

Chapter 615 Perform Experiments Overnight

As Everett's thoughts dwelled on this, his face gradually darkened.

"Melissa, don't you care about me? So you haven't truly forgiven me, even now?"

Melissa lowered her head, lightly pursing her lips, and replied, "You've misunderstood me. That's not what I meant."

"Are all the good things I do for you now pointless? Can they never make up for the pain I caused you in the past?"

Everett's voice grew lower and lower, laced with indescribable disappointment.

Melissa clenched her fists, unsure of how to respond.

Although so much time had passed, what happened in the past had become a trauma that neither of them could openly address.

"Stop it. I don't mean to blame you. I don't want to dwell on the past either."

Everett tightly pressed his thin lips together and gazed ahead, his eyes filled with complex emotions.

For the remainder of the car ride, neither of them spoke. A strange silence hung in the air.

Unnoticed by both of them, Lindsey, who should have been sound asleep, quietly opened one eye.

She hadn't actually fallen asleep earlier and had overheard her mother and Everett arguing.

The nature of their argument was so puzzling that she couldn't

It seemed they had known each other before, and Everett had abandoned her mom.

Could it be that he was her father, the one who had left her mother in the past?

The thought made her usually cute face turn grim.

Was Everett truly their father?

The night descended quietly. A male student, dressed in a white shirt and suit pants, slipped out of his dorm room window and skillfully made his way to the laboratory building.

He was a medical school student, and his recent experiments had been unsuccessful, leaving him disheartened. He decided to take advantage of the late hours when everyone was asleep to conduct and practice his experiments.

Following the specific standards, he added the necessary substances. As time passed, he sat beside the lab desk, battling sleepiness, hoping for the experiment's success.

Whenever drowsiness crept in, he would give himself a light slap to stay awake.

Failing in the experiment meant losing his scholarship. He was the sole hope for his entire family.

His family had depleted all their savings to send him to such a prestigious school, not for him to fail miserably here.

He encouraged himself repeatedly. Finally, as dawn broke, the experiment succeeded.

He poured the experimental liquid into a beaker and fell asleep on the lab desk.

Around eight o'clock in the morning he abruptly woke up. Holding the beaker in his hand, he hurried to his professor's office.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

"Come in."

The student stood in the office, displaying the beaker to the professor with excitement.

"Professor Hewitt, look! My experiment is a success! Can I receive an A for this assessment?"

Kyler Hewitt raised his head and adjusted his glasses.

Glancing at the beaker briefly, he responded with disdain, "Well, not bad. There are ten students in your class who succeeded before you, and there are only ten spots for grade A. I've already given those to the ten students, so you can only be ranked as B."

Their school had a rule that only students who received grade A in all their courses were eligible for scholarships and grants for those in need.

This student had studied diligently throughout the semester and had no major issues in any of his courses.

However, he lacked experience in chemistry experiments from his previous school, resulting in some setbacks during his attempts.