

Chapter 472 A Terrible Proposal

Leilany was taken aback by Melissa's abrupt awakening, as she sat beside her.

"How do you feel? Are you having any physical discomfort?"

Leilany extended her hand to touch Melissa's forehead. Upon confirming the absence of a fever, she breathed a sigh of relief.

"How long did I sleep, Leilany?"

Leilany released a sigh. "It's been forty-eight hours. Everett went to Dora's hometown to handle matters concerning what happened to you. He asked me to take care of you before he departed."

"Could you show me the components of the poison?"

Leilany patted her palm against her forehead after hearing Melissa's words.

"How silly of me! I almost forgot you're a proficient doctor who treats the most challenging illnesses. Give me a moment, I'll retrieve the list of the components at once."

Leilany went out to retrieve the list of components. Howell, who appeared weary, entered the ward shortly thereafter.

"Melissa, I heard you were unwell so I came to visit you."

Howell carefully placed a basket of fruit on the table adjacent to the bed. He wanted to make sure Melissa would notice it.

Melissa cast a disinterested glance at the fruit basket. Her countenance betrayed a hint of derision.

"I don't consume kiwi fruit. If I tried to ingest any type of fuzzy fruit, I'd

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have trouble breathing. Didn't you know that, Mr. Sherman?"

Howell felt ashamed as he realized how little he truly knew about his eldest daughter. When Melissa was a child, his company was undergoing a critical transformation, and he was also responsible for caring for Emily and Arielle.

Consequently, he had little time to devote to Melissa's upbringing. She was primarily tended to by a nanny during that period.

"I wasn't aware of your allergy to kiwi fruit. I'm a careless father, and for that, I apologize. How can I make it up to you? Just tell me, and I'll do it."

A bitter smile crept onto Melissa's face. She'd often yearned for things that were absent from her life. Now, the elation she'd feel if she were to get those things would pale in comparison to what she would've felt if she'd attained them years ago.

In the end, what was lost could never truly be replaced.

Now, Melissa was impervious to any harm, and no one could affect or disturb her.

The powerless Melissa, who was once vulnerable to everyone's bullying, had perished in the car accident more than five years ago!

"Mr. Sherman, I don't wish to discuss the past anymore. Moreover, I am not your daughter any longer. Your daughter has passed away."

Howell's facial expressions fluctuated wildly as he felt deeply embarrassed.

Howell clenched his fists tightly behind his back. If he didn't require Melissa's assistance, he would've left and slammed the door shut behind him. Why should he have to endure her insults?

"Melissa, regardless of whether you accept me as your father or not, I brought you into this world. I am your father, and my blood runs through your veins."

Melissa's face turned grim. If it were feasible, she would've returned every drop of his blood within her body. The notion that his blood flowed through her veins made her nauseous.

"What is it that you want to say, Mr. Sherman? If your only purpose in coming here was to see me, then you can leave now. As you can see, I'm perfectly fine!"

Melissa's tone was firm as she bid farewell to Howell. She made it clear she didn't want to engage in further conversation with him.

"To be honest, Melissa, my visit to you today was motivated by my concern for Arielle. She is your sister and both of you are my daughters. It pains me to see you both hurting each other. Furthermore, your children and yourself are safe and sound, are they not? If that's the situation, you should request that Everett discontinue his search for Arielle promptly since this is our private family affair. We shouldn't allow an external individual to interfere with it. How do you feel about that?"

"That's a terrible proposal!"