

# A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 341

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Gerald remained skeptical. "What makes you think it's really a trap? Are you sure of this?"

The man sounded a little impatient. "You can have the lead vehicle drive over again if you don't believe me."

Gerald did just that and commanded the car in front to push on toward their original destination, and a few seconds passed before an earth-shattering explosion was heard and the lead vehicle was ripped up in two amidst a ferocious blaze.

As the flames spread, the sections of the road behind, too, erupted in a series of detonations.

The thunderous aftermath left Gerald a little aghast. He felt the entire ground tremor and no matter how hardy their car was, he could still sense the potency of the aftershocks that ensued.

It took Gerald a while to recover himself, and he drew a cross upon his chest. "Lord have mercy..."

They had narrowly escaped an ominous fate!

Across the way, Vinson narrowed his eyes as he watched the lead vehicle blew to smithereens. "He's onto us."

Jordan was positively fuming and close to tearing his own hair out. "Did that fella have a mine detector with him? How did he manage to discover our setup and intentionally sacrifice a car just to prove a point to us?"

In the next second, Carter's voice came through the receiver. "What now, Vin? Shall we pursue them?"

"No," said Vinson as he watched the convoy fade into the distance. "We won't be able to catch up."

Since their enemies had already been alerted, there was no more advantage to be had, especially on the former's turf.

Even if they were able to catch up, their odds of victory would have been diminished by half and it was, as such, not worth the risk.

Unlike his counterpart, he was not one who would readily gamble with the lives of his own people.

Just as Jordan was cussing away, a shuffle of footsteps came up rapidly from the direction of the stairs.

The duo reflexively turned, only to see the rotund sales manager huffing and puffing as he ran over.

“Oh no! Oh no! It’s terrible! A car out there has spontaneously combusted! Are you gentlemen all right?”

He was more worried that he would miss out on the plump commission to be had upon closing the deal if his two honored customers were to get frightened off.

It had Jordan nervous for a moment as he was half expecting for their enemies to launch a sneak attack after they created a distraction, so he simultaneously let

his guard down and breathed out a long sigh.

He had grown quite weary of playing pretend with Charles and said candidly, “I’m going out to Carter and the rest and see if we can find anything useful since we got at least one of them.”

With that, he skirted around the sales manager and made a beeline for the stairs, leaving the latter quite

flabbergasted.

Did they know it was going to blow... or could it be that they are the ones who set it off?

Charles suddenly felt a chill down his spine, as though a wind of foreboding had swept over him.

While he contemplated whether or not to call in the police, Vinson started, “I’m very satisfied with this house and I want it. What about the contract?”

With a single sentence, Vinson managed to cast out any fear or tension Charles might have experienced to the back of his mind.

It did not matter much to the latter whoever was responsible for the explosion so long as he was not caught in it. Conducting the sales took priority!

The mansion was unlike any other piece of real estate, hence he considered any sales made by the will of the fates.

That reminded him of a Chanaean idiom — I’ve sought

him among the masses, only to find him close by the dimmest of lights.

The client of his destiny was nowhere else but right there before him!

Charles ignored the matter of the explosion and hastened to fish out the contract that he had brought along with him from his briefcase. Had it been any ordinary piece of property, sales managers would not typically have the contract with them, but it was different for mansions. The odd temperament of the ridiculously affluent made them unpredictable, so it was hard to ascertain whether they would want to close the deal on the spot.

It's absolutely the right decision to have it at the ready!

Charles gleefully rummaged out a pen for Vinson to sign the contract.

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Once Vinson's John Hancock was committed to paper, Charles carefully, and almost delicately, placed the contract back into his own briefcase. "For the payment process afterward, you need only provide the supporting documents and we'll be able to assist you in completing the rest. In less than a week, this house will be yours. Since the paintings and wine collection of the previous owner are still here, we may still need a few days to clear them out before it would be possible for you to move in."

Vinson amicably waved him off with his hand. "It's fine. I'm in no rush so you can hand me the keys whenever you're done packing."

That left Charles delirious with joy. This seemingly mean-looking customer's actually quite pleasant to deal with!

