

Chapter 169 Let's Go Fishing

"Everett," Arielle shouted but got no response.

She wandered around, looking for him but didn't see him anywhere. Therefore, she returned to the ward all alone.

Meanwhile, Everett sat in his car, his face red with rage. He took out his phone and made a call.

"Find out what happened to Melissa in the hospital lately."

Soon, Everett received two photos and an article from Twitter. There were tens of thousands of comments below the post.

Everett's brows furrowed. His jaw tightened.

"How could she have such a happy conversation with Aloys the other day?" he murmured, tightening his grip on his phone.

He was angry, helpless, and sad.

Everett took a deep breath and made another call. "Suppress this issue and tell everyone that the man in the first photo is Dr. Sherman's patient."

"What about the photo of you?"

"No need to explain."

The assistant agreed quickly.

Everett seemed to have changed a lot lately. In the past, he wanted to get rid of all the women who approached him. There had never been a scandal about him after he took office. However, this time, he seemed to turn a blind eye to it.

Everett disconnected the call as a triumphant grin emerged on his face.

He hoped for others to misunderstand the relationship between him and Melissa. If he didn't explain, people would think he was with Melissa, and it would save him a lot of trouble.

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Everett's eyes gleamed with delight as he thought about it.

During the following few days, the gossip suddenly disappeared for some reason. Even the post on Twitter was no longer there. Many people began supporting Melissa.

Leilany told this to Melissa.

"Is that so?" Melissa looked up and smiled. "I guess someone is going to be anxious."

The person who secretly took pictures of her must have been the one who posted them on Twitter. Now that the gossip was contained, it would probably annoy the person, pushing them to take new photos as evidence to aggravate the issue.

If that was the case, Melissa could guide the people to fall into her trap.

It was time to leave work, and Leilany had already changed her clothes. She was wearing a white T-shirt and a denim skirt, looking young and energetic.

She peeked and saw the woman sitting behind the desk. "Well, Dr. Sherman, you are still working. I..." she trailed off cautiously.

Melissa was amused. "You can leave now. I don't need your help."

"Okay, I'm leaving now. See you tomorrow."

With that, Leilany quickly trotted out of the office, fearing Melissa might call her and ask her to stay back and do more work.

Leilany seemed interesting. Melissa couldn't help but smile at her.

"Dr. Sherman?" Aloys knocked on the door. "I'm here for a check-up."

"Oh, come on, Aloys. Stop joking. Come and sit here."

Melissa hurriedly stood up and dragged him in purposefully. They looked intimate. Melissa sat on the sofa with him.

"What's wrong?" Aloys frowned as he sensed something was

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fishy. "Do you want to tell me something? Stop beating around the bush and come to the point. You told me to come to your office in a high-profile manner. And now you're acting strange. I..."

"Aloys, let's go fishing together. I think the fish will take the bait soon." Melissa smiled meaningfully.

This seemed to confuse Aloys further. However, he trusted Melissa with all his heart. He didn't doubt her intention.

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The two chatted casually in the office.

The office door was deliberately left open so that the small mirror hanging on it reflected any events that transpired in the corridor.

Ten minutes later, a figure in the mirror caught Melissa's attention. Peering closely, she saw a familiar figure stalking back and forth outside the door.

Now was the time.

Melissa got up, rushed to the door, and stuck out her head, spooking the woman who was peeking through the window.

Melissa's face darkened. "Why are you here?"

"M-Melissa."

Not expecting to get caught, Arielle was flustered. Before Melissa noticed her phone, she slipped it into the pocket of her trousers without being noticed.

As Melissa glared at Arielle, she crossed her arms and questioned, "Why are you sneaking around in front of my office? Do you want to take some pictures? Or do you need something?"

"Melissa, I don't understand what you are talking about." Arielle bit her lower lip and pretended not to understand what Melissa meant. Bating her eyelashes, she looked at Melissa and tilted her head trying to look innocent. "I just want to come here and apologize to you."

Hearing the commotion, Aloys followed Melissa out. As he studied the woman in front of them, his chest tightened and his eyes went cold.

This was the woman who slandered Melissa five years ago and caused her to be expelled from the Mayfield family. She was

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vicious.

While Aloys studied her, Arielle was doing the same to him. Despite his cold glare, she couldn't help thinking how handsome he was.

With each part she took in, her heart beat faster. It was hard not to be attracted.

But when she saw him stand beside Melissa, her admiration was replaced with jealousy.

Why did all men like Melissa?

Seeing their closeness, Arielle clenched her fists and ground her teeth. It was hard to hide her resentment.

Melissa's eyes were cold when she asked, "Apologize? Why do you want to apologize to me?"

