

## Chapter 613 Peter Is Behind It

"I messed up, and I hurt you deeply! It's all on me! Everything is my fault! I need this job to support my family. Please, I beg you, don't fire me."

The hospital director recently splurged on a multi-million dollar villa, draining his savings completely.

The villa still needed decorating, and the annual maintenance costs would be sky-high. If he got fired, his happy life would crumble.

Not only that, he'd drown in a sea of debts.

Being no spring chicken, he couldn't handle such a massive setback.

Everett arched an eyebrow, showing no mercy. He would typically terminate someone like the director without a second thought, but now he had other plans.

"Alright then, I'll ask you a question. Answer honestly, and I'll consider letting you stay at this hospital."

Upon hearing Everett's willingness to give him a chance, the director immediately nodded.

"I promise, I'll answer honestly. Please, ask away."

"You fired Melissa not just because of Emily. Who's pulling the strings behind you?"

The director froze for a moment, beads of cold sweat forming on his forehead. It seemed like Everett had sniffed out something. If he didn't come clean now, he'd likely face expulsion from the hospital, and his medical career would be in jeopardy.

For the sake of his future, he blurted out, "It's my old friend, Peter Cooper. Once he found out I hired Melissa, he bad-mouthed her and even gave me money. He promised more if I fired Melissa. I bought a house just last month, and my son is about to get married, so I—"

Melissa stared at the director in disbelief. If it weren't for Everett, she wouldn't have known the real reason behind her termination.

Wearing a stern expression, Melissa uttered in a cold voice, "You fired me

for petty gains. Have you been taking bribes all these years? Did you offer favors to those who greased your palm?"

"I—"

The director's face immediately changed. Melissa's words hit home, leaving him momentarily speechless.

Seeking help from Everett, he pleaded, "I've told you the truth. Please, keep your promise and don't fire me."

"Of course," Everett assured him.

Those two words felt like angelic music, instantly easing the director's tension.

However, what came next from Everett left him utterly stunned.

"As luck would have it, we happen to need a security guard at the hospital gate. You can report there for duty starting tomorrow."

"A security guard?"

The director's face darkened in an instant.

"Mr. Mayfield, are you mistaken? I'm the director of this hospital. How could I possibly work as a security guard?"

"Clearly, the position of hospital director isn't a good fit for you. But in order to honor my promise of not firing you, I went out of my way to find you a role as a security guard. If you don't appreciate it, then forget it."

The director felt a deep sense of insult. He had grown accustomed to his position as director, always receiving respect. How could he suddenly become a lowly security guard? How would he face his former colleagues and subordinates?

With these thoughts flooding his mind, he impulsively removed his white gown.

"I quit! I'm leaving!"

The director's emotions ran high unable to bear the situation any longer.