

Chapter 312 Pass The Buck

"I really don't have patience!"

Everett seemed even scarier now.

The man on the floor stood up frantically, and without any warning, started slapping his companion's face hard.

"Bad woman! How dare you offend Mr. Mayfield?"

After just a few slaps, the woman's face was beet red.

Although she knew in her mind that her husband didn't really have a choice, she couldn't help but resent him.

"Jarvis Carrillo, I was wrong about you. How dare you hit me? My father has never laid a hand on me. You'll pay for this with your life!" she screamed.

"You are not a good person. You wanton woman!"

They kept insulting each other angrily, both getting angry with every insult thrown at the other.

Melissa almost laughed at the scene.

Being powerful was indeed a good thing. Just a few words from Everett had reduced these bullies to being enemies.

She looked up and met Everett's eyes.

"Satisfied now?"

"Well, not bad." She grinned at him and said, "Let's get out of here."

"Sure!" Everett readily agreed.

As they both walked through the hospital hall, they attracted a lot of

attention.

Melissa smoothed her hair consciously and asked, "So, what brings you here?"

"I came to pick you up."

"Pick me up?" She quirked an eyebrow and looked away before adding, "Or did you come to see someone and unexpectedly met me?"

Everett was surprised to hear her say such. He smiled teasingly at her.

She still didn't look at him, so he stood in front of her and forced her to look at him.

"Is this you being jealous?"

"I don't know what you are talking about."

Melissa's voice sounded really weird. She avoided eye contact and walked past him in a hurry.

She was mentally beating herself up. Why did she say that? It just poured out of her mouth as though she had lost control of it.

What the hell just happened?

Everett was too pleased to just let her go like that. He reached out and grabbed her wrist before she could go far.

"Fine, I won't make fun of you anymore. I came to pick you up so we can go to the shopping mall together."

"Let me go first," Melissa said nervously, feeling eyes on her. "We can go to the mall. We'll talk about it after you let me go."

"Okay."

Everett put up his hands in surrender, but he wasn't happy.

At this rate, would they only be able to hold hands in secret?

When they were finally at a safe distance away from each other, Melissa looked at him and asked calmly, "Why are we going to the mall? And is it

just the both of us?"

"Well... Yeah." Everett scratched the back of his head. "My mother agreed not to hold a grand birthday party for Lindsey and Merrick since that isn't what you want, but we can't just fold our arms and do nothing. She asked me to pick you up and go to the mall. That way, you can buy everything you want to get for them."

Melissa was about to say a final no, but she kept her mouth shut after a short reflection.

When they were abroad, she and Aloys had a simple meal with the children on their birthday, and she didn't just want to change things.

However, this was the first time that Johnny and Vivienne would be present for their birthday. They really loved her children, and surely wanted to please them.

She couldn't refuse and make them sad.

Melissa pursed her lips for a second and finally nodded.

"Give me a minute to pack up my things. I'll be with you shortly," she said and quickened her pace.

If they had to do something nice, she needed to buy many things, and it was bound to take a lot of time.

Unbeknownst to them, Arielle had witnessed everything.

She was seething with anger. She threw the things she was holding and held back a scream.

She couldn't just sit still in the hospital and do nothing after what she just saw.

She had to do something before Melissa officially became the hostess of the Mayfield family.

She couldn't let it happen. She just couldn't.