

## Chapter 255 Go To The Hospital

"Mommy, I want to sleep," Lindsey murmured and sank back into unconsciousness.

Melissa felt anxious and powerless. She brushed Lindsey's bangs back from her forehead to help her feel cooler.

"We'll be there soon. I've arranged a ward. Follow me when we get there." Everett kept his voice calm and level.

It was the first time he had felt such a profound sense of responsibility. At this moment, he was the backbone of the family.

They hurried into the hospital.

Everything had been prepared for their arrival, including medicine and infusion equipment.

A doctor examined the children, frowning. "The children have high fevers. We will deal with that first and then discuss the underlying cause."

"Okay," Melissa replied and helped the doctor.

She knew that the doctor in front of her was an excellent pediatrician. He was better equipped to treat Lindsey and Merrick than she was.

Johnny and Vivienne anxiously observed from a distance.

Sometimes they stood on tiptoe to peer over heads. At other times they paced back and forth across the ward.

"Dad, Mom, don't worry. Sit on the bench outside the ward and try to rest. We won't know anything until the treatment is completed," Everett said.

"Yes, you're right." Johnny nodded. "We'll wait outside. We don't want to get in the doctor's way."

Vivienne's attention was focused on her grandchildren. She just nodded absent-mindedly as Johnny guided her out of the ward.

Everett followed them and stood by the double doors. His eyes looked tortured, full of conflicting emotions.

He gazed at the figure beside the children's beds, dazed.

"Everett, come here," Johnny urged.

He knew his son well, so of course Johnny had realized how sad Everett was. Everett appeared calm and confident, but Johnny knew he was very worried.

"I am fine, Dad."

Everett shook his head and averted his gaze.

He hadn't smoked in a long time but wanted to now.

He couldn't help them. His education and experience were both useless in this situation. He couldn't even support Melissa, let alone help the sick children. More importantly, he was like an outsider to them. He wasn't Melissa's husband, and he couldn't tell the children he was their father. 📌

His heart ached at the thought of it.

It was almost an hour later, when the door to the ward reopened.

Vivienne approached anxiously.

"How's it going? How are they?"

"They're fine. The fever has gone down," Melissa said gently, comforting Vivienne. "They caught colds and grew feverish. Their body temperatures were too high, so we needed to reduce those first."

"Dr. Sherman's right. They are out of danger," the pediatrician confirmed.

"That's wonderful. Thank you, doctor. It's so late at night, and yet you are here to treat the children," Vivienne said gratefully.

"Yes, thank you so much," Johnny also said.

The doctor waved his hand, a little embarrassed by Johnny and Vivienne's gratitude. "It's nothing. I'm the doctor on duty. It was good that Mr. Mayfield called ahead. Otherwise, the treatment might not have been so prompt."

With that, he left the ward.

Everett nodded to his assistant, who followed the doctor.




Melissa worked in this hospital. So, it was important to properly thank the doctor.



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