

Chapter 435 Arielle Ran Away

Just after Everett finished talking, Melissa was suddenly next to him holding a bowl of soup.

Suddenly she wasn't sure what to do.

What Everett said had confused her. Did he say it on purpose? Did he want her to feed him?

She had no reason to refuse however.

Everett's voice lowered and he blinked hard. "I'm starving."

"You must be." Melissa sat on the edge of the bed, feeling powerless. She offered him a spoonful of soup while she spoke. "Try it. It doesn't have any pepper."

Everett was shocked and his eyes fell down toward the soup.

He never really liked pepper, but very few people knew about it.

Out of nowhere, an inexplicable feeling stirred within him. It was as though a thorn was lodged in his heart, causing a deep pain.

They both remained silent while Everett finished the bowl of soup.

"Would you like some more?"

"Yes."

Melissa swiftly began to fill the bowl once more.

Melissa experienced a similar sensation when she cared for Lindsey and Merrick when they felt unwell. She noticed, however, that Everett was quite distinct from his usual self when sick. With his head down, he resembled an innocent child while he sipped on his soup.

She settled back down next to the bed and scooped out some of the

soup. The door to the ward abruptly swung open.

"Sorry to disturb you, Mr. Mayfield, but something terrible has happened."

The assistant came in and looked at what was happening between Everett and Melissa.

He started to sweat and was unable to look Everett in the eye.

"What happened?" Everett spoke the words plainly.

"Never mind, Mr. Mayfield." The assistant came back to the door. "I really didn't see anything. I just walked by the door."

Melissa placed the fish soup on the table and stood up. "I'm going to go out for few minutes."

The Mayfield Group was going through a crucial period, and if something were to happen while Everett was in a coma, it could have repercussions for the entire company. Melissa resolved to excuse herself and give them some privacy to discuss matters.

As soon as she stood, however, an arm was suddenly wrapped around her waist.

"It's not necessary for you to leave." Everett's eyes went cold as he frowned. "Just tell me what has happened."

The assistant was taken aback by Everett's expression.

He quickly spoke, his fists clenched anxiously. "Arielle has run away, according to the bodyguard."

"What?" Everett's expression became even more intense as he sneered. "Is this how you work?"

Everett's smile and his frosty tone made the assistant very frightened.

The assistant's back was wet with cold sweat, and his legs became so weak it was difficult to keep standing.

It was a reasonable guess that if Melissa was not present, he would have been tossed out of the ward by now.

"Mr. Mayfield, Colin has made a move again. Besides, I've been monitoring the public opinion closely... Actually, as a precaution, I've arranged for thirty bodyguards to..."

"So you mean you are not to blame?"

"No." The assistant was extremely frightened, to the point where he nearly dropped to his knees. "I simply wanted to inform you that I've dispatched some people to search for her."

Everett's eyes were as cold as ice.

"Go inform Franco first. No matter what, we have to find Arielle."

"Yes, Mr. Mayfield," the assistant replied and was gone in a flash.

The assistant was unaware of the truth until he read the news, so Everett's anger was reasonable.

Unfortunately, he was the one in trouble after Arielle ran away.

He had to find her. If he didn't, it was even possible he could be fired.

Melissa was quiet for a while before she spoke.

"It's likely that Arielle would have sought assistance from those closest to her. You can request that your subordinates monitor the Sherman family."

"I'll handle it."

Everett looked at Melissa for a few silent moments. All at once he felt both lucky and guilty.

He couldn't hold back anymore and asked the question that had been buried in his heart for so long.

"Melissa, I need to know. Do you hate me?"