

Chapter 503 Mysterious Joyce

"It's not sorcery. I just stated the facts to Mrs. Carter," Melissa remarked casually.

"And what's wrong with my grandmother's health?" inquired Egan.

With a pensive expression, Melissa replied, "Well... It's a grave ailment, far beyond the capabilities of an ordinary physician."

"But you mean you can treat her? You seem so young."

Grinning, she responded, "Of course I can. Otherwise, I wouldn't be here. They call me the Divine Surgeon, after all. What do you think of my medical prowess?"

After Melissa departed, Egan lingered, watching her retreating figure. Eventually, he whispered in awe, "Incredible."

Elin guided them to a location with breathtaking views. The architecture here wasn't as traditional as the Carter family's estate but had a more contemporary feel.

As Elin described the buildings and surroundings, her curiosity got the better of her, and she studied Melissa intently.

"What? Is there something on my face?" Melissa inquired.

"No, it's just that you're quite unique. Did you know Mrs. Carter before, or did you assist her in some way?"

"No, why do you ask?"

Elin's eyes widened in disbelief. "It's bizarre. Mrs. Carter is infamous for her mercurial temperament. She would've banished you without hesitation for speaking to her like that."

"Perhaps my candor impressed her," Melissa suggested.

"Impossible!" Elin exclaimed. "I've served Mrs. Carter for years and know

her well. She tolerates flattery but despises baseless accusations. Her pride would never permit anyone to assert their superiority."

Melissa contemplated this contradiction, wondering if there was something extraordinary about herself.

Something suddenly dawned on her. Since Egan resembled her in appearance, did her mother bear a likeness too?

Melissa gazed at Elin, inquiring, "Elin, do you recall a daughter who left this household years ago?"

"What? Why bring that up now? That's a forbidden topic here. If Mrs. Carter heard you, she'd throw you out immediately!" Elin retorted, turning away to avoid Melissa's gaze.

Melissa pondered the strong reaction to the mention of her mother.

If it wasn't for her mother, she couldn't fathom why Joyce allowed her to remain.

Joyce's thoughts remained an enigma.

"Wow! This place is delightful," Mona exclaimed.

As they journeyed, Melissa and Mona bonded, with Mona growing more at ease.

She wandered around, capturing images of the picturesque scenery.

However, she refrained from sharing them online. She saw no need for vanity.

Mona took a photo of Melissa and sent it to Everett. In the photo, Melissa stood beneath a building, lost in thought, her head tilted upward. A gust of wind tousled her hair, making her resemble a celestial being.

The picture captivated Everett, and he only snapped back to reality when his assistant entered.

"Mr. Mayfield."

"What?" Everett replied, with coldness in his eyes.