

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. "I've 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.

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



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*The trap has been sprung, and these fools have fallen into it. "Yes, I grew up in the village," she said with a nod as they had rehearsed. "From where could I have learned medicine? It was a while ago when Vinson brought me to meet Carter that we coincidentally saw Dr. Jankowitsch saving somebody's life. I thought it was interesting, so I learned a couple of moves from him. I didn't expect to put it into use one day!"*

Henrick appeared satisfied with the explanation as his suspicion toward Arielle decreased visibly.

Russell, on the other hand, was in awe. "If you were able to save my life with just a couple of moves, Dr. Jankowitsch's skills must be formidable."

"Yes, they are," said Arielle with a smile. "However, the Wilhelms are even better. Mr. Actonward, you actually owe your gratitude to Dr. Jankowitsch and the Wilhelms. Not to me"

Russell nodded, his gaze toward Arielle dipped in admiration as he did not attempt to conceal his disappointment.

*I have gone out of my way to attend the funeral just to be able to meet my savior. If I knew that Arielle had learned it from somebody else, I wouldn't have come here to waste my breath.*

Russell cleared his throat. "I've overstayed my

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welcome," he told Henrick. "I must be going. Goodbye, all."

"Thank you for coming. Let me see you out." Henrick departed with Russell.

When he returned, Arielle was pleased to see Henrick smiling again. Though she heaved a sigh of relief, she did not let her guard down.

"Sannie, Mr. Nightshire, how was your wedding?" Henrick asked, appearing in the best of spirits.

Arielle showed him her marriage certificate, looking like a young girl deep in love. "Dad, look. This is my marriage certificate."

"Excellent." Henrick smiled contentedly at the sight of the certificate. He took it and studied it for a long time before returning it reluctantly to her.

"Would you like to spend the night here, Vinson?" Henrick turned suddenly to address Vinson.

*Arielle's smile froze. Henrick is going too fast with this, isn't he?*

*It didn't take long for him to be on a first-name basis with Vinson.*

*Besides, does Vinson staying over mean that I have to share my room with him?*

Arielle turned to give Vinson a warning look, hinting that he should find an excuse to reject.

Vinson did not even look at her. "I would love to. On our way over, Sannie was saying that she did not dare to sleep alone. As her husband, I must oblige her."

Arielle wanted nothing more than to yell at him, but there was nothing she could do in front of Henrick besides maintain her fake smile.

Henrick's smile widened even further. "Then I'll have the servants clean Sannie's bedroom and put in a larger bed for your stay. We will move her to a larger room in the future for your convenience should you choose to visit."

"Thank you, Dad."

Henrick laughed heartily at being greeted in such a manner by Vinson.


Arielle glanced at Vinson, bewildered. *This fellow seems to be getting into character really quickly.*


At that moment, a servant came running down the stairs. "Mr. Southall, the lunch that we brought up to Mrs. Southall was smashed to pieces by her. Would you like to come up and have a look?"


Henrick scowled. "Leave her alone if she doesn't want to eat," he grumbled. "She will eat

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when she's hungry. Let's see how long she keeps this madness up."

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Arielle played dumb and pretended to ask in confusion, "What happened to Aunt Cindy, Dad?"

"She couldn't accept the fact that Shandie is dead and has been causing a ruckus, so I had someone lock her in her room. Wouldn't want to scare the guests who have come to mourn," Henrick replied with a sigh.

Arielle nodded. "Aunt Cindy really loves Shandie and treats her like her own daughter, even though she was adopted. It's only natural that she doesn't take too well to her sudden death."

Henrick cleared his throat awkwardly upon hearing that. "Ahem... No need to concern yourself over this. She'll come to terms with it over time."

"But... We can't just let Aunt Cindy stay depressed like this. Prolonged grief can be really bad for her body. How about we have Dr. Jankowitsch take a look at her?"

Henrick arched an eyebrow at her and said, "That's a good idea. Will he be willing to travel all the way here?"

Vinson was quick to reassure him, "Don't worry, Dad. I'll give Dr. Jankowitsch a call right away and have him come over!"

"All right, then! Thank you very much, Vinson!"

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"No need to thank me. We're family, after all!" Vinson said as he pulled out his phone and gave Klaus a call.

To ensure that everything would go smoothly for Arielle, he had already told Klaus about their plan when he came over that morning.

Klaus said he wasn't on duty that night and could pay them a visit right away.

Vinson then hung up the phone and told Henrick, "He'll be here in half an hour."

"Thank goodness Dr. Jankowitsch is able to make it. With his medical skills, I'm sure Cindy will be back to normal very soon!" Henrick exclaimed while breathing a huge sigh of relief, completely oblivious to the sudden twinkle in Arielle's eyes as she thought of an idea that would destroy both Cindy and Matthias in one go.

