

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 286

After a moment's thought, Vinson asked, "Are you referring to the famous psychologists?"

"That's them." Arielle nodded. "They were the ones who saved my life. They're also my adoptive parents."

Vinson's eyes widened in shock. After several seconds, he found his voice. "No wonder you knew how to treat PTSD. But if I remember correctly, you employed traditional Chanaean medicine, didn't you? Did the Wilhelms teach

you that as well?"

"Yes, they did." Arielle nodded again. "They are not just psychologists. Being aware of the power of the unexplored branch of medicine, they are conducting deep research on traditional Chanaean medicine. To be more accurate, they wanted to learn ancient Chanaean medicine. That was the reason why they came to the village to learn from an expert who lived in seclusion there. It was by fate that they found me abandoned there and took me with them. That was why I grew up abroad. The rumor of me growing up in the village is a lie i fabricated at great expense."

"That explains everything." Vinson stared at her. "Everybody thinks you came from the village.

To think that you are the famous adopted daughter of the Wilhelms!"

"Yes, they are very good to me. However, I still cannot reveal their identities."

"I understand." Vinson fell silent again. "Tve suddenly recalled," he exclaimed. "There is a name that might be of help to you."

"Who is it?" Arielle asked, her eyes brightening up.

Vinson gave a mysterious smile. "It looks like we have to resume our act as loving husband and wife for a while."

Half an hour later, the Maybach rolled to a halt outside the Southall residence.

Most of the mourners had already departed when Vinson and Arielle arrived. Being engaged in conversation with Henrick, only Russell remained.

His eyes brightened at the sight of Arielle. "Sannie!" he cried with a smile. "You're back. Where did you go? I didn't see you earlier."

Arielle studied Henrick carefully. True enough, the doubt which was never there before appeared in Henrick's eyes when she appeared before him.

Before that day, Henrick had never looked at her that way.

Arielle pretended not to notice as she greeted Henrick like she normally did before returning Russell's greeting. "I took care of some business with Vinson."

It was at that moment when Russell noticed Vinson. "Mr. Nightshire," he said at once with a courteous nod.

"Hi" Vinson responded tersely. "How are you feeling today, Mr. Actonward?"

Russell thumped a fist on his chest. "I'm doing great! As long as nothing weird happens at home, I feel strong enough for anything."

Vinson appeared pleased with Russell's answer. He took the lead in the conversation. "I'm happy to hear that. If you still feel unwell, you could look for Dr. Jankowitsch at Carter's hospital. Though he is a psychologist, he is a student of the Wilhelms who is skilled in ancient Chanaean

"No need for that," Russell interrupted. "I don't need any other doctor when we have a miracle doctor standing in our midst!" He beamed at Arielle.

Arielle noticed that Henrick's scowl had deepened.

She was about to say something when Vinson spoke again. "Arielle got her skills from Dr. Jankowitsch. What she knows pales in comparison to his. She is not even worthy of the title of miracle doctor. All that she knows is because of Dr. Jankowitsch."

"What?" Russell and Henrick were startled.

"Sannie, where did you learn medicine from?" Henrick asked urgently.

