

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1691

Unbeknown to him, a smirk played on Nancy's lips.

"Matthew..." Turning around, she leaned against his chest, her tears dampening his clothes.

The man then let go of her and gently wiped the tears tricking down her face as he saw nothing but his own reflection in her eyes.

Tiptoeing, Nancy snaked her hands around his neck and kissed him on the lips.

Matthew tried to shove her again, but instead of letting go, the woman began to kiss him harder. It wasn't long until he returned the gesture, placing a hand on the back of her head. Then, with their clothes scattered all over the floor and just as Matthew had pinned her to the couch to take the final step, his phone rang.

The man returned to his senses as soon as he glanced at the screen, and he rejected the call before shifting himself away from Nancy.

"I have to go," he declared before picking his clothes up and putting them on, only for the woman to cling to him. "Stay with me longer."

Matthew wanted to do as she asked, but he knew he had to leave.

He couldn't do such things with her anymore, given how his wife at home had continued to love him, stay by his side, and bear his children without a second thought, all the while knowing his heart belonged to another woman.

He couldn't hurt her this time.

"No..." Yet, before the man could finish, Nancy stopped in front of him and knelt down, sending him into a wave of shock.

His wife had never done this for him, and yet someone as prideful as the queen mother was doing it.

While relishing in the moment, Matthew couldn't help but feel sorry for her.

How badly did she want him that she was willing to go so far as to keep him?

With that, he stopped the woman and carried her to the couch.

Elsewhere, Melissa glanced at her phone in slight helplessness.

He doesn't pick up once he gets busy at work...

“Mother, are we still going to Grandmother’s place?” Nico asked, not forgetting to tease her mother. “But if you feel bad about leaving Father alone, I can always go see Grandmother on my own.”

Melissa felt her cheeks burn. Given that she and Matthew were getting along better these days, it was true that she missed him. Still, she knew she couldn’t be with him at all times.

“Let’s just get ready.” Melissa’s mother was unwell and lived a fair distance away from them, so they would have to pack a few days’ worth of clothes before heading over to look after her.

As the two were about to leave forty minutes later, Melissa dialed her husband’s number again, hoping to tell him that they were going over to her mother’s place. This time, he picked up.

“Be safe on the road. Buy your mother whatever she needs,” Matthew reminded kindly.

Then, his breathing grew erratic as Nancy’s hands wandered over his body, and he hung up abruptly.

Back at the apartment, Arielle and Vinson were at a mall shopping for clothes for Sonia’s soon, to-be newborn. The former woman was unsure when she would return from her upcoming mission, so she had decided to buy some gifts earlier.

“This one’s so pretty! Oh, this one looks so cool!” Arielle exclaimed animatedly while gazing at the children’s clothes.

“Vinson, let’s have two kids someday.”

Not too far off, a dainty voice rang out from the dark. “The target has appeared. Get ready.”

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“Two?”

“Yeah! Why? You don’t want that?”

Vinson pulled her into his arms. “I just don’t want you to be in pain.”

Having children wasn't an easy feat, considering how much a woman had to go through during pregnancy. He figured that having one child was enough, but if she wanted two, he wouldn't stop her as long as she remained in good health and spirits.

"Like I'd be afraid of a little pain!" the woman insisted while holding up a tiny dress. "Look at how cute this dress is! If we ever have a daughter, I'd let her wear this."

Daddy!

An image of a mini version of Arielle in that pretty dress calling out to Vinson surfaced in his head, and his lips couldn't help but curl slightly into a smile.

"Look, Vinson!" Arielle spotted another set of clothing for boys and beamed. "This is such a cool design! Imagine how many girls would swoon over our son if he wore this."

The man's smile widened. They had come to shop for someone else's gifts, and yet, all this woman could think about was their future children. Still, that made him look forward to this dream becoming a reality.

"Let's have kids after we return to Chanaea, Sannie," he murmured into her ear while holding her hand. "I can't wait to be a father."

"Okay! Let's do that once we're home," the woman replied joyously.

In fact, she would have already wanted to start having children if Nancy weren't still around. Truthfully, she even felt a little envious seeing Sonia's large belly.

After window-shopping for a while longer, Arielle walked to the infants' clothing section and started picking some outfits.

The clothes were for a newborn, so every item she had chosen was made of pure cotton so as to not irritate the baby's skin. The woman grabbed a dozen sets of clothes before buying a bunch of little shoes and hats too.

