

## Chapter 14 She Doesn't Owe You

A black Bentley parked in front of Elgin Villa.

Two bodyguards took Vivian towards the vehicle. She clung to Everett's sleeve, her tearful eyes revealing a mix of desperation and regret.

"Everett, I was wrong. I shouldn't have plotted against my cousin. Please forgive me this time." She pleaded.

Everett remained unmoved.

"Please, Ever, please don't hand me over to Ander Wyatt. He will kill me! For the sake of our... our friendship, okay?" Vivian continued.

"You'd better pray that nothing happens to Melanie, otherwise Ander will not be the only one who wants you to die. Me, too." Everett threatened coldly.

Vivian trembled at his menacing tone.

"No, no. Everett, you can't do this to me. Don't you remember what you said to me after I saved you? You promised to love and protect me for life!" She held onto him with the last of her strength. "Look at my hands. Look at these scars. If it weren't for me saving you, my piano dream wouldn't have been shattered."

Everett looked at the scars on her hands and his eyes trembled slightly.

Ten years ago.

Everett was kidnapped by a rival company of Connors family. He managed to escape but was injured. Vivian saved him and played piano to soothe him while he was

unconscious. But when he woke up, she never played the piano again.

Her hands were seriously injured when the kidnappers retaliated by breaking her tendons. Although she recovered, she developed a psychological trauma and couldn't touch the piano without feeling fear.

"Ever, do you remember those days when I played the piano every night to soothe you?" Vivian continued, observing the subtle changes of Everett's expression.

The two bodyguards noticed these changes as well and loosened their grip of Vivian.

Everett waved his hand, signaling for them to leave.

Only then did Vivian breathe a sigh of relief.

"I'll let you go this time, but it's the last chance. We have nothing to do with each other from now on. Never show up in front of me again!" Everett warned her.

This was his last act of mercy, not for Vivian, but for the girl who took care of him and played the piano for him every day.

Vivian got off the car as fast as she could for fear that Everett would change his mind. She couldn't imagine what he would do to her if he found out the truth.

After all, she never learned to play the piano.

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Elgin Villa looked empty with its hostess absent.

Despite his efforts to restore everything in this villa to its original state, Everett couldn't feel a single trace of

Melanie. After signing the divorce agreement, Melanie left taking all her belongings with her.

"Melanie, where have you gone?" Everett gazed at room, experiencing for the first time the loneliness. For the first time he truly felt what Melanie felt waiting for him every day.

He picked up the phone and dialed Jose's number.

On the other end of the line, Jose's cold and harsh voice sounded. "You've already destroyed Earley Corporate. What else do you want? Destroy Reagan family? Let me remind you, Kaylee is Mela's sister."

"That's not what I called to discuss." Everett replied icily.

"Then what are you gonna do? Dig up the grave of Mela's parents?" Jose squinted his eyes. Given Everett's cruel behavior, it was entirely possible. He was a madman.

"Let me remind you," Jose continued, "if it weren't for Mela pleading with her parents, you would have been killed a long time ago for defiling their daughter."

"What do you mean?"

Jose's voice was heavy with sarcasm. "Did you really think that Earley family needed to force you to marry Mela? Who the fuck are you!"

"If it weren't for Mela threatening to commit suicide, you are a dead body now. She doesn't owe you!"

Everett's face remained impassive as he listened, but

his grip on the phone tightened, betraying the storm inside him.

“Is it Melanie who told you this? You two seem to be getting along well. Tell her to come back immediately. Legally, she’s still my wife, and I will not allow her to cuckold me.”