

Adorable Twins: Daddy, Stay Away!

Chapter 185 It's None Of Your Business

Were the nurses talking about Ophelia? Melissa's face darkened. She turned around and walked toward the psychiatry department of the hospital.

All eyes were on her, but she ignored them, strutted forward, and found Ophelia's ward.

As soon as she reached the door, she heard a crackling noise and endless curses from inside.

"Let me go. I'm not sick! You bastards! If you don't let go of me, I will ask my father to kill all of you. You don't believe me? Give it a try. Let me out! Melly, that bitch!"

The door opened as Ophelia continued to scream like a mad woman.

She immediately shut up and saw Melissa at the door. Anger surged within her. She picked up the only cup left and hurled it at Melissa's feet.

"What the hell are you doing here? Are you going to laugh at me? Get out!"

"You are already in the psychiatry department and still so arrogant and haughty. If you're going to continue causing problems, you might have to stay here longer."

Melissa coldly walked around the broken porcelain pieces.

She crossed her arms over her chest and glared at Ophelia. "But we can make a deal. If you answer my questions honestly, I can let you out earlier."

"What makes you think I'll agree to this deal?" Ophelia scoffed at her.

Melissa's lips curled into a sneer. Her face reddened with rage.

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"Ophelia, I hope you are aware of the current situation. You are now relatively in a passive position. Only I can help you. I think you should consider accepting my deal. You have no choice, really."

"You!" Ophelia's jaw tightened with rage.

She had always been a spoiled brat, but she had suffered a lot since last night.

"You are just a doctor. When my father finds out about it, he will kick you out of Andeport."

Melissa sneered at her pitifully. Ophelia was stupid.

She pulled a chair and sat down.

"Oh, poor you! Do you think your father doesn't know what happened last night? It was sensational news, after all. Your father has turned a blind eye to it because you've offended Everett. If he wanted to save you, why would he sit and watch Everett's men take you to the psychiatry department?"

Ophelia froze as understanding crossed her face.

Melissa was right. She hadn't gotten any news from her family since yesterday.

Ophelia turned around and raked her eyes across the small ward and the four brawny men standing beside her. A shiver ran down her spine.

She would lose her mind if she was locked up in the place for longer.

Ophelia looked at Melissa who was confidently smiling at her. She controlled her hatred and asked, "What do you want to know? Ask."

Melissa winked at the bodyguards beside her. They immediately left the ward and closed the door.

They only obeyed the orders of the CEO of the Mayfield Group. However, their boss had strictly told them to listen to Melissa.

Ophelia frowned when she saw the guards listening to

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Melissa's every word.

"What's your relationship with Everett?"

"I'm going to be the one to question you. All you need to do is just answer." Melissa's face turned cold. "Were you involved in the food poisoning in the kindergarten a few days ago?"

Ophelia trembled with fright when she heard that. She looked down at the white sheet on the bed and averted Melissa's gaze.

Melissa was close with both Aloys and Everett. If anyone found that Ophelia was involved, she would have a miserable ending.

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Thinking through the risks, Ophelia raised her head and said in a firm tone, "I didn't know. I'm the daughter of the Swain family. Why would I get involved in a poisoning case at the kindergarten?"

"That's right," Melissa sneered, her eyes shining with confidence.

She had already seen through the woman in front of her. Everything Ophelia said was what she expected.

"You make a good point. Let me ask you another question. Do you know who this is?"

With cold eyes, Melissa threw a photo on the bed.

It was a photo of the resigned female teacher and Ophelia. The two of them were holding each other with big smiles on their faces.

As soon as Ophelia saw the photo, she threw it onto the floor, letting out a strangled cry. "What is this? Don't try to deceive me with a retouched image. I don't know her!"

"You're getting smart," Melissa sneered with disdain.

She picked up the photo and stared at Ophelia.

"It's useless for you to deny your knowledge of her. If I can find this photo, I can find more, not to mention more convincing evidence of your involvement. Now, you have two choices: admit it and tell me the truth, or we will meet in court."

Ophelia's face turned pale. Shrieking, she said, "Call the police if you want! She did it on her own. I know nothing about it and I have nothing to do with it." Defiant, she glared at Melissa and gritted her teeth. "I didn't do it, and I won't admit anything. It was all her doing."

