

Mrs. Gibson Your identity is Exposed Chapter 21

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Chapter 21

Chapter 21 The Trick Failed

“This is my ring!” Adela was excited. She looked at Melissa fiercely. “Melissa, you stole it! This is

the evidence. What else do you want to say?”

Seeing this, Melissa was still very calm.

She had expected this.

The moment the waiter testified against her, she was certain that the ring was in her handbag.

Melissa was framed.

Obviously, Adela did this.

“Melissa, in fact, if you returned it and apologized to me, I would forgive you.” From the corner of her eyes, Adela caught a glimpse of the tall figure. Adela knew it was Murray. That was why her voice was indescribably soft, and she was completely different from the arrogant woman just then.

“Adela, you are too kind. A thief cannot be tolerated! We should call the police. It is fair!” Julie said. Julie pretended to be mean. She wanted to let other people know how nice Adela was.

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“Then, let’s call the police.” Adela nodded.

“Melissa, you ask for it. Stealing such a precious thing is not a small crime. Wait to go to jail!” Claire’s eyes flashed with pride, and she quickly cut off all relations with Melissa.

Melissa was still very calm, as if the person being blamed was not her.

Call the police?

It suited her wish.

It was more interesting to expose Adela’s trick in front of the police.

“What is it?”

A familiar male voice pulled back Melissa’s thoughts.

Melissa looked up and saw Murray.

The suit perfectly outlined his perfect figure. His handsome face was compelling. His dark eyes were sharp. The lights in the banquet hall coated his body with a layer of golden light. The imposing manner around him was so huge that it made people unable to resist.

“Mr. Gibson!”

People retreated to both sides and made way for Murray, who was walking toward Melissa.

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“Murray, Melissa stole my ring,” Adela complained first. She bit her lip in a grievance.

"It's a

"Murray, Melissa stole my ring," Adela complained first. She bit her lip in a grievance.

"It's a birthday gift from my grandfather."

"It can't be her," Murray said slightly.

"What?"

Melissa was surprised. Murray was helping her?

"Murray, don't believe her!" Before Adela spoke again, Claire interrupted. "Someone saw her. Just now, the security guard also found this ring in her handbag. There were so many people, and they all saw it!"

"In fact, I don't believe Ms. Eugen will steal things. After all, she is your fiancée. But..."

Adela paused and leaned toward Murray. She looked pitiful and delicate. "Everyone has seen my ring in her handbag. The ring can't just run, right? Murray, you won't be partial to Melissa, will you?"

Adela pretended to be innocent. Melissa stood there calmly. With Adela's acting skills, it would be a

pity if she didn't become an actress. Otherwise, the Oscar Award would be hers.

After hearing Adela's words, Murray looked at Melissa and asked indifferently, "Did you take it?"

Melissa looked at him and smiled. "If I say no, will you believe me?"

"I will." Murray blurted out without thinking.

Her eyes looked confident and frank, and it could not be faked. Murray was willing to believe her.

Melissa smiled. She did not expect Murray would believe her when she was wronged.

"Murray!" Claire stomped her feet in anger. She did not understand what was good about this country woman and why Murray was so obsessed with her.

"If you didn't take it, why would the ring end up in your handbag?" Receiving Adela's signal, Julie asked Melissa.

Melissa looked straight at Adela and smiled. "Someone put it in."

Melissa's sharp eyes made Adela feel guilty.

Adela thought, Could it be that Melissa knew something?

It is impossible!

My plan is flawless. Melissa will end up in jail. This is going to happen!

"Check the surveillance video." Murray's look changed. He asked his assistant, Alex Carson, to come here.

"Yes." Alex nodded and went to check.

Melissa's eyes moved slightly. The banquet hall was equipped with surveillance cameras. As long

as one checked the video, one could know who took Adela's ring,

However, since Adela had set up such a trap to frame her, how could she let people watch the video so easily?

As expected, a few minutes later, Alex returned. "Mr. Gibson, the surveillance cameras are broken."

"Broken?" Murray narrowed his eyes slightly.

There was indeed something wrong with this.

It was Archer's birthday party. The hotel was very careful. How could it be so coincidental that the cameras were broken?

Melissa frowned. "Actually, it's very simple. If I took the ring, then my fingerprints would be on it. As long as you ask a professional staff to check the fingerprints, the truth will be revealed."

"Melissa, stop pretending." Adela looked at Melissa, and she looked at Murray, pretending to be generous. "How about this? You apologize to me, and I will forgive you, for the sake of Murray."

As long as Melissa apologized to her, it would mean Melissa admitted that she was a thief.

Even if Murray said that he believed her, he would still be disappointed.

Moreover, Sarah would never let a thief be her daughter-in-law.

Adela thought if she let Melissa go, she would be a kind-hearted, generous, and decent woman in

Murray's eyes. Such a nice trick!

Melissa looked at Adela indifferently. "What? Are you afraid?"

Melissa's gaze seemed to have a penetrating power, irritating Adela. She gritted her teeth. "Melissa, since you insist, why would I dare not?"

"Okay, then call the police and investigate," Melissa said calmly.

Melissa had never touched the ring, so her fingerprints would not be on it. As long as it was examined, it could prove her innocence.

"Murray, the..." Marc looked at Murray. After all, Melissa was his fiancée.

Murray made a phone call and soon the police chief came here with his colleagues. forward and said respectfully.

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Chapter 22

Chapter 22 Proof of Innocence

The police of the Forensic Department soon got the test result. He cleared his throat,

"The test result shows Ms. Eugen's fingerprints on the ring."

Melissa internally shuddered a little bit. Her fingerprint? How could this be possible?

She had never touched that ring

This police officer was called by Murray. Logically speaking, the police could not be bought by Adela. Then, the only possibility was that Adela had taken her fingerprints when she was not paying attention

"Melissa, now the results have proved that you stole my ring. What else do you want to say?" A

smug smile appeared on Adela's face.

"Director, she stole my ring." Adela pointed at Melissa and said. "Please take her away and judge the case impartially."

"Melissa, did you really do this?" Murray turned to Melissa. Although all the evidence on

the surface pointed to Melissa, Murray felt that things were not that simple. Although Murray and Melissa had only known each other for a few days, he felt that Melissa would not do such a thing.

"Of course not." Melissa was still calm.

"The test result proves your theft. How dare you babble nonsense?" Adela glared at Melissa.

"Murray, why do you still believe her? Our Gibson family has nothing to do with this kind of thief.

So shameless to have her as your fiancée! She doesn't deserve you!" Claire insulted Melissa loudly, so furious that she would throw a punch at her.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Eugen. You have to go with us." The director stepped forward.

Considering facts of the witness's accusation of Melissa, finding the ring in Melissa's handbag and the test result showing her fingerprint on the ring, Melissa was indeed the most suspected. According to the procedure, they needed to take Melissa to the police station to investigate.

"No need, I can prove that I have never touched that ring," Melissa said plainly.

Although her voice wasn't loud, it was extremely penetrating and had an unquestionable certainty.

