

Chapter 15 He Found her

After hanging up the phone, Everett called his assistant again.

“Keep a close eye on Jose Carson. Once you hear any news about Melanie, call me immediately.”

He knew Jose was lying about everything, the death, the will, the medical report. They were all nonsense.

“Melanie, once I find you, we’ll live a good life together. I won’t let you leave again.”

...

A week later.

Everett finally received the message from his assistant and hurriedly headed for the address sent to him.

Torrential rain poured down as he drove, and there was few people on the road.

He made sure he looked his best, still as handsome as ever. He was certain Melanie would regret leave him.

He decided to punch on Jose’s face to vent his anger. Let’s see if she would dare to hook up with another man after witnessing the beating.

If she dare, he would beat every man she hooked up with.

Finally he arrived at the destination. He stepped out of the car with expectations and a eager heart.

He glanced at the surroundings, picturesque landscape with fiery maple trees over the mountain.

Humph, Jose did know how to pick a good dating spot.

He took a deep breath and headed up the mountain. He felt uneasy seeing all passers-by in black and quickened his pace. When he reached a flat area and saw what was in front of him, his pupils contracted.

There were gravestones standing in front of him.

Jose was standing in front of one of the gravestones, holding a large bouquet of white roses and placing them on the gravestone.

Everett strode towards him, his gaze touching the black-and-white photo on the tombstone, and he felt like the heartstrings inside him snapped.

His umbrella fell to the ground, and he was drenched by the rain. He stared at the smiling woman in the black-and-white photo, whose eyes, however, exuding only sadness and loneliness.

Melanie...

'No, it can't be her.' Everett repeatedly told himself.

Jose noticed Everett's arrival and frowned. "Why are you here?"

Ignoring him, Everett approached and looked at the words on the tombstone.

Melanie Earley, born on August 10, 1997, died on December 5, 2019.

December 5th was the same day he had sent her the invitation.

Everett's heart was close to breaking. He gently

stroked the photo with his fingertips and dialed his assistant's number on his phone. "Arrange someone to come and dig up the grave immediately!"

He couldn't believe. He couldn't believe that Melanie was dead!

Jose widened his eyes in disbelief. "Are you nuts?"

Everett ignored him and repeatedly caressed Melanie's photo. His throat felt as though something was blocking it, and he couldn't breathe.

The assistant quickly brought some people here.

Everett was drenched from head to toe, his face expressionless as he gazed at the tombstone.

His lips parted. "Dig it up now."

He would find out whether Melanie was really dead or not.

The assistant dared not defy Everett's order and soon they started digging.

Jose was blocked by two bodyguards, watching they destroying the grave.

"Everett Connors, remember what you do today. Your evils action will definitely bring retribution."

Everett remained emotionless, his heart trembling.

As Melanie's coffin was about to be opened, Jose closed his eyes.

At this moment, a voice full of indignation came from not far away. "What the hell are you doing, you bastard?!"

When the assistant was commanded to dig up Melanie's grave, he called Ian beforehand. Ian had rushed here as soon as he heard the news.

"You are not even allow Mela to rest in peace even after death, are you?!" Ian questioned in rage.

Everett stood there in a trance, looking at the woman in the photo with a smile on her face. Raindrops kept hitting his face.

"No." He muttered, " She didn't die. No."