

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1829

That afternoon, Susanne was accompanied by Vinson and Arielle to do an MRI scan.

“Mom, Vinson had already arranged for you to be admitted. If nothing goes wrong, I’ll operate on you and remove that tumor tomorrow,” Arielle informed in a gentle voice as she held Susanne’s arm.

“I know. I trust you.” With a smile, Susanne patted Arielle’s hand.

During the examination, the doctor said that if the tumor weren’t discovered in time, it would’ve turned into a malignant one in the future. When that happened, even an operation wouldn’t be able to save Susanne. At most, she would only be able to live a couple more months.

That was why she was very grateful for what Arielle did. If the younger woman hadn’t insisted that she went for a checkup, she wouldn’t have found out about the tumor.

As the women spoke, Vinson returned and brought his mother into the VIP ward upstairs. After Susanne changed into a patient’s garb, Arielle brought dinner for her. It was the same dish she had asked Maureen’s Kitchen to prepare for Susanne in the past.

After Susanne finished her dinner, she chased the couple away.

“You two should head back quickly. I may be in the hospital right now, but nothing’s happening to me. You two can stay and accompany me after my operation is over.”

After all, the hospital had plenty of doctors and nurses taking care of her. Thus, she didn’t need the couple to stick around.

Since Arielle had something to talk to Vinson about, she decided to listen to Susanne and returned home with Vinson.

Before they left, she told her mother-in-law a bunch of things and reminded her to call for a nurse if she felt any discomfort.

Susanne complained about their nagging and sent them away. As the couple hadn’t eaten dinner yet, Arielle went straight into the kitchen after they returned to Nightshire Manor.

She put some bread in the oven before preparing other dishes. Since she didn’t feel like eating meat, she prepared two vegetarian dishes. One was a dish with eggs and green peppers, while the other was a spicy vegetable stew.

Half an hour later, the dishes were completed. She served the food on the dining table before going to the study and telling Vinson that dinner was ready.

After they finished their meals, he took the initiative to do the dishes, which made Arielle happy.

She smiled and went upstairs for a bath. Once she was done, she noticed he hadn't returned to the bedroom. Hence, she quickly dried her hair and went to the study. As expected, he was inside.

Seeing how she came visiting him while her hair was still wet, Vinson frowned and led her back to the bedroom. Then he made her sit in front of the dressing table and dried her hair with a hair dryer, and that made her feel loved.

Once Arielle's hair was no longer wet, he put the hair dryer down. Then she grabbed his hand and pulled him to the couch.

They sat down before she stared at him with a serious look.

"What's the matter?" he couldn't help but ask upon seeing how serious she looked.

"We need to talk, Vinson."

"About what?" Vinson stared at her, amused.

"About children."

"If it's about that, then there's no need for us to talk anymore." His eyes narrowed at her as he held her hand.

Hearing that instantly put Arielle in a bad mood.

Why shouldn't we talk about that?

"Whether we want kids or not is not something you decide alone. Can't you also respect my decision? I want a child of our own..." She pulled her hand away from his and turned her back against him.

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Don't touch me!

"Don't get angry. I said there's no need to talk about it because I agree to have children now."

When Arielle heard that, she removed herself from Vinson's embrace and faced him.
"Really?"

Seeing the disbelief in her eyes, he replied resignedly, "When did I ever lie to you?"

It's true that he never lied to me. Mmm... Why did he suddenly agree to have children?

He was still against the idea just two days ago.

As she thought about it, she asked, "Why did you suddenly change your mind? You disliked the idea not too long ago."

"Well, seeing how much you love children, I spent my recent free time watching videos and finding information about pregnancy on the internet. Once I made sure not every pregnant woman would experience complications, I came to that decision."

He had it all planned out.

Once Arielle was pregnant, he would let Rayson handle the company and spend a year taking good care of her until she gave birth to their child safely.

The fact that Vinson had done so much homework on the matter beforehand really made her happy.

Sitting on his lap, she hugged his neck and stared at him affectionately.

"You're so nice, Darling!" Then she kissed him on the lips.

She knew that he watched those videos and did the research to overcome many of his fears. It made her feel warm and fuzzy to learn that.