"How can you prove it? Obviously, you stole my ring!" Adela raised her voice, unable to suppress the excitement in her eyes.

Now that the evidence was confirmed, it was a certainty that Melissa stole her ring. No matter how Melissa struggled, it was useless. Melissa, wait to be sent into prison!

"Of course, I can prove it." Melissa plastered a fake smile. "Please give me the ring," she talked to the director next to her.

The director looked toward Murray. After receiving Murray's acquiescence, he gave the ring to Melissa.

Melissa peered around. Finally, her eyes fell on the waiter. "You claimed that you saw me steal the ring, right?"

The waiter nodded, "of course, I saw it clearly."

Eyes darkening, Melissa said in a deep voice, "then watch me carefully."

Melissa stretched out her hand and showed it to everyone. "Please look at my hand." Her fingers were smooth and fair.

No one had idea of what Melissa was up to. Everybody was whispering.

Murray's expression was cold while he looked at Melissa with a bit of curiosity.

Despite all people accusing her like a convict, Melissa stood still without anger. She had the sort of confidence and calmness that not a countryside girl would display.

Murray wanted to see how Melissa could prove her innocence with so much unfavorable evidence.

Melissa suddenly grasped the ring in her hand. A few minutes later, her fingers turned red and swollen with many small bumps.

"Jesus, how could this happened?" Everybody looked at Melissa's hand in surprise.

Melissa gave the ring to the police. "I'm allergic to platinum, the material of this ring.

You've what I did. Once I touch the platinum, my hands will burn red, which will spend hours on recovery."

Melissa's face was pale but she kept saying, "If Adela's ring was really stolen by me, my hand would have been allergic. But as you have seen, my palm was fine just now. It was only after I touched this ring that my whole hand became swollen. That is to say, before that, I did not touch the ring at all, so I couldn't steal it."

After the explanation, Melissa showed her hand's injury around the crowd.

"No, this is impossible!" Adela stared at Melissa's hands in disbelief.

How could this happen? Why is Melissa allergic to platinum?

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"You must have played some tricks!" Adela took the ring from the policeman's hand and looked at it carefully, trying to see if there was any problem. However, the ring was indeed the one she gave to the police, without any minor difference.

Adela's was face totally twisted. What Melissa did was unacceptable to her. She had made a flawless

plan, which shouldn't fail!

Melissa saw Adela's panicked expression. She took the ring with the other hand. "If you still don't believe me, I can demonstrate it to you again."

The result was the same as before. As soon as Melissa's hand touched this ring, it became red and swollen.

"Now it can prove that I did not steal your ring, right?" Melissa asked.

"Exactly, Ms. Eugen is allergic to the ring. So she can't steal it." The director witnessed the whole thing and agreed with Melissa.

"Thank you." Melissa replied.

Then she took steps forward before stopping some inches in front of the waitress.

She gazed at her. "Now, little beauty, when did you see I stole the ring?"

The gloom in Melissa's eyes could kill a man.

Noisy crowd was suddenly silent.

Endless silence.

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Chapter 23

Chapter 23 Apologize to Me

"I..." The waitress was flustered. She looked at Adela, showing a pleading look.

Adela gritted her teeth, staring at the waitress threateningly.

The waitress trembled and immediately knelt to Melissa. "I'm sorry, Ms. Eugen. Actually, I stole the ring,"

"Really?" Melissa curled her lips. Melissa did not believe her.

She was just a waitress. How could she have the gut to steal Adela's ring and imputed it to Melissa?

Moreover, it is impossible for her to design such a perfect plan.

"I'm sorry. It's all my fault. I stole Ms. Yale's ring. Please forgive me. I didn't do it on purpose. I won't do it again." The waitress cried bitterly.

Seeing the waitress admit all crimes, Adela sighed with relief.

"You stole my ring but why would my ring show in Melissa's handbag?" Adela asked as if she had nothing to do with the waitress.

"At the very beginning, I planned to take it away after I got off work. But I didn't expect Ms. Yale would find out it was gone and let the security guards search. I was afraid of being discovered, so I hid the ring in Ms. Eugen's handbag when no one was seeing."

The waitress's face was pale. "Please forgive me, I really didn't do it on purpose. My mother is very ill and needs money for surgery."

"Who told you to do so?" Melissa asked in a deep voice.

"No one taught me." The waitress's voice shook slightly. Her eyes filled with fear, turning to the direction of Adela.

Adela was afraid that Melissa would find out the truth. So she said, "Forget it. Since I've found the ring, I don't want to blame you. After all, what you did is to save your mother."

"Thank you, Ms. Yale. Thank you, Ms. Yale." Tears brimmed in the waitress's eyes.

"Why not? That was not what Ms. Yale said when she thought I was the thief," Melissa smirked

indifferently.

"The ring has been found. Adela would like to let it go. No more discussion." Archer announced, stopping Melissa to embarrass Adela.

Adela waved her hand and let the director take the waitress away. She took the ring and was about to

leave.

"Wait a minute." Melissa took a step forward in front of Adela.

Bullying is unacceptable for Melissa. She wouldn't let the waitress leave easily and end the thing

without any protesting.

"What do you want?" Adela looked at Melissa anxiously.

Melissa plastered a fake smile and said in a disdainful tone, "Ms. Yale, I don't expect you to leave

now. A moment ago, you accused me of stealing the ring and even wanted to send me to jail. Now

that the truth has been revealed, shouldn't you apologize to me?"

"You!" Adela was choked by Melissa's word. Asking her to kill herself would be easier for Adele

than apologizing to Melissa.

"Apologize to Melissa." Murray said in a low and cold voice.

Murray had an intimidating glory that was making Adela afraid. His impact caused her to take a step back.

"Sorry, Melissa. It was my fault." Adela clenched her fists.

"What are you saying? I didn't hear you." Melissa rubbed her ears.

Adela tried her best to press the anger and raised her voice. She gritted her teeth and spat out, "Sorry!"

After apologizing to Melissa, Adela turned to leave.

Archer cleared his throat before comforting Melissa, "Ms. Eugen, I'm really sorry. What happened was a mistake. It can't be blamed on Adela. Don't take it seriously."

Melissa smiled to retort him, "I hope that next time, Mr. Yale will be able to find out clearly. Don't listen to others blindly."

Melissa's words made Archer feel uncomfortable. He soon changed the topic. "Ms. Eugen, are your hands alright? How about I ask someone to send you to the hospital?"

"No. I'll leave now." After this night of torment, Melissa felt a little tired. She picked up her handbag and walked towards the gate.

She walked out and was about to take a taxi back when suddenly, lightning flashed and thunder rumbled in the sky. It began to rain.

No way! Why was I so unlucky? Melissa thought.

She internally cringed because she didn't bring an umbrella.

The bean-sized raindrops fell on Melissa, making her feel cold.

Melissa was just thinking to find a place to hide when a black Bentley stopped right beside her.

It was Murray's car,

The door opened and Murray get off.

"Get in the car."

