

Chapter 151 Chapter151 Suited To Be Their Father

After giving his parents his word and seeing them off, Everett slumped wearily on the sofa, his brows furrowed deeply.

If the children had witnessed that scene...

The thought upset him. He took out his phone and opened his messaging app. He started to type something, but then paused and stared at Lindsey's smiling face. Everett ended up deleting what he had written. He didn't even know what to say.

What if Lindsey hated him because of what she saw? What if she refused to talk to him again?

Everett could not accept that.

After some careful consideration, he finally mustered the courage to send a message.

"Lindsey, are you asleep?"

He waited and waited, but no reply came.

Everett, who was constantly composed and aloof, was growing irritable by the second. He stood by the large windows and lit a cigarette, his eyes darting back to his phone now and then.

Maybe it was too late at night and Lindsey was indeed sleeping.

Everett told himself this over and over, trying to convince himself that there was nothing to worry about. But even as he lay on his bed, he couldn't fall asleep. He tossed and turned in the middle of the night, and woke up at the crack of dawn.

The first thing he did after opening his eyes was to check his phone. There was still no reply. A wave of disappointment

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washed over him.

Later that morning, at half past eight, at the gates of the kindergarten, Vivienne and Johnny held hands with the twins, talking and laughing as they strolled into the school. They looked like they were enjoying their time together.

Across the road, inside a parked car, Everett stared at them, feeling at an utter loss.

His wife, his children, and his parents were acting like one big family, but he was somehow excluded from their circle.

"Eat your meals on time today, okay?" Vivienne crouched in front of Lindsey and poked her chubby little face.

"Yes, Mrs. Mayfield!"

Lindsey tilted her head and flashed her a bright smile.

"Good girl."

Lindsey was so adorable, Vivienne could hardly take it. She turned to Merrick and affectionately ruffled his hair.

If she had known that she had two lovely grandchildren, she would have taken good care of them from the start.

Johnny handed the twins each of their schoolbags and said, "Listen well to your teachers and pay attention in class."

"We will!" the kids answered in unison.

Vivienne was reluctant to part with them, so she ended up rambling on and on with various reminders that she could think of.

"Don't worry, the children can take care of themselves," Johnny comforted her as they left, despite struggling to stay calm himself. "Besides, we have an appointment at the hospital for a reexamination. We can't afford to not go."

They were getting older, and were more prone to heart

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diseases. He wanted to take advantage of the reexamination to
get a thorough check-up of both his and Vivienne's health.

Vivienne had been glancing back all this time, until the twins
disappeared from view. She shot her husband a look.

"What do you know? I haven't been with my grandchildren for
very long. What if they burn their tongues during lunch? What if
—"

"All right, settle down. Just relax."

Back in the car, Everett was struggling against the urge to jump
out and storm into the kindergarten to meet his children.

At last, he looked away and said, "Drive to the company."

Meanwhile, as the twins padded across their school grounds,
Merrick cleared his throat and said, "I saw Everett's car just now."

"What?" Lindsey instantly whirled around, her lips pursed into a
pout. "Mr. Mayfield..."

Merrick curled his lips and lifted his chin defiantly. "Didn't I
already tell you that Aloys would make a perfect match for
Mommy?"

He had never liked Everett to begin with, and yesterday's scene
only solidified his conviction that only Aloys was suitable to be
their father.

Lindsey scoffed and said nothing. She hiked up her schoolbag
over her shoulders and stomped away.

Was Lindsey mad? Merrick frowned and scratched his head
helplessly. His sister might want Everett to be their father, but
Everett was already with another woman. It was like her belief
had collapsed all of a sudden.

Chapter 152 Premonitions

"Dr. Sherman? Dr. Sherman!"

"What? What is it?"

The nurse had to call out to Melissa twice before she snapped back to her senses.

She was feeling restless for some reason, as if she somehow knew that something bad was going to happen.

"Is everything all right with you, Dr. Sherman?" The nurse looked quizzical. "It's time for you to make your rounds."

The nurse had good reason for being curious. Melissa was known to be decisive and efficient in her job. None of them had ever seen her distracted while she was on the clock.

"It's nothing. Let's go."

Melissa shook her head in an attempt to get rid of the strange feeling nagging at the back of her mind.

Most of her patients were seriously ill, so her rounds usually took her to the ICU. Only a few of her patients were in the general wards.

She put on a sterile gown as per protocol, and then proceeded to check her patients one by one. Everyone seemed to be in a stable condition.

Everyone, that was, except Arielle.

"Melissa, I haven't been sleeping well lately."

Arielle was leaning against the headboard and staring at Melissa with hawk eyes.

Couldn't sleep well? Melissa didn't bother hiding her sneer.

"Only those who have blood in their hands find it difficult to sleep at night. I'm afraid your insomnia is caused by guilt—nothing more, nothing less."