When Charles turned to regard the flames licking around the car in the distance, he suddenly thought the whole spectacle involving the vehicular explosion to be a thing of beauty.

After the paperwork was completed, Vinson headed straight for the site of the explosion.

By the time he got there, his subordinates had already put out the flames, leaving behind a stinging and noxious charring that assailed his nostrils as soon as he neared,

Carter was in the middle of inspecting the insides of the car while Jordan was hunched over and retching by the

roadside.

Vinson ignored the stench and approached Carter. "Do you have anything?"

Carter shook his head and pointed toward the insides of the car. "Everything's been turned to ashes. There were four of them inside, and they were all armed."

The scene inside the car was indeed nauseating when Vinson cast an eye within. The imagery of those four burned men was clearly not for the fainthearted.

Compared to Jordan, he had not as an adverse a reaction to it himself and merely furrowed his brows before he said with a straight face, "Get samples of their DNA. Their boss has to be someone prominent; we should be able to get something off of them."

Initially downcast, Carter applauded when he heard that. "You're right! No matter how well hidden whoever is behind them, surely his subordinates have to be people we'll be able to trace? If we follow this lead, who knows whether we'd be able to uncover the identity of their leader!"

Jordan, who was hopping mad before, heard this, and his eyes brightened up. He got back to his feet and seemed to want to say something.

That was before he had to dash back and stoop down by the roadside to regurgitate his lunch. He was puzzled as to why he was the only one to have such an extreme reaction. Did those two lose their sense of smell? How

could they still be in a mood to discuss anything?

It did not take two long for them to collect the genetic samples they needed, and they quickly worked to clean up the site before they made a hasty retreat.

Jordan was doing slightly better now, and he opened up the side windows to let the air circulate. "I've been seriously traumatized and in need of a vacation. None of you are to bother me."

Carter paid no heed to him and turned to Vinson instead. "It'll probably take three days after the results are out for us to comb through the global database. Are you going to head back, or stay here and await news?"

After some consideration, Vinson said, "I'll go back tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" asked a confused Carter. "It's still early so do you have something that you need to see to here?"

Vinson grunted and said, "I do, and it's very important."

With a good understanding of Vinson's temperament, Carter declined to probe, and as for Jordan, sharing the same space with Vinson sort of made him queasy.

Very quickly, the car was almost back at the entrance of the branch office. As the vicinity was crawling with their own people, any movement from the other camp would not go unnoticed for too long.

Vinson did not alight but plopped himself in the driver's seat instead.

Jordan did not turn back either as he went right inside the building. He behaved as though he was running for his life.

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Carter asked, "What's wrong with him? Why does he seem to fear you?"

Vinson was unfazed. "Isn't he afraid of me since young?"

Carter pushed his glasses up his nose bridge. "Right. He saw you kill a chicken when he was seven and that was when he started looking at you differently. All right, then. Be careful. Remember to bring someone along wherever you go. We're not on our turf, so we need to be extra careful."

"Got it." Vinson nodded. After Carter left, he took out his phone and set the navigation to lead him to a shopping mall.

When Vinson exited the mall, he had various shopping bags full of expensive stuff in his hands. After dropping the bags into the trunk, his bodyguard took his place. He changed a few cars and made sure no one was after him before he headed to his destination.

Half an hour later, the car rolled to a stop before an apartment.

Vinson gathered the shopping bags and went upstairs. He pressed on the doorbell.

Ding dong! Ding dong!

He rang the doorbell twice and a little boy shouted, "Coming!"

Soon, someone pulled the door open.

An adorable little boy with sparkling blue eyes stood in front of him.

The boy was obviously sweating after playing for a long time. Upon spotting him, he asked in Ustranasion, "Who are you?"

Before Vinson could answer, a lady's voice rang out. "Pat, is Dad back?"

The boy turned at his shoulder and yelled, "No! It's a handsome young man!"

The lady immediately scurried out of the kitchen.

She stared at the handsome man standing against the sunlight at the door with chiseled features that would put any other man to shame.

