

Chapter 23 Medical Report

Melissa's face was filled with scorn.

The department leader who scolded Melissa earlier wanted to say a few more words. After all, both the Mayfield and Sherman families were not to be trifled with.

But Melissa shot him a disapproving look, forcing him to keep his lips closed.

She came over and stood beside Everett, urging him impatiently, "Excuse me, Mr. Mayfield. I'd like to see the patient, please."

There was a hint of coldness in her voice.

Everett had focused solely on her since she entered the room.

He thought she would apologize and thank him, but he didn't plan on being seen as a nuisance.

"Dr. Sherman, you're making Arielle's condition worse. Don't you think you have to say sorry?"

Everett felt a bit let down. He had never encountered a woman so ungrateful. 1

He let go of Arielle's hand and gave Melissa a stern look.

Melissa blatantly ignored him. She studied the machine's display screen beside the bed for a while and then took the breathing mask off Arielle's face.

"What are you doing?" Her action alarmed Everett. He

sprang to his feet and glared at Melissa.

"Are you going to teach me how to do my job? Which one of us is the doctor?" Melissa retorted and squinted at him. She then peered at the woman on the bed and coldly said, "I took your blood sample this morning. There was no evidence of alcohol in your bloodstream. You're now free to speak. There's no more reason to worry about your drinking being exposed."

When she was done talking, the woman on the bed opened her eyes and glared at her.

The unexpected turn of events caught everyone off guard.

Only then did Arielle understand she had walked right into a trap. She should have kept on acting like she was unconscious.

She abruptly took a deep breath, squinted, and mumbled faintly, "What happened? Everett, you're here. I thought I'd never see you again."

She sobbed and wanted to take his hand in hers. Since Melissa didn't find any trace of alcohol in her blood, she no longer had to worry about it.

As he stood beside the hospital bed, Everett stared grimly at the scene before him. He stared at Arielle with a cold gleam in his eyes.

Arielle shuddered and felt uneasy. However, now that things had reached this point, there was no going back.

She took a risk and innocently asked, "I don't mean you any harm, Dr. Sherman, so I don't understand why you want to hurt me."

She wept sorrowfully, acting like a victim.

Melissa stood with her arms crossed, amused by the charade. Indeed, Arielle's performance was as stellar as always.

"I said no alcohol traces were found, but that doesn't mean there was nothing strange."

Melissa gave Arielle a wide grin before turning around and motioning to the assistant doctor outside the window to distribute the reproduced medical reports to the other doctors, department leaders and the hospital director.

Everett was dismayed because he didn't get one.

She didn't even provide a copy for him. Did she assume he wouldn't understand it?

Melissa ignored him completely. She nodded cheerfully when she noticed that everyone had received the test results.

Then, in a cold tone, she told Arielle, "The clinical symptoms you're experiencing include nausea, vomiting, chest pain, unconsciousness, and trouble breathing. The only explanation for these symptoms is an adverse reaction between alcohol and medications. Your blood test results indicate that there was no alcohol residue. Consequently, we can assume that you didn't consume any alcohol. However, we did not detect any traces of the medication, either."

The only reason they couldn't find it was that it had been so long. If Melissa's assumption was correct, then Arielle must have been planning this for quite some time.

She looked at Arielle with a radiant smile. with a radiant smile.