

Chapter 132 Commit Suicide

Arielle stared up at Everett, her eyes filled with tears.

She was struggling to look aggrieved and pitiful, so she quickly lowered her head.

"Get up."

Everett's tone was cold and harsh as he shot Arielle a look of impatience.

"I'm sorry. Please let me speak to my sister and clear things up. I truly was unaware of my mother's actions. I was jealous of Melissa, yes, but I never thought about killing her."

Arielle crouched lower and proceeded to sob loudly.

Everett didn't move, though his lips curled into a sneer. He thought back on how Arielle had hired someone to drug Melissa in the past, and couldn't help the wave of fury that swelled in his heart.

"Consider yourself lucky that I haven't done anything to you. This is the greatest kindness I can offer you after all that you have done. You should know better than to challenge my limits."

Truth be told, he used to feel sorry for Arielle, which was why he had tolerated her behavior again and again. ①

But after learning that she had tried to murder Melissa, Everett finally understood that Arielle was not the person she made herself out to be.

"You don't believe me, do you? I know I have my fair share of mistakes, but I've already paid for my past sins. All I want now is to make amends on my mother's behalf. If I die, will you finally forgive me?"

Arielle's voice was growing louder by the seconds, followed by another bout of sobs that visibly shook her shoulders.

Everett's patience was running out at this point. He gestured at his assistant, silently telling him to pull her out of the way.

He still had a lot to do, and he didn't want to be held up by such a ridiculous display.

The assistant reached for Arielle's arm, only for her to violently shake him off.

"Don't touch me! Come any closer, and you will have a dead body in your hands!"

With that, Arielle produced a knife from her dress pocket and pressed it against her neck.

The assistant gasped and turned to Everett in alarm.

Everett was about to get back in the car, but he paused with his hand on the door.

"That's enough, Arielle!" he snapped, fixing her with a menacing glare.

Arielle shivered with fear at the threat in his voice, but she persevered. She repeated Howell's words to herself and proceeded to cut her own neck.


Blood instantly bloomed on her skin, and she could feel a stinging pain from the wound. Horrified with what she had done, Arielle fell back on the asphalt.

"Boss!" the assistant cried out desperately.

The scene seemed to have jolted Everett out of his previous stupor.


"Pick her up and take her to the hospital."

The corners of his mouth were turned down as he eyed the bloody woman with disgust. No matter how much he hated her,

he couldn't let her die on his watch. 

Moments later, the doctor was in the middle of checking Arielle's chart when her parents burst into the hall. Everett was quite taken aback by the sight before him.

Emily no longer had the chic bearing of a socialite. Instead, her hair was loosely tied at her nape, and she was wearing casual, indoor clothes. She was already crying when they arrived, and she continued to weep, even as she paced back and forth in front of the operating room.

Everett braced himself, expecting the couple to pounce on him and stir up more trouble. To his surprise, Howell simply thanked him. 

"Thank you for bringing her here, Mr. Mayfield. This is all our fault. We should have stopped her when she said that she wanted to go out."

Howell sighed and looked away, but not before showing Everett his mournful expression. He also made a point of slumping his shoulders, as if he was burdened with the weight of the entire world.

"What do you mean, 'should have stopped her'?" Everett was mildly confused. Howell almost made it sound like Arielle had gone insane.

Howell sighed again and shook his head without saying anything more.

Everett found himself contemplating whether to stay or leave.

At the back of his mind, he had a nagging suspicion that the Sherman family had orchestrated this encounter. But if they were making their move now, did that mean that Melissa and the children were also involved.

Before he could think it over more thoroughly, Emily suddenly rushed over and grabbed Everett's arm.

"I will pay for what I have done!" she blurted out. "I'm willing to

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take any punishment, just please take pity on Arielle and let her go!"

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Everett raised an eyebrow, his upper lip curling as he glanced at the hand gripping his arm.

"Let him go! Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" Howell barked at his wife. "It's a given that you should suffer for what you have done."

It seemed that he was so worried about his daughter that he no longer cared for their family's public image.

"I deserve to die!" Emily wailed.

Without warning, she let go of Everett and rammed herself against the wall next to him.

Everett had not foreseen such a drastic development.

He reacted too late, and was unable to stop Emily from making the impact. Luckily, she only suffered a minor concussion.

The doctor took her to the emergency room to tend to her injury.

At this point, Everett knew he was stuck. The other patients were giving him accusing looks, as though he had driven Emily to make that desperate move.

"Mr. Mayfield." Howell spoke up. "May I have a word with you?"

"Please go ahead."

"Do you mind if we take this outside? I would like to have a cigarette, if that's okay."

Howell had been surprisingly humble so far that Everett almost thought the Sherman family had gone bankrupt overnight.

"Not at all. Please lead the way."

