

Chapter 19 – The Heart-Broken Ex-Wife: Melissa Sherman and Everett Mayfield Novel

“I... I didn’t mean that. You were being so rough and rude. It hurt me,” Arielle said.

Melissa rolled her eyes. “Miss Sherman, do you want me to remind you that you have a problem with your kidney’s metabolism, but your ribs are perfectly all right?”

Arielle’s face flushed with embarrassment. She had no choice but to let Melissa continue the examination.

“What symptoms do you have?”

Arielle didn’t have any symptoms. Although she was sick, her condition had been stable for a long time after Everett spent a lot of money on her treatment.

However, if she didn’t pretend to be sick, she wouldn’t be able to keep him by her side.

Therefore, Arielle had no choice but to lie, “I... I can’t breathe properly, and I have a stomachache and a headache...”

Melissa grew angry. She threw the medical records on the table and sneered at her.

“Miss Sherman, if something is wrong with your brain, I suggest you go to see a brain surgeon and get it treated. You’re smart enough to know the difference between the kidney, lung, and brain. If you don’t, I suggest you go back to school and study everything again. If you’re interested in pursuing a career as an actress, join a film crew. Don’t waste my time.”

She glanced at her watch and continued, “Look, I’m off duty. I don’t have the time to play such games with you.” The doctors and nurses in charge of Arielle were waiting at the door. They were so happy to hear Melly’s response.

After all, they all knew she was pretending to be sick. However, Arielle was adamant about proving to everyone that she was ill and Everett firmly believed her. There was not much the doctors could do. Only Melly had the audacity to tear Arielle's mask apart. Therefore, everyone looked at her in awe.

Arielle's lips curled up. Tears filled her eyes as she looked at Everett. "I'm really not feeling well, Everett. If Dr. Sherman doesn't want to treat me, then it's fine. But why is she claiming that I'm pretending? Why would I pretend, Everett? Do I not want to be healthy? Does she want to watch me die?"

Everett glared at Melissa. Moments later, he stood up and grabbed her wrist. "Come out with me."

He dragged Melissa out of the ward.

Arielle and the other doctors were shocked.

They couldn't figure out what was going on. Everett had left his fiancée behind and dragged another woman out.

Melissa tried wriggling out of his hold. "Let go of me!"

But Everett's grip on her wrist tightened. He dragged her to a remote corner of the hospital.

It was past working hours. Only a few people were present. Melissa's heart drummed in her chest. The place was silent except for their rhythmic pants.

"What's wrong with you?" Melissa grunted, rolling her eyes.

She tried to walk past Everett and leave, but he grasped her wrist again.

and pinned her against the wall. "Dr. Sherman, it looks like you dislike us for some reason."

Everett could sense Melissa's hostility and alienation, which seemed to confuse him about her identity. Was she really Melissa?

In the past, Melissa used to exude a faint gardenia scent. But now, even though they were just inches apart, only the scent of disinfectant seemed to fill his nostrils.

Besides, the look in Melly's eyes was different. Melissa would never shoot a disgusted look and eye him with mockery.

Melissa looked into his eyes. "Look, Mr. Mayfield, I would like to clarify one thing first. Nobody likes to be disturbed when they are off duty. Especially..."

She deliberately paused for a moment, sized him up, and continued, "I hate playing boring games with an idiot."

Everett's jaw tightened. "Don't talk about Arielle that way again," he hissed through his teeth.

Melissa sneered at him. "Mr. Mayfield, Miss Sherman is your fiancée, not mine. You can dote on and care for her as you like, but I'm not obligated to waste my time with her. Anyway, she doesn't want me to perform the surgery on her. Here's a suggestion: Why don't you find another doctor and stop disturbing me? Besides..."

She took a deep breath and said, "I also suggest you have your eyes checked so that you can see the people around you clearly."

She turned to walk past Everett. However, he dragged her again. Melissa yelped in shock as her back collided with the wall.

A frown lined her forehead. The moment she looked up, Everett leaned closer to her. "What are you afraid of?"

"What?"

Everett gulped. He trusted his intuition. "Melissa... You're Melissa, aren't you?"

Melissa's breathing faltered for a moment. She was a little flustered that her secret was exposed. However, she soon calmed down.

"I don't know what you are talking about, Mr. Mayfield. Are you not able to forget your ex-wife? Is that why you've mistaken me for her?"

"You're always taunting and mocking Arielle," Everett said in a low, magnetic voice. "Isn't it because you are mad at me? You are a doctor. I don't think you'd have ever treated a patient badly before."

"You are right." Melissa scoffed. "But..."

She looked up at him. "Mr. Mayfield, I'm a woman with a strong sense of justice. Being a married woman and a mother of two children, I absolutely despise a homewrecker. And..."

She leaned close to him and added, "I also despise a shameless man who abandoned his wife to be with his mistress."