

Chapter 594 Smart Kids

When they arrived at the hospital, Melissa took it upon herself to tend to Everett's injuries. She cleaned and bandaged his wound, ensuring he underwent a blood test. It was only when the results confirmed nothing dire that she could finally breathe a sigh of relief.

Worry creased her brow as she voiced her concerns. "It's not that I'm overly worried, but the Carter family is known for their dabbling in toxins. What if that blade was coated with poison?"

Everett, ever the comforter, brushed off her fears. "I trust you have access to the Carter family's underground cache of antidotes. Should I be poisoned, I'm confident you'd find a way to save me."

Despite his nonchalance, Melissa punched Everett lightly on the arm. "Karl is a lunatic. What if he used a poison unknown to the Carters? Then, you're in deep trouble."

In response, Everett gently grasped Melissa's hand, pressing a soft kiss to her knuckles.

"If my life is the price for your safety, then it's a price I'm willing to pay. Poison is the least of my worries."

Abruptly, Melissa withdrew her hand, a shadow crossing her features. "Could you refrain from discussing death? I understand your courage, your fearlessness. But I... I fear."

Everett's eyes sparkled at her reaction, the hint of her concern warming him.

She cared for him and didn't want him to come to harm.

"I promise, no more talk of death. All I want is for us to stay together, forever."

"Stop teasing," she chided, rolling her eyes. But her delighted smile betrayed her words.

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They returned to the Mayfield family's residence late.

Upon seeing Everett's bandaged arm, the children immediately bombarded him with questions, their innocent concern palpable.

"Mr. Mayfield, Mom said gauze is for injuries. Is your arm hurt?" little Lindsey asked, pointing at the bandage.

Everett crouched to their level, ruffling their hair.

"Remember when I said I'm a superhero? Superheroes don't get hurt."

The children exchanged glances, and then in unison retorted, "We're not little babies anymore. Don't trick us like that."

Busted! A sheepish grin spread across Everett's face, his attempt to conceal the truth thwarted by the unfiltered honesty of the children.

Melissa deftly intervened, sending the kids off to play, sparing Everett further embarrassment.

"See the power of the young minds?" Melissa teased, her eyes sparkling with mirth. "No more lying to them. They may be young, but they hate deception."

Everett conceded, "You're right. I just wanted to spare them worry."

Melissa held his gaze, her voice firm yet gentle. "They care about you, Everett. You're their father. Let them worry about you, let them love you."

He nodded, understanding dawning in his eyes. "I get it."

Later that evening Everett sequestered himself in his study, the faint scent of sandalwood incense lingering in the air.

He found himself engrossed in his work.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door.

A small figure shuffled into the room.

Everett, setting his work aside, crouched down to meet Lindsey at her level.

"Lindsey, it's quite late. What brings you here?" His voice was soft, brimming with affection.

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