He was wearing a plain black suit that didn't look simple at all on him. It was a refreshing sight for sore eyes.

The lady's gaze landed on the shopping bags full of gifts in the man's hands.

Is he my husband's patient, here to offer his gratitude?

She flashed a grin and stepped forward. "Sir, who are you looking for?"

Feeling embarrassed, Vinson coughed and answered,

"I'm here to visit you, Mrs. Wilhelm. I'm friends with Arielle. She helped me tremendously back in Chanaea. I happened to be in Lightspring and decided to visit you."

Before Andrea Dupont could speak, the little boy's eyes lit up. "Are you San's friend? How is she? She hasn't been back for a long time. She told me she would come back soon. Does she not want me anymore?"

He chattered on about Arielle, making it clear to Vinson that he adored her.

Strangely, he felt jealous at the thought.

Vinson felt exasperated that he couldn't reveal his feelings easily, yet the little boy could say it out loud.

Rather than feeling jealous, he actually envied the little boy.

However, he was sensible enough not to argue with a boy.

Vinson bent to meet the boy's gaze. "She's in the middle of something really important now. She'll be back after settling the matter. Don't worry; she's doing

well back there. I'm one of her many friends. I came here today under her request, too."

The boy beamed. "I know San won't forget about me!" He took Andrea's hand. "Mom, I'm going to see San soon, right?"

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Andrea forced a smile. It took her a while before she nodded. "Yes, she'll be back soon."

The little boy whooped excitedly.

Patting his head, Andrea added, "Prepare some coffee for San's friend, will you?"

"Sure!" the boy answered and dashed away.

Andrea gave Vinson a helpless smile. "Thank you for coming to visit us."

In response, Vinson raised the shopping bags in his hands. "Please accept a little token of appreciation from

me."

Andrea waved her hand. "No, no, no. These are too expensive. I'm thankful enough that you came to update us about her life."

The concern and sincerity in Andrea's gaze was evident.

He relaxed. Looks like the Wilhelms treated her well. Thank goodness they adore her.

"Mrs. Wilhelm, just take it. I've already bought the gifts. I can't bring them back home, now can I? Besides, Arielle has been a great help to me. I'm merely repaying her favor."

Andrea had no choice but to accept his gifts.

She invited Vinson into the living room to have a seat.

"Pat isn't here. Can you tell me the truth? How is San doing?"

Clearly, she didn't believe what Vinson told Pat earlier.

As she knew why Arielle returned to Chanaea, Vinson's words were obviously fake.

After a brief silence, Vinson chose not to be the bearer of bad news. "Mrs. Wilhelm, don't worry. Arielle's a smart girl. If she runs into trouble, she'll resolve it easily. As friends, we'll definitely help her. She's doing well now. Though her goal hasn't been achieved, I believe she'll be back soon."

Andrea heaved a sigh of relief at his assurance.

"I'm glad to hear that." She flashed a proud smile. "San's indeed smart. She is a fast learner and always outdoes her teachers. I wonder who gave birth to her. If San's mother isn't dead, I'd want to meet her in person."

Vinson nodded. "Yes, I have the same thought, too."

He wanted to meet Maureen and thanked her for giving birth to a brilliant daughter.

Alas...

They fell silent as their expressions turned grim.

Right then, Hubert Wilhelm arrived home.

Hubert might've aged, but he was still handsome and

robust. His figure was well kept, and he didn't have a beer belly.

When he found out Vinson was Arielle's friend, he immediately gave the latter a warm hug.

Vinson was rendered confused by the sudden hug. He wasn't used to intimacy, but the Wilhelms didn't repel him. In fact, they made his heart soften.

Besides Maureen, they were the only parents-in-law that he acknowledged.

After all, Henrick was a despicable being.

When they bade each other goodbye, Pat took Vinson's arm and whispered, "Can you help me?"

"Sure, no problem." Vinson shot him a nod.

Arielle's brother was also his brother, anyway.



Pat took out a wrinkled letter from his pocket and whispered, "Daddy and Mommy won't let me contact San, but I miss her a lot. Can you deliver this letter to her and promise not to peek?"

