

Chapter 253 Surname Is Carter

Everett nodded, his expression remaining unreadable. A poker face was one of the greatest weapons in the business circle. If they couldn't guess what he was thinking, his opponents would panic.

Melissa sat beside Everett, so close that their fingers almost touched. It didn't matter to Melissa at that moment, though. She was surveying the room through the gap between her mask and the brim of her cap.

Ten bodyguards stood watch and five servants were nearby, ready to serve. It seemed Atticus was quite rich.

The sound of a walking stick hitting the floor at intervals came from the door as someone approached.

A middle-aged man holding a walking stick stepped into the room, two aides on either side of him.

Melissa could see a shining shrewdness in his fierce gaze. This man wasn't one to be messed with.

"Mr. Mayfield! Please forgive me for not coming to welcome you in person at the door," Atticus said as he took his seat opposite them. He had a smile on his face that didn't reach his eyes. "To what do I owe the pleasure of your presence today?"

"I'm looking for someone," Everett said, taking out a few photos of a man's back along with a photo of the man in a mask and a peaked cap from his pocket. "This man was spotted in this area recently. I want to know who he is."

Atticus laughed lightly, accepting the cigar his servant had just brought over and taking a drag. "The Western Outskirts might not be big, but it is certainly densely populated. We're going to need more than just a few blurry photos."

"Can we be direct?" Everett said, his expression cold. "Due to the Andeport development plan, all the industries in the Western Outskirts will be moved westward. That land belongs to the Mayfield family. I'm sure you're well aware, Mr. Natt."

Atticus was momentarily stunned by Everett's straightforward words, but then he laughed. "Alright, Mr. Mayfield, I'll help you with this since you came to me with the matter." He didn't bother looking at the photos, but just



glanced at the man standing beside him for a moment.

His subordinate didn't need a cue more than that to understand what Atticus was telling him. He quickly took the photos and hurried out of the room.

Atticus let out a puff of smoke from his cigar, his expression pleased. "Not to brag, Mr. Mayfield, but no one can match my reach in the Western Outskirts. I'll have the information you need in just ten minutes," he said confidently.

"Alright." Everett's expression remained indifferent, but Melissa's heart thudded in her chest.

She too wanted to know who the man in the photos was, and she was nervous as she waited, just like the time when she had caught that teacher.

Just as Atticus promised, his subordinate who had left his side returned exactly ten minutes later with the photos and a mobile phone.

"Go on, tell Mr. Mayfield what you found," Atticus said.

The subordinate started to speak, his expression slightly pale. "This guy is quite cunning. He used a different name every time while he operated in the Western Outskirts, so we don't know his real name. We were able to find out that his surname is Carter, however, and he is roughly in his fifties. We also found that he came to the Western Outskirts a few months ago. He's from Timton."

His was from Timton, and his surname was Carter? Melissa's heart began to race and she had trouble breathing.

Her mother's surname was Carter, and she too came from Timton. Although her mother had rarely talked about her hometown or the family she left behind in front of her, Melissa could always feel how much her mother missed them.

It got much more noticeable after her mother fell ill. She talked about Timton more often. Did this mean that the person who kidnapped her children was related to her mother? Could it just be a coincidence? She didn't know what to think.

Chapter 254 Had A Fever

After getting the information, Everett and Melissa headed back.

Throughout the journey, Melissa absent-mindedly gazed out of the window.

She was certain her mother had hidden something from her in the past, and now this unidentified person was a lead to the secret.

"Are you still worrying about it?" Everett asked, concerned.

"Yes." Melissa nodded. "I don't think that man with the surname Cohen is simple. I want to visit Timton."

"I can go with you if you want," Everett said without hesitation. "Just tell me when, and I'll handle everything."

"No..." Melissa's chest tightened, as if her anxiety was a vice that squeezed her ribcage.

She gasped for breath.

"What's wrong?" Everett was frightened. Her breathing sounded shallow. He stepped on the brake.

"Don't, don't stop!" Melissa stared ahead. "I think something's happened to Lindsey and Merrick."

"Okay."

Everett was still worried about her breathing, but he did as she instructed, stepped on the gas and increased speed.

What should have been a two-hour journey took less than an hour.

As soon as Everett parked the car, they rushed out.

It was late, but the lights were still on in the house.

Something must have happened.

As they entered the house, they saw Johnny and Vivienne rushing downstairs. Each held a child in their arms and looked anxious.

"Mr. and Mrs. Mayfield," Melissa asked, sprinting forward. "What's wrong?"

"Melissa, thank God you are back." Vivienne breathed a sigh of relief, but still gripped the child tightly. "Johnny and I picked up Lindsey and Merrick as usual. After dinner, we let them play in the backyard. They were fine, but now they're both running fevers."

"Maybe they caught chills," Johnny suggested. He looked haggard and worried.

"Dad, give Merrick to me." Everett took Merrick into his arms.

"Give Lindsey to me," Melissa said to Vivienne.

After they accepted the children from the elders, their expressions became more serious.

Lindsey was burning up.

After years of medical training and experience, Melissa knew such a high fever was dangerous.

The children's faces were a livid red color.

Melissa suppressed her emotions and said calmly, "We need to get them to hospital. Their temperatures are too high. If they aren't lowered, it could cause pneumonia or worse."

"I'll drive," Johnny said.

All four adults travelled silently.

Studying the unconscious girl in her arms, Melissa was so distressed she had to bite back her tears.

She felt responsible for her children's pain.

She had been so busy; she had neglected them.

"Mommy, Mom..."

The little girl opened her eyes and clung to Melissa's clothes.

"Mommy, I feel hot, and my head hurts."

"Mommy's here, sweetheart," Melissa replied, unable to hold back her tears. "Don't be scared. We're going to the hospital. You'll be fine."