

Chapter 15 – The Heart-Broken Ex-Wife: Melissa Sherman and Everett Mayfield Novel

Melissa hadn't visited her mother's grave for a long time since she left Andeport.

"Okay," the two kids agreed sweetly.

"Mommy, can we also pick some flowers for Grandma? Grandma will be happy to see us, wouldn't she?"

Melissa smiled and touched their heads. "You two are very sweet and obedient. I'm sure Grandma will like you a lot."

Meantime, in the Mayfield family's villa...

"Sir, we have found Miss Melissa Sherman's whereabouts," the assistant reported to Everett.

Everett looked at him blankly. The assistant continued, "Miss Sherman died in the hospital, and her body was sent to the public cemetery for cremation."

Everett was in a trance. He wondered if Melissa was dead.

Then, who was Melly—the new doctor in the hospital?

"Who did the last rites for her?" Everett asked, rubbing his forehead in a daze.

"I don't know yet, but I guess it must be Miss Sherman's friend," the assistant answered respectfully.

He observed Everett's face and asked, "Sir, do you still want to do the paternity test?"

Everett blew out a loud breath and slumped back in his seat. He felt a pang in his heart.

At that moment, he recalled the day when Melissa left. She had repeatedly begged him, saying she was pregnant, but Everett had been too angry to believe it or listen to her words.

His head began spinning. If he had believed her and sent someone to investigate it back then, would she and the children have been alive now? He subconsciously grasped his chest with his hand as his brows furrowed in pain. "Sir? Are you okay?" The assistant panicked.

Everett took a deep breath, ran a hand through his hair, and said, "Take me there."

"Sir, are you really going to visit Miss Sherman's grave?"

Everett didn't know the answer.

He always thought Melissa was a vicious woman who deserved to die. But a voice in his heart told him he wanted to see Melissa and the two children.

After all, they were his children. They never got a chance to see the world and died because of cold and hunger. The poor little ones didn't deserve it.

Everett was a business tycoon of Andeport, but his children had died a miserable death in poverty. He shuddered at the thought.

"Go and arrange it," he said after taking a deep breath.

"And..." Everett looked up at his assistant, his eyes twinkling with expectation.

"Continue the paternity test."

He wasn't ready to give up even the faintest possibility.

What if his children were still alive? There was still a spark of hope in his heart.

Melissa arrived at the public cemetery along with her children to visit her mother's grave. She saw Everett standing in front of a tomb from afar. Looking at the man, she

was confused. She quickly stopped short and hid in the corner with her two children. Her brows furrowed in confusion. Why was Everett here?

She saw him standing in front of her tombstone and snorted with disdain. His hypocrisy infuriated her.

Everett had driven her out of the house. She had been starving and trying to brace herself from the cold weather whilst struggling her best to protect her children in her womb. Later, she met with a car accident and almost died. Fortunately, her friend, also a doctor, saved her life. There had been a fire in the hospital. People saw an unclaimed corpse of a woman and mistook it for Melissa. Her friend used the opportunity to secretly send her abroad and arranged a new identity for her.

The woman who was mistaken for Melissa was buried beside Melissa's mother.