Vinson chuckled. "Of course. I shall deliver the letter to her without peeking."

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Pat nodded and said calmly, "Okay. Swear on your heart."

Vinson fell silent. Is he just a kid?

Under Pat's solemn gaze, he said, "I swear on my heart that I'll deliver the letter to San without peeking at it."

Pat nodded in satisfaction. "Thanks!"

"No problem." Vinson straightened up. What a funny and cute boy.

Of course, that was because Pat was Arielle's brother. Even if Pat was unreasonable, he'd find the little boy cute.

Right then, the Wilhelms came out of their room with a bag in each of their hands.

Hubert handed the bag to Vinson. "Mr. Nightshire, this is a gift for you."

Before Vinson could say no, he continued, "You look under the weather. I believe you've overworked yourself. If this goes on, you'll lose sleep and become easily irritated. I've prepared some medicine for you. Have one every day. You'll feel much better when you finish the medicine."

Hubert was famous for his medical skills. Thus, it was hard to get him to write a medical prescription. Even the rich and powerful had to wait in line for their turn.

Vinson couldn't reject his offer, so he nodded. "Thank you, Mr. Wilhelm."

Hubert waved his hand in reply. "It's nothing much."

Andrea then gave him another bag. "San has always been a light sleeper. It's hard for her to sleep soundly. I've prepared some medicine for her. She'll know how to use them."

"All right. I'll deliver this to her as soon as possible." Vinson took the bag from her.

He peeked inside and saw plenty of unique scented candles that were normally used by the Chanaeans.

He placed the bags into his car, and they waved goodbye to each other.

After his car drove off, he could still see the three of them at the entrance of the house through his rearview mirror.

It was the highest form of respect in Lightspring.

Clearly, the Wilhelms adored Arielle and extended the adoration to him.

When Vinson was looking at them through the rearview mirror, the Wilhelms were talking about him, too.

It was mostly Andrea doing the talking.

"What a nice young man. He's handsome and eloquent.

Judging from his actions and gifts, I guess he's from a wealthy family. San has a lot of friends, but they are mostly older than her or already married. I think he is still very young; they will make a good match, don't you think?"

Hubert shook his head and reminded her, "Don't forget the reason San went back. She didn't go back to find herself a partner for life."

Andrea's expression fell. She stopped the conversation and led Pat back into the house.

"Pat, you haven't finished your homework. Don't forget you have to write a self-recommendation letter."

Pat immediately scowled and muttered to himself as he followed her in.

Hubert remained standing at the door, though Vinson's car had already disappeared from sight.

Before Arielle recalled her past and returned to Chanaea, he had advised her many times to forget about her past grudges and move forward.

However, Arielle's reply was, "Dad, if the same thing happens to you, will you forget your past grudges and

give up on finding the truth?"

Obviously, the answer would be no.

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One would be as heartless as an animal if one couldn't be bothered about one's mother.

Thus, he allowed Arielle to return in the end.

However, he did not know if the decision was right.

Vinson's car was no longer visible, and the exhaust had already faded away. It was as though he had never come here.

Hubert let out a long sigh and turned to go back home.

In a manor in Lightspring, Gerald knocked on the door carefully. He only pushed the door open when a voice answered, "Come in."

The lights were off, and it was freezing inside.

Even so, Gerald could see the scowl on the man's face.

He plucked up his courage and said, "Duke, I've confirmed the news. The bomb wasn't dismantled. Someone cut the wire off to defuse it. It wasn't Arielle who did it, though."

When Gerald came to a stop, the man's expression relaxed.

My plan was thorough. Arielle couldn't have known about the bomb, let alone cut the correct wire to dismantle it. She's just a woman. She must be terrified upon seeing it. There's no way she'd be brave enough to cut the wire. We're not shooting a movie here.

"Who is it?" he demanded, tamping down his irritation.

Gerald took a deep breath. "It was Aaron Holt."

The man's brows furrowed upon hearing the familiar name. "Why is he in Chanaea?"

Gerald shook his head. "The exact reason is not known. Our men saw him on the cruise. He must've held a grudge after we took his gun back then and kept an eye

on us. I believe Aaron dismantled the bomb to save himself and saved Arielle in the process.”

