

## Chapter 76 The Man I Like

Everett was stunned. He had assumed Melissa would argue and try to hide the truth. He didn't expect her to be so calm. She didn't seem to care.

Didn't she take him seriously?

He felt disappointed.

"Melissa, don't you feel guilty about disappearing for five years? You hid the children from me. I didn't see them for five years, and now you're unwilling to let them know who I am."

His eyes were cold. He felt inexplicably angry.

"Everett, get a grip. We've been separated for five years. We are not a couple. I left the old Melissa behind. She's dead to me. I'm Melly now. So, what if the children share half your DNA? You didn't want them then, and it's too late for you to want them now."

Having spoken her mind, Melissa stood up and was about to leave. She glanced at the document on the table. "Merrick and Lindsey don't know their father abandoned them. They think he passed away but loved them very much. If you want those children to know the truth, I guess that's up to you. I have taken care of them alone before, and I still can."

Everett was shocked. He felt wounded by Melissa's ruthless words.

He could not deny that he had abandoned them.

He hadn't believed her, and he hurt her badly.

But did that mean he was wrong to want his children to call him daddy?

He stood still and gazed at Melissa's receding figure. Everett's head was full of questions, but Melissa's words had rendered him speechless.

Outside, Melissa took a few deep, calming breaths.

Her mind was in a state of chaos. Everett's words reminded her of past trauma. It seemed that she hadn't forgotten any of it.

She knew that Everett was up to something. He had spent so much time with her two children recently. It was no surprise that he found out the truth.

Perhaps that wasn't a bad thing. She did not need to hide the truth any longer.

Melissa's phone rang. Seeing the familiar number on the screen, she answered it.

"Aloys, I'm surprised you have time to call me today. Ha-ha, yes. Of course, I'd love you to come back. Merrick has been waiting for you to return to celebrate the New Year."

Melissa smiled as she chatted with the person on the other end of the phone.

Everett watched angrily.

Who was Melissa talking to? Why was she laughing so happily? Why was his son waiting for someone else to celebrate the New Year with him?

He didn't realize how jealous he felt, standing at the door, looking at Melissa.

"Hey, your friend?" Everett said, looking awkward. He wanted to ask more but didn't dare.

Melissa pursed her lips and smiled. Mischievously, she told Everett, "No. It's the man I like. He has a good relationship with my children. He watched them grow up but has been working abroad recently."

Chapter 76 The Man I Like

 +120 Points at most

Everett's face grew pale. He glared at Melissa and left.

The assistant followed him, heart beating fast.

He had never seen his boss so angry before. Now, all the people of the company would suffer. Damn it!

The assistant trotted to catch up with Everett, and then watched helplessly as Everett slammed the car door.

Everett was furious. He couldn't control himself.

## Chapter 77 Franco Cohen

It had been years since Everett had gone to a bar. But all of a sudden he felt he needed to. He had called Franco Cohen and asked him to meet him there, but even Franco was surprised to have been asked.

"What's wrong? You just called me out of the blue and asked me to come here," Franco said as he turned up at the bar in a flamboyant pink shirt. He squinted at Everett.

It was rare to see Everett drowning his sorrows. Franco couldn't think of any reason Everett could have to be depressed. After all, he was Everett of the Mayfield family and extremely powerful.

"You can either drink or leave."

With these words, Everett's mood was clear.

His cruel, impatient tone got to Franco, who stared at him in shock before sitting down next to him.

What was wrong with Everett?

Franco winked at Everett's assistant and they shared a look. Franco wasn't sure if they understood each other.

"Everett, you're in a bad mood. But I'm your friend, so of course I'm going to stay. How could I leave you like this?"

Franco had been hanging around in lots of bars for a long time so he knew a lot of people. But he and Everett had been friends since they were children and Everett was the only person he really cared about.

"Shall I go and find some girls for you? That might make you feel better," Franco joked.

Everett gave his friend a cold stare.

"Okay, I get it. I'll shut up."

Franco understood Everett's look. He stopped talking to him, and motioned to the barman to get them the strongest booze they had in the place.

Half an hour later, Franco managed to find out what had happened to Everett from his assistant.

"What? Melissa? You've got two children?"

He was as surprised as he had been when he heard Everett was married.

He didn't understand. He thought Everett was in love with Arielle? Was everything the other way round? Or had he misunderstood?

"Hang on, Everett. I thought you liked Arielle?" Franco asked. It was a good question, and sobered Everett up in an instant.

Everett had also thought he liked Arielle...

In the past, he had been unhappy with his marriage, and had blamed it all on Melissa. He thought Melissa had been trying to gain power in the Mayfield family, and had framed him and Arielle, ultimately causing Arielle's miscarriage.

He had always felt guilty over Arielle. That was why he had kept her by his side for so many years.


Did he really love her? No, he even didn't really like her. But had Melissa not suddenly reappeared, he might have married Arielle.