Melissa was stunned. Why did Murray leave as well? Should he be at the banquet?

Melissa seemed to be unwilling to take his car. Murray frowned. "Why not get in?"

"Thank you." Melissa finally got in, sitting next to him. Recalling her awkwardness last time, she fastened her seatbelt immediately.

Murray watched as a drop of rain ran from Melissa's jaw down to her neck into her V-line dress. She wore a well-tailored red dress, which perfectly clung to her sexy body. Her scent blew to his face, making him dizzy for a second. Finding it hard to concentrate, Murray breathed out deeply then gripped the steering wheel tightly.

"Where are you going?" Melissa looked out the window. This was not the way home.

"To the hospital." Murray glanced at her.

The hospital?

"Why?" Melissa was surprised.

"Your hands are still red." Murray knitted his brow. He wanted to send her to the hospital for a check.

"There's no need. It's just an allergy," Melissa said.

Murray's face is a little gloomy. "Why do you hurt yourself?"

"What can I do? They accuse me of being a thief."

"You can use other methods," Murray replied.

"Is there a better way?" Melissa rubbed her eyebrows.

Adela had perfectly schemed to frame her, and all the evidence was very unfavorable to her. Her allergy was the best proof that she did not touch that ring. Melissa could not think there was a better way.

Murray looked at her and said in a low voice, "You can ask me for help."

Was this the better way he said? Melissa was speechless.

"Whatever, thank you for your goodness," she said with a smile.

In fact, Melissa was a little grateful that Murray was willing to believe her.

Murray was expressionless, but he snorted. This woman was beyond his expectations.

Calm and smart. She was completely different from what he had imagined her to be. Murray took Melissa to the hospital. The doctor checked her hands carefully. Luckily, her allergy was not serious. After getting an ointment from the doctor, Melissa and Murray returned home

Murray walked into the room and strode towards the bathroom. "I'm going to take a shower."

With the sound of running water came from the bathroom, Melissa sat on the sofa, took out the ointment, and smeared it on finger. It was still a little itchy.

Distracted, Melissa did not aware the running water sound had stopped. She stood up in a trance, but suddenly bumped into a chin above. "Bang!" Melissa felt a burst of pain in her head. She looked up and saw Murray standing in front of her.

He wore a white bathrobe, with the top two buttons open, showing his six-pack. His hair was wet, dripping water from his neck down his muscular shoulder over his pecs and down into his chest before stopping at his groin. He was really built like a god.

Because of the crash, his sharp jaw turned red. He stared at Melissa with her face distorted. Gulping, Melissa took a step back, trying to escape from her crime scene. But Murray immediately grabbed her wrist and turned her to face him. "Why are you so scared of me?"

Melissa widened her eyes. "No, I'm not. When did you...?" His large, warm hands on her waist were sending delicious shivers through her whole body.

For goodness sake, I had an urge to close my eyes and lean into him. What's wrong with me. Melissa thought

"What do you want to say?" his husky voice and minty breath fanning her face sent thrills all through her body.

"When did you ... come here?" she stuttered. Eyes tangled, he held her in a trance. Froze, her core could feel his bulge under his robe.

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Chapter 24

Chapter 24 Something Dropped

Melissa was stunned. She had to admit that this man was indeed handsome, even more, charming

than the Greek God. His body was lean and muscular. How could a man have such chiseled bodies?

Is he on steroids? She started to imagine moaning under him, ...what? Stop!

"Have you seen enough?" Murray asked when Melissa stared at him like a hungry wolf.

His words brought her mind back. Melissa jumped out of his cuddle. Still a little breathless, she flushed. "How can you walk without any noise? Put on your clothes."

Buttoning up, Murray scoffed at Melissa. "I think you bumped into me, injuring my jaw."

It was clearly Melissa had bumped into him, yet Melissa complained about him in reverse.

"I'm going to take a shower." Melissa was flustered. She took the clothes and walked to the bathroom.

Melissa thought, What is Murray doing? I am still here. How could he only wear a robe? Squinting at Melissa's back, Murray's eyes were deep and serene. Out of his expectation, Melissa seemed to be awkward with the romance thing. Interesting... The water ran down from her head to toe, Melissa was lost in thoughts when hearing knocks on the

door.

"Who's there?" Melissa's heart was suddenly clenched.

At this time, Murray was the only one in the room. Why did he knock on the bathroom door? What did he want to do?

Murray's voice came through the bathroom door. "It's me."

"What do you want? I'm taking a shower," Melissa asked.

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"You left something important outside." Murray seemed to be serious.

"What?" Melissa turned off the tap and wrapped herself in a bath towel.

Murray must have done it on purpose! She didn't think she had left anything. Even if she did, he

could wait for her to go out.

What tricks is he playing now? Maybe he is a peeping maniac? Thousands of thoughts popped into Melissa's brain.

Frowning, she made up her mind if Murray was up to doing something bad to her, she would not be polite. She was not to be trifled with!

"Check yourself and see what you have dropped." Murray looked down at the thing in his hand and reminded her.

Melissa was confused. She looked around and found that her underwear was gone!

Oh, gosh!

It must have dropped outside.

Murray picked it up?

This was so embarrassed...

Melissa flushed. She walked to the door, opened a small gap, and poked her head out.

"Well, I

accidentally dropped it. Give it to me."

The orange light cast on her face. Her skin that had just been steamed was like a peeled egg, white and tender, with beautiful dazzling blush.

Some inexplicable meaning appeared in Murray's eyes. He handed it over and said, "Be careful, don't drop it again."

"Thanks!" Melissa took it, with her fingers slipping over his warm palm.

The scorching heat in his palm came over, and Melissa's face became hot immediately. She closed the door quickly.

Her heart was beating quickly. So embarrassing!

If she had known that it would be so awkward, she wouldn't come to the Gibson family.

Melissa took a few deep breaths to drive away the inexplicable nervousness in her heart.

After taking the shower, Melissa came out.

Murray was sitting on the sofa. His long legs were casually crossed. His hands were holding a financial magazine, and his eyes narrowed slightly when he read the magazine.

“Do you want to sleep?” Melissa walked to Murray. She choked for a second. She lost her mind tonight. She picked the wrong words!

“Are you inviting me?” Murray raised his head.

Melissa couldn't help to whine inwardly. Murray definitely understood what she meant. He asked it on purpose. Such a cunning man! She just wanted to sleep. But why did it become so awkward... Everything lost control tonight!

“Murray!” Melissa said seriously, “Please don't be so narcissistic. Our engagement is just a

contract. It will be canceled in three months. Don't joke like this!”

Was he narcissistic? This was the first time that a woman dared to say that to him.

Murray's good mood disappeared.

Closing the magazine, he stood up and took three large steps forward. Stopping a few inches before Melissa, he tilted his head to look down at her.

He lifted his hand and tucked her hair behind her ear. His lips formed a smirk. He leaned forward abruptly and slammed his lips on her earlobe, his breath sending shivers down to her body. Holding her waist tightly, he kissed down her earlobe to her collarbone, hot and full of lust. She couldn't help to moan. Her knees buckled due to the unexpected desire coursing through her body.