"Lately, I have been asking Everett to accompany me. Since he is always with me, I was afraid you would be unhappy. Recently, you seem to be in a bad mood, so I wanted to come and apologize to you."

The moment her false words were out, Melissa and Aloys' expressions soured.

On the other hand, Arielle didn't show any feelings at all. Despite the anger that welled in her, she acted submissively in front of her enemy.

She couldn't expose the fact that she came here to take photos of Melissa and another man. Otherwise, considering Everett's character, he might send her abroad immediately.

She didn't want the matter exposed before she successfully married into the Mayfield family.

As Arielle continued to play with them, Melissa's anger began to show. It was becoming harder and harder to control herself as her breath became more unstable and her tone became harsher.

"Arielle, I already told you I have nothing to do with Everett. You can do whatever you want, so don't bother me. I will discharge you tomorrow."

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The news that Melissa would discharge her tomorrow made Arielle anxious.

Rubbing her sweaty palms on her gown, she worried that if she was discharged from the hospital, she wouldn't have as many reasons to ask Everett to come and keep her company.

"B-but I haven't recovered yet! Even if you're a doctor, you are not qualified to complete the discharge process for me. I don't believe you! You're wrong!"

Rolling her eyes, Melissa shot back, "Then you can go to another hospital. In the future, stay away from my office. I don't want to see you."

Not wanting to hear Arielle's response, Melissa pulled Aloys back to her office and slammed the door shut.

"What happened?" Aloys asked worriedly.

Melissa looked at him tiredly and told him the whole story.

This time, she caught Arielle lurking outside, but she didn't think it was a coincidence, nor did she believe Arielle's words that she just wanted to apologize. Instead, she felt that Arielle was behind all of her problems. What was she plotting?

It didn't take Aloys long to catch on to what was happening.

"You'd better be careful. After all, what happened five years ago was also because of her..."

Melissa nodded seriously. "I know."

She was no longer the weak woman she had been five years ago. Naturally, she would not let these villains hurt her or her family again.

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The office was quiet for a few seconds.

Aloys knocked on the table with his slender fingers, bringing Melissa back to the present. She looked at him and saw his eyes darken as he cleared his throat. "I have some clues about the food poisoning incident."

His words were like stones in her stomach. Leaning on her desk, she demanded, "What clues?" She couldn't help but be excited at the possibility of finding out what happened to her son.

The mystery as to what happened had always been a sore spot in her heart. She would never feel relieved if she couldn't find out the truth.

Recently, a mysterious person was sending her packages, and in the last one, there was a photo with blood on it.

"Although the kindergarten where Lindsey and Merrick go to is not the best in Andeport, it's not bad. The staff wouldn't be so careless with the food they serve the children. Besides, only children from that class suffered from food poisoning. I've investigated the person who managed the kitchen that day, and there's nothing suspicious about him."

As Aloys carefully analyzed the circumstances leading up to the poisoning, his eyebrows drew together as his expression deepened.

Melissa pressed, "Then what happened? It couldn't have been done by a child." A thought hit Melissa. "Do you think one of the kindergarten teachers did it?"

Solemnly, he agreed, "Yes."

Once the word was said, the temperature in the room dropped, and a shiver ran through Melissa.

After thinking it over, Melissa felt terrible. If it weren't a slight toxin but any stronger poison that made Merrick and the other

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kids sick, the consequences would have been unimaginable.

After giving her a minute to process the information, Aloys continued, "I found out that a teacher in the kindergarten resigned after the accident and quickly left Andeport. At the moment, my power in the country is limited, so I need time to find her."

"If it takes too long to find her.. I'm still worried."

From the panicked look in her eyes, Aloys knew Melissa meant it.

Her greatest spiritual support was her two children. Accidents couldn't happen anymore.

While she was mulling over what Aloys said, she suddenly felt that something was wrong.

"Why did the teacher poison the children? What's her motive?"

"That's what I came here to tell you." Aloys looked her in the eye, his warm gaze holding her in place. "She is not a local from Andeport. She came to Andeport to study and stayed. Logically speaking, she has no motivation, but if you want to investigate, she has a best friend named Ophelia Swain who is still living in Andeport."

"Ophelia Swain."

Melissa repeated the name, frowning.

Why was that name familiar? Where had she heard it from?

Fighting back her frustration, she curled and relaxed her fingers, blurting out, "Let's go to ask her directly."

"Don't worry. If she really knows something, approaching without a plan might alert the enemy. Ophelia comes from a rich family. In three days, she will attend a business dinner. We can meet her there."

Aloys' suggestion made sense. It was obvious he had taken a great effort to think everything through before coming to Melissa.

Melissa breathed a sigh of relief, but a trace of apology rose in

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her heart.

"Aloys, thank you so much. Even though you have just come back, you dropped everything to help me investigate this matter..."

