

## Chapter 91 A Gossipy Private Doctor

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Everett got in the car, still carrying Melissa. In his arms, she was still unconscious. Her pale skin seemed even more ghostly in the soft light that came in through the window. Her stillness worried him.

"Mr. Mayfield, shall we take her to the hospital?"

From the front seat, his bodyguard tentatively addressed him.

"Go to Bobbi Potter's clinic."

In reality, he didn't know how Melissa would react when she woke up, but he knew that Melissa wouldn't want people to know what happened. It would be better to not go to the hospital.

The driver stepped on the gas and drove straight to the clinic.

When they arrived at the clinic, they were ushered into one of the vacant rooms, and Everett gently laid Melissa down. When Bobbi walked in, he lazily looked at Melissa and then back at Everett who was rigid beside him.

In an exasperated voice, Bobbi asked, "Hey, Everett, can you sit there? Your behavior will affect my diagnosis."

Everett did not like to be bossed around. He bit his tongue as he walked toward the resting area, plopping into one of the seats.

A few minutes later, Bobbi put Melissa on a drip and tiredly joined Everett in the resting area. Relaxing into one of the seats, he said, "Don't worry. She's fine."

Everett breathed a sigh of relief. He seldom came to see Bobbi

Chapter 91 A Gossipy Private Doctor 🎁 +120 Points at most on the account of his mercurial personality. Bobbi was the type of person to only do something when the mood struck, but more often than not, it resulted in trouble. Needless to say, he was happy they came here.

Bobbi leaned back in his seat and eyed Everett who looked at him with cold eyes. "You know my rule. The treatment fee will be offset by a secret."

Bobbi's arrogant look did not improve the sour mood Everett was in.

"Believe it or not, I'll smash your clinic apart."

"I don't doubt it. Look, tell me who she is, and you can do whatever you want."

Everett looked at Bobbi coldly. Every time he came here, he regretted it.

"She's my wife."

"The details?"

At his intrusion, Everett barked, "That's the treatment fee for next time."

Bobbi was rendered speechless at the outburst.

Fed up with Bobbi's intrusive questions, Everett ordered the bodyguards to drag Bobbi out. As he was pushed away, Bobbi pressed for more information but was only disappointed at the bodyguards' silence.

In the room, Everett sat on the edge of the bed, staring at Melissa.

When he looked carefully, Melissa didn't seem much different from five years ago. She lost a little weight, but she still had all the features that made her who she was. The biggest change was in arrogance and calmness.

He searched her face for answers but was only met with more

Chapter 91 A Gossipy Private Doctor 📺 +120 Points at most questions. Absent-mindedly he murmured, "I don't know how many secrets you have."

He stretched out his hand and wanted to touch her, but stopped in midair.

It was the first time that he was afraid to face someone. He was afraid that Melissa would dislike him and leave.

Lost in her face, he jumped when his phone rang, quickly fumbling to mute it.

When he looked at the screen, an unknown number showed back at him, but his intuition told him it was Merrick.

Answering the phone, he held it up to his ear, the voice on the other side proving his suspicion correct.

"Mr. Mayfield, how is everything going?"

On the other side of the phone, Merrick's heart pounded in his ears. The thought of his mother being hurt made his stomach turn. Did Everett make it in time?

Everett's calm voice filtered through, instantly calming Merrick. "Don't worry. Your mommy has been rescued and she is in the hospital. At the moment, she is on an intravenous drip. She's not hurt, but she's in a coma. I'll bring her back after the infusion."

After Everett explained, he didn't know what else to say.

In a quiet voice, Merrick thanked him and returned to being silent.

Everett let out a small cough and instructed, "Go to bed early. I will contact the nanny."

"Okay." After saying a simple word, Merrick hung up abruptly.

Everett looked at his phone and sighed.

This was to be expected. He had been absent for five years. It was natural for his son to be dissatisfied with him.

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It was the bodyguard's voice that broke him out of his thoughts.  
"Mr. Mayfield, Dr. Sherman has finished the infusion."

"I see."

With great care, Everett wrapped Melissa in a clean blanket and lifted her up, cradling her head against his shoulder as he walked out to the car.

