

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1436-1440

Chapter 1436 Why Is He Here Again

Vinson found Arielle as a bundle beneath the quilt she had thrown over herself after he exited the bathroom. Upon realizing that she was embarrassed, he walked over gingerly to the hospital bed.

“Stick out your head, Sannie,” Vinson said as he made to tug on Arielle’s quilt. “You must be suffocating.” “Leave me alone! I’m never coming out.”

Far from being irritated at her stubbornness, Vinson thought the muffled voice that came from the quilt was adorable. “We are husband and wife, Sannie,” he said gently as he felt for her hand underneath the quilt. “It’s completely normal.”

“Stop talking!” Arielle cried as she felt the familiar sear on her cheeks. “I won’t if you don’t want me to,” Vinson coaxed obligingly. “Come out, please?”

He had actually not expected Arielle to do such a thing for him, which was why he felt surprised and touched when Arielle walked into the bathroom earlier.

Arielle, on the other hand, was beginning to realize that her plan of hiding under the covers was a bad idea. “I will only come out if you stop laughing at me,” she muttered again.

“Why would I laugh at you, Sannie?” Vinson asked helplessly. “I love you even more for what you did!”

If a woman can put aside her disgust to help her man like that, he should feel moved and happy.

Arielle felt conflicted. It would be embarrassing to face Vinson if she came out from underneath the quilt. On the other hand, the heat was becoming unbearable.

“Go take a walk,” Arielle said sullenly. “I don’t want to see you for the time being.” I need a time-out to recover from that embarrassing moment.

“Fine,” responded Vinson reluctantly. “Only if you’ll come out too.”

He was getting up as he spoke. Upon opening the door of the ward, his cheerful mood instantly vanished when he saw the person standing at the door.

Why is he here again?

The person at the door was none other than Aaron, who had dropped by the hospital on his way home from the palace.

Aaron regarded Vinson with a similarly hostile expression. Why is he in Arielle’s ward? Despite already finding out about Vinson’s frequent appearances during his last visit, Aaron did not manage to ask Arielle about it back then as he was in a hurry. He intended on clarifying the matter this time.

“Who are you? Why are you here?” Aaron asked Vinson in a deep voice.

Vinson did not understand the questions posited in Turlenese and was unwilling to expose himself by answering in Ustranasion. With an insolent glare, he simply turned around and returned to the ward he had exited seconds ago.

I’m not going to allow Aaron the chance to be alone with my wife.

Having already thrown the covers off her the moment Vinson exited the ward, Arielle whimpered in despair at the sound of Aaron’s voice. Why is he here again?

Sliding out of bed cautiously, she watched as Vinson positioned himself by the door like a sentry sworn to duty with an impassive look on his face. All of a sudden, her head began throbbing again.

“Who is he, Ari, and why is he in your ward?” Aaron demanded as he strode in. “Who is he to you?”

Furious at Vinson for ignoring him, Aaron barely managed to suppress the anger in his voice as he rounded on Arielle.

Upset by Vinson’s calm and expressionless demeanor, Arielle answered Aaron in Ustranasion with as much contempt as she could muster, “What does that have to do with you?”

Chapter 1437 Death Sentence

As Vinson did not speak Turlenese, Arielle was reluctant to converse with Aaron in his language for fear of making Vinson feel excluded. Though Vinson did not care, Arielle did not want him to hang onto every word of theirs in confusion.

“I’m only concerned about you,” Aaron replied dully.

Though Arielle knew from the time they had spent together that he meant well, she decided to tell Aaron a version of the truth seeing as Vinson and Aaron were destined to run into each other frequently for the foreseeable future.

“He’s a bodyguard under my employ for my personal protection,” Arielle lied casually as she met his gaze. Aaron’s eyes dimmed at the news. No wonder he’s always by Arielle’s side.

“Fire him,” Aaron suggested as his gaze darkened. “I’ll protect you instead.” He found himself going mad with jealousy at the thought of another man being in close proximity to her.

