

## Chapter 256 Listen To Me

They walked into the ward together.

The two kids were sleeping soundly on the beds. At least, they weren't frowning anymore.

Their faces were slightly red, but they seemed to be doing much better.

They both had an intravenous drip, and seeing the big bottle with liquid inside made the adults feel uncomfortable.

Vivienne looked at Melissa and sighed with guilt. "Melissa, we're so sorry. We couldn't take good care of Lindsey and Merrick. We're so..."

"No, Mrs. Mayfield!" Melissa cut her off with a shake of her head and continued, "Don't blame yourself, please. The children are young and enjoy playing. You couldn't have stopped this from happening. Besides, they were often sick when I was with them too. They have always had a weak system since they were babies."

Melissa couldn't blame them. Not after seeing what Johnny and Vivienne had been doing these days.

They really loved her kids. She could see that. At least, they were better and did more than her own father.

Everett clenched his fists as a sharp pain went through his heart. He couldn't get her words out of his mind. The kids had always been weak.

He took a deep breath, but the pain didn't get any better.

"I'll just head out first," he said, already halfway out the door.

Vivienne looked at her son's retreating back with a sad expression on her face. Then, she turned back and held Melissa's hand.

"Melissa, I know you don't want me to get involved in whatever is going on between you and Everett, but at this point, I think I have to. Listen, I know my son. He knows he was wrong, and the guilt is eating at him. He doesn't have the guts to force you and your children to forgive him, but he regrets so much and doesn't know what to do with himself. Why don't you give him a chance and have a good talk with him? Don't leave any regrets."



"She's right, Melissa," Johnny echoed seriously. "You should talk things out with him. If not, there would always be a thorn in both of your hearts."

Melissa looked at the couple and nodded.

She understood them very well. They wanted her to have a good talk with Everett about everything. It was better that they made peace, and even if that was impossible, they could at least be clear about what happened in the past.

"You're right. I will think about it."

After that, Johnny and Vivienne insisted on staying with the kids. It was going to take some time before the drip finished.

Melissa used her status as a doctor to convince Everett's parents to go back home. After a long debate, they finally left the hospital.

Melissa looked at her kids. The infusion was really going to take long. It was slow.

Melissa was sleepy, but she fought the sleep as much as she could. She had to frequently check the children's hands and make sure the needles didn't move. The kids were moving too much in their sleep. She also had to change the medicine, so she couldn't sleep off.

After she sat for a while, her eyes closed a little, and she began to nod off. But she quickly shook herself awake. She had to remain sober.

She slapped herself on the cheek to wipe off the sleep.

She was about to slap herself for the third time when her hand was grabbed.

"Just sleep if you are sleepy," Everett said, looking down at her with his deep eyes. "I'm here."

"Everett? I thought you left," Melissa drawled sleepily.

Her speech was somehow slurred.

"I did, but don't I have the right to come back?"

Everett asked, but wasn't even expecting an answer. He lifted Melissa up and put her on the bed.

He looked down at her and ordered, "Sleep!"



"Okay..."

His words seemed to have a magical effect on her.

She wanted to fight it, but she found herself sleeping.

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