

Chapter 97 Break Into The House

Arielle looked at Ewing, and her heart skipped a beat. He must have lost his mind. How could he want to be with her? He was delusional!

"Do you want to die?" Arielle stood up and rebuked Ewing loudly, her eyes shining with humiliation and anger.

Ewing remained calm in his seat. As Arielle took large breaths, he arched his eyebrows, inviting Arielle to leave.

The only thing he wanted to do today, was tell Arielle that he expected something in return for her request.

At his audacity, Arielle snorted, took her bag, and stormed out of the office, slamming the door on her way out.

Behind the closed door, Ewing breathed a sigh of relief and quickly picked up the phone, punching in the number he was instructed to call.

"She came to see me today. I didn't learn anything from her, but I have done as Mr. Mayfield asked." As Everett's assistant further instructed him, Ewing fidgeted with the phone's cord, twirling it around his finger.

"Okay, I will do it. Don't worry. If I succeed, I will keep the video as evidence."

Before they hung up, Ewing nodded and bowed to the phone as if the person on the other end of the line were right in front of him. It was not until he hung up that he wiped the sweat on his forehead.

The only reason he was here now was that Everett thought he was still useful.

After leaving Ewing's company, Arielle stormed to her car. On her way down, her anger gradually rose, resulting in a burst of emotion. Venting her anger, she kicked the car door and slammed it shut, leaving large dents across its surface. With blurry eyes, she rushed to the Mayfield family home.

However, before she had a chance to enter the house, she was accosted by a burly security guard who kicked her out.

"Do you know who I am?" She screamed. "I am the future hostess of the Mayfield family. How dare you, a security guard, stop me?"

For ten minutes, she stood at the door, refusing to budge. By this point, her temper skyrocketed. Not having anyone else to vent her anger on, she made a scene and screamed at the security guard.

"Miss, you can't come in without an appointment. I know the master of the Mayfield family, but I don't know you."

How could the security guard have been so ignorant about her identity?

Feeling the blood rush to her head, she yelled, "Tell the butler to come here this instant! You can't work here anymore."


The guard looked at Arielle, unimpressed as she angrily waved her arms. Shrugging his shoulders, he said, "Sorry, the butler is busy with his work."

At his response, she sneered in his face, "You... you wait and see."

That was the last straw. Storming back to her car, she reached into her purse and snatched her phone. She tried calling Everett, but, again, no one answered. Why wasn't she allowed to enter the house? No one had stopped her before. 1

Changing tactics, she called the butler, who answered the phone on the fifth ring.

Before she could say anything, the butler briskly informed her

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that anyone who came to the Mayfield family home now had to make an appointment. Not bothering to hear her response, the man hung up the phone.

"Ahhh!"

Arielle beat her fists against the steering wheel. Completely losing all sense of rationality, she turned her car around and sped toward the estate's main door, ramming into it.

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After their meal, Melissa, Everett, Merrick, and Lindsey walked back to the car when Everett's phone rang. It was the butler.

At whatever news he was receiving, he paused mid-step and let out a sigh. Rubbing his temples, he instructed, "Send her to the hospital."

From his small frown and vacant expression, Melissa thought he looked annoyed despite the fact that someone seemed to be hurt.

"Is anyone injured?"

She wasn't really interested, but being a doctor for so long had left her with the subconscious habit of checking on someone's well-being. It wasn't until she finished her question that she realized the silliness of her question. How could Everett not have a private doctor?


Dismissively, he said, "It's not a big deal."

"That's good. Since someone called you, you'd better go back. We can get back by ourselves."

Melissa didn't want to talk to him anymore. If it weren't for Lindsey's mischief, today wouldn't have happened. Throughout the whole meal, Everett picked up food for her and made sauce for her, as if they were really a family.

Oblivious to her annoyance, he waved off her suggestion. "It doesn't matter. Someone is dealing with it. Let me send you

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back."

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Happy that they could stay together a little longer, Lindsey grabbed Everett's hand again and chimed, "Thank you for inviting us to dinner, Mr. Mayfield. When we get home, I'll show you my painting!"

