

Chapter 308 Truth Surfaced

It was late night.

Melissa was then helped out of the room. Now she was sitting on the chair in the kitchen.

She glanced at the two people near her whose faces were gray with fatigue.

"Thank you so much for this," she said, her heart filling with gratitude.

"Melissa, what are you talking about?" Franco waved his hand to signify he had done nothing. "You are too polite. Besides, it is Everett who hasn't slept since last night. He's the most tired one. We are okay."

While speaking, he poked the person beside him with his elbow.

Bobbi, who had been preoccupied with eating crabs, was quick to react. He nodded his head in agreement.

"Yes, Everett is really worried about you. If I were him, I would have already fallen asleep."

As this conversation took place, Everett, about whom they were discussing, said nothing. He filled a bowl of soup and put it in front of Melissa.

"This soup is specially prepared for you. It is light and easy to consume. You should drink it now while it's still hot."

"Thank you." Taking a sip, Melissa hesitated and said, "I just have a few bruises over my body. I will be okay. Why don't you take some rest?"

"I am not tired nor do I need rest. I used to be the same when I had a busy work schedule in the past."

As Everett spoke, he looked at his two companions, indicating to change the topic.

"How is Colin?" Everett asked.

"It's not convenient for me to show up. I let your assistant handle it." Franco gulped down the soup and said, "It is said that it was a negligence from the hotel's side. To be more precise, a mistake of a worker."

"Okay. But did you find out who actually cut the power?"

"I'm sure it was Colin who did it, and the waiter had run away. This couldn't have happened if everything wasn't planned in advance!"

Bobbi nodded. His expression turned stern. "I have investigated Colin's whereabouts abroad. He has seen a lot of people abroad."

The survey results all showed that it was Colin who did it.

Everett's eyes were sharp and he let out a derisive snort.

"He is a hidden trouble for the Mayfield Group. Since he had decided to attack us, we won't remain quiet. I am eager to see who will win in the end."

As this conversation ensued among the men, Melissa listened quietly.

She couldn't get involved in these things, nor could she provide any help.

But then she had a question.

"Now that the mole has been confirmed, I want to know who asked him to do that. Why would anyone dare to mess with the Mayfield Group?"

"To figure that out, we need to start from abroad." Everett added in a low voice, "Franco is the person for these kinds of jobs."

"That's right. I have connections abroad. Don't worry, Melissa. Everything will be fine," Franco said, heaving with suppressed pride.

"We've almost figured out what's going on here. Melissa, do you have any clue about the man who kidnapped you since you have gotten a glimpse of him?"

Now all of them were looking at Melissa.

She put down her fork and recalled what happened last night.

She remembered vividly how that man's words were brimming with a loathing for her. He seemed determined to kill her and she recalled he had a birthmark similar to the one her mother had.

It seemed that something had surfaced, but it wasn't enough to be considered very useful.

She said, "He is a middle-aged man and the same one who kidnapped Lindsey and Merrick. Moreover, he seems to know my mother and is very determined to kill me and my children."

"I'm afraid he will attack you again after he failed to kill you this time,"

Everett said, his face darkened and there was a murderous light in his eyes.

This man had tried to kill Melissa and the children several times. He was determined to get rid of him before the man could further try to harm them.

"Don't worry. I'll handle it." After comforting Melissa beside him, Everett continued to analyze the situation.

"We can investigate this matter quickly. For that, I want you to investigate the background of your mother, Melissa. And combine it with the information you got from Atticus last time. We can go to Timton to confirm it."

Chapter 309 A Call From Aloys

After a few days of rest in the hotel, Everett agreed that Melissa could return to Andeport.

Her injuries were almost healed, and she felt able to go to work.

While she was checking the documents that Leilany had completed, her phone rang.

Her heart felt tight when she saw the caller ID.

It was an unknown overseas number.

She heard a familiar and warm voice as she answered. "Melissa."

"Aloys? Is that you?" Her voice hitched a little. "You've been gone for such a long time. Tell me your news."

Aloys was like a big brother. He had been the one who helped her through the difficult times, five years earlier.

He was the person she relied on the most during those years, always by her side. He was always ready to solve her problems.

She was grateful to him.

An apologetic voice said, "I'm sorry. Were you worried, Melissa?"

"It's fine, Aloys. I know you are always busy." Melissa relaxed. "But I would appreciate a call once in a while to let me know you're safe. You have to be careful when you're abroad alone."

"Okay." Aloys' hand trembled, but he didn't tell her how he really felt. "Say happy birthday to Lindsey and Merrick for me. I'll be back soon."

"I will, Aloys."

They chatted for a while before hanging up.

As Melissa stared at the black screen, her mind wandered.

She only returned to the real world when she heard a voice from the doorway.

"Melly, it's time to make the rounds," Leilany said.

"Okay," Melissa replied. "You check these for me, and I'll check the VIP wards."

"Got it."

They went their separate ways.

Melissa headed to the VIP wards. She checked every room.

The patients' conditions were good, although family members could be troublesome to deal with. They kept asking difficult questions and complained if she couldn't answer.

When she reached the last room, she saw a familiar face.

The woman looked stunned, but her words dripped with sarcasm. "Oh, aren't you the servant who brought food to Mr. Mayfield that day? Why are you wearing a doctor's gown? Do you visit the VIP wards to seduce rich men?"

Melissa groaned.

What bad luck.

Melissa ignored the woman and approached the patient.

The man on the bed was in his twenties but looked much older. He was diabetic and had heart disease.

The woman was angry that Melissa didn't answer.

She held the man's arm and said, "Honey, it's that bitch who bullied me and made me lose my job."

"Don't worry. I'll deal with this," the man said, waving his hand. "Kneel down and beg my wife for forgiveness."

Melissa frowned and her eyes grew cold.

What an unreasonable couple. They deserved each other.

The woman had tried to hook up with Everett. Now it turned out that she had a husband.

Melissa said, "I'm a doctor. How could I cause your wife to lose her job in the Mayfield Group? If you want someone to apologize, you should approach the CEO of the Mayfield Group."

Melissa refused to kneel for anyone.