"Now you know just how nice I am. Who was the one angry at me earlier, hmm?"
Vinson scratched the tip of her nose.

That's because I thought he didn't want children and that he didn't want to discuss the possibility of having them with me!

That was the reason I was angry.

With a pout, she replied, "That's your fault. If you'd told me you wanted children earlier, I wouldn't have gotten angry with you."

Being angry is really tiring, okay?

Arielle felt like she was no longer the cool woman she used to be.

In fact, she never thought she would change into a soft woman under Vinson's love and protection. However, she was pretty happy with how she turned out at the moment. It meant she was living a good life.

Staring affectionately at her, he pressed the tip of his nose against hers and spoke with a seductive voice.

"Yes, yes, it's my fault. In that case, let's start making some babies."

His passionate look made her heart skip several beats as she exclaimed, "What are you waiting for? Go take a bath now!"

After she finished her sentence, she let go of his neck and went to the bed. Seeing that, Vinson grinned and entered the bathroom.

When he came out, he was only covered in a towel. Before he could dry his hair, he saw Arielle, who was dressed like a nurse, staring at him with an alluring look.

"Sannie..." His eyes turned dark and his voice became a little hoarse.

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When Arielle saw that, she knew she had picked the right outfit. Although, she couldn't help but wonder why men loved to see women in that outfit. After all, she still had to take off her clothes in the end.

But, that wasn't the best time for her to ponder about that.

She recalled what she saw on the internet and followed its instruction. Holding back her embarrassment, she undid the buttons on her outfit. However, she was suddenly stuck after going through two buttons.

The way Arielle panicked drew Vinson in further and made him gulp subconsciously.

Where did she learn to do that? This is making me feel so... Satisfied!

Throwing the towel to the side, he turned off the light and went straight to the bed. When he arrived at the bed, the towel covering his body was already gone.

With the help of the moonlight, Arielle could feel the rising temperature on Vinson's body. Embarrassed, she dove under the blanket.

Upon seeing that, he smiled.

You were the one trying to seduce me. It's too late for you to hide from me now!

After he walked near the bed, he also went under the blanket and pushed her down.

Even though Arielle felt embarrassed, she still said, "It'll depend on you whether I can get pregnant with your child..."

Vinson chuckled lightly. "I'll show you!"

Then he kissed her on the lips. Both of them went buck wild during the night.

When Arielle woke up, the sun was already hanging high in the sky.

She pulled out her phone and realized it was almost noon. After swiftly washing up, she had a few mouthfuls of the food Helma prepared before grabbing Susanne's meal, which was kept inside a thermos flask.

Then she hurried to the hospital with the flask.

Once Arielle speedily placed Susanne's lunch in front of the latter, she apologized, "I'm sorry I'm late today, Mom..."

Originally, she wanted to check out when she would be operating on Susanne. She didn't expect the raunchy session to drain her so much that she woke up at almost noon.

Susanne's lips curved upward when she saw the marks on Arielle's neck as she prepared her meal. She knew what that was as she had gone through similar experiences before.

"It's fine. The doctor stopped by to check up on my condition again. He said the operation will take place at ten in the morning tomorrow." With a smile, the older woman started eating.

"You should eat first, Mom. I'll go and chat with the doctor." Arielle replied that before leaving the room as she wanted to be the one to operate on Susanne.

However, she still needed to discuss the matter with the doctor who was supposed to perform the surgery.

After she found the doctor, she told him her request. Initially, she was worried he would get angry since doctors were usually dissuaded from operating on their family members.

To her surprise, the doctor immediately agreed to her suggestion because he had heard stories of her excellent medical skills before. If she were the one operating on Susanne, then she would be able to ensure zero error in the procedure.

After the discussion concluded, Arielle returned to Susanne's ward and told her mother-in-law that she would lead the operation tomorrow.

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Learning that Arielle would be the one operating on her made Susanne happy, especially since she knew how good her daughter-in-law was.

Arielle stayed by Susanne's side until nighttime. During the day, she taught the latter how to play poker with her phone as she was afraid that the older woman would get bored. Susanne had a wonderful time playing the game for the whole afternoon.

"Look at this guy, Sannie. Is he a robot? How can he play the cards so randomly? It's making me angry..."

