

Chapter 192 Malorcia

Melissa decided it would be best to leave Andeport as soon as possible. After making arrangements for her children's care, she reported to Peter.

Peter was afraid that Melissa's private life would affect the hospital. He decided that Melissa would be escorted by other staff who would be led by a middle-aged and fat male department director. That afternoon, the man arranged for a bus to take them to the central hospital in Malorcia.

There were thirteen people in the medical assistance team, including Melissa. Eight were interns, and the rest were senior doctors.

Medical assistance was coordinated between doctors of different hospitals. Each year, hospitals from other cities sent doctors to Andeport as well.

The bus would leave from a bus station, not the hospital. It would take them about eight hours to arrive in Malorcia.

Melissa took a taxi to the bus station. She got out with her suitcase and spotted a figure waving frantically in the distance.

"Dr. Sherman. Dr. Sherman!" It was Leilany's voice.

Leilany was as excited as she would be if this were a holiday rather than work.

"You're very happy," Melissa said, feeling much better when she saw Leilany. "I hope you realize we'll be working hard, and if you don't meet my exacting standards, you won't pass your internship."

"Don't do that, Dr. Sherman. You're the best." Leilany pouted like a spoiled child. Melissa found it cute rather than annoying. "I will definitely work hard."

Melissa liked Leilany's behavior. It reminded her of her own clever children.

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She laughed, amused. "Well, you play the role of spoiled child perfectly."

The two of them chatted until someone said, "Let's get on the bus first. It'll be almost midnight by the time we arrive."

The doctors began to complain when they heard how late they would arrive.

One of them said, "All because of one person. We were supposed to travel by train tomorrow, but we had to leave early and by bus!"

"Yes, I didn't even have time to pack my things."

"I was doing my job well. I didn't expect Peter to force me to go. It's so annoying."

They spoke loudly without any scruples.

When Leilany heard this, her expression changed. She grabbed Melissa's arm, protectively.

"Dr. Sherman, don't take it to heart. I signed up for the medical assistance team. I knew we would leave tomorrow and prepared my things in advance. They should have been better prepared. I'm not lazy like them. I don't leave everything to the last minute. The bus was arranged by the hospital, and everyone was informed." Leilany's words embarrassed the gossiping doctors.

Melissa couldn't hold back her laughter.

She didn't think Leilany would be so eloquent or dare to say anything to the more experienced doctors.

They sat in the back row. She quietly thanked the intern, "Thank you, Leilany."

"Dr. Sherman, there is no need to be so polite with me. I don't like people who gossip," Leilany said, waving her hand with righteous indignation.

The bus set out from Andeport, heading south.

Leaning against the window, Melissa looked back and sighed.

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She thought she had arranged everything, but she forgot one person, Everett.

Everett had wounds all over his body from when he saved Lindsey and Merrick, but she had been in such a hurry to leave Andeport that she didn't go to see him.

Now that she thought of it, maybe it was true that she was a little ungrateful.

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The bus arrived at Malorica at midnight. Most passengers were asleep.

Melissa was not a heavy sleeper. She sensed the bus jerking to a halt. She rubbed her eyes and tried waking up Leilany.

"Leilany, wake up. We're at Malorcia now."

"What?" Leilany opened her eyes and looked out the window in a daze. "What? Have we arrived already?"

"Yes."

Everyone woke up and got off the bus. Then, they took the room cards allocated to them.

When it was Melissa's turn, she reached out to get the room card. But the middle-aged director grasped Melissa's hand.

"Doctor Sherman, will you come to my room tonight?" he whispered lewdly. "I have arranged something special."

"Fuck off!"

Melissa angrily withdrew her hand. She carried her luggage and walked into the hotel with Leilany. Melissa felt sick and disgusted.

She thought this director was a decent man. But he was vile and disgusting.

Leilany was still very sleepy. The moment they entered the room, she fell on the bed and immediately drifted off to sleep, not bothering to even change her clothes.

"Gosh, you are such a lousy sleeper," Melissa grumbled, shaking her head.

She couldn't fall asleep, so she started packing her things.

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However, just then, her phone rang.

It was midnight now. She wondered who would call her at this hour.

Melissa was confused. She picked up her phone and walked to the balcony.

"Hello, this is Melly speaking. Who is it?"

There was no answer. All she could hear was the sound of rhythmic breathing.

"Hello? Who is this?"

Melissa asked again and looked at the screen. It was an unknown number.

Melissa frowned. "Look, if you're not going to answer, I will hang up. It's not funny."

Then, she heard someone chuckling.

"Come to the door," said a resonant voice of a man.

It sounded familiar. Melissa's heart leaped to her throat as she realized it was Everett.

She clutched her phone tightly and walked to the door.

Her breathing grew heavier with every step she kept forward.

Melissa told herself that Everett wouldn't come to Malorcia at midnight.

However, she opened the door anyway and saw a slender figure leaning against the opposite wall, smiling at her.

"You are really here!"

Melissa squealed and ran to Everett. Then, she pulled Everett's tie and looked into his eyes.

"Why did you come to Malorcia in the middle of the night? Don't you know that you are injured? Didn't you say that you would investigate the kidnapper? Now that you came here... Hmm..."

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Before Melissa finished her words, Everett grabbed her waist and kissed her.

The lights were dim in the long, quiet corridor. Melissa was pressed against the wall as Everett kissed her passionately.

A few moments later, Everett let go of her, licked his lips, and grinned wickedly. "Well, you did not struggle too fiercely today."

"You! Everett, you bastard!"

A blush flamed Melissa's cheeks. She frowned and hit Everett's chest.

"If you kiss me again, I will stab you with my scalpel!"