The man’s expression relaxed slightly.

He’d rather find out it was Aaron behind it than admit that a woman had done it.

Gerald studied his expression and said, “Should we go to Aaron? He has ruined our plan more than once.”

“No,” the man uttered icily. “His family is mysterious. Before we find out more about them, we should stay low. Inform the others to stay out of their family’s affairs.”

“Got it,” Gerald answered. “What about Arielle?”

“She’s just a woman,” scoffed his superior. “Ignore her for now. She won’t do anything serious. Our targets are Vinson and the other three. Leave the others alone for

now.”

“Understood!” Gerald gave him a polite bow and turned

to leave the room that soon fell into silence.

The man’s gaze fell on a photo of a delicate woman with a baby in her arms.

The baby was him, and the woman was no longer alive.

Anguish flashed across his gaze as he suddenly lost it and swept everything to the ground. The room was a complete mess as though a tornado had just passed.

The next day, back at the Southall residence, Arielle finally finished her work.

However, her subordinate sent a text saying Teddy wasn’t done yet.

Arielle wasn’t really worried. Cindy’s matter remained unresolved, so even if Teddy was ready, she had to stall for time and wait for the perfect opportunity to arrive.

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Sometimes, one has to wait for the perfect opportunity to arrive to carry out one's plan.

She had been waiting for a long time and didn't mind waiting a little longer.

Her patience and determination would persist until the very end.

At noon, Henrick was home for lunch.

They both sat across from each other and ate silently.

Arielle heard Henrick sigh and put his utensil down as he stared at the seat Cindy used to occupy.

They had been married for ten years, so it was normal for Henrick to miss her.

Taking note of everything, Arielle waited for the right moment to ask, "Dad, are you free this afternoon? Should we go visit Aunt Cindy?"

Her words struck a chord with Henrick.

He hesitated, and Arielle promptly satisfied his vanity by adding, "Though Aunt Cindy humiliated you, she's still your wife. A married couple should communicate often. For now, the most important thing is to treat Aunt Cindy's condition. Let's pay her a visit. Perhaps she has recovered?"

Henrick nodded. "I'm free in the afternoon. Let's visit her a little later."

Arielle grinned and shot him a nod.

Cindy had most probably come back to her senses now, so she was curious about how Cindy would react upon seeing her.

I'm the last person she wants to see after she revealed that important secret to me.

She rose to her feet and went upstairs to dress up for the visit. After dressing up glamorously, she went downstairs and followed Henrick to the psychiatric hospital.

Today, Henrick drove to the psychiatric hospital himself as he didn't want anyone else to know Cindy was currently hospitalized there.

It was stressful for Arielle to be in the same vehicle as him, so she wound down the window and rested her chin on it to take a breather.

Henrick smiled and told her, "You're still the same."

As Arielle arched her brow, Henrick continued, "When you were young, you loved resting your chin on the window. Then after I told you a story about a naughty kid who stuck his head out and got hit by a car in the opposite lane, you took the hint and no longer stuck your head out."

He glanced at her regretfully. "But you don't remember your past."

Arielle mumbled in agreement and Henrick went on, "Don't you remember anything about your past?"

A look of caution flashed across Arielle's eyes.

If Henrick said it once, perhaps he felt regretful. Since he repeated the same thing twice, it meant that he was sounding me out! Looks like he's still wary of me. What a paranoid man.

Turning at her shoulder, Arielle put on a mournful and contrite look.

She shook her head and replied, "No. I want my memory back, but I can't remember anything. I don't even remember what Mom looked like. I had to find Mom's photo on the internet. Dad, do you have a photo

of her?"

Henrick's grip on the steering wheel tightened. He let out a dry cough before answering, "No. Your mom didn't like taking photos. Besides, we didn't have camera phones back then. The only photo left of her is the portrait used at her funeral."

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"Oh..." Arielle seemed disappointed by his answer.

Henrick said nothing else and focused on driving.

However, Arielle noticed he kept blinking, which was a sign that he felt guilty.