"It's possible that a child who doesn't know the rules is playing with you right now."

Just as Vinson arrived at the ward's entrance, he heard voices coming from inside.

With a smile, he opened the door and saw the two women staring at a phone close to each other. It was a heartwarming sight.

"You're here, Vinson?" Susanne felt her neck getting sore after looking at the phone for too long.

So, she gently hit the back of her neck with her hand as she raised her head. Then she saw him standing at the entrance with a silly smile.

"Why are you standing there with a silly smile? Come in..."

His smile froze.

This is a silly smile? I 'm clearly smiling because I'm feeling happy and content.

Is she blind?

After the rambling in his mind ended, he closed the door and put the fruits in his hand on the table next to the bed.

"What fruit do you want to eat, Mom?"

Upon hearing that, Susanne pointed at strawberries and grapes. "I want these two. Wash more of them."

Once the fruits were cleaned, Vinson served them to his mother. She immediately grabbed the fruit plate and occasionally fed Arielle with a berry. Arielle would then smile at her sweetly.

The longer he stared, the more he felt something wasn't right.

Err... Shouldn't I be the one doing the feeding?

"Mom, you should rest..."

Before he could finish his sentence, he was interrupted by Susanne.

She was gazing at Arielle with a gentle look as she uttered softly, "You should go home with Vinson and rest, Sannie. You can come back tomorrow."

"But Vinson's not here yet..." Arielle stopped speaking when she noticed him staring at her with a look of resentment.

Her eyes widened as she asked, "When did you arrive? Why didn't I know about it?"

Vinson was there for almost half an hour by that point.

She's even eating the fruit I bought and washed! Yet she doesn't know I'm here?

Vinson was rather speechless.

"Don't you have an additional bed here, Mom? You can let Vinson sleep there. It's better for me to sleep with you tonight instead of going back and forth between the hospital and our house since the operation is tomorrow."

After explaining her plan to Susanne, Arielle turned to Vinson. "What do you think?"

He nodded in agreement. "Sure. Whatever you say."

Susanne didn't feel like refusing the couple's kindness, so she went along with it.

After Arielle washed up, she lay down on Susanne's bed. Subconsciously, the older woman hugged the younger one.

"So this is what it feels to be loved by a mother..." Arielle couldn't help but mutter as she was in Susanne's embrace.

Unbeknownst to her, that made Susanne emotional.

Even though Arielle was adopted after she lost her mother at such a young age, she probably still felt somewhat distant...

Patting Arielle's hair gently, Susanne swore in her heart to treat her daughter-in-law even better in the future.

I'm going to shower her with all the motherly love Maureen failed to give her...

Vinson, who was sleeping on the other side, felt a warm, fuzzy feeling in his heart when he saw what his mother did.

This is the happy life I want...

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The next morning, Arielle woke up in Susanne's arms.

"Mom, why did you let me use your arm as a pillow the entire night?" Arielle had barely spoken when she scrambled to sit up.

Subsequently, she stroked Susanne's arm and commented sympathetically, "It must be numb by now."

With that said, she quickly gave it a few squeezes and a subsequent massage.

Susanne's arm was indeed numb, but the discomfort was soon eased by Arielle's efforts.

"That's enough. I feel a lot better already." The smiling Susanne stretched her arm before lamenting, "I'm just getting old. In my younger days, I wouldn't feel anything even if you slept on it the entire night."

"Mom, you're not old at all!" Arielle got out of bed and helped Susanne down.

Due to the latter's upcoming surgery, she still needed to fast. As a result, Arielle and Vinson had breakfast at a nearby restaurant.

After the meal, the pair returned to the hospital. Since Susanne was due for surgery that day, Vinson took a day off.

"Mom, it's just a minor surgery, so don't worry. There's no need to feel nervous either." Worried about Susanne's nerves, Arielle mentally prepared the older woman.

"I know. I'm not worried or nervous at all," Susanne replied with a smile.

She was, after all, confident in Arielle's medical skills.

As time passed quickly, Arielle and Susanne got dressed in their respective outfits. Subsequently, they were escorted by the nurse and Vinson to the operating theater.

