

Chapter 415 A Fool

At the private hospital, Bobbi took charge of Everett, placing him on a bed and instructing the remaining nurses to wheel him into the operating room.

He then donned his scrubs in silence and followed them in.

"He might be injured," said Melissa, furrowing her brow. "We encountered trouble earlier. During the fight..."

"I know," replied Bobbi tersely, his eyes fixed ahead, seething with anger.

He had already grasped the situation.

After Everett's return from Malorcia, Bobbi had stressed the severity of his intracranial injury and warned him against sustaining further harm.

But now...

Frustration compelled him to curse, "What a reckless fool!"

"What?" Melissa asked, looking up at him.

"Nothing," Bobbi said flatly, gesturing to stop her. "Just wait here. You don't need to accompany us into the operating room."

"I'm a doctor too. Perhaps I can help," said Melissa.

"No. I work well with my hospital's staff. Your presence might only complicate matters."

Acknowledging his point, Melissa chose not to argue anymore. She lowered her gaze to the man on the bed, her heart heavy with guilt and sympathy.

Even unconscious, Everett's face was contorted with a furrowed brow, as though he was in immense pain.

"Please head inside. It could be due to brain damage. You should



examine him before proceeding with surgery," she added.

"Agreed," said Bobbi, hurriedly pushing the bed forward. "You'll need to sign a document later."

As the operating room door closed and the light above it illuminated, Melissa couldn't shake an unsettling feeling.

Melissa couldn't help but think that Bobbi seemed too composed, as though he knew something that nobody else did.

As she sat down, a nurse approached her with a document in hand.

"Excuse me, are you his family? We need you to sign this," said the nurse.

"What is it?" Melissa frowned, her heart skipping a beat as she read the words on the paper.

It was a waiver.

Her hands trembled at her sides, feeling as though they weighed a thousand pounds.

Being a doctor herself, she had often asked others to sign such waivers. She never expected that she would have to do so herself.

Melissa opened her mouth, but her words came out garbled.

"Why a waiver? How is Everett...?"

"Dr. Potter insisted," the nurse replied, looking somewhat embarrassed and attempting to offer comfort. "Brain surgeries carry significant risks."

Melissa closed her eyes, struggling to contain her whirlwind of emotions.

She knew all too well about these risks as a doctor. But when it came to the people around her, rational thought escaped her.

Regardless, she couldn't delay Everett's surgery any longer.

With difficulty, she lifted her hand and signed her name.

"What's wrong, Melissa? Why did Everett suddenly pass out?" Franco burst in, his pink shirt buttoned incorrectly in his haste.

He was still bewildered upon arrival, but as his eyes fell on the paper in her hand, he froze for a moment. Then he sighed and began pacing.

"I knew it. I knew Everett is such a fool. It's like he doesn't want to live at all," said Franco.



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