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"Fine, you can pass the blame, but she can do the same. Are you sure she'll take all the blame and go to jail?"

At Melissa's words, Ophelia bit her lip and looked away. Satisfied with her reaction, Melissa spoke faster. "I don't think your relationship is that good, right?"

Since Ophelia was so tight-lipped, Melissa needed to destroy her psychological defense first. It was the only way she could make Ophelia tell the truth.

"Arielle is also your friend, right? You wanted to help your friend, and how did she treat you? You should know that she is also in this hospital. Why hasn't she come to see you? Why didn't she help you when you were in trouble at the banquet last night?" Melissa paused and looked into Ophelia's eyes. She was happy to see that the other woman was starting to understand. "She didn't stand up for you because she just wanted to protect herself."

At her final statement, Ophelia's face turned pale completely. With a cry, she fell into the bed as if all her strength was driven out of her.

Now that she was confronted with the truth, she realized she was stupid. She was taken advantage of, and she didn't even know it!

The thought angered her. Raising her voice, she yelled, "It was Arielle who asked me to do it. She asked me to bribe a teacher from the kindergarten. We only wanted to poison your children, but something went wrong, and the whole class was poisoned instead. As for the incident at the banquet last night, it was also Arielle who tricked me to do that! It was none of my business. I was just deceived."

With a bitter smile, Melissa leaned back. Sure enough, Arielle was behind everything. Even though Melissa had already guessed the truth, she couldn't suppress the surging hatred that blossomed in her heart.

Reaching into her coat pocket, she took out her phone and ended the recording.

Now she had evidence that could incriminate Ophelia if she chose to withdraw her confession.

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Satisfied, Melissa stood up and looked down at the angry woman on the bed, snorting coldly.

No matter how much she pleaded, Ophelia was an accomplice in the poisoning case. Melissa would deal with her after Aloys found the female teacher.

Melissa decided that she would let Ophelia stay in the hospital for "treatment" for the time being, in case she would be fooled by Arielle again.

"You'll have to stay here for a couple of days. When you get better, we will let you go."

Not bothering to hear a response, Melissa turned on her heels and left the ward.

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Chapter 187 Paparazzi

After everything that happened, Melissa decided to take the day off.

Between her work at the hospital and dealing with the poisoning, she had been so busy that she hadn't spent much time with her children.

Melissa, as well as the two kids, asked Aloys out, preparing to have a good time together.

Although they had dinner before, that evening had ended rather embarrassingly for the both of them.

Learning that they were going on an outing, Lindsey and Merrick ran around chatting happily.

"Mr. Brustin, I want to eat this." Laughing, Lindsey pointed at a colorful marshmallow on a food stall on the roadside and begged, "Mommy, I want to eat it."

With a small sigh, Melissa chided, "That's too sweet, Lindsey. How about..."

"Let her have it, Melissa. It doesn't matter if she eats it once in a while." Aloys smiled affectionately at the little girl.

Taking advantage of Melissa's hesitance, the person who was selling the marshmallows echoed, "Exactly."

The jovial man smiled at Lindsey and said, "Little girl, your father is so kind to you. Shall I make the marshmallow in the shape of a rabbit?"

"Yes! And my brother wants one too."

Even though Lindsey was happy to get what she wanted, she couldn't forget her brother.

Being focused on marshmallows, she didn't notice what the boss had said about Aloys being her father.

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But Merrick heard it and looked up at his mother and Aloys.

Although the two adults didn't say anything to refute the man's claim, their expressions were unnatural. They were standing close but refused to look at each other.

Merrick blinked and spoke up in an attempt to ease the atmosphere.

"Mr. Brusitn, I want that toy over there."

Without hesitation, Aloy said, "Okay, let's go and buy it."

Putting a large hand on Merrick's shoulder, he led him to another stall and the two began looking at the toys.

Freed from awkwardness, Melissa breathed a sigh of relief.

Although there was nothing between her and Aloys, she felt strange after hearing what that boss said.

"Mommy, look at the pink marshmallow. Isn't it beautiful?"

Interrupting Melissa's thoughts, Lindsey bounded to her mother, excited to show her the colorful marshmallow in her hand.

"Wow! It looks good." Smiling at her daughter's excitement, Melissa took the other marshmallow from the boss. "Let's go to find your brother and Aloys."