Inside, Susanne was first injected with an anesthetic. Once its effects began to kick in, the surgery swiftly began.

This time, the hospital's neurology professor was present, along with the attending physician. Under normal circumstances, it was rare for someone of his station to be in the operating theatre. However, this professor was interested in watching Arielle in action.

The duration of the surgery was two and a half hours.

Throughout the surgery, Arielle was fully focused and didn't dare make any mistakes. The professor was naturally in awe of her revolutionary methods. As he intently observed how she moved her hands, he, cognizant of what she planned to do whenever her hands stopped, responded accordingly to what was needed.

During the previous surgery, Arielle would delegate the stitching to other doctors. However, she made an exception for this one by completing everything herself.

By the time she emerged from the operating theatre, her clothes, alongside her hair tucked underneath the scrub cap, were already drenched in sweat.

"The surgery is a success," Arielle declared with a smile when she saw the approaching Vinson the moment she opened the door.

"You should wash up in the ward. I've already instructed Helma to bring you a change of clothes," Vinson replied.

Nevertheless, Arielle shook her head as she wanted to ensure Susanne was sent to the ICU for observation first.

Soon, the nurse pushed Susanne out and moved her to the ICU.

"The nurses will watch over her, so there's nothing for us to do. You had better go back to the office," Arielle suggested, aware that Vinson had a backlog piling up at Nightshire Group.

On top of that, he still had to deal with his troublesome half-brother.

Well aware that family members weren't allowed in the ICU, Vinson gave Arielle a nod before heading back to the office.

"Mr. Nightshire, the man who looks like you is here again," the frowning Rayson reported the moment Vinson returned to the office.

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“Let him in,” Vinson replied after pondering a moment.

Coincidentally, I would like to speak to him too. I’ll start by playing nice first.

Ushered into the office by Rayson, Gaspar didn’t bother to even give Vinson a look. Instead, he walked right up to the window and stared at the scenery outside.

“I’m sure you must have been happy growing up in a well-off family.” Leaning against the window, Gaspar turned around with his arms folded while glaring at Vinson.

“I wonder if you’ll still feel as blissful when the ownership of Nightshire Group changes hands.”

Upon hearing Gaspar’s words, Vinson narrowed his eyes at the former. “Why don’t we talk after you sit down?”

Curling his lips into a smirk, Gaspar walked up to Vinson and pulled out a chair opposite the latter.

“My dear brother, what is it that you would like to discuss?” Gaspar was sure Vinson knew of their relationship ever since they first met, especially with how much they resembled each other.

Ignoring Gaspar’s snarky tone, Vinson gave him an indifferent look. “If I hand Nightshire Group over to you, can you take it to greater heights?”

Taken aback by Vinson’s question, Gaspar thought his brother a fool.

Given our relationship, does he actually expect the company to do well in my hands?

“Vinson, are you an idiot? Do you really think that I would help the company grow?”

What is he thinking? Why would I take the company to greater heights when I can’t wait to see it go bankrupt?

Upon learning of Gaspar’s intentions, Vinson’s heart sank.

Initially, he was willing to hand over Nightshire Group as long as the former promised to run it well. After all, as the eldest son of the Nightshire family, inheriting the company was something to be expected.

“In that case, why do you want to become Nightshire Group’s Chairman?” Vinson stared at him grimly, unable to figure out Gaspar’s true motive.

“To destroy it, of course,” Gaspar-wearing a devilish smile, replied succinctly as he leaned back into the chair. “My own company is making more money than I can ever

spend. Thus, what do I even need Nightshire Group for other than to wipe it off the face of the earth?"

If it wasn't for Nightshire Group, they wouldn't have stopped my mom from being together with my so-called dad.

Recalling the pain he suffered as a child when his mother lost her mind and was subsequently killed in a car accident, Gaspar clenched his fists tightly. He was filled with the urge to ensure Nightshire Group's ruin.

"Other than this, don't you have other plans?" Vinson probed further.

Gaspar's smirk froze.

Other plans? Of course, I do!

I can't wait to see Vinson and Susanne disappear from this world. If both of them had never existed, that man would've chosen to return to Mom's side, and my childhood wouldn't have been so insufferable.

