

## Chapter 21 You Want To Kill Me

Everett was brought back to the present moment as he listened to Arielle's sweet voice. He gave his assistant a quick nod while tucking her back into the bed.

The assistant couldn't stand Arielle's antics anymore and turned the medical staff away.

It was apparent to Arielle that Everett planned to have a serious conversation with her. She was still angry about how he grabbed Melissa's hand and left before.

She did not doubt that Melissa returned with hidden motivations. That woman wouldn't be satisfied until she destroyed Arielle's happiness!

"You should learn to keep your temper, Arielle. The doctors and nurses are busy and shouldn't be disturbed so often. Settle down while you are here and wait for your operation."

Everett's words came out in a forceful tone. His eyes looked away from Arielle as he refused to make eye contact.

Arielle was sure Everett planned to let the operation go on scheduled, but the lead doctor was Melissa. How was Arielle supposed to be at ease?

It was imperative that another doctor be procured before the operation took place. Arielle would rather die than let Melissa operate on her.

"Of course, Everett. I will do as you say and cooperate with my treatment."

Arielle was not stupid. She knew it was a terrible time to contradict Everett in his present mood. He was at the company

during the day, so she would be able to take care of Melissa once and for all. If there were any other incidents, she knew Everett would stop Melissa from performing the surgery.

Arielle displayed a sweet smile as she thought of her plan. She reached out to Everett's hand but he suddenly moved away without noticing.

He stood up and adjusted his clothes. Everett's voice was cold and indifferent. "I must do some work, so I'll leave now. Get some rest."

Arielle was unable to get another word in before he turned and left.

Everett's mind was preoccupied with Melissa's disgusted expression. Did she feel that much disdain for him?

Arielle watched Everett leave and her eyes were suddenly filled with envy and resentment. She grabbed forcefully at the corner of the quilt, going through the plan she had of teaching Melissa a lesson tomorrow.

The next day, Melissa took her children to school and promised them she would be there to pick them up later. She drove to work afterward.

When she reached her office, she learned about how Arielle made a commotion again the night before. The woman had been relentless until her antics were exposed by the hospital director.

"Dr. Sherman, you should have seen that woman's face when Mr. Mayfield pulled you away yesterday!"

"Yes! She acted like she was pissed off about it."

Melissa maintained a solid relationship with the nurses, so they knew about her difficulties over the past few days. If Arielle so much as sneezed, they would tell Melissa immediately.

"It's best to ignore her. We need to make our rounds of the hospital wards. Let's go."

Melissa put on her badge, grabbed her stethoscope and notebook, and walked with her team out of the office.

During her shift, she made her rounds of the wards personally so she could be clearly informed of each patient's ailment. It was a habit she acquired over the past few years.

Soon she reached Arielle's room. She put her notebook away and asked one of the nurses to knock before walking inside.

Arielle was clutching the trash can as she vomited. Two caregivers desperately rubbed at the stain on the quilt.

"What happened here?" Out of the corner of her eye, Melissa could see the wine bottle hidden under the bed. The caregivers were instructed that Arielle was not supposed to drink. Why would a wine bottle be underneath the bed?

"It's your fault! You're trying to kill me! I'm sick now because I took the medicine you gave me!"

Arielle looked up at Melissa as she spewed her words of hatred. Her face was ashen as the tears welled up in her eyes.