But Melissa had come back into his life, along with her two children.

However, she had told him she was in love with someone, and that even her children liked him.

Everett raised his head and took a long drink, as if he wanted to

Chapter 77 Franco Cohen

 +120 Points at most

numb all his feelings, physical and emotional, with alcohol and not have to think about those things.

"Hey, maybe don't knock back so much of that stuff. It's not your style. If you love her, then go after her. Drinking won't solve anything," Franco said, going straight to the heart of the matter. He gave his friend a sympathetic look. After all, he knew what had happened before. If Everett hadn't done what he had, Melissa would never have been in danger.

Our ads aim to provide better support for authors.

## Chapter 78 Beat Neal

"I'm tired. I'll head back."

Everett didn't acknowledge Franco's attempt to dissuade him. Thoughts whirled around inside his skull. He staggered a few steps before finding his balance and standing firm. He took a step toward the exit.

"Take him to the restroom and help him clean up. He can sleep at my house tonight," Franco said to Everett's assistant. He worried about what would happen to Everett when he left. Franco thought it better to take him straight to his house and take care of him.

Everett's assistant looked at his boss and finally listened to Franco. He escorted Everett to the restroom.

Everett felt dizzy but tried his best to look sober. He removed his coat and asked his assistant to wait outside.

In the restroom, he turned on the tap and splashed his face with cold water in an attempt to sober up.

Suddenly, he heard a familiar name.

"Yes, his name is Merrick Sherman, and his sister is Lindsey Sherman. Arrange for someone to frighten them, but don't kill them. Don't worry. I will pay you. Just do it well, or I won't let you go."

Everett's eyes turned cold. He stared at the cubicle door until it was pushed open.

The man felt someone in front of him and raised his head. Before he could speak, he felt a pain in his chest. Someone hit him, forcing him to step back. His body toppled, and he fell onto the toilet behind him.

His head hit the wall. It bled instantly.

"Fuck!"

The man touched the blood on his head. Before he could say something more, he was kicked again.

He was in too much pain to stand up.

Assuming he had offended someone, he begged for mercy.

When he realized his assailant had been silent for a long time, he finally raised his head.

"Mr. Mayfield! I am Arielle's uncle. Did you make a mistake?"

Neal was shocked and annoyed when he recognized the person in front of him. But he couldn't afford to offend Everett, let alone beat him.

Everett thought someone wanted to hurt his children, but when he heard the man's identity, he felt cold. The man was related to the Sherman family.

"Boss, what's wrong?" Hearing a noise, the assistant rushed in and saw Everett staring into a cubicle with a malicious look on his face. The blood pooling on the ground proved something violent had happened.

The assistant was surprised to see the man in the cubicle. Wasn't he Arielle's uncle? He had seen Neal several times when he took Arielle back to the Sherman family home.

Why were he and Everett fighting?


"Haven't you finished yet?" Franco pushed the door open and was shocked by what he saw. He was out of luck today. He'd seen Everett get drunk and assault someone.

He even wondered if he would get himself into trouble because he knew a lot of Everett's secrets.

Before he had time to think it over, Everett spoke. "Take him



Chapter 78 Beat Neal

 +120 Points at most

away. I have something to ask him."

After Everett had calmed down from his initial shock, he realized things might be a little complicated. Arielle and her family could be hiding things from him and keeping secrets about what happened that year.

The assistant heard the cruelty in Everett's words, although his voice was void of emotion.

"Okay," he said, looking to Franco for help. If anyone could solve this problem, it was Franco.

"Follow Everett. I'll handle things here," Franco said with a smile. Things were going a little beyond his expectations.

## Chapter 79 Was I Really Wrong

---

Neal was tied up and hauled into the car. Franco nodded at the security guards of the bar, and then turned to the manager.

"Please thank your boss on my behalf. I would like to treat you all to a meal sometime. Also, tell everyone here tonight not to breathe a word of this to anyone. I don't want any rumors to circulate."

Franco held a considerable amount of power and influence. He took it upon himself to hush any potential talk about the incident and protect Everett. He was a good friend, after all.

It was a good thing that Franco was here, or Everett might have killed Neal on the spot. Everett was the type of man who, once pushed past his limits, could eliminate anyone standing in his way.

The manager nodded in earnest to express his understanding. He watched as the men got into the car and left. Only then did he breathe a sigh of relief. He had really thought they were going to destroy the bar!

Half an hour later, the car screeched to a halt in front of Franco's residence. Everett sulkily got out.

Franco's private villa was located in a secluded area, and was fully equipped with the most sophisticated security technology in the market. Franco also liked boxing, so he naturally had a lot of stuff related to the field.

Moments later, they were in the basement. Everett unfastened his cuffs and rolled up his sleeves, revealing his muscular arms.

"Mr. Mayfield, it's all a misunderstanding! I'm Arielle's uncle. That makes us relatives by association! What do you think

Chapter 79 Was I Really Wrong  
you're doing?"

