

Chapter 527 Help

Fabian yawned, his gaze drifting toward the curtain as if lost in thought.

"Dr. Sherman, that's enough chit-chat for today. I need some rest, so I'll be off now."

Melissa glanced at the clock on the wall, surprised to see it was only ten in the morning. Most people would just be waking up at this time, but Fabian appeared utterly exhausted.

"Mr. Carter, as a skilled doctor, I could examine you if you'd like."

He sleepily raised his head, looking as though he might doze off any second.

"It's an old issue. I have to sleep eighteen hours a day."

Eighteen hours? That meant Fabian was only awake for six hours every day. He spent most of his time in bed.

Melissa knew some people suffered from drowsiness, but it could often be managed with psychological treatment or daily recuperation.

"Mr. Carter, if you don't mind, I could take a look. After all, sleeping for such extended periods can really impact your life."

He smiled and shook his head with a resigned sigh. "Do you think I haven't seen a doctor? If there was a cure, I wouldn't be like this."

His gaze returned to the curtains, a palpable sense of disgust in his eyes. If he had the power, those curtains would be engulfed in flames within moments.

Melissa followed his gaze and narrowed her eyes, suspecting that Fabian held deeper secrets.

Mona, who had been waiting outside, finally spotted Melissa emerging. She rushed to her side, gripping her hand and scanning her anxiously. Only

after confirming she was unharmed did she relax.

"How was Fabian? Did he give you any trouble?"

Melissa shook her head. Far from causing difficulties, she found him to be the most agreeable and valuable among them. She now knew her mother's departure wasn't as simple as it seemed, and suspected a hidden secret.

Intrigued, she hurriedly led Mona back to their residence in Joyce's quarters.

Could there be hidden clues in Susie's room related to the secret?

Was there even a secret?

With these thoughts in mind, Melissa hurriedly went back to Joyce's quarters with Mona.

"Dr. Sherman, why the rush? Is something wrong?" Mona asked.

As she wandered around the abode her mother used to live in, Melissa inquired, "Mona, we've been here for a few days now. Have you found any secret rooms or drawers?"

Mona scratched her head, amused. "You watch too much TV. Those hidden spots are only in shows and novels, not in real life."

Determined, Melissa fetched a stool and tapped gently on the ceiling.

After a fruitless search, she reluctantly gave up.

"I guess if there's something hidden, I won't find it."

Seeing Melissa's disappointment, Mona realized she was serious.

"You're actually looking for a hidden space?"

Melissa nodded. "Of course."

"Alright, let me help you. I'm great at finding things. It's my specialty."

True to her word, Mona's expertise shone through. After some time, she fixed her eyes on a particular wall.