

## Chapter 17 Don't You Like Mr. Mayfield

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Tears welled up in Melissa's eyes. She squatted and beckoned the two children to her mother's tomb.

"Lindsey, Merrick, come and visit your grandma."

She stared at the photo on the tombstone. Unfortunately, the photo had faded and almost turned white after years of exposure to the sun, wind, and rain.

The two kids obediently walked to the grave and kowtowed to pay their respects to their grandmother.

"Grandma, we've come along with Mommy to see you. We wish you to bless our mommy abundantly, and in return, we promise to take good care of her for you," Merrick said seriously.

A lump formed in Melissa's throat when she heard that.

She helped the two children place a bunch of flowers in front of her mother's grave. "Mom, I've brought my children to visit you. I hope you bless my little ones to grow up and live happily. And..."

Melissa's jaw tightened. She took a deep breath and hoped to find the truth about her mother's death and make the people who hurt her mother pay the price for it.

Then, she placed another bunch of flowers on the tomb beside her mother's. She didn't know anything about the girl who had perished in the fire. But the girl had been mistaken for Melissa and buried beside her mother's tomb for a few years. Thinking about it made her realize her fate was no different from that of the girl. Both were abandoned people who couldn't even have their real names.

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The only difference was the girl was dead, and Melissa was still alive.

Melissa dotingly patted her children's heads. "All right. Let's go. We can visit Grandma next time."

Lindsey was lost in thought on the way back home. She recalled what she saw and asked her mother, "Mommy, don't you like Mr. Mayfield? Why did you throw away the flowers he brought for Grandma?"

Everett had been such a gentleman who treated them with kindness. She couldn't understand why her mother despised him.

Melissa looked at her children through the rearview mirror and let out a weary sigh. "Do not talk to people like him in the future, okay? Even if he comes and talks to you, try to avoid him."

She knew Everett was smart enough to figure out that she was still alive and couldn't be fooled in any way. He would never give up trying to unravel her identity and her two children's.

Lindsey frowned in confusion. "Why? Is he a bad guy?"

"We can't judge a man's heart by his face. We have just returned from abroad and aren't familiar with this place. It's better to be on our guards and stay away from outsiders."

On the way back, Everett received a call from Arielle.

"Everett, I'm not feeling well now," she squeaked. "I'm in the hospital ward. Can you come to see me?"

Everett turned to his assistant and ordered, "Go to the hospital."

Meanwhile, Arielle was resting on the bed, playing with her phone. She was furious that Melissa was also in the hospital.

She had defeated her and ruined her life five years ago. Even if she was back for real, Arielle didn't think Melissa could turn things around.

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Her priority now was to intensify Everett's feelings for her.

Everett rushed to Arielle's ward and breathed a sigh of relief when he saw her lying on the bed.

Seeing him, Arielle broke down crying. "Everett, I thought I would never see you again..."

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