From an open window, Bobbi's cheerful voice called out,  
"Everett, remember to bring her here for an infusion tomorrow."

In an exasperated voice, Everett loudly murmured, "Shut up!"

On the way back, to Melissa's home, he kept her in his arms, listening to her steady breathing. With each of her breaths, he felt himself be drawn into sleep. How strange. It was rare for him to feel so relaxed. It wasn't long before his head drooped, sleep overtaking him.

## Chapter 92 Everett Sends Her Home In Person

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When they arrived at the destination, the driver gritted his teeth and gingerly woke Everett up.

"Are we here?"

"Yes."

Even half asleep Everett was still terrifying. In the front seat, the driver tightened his grip around the steering wheel.

Oblivious to the other man's discomfort, Everett rolled his stiff shoulders. He had sat for way too long, and his muscles were a little sore, but his heart was unexpectedly calm.

As gently as he could, he maneuvered his way out of the car and walked toward the house with Melissa still in his arms. When he reached the door, the nanny was already waiting for them, a pensive look on her face.

"Thank you, Mr. Mayfield. The kids are asleep. How about you put Dr. Sherman in the guest room for now?"

Before he went to sleep, Merrick instructed the nanny to guide Everett away from Melissa's room. He didn't want Everett in there when no one was watching.

Ignoring where the nanny pointed, Everett looked at the second floor and went straight up without saying anything.

Despite Melissa being in his arms, the quick walk upstairs did nothing to tire him. Behind him, the nanny scrambled up the stairs, lightly protesting his intrusion.

"Which is her room?"

Chapter 92 Everett Sends Her Home 🎁 +120 Points at most

He turned from where he stood in the corridor and quietly demanded where to go.

"Th-that room."

It was no use trying to stop him. Rather than cause a big scene, it was best to tell him the truth. Maybe he would leave sooner.

The door to the first room on the left was already opened and Everett strode in.

As he carried Melissa to the bed, he took in the warm yellow wall, milk-white furniture, and light background; all these made the room feel warm.

He put her down lightly and pulled the quilt to cover her, tucking it snugly around her.

From the light that filtered in through the door, he saw a photo of the three of them on the bedside table; the children younger than now. Seeing their big smiles as they laughed set pangs in his heart.

With a last glance at Melissa, he took a deep breath, turned around, and walked out. The warmth in the room clung to him, reminding him of what he didn't have and the mistake he had made.

Part of him wanted to stay, but he knew that it wouldn't be wise. With a heavy heart, Everett closed the door gently and walked away.

The nanny was waiting for him as he reached the bottom of the stairs. After talking with her and making sure everything was in order, he got back into the car and sped off into the night.

"Where is that man?"

In the car, Everett lowered his head and sparked his lighter, taking a long drag from his cigarette.

As the smoke billowed around the car, his sight gradually blurred.

Chapter 92 Everett Sends Her Home 📺 +120 Points at most

From the back seat, the bodyguard leaned in, breaking through the curtain of smoke. Quickly he seriously answered, "We've taken him back and interrogated him."

"Was it Arielle's idea?"

With another drag on the cigarette, Everett's eyes harshly glowed with its ember. The stark contrast with his dark pupils made him look more serious.

The bodyguard thought for a second before speaking. "It should be, but there's a chance that others from the Sherman family may be involved."

"Howell is a scheming man. He must have taken advantage of her that year."

Everett put out the cigarette and looked out of the window.

He didn't know how many times Arielle had lied to him, but recent events revealed that Arielle was ruthless and that too many people were involved.

"Keep an eye on the Sherman family members. I don't want such a thing to happen again."

"Yes, sir."

Everett was still investigating what had happened in the past. He was almost done investigating Melissa's fake death and the existence of Aloys put him on edge. He guessed that Aloys was the man Melissa mentioned last time.

Did his children also like Aloys?

Everett shook his head and drove the absurd ideas out of his mind.

If he wanted to formally cancel the engagement, he needed to wait for his parents to return. Both the Sherman family and himself were needed for a formal result.

More importantly, he had to investigate what had happened in

Chapter 92 Everett Sends Her Home 🎁 +120 Points at most  
the past before the annulment of their engagement. He wanted  
to prove that Melissa was innocent. At the same time, he  
wanted to ensure that Arielle and the people who participated  
paid the price for what they had done. 1

He owed Melissa an apology, even though it was five years late.

