

Chapter 422 You Shouldn't See It

In the hospital ward, Everett remained in a comatose state, yet his face displayed a frown and his lips were pursed.

His expression indicated he was having a nightmare.

Franco voiced his uncertainty about whether or not Everett should be awakened. "If you do wake up now and find this out, you will probably pass out again from anger. Still, if you remain in a coma, you will not survive."

Franco stood before the table and snacked on a banana.

The previous night, Franco had obtained the documents from Melissa that shocked him. It kept him up all night as he pondered how he should handle the situation.

Afterward, he'd made his way to the hospital.

He sighed and complained, "I really must owe you in my previous life..."

"What do you owe me?"

Startled by the voice, Franco turned around abruptly, his eyes widening in surprise. He still had half of a banana in his mouth.

He blinked several times as he spoke. "When did you wake up? Did you overhear anything?"

Everett scowled and gazed at him quizzically. "What was I supposed to hear?"

"No, no," Franco replied hastily. He gulped down the remainder of the banana before hastily covering the phone on the table. "How are you feeling? Should I call Bobbi over?"

"No," Everett replied firmly.

He reached out his hand with a quick glance. "Give it to me."

"What? What do you mean?"

Franco feigned ignorance, though he was clearly quite nervous.

He pocketed the phone and rose hastily to his feet.

"You've just woken up, so you're not aware of how dangerous things were last night. Bobbi told me you were on the brink of death. I'll call him to come over and check on you."

"Franco," Everett narrowed his eyes and spoke coldly. "I won't repeat myself. Give it to me."

"Well, you won't gain anything by seeing it. I swear."

Franco slowly retrieved his phone, but he held onto it tightly.

Everett was already so guilty when he didn't know the truth about what happened to Melissa five years ago. He had nearly died last night and if he learned the truth so soon after coming out of a coma, he might lose his mind.

Franco thought of these consequences and gripped the phone more tightly, refusing to let go.

Franco tried to conceal his phone, which made Everett more suspicious. He slowly sat up, his expression completely grim.

"Franco!"

"Okay, fine. Don't blame me if things worsen after you see it. Don't regret it when your illness gets worse," Franco warned him before quickly moving away and grabbed up the call button.

If Everett became so enraged that he passed out, Franco could immediately call Bobbi for assistance.

He couldn't keep the truth from Everett forever after all.

When Everett unlocked the screen of the phone, a headline appeared on the screen.

"The truth behind the disappearance of the former wife of the Mayfield Group CEO was revealed!"

Everett's breathing quickened when he saw those words.

This was his weak point, and it had now been exposed.

He slowly touched the screen with his fingers, not ready to click on it.

He couldn't understand his feelings. He inhaled sharply, gritted his teeth, and managed to utter a few words.

"Who leaked this news?"

Who else could it be? It had to be Melissa. Franco wanted to answer his question, but he thought Everett might experience too much excitement. He stalled instead.

"I saw Melissa last night. She wanted my help."

Melissa. It had to be Melissa! Everett thought about Melissa's words in the basement parking that day. Melissa could accomplish it.