

## Chapter 423 I'm Sorry

Everett felt something constricted around his neck, causing his breath to speed up. He still maintained his focus on the phone's screen.

Given that the message came from Melissa, he assumed it to be true.

He had purposely avoided discussing the topic all this time. If, by chance, he had misunderstood Melissa five years ago, then...

Franco observed this and let out a sigh.

Despite being hospitalized, Everett persisted with the issue.

Overwhelmed, he pleaded with Everett. "You need not subject yourself to this. After all, Melissa and your parents have a great relationship. She might let the past go at any moment."

To this, Everett replied firmly, "No, she will not."

The event occurred five years prior had always been a sensitive subject between the two individuals. It was purposely overlooked and left unresolved.

Everett was fully aware of this.

Unless the underlying issue was addressed and resolved, he and Melissa would never have been reconciled.

The underlying assumption was that he had to confront the truth and couldn't avoid it any longer. Only then could he gradually erase the pain in Melissa's heart.

His expression darkened, and he shifted his gaze toward Franco.

"You may leave now, Franco. I am fine."

"But..."

Franco attempted to persuade him once more, but in the end he simply gestured toward the bedside call button before shutting the door behind him.

After all, Melissa and her two children had nearly died five years ago, and now the truth was exposed. If Franco were in Everett's shoes, he doubted he could have coped. He was not directly involved, but he could already feel the pain. How much more painful it must be for Everett?

Everett's eyes were bloodshot as he stared at the phone screen.

His hand was trembling violently. When he clicked on the post, he experienced a sense of relief, followed by endless self-blame and anger.

The post was rather crude, only describing how Arielle had framed Melissa using her miscarriage as a pretext and then forced her to flee and disappear. It did not implicate the Mayfield Group or him very much.

Still, numerous details of the truth vividly replayed in his mind, tormenting him.

Everett realized that it was he who had been blind and did not listen to any explanation from Melissa. He had treated her coldly and driven her out of the house despite her begging.

The truth was that he was the murderer.

He, Everett, was to blame for Melissa's "death" five years ago.

"It's all my fault! It's all my fault! I'm to blame for everything..."

Everett was unsure what to do to get rid of his feelings. He kept reading the post over and over again while raving hoarsely. His arm that held the phone bulged with blue veins.

Everett was consumed by guilt and sadness.

He couldn't help but think about how Melissa must have felt spending days outside while pregnant. Was she desperate and heartbroken, or did she hold onto a little hope that he would take her and their children back home?

"I am a terrible person. I'm sorry, sorry..."

As Everett repeated these words, his face blanched and his eyes were red with emotion.

Finally, he punched the wall with his fists, which gave him a bit of relief.

The unbearable pain of guilt and self-reproach was too much for him to bear. He could only find solace in hurting himself.

Suddenly, his ears started ringing and he lost consciousness.

As he fell to the bed, Everett closed his eyes and felt the tears as they streamed down his face.

"I'm sorry..."

He whispered the words before everything went black.