At her daughter's words, Melissa shook her head and pinched the place between her eyebrows.

Happy, Everett helped them into the car before getting in himself. Meeting his assistant's eyes, he quickly instructed him to go back to the house to deal with Arielle. Then, he asked the driver to drive to Melissa's house.

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Arielle lay on the hospital bed, her arms and head bandaged, her face filled with grievance as tears streamed down her cheeks.

When Emily received the news, she immediately rushed over. She had the crippling fear that her daughter was actively seeking death.

She was therefore relieved to find that Arielle had only suffered some minor injuries, nothing more.

Emily spotted Everett's assistant standing on one side of the ward and promptly directed her frustrations at him.

"Where is Everett?" she demanded. "Why isn't he here tending to Arielle?"

"Mr. Mayfield is busy at the moment. I'm afraid he is unable to come here."

The assistant's tone was perfectly neutral, neither docile nor overbearing. But if one looked closely, one would have seen the anxiety swirling in his eyes.

He had barely recovered from Arielle's verbal attack, and now it looked like he was about to suffer another tirade.

"What could be more important than my daughter's well-being? Hurry and call your boss. Ask him to come here right this instant!"

"Mr. Mayfield is terribly busy. He is unable to come."

Throughout the ordeal, the assistant had kept to his spiel and repeated the same response over and over.

"Fine! Since you refuse to call him, I'll do it myself!"

Emily was so mad that she was practically breathing fire.

Unfortunately for her, no sooner had the call connected than it was hung up.

Emily was initially surprised, and called again. And again. She kept calling until she heard an automated voice saying that Everett's phone had been turned off.

"Everett has gone too far this time! First, he broke off the engagement, and now he's discarding us like some worthless trash! Let's see how his parents react when they hear about this!"

Emily was livid at this point. There was nothing she couldn't do when it came to her daughter's health and safety.

Arielle watched her mother fume and could only burst into another bout of tears.

Even when it was late at night, Everett never showed up at the hospital.

He had been at Melissa's house all along, enjoying his time with his children. He was having so much fun that Melissa had to kick him out when the hour grew late.

Melissa cast a cold glance at Everett as he stepped out into the pavement.

"I don't want you disrupting our lives any more than necessary. And I don't want to tell you this a second time. We both know that I am powerless to stop you. I can't do anything, even if you decide to hurt them again later on. But know that if you ever hurt them, you will never see them again."

It was obvious that Lindsey was very fond of Everett, but her baby girl was oblivious to the truth.

As for the man himself, he felt a sharp pang in his chest. Melissa's words hurt him deeply, but he couldn't very well refute them.

"I understand," Everett said in a hushed voice before turning

away.

His shoulders were hunched as he got into his car, his regrets weighing heavily on him.

The chauffeur was wise enough to keep his silence throughout the drive.

Everett was in a visibly foul mood.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

The chauffeur's phone vibrated on the dashboard. He was about to end the call when he saw that it was from the butler.

"Boss, the butler is calling."

"Answer it," Everett said in a morose tone. He leaned back against his seat and closed his eyes.

A few seconds later, the chauffeur hung up and relayed the butler's words. "Mr. Mayfield, your parents are back."


Everett's eyes fluttered open at that, but he soon closed them again and dove back into his thoughts. He knew that the reason for his parents' return had something to do with the Sherman family. The incident with Arielle was yet to be resolved, and her family was understandably worried.

When Everett arrived at the Mayfield family's residence, he found the living room filled with people. Arielle was not present, but both of her parents were. They made no effort to hide their displeasure and wore it in their sullen expressions.

"You seem to be getting busier and busier these days, Everett," Emily remarked sarcastically, her lips curled into a sneer. "Arielle is still in the hospital, but you never went to see her, not even once."

On the other side of the tea table, Everett's parents sat side by side and calmly sipped their tea. They looked calm and indifferent to the storm that was brewing.

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Since the moment they had heard that their son planned to break off his engagement with Arielle, they had expressed their full support for his decision.

Unfazed, Everett looked at Arielle's parents and said, "You guys can talk."



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