"Wait for me here, Vinson. I'll go get Sonia some postpartum care products," Then, she walked into another store filled with an array of goods to buy Sonia some pajamas, a postpartum belt, and a large box of other gifts.

"All set!"

Arielle returned to Vinson after paying, and the two left the mall with their hands full of shopping bags.

"That's a lot of shopping you did!" Lorraine remarked as she trotted over to them and took the bags from Arielle.

Then, they headed to the car, put everything inside the trunk, and hopped into the car.

While glancing at the woman driving in front, Arielle suddenly recalled that she hadn't told the former about her plans.

"Lorraine, I'll soon be away for a mission. As for you..."

"I'll go watch over Ms. Sonia," Lorraine responded meekly before letting Arielle finish. "Consider it my way of making up for what I did in the past."

"That's fine," Arielle nodded in approval.

She was worried that Lorraine would feel uneasy staying at the apartment with just Vinson.

At least she can take care of Sonia and help look after the baby too.

"Then I'll leave Sonia and her baby to you."

"Absolutely. Don't you worry about a single..." Suddenly, Lorraine's eyes narrowed as she gripped the wheel and made a sharp turn. "Hold on tight!"

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Arielle and Vinson exchanged glances before swiftly taking their guns out of their pockets.

Ever since what had happened the last time, they both carried guns wherever they went to prevent the same incident from happening again. Yet, before they could sigh with relief after having just evaded a large van speeding in their direction, another vehicle appeared from behind and began to tail them.

From the way Lorraine floored the gas pedal, it was clear that someone was out to kill them.

"Lorraine! Make a left, and we'll jump out!" instructed Arielle.

As Lorraine heeded the order, the three then leaped out of the car and landed on a grass field.

"There's an alley up ahead! Let's hide there!"

They made a beeline for the alley in front.

"Help!"

Yet, a woman emerged from the alley out of the blue, and three furious-looking men could be seen chasing after her.

“Stop running, b*tch!” the men called out while running.

Unable to stand the sight of a woman getting picked on, Lorraine reached out and shielded her before glaring at the three burly men who had also come their way.

“What have we here? Another beauty! It’s our lucky day!” one of the men commented with a smirk.

Lorraine despised guys like them the most. “P*ss off!”

As soon as she responded, she swung her leg in the man’s direction, kicking him effectively.

“You b*tch! How dare you kick me?” he roared before turning to his comrades. “Get them!”

Then, the three of them charged toward Lorraine.

Arielle knew how skilled of a fighter Lorraine was, but she didn’t expect the latter to be unable to keep up. With a narrow of her eyes, she then drew two daggers from her waist and walked out of the shadows, joining the fight.

“Wow! Yet another beauty!” With a malicious chuckle, the man headed her way.

It didn’t take Arielle long to pierce his arm with one of her knives, although that certainly infuriated him. His movements became more aggressive as he took out his own dagger and swung it at her, creating a slit on her arm.

Arielle began to counterattack as blood trailed down her arm. This time, she was going to beat him up to the point that he could no longer fight back.

“Look out!” the woman hiding behind Lorraine screamed all of a sudden.

Arielle hastily turned around to see Lorraine being kicked to the ground by another man. Seething, she did the same to him before stabbing his thigh with her dagger. Beads of sweat rolled down the man’s forehead as he groaned in pain.

“Are you okay?” The unknown woman rushed over to Lorraine’s side.

“I’m fine,” the latter replied frigidly. “You don’t have to be afraid. No one can take you away while we’re here.”

“Thank you so much!” the woman exclaimed and looked ahead.

Seeing their comrade injured, the two remaining men lunged toward Arielle. Vinson wanted to emerge from the dark to help, but Arielle stopped him and began retaliating at her opponents.

The two men were quickly taken care of.

“Are you...” Just as the woman was about to show her concern, she felt a dagger right over her throat.

“Who sent you?”

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“W-What are you talking about?” the woman asked in fear.

Arielle continued to glare at her, the knife nearly breaking the latter’s skin. “You know exactly what I’m talking about.”

Lorraine stilled briefly upon hearing Arielle’s words.

“Wait, did I just get tricked?” she asked, walking toward them and staring at the unnamed woman. “You’re working with these guys?”

“N-No, I’m not.” Tears rolled down the woman’s ashen cheeks as she gazed at Arielle. “I’m not with these guys! I don’t even know them.”

