

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 285

"Come whenever you want. This restaurant is yours, anyway."

Arielle was about to thank him when Vinson raised a hand to stop her. "Save it if you're going to thank me again. I've heard it so many times over the course of this meal that I'm sick of it."

As he spoke, he stuck his fingers into his ears.

Arielle burst out laughing. "What kind of person does not like receiving thanks?"

As she spoke, her phone, which was on the table, rang

With a glance at the screen, Arielle was informed that Larissa was calling.

She glanced at Vinson before picking up. "What is it?" she asked without hesitation.

Larissa told her everything about the people who had turned up to the wake. "Has she gone crazy?" Arielle asked with a hopeful smile.

"I'm pretty sure she was cross-eyed. I don't think it was an act, though. It looks like this has really hit her hard. Be careful, Ms. Arielle."

"I know." Arielle nodded. "Aside from that, did anything peculiar happen?"

"There's one more thing, but I'm not sure if I

should tell you."

"Speak."

"Uh... I heard Mr. Actonward telling your father that you saved his life at the Actonward residence. It should be a good thing, but Mr. Southall looked a bit strange after being told about that..."

Arielle's face fell. "I know," she repeated before hanging up.

"What is it?" Vinson asked, noticing the change in her expression. "What happened? You were smiling just a minute before."

Arielle set down her cutlery, "Good news and bad news," she said in an air of forced calmness. "Which do you want to hear first?"

"I'll have the good news first," Vinson said after considering for a moment.

"The good news is that Cindy is so traumatized by Shandie's death that she isn't right in the head anymore, though I'm not sure if she is faking it. After all, acting deranged has been known as an efficient method to obtain Henrick's trust."

Vinson frowned. "It doesn't sound like good news. What about the bad news?"

"Henrick is beginning to suspect me," Arielle

said with a grim look on her face,

Vinson raised his eyebrows. "What makes you think that?"

Arielle recounted what Larissa had told her earlier. "He is a man full of doubt," she concluded as she heaved a sigh. "During the barista championship, I was positive that he was beginning to suspect me. But brewing coffee isn't particularly difficult, is it? Anybody can make fine latte art with some practice. However, the medical arts take much more than that to achieve mastery. It is impossible to do so without systematic studying from a mentor."

Vinson fell silent. "Arielle," he said after a while. "Now can you tell me where you learned all of it?"

Before she could respond, Vinson added, "If you are not willing to share, you don't have to tell me anything."

Arielle bit her lip as she clutched the transfer agreement in her hand. "Actually, I didn't stay in the village at all."

She paused to allow Vinson to react. However, he remained impassive.

"You already know?" she asked, shocked.

"I guessed it. There is no way for someone to

grow up in a village to have encountered so many things like latte art, chess, and most

astounding of all, your medical skills. The only thing that I do not know is where you grew up."

"Do you know the Wilhelms?" Arielle asked.