

Chapter 273 Do You Do This Every Day

Sighing, Melissa lifted the bedcovers and untied Everett's hospital gown.

The moment she exposed his skin, she saw his muscular chest heave up and down with his breath. Melissa bit her bottom lip and reminded herself to be professional.

This wasn't the first time she had undressed him; she'd been giving him bed baths for days. Still, she blushed as her gaze wandered down his body.

She patted her cheeks, trying to calm herself.

"Settle down. It's just a routine bath," Melissa murmured as she began wiping Everett's body.

She allowed the rhythm of the work to distract her from his beauty. It worked well while she cleansed his shoulders, arms, and chest. As her hand moved across his sculpted abdominal muscles, her heart raced, and her breathing quickened.

She repeatedly told herself to calm down, straightening up to distance herself from temptation. As she tore her gaze away, she noticed that Everett's eyes were open.

"Everett," Melissa gasped and took a few steps back.

She gripped the table, feeling guilty. "How long... I mean, when did you wake up?"

Everett smirked. "Guess... Maybe when you..."

"Stop!" Melissa pleaded. Her cheeks felt as though they were on fire.

To hide her guilt, she raised her voice. "You should have told your doctor. What if something went wrong?"

"You're here; you're a doctor." Everett's eyes lingered on her face as he fastened his hospital gown.

He smiled when he asked, "Do you do this every day?"

"No." Melissa instinctively denied the accusation, but immediately regretted not telling him the truth.

She had been caring for him, not molesting him, but denying it so quickly made her seem guilty of something, when it was Everett's mother who had asked her to help bathe him.

Melissa returned the towel to the basin and looked at Everett. "It's just a bath, so you don't start to stink. Despite what your perverted mind wants to think. Now that you're awake, you'll need to have a physical examination."

"How do you want to examine me? Do you want me..."

"Be serious." Melissa frowned. He was infuriating. She raised her hand to slap his arm, but he caught it mid-air.

She froze and then glanced at the door.

"Everett, your mother will be here soon."

Everett burst into laughter.

He sat up and looked into her eyes.

"You have been gazing at my naked body for days. You owe me."

"What?"

Before Melissa could move away, Everett kissed her.

It started as a gentle kiss, but gradually increased in strength and passion.

Eventually, Everett stopped. He narrowed his eyes and said, "Melissa... Fortunately, I can protect you... this time."

Melissa's heart skipped a beat. She wanted to leave but he held her tight.

Her face was flushed, and her left hand that was gripped by him felt hot.

She was so flustered; she didn't know what to do.

She didn't know what to say or how to act with Everett.

Should she hate him, love him, or feel guilty about her arousal? It was far too complicated to untangle.

She was confused.

They faced each other until Everett broke the stalemate by letting go of her hand and looking away.

"You said I need an examination," he said.