Lorraine’s expression softened at that.

Is this some kind of misunderstanding?

“Could we have gotten things wrong here, Boss?” she asked, turning to Arielle in puzzlement.

“These guys and all the cars coming after us before, they’re all with her,” the latter expressed frostily.

After glancing at the woman being held at knifepoint, Lorraine felt anger rising within her.

“I even tried to save you, but it turns out you’re the one behind the whole disaster?”

While speaking, she wanted to slap this woman so badly but could only suppress her urges to not get in Arielle’s way. Still, if looks could kill, who knows how many times this woman would have died by now.

"I'm not. I swear it's not me..." The woman began to weep over the suspicions. "Please let me go. I'm really not working with them."

"There are handcuffs inside the car. Bring them over," Arielle demanded while shooting Lorraine a glance.

The latter understood that look and quickly left the alley.

As soon as the sound of Lorraine's footsteps faded completely, the unknown woman's eyes flashed as she grabbed Arielle by the arm and caught the falling dagger.

She then peered at Arielle while fiddling with the weapon.

"When did you find out I'm with these guys?" she asked, her initial frightened expression replaced with confidence and haughtiness.

"No one came chasing after us the moment we came into this alley, and then you happened to show up at that very moment. That's when I began to wonder if you were part of the ploy."

"You're quite the observant one, huh?" The woman couldn't help but frown.

It was her first mission, but she had already blown it.

I have much to learn!

"So, who sent you?"

Seeing the unnamed individual refuse to answer, Arielle surmised it had to do with the code of practice.

"My mission is to kill you, so I'll answer your question only when you're about to die!" Holding the dagger, the woman began her attack.

Arielle swung a foot at her in response, only for her opponent to grab her by the leg and fling her aside. She then picked up a wooden club after barely landing on her feet. Yet, before she could balance herself, the unknown woman leaped toward her again.

This time, Lorraine appeared and kicked the opponent to the ground. It then became a two-against-one battle.

The woman was especially skilled at fighting, thus quickly gaining the upper hand against Arielle and Lorraine. But just as she thought she was finally about to complete her mission, she was suddenly sent flying backward like a ragdoll before crashing to the floor.

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The woman spewed a mouthful of blood. Before Arielle and the others could get hold of her, a man emerged from the dark, carried her on his back, and ran away.

Vinson ran after them and saw the man put her on a motorcycle. They then rode the motorcycle and left the alley. There was no way anyone could outrun them.

Vinson had no choice but to turn around and head back. When Arielle saw him walk in her direction and heard the sound of the bike, she knew they had escaped.

Vinson held Arielle's hand and walked out of the alley while Lorraine followed right behind them. They noticed all the other cars were gone when they got to the main road. The woman was indeed one of them.

"Let's go to the hospital. You need to get your arm bandaged."

It broke Vinson's heart when he realized Arielle was injured again. Yet, Arielle did not want to make another trip to the hospital.

She outright rejected him, "What for? Don't forget I'm a doctor."

Arielle swung her arm as if the wound did not bother her. "It's just a minor injury. Don't waste time going to the hospital."

Vinson was aware that Arielle had made several trips to the hospital, even though she had only been in Turlen for a couple of days. He decided not to force her since he understood she was tired of going to the hospital.

When they got home, Vinson immediately retrieved the medical kit. He then cleaned Arielle's wound, applied medicine to the injury, and bandaged it.

Vinson expressed his dismay because he did not want Arielle to work for the professor. "You're just putting yourself at risk if you work there. What if things go south?"

He was scared that no one could be there to protect her should she encounter any life-threatening emergencies.

"I will carry some drugs with me and use them on anyone trying to take advantage of me. They'll collapse in no time. How about that?" Arielle tried to convince Vinson that she would use the poisons from the Mill family's medical manuscripts.

She had to do this because she did not want Vinson to stop her.

Vinson arched his brows and looked into her eyes. "Are you sure about this?"

Deep in his heart, he did not believe Arielle would concoct such a fatal substance. After all, she was not a ruthless person. The poison from the medical manuscripts could take an adult down in seconds.

“I wouldn’t resort to this if they did not mess with me. Since those people want to kill me, why should I show them mercy?” Arielle narrowed her eyes and said steadily.

Vinson supported Arielle’s decision. “Tell me what you need. I’ll buy the ingredients for you. Let’s do it now.”

