

## Chapter 282 A Hidden Danger

Inside the private hospital, Everett sat on the couch with his legs crossed.

He looked authoritative even in his relaxed position.

After a while, he glanced at the person behind the computer and murmured impatiently, "So? Is my brain considerably different from that of others?"

"Yes," Bobbi immediately responded. As he pushed his glasses, he murmured crossly, "Any rational person would take a head trauma seriously. What took you so long to come to me after being struck in the back of the head with a stick in Malorcia? Why didn't you..."

"Well, let's not waste any more time." Suddenly, Franco stopped Bobbi mid-sentence.

Franco had his hair swept back and was sporting a yellow shirt. However, he didn't look cheap. He instead looked striking and handsome.

He walked up to Everett and made a lighthearted remark.

"Bobbi, you've known our CEO, Mr. Mayfield, for twenty years. Don't you know him well yet? He's always quite daring. Besides, he rescued his woman this time."

"If you keep babbling, I'll ask my mother to set you up on a blind date," Everett said coldly.

"No, don't do that."

Everett's reply caused Franco to go silent, and the latter offered an apologetic gesture.

Everett got up and scowled as he walked to the desk. "Just tell me directly. Is there a problem?"

"Yes, there is." Bobbi looked serious as he turned the computer screen to

face Everett.

He gestured toward a shadow on the X-ray.

"See this dark spot? This is a blood clot resulting from the assault, and it hasn't spread with time. If you're fortunate, it will just result in drowsiness and fainting. But the worst-case scenario is that it will result in amnesia."

"Amnesia?!" Franco couldn't prevent himself from yelling. In shock, he looked closely at the image. His expression darkened when he realized that the outline was real.

"Is this not a ticking time bomb? Can it be treated?" Franco asked.

"Yes, a craniotomy." Bobbi stared at Everett cautiously and added, "But the chances of success are no higher than 30%. It's a huge risk no matter who I team up with, even if they're the world's top neurosurgeons. In fact, I would advise against surgery."

"So there's no hope of ever treating it, right?" Everett asked.

"Not really. The blood clot may dissolve on its own, and it's not likely that you will lose your memory."

Everett's expression soured. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a cigarette, rolling it between his fingers.

He used to work extremely hard and be quite decisive in business, but now he only wanted to live a tranquil existence.

In doing so, he would be able to take care of his family and sufficiently safeguard his two kids and Melissa.

He couldn't allow anything awful to happen to him, at least not until the two kids acknowledged that he was their father.

"I see. Kindly provide me a copy of what to keep an eye out for. I'll exercise caution."

"The most important thing is to ensure you don't injure your head again. Otherwise, no one can help you." Although Bobbi spoke crudely, he instantly sent the message across. "I have forwarded it to your phone."

Remember that it's not a trivial matter."

"Okay." After speaking, Everett kept silent again.

He assumed it was just a minor injury, so he didn't think about the danger it posed.

Franco flashed a wry grin after noticing the strange mood. "You were injured because of the woman you love, and now you've been stabbed in the shoulder. Be careful next time. I'm afraid that you may die before you win the heart of your woman."

"I owe it to her and the kids." Everett spoke softly.

He lost focus as he continued to look at the files on his phone.

He deserved it, regardless of whether Melissa and the kids could accept him.

It was his fault. He had to pay back what he had done five years before.