

Chapter 127 Save Herself

Finally, Everett knew where Melissa was. He knew that Arielle's parents wouldn't leave her alone.

"Let's go."

He quickly took his men to the factory in the suburb.

While Everett looked for her, Melissa had successfully changed the kidnapers' minds, exploiting her eloquence and the tempting offer.

"I didn't expect you to be very rich."

When the leader of the kidnapers saw how much money was in his bank card now, his tone softened considerably. He was happy.

Unfortunately, his happiness didn't rouse him to take off the blindfold around Melissa's eyes. The situation was particular. While she was a hostage at first, she now became their new boss.

"What do you want, boss? Since we have your money, we have to work for you," the leader said with a smile. He wondered if they could get more money.

Melissa sighed. These people were really greedy. "I want information about the people who asked you to kidnap me."

Hearing this, the leader laughed.

He was about to speak when Melissa quickly added to her demand, "Don't tell me what you can and can't do. I'm sure your mind can be changed with money."

The driver, who was also kidnapped, was shocked. Was Melissa that rich?

The leader smiled. Even though Melissa was blindfolded and tied up, she still had the guts to demand things from them. There was no hiding the rare trace of appreciation and admiration in his eyes as he looked at her.

"Of course. I have no problem telling you what you want as long as you raise the price."

The man shook his mobile phone, waiting for Melissa to pay. Everyone was willing to do good business.

Melissa rattled off another bank account number and password. Within seconds, the room was filled with the obvious chime of the prompt tone singling that the money had been transferred.

"You are so generous. The document with the information you want is on the table. We'll untie the ropes for you two later. Your car is parked on the roadside a kilometer away. Good luck."

With that, the leader signaled to his men to leave. They had gotten the money and also told Melissa what she wanted to know.

Melissa heard the door open, close, then the lock sliding into place. She waited for a few seconds to make sure they were alone before trying to shake off the rope.

Beside her, the driver said, "Dr. Sherman, wait for me."

His instruction was followed by a crack as the driver broke free from his bindings.

Rushing over, he quickly untied the rope around her. The two looked around cautiously.

"Let's find a place to hide first. If our people come, they may run into those kidnappers. I'm afraid the kidnappers would come back and use us as hostages again."

Melissa quickly searched around for places where they could hide.

Obviously, they couldn't stay in the factory anymore. Looking at

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each other, they silently nodded in agreement and ran outside.

"Dr. Sherman, let's go there."

The driver found a place and helped Melissa to go there.

He had found a hole for them to hide in. Off to the side, the hole was hidden by brush and hard to see. They wouldn't be found here.

"Please get in."

She gritted her teeth and stepped into the hole. It wasn't very deep, so the pair had to squat down to be covered by mud and grass. 1

After a few moments, as they expected, there was a harsh sound of brakes outside.

Then they heard the sound of sticks and a cold roar.

Melissa shivered where she squatted. She was nervous. It was easy to guess what had happened in the factory, but she was curious about who sent these people. Was it Vivienne or Everett?

After a while, their surroundings quieted down.

She held her breath. Just as she began to relax, she heard the sounds of footsteps approaching her.

Chapter 128 His Bedroom

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The sound of leather shoes rushing across the flagstones rang out, making Melissa quiver in apprehension. 1

"Melissa?"

The man's voice was laced with fear and doubt.

Fortunately, Melissa was unharmed.

She raised her head and found Everett staring down at her.

His brows were furrowed, and his eyes were clouded. Was he worried about her?

No, that couldn't be right. There was no way he would care about someone like her. Melissa surmised that Vivienne had probably put him up to her rescue mission.

It was clear to her that Everett wanted to take the children into his custody. She wouldn't be surprised if he just left her to die.

Melissa curled her lips into a sneer.

Even if Everett hadn't come, she would have been able to get herself out of this place, anyway.

"Here, take my hand," Everett said in a strange tone. He reached for her, his eyes roaming her face, but he almost immediately recoiled and withdrew his arm.

The disgust in Melissa's eyes was all too obvious, and it made him question himself for a moment.

His mere touch disgusted her, didn't it?

As for Melissa, her first thought when Everett held himself back was that she was covered in dirt and mud.

She was an idiot to have forgotten that the man was a compulsive clean freak. He was probably grossed out at the thought of touching her.

Huffing in indignation, Melissa pulled herself up and proceeded to climb out of the hole all by herself.

Everett could only rub his nose and step aside as she emerged back into the world.

"My mother sent me to save you. Let's drop by my house first so that you can take a shower and change. You'll scare the children if you show up like that."

He would have wanted to fuss over her and make sure that she was unscathed, but their strange dynamic prompted him to change his approach at the last minute.

Melissa swiped at the mud on her face and rolled her eyes.

She trudged over to a nearby faucet and washed off the mud from her body as best as she could. Then she turned and let herself into Everett's car.

Following behind her, Everett glanced at what was once a snow-white carpet on the floor of his back seat and had to pause. It was all wet and gray now.

"You can take the other car back," Melissa said crossly.

Her irritation was getting the better of her, and she wanted to annoy him just as much. She wanted to see what the pompous germophobe would do.

"It's no big deal."

To her surprise, Everett got into the car and sat beside her.

An hour later, they were cruising into the driveway of the Mayfield family residence.

"Come to my room," Everett said to Melissa as soon as they crossed into the foyer.

She remained where she stood and shot him a confused look. There were dozens of guest rooms in this villa. Why did she have to go to his room?

