

Chapter 61 It Was Just The Beginning

Melissa wove a path between the other medical personnel and approached the bed.

It was a trauma patient. The man's clothes were covered in blood and mud.

"How is he?"

Melissa frowned as she studied the man in front of her, feeling a little heartbroken.

"The heart rate is low. The blood loss has caused his body to go into shock," a doctor said.

"The emergency department had no other choice but to call us," the head nurse said.

Everyone was trying their best to rescue the patient.

After making a preliminary judgment, Melissa decided to operate. If treatment was delayed, the patient would die.

"Ask for his family's permission to perform the operation immediately," Melissa instructed the department director.

"It's too late to do a proper examination. If something happens, we can't take responsibility."

"But if we don't do the operation now, he'll hold on for 20 minutes at most."

Melissa knew they couldn't delay. She had seen a similar situation with her teacher abroad. The teacher had saved their patient. She would do the same.

The department director nodded and went to find the patient's

Chapter 61 It Was Just The Beginnin 🎁 +120 Points at most family. He returned in under five minutes and said the patient's family wanted to see Melissa.

Melissa saw several people outside the door.

They were the patient's wife and colleagues.

"Save him, doctor. He is the linchpin of the family. Please save him. He can't die." The woman knelt before Melissa but was pulled to her feet by the people around her.

"Like the director has already explained, we need a decision as soon as possible. The patient will die if we do not operate quickly."

"You'll do the operation? You'll save him, right?" The woman cried sadly, but hope glimmered in her eyes.

"I can't guarantee the operation will be successful, but I will try my best. However, if the patient doesn't have the operation as soon as possible, he won't hold on for more than 20 minutes. Although there are risks, operating is his only chance for survival."

Hearing this, the woman collapsed and sobbed.

Melissa felt anxious. If the woman didn't sign the agreement, she couldn't do the surgery.

"How much will it cost? We have children in school and elders to support. We really can't afford much money."

"Don't be stupid. If Elliot dies, how will you make money to support your family? You're just a woman. You'll suffer a lot. Save him and we can help if you're short of money," the man with tanned skin beside her said. He was anxious too, but his words were reasonable.

The woman looked at the man gratefully and signed. She held Melissa's hand and begged, "Doctor, please save him."

Nodding solemnly, Melissa rushed back to the room and prepared for the operation.

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The operation was more difficult than she expected. The patient's body was pierced by a steel bar, and his internal organs were perforated. Removing the steel bar would cause hemorrhaging, but he would only be able to heal after it was removed.

"Dr. Sherman, the patient's heart rate is over 140."

"Dr. Sherman, the patient's pupils have dilated."

Sweat seeped from Melissa's head. Her assistant wiped it away.

"Continue the blood transfusion."

"Number seven."

"Ready to remove the steel bar. Insert the pipe."

Time passed. The light on the door of the operating room dimmed after more than four hours of surgery.

The man had been saved.

A doctor left to inform his family. The people outside cried with joy.

Melissa sighed in relief. She had saved another patient's life. She did not know that it was only the beginning.

Chapter 62 Too Expensive

The patient had been saved, but there would need to be some follow-up treatment.

Collapsing onto the bench outside, Melissa let out a heavy sigh of relief. It had been an extremely dangerous operation and any mistakes would have left the man dead on the operating table.

"Dr. Sherman, the patient's wife is kicking up a fuss in there," the assistant said, rushing in.

"What?" Melissa said, surprised. She wondered what the woman could be making a fuss about.

"Why is this so expensive? The surgery will cost us over a hundred thousand dollars, and now you say the follow-up treatment is going to be at least the same again. Are you kidding me?" screamed the woman, her eyes wide with anxiety. Melissa could see the panic behind them.

Melissa felt helpless as she saw the woman's clear distress. But she couldn't just stand aside and watch, that was life.

"It was a very dangerous procedure," the department director explained, "using only the best medicine and equipment. There's a city charity fund for the hospital you can apply for if you can't afford it, but it's true that the follow-up treatment costs more than one hundred thousand dollars. I hope you'll be able to cope with it." The director went on to tell her that part of the medical expenses had been reimbursed and that they were trying their best to help. But still the woman didn't stop.

"Dr. Sherman, since you are here, I want to ask you, why is this operation so expensive? You were only in the operating theater for a few hours, but it's wiped out years of our savings, tens of thousands of dollars, all gone."

This put Melissa on edge. It was as if she was being held

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 +120 Points at most

responsible for the prices herself and was selfishly asking too high a price.

"I don't set the hospital fees, and they're entirely transparent. If you have a problem, you can call the police. I will cooperate with any investigation."

Melissa wasn't an entirely selfless person. Of course she would save lives, but not at her own expense. She would fight to protect herself.

The woman was taken aback, not having expected that from Melissa. She was left at a loss. Eventually the people with her persuaded her to leave it, and she let it go. For now.