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Outside the building, Howell padded over to a flower box and sat on the ledge like he was some common man instead of a CEO.

"Arielle was emotionally unstable last night, and learning of her mother's actions had only worsened her state. As you know, she has always been in poor health. If we hadn't kept vigil on her the entire night, she would have probably tried committing suicide then."

He finished his cigarette and looked up at Everett with a bitter smile. "It's all our fault. But now that things have come to this, I hope that you find it in your heart to help Arielle, if only for the sake of your relationship these past five years. I know she is misguided, but she truly loves you, or she wouldn't have sought you out first thing in the morning."

With that, he hung his head again, looking like the most miserable man in the world.

Everett pondered Howell's words. Did he mean to say that Arielle was suffering from a mental illness? And now, even Emily had tried to take her own life.

"Mr. Sherman, I can help you find a better hospital and doctor to treat Arielle, but that is all. I am no medical expert. There is nothing more I can do besides that."

He wasn't God. If Arielle was really ill, only a doctor could cure her, not Everett.

Howell wanted to press further and persuade Everett to do more, but he could see that the young man was growing impatient. He thought it would be best to just stop for now.

They couldn't get too hasty, lest they slipped up.

They didn't talk about much else after that, and they parted when the doctor called Howell over.

"Keep an eye on him," Everett said to his assistant.

He watched as Howell disappeared into the hospital. The alarm bells in his head had been ringing since the Sherman couple had appeared. Everett knew just how cunning Howell was. The older man was likely more prepared this time, and the situation

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was definitely not as simple as it seemed.

"Yes, sir."

★

Melissa decided to just take the day off and indulge in a much-needed rest. The kids were at school, and she had no patients to attend to. She had all the free time in the world, at least for a few hours. She thought it would be a good idea to bake something.

Melissa was in the middle of mixing the ingredients when she heard her phone ring. She washed her hands and went over to the sofa to retrieve her phone. Her assistant had left her several messages.

"Dr. Sherman, there's a developing rumor around here. The lady who came to your office last time, Arielle was her name... Well, she was rushed to emergency this morning. Apparently, she tried to commit suicide.

She had been taken to a different hospital first, but was later transferred here. I heard that her parents made trouble at the first hospital, and her mother even tried to bash her head on the wall."

Melissa's eyebrows rose to her forehead. What the hell had happened? Did the Sherman family go bankrupt overnight?

She clicked on the photo her assistant had attached to the conversation. Her face immediately turned cold. 1

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In the photo, Everett was leaning against the wall outside the operating room. His head was bent down, and he looked rather forlorn.

He was standing against the light, too, which added to the melancholy vibe of the scene.

Just as Melissa had suspected, Everett had only been pretending to be mad at Arielle. Now that something had happened to her, the bastard was the first to come to her side. They really deserved each other.

The only reason Everett had been hanging around Melissa was because of the children.

Melissa wasn't sure whether it was jealousy or outrage, but she was decidedly upset.

"He never changed at all," she muttered under her breath before chucking the phone back to the sofa and returning to the kitchen.

Based on Arielle's current situation, she would have to stay in the hospital for some time. But Melissa wasn't too confident that the woman wouldn't cause any trouble for her again.

Sure enough, Melissa's fears were confirmed the very next day.

As soon as she entered her office, she found that Arielle had been waiting for her inside.

Arielle was dressed in a loose hospital gown, her hair hanging in a curtain around her face and down her back. She looked much frailer than the last time she was hospitalized.

Melissa couldn't even begin to imagine Arielle's reasons for coming to her.

"Hello, Melissa. I'm here to offer you my apologies."

Arielle's eyes were red and puffy. Only an idiot wouldn't have

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known that she had been crying. There was a patch of gauze on her neck, a veritable testament to her injury.

"Apologize?" Melissa repeated in a tone that said she had just heard a joke.

Who would have thought that Arielle would one day appear before her without warning to apologize?

"I'm sorry, Melissa. It's all my fault. My mother only did what she did for my sake."

Arielle had been sitting in a wheelchair, but she appeared to grow agitated as she spoke. Before they knew it, she was on her feet and trying to approach Melissa.

Worried that she might harm Melissa, who was in a wheelchair herself, her assistant steered Melissa away from Arielle's path.

Arielle promptly fell on the floor. And just like that, the scene transitioned to one where she seemed to be kneeling in front of Melissa.

"I'm truly sorry, Melissa. Please forgive my mother."

It was the perfect moment. A good number of patients had been waiting for Melissa to arrive, and it happened to be the time for doctors and nurses on duty to change shifts. Needless to say, they stopped and gawked at the unfolding drama.

Dr. Sherman was in her wheelchair, staring down at a woman in a hospital gown who was kneeling at her feet.

"What happened? Why is she on her knees?"

