

Chapter 212 No Admittance

The wooden box looked familiar to Melissa.

Her heart was trembling and she blinked her eyes.

Everett had given it to her before he left to lure those people away the night before.

He said her mother would bless her...

Realizing something, she struggled to get up. She grabbed the box and opened it, her hand quivering as she tried to ignore the pain in her body.

Inside was a jade bracelet.

"Mom..." she mouthed as tears ran down from her eyes to drip on the box.

Touching the bracelet was like touching her mother's hand, a real connection. Emotions began to swell inside her.

The last thing she had expected was for Everett to give her back the bracelet in that situation.

Having it back brought her a great deal of relief. She stayed in the ward for another two days, recuperating, but heard no news of Everett. Everett's assistant refused to tell her anything.

"Dr. Sherman, what are you doing?"

Leilany came in and saw Melissa standing beside the bed.

She ran over to help her, frowning. "The doctor told you not to move."

Melissa smiled. "I'm a doctor myself. I'm only going for a walk. What are you doing here now? Shouldn't you be working?"

"I'm on a break, so I decided to sneak over and see you."

Leilany pouted at the woman in front of her. "Where exactly are

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you going?"

"I'm just going to go for a walk." Melissa avoided Leilany's eyes and gave a little cough.

She didn't know how she was going to explain Everett to Leilany, so it remained her little secret for now.

Luckily, Leilany didn't notice anything suspicious, and left soon afterward.

The hospital in Malorcia was laid out differently than the one in Andeport, and the wards were all in unfamiliar places. Besides, she hadn't heard anything about Everett's hospitalization.

Melissa walked slowly through the hospital, looking at the signs and frowning.

If Everett wanted to keep it a secret that he was here, then surely he'd be in the most exclusive ward.

But where was the area of the VIP wards?

"Hey there, Hedwig. What are you doing back here?"

"I've just popped in to get some documents. It's surprisingly complicated to organize a departmental transfer."

"Good for you. You look much happier after spending two days on the VIP ward. Don't forget us when you're married to a rich man."

The group passing by did nothing to hide their jealousy of each other.

It disgusted Melissa, who stole a look at Hedwig. The nurse immediately attracted her attention.

She realized soon why the nurse looked familiar. She was the same nurse who anxiously asked Melissa to go to the emergency room that day.

"She'd know how to get to the VIP ward area," Melissa sneered, staring at Hedwig's back. She followed her discreetly.

The nurse was obviously very happy with herself. As she carried on her way, she had her head held high and didn't even stop to

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acknowledge the head nurse as they passed each other.

After a little over ten minutes, they came to another building.

"Here it is."

Melissa bent down to rub her knees; they ached.

She wanted to see who it was that had been brave enough to hurt her.

"I'm sorry, ma'am. You can't go in there."

A guard came out and stopped Melissa before she even managed to get through the door.

He gave her a cursory once-over before asking, "What are you trying to get in there for? Nobody but family members, doctors and nurses are allowed in."

"I am a doctor," Melissa replied.

She went to flash her work card, but found that she didn't have it with her.

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Damn it. Melissa cursed in her heart. She had left her work card in the emergency room and forgotten to get it back.

Melissa acted as if nothing was wrong, giving away nothing but a frown and a cough.

"I am a doctor, honestly, and I have a patient in there."

It was true that Everett was her patient.

The guard didn't believe her though and pulled out his baton.

"You may well say you're a doctor but you're wearing a hospital gown. I've worked here for over three years, and I've never seen you before. Now go away!"

"Well, I really..." Before Melissa could finish her words, she was forced to step back by the baton.

She staggered back a few steps, before bumping into a broad chest behind her. She could smell a faint smell of medicinal alcohol.

She turned around and looked up to see a pair of amber eyes.

"Dr. Sherman, why have you left the ward?" Lukas wrinkled his forehead and said, "You need to rest until your legs have recovered, and..."

