

Chapter 434 Fish Soup

"Hey..."

Franco walked past the ward and noticed the two individuals who appeared immobile. Before he could say anything, Bobbi covered his mouth and dragged him away.

He was only able to make some muffled noises.

Bobbi didn't relent until they went around a corner.

"What's wrong with you, Bobbi? Don't you see that Melissa is afraid to say anything? We need to help them get over the awkwardness," Franco said.

"Why do you feel you need to be the one to fix it? Was it really that embarrassing? Maybe they are expressing their love through their eyes. What do we know?"

Bobbi made a face at Franco and turned to go.

Franco stood alone, with his head sticking out and leaning against the wall. He continued to gaze toward the direction of the door.

"They are expressing their love through their eyes? No, I don't think so!"

Everett's room was still quiet.

His fingers trembled a little. Everett continued to stare at the figure that had come through the door.

The twilight outside the window cast a yellowish glow as it streamed in. The sight triggered a series of memories that Everett dreamt about while he was in a coma.

He honestly couldn't tell which Melissa was standing in front of him even after he'd come out of the coma.

Could it be the Melissa he'd abandoned five years ago? Or could it be the Melissa who no longer loved him?

Yet, they were the same. No matter which one it was, neither one wanted him.

Everett's thoughts caused him to smile bitterly. He patted the bed to motion that she should sit down.

"Come in."

"Alright." Melissa quickly set down the bags she was carrying, as if awakening from a dream. "I didn't receive Bobbi's message, so I came to check if you were awake."

"I've been awake since noon."

Noon?

She actually felt somewhat relieved.

She was glad because Everett seemed unaware of what happened early in the morning. He was oblivious he'd cried on her shoulder.

She had not seen Everett cry the entire time she'd known him. There was the belief in her mind that he was incapable of crying.

That notion had been burst overnight. She realized he had plenty of tears in him and it was hard for her to bear the thought of it.

There was still a small amount of awkwardness between them.

Everett put his tablet to the side and pointed at the food she'd brought.

"Did you bring that for me?"

"Yes. I got some fish soup for you on the way here."

Corniche was one of the more famous restaurants in Andeport. Its specialty was having a large variety of soups.

When she opened up the food container, the entire room filled up with the aroma of the fish.

Melissa looked at Everett and saw how excited he looked about the soup.

She suddenly found his expression amusing.

He looked like a child who was starving and was suddenly looking at a table of dishes. His face reflected complete, undisguised hunger.

She hid her laughter by coughing.

"Have you eaten since you've been awake?"

"No."

Everett raised his hands as if he wanted to express more emotion than words could possibly accomplish.

Thick gauze enveloped both of his hands. It left only a few fingers visible that barely moved.

Melissa turned around so she could laugh in secret.

She felt it was very strange to see Everett like this.

She asked him a question while she filled up a bowl.

"No one brought you any food? If Franco and Bobbi are not around, you can call a nurse to get you what you need."

"I didn't want to." There was a pause before Everett spoke seriously. "I'm not interested in having them feed me."