

Chapter 469 You Were Poisoned

Everett's smile widened, and his eyes lit up. "Thank you for your valuable suggestion on how to improve our relationship. I will make sure to treat Melissa better from now on as my beloved wife."

As he spoke, he casually placed his hand on Melissa's shoulder.

Aloys clenched his fists, hiding his emotions from everyone. With a forced smile, he said, "Okay, I'm leaving."

After Aloys left the room, Melissa gave Everett a dissatisfied look.

"You did this on purpose to provoke Aloys," she accused.

"I didn't do it to enrage anyone. I just wanted to take care of you as best I could."

Was he really taking care of her? Who would take care of a patient like this? Melissa felt a headache coming on and put her hand on her forehead before lying down.

"I think you're mistaken. I'm healthy and don't need anyone to take care of me."

"But you're injured. You don't have to be polite to me."

Melissa rolled her eyes at him and suddenly felt a slight pain in her stomach.

She gritted her teeth, sweat dripping nonstop.

"Why are you so sweaty?"

Everett frowned and bent down to check her condition.

Melissa was too pained to speak, and she looked at Everett with a

painful expression before fainting.

When she woke up again, she saw many people around her bed.

It was Johnny, Vivienne, Leilany, Everett, Bobbi, and other doctors.

She blinked her eyes and felt a little sleepy.

"What's wrong with me?"

With a darkened face, Bobbi said slowly, "You were poisoned by the knife that the man used to stab you."

Poisoned?

That man poisoned his knife. Was that the reason she felt uncomfortable just now?

"Was it that serious?"

Bobbi sighed, "It's hard to say. It's not too bad, but we can't afford to underestimate it. It's a chronic poison. If we can't find the antidote in time, it could be serious. Your body may degenerate slowly and eventually... You might even become a vegetable. What's worse, we don't have an antidote yet."

Hearing this, the people in the ward fell into a sheer silence.

Vivienne couldn't bear the situation anymore. She sat on the bed, gripping Melissa's hand tightly, and sobbed, "How could this have happened? If that poison has no antidote, then how did that man get the poison? There has to be an antidote out there somewhere!"

Leilany's worry was also evident as she tugged on Bobbi's clothes and said, "Yes, Mrs. Mayfield's right. Since you know the effect of the poison, there must be an antidote. Why are you saying there isn't?"

Everett gave Bobbi a sharp look.

Bobbi sighed and said, "It's not that I don't want to help Melissa; it's that I can't. We don't have any antidote for this poison yet. It's an extremely rare poison, and we've only seen it used five times in the last decade. We've only speculated on the poison's effects based on the physical changes of its victims. Becoming a vegetable is just a possibility."

Vivienne almost passed out due to shock. Her voice trembled as she asked, "Is there really no way to help Melissa?"

"The only way to find the antidote is to get it from the poisoner." Everett spoke up in a low voice.

He gave Melissa a reassuring touch on her forehead and promised, "Don't worry, I'll find a way to save you."

Melissa struggled to keep her eyes open as she watched Everett leave the ward.

Melissa's eyelids grew heavy and the conversations of the others in the room faded into a jumbled blur. She closed her eyes and drifted into a restless sleep, her mind troubled by the news of the chronic poison coursing through her body.

Meanwhile, in a dark cave, a blindfolded man was being forcibly restrained in a chair.

He struggled and screamed, but his captor showed no mercy. The man's wrists were bound tightly to the arms of the chair. He knew he was in trouble and feared for his life.