

Chapter 600 Partiality

Howell's anger flared as he exclaimed, "Come with me right now!"

Emily, her face covered in bruises, complied and left with Howell. If she stayed here any longer, Howell might beat her to the point of death.

After guiding Emily to the car, Howell returned to the hospital alone. The crowd had dispersed, and he spotted Melissa nearby. He waved at her and gestured toward a secluded corner. The two of them retreated to the quiet spot.

"Melissa, Emily came here because she was worried about Arielle. Please don't be angry at her."

Despite having just harmed Emily and wearing a disgusted expression, Howell now defended her actions. It appeared that both Emily and Arielle held significant places in his heart, except for Melissa.

Internally, Melissa sneered, but she casually nodded and said, "I understand."

Observing her relatively unchanged expression, Howell assumed that Melissa wasn't harboring anger toward Emily. Taking a deep breath, he continued, "You're much more forgiving than Emily and Arielle. They can be quite narrow-minded. It's you who feels like family to me."

Forgiving?

Melissa found the use of "forgiving" quite unfitting for herself.

However, she chose not to refute it immediately. Fixing her gaze on Howell, she sensed that he had something else to say.

Melissa got ready to see Howell's act. She wondered how well he could perform.

"Melissa, you're my daughter, and so is Arielle. I want both of you to live a peaceful life. However, Arielle is currently in prison, and it's not just

Emily who is saddened by it—I am too. Melissa, Arielle made mistakes, but it was driven by jealousy toward you. I hope you can find it in your heart to forgive her."

While speaking Howell discreetly glanced at Melissa, searching for any emotional response. Finding none, he felt relieved.

"I see where you're coming from, Mr. Sherman."

"Melissa, I am your father. Calling me Mr. Sherman feels so strange."

Melissa sneered, meeting his gaze. "Alright then, Howell Sherman, I'll call you that."

Howell's face darkened at her response, and he wiped the sweat off his forehead.

"Melissa, you can call me whatever you want, but please consider what I just said about Arielle."

"Why should I listen? What does Arielle have to do with me?"

"Well, Arielle is your family, connected by blood," Howell explained.

"I have no connection to you now. So I don't care about her," Melissa stated calmly, locking eyes with the stunned Howell.

"Arielle deserves her fate. Let's not forget how she treated me and my two children before. If we hadn't been fortunate, we might have perished because of her. People like her should be gone, and she should count herself lucky to be in jail."

Having spoken her piece, Melissa turned on her heel and walked away, leaving Howell standing there, stunned as if he had been struck by lightning.

He remained rooted in place, lost in a daze. His fists clenched tightly, and his teeth gritted with frustration.

Howell realized he had misjudged Melissa. He never anticipated her cruelty.

Not only did she refuse to lend a hand, but she also uttered curses against Arielle.