

## Chapter 2 – The Heart-Broken Ex-Wife: Melissa Sherman and Everett Mayfield Novel

Five years later, on a highway in Andeport, Arielle sat in the back seat of the car, leaning on Everett's shoulder.

"Everett, are you sure the doctor you mentioned can really cure my illness?" she asked softly. "Is she capable of performing the operation on me?"

Arielle had a heart problem. Everett had put in a lot of effort over the years to cure her.

A few days ago, the Andeport General Hospital hired Dr. Melly Sherman, a famous doctor from abroad. Everyone knew the doctor was young and an expert in her field. She was an expert in performing surgeries. People regarded her as the Divine Surgeon in the medical field. She performed even the most complicated surgery at ease and boasted a hundred percent success rate.

Everett nodded at Arielle confidently.

However, she was a little unhappy. "That woman is so young," she whined. "I don't think she is experienced enough. How can she perform the surgery on me?"

The doctor's degree or experience didn't bother her. But her very name made Arielle's stomach churn.

The doctor's name was Melly Sherman. That reminded her of that bitch, Melissa Sherman. Arielle couldn't help but wonder if it was more than just a coincidence.

They got off the highway and drove to a remote road. The two spotted a villa from afar at the foot of the mountain.

"Wait here," Everett said gently. "I'll go and have a look at it first."

After Everett got out of the car, Arielle followed him and stood beside the car, waiting for him to return.

Just then, a Pomeranian hopped out of the grass. It looked at Arielle and enthusiastically wagged its tail.

Arielle screamed out of fear and kicked its belly. "Get out of my way, you damn dog..."

The puppy whimpered in fright and ran back to its two young masters.

"Harley..."

Suddenly, a boy emerged out of a bush. It had just rained, and his body was covered in mud. He ran forward and hurriedly held the injured dog in his arms.

The dog fell into Merrick Sherman's arms and began vomiting.

A moment later, a girl also came out of the bush. "Merrick, what do we do?" she asked anxiously. "Harley looks uncomfortable. Will he die?"

Arielle looked at the two children in front of her and felt a sense of familiarity, as if she had seen them somewhere before.

Before she could say anything, she heard a cold voice from behind. "What happened?"

Arielle immediately sprinted to Everett and threw herself into his arms. "Everett, a dog chased after me and came to bite me."

Merrick, holding the dog, grew furious when he heard that. "You are lying! Harley never bites. He was only wagging his tail at you. This is our home. We can play with our dog whenever and wherever we want. What right do you have to park your car here? Did you ask for permission?"

The little boy was about four years old. His face looked delicate like a doll.

His bright eyes flamed with rage. He pouted and stroked his dog. Although he sounded like a child, his every word was rational.

Everett's curiosity was piqued as he looked at the boy.

He strangely felt he had seen these two children before.

After a moment's thought, Everett returned to his senses, and turned to look at his assistant.

The assistant came forward, squatted down, and looked at the two children. "I'm sorry. It's all our fault. Please give the dog to me. I'll take it to a vet for treatment. Okay?"

However, Merrick was resistant. "No need. This is our home. Please leave!"