Melissa thought that would be the end of it. After all, the patient woke up the next day. It might take him a while to make a complete recovery, but his life had been saved. However, she was wrong.

Melissa was called in for questioning over the matter by the hospital board, and her department director was given a reprimand by them.

News spread quickly, rumors flying everywhere that Melly had wantonly charged too high a price for the operation, using the title of the Divine Surgeon. She cursed the patient's wife and even collected money in secret.

Melissa ignored it and carried on working.

Meanwhile, the children of the kindergarten had finished their factory visit. They would go on to visit other companies and departments. Their work experience activity went on for a week.

By pure chance, Merrick and Lindsey were assigned the headquarters of Everett's company and were going to visit the CEO's secretary's office.

They went into the elevator, accompanied by the assistant. They first arrived at a floor and visited the offices there.

"Wow, so this is where adults go to work. It's so full of people.

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"They are awesome," Lindsey said, full of praise and looked at them curiously.

"Yes, that's right. You can come here and play later. But right now we're going to the secretary's office. From now on, you're the secretary general."

Lindsey clapped with happiness, and then followed the assistant to the second elevator.

When they went out of the elevator again, it felt completely different from downstairs. It was still a huge office, but with only a few people in it. On seeing the two children, they got up to say hello.

Everybody liked Lindsey because she was so cute.

Chapter 63 Deliberately Planned

"She's so cute. She looks like a doll."

"Yes, and her twin brother is cool. I would be very happy if they were my children."

Merrick and Lindsey listened to the compliments as they stood politely, their hands full of snacks.

"All right. Go back to work. I'll take them to see the CEO."

The assistant smiled and was about to open the door when a senior staff member joked, "They are going to see the CEO? Keep an eye on them. Don't let our boss frighten them."

Hearing her words, the assistant smiled helplessly and didn't say anything. Everyone believed Mr. Mayfield was reserved and indifferent.

When the two children entered Everett's office, they were shocked by what they saw.

"Mr. Mayfield!" Lindsey exclaimed. She hadn't expected to visit Everett's company and was delighted.


"Mr. Mayfield, did you decorate the room for us?" Lindsey asked. He didn't seem like the sort of person who would decorate a room like this.

Everett nodded earnestly, looking at the warm colors in the room and the many dolls his employee had used to decorate his office. It had been done yesterday on his instructions.

"Do you like it, Mr. Mayfield?"

Lindsey's question moved Everett. He had not expected this

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little girl would consider his feelings.

"Yes, I do," he answered without hesitation.

Surrounded by colorful decorations, Everett felt for the first time that the black and white colors he favored were a little monotonous.

"That's so great," Lindsey said, delighted by his answer.

Lindsey loved the decorations, but Merrick seemed unhappy as he looked around.

He couldn't understand why Lindsey was so elated. It was obvious Everett had planned this. Merrick decided women were too easily tricked.

"What would you like for lunch?" Everett asked.

He showed the children the game area, where there were toys and books. They could stay and play there all day. Everett asked his assistant to bring a batch of new toys.

"Can we go to the canteen? We are supposed to learn how hard adult life is, not enjoy the games," Merrick said sarcastically.

Merrick didn't want to show respect to Everett. He believed Everett was a bad man, who would hurt his mother and sister.

Everett was amused and turned to Lindsey.


"Well, I should listen to my brother," Lindsey said. She was not stupid and understood her brother was unhappy. If she insisted on following Mr. Mayfield, Merrick would be furious.

"Okay, let's go to the canteen together at noon," Everett agreed.

The assistant's heart skipped a beat. He would have to go to the logistics department and warn them.

At 12 noon, Everett stopped work and took the children to the canteen.

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People were dumbfounded when they saw him enter.

"Am I hallucinating? Did Mr. Mayfield really come to the canteen for lunch?"

"And with two kids? Are they Mr. Mayfield's children? They're adorable."

Employees whispered as they watched the CEO walk to the selection area, holding plates and cutlery.

"Choose whatever you like." Seeing the choices of dishes, Everett nodded at his assistant with satisfaction.

The menu included children's meals. Even the buns were shaped like cartoon pigs.

Chapter 64 Concealment

"I want two pig-shaped buns and two rabbit-shaped cakes," Lindsey said in her cute, childish voice, looking up to smile at the woman serving the food.

This set the woman off into a fit of laughter.

"You should eat more vegetables," Everett said as he looked at Lindsey's plate of meat and desserts.

"My brother always gives me vegetables."

Lindsey followed Everett and carefully put the plate down on a table.

With appreciation in his eyes, Everett watched Merrick as he picked out food with his assistant.

Men should bear responsibility, but Merrick was only a child.

Had his father been here, then he wouldn't have to shoulder so much at such a young age.

"Mr. Mayfield, can we go to the gym this afternoon?" Lindsey asked, curious about the fitness area she had seen when she visited the company.

Everett happily agreed. If he had more contact with the children, then he could leave a deeper impression on them.

The most important thing now was to find out who Melly was, and the two children in front of him...

