

Chapter 610 Doubt

"I'm here for you. I'll always be by your side, along with Lindsey and Merrick," Everett assured her.

The thought of her children filled Melissa with renewed energy. They were her source of strength.

"Okay," she agreed, nodding in determination.

Everett enveloped her in a warm embrace as he led her toward the car.

"Where do you want to go now? Back to the hospital or do you want to grab a bite first?" he asked, unaware that she had already been dismissed from her work at the hospital.

Hearing his question, Melissa couldn't help but give a strange face. "Let's head home."

Home?

Everett noticed the slight change in her face. Being aware of Melissa's workaholic nature, he knew she would have remained at the hospital if there was nothing else to do.

"What's going on?" he inquired cautiously, sensing that there was more to the story.

"Nothing. I just want to go home," Melissa replied, her voice tinged with a hint of weariness.

"Were you fired?" he guessed, perceiving the subtle change in her expression.

Melissa remained silent, her face showing a slight shift as if contemplating her response.

Everett sensed that he might be right. So, he opened the door and joined her in the back seat.

"What happened? Is this related to Emily causing a scene at the hospital?" he inquired, connecting the dots based on what he knew.

Melissa nodded. "Yes, the director mentioned it, but I believe it's just an excuse."

She knew all too well how people often made excuses to serve their own interests. Emily's outburst was merely a convenient excuse to fire her.

"I understand," Everett said, his fists tightening gradually. "Don't worry, I'll handle this."

Sensing the anger radiating from his eyes, Melissa couldn't help but feel a sense of foreboding.

"What are you going to do?" she asked cautiously.

"I'll tell you tomorrow," he replied cryptically, signaling that he wasn't ready to divulge his plan just yet.

The following day, Melissa headed to the university where she taught medical science. It was a routine she followed every Sunday.

Today, however, the dean and other teachers of the department came to attend her class. Melissa had no problem with it since she came prepared and had already prepared her lesson a week ago.

As she stood on the platform to deliver her lecture, a sudden burst of coughs erupted from the audience.

Pausing briefly, Melissa waited until the distraction subsided. However, the coughing persisted, growing louder and more deliberate, as if someone was intentionally causing it.

Furrowing her brow, she scanned the room and looked for the source, and there she found it—it was one of the teachers who had joined her class.

Aware that all eyes were on him, the teacher quickly stood up and explained, attempting to deflect the attention.

"Don't mind me. Carry on with your class. I just found Dr. Sherman's teachings a little discomfoting, hence the cough," he said, his words


clearly intended to provoke a reaction.

The students could see through his ploy, and their gazes remained fixed on him.

Melissa frowned, puzzled by the situation. She couldn't recall ever interacting with this particular teacher. Why would he purposefully start a conflict?

Despite the interruption, Melissa maintained her composure. She had mastered the art of remaining calm in the most intricate medical operations, so facing an unknown teacher's attempt to disrupt her class was merely a minor inconvenience.



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