

Chapter 510 Thank You

Joyce smiled warmly. "I'm old enough to see through lies. But what you said indeed put me at ease. If you feel the villa is not secure, you are welcome to stay in my quarters."

Mona felt uneasy around the elderly lady and silently pleaded with Melissa not to accept the invitation through eye contact.

Melissa weighed Joyce's offer carefully. While finding the antidote was crucial, she didn't want to jeopardize their mission by revealing too much to the capricious old woman.

Moreover, they were already inside and settled in the Carter family's estate, making their investigation much smoother. Rushing things would be unnecessary.

"Thank you, Mrs. Carter, but since the man has been apprehended, we are not as afraid anymore. We won't disturb you," Melissa replied respectfully.

"Very well, feel free to stay wherever you like," Joyce said before leaving with Elin's help.

Mona breathed a sigh of relief. As soon as they returned to the villa, Mona rushed to the kitchen to drink water.

"You scared me, Miss Sherman. I thought you would accept Mrs. Carter's offer," Mona exclaimed.

Playing with a goblet, Melissa sat on the sofa and replied, "Impossible. I'm not in a rush to achieve our goals."

"You sure about that? You sounded pretty rushed when you spoke to Mrs. Carter earlier today. What if she got angry and threw us out? All our hard work would have gone to waste."

"I was taking a gamble," Melissa responded.



Mona wiped her mouth and sat down across from Melissa. "What were you gambling on?"

"Stop asking questions you shouldn't be asking," Melissa shot back and wedged a slice of orange in Mona's mouth.

With her mouth full, Mona was left speechless, watching as Melissa retreated to her room.

"Miss Sherman! Perhaps I should bunk with you tonight," Mona suggested, concern in her voice.

"No need," Melissa replied, her tone reassuring. "I doubt there's any more danger tonight."

Upon entering her dimly lit room, a sense of emptiness engulfed Melissa's heart.

Her thoughts wandered to her children at home.

She yearned to call them, but hesitated, fearing a late-night call might cause them undue worry.

Resigned, she opted to send a message to Everett, inquiring about their kids.

She hadn't anticipated a response from him at such an ungodly hour, yet her phone chimed shortly after.

Everett's voice message played through Facebook Messenger, "The kids are fine. Don't worry."

Relief washed over Melissa. She sent a grateful "Thank you" to Everett and drifted off to sleep.

Meanwhile, Everett lay on his bed, phone in hand, awaiting her response. All he received were two simple words: Thank you.

He frowned, dissatisfaction gnawing at him. Despite waiting, no further replies came.

That night, sleep eluded Everett, and he arrived at work the next morning, seething.



Employees scurried out of his path, intimidated by his dark expression. Even the flowers lining the corridor seemed to wither under his thunderous gaze.



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