

Chapter 357 A Heavy Blow

Melissa was anxious.

She moved forward, discreetly blocking the trash can, attempting to feign nonchalance.

"Well, maybe it's just delayed today. Why don't you go exercise now?"

"It shouldn't be delayed. I had the servants buy a newspaper from a nearby stall. I'll check with them later," Johnny replied, stretching as he left the room.

"Mr. Mayfield..." Melissa called out, but it was too late, as Johnny was already out the door.

She couldn't keep the news from him for too long.

It was breaking news, and even if she hid the newspaper, there were still other sources of information, not to mention the overwhelming updates on the phone.

She refrained from turning on her phone, not daring to do so.

What was she supposed to do?

She took a deep breath, feeling a sharp pain in her chest.

Smack!

Suddenly, the sound of a plate breaking echoed from the kitchen.

"What do you mean? Repeat what you just said! Everett died abroad? Say it one more time!"

Melissa witnessed this scene upon her arrival. Vivienne, who had previously been known for her kindness and leniency toward the servants, was now seen questioning one of them. She grabbed onto the servant's clothing and spoke in a quavering voice.

The servant being questioned hung her head and wept. "Mrs. Mayfield, haven't you seen the newspaper? It reports that Mr. Everett Mayfield was killed abroad. There's even a photo..."

"Wait, what?" Vivienne stumbled back in shock and fell on the floor.

"Mrs. Mayfield!" Melissa hurriedly approached her, knelt on one knee and supported Vivienne.

She knew this would happen. That was why she didn't want to let Everett's parents know.

Melissa struggled to hold back her tears, consoling Vivienne. "Don't lose hope yet. The picture in the newspaper is blurry. It might not even be Everett."

"Melissa, you know the news, don't you?" Vivienne's voice cracked with confusion and desperation. "A few days ago, Everett said he was going on a business trip. Why can't he return? Melissa..."

"Mrs. Mayfield."

Melissa was at a loss for words, tears streaming down her face.

Even though Vivienne had always shown favor to Melissa and her children, it was evident that she genuinely loved Everett.

After all, Everett was her only son, and Vivienne had raised him from birth. Hearing the news that her son was suddenly killed was unbearable for her.

Only a parent could understand that heart-wrenching pain.

Vivienne wept silently while facing the ceiling.

Then she wiped her tears and struggled to get back up. Even though she staggered a few times, she eventually regained her balance and headed for the door.

"Calm down. The news is fresh. It might not be accurate."

"Melissa, don't try to stop me," Vivienne replied firmly, pushing Melissa's hand away as she strode toward the door. "I'm heading to Europe right



now. My son won't die so easily. I'll go there and see for myself."

"Mrs. Mayfield..." Melissa called out, following her every step of the way.

She didn't know how to calm Vivienne down and resolve this issue because she herself was also unwilling to accept the news.

She had to accompany Vivienne and prevent her from doing anything rash due to her grief.

Exiting the door, Vivienne came across Johnny doing exercise.

It appeared as though she could no longer contain her emotions. She tugged at his clothes, tears welling up in her eyes.

"Johnny, everything that's happened is my fault. I had a feeling that something was amiss at the time. I should not have let him go abroad. It's entirely my fault.