Vinson would do things in two shakes of a lamb’s tail when Arielle needed his help. He told Arielle to list the ingredients out so that he could purchase them.

“You want to go out to get these ingredients at this hour? Can’t you do it tomorrow?” Arielle glanced at her watch and realized it was nine at night.

Vinson shook his head. “I have to do it now. What if they want you to go tomorrow? It’s safer to prepare in advance.”

Looking at the man who insisted on her giving him the ingredients list so he could buy them that night, Arielle lowered her head and thought of the drugs and poisons she could use to defend herself. She then mentioned all the ingredients she needed for the concoction.

Vinson carefully jotted down all the names.

“You just stay at home and wait. Call Lorrie if you need help,” Vinson said to Arielle after noting down all the ingredients.

He then grabbed his coat and wallet and left the house.

It was almost midnight by the time he reached home. With Vinson and Lorraine’s help, Arielle had successfully concocted the poison. However, something Vinson uttered had come true the next day.

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“Vinson, they sent me an email. I have to leave soon.”

Arielle got up the next day and scrolled through the email. She would need to get to the bank by ten in the morning, and there would be someone who would lead them to the research center.

She slept at three in the morning because she was busy making the poison. It was almost seven in the morning, so she had less than three hours to prepare.

Upon hearing that, Vinson instantly woke up from a daze. What he uttered last night had come true.

D*mn it, me and my big mouth!

“Sannie...” Vinson hugged her tightly as he was reluctant to let her go.

He had no idea what kind of danger she would encounter and when she would be able to return.

Arielle did not want to part with Vinson either but had no choice. She turned over, sat on top of the man, and gazed into his eyes. She then lowered her head and kissed his lips while running her hands all over his body.

Her sensuous move had utterly aroused Vinson. He flipped the woman over and pinned her to the bed.

Arielle moaned and trembled in pleasure as the man exerted pressure on her body. “I love you, Vinson. I love you very much...”

Her declaration of love got Vinson even more pumped up. He tried his best to give Arielle his all during the intimate exchange.

One and a half hours later, Vinson sent Arielle off.

Before leaving, Arielle looked at Lorraine and said, “Lorraine, I need you to send Sonia the things we bought last night. She can give them to the baby once she has dried them under the sun.”

“Got it!” Lorraine answered.

“Tell her I’ll be away for some time. I might not return in time for her delivery.”

Lorraine hummed in acknowledgment.

After giving all the instructions, Arielle left the house with Vinson. When they were about to reach the meeting point, Arielle told Vinson to drop her off.

“I’ve to leave now, Vinson. Take good care of yourself.”

When Arielle was about to get out of the car, Vinson grabbed her arm, cupped the back of her head with his palm, and planted a deep kiss on her lips.

The long, passionate kiss lasted for a while as they did not know how long they would be separated and had no idea when they would reunite again. Vinson eventually released Arielle.

He stared at her swollen lips and stroked her cheeks. "Take good care of yourself!"

Arielle bobbed her head gently. After stepping out of the car and taking a few steps forward, she turned around and walked up to Vinson again. She locked her arms around his neck and gave him another peck on the lips before leaving.

Vinson could only respond with a wry smile as he watched her walk away. Even though Arielle had disappeared from his sight, he stood still and chose not to leave.

Meanwhile, Arielle stopped walking when she arrived at the bank.

"Are you Ms. Moore? Arielle Moore?"

Arielle turned around and responded with a nod when she saw the man. "Yup. I'm Arielle."

"My name is Morse, and I'll take you to the place!"

After a brief introduction, Morse took Arielle to his car.

"I'll need you to cover your eyes with this mask during the journey, Ms. Moore," the man said.

Arielle, who initially thought of memorizing the route, instantly put her guard up as she did not expect them to be so well-prepared. Nevertheless, she tried to stay calm and put on the mask.

After a ten-hour drive, the car finally stopped. Morse opened the door and helped her get out of the vehicle. He then held her hand and walked for about ten minutes before removing the mask over her eyes.

"Please hand over your phone, Ms. Moore."

Arielle's heart skipped a beat. He wants me to hand over my phone?

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"Why must I hand over my phone? I'm here to work, how do you expect my family to contact me if I give my phone to you?" Arielle still decided to question her doubt even though she knew the reason.

After all, no employers would take the workers' phones away from them during work. That was why she saw the need to ask. Otherwise, it would easily arouse the other party's suspicions.