+120 Points at most

Neal was completely terrified. He stared at the man before him. Everett's murderous intent was palpable in the air, and for the first time, Neal felt a raw, primal fear in his heart.

"Tell him what he wants to know," Franco piped up. "He is not a patient man. I don't want him to kill you in my house, but we all know I can't stop him."

He was sitting on a chair against the far wall, smiling as he fiddled with his cup of tea.

"Shut up!" Everett glanced coldly at Franco.

The man promptly shut his mouth, though his smile remained.

Neal was still bound, tied up to a chair this time, and surrounded by several burly men clad in all black.

"Mr. Mayfield, please! Please forgive me. I'll tell you everything you want to know!"

Neal was so scared that even the chair shook with his trembling.

"Tell me everything about the Sherman family, Melly and her two children."

"Okay, okay. I'll tell you everything."

Neal bobbed his head and proceeded to explain all that Emily and Arielle had asked him to do.

"I have one more question. What happened to Arielle's child five years ago?" Everett's tone was menacing.

His hands were clenched into fists at his sides. He already had some ideas as to what the answer was, but he needed definitive proof to know for certain.

"I have no idea. Really, I don't know. By the time I arrived, the child was already gone."

Neal was croaking at this point.

He didn't seem to be lying. He was crying from fright.

Everett took a deep, exasperated breath and looked up at the ceiling. He was met by the blinding white glare of the basement's lights. His mind drifted off to everything that had transpired five years ago.

The more he thought about it, however, the more questions popped up in his head. Why had he refused to believe Melissa back then?

"Everett, why don't you retire for the night? I'll deal with this," Franco said.

"Boss, you should go upstairs and get some rest."

Both Franco and his assistant could feel the sudden melancholy that took over him.

Everett's chest tightened with an overwhelming wave of remorse. He ached from it.

"Was I really wrong?" he muttered under his breath.

## Chapter 80 He Is Sick

Everett mumbled, covered his eyes with his hand and passed out.

"Everett?" Franco exclaimed, catching him as he fell. "Call the doctor."

He didn't think Everett would faint. Even Everett's assistant was shocked. Once they had carried Everett to a guest room, a shadow fell over Franco's face.

"Lock Neal up in the basement for the day. Don't give him anything but water unless he looks like he's dying of hunger," he ordered the men in black beside him and then waved them away.

"Mr. Cohen, the doctor said my boss has got a fever. And I think he's murmuring something..." The assistant didn't dare to mention that he had heard Melissa's name. He couldn't call Melissa here without express permission from Everett.

Franco went over to look and he could quite clearly see that the fever had turned Everett's face red while he muttered something to himself over and over. Franco was curious.

He hadn't seen a lot of Melissa, and could only just remember who she was.

"Does Melissa live in Andeport?"

"Yes, she's called Dr. Melly Sherman now."

"Doctor? Do you have her phone number and address?" Franco asked.

An hour later, at nearly 10 p.m., Franco knocked on Melissa's door.

He went into the living room, and anxiously told Melissa that Everett was dying. He told her that Everett's last wish was to see her.

"Melissa, go and see your husband before it's too late."

Tears welled in Franco's eyes as he said this.

Melissa rolled her eyes at Franco's terrible acting.

"Don't talk nonsense. I'm not married," she retorted resentfully, casting a short glance at him.

"Dr. Sherman, saving lives is what you do. You're the Divine Surgeon. Please do me this favor."

Melissa was about to send Franco away when she heard a voice from the second floor.

"Mommy, what's wrong?"

Franco saw a little girl in pink pajamas, rubbing her sleepy eyes.

He finally understood why Everett wanted his children. This little girl was so cute.

"Nothing, just another sick person. I am going to go and see them. You should be in bed."

Melissa didn't want her daughter to know it was Everett, or Lindsey would definitely make her go, and probably beg to come along.

She turned around, glaring at Franco before she finally agreed.

Franco gave her his best smile. Then he stood up and waited for her to leave.

When they got to Franco's house, Melissa went into the bedroom, her face completely blank. The door banged closed behind her and she gave a snort.

"Everett's not dying. Why has Franco called me here?"

She squatted down to look at the man on the bed. She felt his temperature by laying a hand on his forehead. It was a little hot, but not enough for anything serious.

"Melissa..." Everett said in a low voice, just loud enough that Melissa could hear him.

It tugged on Melissa's heart and she frowned.

"Damn it," she cursed in a low voice and turned to leave.

The person listening outside the door hadn't expected it to open again so quickly and he fell in.

"Ha-ha, I'm sorry to bother you... But I was just passing by... Actually..."

Franco lay on the floor, a little embarrassed. He jumped back to his feet, glanced at the man on the bed, and made to leave, head down, not looking at Melissa.

"Stop!" Melissa commanded.

She was so angry and had no way to let it all out. But now Franco was here, she could vent all her anger on him.