

Chapter 305 Get Changed

Everett lay Melissa gently on the hotel bed. His eyes darkened.

Last night, she had been fine. Now her body was covered with bruises.

He felt sorry for Melissa, but more than that, he felt guilty for not protecting her well.

"Your hand?" Melissa noticed his left hand and grew worried.

A necktie was wrapped around the wound, and blood dripped from his hand.

She wanted to check his wound, but he held her hand tightly.

"I'm fine. Your health is more important," Everett said. "The doctor will examine you later."

"I..." Melissa wanted to say that she was fine.

She was a doctor and knew that although there were bruises all over her body, she would be fine after applying some ointment.

But she realized she wouldn't be able to persuade Everett.

"Yes," Franco said. "I've contacted Bobbi. He'll be here soon."

Melissa nodded. Noticing her torn clothes, she felt ashamed and uncomfortable.

She glanced up at Everett and Franco and then pulled Everett's sleeve, urging him to lower his head.

Everett cooperated and bent down. The open collar revealed his warm skin.

"Ahem," Melissa coughed and looked away.

"What's wrong?" Everett asked, touching her forehead. "Did you catch a chill last night?"

"No." She shook her head and lowered her voice. "I want to change my clothes. I'm embarrassed to let others see me like this."

"Change your clothes?" Everett repeated.

Realizing something, he suddenly stood up and glanced at Franco.

"Huh? What?" Franco seemed dazed at first, but eventually understood. He leaned against the door frame. "I'm sleepy. I'm going to head out and get some sleep. You guys should rest too."

With that, Franco closed the door behind him.

However, the way Franco had raised his eyebrows, made Melissa fear he would gossip about her.

The room became quiet. Everett did not move.

"You should leave too," Melissa said.

"What if someone comes in and kidnaps you again?" Everett said. "It's safe to change your clothes. I promise I won't look."

Speechless, Melissa struggled to stand up. She pushed the man away.

"Liar."

She grabbed clothes from the wardrobe and headed to the bathroom.

As the door closed, she heard a light snort come from Everett. "I have seen it all before."

Pervert! Melissa paused, suppressing her impulse to slap him.

She was injured and weak. If she tried to slap him, Everett would probably take advantage of that to do something to her.

She had to hold back her anger.

She washed, got changed, and limped out of the door.

After several painful steps, Everett picked her up and carried her back to the bed.

"Bobbi's here. Let him have a look at your feet."

"Okay," Melissa agreed. Everett opened the door.

Bobbi was shoved into the room, followed by Franco, who winked at Everett.

Birds of a feather flock together. The pair of them were as bad as each other, Melissa thought.

She masked her discomfort with a fake smile.