"You haven't really forgiven me, have you? That's why you're still holding on to Everett, right?"

Arielle sounded weak and pitiful, though her hands were clenched into fists under the blanket.

She wanted Melissa to let her guard down toward her, and direct her ire at Everett instead. That way, even if everyone wanted them to get married again, Melissa herself would refuse.

Sure enough, Melissa's face instantly turned cold.

She silently filled Arielle's records and headed to the door, only to turn around and say one last thing.

"You would do well not to act like we're sisters again, Arielle. I will never forgive you. As for the matter of Everett, I believe I've made myself clear on where I stand."

With that, Melissa strode out of the room. Unfortunately, she ran smack dab into Everett's chest.

He was dressed in a black suit today, and was carrying a large fruit basket in one hand. Neither woman knew how long he had been standing in the doorway.

They shouldn't have talked about him behind his back.

Melissa frowned at her misfortune, but she didn't feel the slightest bit sorry. If anything, she openly showed her defiance on her face.

After a brief glance at Everett, she sidestepped him and continued on her way.

"Melissa."

Everett moved quickly, grabbing her arm to stop her.

He knew that he deserved Melissa's loathing. He had failed her time and time again, and now, it was his turn to suffer.

The thing, however, was that he refused to give up without a fight.

"What do you want, Mr. Mayfield?"

A tense silence fell upon them, which was soon interrupted by the frantic shouting from down the hall.

A nurse dashed over, her face filled with panic. "Dr. Sherman, there are dozens of patients rushed into emergency just now. They seem to be suffering from food poisoning. We don't have enough doctors to attend to them. Please come to the emergency department and help us!"

"Of course," Melissa replied without missing a beat.

By all rights, she should have remained calm about the situation, despite it being an emergency. She was a doctor, after all. But the previous unease suddenly returned, and this time it was twice as bad.

Soon, she and the nurse were sprinting toward the emergency department. The closer Melissa got to the double doors, the more anxious she got.

Meanwhile, Everett had meant to run after Melissa, but he was pulled back before he could even take a step.

"Everett, you promised to visit me regularly and keep me company." Arielle had jumped out of the hospital bed and wasted no time stopping him. She stared up at him now, her eyes wide with feigned innocence.

"This is a normal occurrence in hospitals. All kinds of accidents happen every day. Leave Melissa to do her job. She is a doctor, I'm sure she can handle it."

"Fine," Everett replied tersely as he pulled his hand out of her

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grip.

He followed Arielle into the ward, his shoulders slumped. He did have confidence in Melissa's professional skills, but his chest felt inexplicably heavy. If he didn't know any better, he might have thought that something bad was about to happen.

Chapter 153 Number One Priority

Melissa rushed to the emergency department, her heart aching at the sight of children with pale faces lying on the makeshift hospital beds.

It was quite a pitiful sight and Melissa felt helpless.

Children, food poisoning... Her mind instantly went to Lindsey and Merrick.

She lightly pulled a nurse who was holding a tray of medicine, ready to ask some questions. However, she stammered when she spoke, "What... What's going on?"

"A bunch of kids from kindergarten has become victims of food poisoning."

At this, Melissa's heart gave a tremble.

Five years ago, she had been driven out of the Mayfield family by Everett. It had been a traumatic experience for her. However, she willed herself to carry on with her life just for the sake of the babies in her belly.

Soon, their arrival brightened up her life. She couldn't imagine having to live a life without them.

Melissa took a deep breath, trying her best to hold back her tears.

She was a mother and also a doctor. Saving lives was her number one priority now.

This was a collective food poisoning and more than 30 children were sent to the hospital! Some of them were suffering more than others.

Doctors, beds and medical resources were scarce.

Melissa took a quick look at the critically ill children and asked

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someone to arrange for them to have a gastric lavage. They were transferred to intensive care units immediately.

The rest of them had to stay back while they vomited and suffered from dizziness. Not many children were critically harmed. She took a deep breath and began to check if there was any child who hadn't received the treatment they needed.

Then her eyes caught a familiar little pale face on a makeshift hospital bed in the corner.

Melissa's whole body gave a tremble. Her hands and feet became weak. She almost stumbled over and fell on the edge of the bed.

She had tried to console herself that this incident didn't happen in the kindergarten where Lindsey and Merrick were in. However, the boy's appearance confirmed that her biggest fear had turned into reality.

Tears streamed down her cheeks. Melissa touched Merrick's pale face, her hands still trembling.

"Merrick, I'm sorry. I'm late. I failed to take good care of you..."

She kept repeating this sentence, not sure what else to say. She hated herself for her failure.

The little boy on the bed raised his head and watched her. He slowly opened his eyes with a pained smile. In spite of everything, there was a glint in his eyes.

"Mommy," he called out weakly, and this brought Melissa back to her senses. More tears began to fall down her eyes.

