

## Chapter 424 He Doesn't Want To Live Anymore

Melissa had just left the coffee shop and was on the way to have a big meal when she received a phone call.

Upon answering the call, she heard Franco's anxious voice.

"Melissa, come quickly. Everett doesn't want to live anymore."

"What?" Melissa was shocked. She glanced at the figure behind her, standing at a distance while covering her phone with her hand. Then she asked, "Is Everett still in a coma?"

"He woke up once, but he has fainted again. He is critically ill this time." Franco sounded frantic.

Melissa was very concerned. "Critically ill?"

As a doctor, she was aware of the severity of Everett's condition, having been critically ill for the second time in two days.

It was her fault Everett was hurt after all.

Melissa agreed to Franco's urgent request. "Okay, I'll be right there."

As Melissa walked back, Aloys blinked as he observed her and realized something was wrong.

"Did anything happen?" He was concerned.

"Yes." Melissa nodded and then spoke in a low voice. "I'm sorry, Aloys. I'd planned to buy some ingredients and cook for you later. Lindsey and Merrick were also excited to see you."

Aloys reassured her, "Don't worry about it. I'm not leaving right now."

"Then..."

Aloys smiled at her and tenderly tucked Melissa's hair behind her ear.

"We'll talk about it again when you have time. Go on with your work. I'll have someone check your mother's name in Tinton for the next two days."

"Thanks, Aloys. I'll leave first. I'll make you dinner before I leave to go to Tinton."

Feeling anxious about Everett's condition, Melissa hailed a taxi and gave the driver the hospital's address.

As she looked out the window at the passing scenery, she sensed that something was amiss.

While brain surgery was risky, it was unnecessary to issue a critically ill notice before conducting a detailed examination. The exception would be if the part of Everett's brain had been previously injured and it was at risk of causing his death if treated again.

With the way Bobbi and Franco reacted last night, Melissa knew that they were keeping something from her.

Thirty minutes later, the taxi came to a stop outside the hospital.

Without delay, Melissa hurried to the operating room.

As she passed the ward where Everett was admitted the night before, she gave it a quick glance and her heart sank.

The wall and bedsheet were stained with blood, and the door had been forced open and was now slightly ajar.

As she stood at the door, she could smell the faint odor of blood.

If Everett had done this, he must have had no will to live.

But why?

Melissa couldn't shake off the feeling of unease, and she stayed until the nurses arrived to clean the room.

She didn't want to believe it could be the reason she was thinking.

"Hey, Melissa, here." Franco spoke as she walked by.

His eyes had dark circles. He gestured for her to put on sterile clothing before entering.

In the ICU

Melissa changed her clothes and then entered the room through the open door.

She hadn't visited here the entire morning. Everett had been transferred to the ICU from the general ward.

He was now covered in bandages on both his head and hands.

Melissa spoke in a soft voice and with a hint of fear. "How did this happen?"

Franco spoke. "It's because of that. I didn't want him to see it, but he insisted. I couldn't keep it from him."

It was what she feared. It was because of the news.

Although Melissa had anticipated it, she still felt a lump in her throat.

What was happening? Was Everett hurting himself to make amends for his mistakes?

From Melissa's perspective, she should have been happy to see Everett like this. This was supposed to make her happy.

Yet, for some reason, she wasn't happy at all. Why?