Wait, wait, that's not right. Not until she pushed him away, his hands let go of her waist.

“Melissa, your body has a reaction to me?”

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Chapter 25

Chapter 25 Move to the Guest Room

Murray's eyes raked Melissa's body.

Melissa blushed. “You asshole.”

She jumped to kick his ball but he flinched right away. “Don't worry, I'm not crazy about you. You are not my type.”

What? Melissa was pissed off. She was never treated like this before.

“Screw you!” Melissa rolled her eyes at him.

She was like an angry rabbit. Murray nearly busted out of laugh before leaving a word.

“I'm going to the study room.”

Then he turned around and left. Whereas, Murray's mind was filled with the beautiful sexy body of Melissa. Graceful and pretty, smart and confident, neither servile nor overbearing.

Unfortunately, she wasn't the one he was looking for. The scene when he was 13 appeared before his eyes once more...

Flashback

"Your hand is injured. Let me bandage it." The girl who said this was a few years younger than Murray. She wore a ponytail and had a handkerchief in her hand. She bandaged Murray and tied a beautiful bow on it.

"Does it still hurt?" The girl looked up, with her beautiful eyes flashing.

"No. Don't be afraid, Lily. We will be saved!" Murray held her in his arms, smiling with determination.

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His thoughts drifted away. Murray opened the drawer and took out a faded handkerchief. He looked at it for a long time.

His Lily, how was she now?

The next morning, when Melissa woke up, there was no one in the room. Did Murray spend the entire night in the study room?

Melissa rubbed her temples. She seemed to misunderstand him.

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Indeed, so many beauties would play tricks to climb into his bed. In Murray's mind, Melissa was just a countryside girl. How could he have a thing to her? This was the best. Three months later,

they would not owe each other and cancel the engagement peacefully. She could also have reasonable explanations to her grandfather.

Thinking of this, Melissa was in a good mood and rushed to the company. As soon as she arrived, Teresa called Melissa over.

"Why are you looking for me?" Melissa looked at Susie. Previously, Susie had made lots of trouble,

which was meant to upset Melissa.

Melissa had no idea what Susie was going to do this time. Was she brewing some big tricks again?

Susie said, "Melissa, you have been in our secretary department for a few days. Now you follow up on the cooperation project with France Lady Vogue." As Teresa told Melissa her promotion, a faint trace of jealousy flashed across her eyes.

Then she handed the documents to Melissa. "These are the documents of the project. Read it for reference."

Melissa took the documents, glancing at them. "Okay." She turned around and left. Staring at Melissa's back, Susie was more jealous.

Susie had been following up on that project. But this morning, Murray called her over and asked her

to pass the project to Melissa.

Why? Why could this country bumpkin steal her project effortlessly? Just because she was Murray's fiancée?

Just then, Susie received a message. "How'd you go with the thing I told you?" It was from Adela.

Susie thought for a second and quickly replied, "Ms. Yale, don't worry. I will make her leave!"

"ASAP!" Adela replied. She couldn't wait anymore. At Archer's banquet, Adela had

designed that plan to accuse Melissa of stealing and drive her away. However, Melissa easily fixed it and disgraced Adela in front of everyone. She wouldn't let Melissa go easily!

Adela became gloomy. She thought, Just wait!

Melissa had read the documents for the whole day. The Gibson Corporation would launch several series of jewelry for the next season. Almost all designers had finished the final design scrip for jewelry. What Melissa had to do was follow up on the progress. It was a piece of cake for her.

When she got home from work, Melissa found that all her stuff had been moved to the servant room on the first floor.

"Who moved my stuff?" Melissa was speechless, rubbing her temples.

Claire walked to Melissa in her high heels with a smug smile, "I asked the servants to move it. Do

you have a problem with that?"

"You can't move other people's stuff without consent! That's stealing! Did your mother teach you how to behave?" Melissa crossed her arms over chest and leaned against the door frame, her expression was angry.

Claire said mockingly, "Easy, girl, what you have are two lousy boxes. No wonder. You are a country bumpkin. We kindly took you in and gave you food and clothes. Even if you live in a servant's room, I guess it will be way better than your countryside house. If you don't want to live here, then get lost!"

Lousy boxes? Melissa glared at Claire as if she was looking at an idiot. These were her grandfather's customized leather suitcases made by an Ostacre master. The design, workmanship, and material were all world-class. However, Claire said they were lousy? Melissa thought that Claire was so blind to tell the good from bad.

"What's wrong?" Murray, just off work and back home, heard the argument.

"Murray." When Claire saw Murray, she quickly grabbed his arm and pretended to be aggrieved. "I kindly helped her carry things, but she accused me of stealing. I have no reasons to take her boxes away. Even a beggar wouldn't want those boxes if throwing them on the road."

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Melissa internally facepalmed Claire. "Murray, you heard it. She moved my stuff without my consent."

Murray knitted his brows. He pulled his arm back from Claire before questioning her, "Claire, did you move Melissa's suitcases?"

Claire took a step back when she felt Murray's cold demeanor. "Murray, I did nothing wrong. This is what Aunt ordered."

Murray nodded. He knew that his mother didn't like Melissa, but anyway, Melissa was a guest. If Marc knew this, he would be angry.

"Move Melissa's things back to my room..." Murray told the servants, but before he could finish his words, Melissa interrupted.

"No need." Melissa refused, frowning with the nightmare-like memory of last night popping into her brain.

Murray caught the disgust in her eyes. He suddenly pissed off a little bit? She would rather stay in a servant's room than stay with him?

Murray's expression darkened. He thought for a moment and suggested, "You then stay in the guest room."

"That's okay." Melissa shrugged. She didn't mind staying anywhere. Either the guest room or the

servant room is the same for her. More importantly, she didn't want to stay in Murray's room anymore. It would be embarrassing if something like last night happened again. The decoration of the guest room was unique and it quite suited Melissa. After packing up, Melissa sat on a chair and was about to rest when her phone suddenly rang. It was Harley.

Melissa answered the call, "Hey, Melissa speaking."

"Meli, it's me. Are you free on Sunday night?"

Melissa didn't have work on Sunday. Without any special plans, she said with a smile, "I'm free. What's your plan?"

"I finished my new drama. Meli, I want to invite you to the bar tomorrow night to celebrate," Harley said with expectation.

"Congrats!" Melissa was happy for him. "7 p.m. on Sunday. Charm Bar. See you then." wa

"Who are you calling?" After Melissa hung up, a cold voice came from behind.

The sudden voice startled Melissa. She turned around and saw Murray.

Frowning, Melissa stood up, "Who I am calling has nothing to do with you, right? Why did you come to my room without my permission? Do you know how to knock?"

Murray saw Melissa's gloomy face, and his eyes turned pitch black. The person on the phone just now was a man. When talking to him, she was radiant with happiness. But now she was aggressive to him like a hedgehog.