As if reading her thoughts, Everett explained, "It would be a hassle to prepare another room."

Melissa snorted derisively. Fine, then. Since he didn't seem to mind it himself, why should she be embarrassed about using his room? Besides, she didn't want to appear as though she was affected by this whole situation.

She hadn't stepped into this room in five years. She looked around and took in the familiar decor and furniture inside, a myriad of emotions flashing on her face. Nothing had changed.

Everett strode to the wardrobe and flung the doors open. As much as she hated it, Melissa found herself peeping to see if there were any women's clothes inside. There was none.

Wasn't Arielle supposed to have lived here in the last five years?

Or maybe he had already packed up and disposed of her clothes.

"I don't have any women's clothes in the house. My mother took all her stuff with her on the move, and I'm certainly not letting you wear a servant's uniform."


Everett handed her one of his white shirts.

"But I've already sent someone to buy some suitable clothes for you. They'll be here soon. Go and wash up first."

Then he walked out of the room before Melissa could even say anything.


She looked at the shirt in her arms and couldn't help but run a hand across the fabric.

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"Has he been doing okay these past five years?" she mused out loud, frowning in the direction he had left.

How could he have resisted Arielle when she was so hell-bent on seducing him every single day?

A few minutes later, Melissa exited the bathroom wearing nothing but the white shirt. 

"Ah!" she screamed. "Why didn't you even knock when you came into the room?"

Chapter 129 The Whole Family Is Here

"I'm here to give you your clothes."

Everett placed the black garment bag on the bed and walked back out of the room, his movements stiff and awkward.

The door slammed shut behind him. He took a deep breath and cleared his throat before heading to his study.

Back inside the room, Melissa was still staring at the door, her hands clutching the tails of the shirt she was wearing. Her cheeks were tinged with an adorable shade of pink.

She stomped over to the bed and picked up the garment bag with a huff.

Surely, Everett hadn't done that on purpose... Right? She would make him pay for it otherwise!

He had gotten her a lilac dress, her favorite color.

Melissa slipped it on and was surprised to find that it fit her perfectly.

A thought began forming in her mind, but she was quick to squash it into oblivion.

This must be part of Everett's plan. He was trying to coddle her and earn her good graces so that he could snatch the children away when she wasn't on guard.

Melissa made for the door, unwilling to stay in his room for any longer than was necessary. She hesitated for a moment, glanced at the shirt she had discarded on the bed, and then eventually tossed it into the garment bag and took it with her out of the room.

"Let me drive you home."

Everett was waiting for her at the bottom of the stairs. He couldn't help sweeping his eyes over her. He had made the right choice with the dress. It went well with her pearly complexion.

"Thank you," Melissa said with a brisk nod.

They got into Everett's car and made their way to Melissa's house.

Everett's parents, the kids, and the nanny had been looking forward to their return. They had sprung into action after receiving Everett's call, tidying around the house and preparing a hearty meal. They had even called the private doctor, just in case.

A figure dashed out of the house as soon as the car screeched to a halt.

"Be careful, Lindsey. Don't trip."

Vivienne had already known that Melissa was fine, of course, but she was still a little worried.

Everett got out and went around to the passenger side, picking Melissa in his arms before she could protest. He set her down with the utmost care.

"Mommy! You're finally back!" Lindsey cried out as she came bounding toward them.

Merrick stood back, but his eyes were rimmed red. He had obviously been crying, but he was all calm and composed now.

Melissa picked her daughter up and settled back in the passenger seat. She cradled Lindsey on her lap and tried to comfort her.

In the end, Everett had to take Lindsey away while Vivienne assisted Melissa out of the car.

Chapter 129 The Whole Family Is He 🎁 +120 Points at most

"Mr. Mayfield, I knew you would save my mommy! You're a hero! You're like Superman!"

Lindsey's usual cheery mood came back in no time. Not only did Melissa come home unharmed, but she was even wearing a pretty dress. The little girl was completely relieved.

She kept pestering Everett, fawning over him as they sat in the living room and refusing to let him leave.

Melissa wasn't so callous that she would drive him away in front of everyone, especially after all that he had done for her. And so, she asked the nanny to add another place at the table for him.

She told herself that this was only to express her gratitude for rescuing her.

Johnny, Vivienne, Everett, and Lindsey were in high spirits throughout dinner.

In contrast, Melissa and Merrick were rather glum, and they would shoot unhappy glances at Everett now and then.

Why was the damn man still holding Lindsey while they ate?

"Why is my traitorous sister enjoying this?" Merrick huffed to himself.

Vivienne observed them from the sidelines, her mind already swirling with possibilities. If Melissa could somehow find it in her heart to forgive Everett, then that would be the best for everyone. That way, she could spend time with her grandchildren without feeling guilty or tiptoeing between Melissa and Everett.

Vivienne sent a silent prayer for her son, cheering him on in her heart. On the surface, however, she chatted with Melissa as though she was firmly on the younger woman's side.

As for Everett, he ignored the occasional glances thrown at him and focused on feeding his daughter.

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He had to admit that he wasn't keen on the way her daughter addressed him.

He wanted her to call him Daddy!

Would the children ever forgive him if they learned of the truth?

"Everett," Vivienne called out to him.

"Hmm?"

He raised his head and looked around the table as if he had just woken up.

"Lindsey was asking you to spend the night here," Vivienne said, her eyes flashing with meaning.

How could her son be absent-minded right when it mattered the most?