"This is a standard procedure. We'll return it to you after checking it."

"You still have to check our phones?" Arielle arched an eyebrow.

"Yes. It's a routine inspection."

Morse had a good impression of her and thus answered all of the questions she asked.

After purposely throwing him several questions, Arielle handed her phone over to him before he took her to a room they had tidied the past few days.

"This is the dorm. Work will start at eight in the morning and end at eight at night starting tomorrow."

After articulating the details, Morse left to deliver the phone to Torsten.

"Aren't there two of them? Why is there only one phone?"

Norma picked up Arielle's phone and passed it to a young man beside her to check. Fiddling with the phone for a short while, the latter shook his head and handed it back to Norma.

"Having an additional person means additional risk," muttered Torsten as he bent over and fixed his gaze on the data before him. "Recruiting one lady will do. She can help take care of the children too."

Finishing that, he stood up and looked at Norma with his brows furrowed. "Didn't I say I wanted five more experimental subjects? Have you contacted that side? Why haven't they sent the subjects over?"

"I heard they'll be delivered within the next two days."

Norma felt her head throbbing when she heard the plan to keep Arielle only.

Doesn't that mean there are only the two of us to take care of the children when they arrive here later?

"Call them to remind them again," Torsten sounded displeased.

He had a lot of ideas in his mind, and he was eagerly waiting to implement them.

"I'll do it right away once I return to my room!" Norma looked at him. "It's late. Have an early rest!"

With that, she turned and left.

At her age, she could no longer afford to go without sleep. Even though she had a good skincare routine, staying up late into the night too often would still accelerate the aging process.

The following day, Arielle was about to head out after washing up. But just as she opened the door, she spotted Norma standing outside with her hand raised, seemingly about to knock on her door.

A hint of jealousy flashed across Norma's eyes when she saw Arielle.

How young she is. Just look at her complexion, it's so fair and smooth. It'll be perfect if that face belongs to me.

She fixed her burning and sweltering gaze at Arielle so intently it freaked the latter out a little. "You..."

"I'm one of the professors here," Norma smilingly handed over a bag. "This is your breakfast."

Arielle hurriedly grabbed the bag over. "Thank you!"

Norma shook her head and reached out to touch Arielle's face. "You have a good complexion."

Uh...

Arielle ran her fingers across her artificial face.

A sudden thought surfaced in her mind, and she averted her gaze to Norma with a smile. "My grandma practices traditional Chanaean medicine. She loves researching skincare products. The beauty products we use are all handmade by her. She's already in her mid-sixties, yet she looks as though she's only forty. If you're interested, I can send you the products she made."

Norma, who had intended to slice Arielle's face off and put it on hers, had a change of mind in that instant. After all, she reckoned it was more natural looking if it was her own face.

Nonetheless, she shook her head at the thought of the matter they had at hand.

This isn't the most important matter right now!

Just as Arielle wanted to continue persuading, she heard a series of rapid footsteps approaching her direction.

“Bad news, Professor Norma...”

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“What happened?” Norma’s brows knitted together as she gazed at the anxious-looking Morse.

The man, unbothered about Arielle’s presence, went straight to the point. “Something doesn’t look right about that child. He’s vomiting all of a sudden...”

Before Morse could finish his sentence, Norma hurried off.

Child? Could it be that child?

A line deepened between Arielle’s brows, and she quickly followed behind them.

“Norma, how did the child get sick again while under your care?” Torsten probed in dissatisfaction upon catching sight of her.

Faced with his interrogation, Norma flew into a rage at once.

I’m here to conduct experiments, not to take care of the children. Never mind that he put those children under my care, but I’m also a woman who hasn’t gotten married and never gave birth to kids before!

How can he possibly find fault with me now that something has gone wrong?

“Like you, I’m also here for research and experiments. It isn’t my responsibility to take care of the children. Can you not push the blame on me whenever something happens?” Norma’s expression darkened drastically. “I’m not the cause of his sickness.”

Watching the two bicker, Arielle felt a pang of fury surge within her.

Isn’t the child the most important thing right now?

Why are they quarreling here instead of saving that child?

Regardless, Arielle dared not speak up. After all, she had just managed to get in there and had yet laid her hands on any evidence. It was little wonder why she would be worried about exposing herself.

“How’s the child doing now?” Arielle asked softly. “Have you guys found out the problem?”