"Let Ewing go for now and tell him to do as I say."

Everett's face was frosty. He was furious at the thought that  
such a man had touched Melissa. But now he had to let the  
man go and use him to find the mastermind.



## Chapter 93 He Entered Her Room

The next morning, when Melissa woke up, she found herself in a familiar room.

Did someone save her? Most of the night was a blur, but she remembered Ewing taking her away.

"Mommy! You're awake! Are you feeling okay?"

Beside her, Merrick perched his elbows on the edge of the bed, his eyes following her every movement looking for any signs of discomfort.

If his mother wasn't feeling well, should he call Everett?

Peeking over the side of the bed, Melissa found Merrick beside the bed. Looking at Merrick's tired face, she guessed that he had stayed up for quite a while last night.


"Why didn't you go to school? Where is your sister?"

She was a little worried and confused.

"Lindsey is making porridge with the nanny. This morning, we called the school and asked for leave so we could stay at home. Also, I called your assistant and asked her to help you ask for leave as well."

Systematically, Merrick listed all the things they had done while she had been asleep. It was his job to take care of his sister, and now it was his job to take care of his mother too.

With a small smile, Melissa reached out and patted Merrick's hand. "Thank you, baby. Can you tell me what happened yesterday?"

Chapter 93 He Entered Her Room  +120 Points at most

Looking at her son's expression, Melissa guessed that he must know the truth, or he wouldn't have come up alone to wait for her to wake up.

Merrick lowered his head and kept silent for a while before he explained what had happened.

When Merrick explained that Lindsey had been secretly keeping in touch with Everett, Melissa's face darkened

She knew that Everett had never given up on the idea of taking her children away from her. The fact that he had secretly kept in touch with Lindsey made her blood boil.

Looking at his mother's angry face, Merrick knew that she must be disgusted with Everett. But yesterday, Everett saved her.

"If Mr. Mayfield hadn't shown up in time, you wouldn't have made it back home."

Even though he didn't like Everett, Merrick found himself defending his actions. Regardless of how they felt toward him, it did not change the fact that Everett was the person who had saved his mother.

Melissa was stunned by Merrick's explanation. She couldn't forget all the things that happened in the past, but she also knew that the situation yesterday was critical. Pressing her palms into her eyes she cursed to herself. It didn't matter that he saved her, she still hated him.

"Did he leave after he brought me back?"

Trying to remember the previous day's events, she pulled a long face.

She couldn't remember what had happened, but if Everett saved her, then she imagined that the man responsible was most likely in his hands.

"Yes. Before he left, he instructed the nanny to let you rest. This morning he called and told me he would take you to receive an intravenous injection this afternoon."

Melissa sat up and talked with her son for a while longer before asking him to go downstairs and play with his sister.

When he shut the door, Melissa gingerly dragged herself out of bed and went to the bathroom.

In the shower, she let the warm water spread over her body, breathing a sigh of relief. Fortunately, she was not hurt. It seemed that Everett arrived just in time.

With the gaps in her memory, it was hard to be sure of anything. Maybe something else happened.

Relaxing in the stream of warm water, she said to herself, "I'll ask him later."

After lunch, Lindsey refused to take a nap. When she found out that Everett would come, she jumped up and down in excitement.

At the sight of her daughter's elation, Melissa sighed helplessly.

"I don't know why Lindsey thinks he's a good person."

On the sofa, Merrick sat and continued to fiddle with the model in his hand. He planned to take part in the children's model contest next week, and most of his attention was focused on it.

Melissa looked at the two children and smiled helplessly. They were polar opposites. Merrick was sensible and obedient, showing on multiple occasions that he could take care of himself. On the other hand, Lindsey was innocent and good at acting like a spoiled child.

When the sound of the engine roared up the driveway, Lindsey ran out of the house and toward the dark car that was pulling up.

As a slim figure got out of the car, she screamed, "Mr. Mayfield!"

Reacting to the small child's delight, Everett held out his arms and Lindsey threw herself into them, giggling as he lifted her up.

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Lindsey's mood was contagious and soon Everett was also smiling.

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