Of course, he feels guilty. After all, he killed someone. She sneered inwardly. It's disgusting to be in the same car as him. Why aren't we at the psychiatric hospital yet?

When they were about to reach their destination, Henrick's phone rang.

As his phone was mounted to the phone holder, Arielle saw the caller's ID on the screen—Matthias Ford.

Matthias Ford? He's in contact with Henrick?

It came as a surprise to Arielle, but she managed to conceal her emotions well.

Henrick connected his phone to the Bluetooth speaker in his car and answered the call.

"Hello, Matthias."

"Mr. Southall." Matthias' voice rang out. "Mrs. Southall's overseas company has a new project that needs her signature, but she's not answering her phone. I wonder if you can contact her on my behalf."

Those words took Arielle by surprise.

Oh? So Henrick knows about Cindy's overseas company?

Seemingly embarrassed, Henrick asked hesitantly, "Do you need her to sign the document personally? You're her right-hand man. Can't you sign it on her behalf?"

Matthias replied, "This project is beyond my authority; it involves millions. I need Mrs. Southall to sign it in person and record the whole process."

"Millions?" Henrick's eyes lit up. "I thought her company has always been in the red. When did you suddenly receive a huge order?" Surprise and confusion laced his voice.

The words registered differently to Arielle.

Her investigation results reported that all of Cindy's overseas investments were extremely profitable. None of them were losing money.

Thus, she concluded that the company Henrick knew was different from the ones she knew.

Looks like Cindy and Matthias have been fooling Henrick all the while. If Henrick finds out Matthias is Cindy's lover instead of her employee, how will he react? I believe he'll want to kill them in a fit of rage.

As Arielle's lips curved into a grin, Matthias continued, "Yes, you're right. I spent over six months striking the deal. Mrs. Southall and I are waiting to close the deal to turn the company into a profitable one. What happened

to Mrs. Southall? Why can't she sign the contract in person?"

Henrick was in a dilemma.

He was caught between money and reputation, which he both valued importantly.

Matthias urged, "Mr. Southall, if we close the deal, our company will receive similar orders every quarter. We can't miss this opportunity!"

Henrick promptly made up his mind after Matthias said that.

Exhaling sharply, he declared, "Got it. I'm going to her now, so you can join me."

"What's the address?" asked Matthias.

"Morgan Psychiatric Hospital," came Henrick's reply.

"What?" Matthias exclaimed in surprise.

Nevertheless, it was obvious to Arielle that he had orchestrated the situation.

Matthias is smart. He knows it's more convenient and safer to visit Cindy with Henrick. She arched a brow at the thought.

"I'm nearby. I'll be there in ten minutes!" Matthias replied.

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"All right," Henrick said. "I'll meet you at the hospital entrance."

After the call ended, Arielle noticed the embarrassment on Henrick's face.

To him, it was embarrassing for his wife to suffer from mental illness.

She looked out the window as though the previous phone conversation had escaped her ears.

Soon, they arrived at Morgan Psychiatric Hospital.

Arielle got down from the car and saw Matthias waiting at the entrance.



When their gazes met, she spotted a flash of hatred in his eyes which disappeared in an instant. He promptly put on a smile.

"This must be Ms. Moore." Matthias stepped forward to

greet them. "Mrs. Southall told me that you have a gorgeous daughter, Mr. Southall. Looks like she's right! You're one lucky man!"

Henrick loved it when people heaped praises on him. A pleased expression flitted across his face.

Matthias then asked, "What happened to Mrs. Southall? Is she... Is she ill?"

Henrick's face clouded over at once.

"You'll know when we meet her," he said, finding it hard to reveal the truth.

Matthias nodded. He walked beside Arielle as they made their way into the hospital.

After they filled in the visitation form, the medical staff led them to Cindy's ward.

The psychiatric hospital resembled any normal hospital with the exception of a grill in front of every ward as though animals were locked inside.

When the door to Cindy's ward was pushed open, Arielle saw that Cindy was tied to the bed.

She was clad in a hospital gown, and her hair was messy. Pale as a sheet, she seemed really lethargic.