Shaking his head, he scolded, "Don't be polite to me. Do you consider me a stranger?"

"No." Hearing this, Melissa waved her hand. "Aloys, I feel as if you have helped me too much. I don't know how to repay you."

"You've been like a sister to me since we were children. You don't have to worry about repaying me." Complicated emotions flashed through Aloys' eyes, and then he smiled faintly. "Besides, I like you and the children very much."

Melissa's heart trembled and her eyes sparkled.

"Aloys..."

"Forget it. It's settled then. Let's attend the dinner party. I'll have someone send you an evening dress so you don't have to prepare one."

Smiling at her, Aloys stood up and walked toward the door.

Looking over his shoulder, he quietly said, "I have something to deal with at the company."

"I'll see you later." With a last look, he quietly shut the door and Melissa was left alone with her thoughts.

Chapter 172 Whose Child Is He

The garden of the hospital was close to the inpatient department, and in the warm sunlight, many patients were taking a walk to exercise their healing bodies.

"Merrick, hurry up." Lindsey, with two thick braids cascading down her back, stood on a path, pouting.

"I know. I'm trying." Merrick looked adorable as he held a well-wrapped box awkwardly in his arms. "It's so heavy. I wonder what gift Mr. Brustin is giving to Mommy."

"Merrick, do you need help?"

Huffing, Lindsey trotted back to her brother and made to take the box, her braids swishing in the air.

"No, I'm following you."

Too proud to accept help from his sister, Merrick suddenly straightened and sped up.

Under the effort, beads of sweat began to appear on the tip of his nose, but rather than rest, he forged on, his eyes firm with determination.

He was Lindsey's brother. He had to show her that he could do anything.

"Fine then. But you must follow me closely."

Rolling her eyes at her brother's stubbornness, Lindsey giggled and ran away, taking a quick look over her shoulder to make sure her brother was following her.

"Don't worry. I'll catch up with you."

With a deep breath, Merrick hoisted the box in his arms to try and get a better grip, but no matter how he held it, the box was too long and blocked his view.

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The small nuisance wasn't enough to stop him. Gritting his teeth, he stormed after his sister.

"Hey, kid, get out of the way! Get out of my way!"

From behind him, someone shouted and the sound of wheels, quickly racing over the cobblestone road got closer.

Turning his body slightly, he saw a frightened man in a wheelchair flying toward him waving his arms.

The man showed no signs of slowing down. If it kept going, it was only a matter of time before he crashed into Merrick. Overcome with emotion, Merrick swayed and fell to the ground.

"Merrick!"

As Lindsey screamed, a tall figure rushed out and picked up the boy who was still too frightened to react. After rolling out of the way, the tall figure fell awkwardly beside the cobblestone road, shielding Merrick in his arms.

On the other hand, the wheelchair wheeled down the road, leaving its owner lying on the cold ground.

Behind him, the man's wife rushed forward and helped him up. Ignoring the twins and with guilty looks on their faces, the couple prepared to leave without saying a single word.

"Wait a minute." The tall figure stood up and stared at the couple coldly. "Are you going to leave without saying a word? What if he had bumped into this child?"

The deep voice was so familiar. Roused by the loud voices around him, Merrick's eyes fluttered, and he came back to his senses. He raised his head toward the towering figure and saw the man's face.

It was Everett.

At Everett's interruption, the man's wife's face froze, and she put her hands over her waist, looking very arrogant. In a sour tone, she scolded, "I don't know whose naughty child he is, but he wasn't hit. Even if he had been hit, it would be none of your concern. So mind your own business!"

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Thinking she had won the argument, she wrapped her arm around her husband and turned to leave.

Everett stepped forward and stood in front of the two people, blocking their escape. Glaring at the woman with his sharp eyes, he declared in a murderous tone, "Mine."

"What?" The woman was stunned.

"I said he is my child." Everett enunciated every word slowly. "Apologize to him now."

The woman shrunk back from Everett's cold and powerful aura.

The woman was obviously scared by his intimidating presence, but she still refused to apologize. "I don't believe you!"

"But he is our father." Standing from beside her brother, Lindsey held Everett's hand and tried to look proud as she straightened her chest and defiantly looked at the mean woman. "I saw what happened. That man's wheelchair was about to hit my brother. Apologize to him, or my father won't let you go. Right?"

As she spoke, she stared at Everett with sparkles in her eyes.

Father...

Everett's heart trembled at Lindsey's confidence in him. As he held her little hand, a small shiver went through him. He, who had always been a calm person, was excited.

Even if Lindsey said that because of the current situation, he felt happy and satisfied when he heard her called him father.

He took a deep breath and answered, "Yes. Apologize to my son."