

## Chapter 397 The Result

"You can leave first. We can order by ourselves."

Waving the waiter away, Aloys waited a few seconds. He then opened the door a crack, looked around, and closed it again.

Satisfied, He relaxed a little and spread the menu in front of Melissa.

"Order whatever you like."

"Okay." Thinking of what he usually ate, Melissa ordered some things that she thought he would like. "What do you think of these?"

"All right."

After they placed the order, Aloys rubbed the place between his eyebrows with his right hand, suddenly looking tired.

His other hand nervously knocked on the table in an irregular way, as if he was waiting for something.

Something must have happened. That was Melissa's intuition.

The receptionist said that Aloys had booked the room in advance. Aloys must have planned it before he came back.

Not only that, but he chose a private room in a popular restaurant.

The only thing Melissa could think of was that it was most likely someone was following him.

They sat in silence, both of them lost in their own thoughts when a soft knock on the door brought them back. After all the dishes were served, the phone in his pocket vibrated, making Aloys jump.

With a small cough, Aloys took it out and had a look. Then he put the phone on the table and began to put food on Melissa's plate.

"Come on, let's eat."

Playing with the fish on her plate, Melissa slowly began to eat and asked in a low voice, "Has everything been settled?"

"Almost done." Not saying more, Aloys lowered his head and began to eat his own meal. From the way he ate, Melissa could tell that he was really hungry. After a few more large bites of food, he looked at her and calmly admitted, "Someone has been watching me secretly since the plane landed."

"Your family?"

"Who else could it be?"

Hearing this, Melissa slowed down.

She took a deep breath, feeling upset.

Compared to the Mayfield family, the Brustins were more complicated.

For Aloys, the fight for control over his family's business was really about life and death.

As she thought about it, a depressing cloud settled over her for the rest of the meal.

Noticing her silence, Aloys wiped his mouth and looked at Melissa, who was staring at the food on her plate, her eyes full of complicated feelings.

"Melissa, you should be able to guess the main reason why I came back."

"I know."

Putting down the fork, Melissa sighed and raised her eyes, looking very serious.

Since she found out about this matter, her days were filled with anxiety and worry.

Fixing him with a steady gaze, she calmly said, "Tell me, Aloys. I can take it."

"It's serious, but it can be solved."

Aloys frowned and spread a test report on the table.

The piece of paper was densely filled with test data and results.

Melissa had no problem reading the familiar reports.

When she took a quick glance, her face paled. As she sat there, she looked it over again and again, each time feeling more and more scared.

The poison was produced in Vieam and was strong. If a person took one bite, they would die immediately.

However, the scent that came from it was also toxic. If a person were to inhale too much, the toxins would accumulate in their body. After reaching a certain value, the toxins would take effect.

The symptoms varied, but none of them were good. Some people might have organ failure, and some might die.

According to this, she and Leilany showed signs that they had inhaled a lot and the toxins had accumulated for a period of time. As for Lindsey and Merrick...

Seeming to read her mind, Aloys turned on his phone and found several pictures.

"I came in a hurry, so I only have the electronic version of the results. Here, have a look."

"Okay."

Reaching out with shaky hands, Melissa took the phone. Closing her eyes, she took a few deep breaths before checking the data.

It wasn't until she read it three times did she relax.

Only she and Leilany had a build-up of toxins in their bodies, which needed to be removed by certain methods. However, there were very few toxins in Lindsey's and Merrick's bodies, which could be discharged by their metabolism.

"Fortunately..." Melissa murmured.

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