

## Chapter 24 You Will Die Horribly

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Everyone in the room was a professional. Naturally, they understood what the report indicated.

Arielle asserted that she didn't drink alcohol and that the medicine was to blame for her symptoms. However, according to the medical report, she never took any medicine. It proved that Arielle's symptoms had nothing to do with Melissa's prescription.

Arielle's face blanched instantly. She looked to Everett with hopes that he might help her.

However, he was eyeing her with his brows arched curiously. There was no doubt in her mind that he no longer trusted her completely, and it made her anxious.

She looked flustered and struggled to find a counterargument to Melissa's assertion.

"It's because I forgot to take my medicine. Also, I did throw up. What if it's due to the medicine you previously prescribed? How can it be found after so much time has passed? On top of that, my health wasn't good, so my body didn't respond instantly. What's wrong with that?"

Arielle tried to explain herself, but her argument was so preposterous that all the doctors thought she was making a fuss out of nothing.

Everyone remained quiet and locked their gazes on Melissa. In the end, Arielle was her patient. If a patient had created a problem, the attending doctor should handle it

herself.

Arielle gave Melissa a scathing look as if she wanted to devour her. Her eyes were filled with dread, horror, and rage.

Unfortunately, Melissa had changed significantly during the last five years. She wouldn't stand aside and let Arielle do whatever she wanted.

"Additionally, I requested that the wine bottle be sent for testing. The result should also be out by now."

Melissa checked her phone after she said that. She had received the report for the wine bottle that clearly showed the presence of Arielle's saliva.

For Arielle, this conclusive proof was the last nail in the coffin. All her lies were exposed, and she was found guilty of setting up the attending doctor.

"Please trust me, Everett. It's not my fault. I feel uncomfortable..."

Arielle wanted to grab the final life-saving straw, but she couldn't pull it off this time.

"Enough!" Everett roared at Arielle and then looked at Melissa. "Dr. Sherman, you may do the procedure immediately. Neither you nor the hospital is accountable if something goes wrong during the surgery."

Arielle's eyes widened in shock at hearing Everett's statement.

What did he mean when he said Melissa didn't have to take any responsibility? Didn't her life mean anything?

"What are you talking about, Everett? Have you fallen under her spell? Do you still want her to perform my

surgery, although she plans on hurting me? I'd rather die now."

In a rage, Arielle yanked out the needle in her hand, tossed aside the blanket, and violently smashed everything in sight.

The ward was in disarray. As the hospital staff tried to avoid Arielle's random attack, they felt bad about the damaged medical equipment.

"Stop! That is enough. If you keep acting this way, you're going straight back home." Everett had a rough day, and his patience had run out after this spectacle. He scolded Arielle before turning around and storming out of the room.

The others in the ward followed suit after seeing the big boss leave. Arielle was, after all, Dr. Sherman's patient. She was in charge of cleaning up the mess. 3

Melissa smiled broadly as she watched Arielle's drama from start to finish. Arielle slumped on the bed, panting, having let out her rage.

"As a patient, you shouldn't let your emotions shift dramatically. Next time, be extra careful."

Melissa smiled heartily and didn't try to hide the sarcasm and mockery on her face.

Arielle wasn't a fool. She knew exactly what Melissa was getting at.

That bitch was making fun of her for being dumb. Melissa was a heartless monster. She should have died long ago, yet she returned to punish her. 10

"Melissa, you will die horribly."