

## Chapter 270 Was He Their Father

Arielle? What was she doing here?

This was the first thought Melissa had, but it was hard to think of anything right then.

She glared over at the man who suddenly became still and gave him some advice in her sharpest tone.

"I'm not exactly sure what you had in mind, but I think now is the time you stop, or you will face a punishment much worse than being sent to prison."

"My sister is correct." Arielle frowned as her voice rang out after Melissa spoke. "You need to put the knife down or not only will the police and the Mayfield family get you, but even I won't let this go since I'm a part of the Sherman family and Dr. Sherman's sister!"

Arielle put special emphasis on those last few words.

The man could see his plight was over and he threw the knife down and sat on the floor.

Earlier, he had fallen into Everett's trap because of the check he'd greedily wanted, and then when he realized he was cheated, he got too angry to think straight. Fortunately, he stopped in time. Otherwise, not only would he lose the chance to get his money from Arielle, but he could lose his life as well.

He grimaced and began to cry like a madman. "I didn't mean to do it. I never meant to do it. I never wanted to kill anyone."

Now that he was subdued, the security guards went over to take him into custody.

Finally the chaos had ended.



Melissa let out a deep breath and looked at the man she still held in her arms.

She hadn't been aware Everett had fainted until she saw his closed eyes. His lips were blue and his face was even more ashen than before.

He'd lost so much blood it had made him lose consciousness.

Her face scrunched in distress as she shouted out. "Please help us! We need help! Get a stretcher in here!"

Luckily, they did not have to wait long as there were stretchers on the site. The guards slid Everett onto one of the stretchers and took him to the nearest operation room.

Melissa was close behind as she stared at Everett.

Her entire being was focused on Everett getting better. If he didn't, she would certainly be overwhelmed with guilt for the rest of her life.

Johnny and Vivienne were also close behind, but they weren't able to go into the operation room. They had to stand outside and wait anxiously.

"Oh my." Vivienne sighed as her eyes filled with tears. "Everett has been such a stable boy since he was young. He never cried out even when he was in a lot of pain. He fainted just then and I have no idea how painful his injuries are."

She was clearly about to cry.

"Don't worry. He'll be okay." Johnny placed his hand on Vivienne's shoulder to comfort her. "I think today he was a different person, much different than he was before. He has finally understood what his responsibility is."

"Please don't cry, Mr. and Mrs. Mayfield." Lindsey knew something was not right. She spread her arms out and blinked her round eyes at the adults. "My brother and I are here with you. We can help Mr. Everett Mayfield when he gets out and his wound won't hurt anymore. Don't cry."

"Thank you, Lindsey. You're such a good girl and we feel so much better when you're with us. We're just worried about Everett right now."

Vivienne held the two kids in her arms as she spoke.

She knew it was wonderful for her and Johnny to be grandparents to two such precious grandchildren.

Not only did it keep them young and let them experience fun, but it was also a deep, spiritual joy to spend time with them.

Merrick remained quiet and stared at the closed door of the operation room.

His thoughts were about the tall man that was in front of him and his sister before. Everett was identical to the man he'd often dreamt of when he thought about his father.

Was it possible that Everett was their father?

Could he even accept Everett as their father?

Now, somehow, Merrick felt that it might be okay to accept Everett as his father.

