Chapter 6: Why Hasn't There Been Any News from Her

"Don't worry, Talia. I'll marry you," he said.

Talia was ecstatic to hear it. She was curious—had Christopher gotten a divorce?

Her face was flushed with happiness. She sniffed sadly, ready to sweet-talk him into oblivion. However, his phone rang at that very moment.

"What's the matter?"

Christopher walked away calmly, with one hand in his pocket. Sunlight fell on his frame, and he looked more handsome than ever. Yet he had a blank look on his face, as if he had not proposed to Talia a few minutes ago.

Talia bit her lip, feeling a little resentful. When she thought back to Christopher's promise to marry her, happiness dispelled the resentment instantly.

She touched her plastered leg; her eyes gleamed with greed and pride. Even with a broke leg, she still made it!

She was sure Christopher loved her too!

Christopher didn't see her greedy gaze. He soon hung up, and picked up his coat from the chair. He glanced at Talia, and said softly, "Take care of yourself. I'll come again soon. "

"Alright, don't worry about me."

Talia actually wanted Christopher to stay, but she still pretended to be understanding. In the quiet ward, she sat upright on the bed.

Everything was working just fine. Years of hard work had finally borne fruit-she had chased Melody away, and she got to marry Christopher!

Talia cackled triumphantly, filled with fanatical greed.

Love and power! Everything she dreamed of was now at her fingertips. Now, no one could stop her from becoming Christopher Bolton's wife!

Afterward, she called the paparazzi.

Outside the hospital, Luke opened the car door hastily for Christopher.

Christopher frowned as he took a seat. He put his coat aside, and rubbed his temples. "Tell me in detail what happened just now."

Glancing at him, Luke reported, "The news announced that the Nolan family's heiress is back."

Luke had heard of the news for quite a while, but the shock still remained on his face.

In Bayridge, the Nolan family was on par with the Bolton family. In the past, they were able to compete equally with the Bolton family.

Alas, their sole heiress had died in a shipwreck three years ago. A year later, their president and his wife were both killed in a car accident. As a result, the Nolan family dropped out of the competition.

The return of the long-lost heiress was indeed breaking news!

"Ms. Nolan, huh...?"

Christopher tapped his legs. "I want to know the recent events concerning the Nolan family. Something's going to happen soon."

"Roger, sir!" Luke said. He focused on the road ahead.

As the car moved quietly on the road, light and shadow scattered, passing through the windows. They fell on Christopher's slightly narrowed eyes, casting a beautiful shadow.

"How's Melody lately?" he suddenly asked.

Melody was penniless, so she obviously needed money—or so he thought.

He was confident his judgment was correct. After all, she had insisted on marrying him regardless of his dislike for her.

He could only think of two possibilities for her divorce.

Either she was playing hard to get, or she had realized he would never love her, so she wanted to get money from him and leave. If it was the latter, she should be selling the house by now.

Ever since Christopher and Melody divorced, Luke would feel a chill down his back whenever Melody's name was mentioned. He didn't know why.

"Mr. Bolton, may I know what exactly...?"

Christopher shot him a disdainful glare, looking impatient.

Luke's heart trembled, and he said hesitantly, "There hasn't been any news about Ms. Melody. She... She hasn't returned to the villa since."

Luke was confused.

Melody was docile, and she loved Christopher wholeheartedly. Since the villa was her only request, she must have no place to go. And yet, she never returned to the villa since they divorced—not even once.

Christopher was impressed to know that Melody didn't sell the villa. Even so, he was confident that Melody would return after three days. During their marriage, she had never left the house and had no friends at all.

Crash!

Melody, who Christopher believed would return to him and beg for money, was currently in the main seat of the meeting room. Her face was cold, and she had just smashed a cup into smithereens.

"Are you upset with something? I'll take care of it," she said.

She wiped her hands, then glanced at the first row of shareholders around her.

A middle-aged man stood up. He pointed unhappily at Melody, filled with disgust.

"You're a woman!" he snarled. "What makes you think you can join the board? Nolan Enterprise will become a laughingstock if people see that our president is a woman! There's no way I'll let you join the board!"

Melody smiled casually, and looked at the old shareholder with disdain. "You're so old, you probably have dementia. I don't join the board—I lead it."

"Whatever it is, I'll let it happen over my dead body!"

"Oh, I see."

Melody met his irritable expression calmly, and waved at the door. The bodyguards there rushed in, and promptly dragged that shareholder out of the meeting room.

Then, three more guards came in and stood behind Melody. They were dressed in black from head to toe, wearing sunglasses that hid their eyes. Their bulging muscles were obvious under their clothes.

"Does anyone else have any objections?" She fiddled with a pen, then added coldly, "Reasonable ones!"

The shareholders were silent.

Benjamin, who was sitting in the first seat on the left, was beside himself with shock.

He never expected that his niece, who had been missing for three years, would become so efficient and decisive. She had not given him a chance to attack!

Fortunately, he had a Plan B...