

## Chapter 271 Grow Up Quickly

Beep.

The light above the operating room door turned off.

Melissa followed the bed to the intensive care unit. She didn't leave until Everett's condition stabilized.

She felt guilty when she saw Vivienne's and Johnny's faces. "I'm sorry. It's all my fault. Everett's wound is deep, and he lost a lot of blood."


"Does he need more blood?" Johnny rolled up his sleeve.

"No," Melissa said gently. "The hospital's supply is adequate. I'm really sorry. I..."

"Silly girl." Vivienne squeezed Melissa's hand. "The Mayfield family owes you and the children a debt. Everett's instinct to protect you is natural. That doesn't mean you are to blame."

"Mrs. Mayfield..." Melissa's voice trembled.

She didn't know what to say. It felt as though everything led Melissa to this point.

Five years earlier, she was forced to leave the Mayfield family. Now, Everett's life had become entangled with hers again. Were they fated to be together? It was impossible to explain these thoughts. 

Vivienne's eyes brimmed with tears as she waved her hand. "The only thing that matters is you are all safe. You should talk to the children. They're very worried. If we hadn't stopped them, they would have rushed up to save you themselves. Johnny and I will go and see Everett."

She took Johnny's hand and left.

Melissa squatted down and looked at her babies. A lump filled her throat.

Tamping down her emotions, she forced a smile and asked, "Were you worried about me?"

"Yes, we tried to save you." Lindsey's voice was a squeak. She frowned, and rubbed tears from her eyes, before giving up and letting them flow. "I don't want you or Mr. Mayfield to get hurt."

"Don't cry, Lindsey." Melissa held the little girl in her arms and comforted her. "I'm fine, and so is Mr. Mayfield."

"I wish I was grownup. I should be the one protecting you," Merrick said. "Mommy, I must grow up quickly and protect you and my sister. I want to be a man. If my daddy was here, he would protect us."

"Yes," Melissa replied. She stroked Merrick's hair and said, "Don't be in such a hurry to grow up. Try to be happy."

"I love you, Mommy."

The three of them hugged each other.

Arielle watched the scene, anger rising in her heart.

After what had happened today, she understood a lot more. She knew that Everett cared deeply about Melissa, and that his parents attached a great importance to her and the children.

It was because of those children; they were the reason that the Mayfield family accepted and valued Melissa.

Those children were the barrier Arielle must overcome before she could marry into the Mayfield family.

They needed to disappear. Arielle knew that now, and her head was full of vicious plans.

As she left, Arielle passed the nurses' workstation. She knocked on the desk in front of a nurse.

"Please help me keep an eye on the ICU. I need to know where the patient Everett Mayfield will be transferred."

## Chapter 272 Hook Up With A Man

Everett was in ICU for three days before he could be transferred to the general VIP ward.

He remained in a coma for those three days.

Melissa visited his ward whenever she was free during working hours. Today was no exception.

She finished the morning's tasks at noon and was heading there when she walked past a doctors' lounge and heard unpleasant comments from inside.

"Oh, isn't that Dr. Sherman? The one who keeps leaving her department during working hours these days."

"I heard she's visiting Mr. Mayfield. She was bewitched by his words at the competition site that day and goes to his ward at least once a day."

"Really? You're telling me she hooks up with a man during office hours?"

Melissa marched into the lounge. Her sharp eyes fixed on the people gossiping.

They were those jealous doctors who always stirred up trouble for her and Leilany. Because of the chaos during the final round of the competition, there had been no winner.

"What are you doing?" A doctor glared at her and said sarcastically, "This room is for ordinary doctors like us. I don't think you belong here."

"You're right," Melissa sneered. "I am an expert. I have my own office and lounge, so I don't have to share this lounge with you. If it weren't for what I heard, I wouldn't be here now."

"Are you showing off? Rumors are that you slept your way to the top," a

doctor retorted; eyes full of disdain.

"I think Dr. Sherman's lounge is Mr. Mayfield's ward."

"Right? She's always running around during working hours, hooking up with men and neglecting her duty. She doesn't deserve to be an expert."

"Do you think you deserve it?" Melissa asked. "Gossiping about your colleagues while you're supposed to be working? Instead of chatting, you should be improving your skills."

"It's not working hours. It's our break."

"Not working hours," Melissa repeated, staring coldly at the doctors. "In that case, what I do during my break is none of your business. You should hope and pray that I am not hooking up with a man as powerful as Mr. Mayfield, who could get you fired with a snap of his fingers."

She stormed out of the lounge, leaving the jealous doctors open-mouthed.

The doctors were furious. They lowered their voices and exchanged vicious insults.

Melissa didn't care. She would not attack others unless they attacked first. If they messed with her, she would deal with them.

When she entered Mayfield's ward, no one was there, except the unconscious man.

"Hasn't Everett's mother arrived?"

Melissa checked the time. It was a little after 12 o'clock. Everett's mother was probably on her way.

She fetched a basin of water from the bathroom, and wiped Everett's face and hands with a wet towel.

It was the least she could do.

Everett had saved her again. He stood in front of her without hesitation. She would repay her debt.

Everett had helped her many times. It was not going to be easy to repay him.



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