

## Chapter 120 Psychological Repercussions

Melissa had already expected this answer, and was fairly certain that Merrick had a good reason for his actions.

"Why did you hit him?"

She completely ignored the other woman on the sofa and focused on her own son.

"He took away my sister's toy and said bad words to her."

A pregnant silence filled the room as all eyes turned to the party on the sofa.

A twinge of guilt pricked at the woman, but she was convinced that she and her son were in the right. "My son didn't say anything wrong!" she declared in a loud, screeching voice. "Everybody has heard the news about you seducing Miss Sherman's fiancee."

Melissa shot a cold glare at the woman.

She narrowed her eyes and stared the woman down until the latter lowered her head. The woman pursed her lips and pretended to inspect her son's injuries.

"I intend to clarify the rumors, of course, but I never thought that this matter would get so out of hand that even the children were affected. Now, you tell me, is this how you parent your child? You insisted on seeing me, right? Well, here I am. My son is at fault for hurting your son. I acknowledge that. However, your son must apologize to my daughter."

Melissa looked so formidable that the woman was at a loss for words.

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She had no evidence to prove the rumors, after all, and Melissa was right—the issue shouldn't have affected the children.

But then again, she refused to admit her fault and lose face.

"Who saw my son take your daughter's toy, huh?" the woman demanded indignantly. "It's just a quarrel between children, but why should your son hurt mine? You should count yourself lucky that I'm not suing you."

Melissa looked at the child in question and smiled. "Since your son is injured, please take him to the hospital. I will pay for the expenses."

The woman's eyes widened. What just happened? Why did Melissa's attitude change all of a sudden?

"But of course, before that, I want to see the surveillance footage in the activity area first. Since you yourself admitted that there was a quarrel between children, and since your son came out injured, I'm afraid I am compelled to take my daughter to a psychiatrist for an examination. Girls are fragile creatures, as I'm sure you know. As her mother, I am really worried about the repercussions of this incident on her psyche."

Melissa's expression was calm, and there was a faint smile on her lips.

Since this woman refused to resolve the matter through proper channels, then she wouldn't let her go easily, either.

As expected, the woman was shocked by Melissa's insinuation. Her son only had minor bruises, and it wouldn't cost much even if they had him treated at the hospital. But if Melissa's daughter was taken to a psychiatrist...

"Come on, let's go get your sister and drive to the hospital. My car is right outside." Melissa turned toward the door and gestured at her son to follow her.

The woman grew frantic.

She hurriedly apologized, and even held up her son's hands and

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said that they were merely scraped. She said that there was no need to go to the hospital, and that she would make sure that her son apologized to Lindsey.

Melissa smirked in satisfaction. She wasn't afraid to make a scene if necessary, and she certainly didn't lack money.

"Merrick, go and find your sister," she instructed her son before turning back to the people in the office with an emphatic smile.

No one was allowed to hurt her children.

As for Arielle, however, Melissa needed to speed things up. Melissa had foolishly thought that all would be fine as long as she stayed in the hospital. She had failed to consider the severe consequences of the rumors. Now, her children were treated like outcasts in their own school.

It was clear to her that the Sherman family wanted to hurt her in any way possible. In that case, it was time for her to reveal some of her cards and release the evidence she had previously obtained to the public.

Melissa wondered what else Arielle could do when the truth came out.

## Chapter 121 Arielle's Photos On Facebook

After dealing with the issues in the kindergarten, Melissa came outside and met Johnny and Vivienne, who had come to pick up her children.

The two were surprised to see Melissa. Melissa, however, was grateful to the two for coming to pick up her children every day.

Lindsey told about what had happened today in the car, which made Everett's parents feel sorry for her. If Melissa hadn't stopped her, Vivienne would have called someone to teach the boy's mother a lesson.

"It's my fault. I wasn't thinking."

Melissa lowered her head and dotingly touched her daughter's head.

She thought the children were safe in the kindergarten, and the rumors in the hospital meant nothing. But she didn't expect it to be so serious.

Vivienne gritted her teeth when she heard that. Anger blazed in her eyes.

"I know what Arielle and her mother are thinking. Arielle's parents have been planning to get their daughter married into the Mayfield family. Now, they have come to make trouble for you. I'm going to meet them tomorrow. I'd like to see what else they can do."

Vivienne had always been short-tempered. She became irritable again.

Lindsey giggled. For the first time, she felt Vivienne was cute when she got angry.

Melissa hurriedly said she would deal with it herself. Vivienne only helped her take care of her children.

"Melissa, you can deal with it yourself if you want. But if you have any problem, please tell me."

Melissa smiled and took Vivienne's hand to express her gratitude.

\*

Arielle was in a good mood lately because Melissa was unhappy.

Just then, her phone rang. Her eyes darkened when she looked at the caller ID.

"What? Didn't I satisfy you last time?"

She smiled and sent a voice message to the man she had met in the bar before. Then, she looked at the wardrobe. She had bought several clothes to seduce Everett but never got the chance to use them. Now, she could wear them to see that man and have fun with him.