"First, this is my house. I can go anywhere without anyone's permission. Second, I am here to inform you I will take you to see my grandfather this weekend." Murray said coldly.

"Alright. Okay," Melissa agreed. Marc and Enoch were close friends. She, Enoch's granddaughter, should visit Marc for Enoch.

Murray didn't expect Melissa to agree readily. He was internally surprised. Whereas, he still held the look of gloom, "Don't go to a bar with riffraff and disgrace the Gibson family." He reminded Melissa of paying attention to the call she had just answered.

Disgrace the Gibson family? Melissa wondered, who were you to say that to me?

Taking three steps forward, she stopped an inch in front of Murray. Leaning toward him, she

touched Murray's hard chest, suddenly pushing him back against the door frame. She stood on her tiptoes, whispering to his Murray. "Who do you think I am?"

"Am I your fiancée, Mr. Gibson?" She was literally baiting him.

He gulped. Next, he gripped her wrist, moving her hand away from her chest, "Melissa, how dare you..."

She interrupted him, plastering a fake smile, "Murray. Don't mistake me. I will never love you."

"Will you?" Her voice was so luring.

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Chapter 26

Chapter 26 She Is Loe

Will he? Murray found it difficult to reply to her.

Sometimes, no answer is the best answer. Melissa curled her lips, "You won't love me, either. So my freedom is where I go, who I meet, or even who I flirt with. It has nothing to do with the Gibson family. We will be annulling our engagement in three months. Mr. Gibson, aren't you being too nosey?"

Finishing her speech, Melissa pushed him out of the door without hesitation. "I want to rest. If that's all, please leave!"

Murray's handsome face twitched. He pissed off. This woman was driving me away?

"Bang!" Melissa slammed the door.

Murray was furious.

It was the first time a woman drove him away.

He wanted to help her work. The reason why he asked Susie to give Melissa the project was to assist her in improving her work ability. He assumed that Melissa as a newcomer being responsible for such a big project would be difficult. Therefore, So he decided to teach her. Now there was no need for that. Melissa didn't appreciate it at all.

Melissa didn't know what Murray was thinking at the moment. If she knew that he regarded her as a newcomer to gain experience, she would be stupefied.

After kicking Murray out, Melissa took out a computer from the suitcase and opened the encrypted file. Inside was a new dress she designed.

Melissa has another mysterious identity, Loe, the world's most famous fashion designer.

Two years ago, Loe designed the wedding dress for the Princess of Yorwald, making her famous all over the world overnight. She ranked first on the global top fashion designer list for two years.

However, no one knows her face. She never showed up or accepted media interviews. The head of her studio, Nina Paul represented her in making all the announcements.

People only knew the name "Loe", and they didn't even know if "Loe" was a man or a woman. If people knew that the famous Loe was a young girl in her 20s, they would be shocked.

Melissa devoted herself to the work. She modified a few details to finish her design. She sent the design final draft to Nina, informing her "Release this Ailsa series now."

Soon, Nina replied, "Roger."

Sunday.

Early in the morning, Murray took Melissa to the Gibson's house.

The house was a three-story villa located halfway up the mountain, surrounded by lush mountains

and rivers. It was beautiful.

Butler Jose warmly welcomed Murray and Melissa into the house.

"Where's Grandfather?" Murray walked in.

Jose smiled. "Mr. Marc is waiting for you. This must be Ms. Eugen. Mr. Marc has been talking about you for a long time."

Melissa nodded smilingly.

Reaching out a hand, Murray eyed Melissa, implying Melissa to hold his hand.

"What are you doing?" Melissa looked at him warily.

"I hope you can behave better in front of grandfather. He didn't feel well." Murray signed.

Melissa could think on his shoes. Just hesitating for a few seconds, she put her hands on his.

Anyway, she hoped Marc, his grandpa's friend, would be healthy and live long.

They walked side by side into the living room.

Sitting in the living room was an old man with gray hair and a pair of gold-rimmed glasses. It was Marc, Murray's grandfather.

"Grandfather." Murray walked towards him.

Melissa followed behind him and smiled. "How are you, Mr. Marc."

Marc stood up slowly, excitedly looking at Melissa. "Good. Meli, long time no see. You are more beautiful now. Great."

The last time he met Melissa was five years ago when she was a high school girl. Now, she had turned out to be a young and elegant lady. She was a perfect wife for Murray.

"Mr. Marc, are you alright? My grandfather misses you all the time." Melissa held Marc's arm by his side, secretly checking his pulse.

When Melissa was little, she was not as healthy as her now. Various kinds of illnesses haunted her.

Thus, her grandfather specially invited a senior doctor to care for her. Accompanying the doctor for years, Melissa was also proficient in medicine and cure.

She found that Marc's pulse was flat and stable. He was extremely healthy! Melissa was stunned for a second. So...Marc pretended to be ill?

Looking at Murray's worried face, Melissa suddenly realized that perhaps Marc lied to Murray only to make Murray bring her here. Murray seems to be a dutiful grandson. As for Marc, Melissa internally laughed; he had made every effort to make Murray get married. Unfortunately, she couldn't be with Murray. Marc would be disappointed three months later.

Figuring out Marc's trick, Melissa glanced at Murray.

Murray held Melissa's hand intimately, while Melissa subconsciously wanted to break free from him. But then she recalled the agreement she made with Murray, she stopped with body stiffened and awkwardly smiling.

Finding out their closeness, Marc smiled with delight.

Just then Jose said, "Mr. Marc, Mrs. Gibson and Ms. Yale arrived."

Mrs. Gibson?

Ms. Yale?

Melissa frowned slightly, seeing Sarah walk in with Adela.

“Dad, are you feeling better? Our Adela was so worried. She asked to check on you many times.”

“Hello, Mr. Marc. I heard that you are ill. I wanted to visit you for a long time, but I was afraid to disturb you,” Adela said.

Marc still smiled, but his expression stiffened a little. He always knew what Adela was thinking about Murray. He also understood that Sarah liked Adela and didn't like Melissa due to her countryside background.

However, from Marc's perspective, *Melissa* was way better than Adela. That was also the truth. It was just that they didn't know Melissa's true identity.

“Mom, why are you here?” When he saw Adela, Murray became gloomy.

He wondered, What was Adela here for?

“Adela always wanted to see you. She had time today, so she came here with me.” Sarah smiled and pushed Adela to Murray.

Adela deliberately stood between Murray and Melissa. She pouted to Murray, pushing Melissa

aside.

Melissa pursed her lips. She knew Sarah didn't like her. Was Sarah trying to scare her by bringing

Adela here?

Adela stared at Murray with infatuation. “Murray, my brother will be back in a few days. Do you

have the time to hang out with us?”

“I don't have time.” Murray refused coldly.

“Are you busy?” Adela was disappointed.

Murray strode over to Adela and wrapped his arms around Melissa's slender waist. “Melissa just arrived in Aldness. I will take her to see around.”

Melissa was startled, then she cooperatively snuggled into Murray's arms, saying coquettishly, “I

want you to go shopping with me.”

Murray nodded dotingly.

