

Chapter 443 The Lie Was Exposed

After feeding Everett for three days, Melissa finally discovered that something was amiss.

She held the lunch box and squinted at the person on the bed, who had his hands on the keyboard.

"Everett, can you explain this to me?"

"I've got nothing to comment about that." Everett moved his hands away and showed the gauze around them. "My hands haven't healed yet. Bobbi will tell you about the rest."

"What? What am I supposed to tell her?"

At that moment, Bobbi had just entered the ward and heard Everett asking him to explain something. He walked to the bed, puzzled.

He looked into Everett's eyes and then glanced at the laptop. Upon seeing the look of annoyance on Melissa's face, Bobbi gleaned the situation.

"I see. Here's the thing." He cleared his throat and explained, "This patient is severely injured, and it even affected his bones. You know, the bones of the hands are small and fragile. He'll need as much rest as he can get, and he shouldn't be using cutlery."

"That's right." Everett raised his hands, feigning innocence. "I'm merely browsing through some documents by scrolling through the pages using this mouse."

"You two really make quite a team."

Melissa was amused by their unconvincing lies.

She was sure she had just seen Everett typing quickly, and it didn't

appear as though he was injured. Because of guilt, she fed him every day in the past few days, despite needing to work and delaying the meal she had promised Aloys.

If she hadn't discovered the truth today, she didn't know how long Everett would have kept the secret from her.

"Melissa, I swear." Feeling the pressure from Everett's gaze, Bobbi had no choice but to say, "Everett truly hasn't recovered."

"I know."

Melissa clenched her teeth and forced a smile.

She placed the lunch box on the table, turned around, and left.

"I have some stuff to do. Please tell Everett's attending doctor to feed him."

"Wait, Melissa!" Bobbi shouted. However, Melissa had already left the ward.

He turned to the distressed man on the bed, and shrugged. "Well, you got yourself caught. Don't pin this on me!"

Seeing that Everett didn't say anything, he added, "So, want me to feed you? I can certainly do that."

"The hell? Go away!" Everett grunted, his face turning grim.

He placed the lunch box in front of him, opened it, and the tantalizing aroma of the food immediately wafted out.

The appetizing aroma of the food brightened his mood.

Everett glanced at the man still standing by the bed and asked, "Why are you still here? Don't you need to work?"

"I haven't eaten yet. I want something to eat."

While speaking, Bobbi was about to step forward but was halted.

"Alright, Everett. I finally see who you are. You're an ungrateful jerk. Have you forgotten who saved you? Now, you won't even let me eat? Damn,

Everett scowled at him, unmoved by his words. "Melissa is the one who cooked this food."

"Well, since it's Melissa's cooking... Wait!" Bobbi crossed his arms, and asked, "So what if the food was cooked by Melissa? I saved your life. Don't I deserve to eat it?"

"I haven't eaten her cooking in a long time."

"Fine, I won't eat." Bobbi had no choice but to change the topic. "Are you really going to be discharged soon?"

When the topic was brought up, Everett became serious.

"That's right. They are going to start tomorrow."