

## Chapter 109 Secret Tag-Along

Everett angrily tossed his phone aside. He turned to look out the window, his eyes downcast.

He had been so busy with company matters, and hadn't seen Melissa or the children for over two weeks now.

His parents, on the other hand, were able to play with his kids every single day. They had even moved somewhere close to them, and never failed to call and tell him what a fantastic day they'd had with the twins. They even told him which games they played or snacks they ate. Needless to say, Everett was far from pleased.

"I'll be going out during the National Day holiday," he instructed his assistant. "Make the arrangements and assign some bodyguards to come with me."

Melissa and their children were having a few days out with his parents. It was perfectly reasonable for him to tag along and make sure they were safe, if only in secret.

Everett knew that he couldn't just show up whenever he wanted, certainly not as much as he would like. Melissa wouldn't like it, and it would only cause her to be more wary of him.

The assistant paused when he heard this, surprised that Everett was actually taking a break. The man had always spent every holiday holed up in his office.

"How is the investigation going?"

As soon as he thought of Melissa, Everett's thoughts automatically drifted off to the Sherman family. It had been too long since the incident, and the investigation was taking longer than he anticipated.

A worried frown appeared on the assistant's brow. He seemed

to be struggling as he said, "I obtained all the information about the hospital. I've made several inquiries to medical experts as well, and they all agreed that the patient was likely to become infertile after the procedure. As for the dead child's DNA, that will be very difficult to verify."

Everett's face darkened. He had never doubted Arielle back then. He had even refused to believe Melissa, his own wife.

A wave of disgust washed over him. Everett had never had sex with Arielle in the last five years, and knowing what he knew now, there was no way he would ever touch her again. But judging by Howell's nature, the old fox would never let Arielle carry just anyone's child. At the very least, he would insist on finding someone better than Everett. 1

"Mr. Mayfield?" the assistant called out, jolting Everett back to his senses.

"What, do you have so much time that you're still dawdling here?" Everett snapped.

The assistant bowed and hurried out of the room.

When he was alone again, Everett leaned back in his seat and pinched the bridge of his nose. He was painfully aware of just how distracted he had been lately, and it was all because of Melissa.

In any case, he would have better chances if he reached out to Lindsey first.

After Melissa had warned him to stay away from the children, he had made a conscious effort to curb his contact with the little girl. Even so, his daughter had never stopped sending him messages. It only made sense for him to reply now and then, right?

Everett wasted no time sending her a message. "Lindsey, dear, do you have any plans for the National Day holiday?"

He glanced at the time and held his breath as he waited for her reply.



It came shortly after. "Hello, Mr. Mayfield. Aren't you busy with work?"

His lips twitched at that, and he felt a twinge of guilt over using his lovely daughter like this.

Everett typed, "I just finished a meeting and realized that the National Day is coming up. I was wondering if your mother has already made plans. If you do go out, remember to take some photos and send them to me, okay?"

Lindsey's reply came barely two seconds later. "Aren't you coming with us, Mr. Mayfield?"

Of course, he did. Sadly, he was not welcome. If his mother hadn't told him earlier, he wouldn't even know that they had made plans.

And so, Everett answered with, "I have work during the holiday, Lindsey. Please send me pictures, so I can enjoy the holiday, too."

Lindsey sent him a cutesy emoji, indicating that she agreed to his request.

In the end, Everett was able to get the details from his daughter, including their itinerary, their chosen routes, and even their flight bookings.

Everett stared at the snaps Lindsey had sent, and recognized Melissa's familiar handwriting.

## Chapter 110 Resign

After getting accurate information from Lindsey, Everett arranged for people in advance to go to the places where Melissa would go.

The holiday arrived. Melissa and her two children stood at the door on time with three suitcases.

"Lindsey, Merrick, you look good today."

Vivienne was dressed in a simple outfit. Her face broke into a happy grin when she saw the two children wearing similar clothes.

After all, she had bought the clothes and knew the two children would look good in them.

"Next time, you can wear the clothes I bought for you. I'm sure you'll like them. They'll look good on you, too."

Johnny feared that his grandchildren would forget them so he reminded the kids that he, too, had bought clothes for them.

"Mommy has packed the clothes you've bought for us. I like the pink clothes with rabbit cartoons." Lindsey grinned.

"But I'm a boy." Merrick pouted. "I can't wear pink clothes."

The two kids held Johnny's and Vivienne's hands and were ready to start the seven-day trip.

Melissa smiled happily. Seeing that Vivienne had brought the driver and two bodyguards along, she breathed a sigh of relief.


The five people were sitting in the waiting room of the airport, talking happily and laughing.

A couple of meters away, two men sat in the lounge,



concealing their faces with newspapers.

"Boss, isn't it too obvious to sit like this and watch them?" the assistant, wearing a black hat, whispered to the person beside him.

Everett glanced at his assistant, gesturing for him to lower his voice. 

A pang of jealousy resided in his heart when he looked at the two children afar.

Lindsey was lying in Vivienne's arms, acting like a spoiled child.

He knew his parents couldn't leave these two children. They never liked going on holidays, but now, they were willing to travel and do anything for their grandchildren.

"How about the people you sent?"

He had arranged people everywhere Melissa had planned to stay. In addition to ensuring their safety, he had to find a place to hide.

The assistant was helpless; he felt like a stalker.

"Don't worry, sir. Everything is ready."

Hearing the boarding announcement, the people in the waiting room finally moved.

Melissa took Johnny and Vivienne with her this time. Fearing they might not like economy class, she bought first-class tickets for all of them.

Left with no choice, Everett took his assistant to the economy class with a gloomy face.

A woman was sitting beside him. The strong scent of perfume and the proximity upset him.


The assistant tried hard to hold back his laughter.

Finally, the plane landed. Melissa took a taxi to the hotel with the others.

But the woman kept bothering Everett, asking for his phone number. She didn't leave Everett until he finally gave his number to her.

"Mr. Mayfield, you are so popular."

The assistant pursed his lips, not knowing what else to say to ease the atmosphere.

"You are so popular, too." 

Wearing his sunglasses, Everett got into the car, which had been waiting for a long time, and immediately shut the door.

In the hotel, Melissa planned the route and decided to drive to the mountain in the afternoon. They would stay there for one night and watch the sunrise the next morning.

They all set out after the discussion. Melissa went in a car with her two children. Johnny and Vivienne took another car and followed them.

However, when the two cars left, another car discreetly followed them from afar.

Meanwhile, Everett and his assistant were blocked in the hotel room.

Everett lost his patience.

"You go and deal with it."

He couldn't understand why the woman he met on the plane stayed in the same hotel as him, making a fuss.

"Mr. Mayfield, you gave her your phone number. I have no idea how to deal with it."