Vinson seemed to have read Aaron’s mind from the way his dark eyes flicked toward the latter fiercely. Feeling Vinson’s eyes upon him, the prince’s temper rose instantly at the insolent way he was being regarded.

“Get out!” he barked at Vinson.

However, Vinson stood his ground to Aaron's chagrin. "Can't you understand a simple instruction?" he bellowed again. Incensed at the former's unresponsiveness, Aaron opened the door to summon his bodyguard to expel Vinson.

Arielle was visibly upset to see Vinson being mistreated. Gritting her teeth in consternation, she stood before Vinson to shield him with her petite body before turning her cold gaze to Aaron. "He is with me. Who do you think you are to expel my guest?"

What cheek to suggest I replace Vinson with him!

Aaron's eyes blazed with jealousy. Unable to control his emotions any longer, he dragged Arielle to his side and shook her arm roughly. "He's just a bodyguard, isn't he? Why do you care so much about him?"

Vinson did not expect Aaron to lose his composure. However, the blob of crimson staining through her white gauze was the final straw for him. He stepped forward and stared at Aaron with a look of cold fury. "Let her go."

Aaron was flabbergasted. Nobody else has ever spoken to me in such a tone in this country other than my parents and grandmother!

Aaron did not lower his glare. "I refuse. What are you going to do about it? Who are you to speak to me with such an insolent attitude?"

"How could you say such things, Aaron?" Arielle yelled at him, aghast.

Despite his arrogance, Vinson came to Turlen anonymously for me and is forced to endure Aaron's insults. How is fair to him?

"He's just a bodyguard, Ari. Why are you protecting him?" Aaron tightened his grip around her arm, his heart aching with jealousy.

Seeing Arielle wincing in pain was too much for Vinson. Losing all control, he grabbed Aaron's arm and slammed him onto the floor while the latter was taken aback.

Hurting my woman in front of me is asking for death!

Fueled by the jealous rage simmering within him, Aaron leaped to his feet. By the next second, he had arrived before Vinson and swung a fist at his face.

Chapter 1438 Opportunity Awaits

Since their first encounter in Chanaea, Vinson had been itching to hit Aaron but refrained from doing so for Arielle's sake. This time, he was not going to relinquish the opportunity so readily provided to him.

Vinson leaned back out of reach when the incoming fist was inches from his jaw. At the same time, he dragged Aaron up by the collar and took a few swings of his own at the prince's face before dropping him like a sack of bricks.

Aaron wiped the blood from his cracked lips with his thumb and stared at Vinson with murderous hatred. Clenching his hands into fists, he made another lunge at Vinson.

Vinson continued to tilt his head to dodge the onslaught. Aaron turned around to launch a renewed barrage against Vinson when the latter's foot kicked at his stomach and found its mark with a sickening thud. As he crumpled to the ground, Vinson capitalized on his advantage by aiming a few more kicks at the same spot.

The bodyguard summoned by Aaron yelled for backup at the sight of their liege's defeat. As he hurried forward to help Aaron to his feet, the rest dashed toward Vinson in a swarm.

"Stop! Stop fighting!" Arielle cried.

Though she knew that Vinson was skilled enough to avoid sustaining injuries, she could not help fearing for his safety.

Unfortunately, her voice was drowned in the commotion of the fight. Losing her temper at last, she joined in the brawl by pummeling the bodyguards with all the might her tiny fists could muster.

Having learned of their assignment at the hospital on the way there, the bodyguards were conflicted when Arielle got herself involved.

Aaron was both jealous and worried for her safety when he saw her dive in to assist Vinson in staving off his own men.

"Stop!" The brawl ceased abruptly at his order.

"Your wound is bleeding, Ari," he continued. "I'll have the nurse change the dressing for you." Aaron's eyes were filled with distress.

Arielle could hardly spare a glance at her wound as she was fussing over the bruises on Vinson's face. "If you've come here to make me angry," she said to Aaron without looking at him, "Congratulations. Mission accomplished."

