

Chapter 306 Applying Ointment

"Hello, Melissa. Long time no see," Bobbi greeted with a small smile.

They hadn't seen each other for a long time. The last time they met was when Melissa was injured.

"Check her out," Everett said impatiently. "What took you so long to come here?"

"Everett, I helped you deal with your issue at Andeport. I was still sleeping, and your people woke me up and brought me here to examine Melissa. You know, I'm a busy man too."

Melissa giggled at this.

Bobbi started examining her wounds at this time. So, she tried to keep her laughter in and cooperated with him.

As a fellow doctor, she knew how annoying it was not to have a cooperative patient.

"It's nothing serious. Just some bruises," Bobbi said after a while and started checking other parts of her body.

Suddenly, he felt an intense gaze boring into him. He rolled his eyes, feeling a little bad. He understood what that gaze was about.

Then he straightened up and clapped his hands with finality.

"Franco told me that your biggest injury is the wound on your left leg. As for the minor injuries, you can apply some ointment to them. To avoid any infection, you need to cleanse your feet with alcohol first. I think we're done here."

"Okay then, Melissa. You heard the doctor. You have a good rest. Bobbi and I will take care of the rest outside," Franco said with a small laugh

and dragged Bobbi out of the room.

As soon as they stepped out, those inside could still hear them talking outside.

"I only examined her for five minutes. What was the point of bringing me here from Andeport so early in the morning?"

"You are a good doctor, Bobbi. You are the only one that can cure some diseases," Franco answered in a flattering tone.

"Oh, please, don't flatter me. I'm nothing compared to you. You're the best."

They laughed and soon enough, their voices faded.

Certain that they were gone, Everett took the first aid kit and said, "Ignore them."

"Sure." Melissa nodded and asked, "So, are you going to apply ointment to my wound?"

"Who else do you want to help you apply it? Aloys?"

Everett's face fell after he called that name.

He fiddled with the first aid kit as though he was nervous or maybe angry.

Was he jealous?

Melissa shook her head, smiled, and said, "Why are you talking about Aloys? He has been abroad for a long time."

Besides, she hadn't heard from him for a long time, so she didn't even know how work was going for him abroad.

Everett opened his mouth to say something, but quickly snapped it shut.

He carefully placed Melissa's feet on his knees and said in a deep voice, "Hold on. It's going to hurt."

He glanced shortly at her before pouring the alcohol on her feet.

The wounds didn't hurt much, but there were so many tiny wounds. When

the alcohol touched them, it hurt.

Melissa hissed in pain.

She bit her lower lip and pinched something very hard.

She didn't relax her grip until he was done with the treatment.

She sighed in relief and took away her hand only to see marks on Everett's arm. She had been pinching his arm all this while.

She looked up shyly and met his smiling eyes.

"You're really tough," he said.

"I..."

Melissa was about to refuse, but on second thought, she didn't see why she had to.

So, she nodded and accepted with a smile.

"That's right, I am. Don't touch me anymore, or..."

Her words were cut off as her lips were caught in a kiss.

When they parted, Everett smiled down at her.

"Or what?"

"Everett!" Melissa shrieked and shouted, "You rogue! Yes! You're a rogue!"

"Only with you," Everett replied with a smug grin. Then he took a glance at her body.

"If we don't treat the other wounds on your body with the ointment, it will heal very slowly."



Chapter 307 Start Over

The wounds on her body?

Melissa felt ashamed to remove her clothes and let Everett treat the wounds.

She wrapped herself with her hands and eyed him warily.

"I'll do it myself."

"Okay," Everett placed the first aid kit near her and said, "If you need anything, just call me. I'll wait at the door."

He left her alone, afraid that if he pushed too hard, she would back away.

"Wait," Melissa said apologetically. She stood up. "Your hand is injured. Let me bandage it for you first."

"Okay," Everett sat on the edge of the bed.

He felt very happy to be near her but tried not to reveal this.

He pursed his lips and gazed at Melissa, unembarrassed. The emotions he felt softened his eyes.

Guilt, love, and fear were obvious in his eyes.

He was afraid Melissa would disappear with the children again. He wanted to get close to her, but that fear prevented him.

The makeshift dressing on his hand was untied, revealing a deep wound that covered most of his palm. Raw red flesh resembled the ragged lips around an angry mouth that oozed with blood.

Melissa was shocked. Even though he was injured, Everett had moved the big stone that blocked the entrance to the cave and carried her down the mountain, without a single complaint.

Melissa lowered her eyes. "How did this happen? It's going to leave a scar."

"An accident."

"It's a big wound," she said, raising her head. "It looks like you cut your hand on glass."

Everett looked away. He said, "I did cut myself with a piece of glass. I drank the wine last night, and it was drugged. I needed to stay somber. Don't worry; it doesn't hurt."

Melissa felt a dull ache in her heart.

She couldn't bring herself to say something cruel. She snorted. "You're so stupid."

"It was worth it for you."

"Then you're a fool," she scolded, applying the ointment gently. "From now on, look after yourself."

Everett had saved her many times.

She and Everett had seen a lot of each other since she returned.

She wasn't sure whether she owed Everett, or he owed her.

Everett stroked her cheek with his good hand.

Chest heaving, he asked cautiously, "Melissa, can we start over?"

His words hit her like a boulder falling from the sky. It was unexpected, but more than that, it reflected the complicated feelings Melissa had been working through. She felt a rush of panic.

She had no idea how to answer. She wasn't sure whether she wanted to try again.

He sensed her confusion. "It's okay. I hurt you and our children. I'll understand if you say no."

"Then I say no..." Melissa replied instantly. Looking at the sadness in



Everett's eyes, she added, "For now. Let's decide when we get through this."

"Really?" Everett's eyes brightened.

He clung to her answer. It was better than he had expected. It was the most encouraging thing he had heard from her in a very long time.

He bent over and kissed Melissa's forehead. "Melissa, thank you for giving me a second chance."