

Chapter 456 There Is A Spy Among Us

Melissa hadn't even had a chance to ask a question before Bobbi began to speak slowly, rubbing his chin with his right hand.

"This is not a simple situation," he said, his tone serious. "I was at the scene yesterday. After the fire had been put out, I went inside to take a look and found something suspicious while listening to the servants' explanations."

Frowning, he continued, "Normally, if someone intentionally sets a fire, they would do so on the first floor to avoid detection. However, in this case, only the living room on the first floor was burned, while three or four rooms on the second floor were destroyed. And the toy room and one of the guest rooms were the most heavily damaged. Why take the risk of setting fire on the second floor?"

The implication was clear, and Vivienne's face went pale as she trembled.

"They wanted to kill my dear grandson and granddaughter," she said.

Bobbi nodded with a dark expression. "Yes, that seems likely. But how did they know that Lindsey and Merrick were on the second floor? And why didn't anyone notice the fire? There are too many suspicious points."

"There must be a spy among us," Everett said coldly.

"That's impossible." Johnny's brow furrowed as he spoke. "Our servants were brought there from the old house by your mother and me. Most of them have served us for a long time, and—"

"And what? Don't you know people can change?" Vivienne interrupted, her eyes brimming with anger.

"The Mayfield family has always treated them well. Who could have guessed that some of them would want to kill us?" she continued, shaking her head in disbelief.



"It doesn't matter now. They have chosen their side. If they want to kill you, they will do so regardless of how well you have treated them," replied Melissa, clenching her fists and flashing a cold stare.

She wouldn't let these people go, especially not Arielle.

"I think the top priority now is to investigate the background of our staff and see if there is anything suspicious. We also need to know who they have been in contact with recently," Melissa suggested.

"I'll take care of it," Franco offered, but Everett shook his head decisively.

"No, you might alert them. My assistant will handle it. I'll give him instructions privately," he declared firmly.

Franco nodded in agreement but couldn't help grumbling, "Fine, but can we eat something now? I'm starving."

"Sure, let's eat," Vivienne agreed with a smile.

But Everett remained tense and focused. He felt as though something was still amiss.

At that moment, Melissa spoke up. "I'm sorry, but all I'll be having is two pieces of bread. My priority is to see Lindsey and Merrick first. I fear they might be uneasy and unable to indulge in a meal."

Vivienne nodded. "Sure..."

Suddenly, a loud noise interrupted their conversation, and Everett sprang to his feet.

He knew what was wrong.

If there was a spy among the servants, they wouldn't let any chance slip by. The failed plan from last night meant that the spy might try again today.

His heart sank as he realized that Lindsey and Merrick were alone with the servants in the ward.

Ignoring the curious stares of the people in the corridor, Everett sprinted toward the ward, and to his relief, the bodyguards were still standing

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guard outside.

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But when he pushed open the door, his stomach dropped.

The room was empty!

The sheets were crumpled, indicating a struggle.

Fury coursed through him as he spun around and roared, "Where are the children? I specifically ordered you to guard Lindsey and Merrick! How could there be nobody in the ward?"

Melissa, who had just arrived, collapsed against the wall, her knees giving out.

Disregarding the pain, she approached the door and asked in a shaky voice, "Where are Lindsey and Merrick?"



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