Hearing their intimated talk, Adela was so jealous that grit her teeth tightly. She had to suppress her feeling of crazy jealousy to smile awkwardly. To get herself distracted, she handed a gift to *Marc*.

“Mr. Marc, this is a top-notch tonic. It’s very nourishing and is most suitable for the elderly. My grandfather specially asked me to bring it back from abroad,” Adela said with eyes curving.

Pausing for a second, she turned to Melissa. “Ms. Eugen, there’s no such a good thing in the countryside, right? Maybe you haven’t seen it before? I will bring some for you next time when I have the chance.”

Ignoring Adela’s sarcasm, Melissa replied impolitely, “No need.”

Sarah shook head, sighing in a low but clear voice, “How can a countryside bumpkin be my son’s wife?”

Adela smiled, with this comparison, Marc would realize she, as a lady from a noble family, would more match Murray. Adela heard that Marc arranged Murray’s marriage. She loved Murray for a long time. This was the last opportunity she had to seize to make Marc change his mind. Sarah had told her that Melissa was the fiancée that Marc had set for Murray, and Murray had only agreed because he was forced to. So, as long as she could leave a good impression on Marc and disgrace Melissa in front of Marc, then becoming Mrs. Gibson was not difficult.

Adela wouldn’t let Melissa go easily, continuing to ask her “Ms. Eugen, what gift did you bring to

Mr. Marc?” Disdain flashed across Adela’s eyes.

Three women at war. Marc and *Murray* were embarrassed.

Melissa blinked at Adela and said, “I didn’t bring any gifts.”

What she said was indeed rude.

Everyone was stunned.

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Chapter 27

Chapter 27 Gift

"Well..." Melissa smiled, "What I brought for Marc cannot be regarded as a gift."

She took a painting from the bag, "This painting is Jack Anne's authentic work 'Peony Lady'. My grandfather asked me to give it to you. He said at his first sight; he knew it should belong to you. It is not a gift; it was born for you; it was your thing."

"Thank him for me," Marc said in surprise as he took the painting and studied it carefully.

Adela looked at the painting in disbelief. The painting was vivid and lifelike. It was made by a great

painter and was worth a lot.

In contrast, her tonic looked dull.

Marc had always been a fan of painting. Now he was happy.

How so?

How could Melissa have such a valuable painting?

Could it be fake?

Yes, it must be a fake!

Thinking of this, Adela blurted out, "Ms. Eugen, what do you mean by giving Mr. Marc a fake?"

A fake? Melissa frowned. Her grandfather had asked her to give it to Marc, so, it wouldn't be a fake.

Adela said this because she thought that Melissa was poor from the countryside.

"Ms. Yale, are you doubting Marc's judgment? You think Mr. Marc can't distinguish between genuine and fake?" Melissa curled her lips and her tone was sarcastic.

Adela was embarrassed. "That's not what I meant, but Jill's authentic works are worth a lot. Where did you get it?"

"What? Ms. Yale, do you mean I stole it?" Melissa asked coldly.

"This painting is real," Murray, who had been at the side, suddenly said.

He looked at Melissa with curiosity.

He was also wondering where Melissa got such a pricey painting.

Murray felt that Melissa was not simple these days.

Murray helping Melissa made Adela upset. "But..."

Before Adela could finish, Melissa interrupted, "This painting is real, but Ms. Yale's dress..."

She deliberately paused for a moment and smiled sarcastically. "It is fake."

Adela cried out, "What are you saying? My dress was designed by Loe, the international master. You don't even know who Loe is. Don't talk rubbish!"

Melissa smiled.

The dress that Adela was wearing was exquisite and nice. But after Melissa looked at it carefully,

she knew it was a knockoff.

The studio only produced two pieces of this dress.

One was bought by a movie star, the other was bought by the Princess of Yorwald.

So, the one on Adela could only be a knockoff.

It could tell from Adela's expression that she didn't know she had bought a fake.

"As far as I know, there will be a heart-shaped mark on the inner lining of the dress. Ms. Yale, you can see if you have it in this dress." Melissa curled her lips.

She designed that mark and Nina sewed it herself. So, it couldn't be imitated.

"What mark? I've never heard of it. You're talking through your hat!" Adela disagreed. Adela thought Melissa said this deliberately.

Melissa took out her phone and looked at it. "Ms. Yale, you can look at the trending topics."

Adela was stunned. "Trending topics?"

Melissa smiled. "Loe has launched a new Ailsa series. There is an introduction to this heart-shaped mark on it."

Perfect timing.

Once the Ailsa series made its debut, it was ranked first in the trending topics.

It detailed Loe's design concept, including the mark.

Adela opened her phone suspiciously and saw the hot news.

Nina said that every piece of clothing produced by Loe Studio had a heart-shaped mark as a security feature.

However, the dress she was wearing didn't.

Adela was dumbfounded. She spent a lot of money buying a fake and even lost her face in front of Murray!

Even Sarah looked at Adela suspiciously.

What a shame!

Adela glared at Melissa angrily and didn't know what to say.

Why did Melissa know so much?

Murray suddenly approached Melissa and whispered in her ear, "How did you know?"

He remembered Loe Studio had never mentioned this mark before.

"My friend told me." Melissa raised her eyebrows.

Murray didn't buy it. It was the first time even he had heard of the mark.

"Alright. Jose, let's go eat." Sarah changed the topic to help Adela out.

Jose looked at Marc with a questioning gaze, and Marc nodded.

Melissa sat down in front of the dining table and inadvertently glanced over. She saw a photo on the side.

Marc was hugging a white puppy in the photo.

This puppy seemed familiar.

"Is the dog in the photo Mr. Marc's?" she asked Murray while tilting her head.

Murray followed Melissa's gaze and looked at the photo.

A hint of sadness appeared on his face. "It was raised by my grandmother when she was still alive. Its name is Dolly. Two years ago, when my grandmother passed away, it secretly ran away," he said.

Murray had people search for a long time, but Dolly wasn't found. Murray knew that it was his regret for Marc.

"I see." Melissa was deep in thought.

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Chapter 28

Chapter 28 Thank You!

"Sorry, I have to go out for a while." Melissa bowed.

Murray frowned slightly and asked with dissatisfaction, "Where are you going? It's almost time for dinner."

Murray didn't know where Melissa went.

"Just a bit of an emergency." Melissa stood up and walked out of the door.

She called the doctor in the pet hospital and asked, "Hello, Dr. Bray, I am Melissa. How is the puppy I sent there?"

Dr. Bray's voice came from the other side of the line. "It has recovered."

Melissa nodded. "I'll pick it up now."

Melissa saw that the dog that Marc was holding in the photo was similar to the stray dog she had saved before. The key was that the collar around its neck was the same.

Hence, Melissa was almost certain that the stray dog she had saved was the one that Marc had lost.

She heard from Murray that Marc and the dog had a deep relationship, and she decided to bring the dog back to Marc right now.

"What is Melissa doing? This is so impolite." Sarah was dissatisfied when she saw that Melissa had suddenly left.