Naturally, Vinson noticed that look in her eyes and whispered to her when Henrick was in the backyard, "Come on, out with it. Let's hear this bright idea of yours."

Arielle pouted. "What... Are you able to read minds or something?"

Vinson simply shrugged in response and waited for her to continue.

Arielle then flashed him a smile and decided to

keep him in suspense as he did before. "Looks like I'm going to have to put on another show! All you have to do is sit back and watch as everything unfolds!"

Vinson wasn't bothered by it and carried on waiting with a look of anticipation on his face.

Klaus arrived shortly after and got all excited when he saw Arielle, but he did his best to contain his excitement as told by Vinson beforehand.

He then put on his usual attitude and asked Vinson, "Where is the patient, Mr. Nightshire?"

"She's upstairs." Vinson then turned toward Arielle after a brief pause and said, "I'll go get Henrick; you can have a little chat with Dr. Jankowitsch in the meantime."

"Okay." Arielle nodded and led Klaus upstairs before sneakily handing him something when no one was watching.

"What is this?" Klaus asked in confusion.

Arielle leaned in close to whisper something into his ear, and Klaus' eyes lit up in surprise.

"What? Where did you get something like this? I heard it got banned immediately after it was developed!"

"You don't have to worry about that. Just make sure you do as I say later on, okay?" Arielle said

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with a faint smile.

Klaus nodded profusely and patted his chest as he reassured her confidently, "Don't worry. I'll surely put this to good use!"

"Okay!" Arielle then quickly made a shushing motion at him when she heard Henrick coming up the stairs. She even pretended to be worried and pleaded with Klaus, "Please, you have to treat my aunt, Dr. Jankowitsch!"



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Klaus felt flustered when he heard that, but he kept his composure and cleared his throat as he said professionally, "Don't worry, Ms. Moore. I've dealt with a lot of similar cases, and I assure you it is no big deal. She'll be all better very soon!"

"That's good to know."

Henrick arrived on the second floor with Vinson right after she said that, and he held Klaus' hand excitedly the moment he saw him.

"Your reputation precedes you, Dr. Jankowitsch! Please, do take a look at my wife. I've just lost my daughter, and I can't imagine what I'd do if I were to lose my wife as well!"

*Heh... Henrick is only trying to get Cindy treated so that she won't humiliate him with her crazed antics! Arielle thought to herself but held herself back from showing any of her true emotions.*

She even added on to Henrick's words by saying, "We're all counting on you, Dr. Jankowitsch!"

Klaus nodded and turned toward Henrick as he asked, "Which room is the patient in?"

"Here, I'll show you the way!"

Henrick motioned at Klaus to follow him as he led him to the bedroom door.

The sounds of furniture being smashed against the floor could be heard the moment they opened the door, and Arielle saw Cindy throwing cups on the floor upon entering the room.

She looked up at them with her hair all messy the moment she heard them coming in, and the look in her eyes grew cold when she saw Arielle.

She looked a lot skinnier. It was as though she had aged ten years overnight.

The next thing they knew, Cindy began charging toward her with bloodshot eyes and a vicious expression on her face.

"Arielle, you b\*tch! I'll kill you!" she screamed like a malicious spirit seeking vengeance, and even Arielle found herself a little scared as she had never seen Cindy like that before.

Henrick stepped forward and stopped Cindy in her tracks by wrapping his arms tightly around her waist. "Get a hold of yourself, Cindy!" he shouted out loud.

"Let go of me! She's a murderer! She must pay with her life!" Cindy shrieked and continued to struggle with all of her might.

"Someone get the bodyguards to tie her up! Hurry!" Henrick shouted while maintaining a firm grip on her.

"Yes, Sir!" The butler quickly ran off upon receiving the order.

Arielle took a moment to regain her composure before saying with an innocent look on her face, "Why would you think that I killed Shandie, Aunt Cindy? Her death really has nothing to—"

"Shut up! You're going to hell!" Cindy's voice was so shrill that it hurt Arielle's ears.

Suddenly, Cindy broke free from Henrick's grip, grabbed a shard of the broken cup, and hurled it at Arielle.

As Arielle wasn't expecting a skinny woman like Cindy to struggle free like that, she wasn't able to dodge in time and instinctively shielded her face with her arms instead.


The next thing she knew, Vinson appeared in front of her and took the hit on his right shoulder.


"Vinson!" Arielle went wide-eyed instantly when she saw his white dress shirt stained red with blood.


Vinson simply shook his head calmly and reassured her, "Don't worry. I'm fine."

Arielle was about to say something when several bodyguards came running in and pinned the crazed Cindy to the ground.

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