Her words instantly cut the two off their argument.

“You’re the doctor who came yesterday?” Torsten turned to look at Arielle.

She politely nodded. “Yes, I am...”

He paused his gaze on Arielle for a moment before turning to Norma and uttered, “Let’s go check on the child.”

As he finished his sentence, he proceeded forward into the room ahead.

In truth, Norma was also worried about that child, not only because she liked him, but more importantly, his vital signs were a right fit for their experiment, and they could not afford any mistakes.

Without hesitation, Arielle followed behind. As she got closer to the door, she heard the hysterical cries of a child fill the air.

Anxiousness overwhelmed her, but she tried her best to suppress her emotions.

Entering the room, Torsten felt a little rattled as the sight of the obedient and adorable child becoming sickly came within his vision. He was in disbelief that the experimental subject he had high regard for was sick again.

Initially, he wanted to give the child an examination personally. But after some deliberation, he directed his attention to Arielle.

This lady got in during the recruitment Norma held. I should have a look at how capable she is.

This isn’t a place where anybody can stay as they wish.

“Dr. Moore, examine that child and see what’s wrong with him,” Torsten placidly instructed.

Arielle figured that he was trying to test out her medical skills.

Of course, she was more than glad to be able to give that child an examination. After nodding her head to acknowledge, she strode straight to the crib and lowered her head to observe the child’s symptoms.

The sight of the child’s pale face and his occasional vomiting made her feel a dull pain in her chest.

“Did you feed him milk this morning?” Arielle queried while observing the child.

Norma was usually the one taking care of the children, including him. However, he had not had a good appetite since his fever two days ago. As such, he had only drank a few sips of milk that morning.

After learning the details, Arielle extended her hand to touch that child's abdomen. But the moment she did that, he began to bawl his eyes out. Despite feeling torn to see him that way, Arielle insisted on touching his belly with her hand.

In the next second, her expression grew grim and an ugly scowl formed on her face.

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While Arielle was busy examining the child, Sonia, on the other hand, was gaping in astonishment over the pile of baby products Lorraine had sent over.

"Ms. Moore bought these and asked me to deliver them to you before she left," Lorraine wore a faint smile on her cold expression after seeing Sonia with her big belly.

"She says she has some matters to tend to and isn't sure if she can return before you give birth.

That's why she decided to buy and gift them to you first. This way, you can get them prepped so that it'll be handy when the baby is born."

"What is Ari busy with?" Upon learning that Arielle might not be able to turn up for her delivery, Sonia began to worry about the former's safety.

"Is she going to get herself in a risky position? When did she leave? Why didn't she tell me beforehand?"

Lorraine gave a few words of consolation and explained that she would stay at Sonia's place for the time being to take care of her.

Sonia initially wanted to reject the kind offer but eventually changed her mind on second thought.

Hold on... Since Ari isn't around, there'll only be Vinson and this woman alone at their accommodation. No way! I must help Ari watch Vinson.

I can't deny Vinson has a handsome face. What if this woman tries to seduce Vinson while Ari is away?

"I'll thank you for your trouble, then!" Sonia gladly acknowledged.

Meanwhile, a series of ambiguous panting and gasping noises sounded from Nancy's bedroom in the palace.

It was after some time that those noises faded away.

Matthew, looking reinvigorated, held Nancy tightly in his embrace and kissed her forehead endearingly.

As Nancy was well-versed with many bed positions and tricks, she could always satisfy his needs and demands.

It was an experience that he could not get from Melissa. That left him falling head over heels for Nancy.

Despite the fact that Nancy was not young anymore, she was that dream woman in his heart. To him, she was still as mesmerizing and enchanting as she was in the past.

"Matthew, I'm so happy to be with you!" Nancy snuggled in Matthew's arms and kept a smile on her face.

Those were words that came from the bottom of her heart.

I can't believe Matthew has such good stamina. He's so much better than that person.

I expect nothing less from a soldier, his physique is so different. He really leaves me so satisfied every single time.

Instead of responding to her exclamations, Matthew lightly caressed her tresses, which had several gray strands layered within.

"Nancy, has His Majesty been released? How about letting him go and look for Nico so that he can bond with her better? We've missed our chance, but I hope they won't miss theirs."

Nancy's brows scrunched up when she heard Matthew asking about Aaron's situation.

She was even beginning to suspect his motive of staying by her side.