"That's right. Do we need to wait for her to eat?" Adela echoed.

Murray glanced at Marc and said clearly, "There's something urgent at the company. Melissa is going to handle it."

He didn't know why Melissa left in such a hurry, but subconsciously he didn't want others to gossip about Melissa, especially his mother.

Sarah raised her voice, "What's so important? More important than your grandfather? This is so rude. Adela is the best. She is well-educated and graceful."

"Mrs. Gibson, you flatter me." Adela pretended to be shy when she saw Sarah praising her.

"Meli rushed over when she heard that there was something urgent at the company. It's very good." Marc's face sank.

Sarah didn't say anything else, but Adela grew more jealous.

Adela secretly bit her lips, her heart filled with jealousy and unwillingness.

She wondered, Why did Marc value Melissa, this country bumpkin?

In terms of family background and appearance, how could I not compare to her?

Why did Marc not like me?

Thinking of this, Adela concealed her emotions and pretended to be worried. "But Melissa should

tell us when she will come back. We can wait for her, but Mr. Marc, your health is not good..."

"Let's eat first. We don't need to wait for her." Murray frowned indifferently.

He knew why Sarah brought Adela here today.

Even though he and Melissa were only in a contract, out of nowhere, he didn't allow anyone to

slander Melissa

"Jose, let's go eat," Marc said.

"Yes," Jose said respectfully, ordering the maids to bring the food over.

"Mr. Marc, the drumstick is good for your health." Adela attentively picked up a drumstick for Marc.

Marc said okay, but did not eat it.

Adela was a bit embarrassed and turned to look at Murray.

Murray was wearing a white shirt with a slightly loosened blue squares tie, and his sleeves were rolled up. Compared to his usual look, he was a bit more easy-going. His

delicate features still

carried a distant aura.

He was peeling a prawn.

He was elegant, noble, and perfect.

He still looked imposing and attractive right now.

Adela looked at him with infatuation.

Although she had loved Murray for many years, Murray didn't look her in the eyes.

Adela quickly peeled a big prawn and put it on Murray's plate. "Murray, try the one I peeled."

Murray moved the plate to the side coldly. "No need. I'm not used to eating prawns peeled by others."

At that moment, the prawn fell to the dining table and rolled to the ground. Adela was stunned. She wondered, Why did you do this to me? This was unfair!!

“Murray, I peeled it for you on purpose,” she said, feeling extremely aggrieved.

“Yeah, Murray. Adela has good intentions,” said Sarah.

Murray pursed his lips indifferently. Just as he was about to say something, he suddenly saw a familiar and beautiful figure from the corner of his eye. Murray smiled slightly and raised his eyebrows. “Melissa.”

Following Murray’s gaze, Adela saw Melissa running back with a white puppy in her arms. She yelled, “Melissa, why are you bringing a dog over? We are all eating!”

Before Melissa could speak, the dog suddenly struggled hard to jump down. Melissa smiled, bent down, and let go. The dog rushed to the front and jumped onto Marc’s leg, intimately rubbing against him.

“Dolly!” Marc’s eyes lit up. He was so excited that his hands trembled. He looked at the dog in his arms in disbelief. “Dolly, it is you!”

“Woof!” Dolly shouted as if it was responding to Marc.

“It’s good that you’re back.” Marc caressed Dolly, his eyes flickering with tears.

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Dolly, who had been lost for so long, had finally returned home!

“Melissa, where did you find Dolly?” Murray looked at Melissa curiously.

It turned out that she left in a hurry just now to look for Dolly.

But it was Melissa’s first time seeing Dolly in the photo today. How could she find it so quickly?

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He had many questions for her.

Melissa had run back and was a little out of breath.

She took a few deep breaths and raised her lips. “Do you remember the time when I was late a few days ago and was almost fired by Susie?”

Murray nodded.

That time, Melissa asked for leave from him and Susie insisted that Melissa was absent from work and wanted to fire her. Later, he came out and asked Susie to apologize to Melissa.

“That morning. Jessie’s car almost hit Dolly. I took Dolly to the pet hospital and it took a long time,

Melissa explained.

That was how it was.

Melissa didn’t know that Dolly was Marc’s dog.

So, she delayed her work to save a stray puppy and was even wronged by Susie.

Such kindness was rare and precious.

Murray looked at Melissa deeply and said sincerely, “Melissa, thank you!”

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Chapter 29

Chapter 29 Adela Is Defeated

Melissa could feel Murray's intense stare at her back. She smiled sweetly. "No worries. It's my pleasure."

Marc was happy to find Dolly and said, "Jose, bring tableware. Meli, come to have dinner."

"Yes, Mr. Marc," Jose did as ordered right away.

Marc moved his seat to the side and gestured to Melissa to sit beside Murray.

"Thank you, Mr. Marc." Melissa sat in the empty seat beside Murray

"Meli, thank you for finding Dolly." Marc hugged her. If it was not Melissa, he would lose Dolly. He would feel guilty for his late wife. Fortunately, Dolly came back,

"I just happened to meet Dolly." Melissa petted Dolly

Dolly was fluffy and soft. The doctor in the pet hospital took good care of it, curing its injuries. It looked very healthy and cute.

When Melissa petted it, Dolly shook its tail. It seemed to be very affectionate with her touch.

Marc laughed, "Dolly likes you."

Marc was so satisfied with Melissa that Adela envied her. But she could only pretend to be nice.

Melissa's gift was better than Adela's then Melissa mocked her for wearing counterfeit.

Now, Marc especially wants to stand by Melissa because she found his beloved puppy.

Adela was defeated at pleasing Marc.

"Enjoy your food." Marc kindly said to Melissa.

Melissa nodded when suddenly a peeled prawn was put in her bowl. She surprisingly looked at Murray. He shrugged, "I don't like eating prawns."

He especially peeled prawns for her. Melissa was a little bit startled. How could Murray, such an arrogant man, help others peel prawns? Melissa was confused. Maybe because she helped Mr. Marc find Dolly?

"Thank you." Melissa blinked at him.

Adela witnessed what Murray did for Melissa. She was totally out of her mood since he knew

Murray lied. Murray liked eating prawns! She peeled prawns for Murray, but he refused.

Now, he

was peeling prawns for Melissa!

Adela was again defeated at pleasing Murray! She had never lost so many games to a woman.

Melissa the bitch! Adela cursed her and decided to take revenge on her.

After dinner, Marc took a nap. Murray went to work, and Melissa went shopping.

Melissa had Harley's party to attend at night. Whereas, when Melissa went to the pet hospital to

pick up Dolly, her clothes got dirty and wrinkled. Thus, Melissa decided to buy a new one.

Melissa came to the most fantastic luxury store in Aldness. She knew Red had signed a

contract

with Loe Studio, so that the Ailsa series would be sold in Red boutique for this season. Just as Melissa stepped into the store, she saw the Ailsa dress designed by her hanging in the most dazzling shelf in the window.

Melissa wanted to try it on. She was eager to know how she would look like in her designing dress.