"I don't know. It looks like the woman is Dr. Sherman's sister. She has come to ask for Dr. Sherman's forgiveness."

"From what I heard, I think Dr. Sherman has a conflict with the woman's family."

It was inevitable for the busybodies to speculate, and within a matter of seconds, they were discussing passionately among themselves.

Afraid that the situation would cause further distress to Melissa and affect her reputation, her assistant hurriedly closed

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the door of the office.

As soon as it clicked shut, Melissa spoke to the sobbing woman in front of her.

"Stop acting. Haven't you suffered enough the last time you tried to pull something like this?"

Melissa's tone was ruthless, her piercing gaze cold. She was having none of Arielle's bullshit.

But Arielle was more determined than ever. No matter what Melissa said, she kept begging her for forgiveness.

"Please, if you don't forgive me, I don't think I can bear the shame. I can't carry on living."

After saying that, Arielle shot up to her feet again and ran to the open window.

She climbed on the sill and held onto the window frame for dear life.

"Melissa, allow me to apologize to you with my life!"

Arielle all but screamed in an effort to attract the attention of the people out in the hallway.

Just as she had planned, a frantic knocking instantly came at the door.

"Call the police!" they heard someone shout.

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Before long, the door to the office was knocked open, and the crowd rushed inside.

They all had horrified expressions on their faces as some of them took out their mobile phones to record the surroundings.

Melissa gently bit her lower lip as she stared over to the window. She wondered what Arielle was trying to do now.

She was fairly certain that Arielle wouldn't actually dare to jump, but the current situation wasn't good for Melissa, either.

"Melissa, I know my mother wronged you, but can't you find it in your heart to forgive her? We are sisters, after all."

A collective gasp came from the onlookers when they heard this.

"Sisters? That is Dr. Sherman's sister? Then, Dr. Sherman is a member of the renowned Sherman family?"

"But don't they only have one daughter? How could there be another one?"

"Is Dr. Sherman perhaps an illegitimate child?"

When Melissa heard the whispered speculations from the crowd, she finally understood Arielle's intentions.

"The Sherman family never raised me, nor did you care for me for a single day. Besides, that woman is your mother, not mine. Or are you forgetting that when my father abandoned my mother, your mother was still a secretary in the Sherman Group?"

Melissa didn't hold back and spilled the truth out with a smirk on her lips. It was, without a doubt, the best response to Arielle's dirty trick.

Needless to say, the opinion of their small audience instantly

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shifted sides.

Realizing that things were slipping out of her control, Arielle braced herself on the window sill and let out another series of sobs.

She tilted her body backward ever so slightly, looking like she might fall at any second. A rescue team had already been dispatched, and they were able to arrange for safety measures down on the ground in case the worst happened.

Melissa refused to give Arielle an inch, and all Arielle could do was to keep up her threat to jump off the building. They stared at each other in a stalemate, until Emily arrived.

"Arielle! Please, won't you come down from there? It's all my fault, you don't have to do this."

Emily's head was still bandaged. Without her gaudy makeup and designer clothes, she looked just like any other distraught mother.

"Please come down."

Emily made a show of begging her daughter to come away from the window. Then, after some time, she directed her pleas to Melissa.

"The police has been called," was the only thing Melissa said.

She remained cold and distant, refusing to pretend that she gave a damn about the Sherman family, even in front of all these people.

"Mom," Arielle wailed. "Melissa is not willing to forgive us..."

She bowed her head and began another round of weeping.

They must have planned the whole setup carefully, because the moment Arielle supposedly let go of the window, Emily pounced on her and clung to her legs.

That seemed to trigger a reaction in the crowd, and many of them stepped forward to pull Arielle away from the window together. They called for a doctor and whisked Arielle away without sparing a glance at Melissa.

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When everyone finally left, Melissa's assistant quietly closed the door and tidied up the mess in the office.

Melissa knew that today's incident would once again haunt her and her job.

Sure enough, that very same afternoon, one of the patients she was seeing brought up the relationship between Melissa and the Sherman family.

"And who do you think you are to be asking me that?"

Melissa asked as she put down her stethoscope, her tone icy. It was a stark contrast to her usual demeanor toward her patients.

The young woman was visibly taken aback. Her cheeks flushed in embarrassment, and she stammered that she was simply curious.

When a third patient asked her the same question, Melissa finally had enough.

"Make arrangements," she instructed her assistant before they clocked out for the day. "Starting tomorrow, I won't be seeing any new patients for some time."

"All right," the assistant nodded and said somberly.

They were just about to leave the office when a male voice suddenly called out to them. "Dr. Sherman!"

The assistant paused in the act of pushing the wheelchair. The two women looked up, a similar look of confusion instantly clouding their faces.

It was the assistant who broke the silence. "Mr. Sherman?"