

Chapter 81 He Won't Die

"As far as I can tell, Mr. Cohen, you have excellent hearing. But I'm afraid I will have to advise you to go to a hospital, because there seems to be something wrong with your brain."

Melissa crossed her arms over her chest and shot a sullen look at Franco.

"Oh, I see. Thank you. I'll be sure to do just that."

Franco had always been thick-skinned. Nothing had ever fazed him.

With one last glance, Melissa huffed and walked away.

"Dr. Sherman," Franco called out as he watched her go. "How is Everett doing? Do you have anything to prescribe him?"

It looked like she was leaving, which would put his efforts to waste. Franco suddenly feared that Everett would chew him out for this once he recovered.

"He doesn't need any medicine. He won't die."

Melissa's casual words rendered Franco speechless. She was the only one who would dare to say something like that.

He arranged for the chauffeur to drive her home before sauntering back to the room to check on Everett.

The man in question was sitting in the middle of the bed, shrouded in darkness and perfectly still. He painted the sinister picture of a classic villain.

Startled by the sight, Franco immediately fumbled for the switch and turned on the light.

"Oh, my God! What are you doing, just sitting there? How are

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you feeling?"

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Since he was up, Everett must be getting better.

"Is she gone?" Everett croaked.

Although his voice was hoarse, it carried a menacing tone that sent a shiver down Franco's spine.

Franco rubbed his nose awkwardly and nodded.

"You're poking your nose into my business."

"Well, you can't blame me. You were calling out her name, and it scared me. Besides, she is the famous Divine Surgeon herself, so it made sense to me to seek her out and let her cure you."

"Get out."

"All right."

Franco switched the light off again, and then stepped out into the hall and closed the door firmly behind him. He placed a hand over his chest and breathed a long sigh of relief.

Back inside the room, Everett turned his gaze out the window. He vaguely remembered Melissa scolding him, even as she checked his condition.

She was right to blame him. He had made a grave and irreparable mistake.

But he still needed to investigate more thoroughly, not only for himself, but for Melissa's sake as well. Otherwise, there would always be a wedge between them.

By the morning of the next day, Everett's fever was gone. He could not be bothered to say goodbye, and directly left with his assistant while Franco was asleep.

Scenes from yesterday kept playing over and over in Everett's mind. He didn't know what to do. In the end, he told the

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chauffeur to head to the kindergarten. The only thing he was sure of at the moment was that he wanted to see the children.

At first, he only liked them because... well, they were adorable. Everett had chalked it up to his fondness for children.

Only now did he realize that it must have been in his blood all along, because they were actually his kids.

"Mr. Mayfield, Lindsey and Merrick are at the door."

The assistant's eyes lit up when he spotted the pair, and he wasted no time informing his boss.

"They appear to be having an outdoor activity this morning."

The assistant already knew what was going on in Everett's mind. He was well aware that yesterday's incident had dealt a blow to his boss.

"Follow them."

"Understood."

At roughly ten o'clock that morning, Everett came up to Lindsey and Merrick in the park, seemingly by coincidence.

"Mr. Mayfield!"

Lindsey was overjoyed to see him and instantly trotted over to the man.


She was so delighted, in fact, that she forgot about their mother's warning to keep a distance from Everett.

"Lindsey, you look very pretty today."

Everett gazed at the children, his smile gentle and somewhat apologetic. His happiness over seeing them was laced with much remorse.

He would give anything to hear them call him "Daddy". But just as Melissa had predicted, he had no idea how to even begin

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explaining that he had abandoned them five years ago.

"What are you doing here?" Lindsey asked in a singsong voice as she looked up at Everett. Behind her, Merrick was urgently calling her back.

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Chapter 82 Lindsey's Social Account

"I'm just passing by. You should go back."

Everett felt a little guilty offering such a thin excuse. He studied the serious young boy who remained close by.

"I know. You probably have secrets you can't tell me. That's okay. You can have my phone number."

Lindsey produced a pink notebook from her bag and wrote a number on it.

"This is my phone number and my Facebook Messenger account." Her voice was soft and cute.

Although Lindsey kept in contact with her mother and brother using a phone in her watch, she would play with a phone every day at home, reading news. She had registered for a Facebook account.

She had only a few friends, but she really enjoyed taking photos and sharing them on Facebook.

Everett immediately sent a friend request. Looking at her smiling face on her profile, he couldn't help but laugh.

Once he had saved the picture in his phone, he began to feel satisfied. It had taken five years, but he finally experienced the joy and surprise of fatherhood. His emotions shocked him.

He wanted to take Melissa and the two children home with him. He wanted it with all his heart.

While waiting for Lindsey to add him on Facebook Messenger, he checked his phone frequently and was lost in his thoughts during the meeting.

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At dinnertime, Everett's phone rang. He immediately put down his fork and picked up his phone.

Lindsey had agreed to befriend him on Facebook Messenger.

Lindsey had finally accepted his friend request!

Everett was ecstatic.

He typed, "Lindsey, are you at home? Have you eaten your dinner?"

Lindsey quickly replied. "Good evening, Mr. Mayfield. I've had dinner at home. Today, Mommy made my favorite braised spareribs, soup, and delicious cakes."

Three pictures popped up following the message.

Seeing the simple and tempting dishes in the photos, Everett suddenly yearned for family affection.

Everett said, "If you like them, Lindsey, just eat more."

Lindsey replied, "You should also eat more. Mommy says people must eat well to be healthy."

Everett smiled, warmed by Lindsey's simple words.

This must be paternal affection.

They chatted until Lindsey said she was about to go for a walk with her mother.

Domestic bliss. A family meal followed by a walk. Lindsey's life seemed peaceful in a way Everett had never experienced.

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Life returned to normal. There were a few problems in the Sherman family. Neal, Emily's younger brother, ran away from home, leaving only a letter.

Emily was furious. No one would do anything for her now that

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Neal had left.

"Mom, what's wrong with my uncle? Why did he return to his hometown? Now that he's gone, who will deal with that woman?"

Arielle was furious. She was a laughingstock now. Everyone knew Everett wanted to break off the engagement.

Melissa still worked in the hospital. She couldn't feel Arielle's pain at all.

Why did Melissa have such a perfect life? Did she still want to marry Everett?

Damn it! Arielle hated Melissa.