“Excuse me, Miss, I would like to have a try on this dress.” Melissa said to the salesperson beside her.

The salesperson was arrogant. With her eyes raking Melissa, she found Melissa’s clothes dirty and wrinkled.

Red’s targeted customers were the rich and influential ladies in Aldness. Melissa was new in this city and she was very low-key.

The salesperson didn’t know Melissa so she thought Melissa was poor.

The salesperson replied Melissa impatiently, “Sorry. This dress was designed by Loe. It’s valuable and expensive. You can’t try it if you cannot afford it.”

Melissa frowned. For goodness’ sake, she was despised? This salesperson thought she couldn’t buy her own design dress? Please, not to mention a piece of dress, she could buy the whole shop. This salesperson is so rude and even looked down on her?

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“I can’t try it if I don’t buy it?” Melissa took out a black card from her bag and slapped it on the

table. “Then I’ll buy it!” she said.

The salesperson has worked in the luxury store for years and has seen many officials and noble people. She recognized that this card was a limited global VIP card. It could be used for unlimited consumption. Only a few respected people could have it.

With a suspicious gaze, the salesperson took a closer look at Melissa. Although the clothes on her were dirty, the workmanship of her clothes was dedicated and the clothing looked very high-end.

Moreover, Melissa was gorgeous.

The salesperson guessed Melissa might be a anonymous rich young lady or a lover of a rich boss. Whatever, she could not afford to offend Melissa.

“Sorry Miss, my bad, the fitting room is over there.” The salesperson took out the gown carefully and handed it to Melissa.

Melissa snorted, took the dress, and walked to the fitting room.

Taking a look at the dress, Melissa found the dress much better than she expected. The design, workmanship, and fabric were all first-class. Obviously, Nina has tried her best to make this dress,

which builds more reputation for their studio. Putting on it, Melissa was satisfied with the dress

fitting like a glove as if it was specially customized for her.

Just as Melissa walked out, she heard a familiar woman’s sound, carrying a bit of arrogance, “Give me the Ailsa dress produced by Loe Studio.”

It was Adela.

The young woman next to Adela was Julie.

The last time they met at the banquet, Julie and Adela tried to frame Melissa for

stealing.

Adela was a frequent customer and VIP of RD. The salesperson flattered her immediately, "Ms. Yale, please come in!"

Adela gave the salesperson a glimpse, "Give me the Ailsa dress."

The salesperson smiled bitterly, "Sorry, Ms. Yale. It was sold."

"By whom?" Adela asked. Just now at the Gibson's house, Adela was mocked by the country

bumpkin Melissa. She was furious. Therefore, Adela rushed to the Red boutique to buy the Ailsa dress.

That dress could only belong to her Adela. Who dares to buy it?

Whoever the buyer is, she will rob the dress back.

Melissa walked out of the fitting room. The salesperson pointed in Melissa's direction and muttered worriedly, "This lady has bought it."

Adela gazed at Melissa with a stony expression. Unfair! How could Melissa be so beautiful in the white Ailsa dress? She was like a fairy in the tales.

The décolleté design revealed her sexy collarbone and the fishtail rim perfectly wrapped around her slim waist. Her body was a pretty S curvy. She was so noble, elegant, charming, and saucy that people couldn't take their eyes off her.

It was Melissa who took the dress! Melissa again!

Adela's eyes flashed with jealousy. She pointed at Melissa and said to the salesperson, "I'll buy this

dress! Wrap it up for me!"

The salesperson was in a dilemma, "but ... the lady said she bought it."

"Did she pay?" Adela asked in a bad tone.

"Not yet." The salesperson hesitated.

"No payment, no buying. Wrap it up." Julie stepped in between Adela and the salesperson, rolling her eyes at the salesperson.

"But....."the salesperson opened her mouth, trying to say something.

"Stop arguing with me!" Adela shouted.

Then next second, "bang!" she slammed her face.

"Want to get fired?" Adela seethed.

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Chapter 30

Chapter 30 Apology

Tears brimming in her eyes, the salesperson froze for a moment.

The Yale family was wealthy and influential in Aldness. They had extraordinary power and Adela

was the most beloved granddaughter of Archer. She could not afford to offend the Yale family.

She didn't know Melissa's family background, but she felt that it had less harm to offend Melissa than to offend Adela.

With this in mind, the salesperson walked in front of Melissa and said nervously, "Miss, someone has bought the dress you are wearing. Please take it off."

Melissa smiled mockingly. "Didn't I just say that I bought it?"

"But..."

Just then Julie walked over in high heels. She arrogantly said to Melissa, "Adela has bought this dress. You country bumpkin, take it off!"

Melissa glanced at her casually, "Is that so? I liked the dress first, and I said I wanted to buy it first. Ms. Yale, don't you know what 'first come, first served' means?"

"Do you have money to buy it? Country bumpkin! Do you know how much this dress costs? Can you afford it?" Julie glared at Melissa.

"That needn't concern you." Melissa ignored Julie, picked up a black card, and said to the salesperson, "Help me swipe my card."

Adela looked at the familiar card in Melissa's hand.

She remembered that Murray had such a card.

This card was limited worldwide, and she didn't have it. How could Melissa have such a distinguished card?

Murray must have given it to her!

At the thought that Murray was so good to Melissa, Adela just wanted to kill her.

The jealousy inside burned fiercely. Adela pressed down on the salesperson who wanted to take the black card. "I'll pay double the price!"

Melissa crossed her arms around her chest and looked at Adela with a frown.

She thought Adela was so annoying.

It truly was a small world!

She raised her eyebrows. "Ms. Yale, don't you hear me? I said I bought the dress, so it's mine. No

matter how much you offer, I won't give it to you."

"You don't deserve this!" Adela stared at Melissa rigidly.

Adela thought Melissa didn't deserve such a dress.

She thought if she wore it, it would be way better than Melissa!

When Murray saw it, he would like her.

Melissa smiled mockingly. "Don't I deserve this? At least I'm better than some people who can't even differentiate genuine and fake goods."

"You!" After being mocked in public by Melissa, Adela was furious, and she almost fainted from anger.

She wondered, How dared you? You bumpkin!

I was the young miss of the Yale family!

Even though she is Murray's fiancée, Sarah doesn't acknowledge her at all. Murray must have been interested in her only for a while.

How can Murray marry a country bumpkin into the family!

With this thought, Adela felt much more at ease.

Today, she was going to take this dress anyway!

“Melissa, you’d better take off the dress right now!” Julie reached out to take off Melissa’s dress.

“What are you doing?” Melissa grabbed Julie’s hand and pushed it hard.

“Do they want to snatch clothes?”

Melissa was irritated.

This was insane!

When Julie was pushed by Melissa, she staggered and almost fell.

“You bumpkin! Don’t get on my bad side!” Julie was the young miss of the White family. Although the White family had gradually declined over the past few years, they were still rich. Also, she

became bossier following Adela around.

Now she was almost pushed down by Melissa. She couldn’t live with this.