Also, she wouldn't have gone mad, let alone die in a car crash. Therefore, I hate that disloyal man, Susanne, and Vinson! I hate all of them!

"Yes, I want all of you dead!" Gaspar stared at Vinson, his eyes brimming with murderous intent.

With a drastic change in expression, Vinson returned his glare.

"Is there no room for reconciliation?"

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"No!" Gaspar snapped as he got to his feet. "Prepare yourself. Nightshire Group will be mine!"

With that, he turned around and stormed off.

Once the company is mine, I will wipe its existence out of this world. After that, I'll find an opportunity to send Susanne and Vinson to hell, where all three of them can have a family reunion.

After watching the leaving silhouette with a grim look in his eyes, Vinson sent out a text.

Meanwhile, the moment he stepped out of Nightshire Group, Gaspar saw Anna waiting for him by the street, which was a feeling that he relished in.

“What would you like to have? I’ll take you there.”

Anna had done her research the past few days and knew that Maureen’s Kitchen was nearby. She wanted to give it a try.

Gaspar, who had learned from his investigations that Maureen’s Kitchen belonged to Arielle, was initially reluctant to do so. However, unable to turn Anna down after seeing the hopeful look in her eyes, he finally nodded in agreement before taking her there.

As for the staff at Maureen’s Kitchen, they were well aware of Arielle’s relationship with Vinson. Therefore, the sight of Gaspar and Anna turning up as customers dumbfounded them.

What’s going on?

Those with Arielle’s contact number quickly took a discreet photo and sent it to her.

At that moment, Arielle was lying on the hospital bed while chatting with the Wilhelms. She was in the midst of persuading them to start a clinic in Chanaea when she received the pictures, to which she responded by narrowing her eyes.

What is Anna doing here in Chanaea? And how did she get involved with Gaspar?

Before she could figure out what was going on, she received a flurry of messages asking what had happened between her and Vinson.

Cognizant that it was a case of mistaken identity, Arielle clarified that it wasn’t Vinson and instructed them to treat the pair as ordinary customers.

Meanwhile, inside the hotel, Mark’s eyes lit up when he saw the text on his phone.

“Linda, we’ll be reunited real soon,” he mumbled to himself as he replied to the message.

Since they were still under the Duke’s command, he had to make the necessary arrangements for both him and Linda to escape.

After giving it serious thought, he sent Linda another message. In less than a few minutes, his door opened, and in came Linda.

The moment he saw her, Mark, driven to the brink of insanity by his longing for her, pulled her into his arms and gave her lips a peck.

Even though the Duke had been spending time with Anna recently, Mark still didn't dare act rashly, for Linda would certainly be at the receiving end of any repercussions from his displeasure.

However, on that day, he had shed his fear and was no longer worried about the Duke finding out about their relationship.

Embracing Linda, he gave her a kiss so passionate that he only released her when she was gasping for air.

"M-Mark..." At the sight of Linda's usually pale face blushing intensely, Mark felt his heart skip a beat.

When he pulled her into his arms and whispered into her ear, she, with disbelief written all over her face, pushed him away abruptly.

"H-How could you?"

"Linda, if I don't do this, we'll never have the chance to be together," Mark lamented while looking at her.

If the Duke had given him Linda, he would've gladly laid his life down for the former. However, his hatred for the Duke was cemented after watching what the Duke did to Linda in his presence.

Nonetheless, Linda shook her head in response to Mark's words.

During the lowest point in her life, the Duke had provided her with shelter, food, and education. As he had given her the opportunity to lead her current lifestyle, she couldn't bring herself to betray him.

"Linda... It's already too late..."

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"What do you mean?" She looked at Mark.

Mark, upon throwing her a glance, circled to her back and gave her neck a karate-chop. Caught off guard, the unconscious Linda slumped into Mark's ready arms.

"Linda, I know you can't bear to go through with it. Therefore, I'll take care of this alone," Mark murmured as he carried her up onto the bed. After that, he avoided any prying eyes and slipped into Linda's room to collect her personal documents.

Subsequently, he returned to his room and carried her downstairs to a waiting taxi.

Not long after they were gone, Gaspar returned with Anna.

