you asked, I do think you're a bit plump. Maybe you should start losing weight, Pat. Don't worry. I'll help you!"

Pat pouted in response. Ha! They're all so mean. They're just saying that to stop me from eating all the delicious dishes. I'm not fat. I'm just chubby and cute!

"You're wrong, San. I've seen an online article saying that kids like me are just naturally chubby. I don't need to lose weight, okay?" Pat sneered. Lose weight and miss out on delicious food? No way!

“Okay, okay. You’re just chubby.” Arielle was amused. Smiling, she continued, “You don’t have to lose weight, all right? Eat up!”

Elated, Pat lowered his head and started eating.

Aaron, on the other hand, had to suppress his craving and wait for the Wilhelms to start eating before digging in. Although he was a prince, he waited for the Wilhelms to eat first because they were Arielle’s adoptive parents. Since she cares about them so much, I should treat them with respect as well.

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Chapter 1358 Lover

Since he had not had nice food for a long while, Aaron’s appetite was huge. In fact, he ate most of the food served. What a sumptuous meal!

“The cruise ship has been fixed, so we’ll continue with our journey in a while. We should arrive at our destination later at night,” Aaron said to Arielle after dinner.

Although Aaron wanted to spend more time with Arielle on the cruise ship, he knew the importance of the mission his father gave him. Hence, he had to bring her back as soon as possible.

Everything in Turlen was fine except for its medical care. Every year, its people would lose their lives due to various diseases. As the country’s future ruler, Aaron knew he had the responsibility to develop his country and provide its people with better medical care.

“Okay,” Arielle answered. She then looked at him and continued, “Don’t worry. I’ll do my best to teach the doctors there everything I’ve learned.” Now that I know how precious human lives are, I have the responsibility to share my knowledge and contribute to the society there.

Aaron stared at her with admiration and uttered, “You’re so kind, Ari.”

Arielle harrumphed slightly before saying, “Since you know that, perhaps you should stop preventing me from contacting my lover.”

Lover? Vinson again? Aaron was displeased and got up before walking out with a grim expression.

“What a horrible temper!” Arielle rolled her eyes in frustration.

Meanwhile, Andrea shook her head upon seeing that. Aaron has good taste in women. Since San is so impressive, it’s only natural that men can’t help falling in love with her.

That's in the past, though. Now that San is in love with Vinson, what Aaron is doing will only displease her. If she knows what his intentions are, I bet she wouldn't even want to spend a minute alone with him, let alone cook him a meal.

After Aaron left, he went back to his room immediately. With a solemn expression, he told his assistant to resume their journey. The assistant noticed how annoyed Aaron was, and he couldn't help but smile amusedly. Ms. Moore must've bullied him! Only she could get him so worked up.

When they were about to arrive at their destination, Aaron gave his father a call.

"What is it?" Dylan Anderson Holt asked coldly.

Aaron was saddened when he heard Dylan's indifferent tone. Although Dylan had provided him with a lavish lifestyle and a good education, the former had always been cold toward Aaron. In fact, Aaron had never felt warmth and paternal love from his father.

"The head of the Mills is here. We'll arrive at around nine tonight," Aaron said solemnly.

Dylan could not discern the displeasure in his son's tone. "Okay. I'll send someone to wait for you guys there."

The relationship between them was very businesslike. Without saying another word, they ended the call.

The cruise ship docked around nine o'clock that night. Considering how important Arielle and the others were to the country, Dylan had already sent someone there to welcome them.

"Mr. Aaron," the person waiting for them greeted him respectfully.

The man was none other than Morrison Quillen, Sybil's son. When Aaron saw him, he asked, "Did my father say where they will be staying?"

"Mr. Holt arranged for them to stay at Paelsford Manor," Morrison answered respectfully.

When Aaron heard that Arielle and the rest were going to stay at Paelsford Manor, he nodded in satisfaction. Not bad. The scenery is nice there, and it has numerous amenities. That's where we usually host our important guests.

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"They're Father's important guests, so you ought to treat them nicely," Aaron said before introducing Arielle and the others to Morrison.

Following Aaron's line of sight, Morrison turned and glanced at the four people standing in front of him. He then looked at Hubert and said, "Nice to meet you, Mr. Mill. Welcome to Turlen. We thank you for your willingness to share your medical knowledge with us."

However, Aaron pointed at Arielle and said, "Morrison, he's the father of the Mill family's matriarch. The head of the Mills is the lady standing beside him."

The new leader of the Mills is such a young lady? Morrison was stunned when he saw the woman Aaron was pointing at. He then turned to Arielle and apologized hurriedly, "How ignorant of me! I'm so sorry. I didn't expect the head of the Mills to be such a beautiful young lady."

Since Morrison had studied overseas before, he was fluent in foreign languages. Hence, he had no problem communicating with Arielle.

"You're flattering me." Arielle flashed him a faint smile.

Aaron turned toward Morrison and instructed, "Morrison, it's getting late. Let's send them over to Paelsford Manor to rest first. We'll talk tomorrow." After being stuck on the cruise ship for a few days, they were all worn out.

