

## Chapter 16 Not An Accident

Lindsey peeked out and frowned in confusion. "Why is Mr. Mayfield here?"

Staring at Everett's back, she patted her chin. "He looks very sad."

"That's none of our business," said Melissa indifferently.

Everett stood in front of the tombstone and stared at the words on it in a daze. His heart stuttered when he saw the familiar name printed in bold letters.

Melissa had cried and begged him to listen. Her words and painful cries still lingered in his mind.

His jaw tightened as he squeezed his eyes shut. Melissa's pale, weak face flashed in his mind.

Everett wondered if Melissa was in the grave.

If she had really died, then her two unborn children must have also been buried here.

Everett would rather believe it was someone else's tombstone, and that Melissa was lying to him for some reason.

He wished for her to be alive.

Everett stared at the tombstone in silence. His brows furrowed with displeasure when he saw the overgrown weeds and garbage scattered on the grave. "Why is this place dirty and deserted?"

The assistant took a deep breath and said, "After her mother passed away, only Miss Melissa Sherman came to visit the grave every year. But after Miss Sherman also died, no one bothered to visit the grave."

Everett looked around and found that all the other graves were clean and brimming with beautiful tributes and flowers.

Over the years, no one had visited Melissa's and her mother's graves.

He couldn't imagine how lonely Melissa and the two children would be.

After a moment's silence, he ordered, "Ask someone to clean all this."

Melissa didn't bring the kids to her mother's grave until Everett left.

She glanced at the flowers Everett had brought, picked them up expressionlessly, and tossed them into the trash can in disgust.

Lindsey scratched her head and cast a quizzical look at her mother. "Mommy, why did you throw away the flowers Mr. Mayfield had brought?"

Merrick glanced at the direction in which Everett had left. Then, he turned around and patted his sister's head. "Mommy knows what to do. We shouldn't interfere."

Melissa looked around the two tombstones. The tombstones were surrounded by weeds and covered with dust.

It looked like no one had visited her mother's grave after she left.

Anger surged within her. The Sherman family was heartless.

Just then, Melissa's phone rang. It was a call from her friend, so she picked it up.

"What's wrong?" she asked wearily.

"Melissa, I've gathered information about the thing you asked me to investigate," said a male voice.

"Oh?" Melissa's jaw tightened. There was a glint of hatred in



her eyes.

"I secretly made inquiries at the mental hospital where your mother received treatment and got your mother's physical examination report before she died. I found your mother's vitals were normal. There was no sign of mental illness, which means..."

Melissa understood what he meant. Her mother's death was probably not an accident.

Melissa clenched her fists. Over the years, she had been trying to find the true reason for her mother's death. Melissa's mother was always gentle and approachable. She couldn't understand why she was admitted to the psychiatric hospital all of a sudden. Her mother even fell from a building and died.

Now Melissa understood her mother was murdered.

Her blood boiled with rage. Moments later, she regained her composure. "Thank you. I know what to do."