Arielle made an appointment to meet the man in a hotel and ran out without informing Emily.

Melissa's face broke into a smile when she received a phone call from her informant. As expected, Arielle hadn't changed one bit. She had been a promiscuous woman in the past who had slept with several men. She had thought Arielle had changed after returning to the country and meeting Everett. But nothing had changed. Arielle had merely restrained herself for Everett's sake.

"Keep following her."

She hung up the phone and stopped posting the documents she had planned to send.

She had planned to spread the voice recording about how Arielle and her mother had plotted to frame her in the hospital.

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That way, she could explain the reason why Arielle had created a scene in the hospital last time.

But now Arielle fell into her trap on her own. She would have to face the consequences.

Soon, Melissa got the photos where Arielle and the man entering the hotel arm-in-arm, touching each other in the elevator. She wasn't interested to know what they were doing in the room. But the photos were enough for others to imagine what might have happened.

Just then, something occurred to Melissa. If this issue was made public, Everett would lose face.

But it was none of her business. She didn't care about him.

"Find a tabloid to publish it. Many people enjoy local gossip."

Melissa arched her brows as a knowing smile emerged on her face. She couldn't wait to see the people of the Sherman family becoming a laughingstock.

As expected, Arielle's photos spread on Facebook overnight. Since it was about Everett's fiancée, the news spread quickly.

"Everett! Look at the message I sent you."

Franco called Everett in the middle of the night. He couldn't wait to share the message.

## Chapter 122 Exposed

Everett looked unhappy. This was the first time someone had woken him up in the middle of the night.

"Did something serious happen? If not, I will make sure you suffer for disturbing my sleep."

There was an unmistakable hint of anger in his voice, coupled with the hoarse grating of sleep. But Franco's words instantly woke him up.

"All right, I got it."

Everett quickly hung up and opened his Facebook Messenger up. He stared at the photos Franco had sent him, his lips pressed into a thin line.

The room was completely dark except for the glow of the screen, which cast him in a rather creepy light.

Franco might have toed the line with Everett from time to time, but he still sent over the video he had obtained from the bar.

Everett narrowed his eyes as the lewd moaning from the video grew louder and louder.

Although he had already broken off his engagement with Arielle, everyone in Andeport knew that they had been together in the last five years. This scandal of hers was bound to make him lose face.

He didn't care about Arielle's affairs, of course, but when he saw the words "Everett Mayfield's Fiancee" on the headlines, he couldn't help but smash his phone on the floor.

"Butler!"

He had never called for a servant at this hour before. It was a

testament to the gravity of the situation. ⓘ

Everett was livid. By the next day, news of Arielle's entanglement with other men had already spread all over the city.

It wasn't just the photos, even the video was released to the press.

By all appearances, someone must have orchestrated the leak. Even the news anchors implied as much.

"Aren't you ruthless? You even released the video." Franco smiled as he sat in the living room of the Mayfield family's residence. Across from him, the other man was calmly sipping his tea.

"There would be nothing to release if Arielle did none of those things in the first place."

Everett's tone was icy, his lips curling into a sinister smile.

Franco waved his hand and smiled meaningfully before plucking his teacup from the table.

"As far as I know, Melissa was the one who posted those photos."

This immediately earned him a warning glare.

"Ah, I just remembered I have something urgent to deal with at home. I'll take my leave now."

Franco practically scampered to the door. In his hurry, he had totally forgotten the original purpose of his visit.

Everett leaned back against the sofa and sighed as he watched Franco disappear through the door.

He had already discovered last night that Melissa was the one behind the leak. He had been delighted at first, thinking that she had done it to urge him to cut Arielle out of his life once and for all. It wasn't until he learned of the incident at the



kindergarten and the hospital that he realized he had gotten ahead of himself yet again. 1

But since Melissa had dared to pull this stunt, he now knew that she wasn't afraid of anything. No one was more important to her than her children.

The problem was that Melissa told him nothing at all. She just bore all the burden by herself.

Thinking of her obstinacy, Everett felt irritated all over again.

Melissa had clearly sent someone to keep an eye on Arielle. If anyone decided to look into it, they would easily trace it back to her, just as Everett had, as well as Franco. And if they could do it, then so could the Sherman family.

He worried that Howell might do something to Melissa in retaliation. After all, it was him who had sent Melissa to the Mayfield family at that time.

"Have someone follow Melissa. I don't want to hear about anything bad happening to her." 1

"Yes, sir," the butler offered a slight bow and left to do as he was instructed.

Everett took out his phone and kept track of the developing story. He was waiting for the Sherman family to make their move. Knowing those people, they would surely make trouble for him any time now.


Sure enough, the Sherman family was in an uproar. Howell was livid.

He was so incensed that he had taken out the whip, intending to flog Arielle. If it hadn't been for Emily, Arielle would already be torn and bloody.

"You mindless cunt, look what you have done!" Howell roared at his daughter. 1

"Now, all of your dirty linens have been exposed!" Arielle was on

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her knees in front of him, sobbing in utter misery.

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