

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 325

Only two seconds were left on the timer.

Arielle closed her eyes and let out a cry inwardly. Mom! Then, she cut the white thread.

Snap! The thread broke.

Then, the timer let out a long beep.

Arielle lowered her head immediately and closed her eyes. It was something one naturally did in the face of death.

Everything was quiet on Vinson's side as he was holding his breath anxiously.

It was eerily quiet in the cabin.

Tick tock, tick tock...

The ticking of the clock was exceptionally clear inside the silent cabin.

As Arielle listened to it, she noticed that the clock had ticked twice, which meant two seconds had passed.

Slowly, she opened her eyes. She was surprised to find that the bomb's timer had stopped at precisely one second left.

I have... successfully disarmed the bomb! I was right!

Arielle finally found her voice after a few seconds. She picked up the phone excitedly and exclaimed, "Vinson!

I'm still alive! Vinson! Are you there?"

However, there was no reply.

A few seconds ago, in a high-rise building in the Western Hemisphere, Vinson had placed his phone on the window sill. He forced himself to shut his eyes. Then, he lit a cigarette and took a drag.

He was afraid of looking at his phone.

Arielle had said that if she survived, she would live the rest of her life in remorse.

However, if she died, he would be the one living in guilt instead.

At that moment, he wished that he never knew Arielle so that she did not have to go through all of this.

Soon, half of his cigarette was gone.

With the smoke surrounding him, Vinson finally got the courage to check his phone again.

His phone screen indicated the call was still ongoing.

Vinson's heart began to beat rapidly, and a glimmer of hope began to appear within his forlorn gaze.

As he quickly pressed the phone against his ear, Arielle's concerned voice could be heard from the other end. "Where are you? Why aren't you answering?"

Vinson could not help but let out a laugh.

Arielle's alive! She's still alive!

"Hahaha..." The towering man laughed like a lunatic.

He pursed his lips, took a deep breath, and uttered, "Arielle..."

"I'm here." Arielle sounded weak, but there was a hint of delight in her voice. "I'm not dead! We were right! It was the white one indeed! That fellow has a loose screw!"

While Arielle bellowed, Vinson listened quietly, and his lips gradually curled into a smile.

For the first time in his life, he found her scolding to be pleasing to the ears, as though he was listening to an orchestra.

He even wanted to continue listening to her.

Suddenly, Jordan's voice appeared. "Why aren't you coming over yet? Had it not been for my help, those people would have escaped!"

Vinson looked up and saw a scowling Jordan. For once, he found the latter to be tolerable.

Arielle also overheard Jordan, so she interrupted Vinson. "Go help him, then. For now, everything's fine on my side."

"All right. Call me if anything happens," Vinson replied. He put his phone into his pocket after Arielle ended the call.

Jordan asked him with a frown, "Who were you talking to? You had tears in your eyes, but you also laughed like a madman..."

Vinson raised a hand. Instinctively, Jordan closed his eyes, for he thought the former wanted to hit him.

To his surprise, he merely felt a weight on his shoulder. When he opened his eyes, he saw that Vinson had placed his hand on his shoulder. There was a subtle smile on Vinson's face. "Thank you. I'll go now."