Hand in hand, Melissa and Lindsey turned around and were greeted by a worried Aloys, who grabbed their shoulders and turned them around.

"Let's go. I just saw some paparazzi taking pictures."

"What?"

Melissa's face darkened, and she nervously glanced around. The thought of someone taking pictures of her family angered her.

She didn't expect that these paparazzi would be so persistent. They were on one of the ancient cultural streets in one of the suburbs of Andeport, but these paparazzi still followed them.

She couldn't let these reporters take pictures of her children!

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Without hesitation, they picked up the children and began to run.

There were many tourists around them, which made it easy to get lost in the crowd and hide in an alley.

"Mommy..."

Shushing her daughter, Melissa covered Lindsey's mouth.

She put the little girl on the ground and said softly, "Lindsey, be obedient. Don't make any noise, okay? Right now, we are playing hide and seek. Now, it's our turn to hide and we can't be found."

At the prospect of the game, Lindsey's eyes lit up, and she nodded excitedly.

"I'm going to see what's going on." Aloys put Merrick down and stuck his head out from the edge of the wall, looking at the street.

Sure enough, several people with cameras followed but stopped when they lost sight of them.

Frustrated that they lost sight of them, the paparazzi looked around and continued forward, determined to complete their jobs.

As they disappeared from sight, Aloys breathed a sigh of relief and straightened.

"They didn't see us. They're gone. Let's wait another minute, and I'll call my assistant to bring the car here. When the car arrives, we'll leave."

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"Okay."

Melissa nodded and breathed a sigh of relief.

But she had no idea if the paparazzi had captured anything.

"Don't worry." Aloys guessed what Melissa was thinking. "I will also ask some people to investigate these people and gather more information about them. If they had taken some photos, I'll take them back for sure."

That way, everything would be fine.

Melissa pursed her lips and nodded. "Thank you, Aloys. If it weren't for the paparazzi, we would be enjoying delicious food right now, and the two kids..."

Melissa looked down to see her children, but they weren't there.

A pang of fear settled in her heart. Her two children were standing right beside her but not anymore.

Melissa's heart leaped to her throat.

"Lindsey, Merrick?" she shouted.

Aloys realized what was going on. He looked around and saw another alley connected with this one.

He scurried there, wondering if the two children had gone there to have fun. But it was a deserted place. Nothing was there except for some old cabinets and tables.

"Lindsey! Merrick! Come back to Mommy!" Melissa ran around, shouting in fear.

She did not care about the paparazzi anymore. The fear of losing her children crushed her. She couldn't bear it.

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"Lindsey!" Melissa shouted again helplessly. Her legs gave away, and she was about to fall.

Aloys hurried and grabbed her. "Melissa, don't worry. They are just children. They wouldn't have gone too far."

"Yes, you are right." Melissa nodded breathlessly and stood up.

She was too worried about the paparazzi that she didn't realize her children had gone missing. However, Aloys was right. They wouldn't have gone far.

"Aloys, let's go separate ways to look for them. I'll go this side, and you go that side."

"Okay, call me if you find them."

Melissa and Aloys went in different directions to look for the children.

Meanwhile, at the end of the ancient cultural street, Everett, wearing a gray suit, stood in front of a group of people coldly.

His assistant and bodyguards stood beside him along with a large group of middle-aged men.

"Mr. Mayfield, this way, please." The man in the lead nodded and bowed respectfully. "It's a great honor to have you here today. We..."

"Well..." Everett frowned and grew impatient. He put one hand in his suit pocket and continued walking. "How is the profit of this street?"

The man in the lead was taken aback for a moment. He forced a smile and said, "Mr. Mayfield, as you can see, many people are visiting this street at the weekend. We're making a profit..."

"Weekend? This is not what I want," Everett interrupted the man sternly.

After all, he was a businessman. He bought this land and wanted to reap profits from it.

"You guys can leave now. I'll give you two months. You should clear this street. The Mayfield Group will arrange a team to

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demolish the street!" Everett ordered coldly.

"This..." The man in the lead wanted to say something, but Everett's assistant waved his hand, stopping him.

"Please go back. This property belongs to the Mayfield Group. There's no point talking about it."

Hearing that, the man sighed and left with those people in dejection.

With those middle-aged men gone, the assistant stepped closer to Everett. "Boss, what's the arrangement now?"