

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 278

Henrick sighed in frustration.

I shouldn't have brought this crazy b*tch back! Her antics have thoroughly embarrassed me.

The backyard once again regained its serenity after Cindy had been escorted back to the house.

"Apologies, everybody," Henrick started. "Cindy is too distraught tonight to think straight. She has made a fool of herself in front of all of you."

The crowd exchanged glances before dismissing his apology by waving their hands. "Not to worry, it's completely understandable."

"Make sure Mrs. Southall takes care of herself. You can always try for another child. It wouldn't do if she fell ill."

"You must take care of yourself too and be strong throughout this ordeal."

With the words of consolation offered by his guests, Henrick felt much calmer.

Russell hesitated before stepping forth.

"Henrick," he said, tugging his arm. "Cindy doesn't look too well, I'm afraid. We should find a good doctor to have a look at her. I'm worried for her if this goes on."

Henrick nodded. "I'll do that."

"Speaking of doctors," Russell continued, with a thumbs-up of admiration, "your daughter Arielle is an excellent one. If it weren't for her, I would have died from a cerebral hemorrhage last night."

Henrick was shocked. "Arielle practices medicine?"

Russell returned Henrick's look of surprise. "Don't you know that your daughter is a miracle doctor?"

"How is that possible?" Henrick murmured, his mind a blank.

Didn't Arielle grow up in the village? From where would she have learned the art of medicine?

Shocked by Henrick's ignorance on the matter, Russell immediately recounted the events of the night before. His narration was so fanciful and exaggerating that

Henrick's surprise soon turned to astonishment.

"Your daughter is amazing," Russell concluded at last with a pat on Henrick's shoulder. "You must treat her well! Don't let the incident with Shandie happen again."

Barely hearing what Russell said, Henrick nodded in a daze. Despite the humorous circumstances, he felt fearful.

How am I completely unaware that my daughter is skilled in the medicinal arts? Did she keep it from me on purpose? Why would she do such a thing? Is Arielle up to something like Cindy is? Or did she return here with a motive all along?

Henrick felt the hairs on his back standing erect as alarm bells began ringing in his head. His gaze darkened as he fought the urge to succumb to panic.

Perhaps I need to take the initiative to know my daughter better.

He clenched his fists and narrowed his eyes as he thought about his other daughter.

At that moment, Arielle, who had just emerged from the City Hall after obtaining her marriage certificate, gave a sneeze.

Rubbing her nose, she felt a sense of foreboding.

"Did you catch a cold?" Vinson asked concernedly.

Arielle shook her head. Suddenly remembering that she had left her coat in the City Hall, she said, "I've left my coat behind. I'll go get it."

Arielle turned around, but Vinson gently pressed her shoulder. "Get in the car. I'll get it for you. We'll go for lunch after that. It would be pretty messy at your house right now, you might not be able to have much to eat."

Arielle nodded. "Okay. I don't want ravioli, though." After having it for several meals in a row, she felt nauseated just thinking about it.

Vinson chuckled. "Do you think I'll take you for ravioli as our first meal as a married couple? Arielle, I don't think you know your husband well enough."