

Chapter 596 Jealousy

Everett cunningly suggested Melissa change his dressing after he drove her to the hospital, knowing full well she couldn't refuse.

After all, health took precedence over business affairs.

They soon reached the hospital where Melissa was employed.

Everett, with his chiseled good looks, was a magnet for attention.

A few young nurses, in particular, blushed and hurried past after stealing surreptitious glances at him.

Melissa bristled at the constant ogling, especially when women unabashedly snapped photos and gossiped about him. They even broadcast their encounter with the handsome stranger on social media, completely disregarding her presence at his side.

Didn't they consider how their overt admiration for Everett might upset her?

It seemed women were innately territorial. Annoyed, Melissa snapped at Everett, "Do you enjoy being the center of attention? Can't you just wear a mask?"

Everett, hearing the irritation in Melissa's voice, instantly grasped the situation.

A smirk tugged at the corner of his lips as he obediently put on a mask. Then he teased, "You seem upset. Are you perhaps jealous?"

Melissa swiftly retorted, "Of course not. Who would I be jealous of?"

"Being jealous of them wouldn't be unexpected. It would mean you care about me," Everett suggested, his eyes twinkling with amusement.

"I don't care about you, and I certainly don't care how many women are ogling you," Melissa shot back, her lips pressed into a thin line.

"Being jealous of them wouldn't be unexpected. It would mean you care about me," Everett suggested, his eyes twinkling with amusement.

"I don't care about you, and I certainly don't care how many women are ogling you," Melissa shot back, her lips pressed into a thin line.

"Is that so?"

Everett's grin broadened as he suddenly pulled off his mask, leaving Melissa staring at him in bewilderment. "What are you doing? Why did you take your mask off?"

"I thought I needed to wear it to spare you any jealousy. But since you don't care, why bother?" he countered, his voice laced with mirth.

Melissa merely gritted her teeth and muttered, "Whatever."

Throughout the dressing change, her irritation was palpable.

Everett noted her displeasure, a chuckle bubbling within him, though he remained silent.

Melissa's intentional slamming of the tray only emphasized her ire.

Yet, her anger was a clear indication of how much she cared for him, regardless of her vehement denials.

Rather than showing annoyance, Everett simply smiled.

Noticing his smile, Melissa assumed he was amused by the adoring behavior of those women.

This thought sparked more anger in Melissa, and she inadvertently applied more pressure as she continued to bandage his wound.

Suddenly, blood seeped through the bandage.

Seeing the fresh blood, Melissa snapped out of her anger and was instantly filled with remorse.

With concern in her voice, she hurriedly offered, "Let me re-wrap that for you."

"No, thanks." Everett pulled his arm back, saying, "I'm afraid you might hurt me again."

"I..." Melissa realized she was in the wrong, and any further explanation seemed futile.

Spotting her discomfort, Everett found it amusing and drew her into his arms.

"You are the only woman I love. You don't need to be overly concerned



about others' opinions" Everett whispered in her ear. His warm breath instantly melted her resentment.



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