

Chapter 583 Carrying Melissa In Arms

Bobbi didn't quite enjoy himself during the meal. The moment he set his knife and fork down, he felt relief wash over him, wanting to escape this place. He had enough of Everett's public display of affection to Melissa. "Well, I'll be leaving now."

"Bobbi how did you eat so fast? Stay and have some more," Melissa asked.

Bobbi had the urge to roll his eyes. Did they want him to continue witnessing how affectionate they were to each other? He'd seen enough and was tired of their coddling.

"No, thanks. I'm full. Thanks for your hospitality."

Melissa set her hands on Lindsey's and Merrick's heads. "Go see Bobbi off."

"Okay." The two children followed Bobbi out to the door dutifully.

"I'll give you a ride home after dinner." Everett turned to Melissa.

Vivienne overheard this, suddenly becoming upset. "Where are you planning on driving her? Here is her home. She lives here from now on."

Vivienne attempted to prevent Melissa from leaving. "Melissa, you just went through such a terrible thing. You have to stay here. Do you understand? You should at least stay until you're physically and mentally healthy."

Johnny also joined in. "Everett, you better convince Melissa not to leave."

Melissa had no choice but to agree to stay after their constant coaxing. Everett shot Melissa a tender look.

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healthy."

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Johnny and Vivienne were smart. How could they not notice that Everett and Melissa's relationship had improved? It seemed that they had reconciled. Did that mean that the two of them would be getting back together?

That night Melissa read a book to the kids before bed. In the middle of her story, they fell asleep, and Melissa eventually drifted off, leaning against the edge of Lindsey's bed.

Everett came in quietly, walked to the bed, and then grabbed the book from Melissa's hand, setting it aside. He bent down, lifting the woman into his arms.

The silver moonlight shone on Melissa's face, giving her a mysterious look. Everett gazed at her, lost in thought. After a while, he carried her to his bedroom, placing her down onto the plush mattress.

He stroked her face gently, his fingertips dancing across her eyebrows, and eyes. Her features were pretty in the daylight, and in the moonlight, she looked softer. Her long, thin, feather-like eyelashes drooped over her eyes, giving her the look of a beautiful, porcelain doll.

Everett lay down beside Melissa, and as he stared at her, he unconsciously fell asleep.

Melissa awoke the next day to find herself in Everett's bed. But the room was empty.

She carefully recalled what happened yesterday, but her memory suddenly stopped at reading a storybook to her two children. How did she get here?

Did she sleepwalk here?

Her face suddenly flushed in embarrassment. She only forgave Everett yesterday, but she snuck into his room last night. Would he misunderstand and think she had been playing hard to get before? Would he think that she was acting disgraceful?

She gripped her hair, unable to explain her predicament. Forget it. Let it be. It wasn't a big deal if Everett wanted to laugh at her.

After washing her face and brushing her teeth, Melissa headed

downstairs. Johnny and Vivienne had already placed the dishes on the table, waiting for Melissa to come downstairs for breakfast.

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