Nevertheless, she felt her heart soften after hearing the last sentence.

If I didn't marry Dylan's father... No... Even if I had a second chance, I would still choose to marry him.

The reason was simple, she loved power. Only by marrying that man would she be able to gain power and authority.

“I’ll get Monisha to get him out later!”

Matthew felt a weight lifted off his shoulders when he heard that.

Even though Nancy held a special spot, the country and kingdom still occupied a more important place in his heart.

He knew he ought to do something since her desire for power was growing.

While Matthew was racking his brain trying to help Aaron gain some authority back, Arielle’s expression turned solemn and stern on the other side.

All of the symptoms this child is displaying show that it’s intussusception.

He must be sent to the hospital as soon as possible for an ultrasound scan and timely treatment.

Arielle hesitated no further in divulging her findings to Torsten.

Upon learning the situation from her, he ran another check to affirm that her diagnosis was accurate. Only then did he furrow his brows.

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We don’t have any equipment for treating children. That means we’ll have to send this child to the hospital in order to treat him.

But if the hospital...

At the thought of how that child’s photos had probably spread across the internet, Torsten’s brows knitted together tightly.

It’s easy for anyone to recognize the child if we send him to the hospital.

While his mind was in turmoil, he abruptly directed his deadly gaze toward Arielle.

Photos of this child are all over the internet. But why does Dr. Moore not seem to have any reaction when she sees him?

Does she really have no idea, or does she actually know everything deep inside?

“Do you know this child, Dr. Moore?” Torsten locked his blue eyes on Arielle intently.

“Isn’t that the child who went missing?” Arielle looked at him. “What’s wrong?”

Is she questioning me instead? Isn't she curious why a missing child would appear here?

Puzzlement filled Torsten as he stared at Arielle.

Who in the right mind wouldn't find it puzzling after seeing the missing child here?

Why is she not showing any emotions at all?

"Dr. Moore, aren't you curious why this child would be here?" Norma, who was at one corner, could not hold back her curiosity and threw a question even before Torsten managed to.

What's wrong with this young lady? Why is she reacting so calmly after seeing a missing child here?

"Why should I be curious about why he's here? Isn't he merely an experimental subject?" Upon noticing the two gaping at her, Arielle shot them a look of puzzlement. "Is he not?"

"Yes, you're right!"

"You're right!"

The two turned to look at each other after answering in unison.

So, it turns out this lady we've recruited is so experienced in this aspect, huh?

"Dr. Moore, we don't have any equipment from the pediatrics. Now that this experimental subject is sick, how are we going to send him to the hospital if everyone there will recognize him?"

It was Torsten's true intention to find a solution, but at the same time, he was also trying to sound Arielle out.

Well aware of what was in their minds, Arielle remained very calm in that situation. She did not mind showing her skills and letting them know how capable she was so that they could place their trust in her.

"Isn't it easy?" With that said, she turned and left the place.

When she returned, she had a small bag in her hand. She pulled out the tools from inside, and about ten minutes later, the child in the crib had a change of face.

Since Norma and Torsten were knowledgeable and well-informed persons, their faith and confidence in Arielle's capabilities increased significantly after watching her perform the task.

"You can send him to the hospital now!" Arielle then packed the tools back into the bag.

At that moment, that child was still crying terribly in the crib. When Arielle put her hand over his forehead, she realized he was running a fever.

"Bring him to the hospital now. No one will be able to recognize him," Arielle said to the two as she was worried the fever would trigger other problems if he stayed there any longer.

Since there were only two females, Arielle and Norma, in the entire facility, and they could not trust the newcomer to send the child to the hospital, Norma ultimately had to accompany the child to seek treatment, with Morse in charge of driving the car and sending them to the pediatrics.

When everyone left, Torsten looked at Arielle and said, "Don't tell me this isn't your real face either?"

Suspiciousness was beginning to grow within him, unfortunately, he had no evidence to support his claims.

"It's my real face. I don't give a d*mn about using an artificial face," Arielle stated while staring into his eyes.

"Let me ask you a question, Ms. Moore. You have to answer me truthfully," asked Torsten with his eyes on her.

"Go ahead."

"Why did you come here? Your medical skills are amazing. You could've earned a good salary at any one of the hospitals, why come here?" Torsten spoke in an icy tone as he glanced at Arielle grimly.

In truth, it was difficult for him to trust a stranger that easily.