Arielle glanced at Matthias, who had widened his eyes in devastation.

Oh, Matthias really loves Cindy.

Both Henrick and Matthias said nothing. The former found the situation humiliating, and the latter was afraid he'd expose his identity the minute he spoke.

Arielle broke the silence. She greeted Cindy, who was staring at the ceiling blankly, "Aunt Cindy, we're here to visit you."

Cindy swiveled to look at them upon hearing her voice.

She seemed startled to see Matthias with them.

Henrick went up to her. "Are you recovering well?"

Cindy wasn't even looking at him. She glared at Arielle and yelled, "It was all your fault, you b\*tch! You must've done something to me!"

She's the reason I started hallucinating. Henrick thought I have gone mad and sent me to this place. Even normal people would go crazy here! I'm seriously going nuts having to hear the patients' wails every day!

Arielle turned to shoot Henrick an innocent look. "Dad, looks like Aunt Cindy is still ill."

Stunned, Cindy howled, "You b\*tch! You shall die a horrible death!"

She struggled to break free, and the chains tying her to the bed clanged noisily. It felt like she was about to take Arielle's life herself right then and there.

Alas, her efforts were in vain. The chains were specially made to lock up patients with manic episodes. A strong man couldn't break free from the chains, let alone

Cindy, a woman who had never lifted a finger in her life.

Henrick shook his head in disappointment. "She's still the same. Matthias, I'm afraid you'll have to come later. There's no way she's going to look normal in the video."

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Something flashed across Matthias' gaze and swiftly disappeared. He answered, "I'll stall for some time and come visit her daily. Mrs. Southall can sign the contract when she recovers."

Henrick nodded. "That's the only way. Thanks, Matthias. I'll give you a bonus at the end of the year. Please take care of her business. Let me know when she gets better. I don't have time to visit her every day."

"Thank you, Mr. Southall. I'm just doing my job. Let me talk to Mrs. Southall and see if she can calm down," Matthias offered.

Without thinking much, Henrick waved his hand. "Sure, you can stay. I need to leave now. By the way, don't reveal her condition to anyone lest it affects our company."

Matthias nodded profusely. "Got it."

Henrick then turned to leave with Arielle in tow.

Arielle took one look at Matthias before she followed Henrick out obediently.

When they both disappeared from sight, Matthias shut the door and hurried to Cindy. Taking her hand, he asked, "Cin, how are you?"

Though Cindy was brimming with hostility, she calmed down after Arielle left. Meeting Matthias' gaze, she demanded, "I'm not crazy. I didn't go mad. Arielle did this to me! Trust me!" Her eyes were bloodshot.

Matthias nodded vehemently. "Others might choose not to trust you, including Henrick himself, but I trust you. Of course I know you're not crazy."

Cindy felt her heart soften as tears rolled down her cheeks indignantly.

Matthias waited patiently until she vented all her frustrations. "What happened? I heard Shannie... Something happened to Shannie, and I never heard from you ever since. It took me some time to discover you were admitted to this hospital. I had to find an excuse to visit you with Henrick, as I was afraid it was a trap. Tell me, what happened?"

He could only figure out a solution once he found out what was going on.

Cindy bit her lip grimly. She had accepted the fact that her daughter was dead, though it tortured her every night and broke her heart.

Nothing could change the fact that Shandie was dead. She hadn't gone mad and had to accept the fact sooner or later.

She stopped biting her lip, but the bite mark remained. Grinding her teeth, she declared, "Arielle must've killed Shannie! I was too upset over her death and acted recklessly. Back in my room, I suddenly hallucinated and thought Arielle was Shannie. I even told her how I killed Maureen." She grabbed Matthias' arm in fear. "Arielle must've returned to take her revenge! She must've come to avenge her mother! Matthias, what

should I do?"

Cindy had never been this flustered.

She did not know she'd leave the monastery to get locked up in a psychiatric hospital.

Matthias caught the keywords and inquired, "You said you started hallucinating?"

Cindy nodded. "I'm not sure whether Arielle did that to me, or if I was too devastated by the news."

