

Chapter 429 Crying

Everett embraced Melissa with a firm grip, as though safeguarding his dearest treasure.

He applied increasing force, causing Melissa to struggle to catch her breath.

Melissa continued to pat him on the shoulder as she spoke.

"Everett, calm down. I'm not going anywhere. If you don't stop squeezing me, I'll die. Did you hear what I said?"

After hearing her words, he finally loosened his grip a little and she was once again able to breathe normally.

Melissa looked down at his disorganized medical equipment and made a face.

"Everett, I need you to lie down. I promise I'm not going to leave..."

She was interrupted mid-sentence as she sensed a pressure on her right shoulder.

"Did you fall asleep?" Melissa cautiously lifted her hand and touched his hair, realizing that Everett had placed his head on her shoulder. She asked the question again. "Are you asleep?"

There was still no answer from Everett. The only sound was his deep breathing.

As she attempted to speak once again, she sensed a dampness on her neck, causing her heart to skip a beat.

Was Everett crying?

She was shocked. Why was Everett crying on her shoulder?

Melissa stayed completely still. She touched Everett's hair tenderly to

comfort him.

After some time went by, Everett squeezed her once again before he finally spoke. "I'm sorry."

"It's okay. I know."

"You don't understand. I did something terrible to Melissa. I deserted her. She was alone and frightened, but I didn't help her. I abandoned her."

He openly sobbed as he spoke.

Melissa wasn't sure if the person Everett apologized to was the Melissa he'd abandoned five years ago, or the woman who stood in front of him now.

After his outburst, his breathing leveled and remained steady.

"Are you sleeping? Everett?"

She continued to ask repeatedly, yet there was no reply. Gradually, Melissa laid him down on the bed, reorganized the equipment, and then gazed at his countenance.

Everett looked dashing and handsome even though he was sick. He still exuded a noble aura. Perhaps it was because he came from a wealthy family.

She reached out her hand and touched his face. It was wet with tears.

So, he had indeed cried...

Melissa determined not to think of it anymore. She straightened up and wiped his tears from her neck with a tissue, as if she had never felt his tears.

"Melissa? You're here so early." Bobbi pushed open the door and stretched. "I just finished checking the other ICU units. Did Everett experience any adverse reactions?"

"No." Melissa spoke without hesitation.

She thought maybe her appearance suggested she was concealing something. It caused her to continue speaking. "I just got here. I couldn't

sleep. He's been sleeping though."

"Everett could fall into a vegetative state if he doesn't wake up in another twenty four hours. We'll have to stimulate him in some way."

Melissa's heart broke at Bobbi's words.

Everett had just held her and cried. Was that the same thing as waking up?

Melissa spoke anxiously. "Stimulate him? What should we do?"