

Chapter 473 Mr. Sherman, Please Go Back

Melissa firmly rejected Howell's proposal. She then stared into his eyes, locking him with a piercing gaze.

"Mr. Sherman, is this truly your idea of safety? My children were kidnapped and terrified, while I nearly lost my life. Do you think my children and I are not safe and sound only when we are killed?"

Howell, interpreting her words as mere confrontation, scowled in frustration.

He stood up, glaring at Melissa. "Enough of this absurdity. I am certain Arielle isn't capable of such acts. You must have pushed her to the brink. Regardless, as her sister, you have a duty to help her!"

His demeanor had shifted, unveiling a more sinister side.

Melissa responded with a mocking smirk. "You must have been exhausted from repressing your anger for so long."

Howell's hands clenched into fists. "Enough of this, Melissa. You have three days to persuade Everett to abandon his pursuit of Arielle. He must let my daughter go."

The words that came out of his lips sounded like he was issuing an order.

As he turned around to leave, he was halted by a chilling voice.

"Is Arielle your treasure while Melissa is merely a blade of grass for you to be trampled upon?"

Everett's icy gaze matched his sharp tone.

This time, Howell wore a grim expression. "That's not what I meant, Everett. I merely sought Melissa's aid for her sister's sake."



Everett scoffed. "And why should she oblige? Arielle must face the consequences of her actions. Mr. Sherman, if you have no further business here, kindly leave. And in the future, let Melissa be. She needs to rest."

Though he was furious, Howell didn't have a rebuttal to offer. Thus, he just stormed away, his hands trembling in anger.

"Thank you for sending him away," Melissa said, her voice heavy with exhaustion.

Exhausted, Melissa lay in the bed, rubbing her temples. Speaking with Howell had drained her, as his blatant bias toward Arielle stung like a thorn in her side. She was no emotionless machine, after all.

"Rest well. I'll come by later to check on you," Everett offered.

"Okay." Melissa nodded, her thoughts drifting to a question for Everett. "You went to Dora's hometown, right? What did you find?"

"Nothing, I'm afraid. By the time I got there, she'd already left. However, I learned that Dora had spent considerable time in Timton. After her return, the village's chickens, ducks, and geese were poisoned periodically. I suspect she acquired the poison in Timton."

Melissa frowned. Timton? That name was haunting her yet again.

Noticing Melissa's pallor, Everett gently tucked the quilt around her, concern in his eyes.

"What's the matter? Did you remember something?" he asked.

In fact, Melissa and Aloys had recently investigated the place.

"No. So, what's your next move?"

"I've dispatched someone to Timton for further investigation. If the poison indeed originated there, I'll find the antidote as soon as possible. I won't let you suffer for long."

As Melissa gazed into Everett's earnest eyes, her heart, once encased in ice, began to melt.