

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 280

Mason gritted his teeth, unable to respond to Arielle in a diplomatic manner.

He had spent nights dreaming about

getting married to Yvette and was eager to announce it to the whole world.

After Yvette's repeated and cruel refusal to accept his hand, he finally came to the conclusion that that night was a misunderstanding-Yvette had never liked him.

With the surprising turn of events, the marriage that he was going to have

simultaneously excited and frustrated Mason. The strength of the polarizing emotions within him caused him to be on edge for the past couple of days.

He took a deep breath and growled, "That's none of your business!"

"That's right!" Arielle said abruptly as a thought struck her. "Mr. Actonward mentioned that you guys are here to obtain your marriage certificate too. Forgive me for my poor memory, and also congratulations to both of you!"

Yvette was further incensed by the

sarcasm. "B*tch! Is this a joke to you? Go to hell!"

Mason reached out instinctively to comfort Yvette. Before his hand touched her, she whipped around to give him such a fierce glare that his hand never found her shoulder.

Feeling hurt, Mason vented all of his anger on Arielle. "How kind of you to come all the way here to share our joy," he sneered, cold fury ringing in every syllable. "Now that the party's over, get lost! Or I might do something I regret!"

Arielle pouted. "It looks like there's a huge misunderstanding between us," she said

jeeringly. "Apologies, I'm not here to celebrate your marriage. I'm here to have one of my own."

She waved her red marriage certificate, the sight of which stunned Mason.

Even Yvette, who had been in a towering rage, was startled into silence at the sight of Arielle's certificate. "Who... Who did you marry?"

"It's a secret!" Arielle smiled enigmatically.

Yvette burst out laughing all of a sudden. "Hah! I knew it! Evil b*tches like you will get your punishment one day. You must be sold to a rich old man so that your father can gather enough money to rebuild his office building!"

Mason looked equally scornful. "I thought

you have high standards," he said with disdain. "Turns out you're nothing but a pawn for your father. How dare you torment Yvette like that?"

Yvette realized with a start that her marriage with Mason was miles better

than Arielle's fate of marrying an old man.

Though Mason was penniless and not very good-looking, at least he was head over heels for her.

Even if she were to sleep around, Mason wouldn't be able to control her. Perhaps he would even cover up for her.

At that moment, Yvette's mood took a dramatic turn for the better. Arielle's news felt like a gust of wind scattering the stormy clouds of Yvette's own predicament.

She felt so victorious that she even began to develop a sense of pity toward Arielle.

So what if you're pretty and are a skilled doctor? You're still going to marry some old fart! Your destiny has already been determined the moment you were born!

"Arielle," Yvette proclaimed vehemently, "you will never ever be happy in this life!"

"Her happiness is not for you to decide." All of a sudden, a low, attractive voice sounded

Yvette froze. That sounds like...

She whipped around, only to find Vinson's cold glare on her.

What is Vinson doing here? Yvette wondered before she saw the red marriage certificate in his hand. A marriage certificate... Arielle...

Yvette's eyes widened; her pupils dilated in shock.