"I know that," Melissa replied. She squinted at the person she had bumped into. "Dr. Wilde, you should be in the Emergency Department. Clearly you have left without permission."

"Don't change the subject, Dr. Sherman." Lukas obviously wasn't fooled. He folded his arms and looked down at Melissa. "I've been temporarily transferred over here to see a patient. How about you? Are you still working despite your injuries?"

"Well... Maybe." Embarrassed, Melissa smiled and said honestly, "I need to get in there. There's something I need to do. Can you get me inside?"

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"Well... Maybe."

Lukas mimicked her words, gave a little smile and spoke to the guard.

He turned back to Melissa and said, "I don't know what you're up to, but don't forget that you need to rest."

"I know, I know. You can just call me Melly," said Melissa.

This was the building that the nurse had just gone into, so if Melissa was quick, she might be able to see where the nurse had gone and catch up to her.

She turned around and saw that Lukas wasn't moving.

"Aren't you coming, Dr. Wilde?"

"No, I'm not going in there. I've got something else to do. Don't call me Dr. Wilde either. You can call me Lukas from now on."

And with that, Lukas gave her a little wave and headed off in the opposite direction.

He got plenty of attention from the passers-by, and a few nurses blushed as they saw him.

He was a rich, handsome, medical genius.

Of course everyone was in love with him. He was such a good man.

Melissa stopped staring and went into the building, finally.

It was quiet inside. There was almost nobody about, other than the doctors and nurses going about their business.

She searched from the first floor to the top but couldn't find the nurse she had followed. She did come across a ward with five bodyguards outside the door though.

"Dr. Sherman," the bodyguards said as soon as they spotted her.

Then it dawned on Melissa where she must be.

"This is where Everett is, isn't it?"

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"Well..."

The bodyguards shuffled their feet, not meeting her eyes.

"Dr. Sherman, our boss ordered us not to let you in," one of the bodyguards said.

"He's woken up?"

The bodyguard shook his head and said, softly, "Mr. Mayfield..."

Before he could finish what he was saying, another bodyguard shushed him and they all stopped speaking.

Their sudden silence worried Melissa.

She looked at the closed door, a frown spreading over her features as she considered how best to get in there.

She couldn't just leave again. Everett had saved her that night.

But she couldn't see any way to break in there. If only she could come up with one.

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Beep...

While Melissa was trying to figure out a way to solve the problem of access, one of the machines in the ward made a sudden sound.

Her heart sank, and she shoved open the door, not thinking about the bodyguards.

Inside the spacious ward, Everett was lying on the bed, eyes closed, and head covered in bandages.

Beside him were various monitors. On one of the screens the zig-zagged line straightened. Shit!

Bodyguards sprinted over. They weren't doctors, but they also knew what the sound meant. Their faces darkened.

"Everett," Melissa called. Her voice trembled.

Her feet felt as though they were made of lead. Every step she took was heavy. She barely made it to the bed.

The device droned, a long, harsh, painful wail.

She took a deep breath, checked Everett's condition, and then frowned at the machine.

"Dr. Sherman, Mr. Mayfield..."

"It's nothing. He's fine," Melissa said with a sigh of relief. "The connection on his finger moved."

"Great."

The bodyguards were relieved too.

If Everett died, even if they weren't held accountable by the Mayfield Group, they would have blamed themselves for the rest of their lives.

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"So, now I'm here, do you plan to drive me out?" Melissa asked, glaring at the bodyguards, who were clever enough to leave without saying anything.

Their boss risked his life to save Melissa. That proved how important she was to him.

The ward became quiet again.

Watching Everett's sleeping face, Melissa remembered something.

She blinked and tried to swallow the lump in her throat.

She remembered looking at Everett the same way five years earlier.

"Why won't you wake up, Everett? What are you hiding? I'm a doctor; you can't expect to hide anything from me in the hospital. If you don't wake up soon, I'll have to return to Andeport and leave you to lie here alone."

