

## Chapter 387 What Are You Thinking About

They could feel each other's breath on their faces; they were so close. Alone and intimate, with this dark empty corridor all to themselves.

Melissa tried to take a few steps away from Everett, but he put out his hand, grabbing her by the waist.

She gave him a frown, saying, "Let go, Everett. What if somebody comes out here and sees us?"

"Answer my question first."

Everett leaned into her. He fixed his eyes, flashing in the dark, on her face, waiting for the answer he had to hear.

"I wasn't avoiding you," Melissa said, frowning. "I'm not obligated to speak to you every single time I run into you."

"No. You're not," Everett replied, his voice filled with disappointment. "I suppose it was too much to expect any kind of reaction from you."

"What reaction were you expecting?"

"For example..." Everett stopped talking, and the darkness began to feel more mysterious in the corridor.

It gave Melissa a bad feeling about what was coming. She narrowed her eyes and sure enough, Everett's deep voice began again, "How did you feel? What did you think when you heard I had died?"

How had she felt? What did she think? The questions left her reeling and her eyes went blank, as she thought back to the moment.

She had felt hurt, in pain.

She had even wanted to fly to Europe to find out whether it was true or

not.

No matter what had happened, she didn't want him dead.

"What are you thinking about?" Everett crossed his arms and leaned against the wall. "It seems that you had thought a lot when you heard the news."

"No," Melissa spat back. She looked at him, stubborn, yet with something hidden in her eyes, some complex indescribable emotion. Then, she asked, "How did you feel when you heard I was dead? What did you think?"

The atmosphere froze the instant the words had left her lips. The only sound was that of their rhythmic breathing.

"Ah, forget it. I don't want to know," Melissa went to open the door and said, "Get out of my way. I'm going to sleep."

"Melissa..." Everett sighed.

He had thought that he could make up for the mistakes of five years ago. Enough time had passed.

But those mistakes had left an incurable wound. One that would always stand between them.

With this thought, he realized how impossibly sad the situation was. He began to speak. "I... I didn't really believe you were dead. I thought..."

"You thought I had a place to go to, and I deserved what I had gone through," Melissa cut in.

Despite the fact she had said it out loud, it didn't make her any happier.

In fact, these things preyed on her mind all the time, but she didn't want them to.

"No, Melissa," Everett put one hand on the door to stop her from closing it, but then he realized nothing he could say would help. "I... you go to bed. Good night."

"Okay."

He gazed at the closed door, feeling awful that he couldn't help heal

Melissa's mind.

Then he turned on his heel and headed outside. Standing in the yard, he looked up at the only lit-up window on the second floor.

He wanted a cigarette. So he lit one.

He watched the smoke swirling in the air, and sucked it greedily down his throat. It helped to sober him up.

Now that Melissa and the children had returned to him, he would never let them go.

No matter what had happened in the past, no matter what was happening now, nothing was going to stop him.

No matter how long it took, he would do it. Everett made up his mind.