"Then, you better kill me," Everett said, staring into her eyes. "Or forgive me."

Melissa was startled when she heard that. Then, she hit Everett again.

"What? What are you saying?"

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When Melissa was about to hit him again, Everett couldn't bear it any longer. He grabbed her wrist and said, "If you hit me again, my wounds will reopen."

"What you said, it startled me." Melissa withdrew her hand. She turned around, ready to go back to her room.

An arm held her waist, preventing her. She felt hot breath against her ear.

Frowning, she hit him with her elbow. "Everett, didn't you hear me?"

"Don't move," Everett whispered, dodging the blow. "I came to Malorcia, but my wounds haven't recovered. I need treatment."

"What?" Melissa said, alarmed. Her eyes narrowed as she met Everett's meaningful gaze. She pushed him away, walked to the door, and said, "I can't. You must find another way."

She was about to close the door.

Everett was calm. He crossed his arms. "You're a doctor. Why can't you do it? Don't forget I bought the jade bracelet."

It had belonged to her mother.

Melissa paused, stepped forward and glared at him. "What do you want? Money? What?"

"Hmm, I haven't decided." Everett stepped away. "Right now, I need treatment. My room's on the top floor."

He left without a backward glance.

Alone at last, Melissa clenched her fists.

Everett was so annoying. Every time she saw him, he confused and infuriated her.

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She considered for a moment and then chased after him.

The hotel wasn't the best one in Malorcia, but it wasn't bad, and the hospital's budget was limited.

However, the top floor was filled by the presidential suite, which had an exclusive elevator.

When Melissa arrived, Everett's door was ajar.

He must have known she would come.

She pouted, pushed the door open, and entered.

Everett was removing his clothes. He unbuttoned his shirt with his slender fingers, revealing the muscles on his well-proportioned torso. He had a good body.

The lights in the room were dimmed. Even so, wounds of various sizes were easy to see.

Shirtless, Everett sat down and said in a hoarse voice, "Come here."

His voice bewitched her in that moment.

Melissa patted her face and took a deep breath.

Arranged on the table were a few bottles of ointment. She picked up a cotton swab and skillfully cleaned his wounds.

"The ointment's too weak. The wounds will heal very slowly."

"I left in a hurry and took these without thinking," Everett said casually. "Anyway, I have you to look after me."

"What if I hadn't come to Malorcia?" Melissa asked.

"They would have healed eventually. Hiss—" He felt a sharp sting on his back. Everett turned and raised his eyebrows. "You want to kill me that much?"

"No... I didn't..." Shaking her head, Melissa patted his shoulder and said in a strained tone, "Turn around. I need to clean those wounds too. Why don't you take better care of yourself? And what are you doing in Malorcia?"

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After a few seconds of silence, Everett said, "There is a subsidiary of the Mayfield Group here. I have something I need to deal with."

"Really?" Melissa didn't ask for details. The logic was flawless, but something felt wrong.

Chapter 195 A Lecher

The next morning, Melissa woke up early. Last night, she left after applying the ointment to Everett's wounds.

She now realized that Everett was a rogue who would not listen to her.

If she stayed there any longer, something would happen between them. It was inevitable.

"Dr. Sherman!" Leilany sauntered out of the bathroom fully dressed and looked at Melissa in a teasing way. "You weren't here when I woke up in the middle of the night. Did you have a date? Dr. Wilde is a worthy match. He graduated from a prestigious foreign medical university. He was really young when he earned his doctorate."

"Such high praise. I suspect you might have a crush on him." Melissa grinned.

Last night, she had no choice but to go to Everett's room. People in Andeport were still paying attention to Melissa's private life, and she couldn't risk being photographed again.

"Dr. Sherman, are you teasing me?" Leilany fled with a red face.

She was still just a kid. Melissa shook her head and followed Leilany.

The hospital in Malorcía was famous for its internal medicine.

The middle-aged director led the group of doctors into a meeting room that had been prepared in advance.

The director was a fat, bald man. He stood on the stage and taught the rules and regulations for an hour. Everyone seemed impatient for it to end.

Their interest rose when it was time to distribute the posts.

"Rex Brown, Department of Cardiology; Kurt Lopez, Department of Orthopedics; Lukas Wilde, Emergency Department."

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Hearing that name, Leilany's eyes lit up. She muttered, "It would be perfect if I could work in the same department as him..."

As she finished her words, she heard her name.

"Leilany Green, Emergency Department; Melly Sherman, Internal Medicine Department."

"Ah," Leilany complained. "Why am I not with Dr. Sherman?"

"I thought you wanted to be with the man you love. I'm surprised you remember me," Melissa teased.

Leilany lowered her head, embarrassed, and gazed at Lukas.

Melissa looked in the same direction. The man's profile was familiar, but she could not recall why.

The director put away his notebook and then said, "This is the arrangement for the following days. Everybody, get back to work. Doctor Sherman, please stay. I have something to talk to you about."

Leilany stood up, looked at the director on the stage, and said worriedly, "Dr. Sherman, be careful. I heard this director is not a good person. He's a lecher who made nurses who wanted to be hired officially sleep with him."

"Okay, I know," Melissa said, nodding.

She had seen that side of him first hand. So, she was mentally prepared.

Did this man want to do something to her? She would ensure he could not succeed!

Everyone else left. The director waved his hand and smiled obscenely at Melissa.

"Doctor Sherman, come here. Try on the hospital uniform." The director pulled out a dress as he said this.

"Okay," Melissa said coldly, walking toward him. "I'll do it myself."

Before Melissa could grab the dress, the director leaned closer with an obscene smile. "Let me help. How can you do this alone?"

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"Hmm, ridiculous," Melissa sneered and hit a few parts of the director's body.