"Sure, Mr. Aaron." Morrison brought them to the car and opened the doors for them. After that, he drove them to Paelsford Manor.

An hour later, they arrived at Paelsford Manor, and Morrison brought Arielle and the others to the place they were supposed to stay.

"This is where you guys will be staying in the future. We have all sorts of facilities here, so it's rather convenient." Morrison led them toward a mansion and added enthusiastically, "There are six housekeepers, two chefs, and two chauffeurs here. Please don't hesitate to order them around as you guys wish."

Aaron spared Arielle a glance. Now that our relationship is going somewhere, I don't want to get separated from my little kitty. What if we grow apart again due to the distance between us? What am I going to do then?

With that thought in mind, Aaron said, "Morrison, when you get back, tell Father I'm staying here as well."

The mansion had seven to eight rooms, so technically, Aaron could definitely crash there. Besides, he could see his little kitty every day if he were to do that.

However, before Morrison could say anything, Arielle had opposed Aaron's idea. "Aaron, I think you should head back to your own place. It'd be inconvenient if you were to stay here." Is he for real? I'm a married woman. How could I stay with a single young man under the same roof? Vinson is a man who gets jealous easily. If he were to find out that I'm staying with Aaron, he would be so mad!

Aaron was utterly embarrassed because he didn't expect Arielle to reject him. "It's not like I'll cause you guys any inconvenience," he grumbled softly.

"Still, no!" Arielle was adamant about her decision.

Aaron had no choice but to back down as he didn't want to offend Arielle. "Fine, I'll stay in the mansion next door, then."

Unfazed, Arielle said, "You can stay wherever you want as long as you don't stay with us."

"Yes, I heard you!" Aaron replied in a sulky manner.

Morrison was stumped as he witnessed the interaction between Aaron and Arielle. When did he become so submissive to others? Not only did he not lash out when he was humiliated, but he also gave in. This is unbelievable.

"You guys have a good rest, then. I'll come over tomorrow." Not wanting to get on Arielle's bad side, Aaron tactfully left of his own accord.

Morrison followed suit as he had to go back and report the situation to Dylan.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1360

Chapter 1360 Blocked

After Aaron left reluctantly along with Morrison, only Arielle, the Wilhelms, and the housekeepers were left in the mansion. Arielle then anxiously said to Hubert, "Dad, pass me the phone. I need to call Vinson."

Besides preventing Vinson from getting jealous, the other reason she didn't want Aaron staying there was so that she could contact Vinson.

Hubert hurriedly passed the phone to Arielle, and she rang Vinson immediately, but it only took her two seconds to give the phone back to Hubert with a solemn expression.

"What's wrong? You couldn't get to him?" Hubert asked curiously.

Arielle nodded with a scowl on her face. "There's no signal here."

She didn't expect them to block the signals in the mansion. What are they so afraid of? Can we not even make a call?

Arielle was in utter despair as it had been a long time since she last contacted Vinson. How is he doing? Is he healing well? Is he taken good care of?

With those thoughts in her mind, she grew even more anxious.

Upon seeing how worried Arielle was, Andrea went up to her and hugged her. "San, calm down. Once we get settled down, we'll borrow someone's phone and see if we can contact Vin."

Sniffing, Arielle uttered helplessly, "I know. I'm just worried about him, that's all." She had always been an independent person since she was little, and she was used to taking care of things on her own. Although she might look tough on the surface, she was just like any other woman when it came to relationships. Why am I so vulnerable when it comes to Vinson?

Andrea patted Arielle's shoulder gently and comforted her, "Don't worry, San. Your dad, Pat, and I are all here with you. Vin should be fine, too." Andrea was heartbroken when she saw how sad Arielle was.

Arielle remained silent and hugged Andrea tighter.

Seeing that, Pat wanted to approach Arielle and hug her as well. However, he was stopped by Hubert. Pat immediately understood what his father meant when he saw Hubert shaking his head slightly, so he leaned into Hubert's embrace instead.

Arielle only allowed herself to vent her emotions for a short while before regaining her composure. Awkwardly, she pulled away from Andrea.

"We haven't been sleeping well for the past few days, and we don't know what's going to happen tomorrow. Perhaps we should get ready for bed." Andrea patted Arielle's shoulder again.

"Sure. Let's get some sleep." Arielle held Andrea's hand and went upstairs. She gave the master bedroom to the Wilhelm couple while she slept in one of the guest rooms. Pat, on the other hand, slept in the bedroom next to his parents.

By the time they had washed up, it was already half-past eleven.

Meanwhile, Morrison only arrived at the palace at ten-thirty that night. He thought he could just report back to Dylan the next day, considering how late it was. However, Sybil told him that Dylan was still awake and was waiting for his report. Hearing that, Morrison rushed to the palace right away.

“Your Majesty!” Morrison greeted and bowed respectfully.

“Is everything settled?” Dylan asked.

Morrison nodded. “Yes. I’ve also blocked all the signals.” Usually, we’d only block the communication signals when we suspect that our guests are spies. We’d then unblock the signals after they’d been checked out. However, aren’t they here to share their knowledge with us? So why did we have to do that to them?

As Morrison was answering, a hint of hesitation could be seen in his eyes.