She couldn't bear watching her little boy in pain. He used to be so lively!

"Merrick, are you feeling okay?"

"Mommy... Lindsey." Merrick shook his head and raised his arm slightly. "Lindsey... looking for you." He was having difficulty finding the right words.

"You mean Lindsey went to look for me?" Melissa sobbed and asked, her eyes now red from all the crying.

Chapter 153 Number One Priority

As a doctor, she was used to seeing people in pain. But nothing could compare to how she was feeling right now. It was devastating to watch her own kids suffer.

They were her treasure and her life.

Melissa touched Merrick's forehead and was relieved to find out he had no fever.

She lowered her head and placed a kiss on his forehead.

"Good boy, stay here for a while. I will go and find your sister, okay? If you don't feel well, just press the button at the bedside and I will come to you immediately."

Still lying on the bed, Merrick nodded his head gently. His face was eerily pale. It was a pitiful sight, especially for a mother.

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Chapter 154 It's My Fault

Melissa glanced back at her son while quickening her pace.

She thought it would be better if the boy's father was around him in this situation. Even if he only kept him company, she would feel relieved.

But when she thought of Everett standing outside Arielle's ward, she gave up the idea.

As Melissa approached her office door, a small figure came into view.

"Lindsey?" Melissa called out.

Hearing her mother's voice, the little girl turned around and wailed, "Mommy."

When Lindsey ran over, Melissa saw her face was full of tears, and her bright eyes were swollen and red from crying, which made Melissa feel sorry for her.

Melissa held the little girl in her arms, and the tears that Lindsey had managed to hold back came bursting out again, soaking Melissa's shoulder.

"Shh-shh. Mommy is here. Lindsey, don't be afraid. Are you okay?" Pulling back, Melissa wiped the tears from Lindsey's cheeks.

"Me-Merrick, he ate lunch..."

As Lindsey tried to talk, her voice broke as another torrent of cries overtook her.

Softly, Melissa cooed and patted her daughter's back. "Don't be afraid. Merrick is fine." Pushing down her own pain, she stood up with Lindsey in her arms and said, "Let's go see your brother."

When she arrived at the emergency department, many parents had already heard the news and rushed over. Now the area was filled with the soft cries and sounds of parents comforting their

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children. Many of the parents were sitting on the edge of their children's beds and wiping tears, cursing the doctor for not treating their children in time.

"Everett?" spotting him standing in the corner of the corridor, Melissa hesitantly called out. When their eyes met, a flood of mixed emotions welled up in her chest.

Seeing Lindsey's red face, his eyes softened and he asked, "Let me hug her."

Walking over, Everett deftly took Lindsey out of Melissa's arms and held the little girl's head against his shoulder. Looking back at Melissa, he said, "Merrick vomited just now, but don't worry, he's fallen asleep. I have arranged a ward for him. The nurse is helping him to move there."

Even though Melissa was a doctor in the hospital, she had to admire Everett's ability to handle a situation.

As soon as he updated her on their son's health, he quickly saw to everything else and then laid Lindsey on the bed beside Merrick's after she fell asleep.

It wasn't long before everything was sorted and the ward suddenly became quiet, leaving Melissa and Everett looking at each other at a loss for words.

After a tense minute, Melissa looked away.

Clearing her throat, she quietly said, "Thank you for your help today."

"I owe it to you and our children." Everett clenched his fists, and blue veins appeared on the back of his hands. "I am their father, but I have been absent from their lives for five years. It's my fault."

If his assistant hadn't informed him of the incident in the kindergarten, he might have remained in Arielle's ward.

He could help Melissa with today's matter, but what about the difficulties she encountered before?

Just the thought brought Everett's heart irresistible pain. He felt as though his guilt would drown him.

Chapter 154 It's My Fault

Upon hearing this, Melissa's heart jolted, her eyes twinkling.

Sighing, she stood up, touched Merrick's face, and lightly said, "Everett, you once said that you didn't want our children, so you don't have to feel guilty. I have never..."

"Melissa," Everett interrupted in a low voice.

Reaching out, he grasped her wrist tightly and forced her to turn around and look into his bloodshot eyes. Slowly, he asked, "Are you really not willing to give me a chance to atone for my sins? I'm their father."

The two stared each other down, neither of them willing to compromise. The calm atmosphere instantly became tense.

A sudden knock on the door broke the awkward silence, drawing Melissa's attention away from Everett.

"Dr. Sherman, there is an operation in the emergency department and we need you."

"Got it," said Melissa. With a jerk, she broke free from Everett's hand. "I told you that if you dare to get close to my children and me, I will take them away."

Without waiting for a response, she turned on her heel and stormed off.

Melissa could feel his gaze on the back of her neck as she walked away.

She didn't relax until she walked out of the in-patient area, but even away from him, her heart was still heavy.