

Chapter 304 You Don't Want Your Feet Anymore

Everett's heart jumped to his throat, and he gripped the piece of cloth tightly.

Ascending two steps, he proceeded to call out Melissa's name.

"Melissa? Melissa?"

In the cave, Melissa heard it.

Her eyes shot open, and she hastily stood up, attempting to verify what she had heard.

After hearing it from above the entrance again, she erupted into desperate shouts. "Here! Here! Everett!"

While he was searching, Franco suddenly lifted his head in confusion and said, "Just now, I believed I heard the voice of Melissa."

"Yes, it is Melissa."

Everett's breathing quickened as he grew excited and hastily scanned his surroundings.

Spotting a hole partially obscured by a stone, he sprinted toward it in a frenzy and removed it, paying no heed to the wound on his palm.

Once the stone was removed, he glimpsed a figure below, covered in dust and displaying a few wounds.

"Everett."

Melissa called out to him, her tone tinged with a hint of grievance.

She wasn't afraid of the environment and was even in the mood to take a break, as she was confident that Everett would eventually rescue her.

She was overcome with emotion and surprise when she saw him, as his arrival was just as she had hoped for.

Upon seeing the tiny wounds and bruises that covered her body, Everett's eyes blazed with anger.

His fists clenched tightly, and bulging blue veins appeared on his arms.

Everett would have torn him to shreds if the man responsible was still on the scene.

"Melissa!" Franco approached and exclaimed. "There you are. Everett has been extremely worried about you all night."

"I'm okay." Melissa turned and gazed toward the man who had yet to speak. "I'm alright," she reiterated.

"We have a rope here. Would you be able to tie yourself up securely? We can then hoist you up," Franco said.

"I..."

Before Melissa could finish her words, Everett leaped down directly into the cave.

In his haste, he lost his balance and ended up throwing himself onto Melissa.

The scent of perfume mingled with the damp aroma of the woods was in the air.

Taking a step back, Melissa spoke in a low voice. "Why did you jump down here?"

"You don't know how to tie yourself up properly. It could end up hurting you if it's not done correctly," Everett said with genuine concern.

Naturally, he should care for his beloved woman's well-being.

As he spoke, he took off his suit jacket and draped it over Melissa's shoulders. Then, he meticulously wound the rope around her, ensuring she wouldn't suffer any wardrobe malfunctions or discomfort.

"Pull!" commanded Everett.

The group pulled Melissa up, and she stood on a stone with her bare feet.

Upon emerging into the open air, she drew in several lungfuls of the atmosphere.

Despite the warmth inside the cave, the air was scarce. Even as she sat under the entrance, the air was still damp and reeked of rotten mushrooms.

As soon as Everett emerged from the cave, he scooped Melissa up in his arms and strode down the mountain.

"Put me down, please." She looked around at the dozens of people gathered and frowned slightly. "Just give me a pair of shoes. I can walk by myself."

"Are you saying that you no longer need your feet?"

"Of course not."

"Then be quiet."

Everett carried her through the mountain for a few hours.

He then supported her into the elevator and up to the presidential suite, ignoring the gazes of the people around them.

Melissa remained quiet throughout the journey, but she could discern Everett's rapid heartbeat and irregular breathing.