

Chapter 614 Couldn't Go Back On His Own Words

However, deep down, the director clung to a glimmer of hope. All the people in the meeting room were doctors who had worked alongside him.

They should have known how he had treated them over the years. With Everett humiliating him like this, he believed that some of them would come to his defense.

If someone dared to object, Everett would surely have a change of heart.

Yet, his hopes were shattered like fragile glass.

As he discarded his white coat and made his way to the door, an eerie silence filled the room, as if nothing had happened.

It couldn't be true!

Perhaps everyone was still in shock, he thought.

Deliberately moving at a sluggish pace, the director wanted to give them a chance to react. He reached the door, gripping the handle tightly, but those present still remained unresponsive.

Panic surged through him, and he urgently looked back at them.

But as their gazes met, each and every one of them lowered their heads.

Clearly, no one was willing to entangle themselves in his troubles.

The director's immediate regret gnawed at him. He had assumed they would come to his defense, but he had overestimated human nature. At this moment, self-preservation took precedence, and fewer and fewer kind-hearted souls remained.

With a heavy heart, he pushed the door open, his footsteps weighed down by both despair and regret.

But he couldn't retract his words. Begging Everett now to let him remain as the hospital director would be futile.

In the end, his wounded pride prevented him from turning back. He left

the hospital, consumed by remorse.

After a brief introduction to the remaining individuals in the meeting room, Melissa departed alongside Everett.

After exiting the meeting room, Melissa let out a sigh of relief.

She knew deep down that she had no talent for managing a hospital. All she wanted was to be a doctor.

"Why didn't you tell me when you bought this hospital? I'm really not cut out for managing a hospital at all." Melissa expressed her frustration to Everett.

"Don't worry. I know you dislike dealing with these matters. I've hired a new hospital director to take charge. You can come and treat patients whenever you want. And if you prefer not to, you can stay at the university or home," Everett reassured her.

It seemed that Everett had arranged her work and life in a considerate manner.

While it sounded good to have everything planned out, Melissa couldn't help but feel a twinge of unease at how meticulously he had organized her life.

The two of them got into the car, and their kids had already dozed off.

Melissa used her legs as pillows for their little heads.

In that quiet moment, Melissa spoke up unexpectedly. "Please, don't dictate my life for me." 🗨️

Everett was taken aback, his grip on the steering wheel tightening at the sound of Melissa's sudden voice.


"So, you don't appreciate how I've arranged things today?" he asked, his face revealing tension.

"No, I didn't," Melissa replied firmly, shaking her head.

"I don't care if I can work at this hospital or not. I don't care if someone is plotting against me. In fact, there are many things I don't care about anymore," she confessed, gently caressing their children's faces.

"All I want is to live life on my own terms. Nothing more."

Everett's face tensed slightly. "I'm trying to help you."

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Shaking her head once more, Melissa replied, "Hadn't the kids and I lived a good life without you all these years?"

A life without him... It was fine.

So... Was he truly unnecessary to her?



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