If Melly really was Melissa, then these were his children.

After lunch, Merrick insisted that they experience work life. He took his sister to the secretary's office to read books. He never took his eyes off of Everett, as he didn't want him to spend so

"Merrick, why don't you like Mr. Mayfield?" Lindsey asked when they were alone again, resting.

Merrick said nothing for a moment, but put his book down.

Then he said, "I don't know why. I took a dislike to him as soon as we met him. Besides, he has a fiancée and he's always pestering our mommy. I prefer Mr. Brustin. He is gentle and strong. If our mommy wants to find us a new father, then I hope it's Mr. Brustin."

He had never told his sister so much of what was actually going on in his head before. He knew it would be hard for his mommy if she was on her own. He understood that she needed someone to help take on her burden, but he really wanted that person to be Aloys Brustin.

Lindsey thought this over, rubbing her chin. Aloys was a good man, gentle and easy-going, and he loved them very much. But she always got the impression that her mother didn't like Aloys very much.

"But what if our mommy doesn't like him?" She blinked her big eyes at her brother.

And this time Merrick was surprised. He had no idea who his mommy liked, but he could see from the way she was around Everett that it wasn't him.

Merrick said nothing in reply, and just gave an angry snort.


"It's adult business and nothing to do with us. We should support whatever choice our mommy makes."

They both agreed that they should support their mommy's choice.

Even if they both wanted different men to be with their mommy, in the end, it was down to Melissa.

"Are you going to tell Mommy what we did today?" Lindsey

Chapter 64 Concealment

 +120 Points at most

asked, a little pleading in her eyes.

She worried that her mommy wouldn't let them come again, but she really wanted to come and talk to Everett.

Merrick could see what she was thinking. As she looked at him so sadly, his heart softened.

"I know. I won't say anything," he promised.

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Chapter 65 Sherman Family's Car

The two kids had enjoyed themselves at the Mayfield Group. Merrick would have been happier if Everett hadn't been there, but he had seen a lot of new things, and there were people there who could teach him a lot.

Most importantly, he really liked finding out about architecture. In the end, even he had fallen in love with the place and he was determined to help his sister hide it from his mother.

In the hospital, Melissa had a worried frown as she looked down at the report in front of her.

"Is the patient insisting on leaving the hospital? Haven't you told him it's too early for that?"

The man had only been awake for a few days; he was nowhere near recovering. She couldn't understand how he could be getting discharged.

The assistant gave her a helpless and indignant look.

"That woman insisted on transferring her husband to another hospital. She said that she had found another one and there was no way she would let him stay here."

Melissa had no choice but to follow hospital rules and sign her name. She asked her assistant to go and find the department director.

She was worried about infection. If the wound became infected, it would be really difficult to save the patient.

But he and his family were insisting. She had no choice.

The hospital had hundreds of people coming in and out every

day. There were too many patients she had to pay attention to, so she couldn't put in too much time on this matter.

But she still got into trouble.

"Dr. Sherman, there's something wrong. There are some policemen and people from the State Food and Drug Administration here. They want to see you."

Melissa's assistant rushed into her office while Melissa was going over her paperwork. The assistant gave Melissa a worried look. She seemed anxious.

"Why have they come to see me?" Melissa asked, a little confused. All her recent patients were undergoing treatment, without any complications. Why had the people from the State Food and Drug Administration come to see her?

"It's because of that last operation. They came with that woman. I don't know the details. Everyone is in the meeting room on the fifth floor right now. The department director asked me to come and warn you first. Someone should be coming soon..."

Before the assistant could finish speaking, someone knocked on the door. A man in uniform waved his ID at Melissa, indicating that he wanted to talk to her.

Melissa stopped what she was doing, nodded to the man and left.

"What should I do?" the assistant asked anxiously, watching Melissa leave. She didn't know whom to look for.

Melissa was taken to the meeting room. After looking over and confirming some documents, the police took her to the police station.

The man had died, and so she was now involved in a medical accident.

She watched the scenery outside the car flickering past on the way there, feeling sad. Her worst fears had come true—the man had contracted an infection and died.

His wife was there at the police station, in tears. She was still blaming the hospital staff, and the surgeon in particular.

"You killed him, and now you have to pay for it."

The woman was sitting on the ground, tears streaming down her face and unwilling to get up.

Melissa watched her without saying a word. After all, she had sufficient video evidence to prove her innocence. She was only here to make her statement.

"Let's begin," the policeman asked Melissa.

Melissa told them everything that had occurred from the day of the operation to the follow-up treatment.

"That's what happened. When he left the hospital, I did all I could to talk the patient and his family out of it, but they insisted..."

This was the key point. She couldn't understand why the woman had dragged her into it and wasn't blaming the staff at the hospital where he had died.

It was over an hour later when the police released her and it was already getting late. She got a taxi to take her home, but saw a very familiar car at the crossroads.

It was the Sherman family's car. What was it doing here?