Worried that Micah would find out about them, Anna stole a kiss from Gaspar before attempting to return to her room. However, the latter wasn't going to let her off easily. Reaching out to grab her, he pulled her into his room before pinning her to the door and leaning in for a smooch.

Just when both of them were locked in a passionate kiss and preparing to get in bed, a flurry of footsteps was heard followed by the door being kicked open with a loud bang.

Gaspar, after pushing Anna behind him in reflex, stood in front to shield her. As for Anna, she frantically straightened her clothes before giving the group of intruders a shocked look.

"You..."

Staring down the gun barrels aimed at them by a group of policemen, Gaspar felt his heart sink.

He had barely spoken a word when he was instantly cut off.

The stern-looking policeman heading the group declared, "We have received a report that there are drugs hidden here."

"Have you made a mistake? How can there be any drugs here?" Gaspar asked while giving the policeman an indifferent look.

After all, he was sure there weren't any drugs present.

"We'll know whether it's a misunderstanding after we conduct a search." With that, the policeman ordered his subordinates to comb the room.

Watching them with an icy expression, Gaspar was a sea of calm as he hadn't brought any drugs to Chanaea this time.

"Sir, we found it!" One of the policemen discovered a packet of drugs that weighed around ten pounds.

The shock almost caused Gaspar's eyes to pop out of their sockets.

Since when do I have drugs here? Why wasn't I aware of it?

"This isn't mine!" he protested with a solemn expression.

After all, he, well aware of how strict Chanaea's drug laws were, wouldn't dare bring any in.

“Take him away!” The officer ignored Gaspar’s denial since the drugs were clearly found in his room.

Cognizant that he would be imprisoned for life, Gaspar kept calm until the officer approached him. In one swift motion, he wrestled away the officer’s gun and swiftly held him hostage.

“All of you, back off!” Pointing the gun at the officer’s head, Gaspar stared at the rest of the group and barked, “Prepare a car and a hundred thousand in cash. Otherwise, I’ll blow his brains out!”

The police, watching him closely, answered, “As long as you let him go and turn yourself in, we’ll be more lenient when dealing with your case.”

However, Gaspar was unmoved, for he knew that once his identity was exposed, there was no way he was escaping prison.

Thus, he asserted coldly, “Stop wasting time and do as I say!”

No sooner had he spoken than he tightened his grip around his hostage’s neck. Left without a choice, the other officers made preparations based on his demands.

In the meantime, Gaspar threw the anxious Anna a glance and shook his head at her.

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As the police were extremely efficient, the car and money were prepared in no time.

Subsequently, Gaspar held the officer at gunpoint as he headed downstairs.

Just when Gaspar was about to shove him into the car and escape, the hostage lowered his head and bit down ferociously on Gaspar’s hand.

When the pain forced Gaspar to loosen his grip, the officer tackled him to the side. Seizing upon the opportunity, the rest of the officers fired at Gaspar’s hand, causing him to drop the gun. Amid the chaos, the freed hostage scrambled for the gun and put a bullet in Gaspar’s leg. Only then did his subordinates surge forward to capture the latter.

Meanwhile, the gunshots naturally alerted Micah.

The sight of Gaspar being led away by the police caused him to decide at once to return to the island with Abigail. However, the moment he opened the door, he was staring down the barrels of more than ten guns.

The police had received a report that a drug lord was hiding there. Hence, when they did find one, they immediately arrested Micah and Abigail.

As for Anna, little did she expect that her father, Abigail, and Gaspar would all be arrested on their trip to Chanaea. Out of the four of them, she was the only one left. Alone, there was no way she could save them even if she wanted to.

Initially, the police assumed that they had arrested one drug lord in Micah and were pleasantly surprised that Gaspar, too, was another one. Even though they were foreigners, Chanaea's laws could still be enforced upon them.

Half a month later, both of them were sentenced to death.

Upon learning of Gaspar's fate, Susanne, in spite of her recent brain surgery, insisted on seeing him in prison. Having failed to dissuade her, Vinson and Arielle had no choice but to give in to her request.

In truth, no visits were allowed, but Vinson pulled some strings for the rules to be bent.

When Susanne saw how much Gaspar resembled Vinson, the guilt she felt further intensified. If only he had grown up by Vinson's father's side, Gaspar wouldn't have walked down the path of crime.