She said a few words of gentle encouragement and then felt ready to leave. The door behind her opened, and a nurse arrived.

"Who are you?" the nurse asked. "Why are you in the VIP ward?"

Melissa realized it was the same nurse she had been following.

She remained motionless and forced a smile.

"You don't recognize me? You tricked me into the emergency room that day. It was only a few days ago. Surely you haven't forgotten?" Melissa said coldly.

"Wait... What? I don't know what you're talking about..." The nurse's face grew pale. "I'll ask again. Why are you in my patient's room? Are you planning to steal something?"

"Ridiculous." Melissa burst into laughter. She read the name badge on the nurse's chest.

"Hedwig Shaw. Do you recall what you called me last time we met? I am a doctor at this hospital. I have every right to be in this ward."

"This is a VIP ward with restricted access. How dare you, a

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doctor from another hospital, come in here?" Hedwig roared contemptuously. Hatred burned in her eyes. "I'm in charge of this patient's well-being. Leave now, or I'll call the security guards!"

"Call them. You don't scare me," Melissa said indifferently. She sat on the edge of the bed, defiant.

"Hedwig, you have made a powerful enemy. I never attack unless I am attacked first. But you have hurt me, so I must make my position clear."

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Hedwig's face changed, but she stood resolutely, glaring at Melissa.

"What did you say? I don't know. I just called you to the emergency room the other day. I don't know anything else."

"You don't know? You just said that I am a doctor from another hospital, yet you unmistakably called my name in that critical situation," Melissa said calmly. "Moreover, you claimed there was a patient dying in the emergency room at that time. How are you going to explain that?"

The atmosphere grew tense as Melissa bombarded her with questions.

Hedwig's hands holding the tray trembled.

She did that for someone, but now she didn't dare to raise her head as Melissa confronted her.

"I... I saw someone seriously injured in the emergency room. He wanted the best doctor to treat him. I happened to run into you. It was just a coincidence."

Her explanation didn't seem plausible.

Melissa sneered at her. "Did you hear what you just said? You knew it was dangerous. Then, why did you ask me to go there?"

Melissa's accusative tone enraged Hedwig.

Hedwig had worked in this hospital for several years and couldn't stand a doctor from another hospital questioning her. Besides, she had a backer and wasn't afraid of anyone.

She looked up and glared at Melissa.

"I've told you it's a coincidence. You better prove your statement. You can't blame me without any evidence."

"Okay." Melissa's eyes blazed with anger. "I hope you can still

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be as righteous and confident as you are now after I show you the evidence."

"We'll see."

Hedwig smirked at Melissa and walked toward the man lying on the bed. Her eyes glinted with excitement.

She had specifically opted to look after this patient because he looked rich and handsome.

Moreover, he was in a coma without any family around him. If Hedwig took good care of him, she thought she might end up with him and become a wealthy lady. That way, she wouldn't have to come to the hospital and listen to people demeaning her.

She looked at Melissa with disgust.

"Even if you are a doctor, you can't enter the VIP ward at will. Please leave, or I might have to ask the security guards to drive you out."

Melissa crossed her arms over her chest and smirked at her.

"Can you guess why the bodyguards haven't come in while we are talking now? Besides, I walked past all those bodyguards. They didn't stop me, did they?"

"Then you must be..." Hedwig's face turned pale. Her mouth went dry as she stepped backward. "Who are you? And what's your relationship with my patient?"

"Is it important?" Melissa arched an eyebrow. "You asked me to go out, but what about you? You would even take off your uniform to work here?"

Hedwig's face reddened with embarrassment. She had worn revealing clothes underneath her gown in case the need arose. But Melissa pointed it out, which infuriated her.

"Melly, what the hell do you want to do? This is my job. You have no right to interfere!"

"Your job? We all know how you got the job."

Melissa showed no mercy.

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After all, Hedwig had put her in danger. She should have thought about the consequences before messing with Melissa.