

## Chapter 10 Her Death

On the balcony, a frigid gust of wind swept by, rattling Melanie's bony frame. Her hand quivered slightly, a mere tremor. Never before had she felt the sting of Everett's cruelty. He had been so unsympathetic to her that he'd informed her, outright, of his decision to marry Vivian.

"Next Monday, I'll hold a spectacular wedding for Vivian to compensate her for the wrong you had done." Everett walked to her, throwing her a wedding invitation.

Melanie scanned the invitation and then raised her head to look at Everett. "The wrong I've done? The only wrong thing I did is to... love you."

To hurt her mentally was no less than to hurt her physically. How could he be so merciless, so insensitive to her feelings? In her whole life, never had Melanie done anything to harm anyone, except for herself.

Everett furrowed even deeper, disgust exuding from his eyes. "You're quite adept at making excuses for yourself," he scoffed.

Looking at Melanie's fragile frame, he recalled her ploy to gain his attention by buying a pack of blood from hospital. He jeered, "Did you really think I'd be swayed by your fake sickness? You're really a good actor, but who would like someone as emaciated as a skeleton and as ghastly as you?"

His words constricted Melanie's throat. She forced a smile and murmured, "I don't require anyone's affection."

"Then why did you desire me as your husband, to hold your hands, to embrace you, and to love you, as if we are affectionate?" Everett refused to release her from the torture. He kept stabbing into her heart using his harsh words.

Melanie gazed upon his nonchalant expression, her pallid lips parting slightly. She longed to say, "Because I love you." But the words stuck in her throat, and she could only utter feebly, "It's just a throwaway remark. Think nothing of it."

In just a few words, she had drained herself of all energy. Everett, noticing her indifferent demeanor, left without a second thought.

Shortly after he left, the siren of an ambulance wailed through the old villa. Melanie lay surrounded by a plethora of medical devices, wearing an oxygen mask, and clasping the wedding invitation tightly in her hands.

Jose grasped her hand, tears cascading down his cheeks. "Mela, don't be scared. I'm here."

Melanie gazed at him vacantly, summoning all her might to shove the invitation into Jose's hand. Her pallid lips parted slightly, but no sound emerged.

Jose tenderly kissed her hand, his whole body quivering. "Mela, no."

Melanie shook her head, trying to remove the oxygen mask. Jose's eyes reddened. But he didn't want Mela to harbor any regrets in her final moments. He removed the

mask with his own hands, and leaned forward to listen to her.

Melanie clutched his hand tightly and spoke indistinctly, "Please help me give Earley Corporate to him...and also, attend his wedding on my behalf, and tell him...". She remembered Everett's query before he left, and her eyes blinked slightly, "Because I..."

The three words, "I love him," could not be finished. She squeezed Jose's hand, and her grip gradually loosened.

Her hands, holding onto Jose's, fell down limply. The red invitation card dropped to the ground and glaringly contrasting against the white floor. The harsh sound of the electric current echoed through the room as the ECG line turned into a straight line with no ups and downs.

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Monday arrived.

Everett's wedding was held at the sacred and solemn Afterglow Church. He wore a custom-made suit, high-spirited and vigorous. After four long years, he finally made up for his mistake and it was time to welcome his happiness.

Inside the church, the bride wore a magnificent floor-length wedding dress, enchanting and affectionate. But Everett's gaze wandered around the church, unable to find that repugnant woman, furrowing his brows. He had sent her the invitation, how could she not come?!

Just then, the church door opened, revealing a man in a black suit with a white rose on his chest. "I'm attorney of Miss Melanie Earley. I'm here to announce her last will..."