Prior to the visit, Gaspar was reluctant to meet them. However, he finally relented at the thought that it would be their final meeting.

When he saw how guilty and heartbroken Susanne was, the hatred that consumed him instantly faded away.

Susanne then picked up the prison phone to indicate her desire to speak to him. After a brief hesitation, Gaspar put the phone to his ear.

"My child, your father and I have let you down..."

In truth, Gaspar had found out through his investigations that Susanne was unaware of what went on with his mother and father. Nonetheless, it didn't stop him from channeling the hatred he harbored toward his father over abandoning his mother and him onto Susanne and Vinson.

Now that he was going to meet his parents soon, his animosity toward Susanne and Vinson naturally dissipated.

What have they done wrong, really?

"You didn't let me down," Gaspar answered in a hoarse voice.

No sooner had he answered than Susanne broke down in tears. "Can we still get you out? Even if we sell Nightshire Group, can we do it? Perhaps we can change it to life imprisonment..."

With life imprisonment, there might still be hope.

Susanne's sincere words triggered a flood of emotions within Gaspar. With reddened eyes, he knew he had passed the point of no return.

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On the way home, Vinson was mired in a solemn mood, for it was he who had gotten the police to arrest Gaspar.

Little did he expect that, in the end, the latter would offer to return the company shares to him.

Gaspar even told him that the money used to purchase the company was clean and had nothing to do with his illicit gains. Thus, even if the police investigated its source, they would have no right to confiscate it.

After hearing Gaspar's words, Vinson revealed that it was he who had called the cops.

While Gaspar didn't comment on Vinson's confession, Susanne gave the latter a slap, demanding to know how he could've done something like that. Nonetheless, although Vinson didn't explain himself, Gaspar wasn't oblivious to the reason.

He told Vinson that he didn't hold a grudge for the latter's actions since he was the one who forced Vinson into a corner and even spurned Vinson's attempt to negotiate a peaceful settlement previously.

In the end, he instructed Vinson to bury him in Lightspring after his death, right beside his mother's grave so that he could keep watch over her. It was only then that Susanne and the others learned Gaspar's mother had passed away ten years ago.

The moment he reached home, Vinson locked himself in his study while Susanne, who was still fuming over her son's actions, headed straight to her room.

Sensing the tension, Arielle hurried over to speak to the latter.

"Mom, you shouldn't have hit Vinson today." Arielle stared at Susanne with a grave expression.

"You might feel bad over Gaspar being imprisoned and sentenced to death by firing squad, but have you ever thought about your own son? If Vinson hadn't called the cops, the hatred Gaspar harbored toward Vinson and you would have driven him to kill the three of us"

With that, Arielle related everything that happened with Gaspar to Susanne.

“If it wasn’t because we were lucky, you would already be crying over your son’s grave. What you did really hurt Vinson, for he, too, is mired in guilt. Not only did you not comfort him, but you also...”

In no mood to continue, Arielle decided to return to Vinson’s side.

“Just think about what I said.” With that, Arielle turned around and headed upstairs.

“Dad, have I made a mistake?” Vinson mumbled to himself.

Inside the study, he was staring at the picture of his father on his desk. Truth be told, he had no doubt what he did was right. However, he just couldn’t shake the niggling sense of guilt.

When Arielle didn’t find Vinson in their bedroom, she automatically knew that he was in his study. Thus, without even knocking, she headed straight in.

Cough! Cough!

No sooner had she opened the door than she choked upon the thick smoke. Realizing it was Arielle, the smoking Vinson stubbed out his cigarette and swiftly led her out.

Arielle looked at him with her sparkling eyes as she held his arm. “Vinson, you didn’t do anything wrong, so there’s no need to feel guilty. Even if you didn’t call the police, he would still have been arrested.”

While speaking, Arielle showed him the warrant. “Look, I found this after hacking into the police station’s systems. There’s no way he was going to escape.”

It turned out that the police were already tracking Gaspar’s movements and had planned to move in to arrest him. Vinson’s report simply hastened the inevitable.

The truth naturally eased the guilt he felt.

“Sannie, let’s buy over his shares and donate the money to charity in his name.”