

Chapter 416 Shocking News

As Franco carried on nagging, more doubt crept into Melissa's mind.

Bobbi and Franco seemed to be having the same reaction.

She sat down on the bench, looking over to Franco. "What do you know about this?"

"I swear I don't know anything," Franco waved his hands, sitting down opposite her. "I was at the night club, having a good time when Bobbi messaged me and asked me to come here. That's all I know."

"Really?" Melissa didn't believe him.

His reaction was odd, his and Bobbi's both. Something was fishy about it.

But then Franco was a bit disheveled. He had lipstick on his collar and his hair was full of gel.

"You have to believe me. I genuinely don't know what's going on," Franco said solemnly. If he told Melissa now, then he'd be sure to get a beating from Everett when he woke up. So he had to keep it a secret.

"Fine," Melissa replied, not asking any more questions, just glaring at him.

She wasn't going to get any more information out of him like this, but there was one thing he could do for her.

Melissa's unwavering stare began to make the guilt-ridden Franco feel nervous.

He made himself smile and said, "Don't stare at me like that, Melissa. Tell me, what's up?"

"Okay, I'll level with you," Melissa replied in a sober and serious tone. "Once Everett's surgery is over, I'll head off home. Then I'm going to send you something and I want everybody in Andeport to know about it tomorrow."

"What?" Franco sat bolt upright. There was something wrong here. "Is it shocking news?"

"Yeah, kinda."

The truth about the death of the CEO of the Mayfield Group's wife was big news. Once people found out what had really happened to Melissa five years ago, she'd be the talk of a certain section of society.

Melissa wasn't really that bothered, since to most people in Andeport, she was dead.

What she did want, however, was to completely ruin Arielle's reputation. She wanted to make sure that life in Andeport would be so unbearable for Arielle that Arielle couldn't stay even if she wanted to.

She could pay back all the hatred of the last five years in one go.

Two hours later, the door of the operating room opened.

First came a nurse, pushing out the bed, followed by Bobbi. Melissa could tell just by looking in his eyes that he was totally exhausted.

"How's Everett?" Franco came up first. "You made me rush over here; don't tell me it was for nothing."

"To be totally honest, yes. He's fine; nothing more than a little bruise."

"I..." Franco wanted to swear and curse the place down, but since they were in a hospital, he kept himself under control. He jabbed an accusing finger at Franco and said, "So you made me come all the way here for nothing? For this bruise? Do you have any idea how difficult it was for me to have a party with those girls?"

"Yes, I do." Noticing Franco's neck, plastered in hickeys, Bobbi shrugged, saying, "I'm just so tired, and I didn't want to keep doing it alone. I didn't want anybody else, but I needed you here."

"Y-you, you!"

Bobbi and Franco walked off, arguing between themselves.

Melissa couldn't get a word in, even though she was right there next to

them.

Earlier, in the car, Everett had looked to be in a lot of pain. She couldn't believe he only had a few bruises.

However, she was in somebody else's hospital, and it wasn't her place to keep questioning their work.

She went to the ward to check on Everett. He was lying in bed and didn't seem to be in any pain. It took a load off her mind, for now.

She had something else to do now.

After she had spoken to the nurse, Melissa hurried home to dig out the documents she had been collecting: Arielle's pregnancy records, and the evidence of the abortion she had had.

She sorted it all out into date order, and then took pictures and sent them over to Franco along with a message asking him to make the news seem a little more natural.

When the "sent" confirmation appeared, Melissa's heart rate accelerated with anticipation.

Finally, everything she had suffered through five years ago was going to be cleared up. Not just for her, but for the person she once was, the one who had died back then.