If I knew this was going to happen, I wouldn't have cooked for him and fed him on the ship.

"Ari..." Aaron did not expect his plan to backfire. To his frustration, his original intention of assigning a bodyguard to her had proved to be his undoing.

"Don't call me again," Arielle said coldly as she pointed to the door of the ward. "Please leave. I'm afraid we can't afford to be graced by your presence."

"I'll leave right now. Just don't get too worked up. Remember to have your dressing changed and re-bandaged."

Aaron felt extremely insulted being subjected to such treatment by somebody beneath his station, even more so in his own country. With a deep, meaningful gaze at Arielle, he gestured at his bodyguards in the wake of his departure.

"I'm sorry for not protecting you well enough, Vinson," Arielle whispered as she stroked Vinson's bruises tenderly.

Though she knew that Vinson was a formidable fighter, her heart still ached for the bruises he had endured for her.

A warm feeling surged in Vinson's chest when she said those words. This silly girl has an injury on her arm, and she talks of protecting me.

His eyes were filled with distress at the sight of her arm. "Come, let's get your dressing changed."

Arielle nodded, and the couple went to the surgical department to get her soiled dressing changed before having it firmly rebandaged.

Vinson had a gloomy expression on his face after returning to the ward, fretting about how he should have beaten Aaron harder. Arielle was supposed to have her stitches removed two days later before being discharged from the hospital, but her wound had split open and swelled up to an alarming degree when Aaron grabbed it earlier.

Chapter 1439 He Is The prince

"I'm fine. The swelling will subside in two days." Arielle reached for Vinson's hand reassuringly at the sight of his mutinous expression.

"You should lay down and get some rest." Without another word, Vinson carried her to the bed and covered her with a quilt before tidying up the ward. Just as he was done, another knock came from the door of the ward, to his displeasure. Who is it at this time?

Walking over and opening the door, he was greeted by a woman in an off-white suit flanked by a dozen men in black suits standing at the door of the ward. All of them regarded him with hostility.

"Are you the bodyguard who injured Prince Aaron?" The woman who spoke was none other than the queen's confidant, Miranda.

The queen had not seen Aaron for several days. When she heard that the queen mother had summoned him, she gave him a call. However, Aaron did not pick up, so the queen told Miranda to contact his bodyguard.

To their surprise, they found out that Arielle's bodyguard had beaten up Aaron. Furious at her son being treated like that by a peasant, the queen sent for Miranda to bring Vinson back to the palace at once to face her wrath.

Upon hearing Miranda interrogate Vinson, Arielle leaped off the bed, slipped on her shoes, and walked to the door to confront her. She pulled Vinson behind her as she stared defiantly at the group of servants, who did not regard her with any more kindness than they did Vinson.

“Who are you? Why are you here?” Arielle glared at the tall woman before her.

The servants could tell at a glance that she was the shot caller of the duo.

“I am a confidante of the queen’s,” Miranda proclaimed regally. “We are here to bring this man, who has been accused of laying his hands on Prince Aaron, back to the palace.”

After letting her proclamation ring out impressively into the silence, Miranda studied Arielle impassively. No wonder the prince is obsessed with her. She really is a beautiful girl. Those eyes are to die for.

Prince Aaron!

Arielle was stunned. Despite always knowing that he was somebody special, never in her wildest dreams would she have expected him to be the prince of Turlen.

However, it’s still up to me whether or not Vinson is taken away!

“Please tell your queen that he is with me. In fact, Aaron was struck under my orders. If he wants trouble, he should come to me instead of my man. After all, I call the shots.” Arielle stared at Miranda with a steely glare that made it clear that there was no room for compromise.

Even if Vinson understood Turlenese, I wouldn’t allow him to be taken away from me either. Since he’s stuck with me, I shall have to do my best to protect him, although he may not need me to.

“Ms. Moore, please do not put us in a difficult position,” Miranda said.

