

## Chapter 413 You Already Knew

Everett squeezed his eyes shut and tried to keep himself from murdering Arielle.

"Tell me."

"Okay, but then you have to let me go." Arielle might have been afraid, but she was still negotiating. "And you're not to take me out of Andeport, not for any reason."

"Okay, I promise," Everett said without hesitation.

"I got the poison from a guy in Vieam. He's got the antidote..."

"You're lying!" Melissa interrupted and stepped forward. "You said the poison was incurable. So why are you now saying that this guy has the antidote?"

"He came up with it himself," Arielle retorted.

"Sure, if you say so." Melissa sneered, not backing down. "Then get him over here with the antidote in person. If it really works then I'll let you go."

"He... He's back in Vieam."

"Then everything you've said is useless, isn't it?" Melissa stared Arielle down, a cold gaze that took in every inch of her guilty face. "Go on then, get her out of my sight," Melissa said to the bodyguards.

The bodyguards were scared to move without Everett's explicit instructions. They looked at him for confirmation.

"Take her away," Everett said, his face stoic and emotionless. It was impossible to tell what he was thinking when he added, "Do as I said."

"No, please don't send me away! I don't want to leave, I don't want to be

alone. Everett, I..." Arielle's screams were suddenly silenced.

Then the bodyguards took the other men away and peace returned to the garage.

It was filled with broken glass and bloodstains from the fight, not to mention the three smashed-up cars.

It all worried Melissa. She had no idea how to explain this to the hospital staff if they came across it.

"Somebody will clear all this up," Everett said, walking to his car. "Come on, let's go. I'll drive you home."

Everett opened the passenger side door and ushered Melissa in before she said anything else.

It was too late to keep her appointment with Aloys and Howell now, after all that. And anyway, she had something more important to do now.

Once she was inside the car, Melissa finally had time to check her phone.

She had over 30 missed calls, at least 20 from Aloys and the rest from Howell.

She looked over at Everett in the driver's seat. His face was taut as he stared straight ahead. She could feel the tension in the car rise as she gazed at his chiseled good looks.

She went back to her phone and texted Aloys.

There was no possibility of ringing Aloys with Everett there. She could ignore Howell, but the most important thing was to make sure Aloys wasn't worried about her.

She couldn't put her mind at rest until she got a reply.

But then she heard a cold, deep voice from beside her say, "You already knew you'd been poisoned."

Melissa looked over to Everett again; her heart was sinking.

But still, he did not so much as glance back. He just stared straight ahead.



She couldn't keep it from him anymore. She quietly nodded her head before replying, "Yes, I knew. But you've got so much to deal with recently, and I didn't know what the poison was at first. I had the blood samples and the poison sent away for testing and only got the results back yesterday."

"Yesterday?" Everett said, his knuckles whitening against the steering wheel. "So did Aloys know about it as well? Is that why he's back?" Everett asked.

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"Yes," Melissa said.

With that one word, the mood in the car immediately changed to icy.

Everett didn't respond and instead wore a long face as he pulled over.

In a swift movement, he unfastened his seatbelt and leaned over.

Before Melissa could react, she was pressed against the car door.

They were so close that they could almost feel each other's breath.

Melissa frowned, puzzled by Everett's sudden action. "Everett, what are you doing?"

"I won't hurt you," Everett said, his eyes darkening. "I just need an answer to a simple question."

"What?" Melissa was confused by what he meant.

"What am I to you?" Everett asked, his gaze piercing.

Even though it was a simple question, it was so hard to answer.

Melissa tried to speak, but she was at a loss for words.

It seemed like she hadn't given this question much thought. What did Everett mean to her now?

Her ex-husband, her enemy, or just a stranger? All three could be accurate, but she couldn't answer his question.

Everett was also observing her reaction. When he noticed her hesitation, he became suddenly sober.

He wanted to know the answer, but he was also afraid to hear it. If it was a negative response, he would rather not hear it for the rest of his

life, at least not right now.

So, he said abruptly, "Forget it."

"No..." Melissa tried to say something, but Everett interrupted her, repeating, "Forget it."

Everett's face returned to normal, but when he was about to sit back in his seat, he felt a sharp pain in the back of his head.

It seemed that he was hit by a baseball bat of a man in the fight just now. He felt nothing at that time. He couldn't recall what had occurred, but now he felt the agony intensify with each breath.

"What's the matter? Everett? Everett, answer me!"

Melissa was scared, but as a doctor, she immediately recognized the possible cause.

Perhaps Everett was hurt in the fight.

She wanted to examine the wound, but Everett clutched his head with both hands and nearly collapsed into her arms, trembling all over.

Nonetheless, he remained silent. He simply bowed his head and bore the pain alone.

"Are you injured?" she asked with concern. Melissa's chest tightened. "Let's get you onto the back seat so I can take you to the hospital. There's a chance you could have a serious intracranial injury."

Just as she was about to take action, Everett made a sound.

Despite his effort to suppress it, he couldn't help but let out a gasp of pain.

"I'm okay... Just... just take me to Bobbi."

He managed to utter, though it seemed to take a lot of effort. After saying that, he collapsed and lost consciousness.

Melissa felt Everett's weight increase suddenly and knew that he had fainted. Concerned, she reached out quickly to look.



But when she put her hand on Everett's head, she could feel the sweat on her hand.

How bad was the pain?

She took a deep breath and dialed Bobbi's number without thinking twice, asking Bobbi to come to get Everett.

After all, Everett was quite tall. She found it difficult to move him to the back seat by herself.

Half an hour later, a car approached at high speed and came to a halt behind, making a loud noise.

"What's wrong with Everett?"

When Bobbi opened the passenger door, he was shocked to see Everett unconscious.

He frowned, with the corners of his mouth lifted, but his expression wasn't one of amusement.

"What a lunatic!" he exclaimed.