

## Chapter 130 The Sherman Family Takes Action

Everett paused in the act of picking up food from his plate and stared at the other people at the table.

"I'm afraid I have work to take care of."

Even Melissa perked up and turned to stare at him.

Good. At least he was self-aware.

She had been caught off-guard by Lindsey's words just now, and had been racking her brains for a reason to send Everett away. Thankfully, the man refused the invitation himself.

Vivienne narrowed her eyes in frustration. It was all she could do not to lean across the table and slap some sense into Everett.

Her granddaughter had found the perfect excuse and gave him an opening to stay the night, but the idiot just wasted it!

As if knowing what was on his mother's mind, Everett quickly left as soon as they finished dinner.

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At that same moment, over at the Sherman family's residence, Arielle was sitting on her bed with a lifeless expression. She had been that way for over an hour now, but she couldn't seem to snap out of her gaze.

If Everett failed to find Melissa, would she really fall into the hands of those men?

In the study, Emily wailed at Howell, saying that she had only done those things because she felt cornered and desperate.

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"I can't watch my daughter languish in sorrow day by day. I am her mother!"

She was crouched on her knees, nowhere near the noble and dignified woman she had always projected herself to be.

Howell could only look at her with his lips turned down in disdain.

He didn't like Melissa, either, but he had never expected his own wife to do something so heinous behind his back.

"Didn't I tell you that I will take care of the matter of Arielle's engagement? I told you to stay put and mind your own business!"

His voice was loud and fierce, though he remained seated behind his desk.

In Howell's eyes, he was the patriarch of the Sherman household, and was therefore the only one in charge of all affairs relating to the family. That included his daughter's marriage and prospective partner.

"If Arielle doesn't survive this tragedy, then I don't want to live, either! Who else do you think is capable of leaking out that scandal, if not the Mayfield family?"

At the thought of those lewd photos and video, Emily flew into a rage again.

Howell closed his eyes and heaved a deep, weary sigh. Of course, he knew that. But what could he possibly do? Everett no longer wanted to marry Arielle.

Moreover, Melissa was back. How could they expect Everett to give up on the mother of his children and choose a woman of ill repute instead?

"It's not over yet," Howell muttered. "Since Melissa refuses to acknowledge us, we have no reason to show her any mercy."

He lit a cigarette and took a long drag. The pungent smell of smoke was comforting to him.



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He leaned over his desk and raised his eyebrows at the weeping woman on the floor.

"Get Arielle and bring her here."

Emily instantly jerked her head up. She wanted to ask her husband what he was planning to do, but chose to keep her mouth shut in the end.

Moments later, she was dragging Arielle into the study and depositing her on a chair.

"Arielle, do you still want to marry Everett?" Howell asked point blank.

Arielle tilted her head and scoffed. She looked like she had just heard a joke.

"Are you serious, Dad? I can't even step foot in the Mayfield family's residence anymore."

Her lips curled into a sneer, as if mocking herself for her own fall from grace.

Howell sighed again. He didn't think that his daughter, whom he had raised carefully and took great pride in, would back down so easily.

And to think that it was all because of a man!

"Everett didn't even like Melissa in the beginning, but now he keeps hanging around her like a lovesick fool. Don't you think you need to take notes and reflect on yourself?"

Emily bristled in her seat. She knew more than anyone just how exceptional her daughter was! In contrast, Melissa was just some doctor. How on earth could she compare to Arielle?

"Dad!" Arielle burst out.

She couldn't believe what her father had just said. Did he honestly think that Melissa was better than her?

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"Start your reflection tomorrow, and do everything I say. You won five years ago. You can definitely defeat her again."

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## Chapter 131 Make Him Feel Sorry For You

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The Sherman family spent the whole night laying out their plans, while Everett was unable to get a wink of sleep.

When he got up the next day, there were dark circles under his eyes. His assistant flitted around him listlessly.

"Good morning, Mr. Mayfield."

"Hmm."

Everett was in a foul mood. It wasn't just because of the lack of sleep. An unresolved matter was nagging at him, and he had yet to decide on how to deal with it.

"How is everything going with Melissa?"

He knew that his assistant had stayed over at his parents' house the previous night, so the man must be aware of Melissa's affairs.

"Dr. Sherman applied for a leave of absence, saying that she would take the day to rest at home. Your mother took the children to kindergarten earlier."

Everett nodded. Since Melissa was willing to stay home, he surmised that yesterday's incident hadn't scarred her. Now, as for the money...

"Also, Dr. Sherman asked me to convey her thanks to you for retrieving the money for her."

Everett's brows furrowed as he pondered the details of the abduction. Just how much money had Melissa amassed in the years that she was gone? Tens of millions of dollars was nothing to him, but the same could not be said for Melissa.

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More importantly, she had raised two children all by herself overseas. She must have spent a lot during that time. Unless...

Did that man come to her rescue again?

"Check her financial details in the past five years, as well as her current bank activities."

Everett didn't want to admit it, but he was jealous. If that man had really taken care of Melissa all this time, then it would certainly be more difficult for Everett to win her over.

His face was sullen as he got into his car.

They drove out of the villa gates, but before they could turn a corner and get on the road, another car sped over from the opposite direction.

Everett's chauffeur honked several times, but the other driver made no move to reverse their car. Annoyed, Everett's chauffeur lowered his window and opened his mouth to confront the other party.

But then the door of the other car suddenly opened, and a person alighted.

"Mr. Mayfield, it's Miss Sherman."

The assistant had already thought that the other car was familiar, and he was able to recognize Arielle as soon as she appeared in view.

Everett sighed and looked straight ahead.

Arielle was wearing a plain white dress, and her face was bare of any make-up. For some unknown reason, she had also dyed and straightened her hair.

She stopped in front of Everett's car and refused to move.

"Get her out of the way," Everett said in a level tone.

He had already guessed why she was here, and he definitely



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had no time to waste on her.

Knowing Arielle, she only wanted to make a scene and pin the blame on someone else.

He didn't want to listen to whatever she had to say. Frankly, he didn't even want to see her or her parents.

"I know that you don't want to see me right now, Everett. I know my mother did something terrible. But... I don't have the heart to send her to the police. That's why I came here. I would like to apologize on her behalf."

She stared through the tinted windows, trying to make out Everett's face. She knew he was in the back seat.

Her father's words kept echoing inside her head. "By any means necessary, you must make Everett feel sorry for you."

Arielle had thought long and hard about this. Taking a deep breath, she got on her knees and kneeled in front of Everett's car.

The assistant who had already gotten out of the car gaped at her.

Were his eyes deceiving him? Arielle was actually kneeling? Or was he just dreaming?

Everett narrowed his eyes.

A gust of wind blew past, sending Arielle's thin dress billowing around her. He, too, was surprised by her actions. She had always been an arrogant girl.

What was she planning to do now?

Seeing that both his chauffeur and assistant were at a loss with what to do, Everett sighed and got out of the car.