How dare she try to take me away with the knowledge that I am a guest of the king and the prince?

“You are the one making things difficult for me,” Arielle replied coldly.

With that, Miranda had no choice but to step away from Arielle to call the queen, who was furious upon hearing Miranda recount her confrontation with Arielle.

“If she wants to do this the hard way,” she seethed before hanging up, “bring them both back.” Just as well. I want to meet the woman my son is smitten with.

“Very well, Your Majesty.”

While Miranda stepped outside to the corridor, Vinson turned to Arielle.

“Who are they and what are they doing?”

“The queen sent them,” she said frankly. “They’re here because you beat Aaron up. Apparently, he’s the prince of this country. Now that the queen has learned that he was beaten by you, she’ll most likely have you taken to the palace.”

Chapter 1440 I Gave The Order

Arielle was still reeling from the realization that Aaron was the king’s son. Though she had guessed that his identity was unusual, a prince was one of the last things that crossed her mind.

“What did you tell her?” “I told her that you are my guest,” Arielle explained casually, “that I was the one who gave the order to assault Aaron and that they’d have to get through me to reach you. After all, all this started because of me.” In actual fact, she was not concerned about what might happen within the palace walls at all.

Proficient in both medicine and poison, even the royal family would find it unwise to complicate things for her.

Gazing at the woman before him, Vinson found himself at a loss for words. If the circumstances were not dire, he would have scooped her up in his arms and given her a fierce kiss.

How lucky I am to meet a woman who is so sincere. For a long while, he gazed deeply into Arielle’s eyes with boundless affection in his before they were interrupted again

Miranda slipped her phone into her bag before resuming her position at the door of the ward. “The queen has spoken, Ms. Moore. If you are responsible for the prince’s humiliation and injury, you are to come to the palace with me.”

Arielle nodded her assent. Why not? I would like to see what they’ll do to me. Having expected a lot more persuasion on her part, Miranda was surprised at how little effort it took to get Arielle to agree.

Along the way, Arielle studied the flowers and plants in the palace as she smiled knowingly to herself. Yes, these are lovely ingredients that can be used to brew some fresh and potent concoctions that could either be an antidote or a poison. Let’s see what the queen is willing to risk. Either way, I will give her an unforgettable experience.

Meanwhile, Dylan was inquiring about the investigation of the person behind Arielle’s assassination attempt in his study when Sybil’s phone rang. Despite being in the presence of his country’s monarch, who was still speaking, he answered the call immediately when he saw the caller ID.

“What did you say? When did this happen?” Sybil’s eyes widened in shock.

“I see!” After Sybil hung up the phone, he turned an apologetic and anxious gaze to Dylan. “Your Majesty, the chef just informed me that the princess and her bodyguard had been taken away by Miranda according to the queen’s orders.”

Dylan leaped to his feet, staring at Sybil anxiously. “When and why were they taken away?”

Worried sick at that moment, he dreaded what the queen would do if she found out that Arielle was his daughter.

Dylan found his anxiety compounding the more he fretted over the problem. Without even bothering to take his phone with him, the king was about to exit the room when he was stopped by Sybil.

“Your Majesty, the princess must still be in transit. Please be patient and let me make some inquiries about the situation.” He was concerned that the king might expose himself in his worry over the princess’ safety.

Dylan paused in his tracks before turning to Sybil. “You do that, and quickly. Update me at once no matter what you find. No information is too trivial.”

“At once, Your Majesty.” Sybil bowed before departing swiftly.

Dylan whittled away the agonizing wait by pacing around the study. He could not for the life of him figure out what the queen wanted with Arielle.

Sybil happened to catch sight of Arielle and Vinson being led by Miranda on his way to the queen’s quarters. After hesitating for a fraction of a second, Sybil halted Miranda in her tracks.

“This lady is an honored guest of His Majesty, Miranda,” he said sternly. “What are you bringing her here for? She is in need of medical attention.”

Although Sybil was the king’s confidante, Miranda was not afraid of him.