

Chapter 16 Love You For A Lifetime

Ian arranged for the restoration of Melanie's grave and left.

Even Jose had left.

Everett knelt on one knee in front of the grave, stroking her photo, calling out to her in despair. "Mela."

It had been a long time since he called her 'Mela', and he never expected to do this before her grave.

His throat choked up, and despite having many things he wanted to say to her, he couldn't seem to articulate any of them.

He wanted to tell her that he knew the truth now, that he shouldn't have wronged her, that he truly realized his mistakes.

But now there was no one left to listen. His Mela had left him forever...

Perhaps only could departure make he truly realize who he really cherished deep in his heart.

All the time he had been denying his feelings for Mela, but when he learned of her death, when agony and despair eroded his mind, it suddenly dawn on him that all along the name of Melanie Earley had been carved on his heart, his soul.

It sounded preposterous to have Mela left his life, but now she just left forever.

"Why didn't you tell me you were sick?" He looked at her photo, his eyes bloodshot, tears streaming down his

face.

He remembered the day when blood spurted from her mouth, staining the mirror. He remembered the day when he threw the wedding invitation at her, she looked so fragile and haggard.

Why didn't he believe her?

Why didn't he realize she was seriously ill?

Why didn't he take her to see a doctor, or even ask about her condition?

"Mela, this is your prank, right? You succeeded, so come back. I promise to be a loving husband to you, to hold your hands, to hug you in my arms, and to love you."

"Not just for two or three months, but for a lifetime."

The only reply was the sound of wind soughing through maples, and rain dropping on leaves.

The rain slowly eased up and the dusk had come down upon the cemetery. At last his lonely figure faded into the darkness.

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Half a year later.

The furnishings in Elgin Villa remained unchanged, except for the display of some new photos, which presented a woman from her childhood to adulthood.

Once again Everett stumbled back home, and upon opening the door, the sight these photos caused his eyes to turn red.

“Mela, I’m back.” He called out.

Surely there was no reply.

“I know. I should drink less as you have told me. Alcoholism is bad for health.” Everett muttered.

He sat on couch where he used to wait for Melanie, and his throat tightened as he whispered, “If death could bring me to you, I’d be happy.”

“But I’m afraid. I’m afraid to see the disdains and hatred in your eyes, for me.” He continued.

“What should we do, Mela?”

Half-dreamed, he leaned on the couch. He wished Melanie could appear in his dreams, but she never did in the past six months.

She must hate him and despise him so much that she didn’t even want to appear in his dreams.

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Everett was too dispirited to deal with business affairs. Grandpa Ian, who had retired from the leading post, took charge of Connors Corporate anew.

The outsiders thought Everett was insane. He dismantled his ex-wife's company but now he proposed the reconstruction of it.

The fact proves that reconstruction was far more difficult than dismantlement, let alone restoring it to its original state.

It’s just out of the question.

They assumed that it proved Everett's wish to reunite with his ex-wife. The question was his ex-wife had been dead for half a year, and her body had probably rotted.

"Regrets never came until he lost her forever." That's how they made a conclusion on Everett and Melanie's love story.

Censure, gossips and rumors about Everett intensified, which pissed off Grandpa Ian entirely. He headed for Elgin Villa, only to see a decadent Everett who soaked in the fumes of alcohol.

Ian snarled furiously. "Do you know what comments they make on you? A scum who pushed your ex-wife to death and married a bitch. They said you deserve the consequence, to regret for the rest of your life."

Everett held Melanie's photo in arms. "Yeah...urrr, they're right. They did a good job. Just keep spitting at me. I'll give them money."

"I'm fed up with it!" Grandpa Ian felt like he was about to have a heart attack. How could his grandson's life turn into such a mess?

"I have another news for you. Mela's sister, Kaylee Reagan is getting married. This is the invitation. As her brother-in-law, you should attend."

When Everett heard Mela's name, his eyes brightened up a bit.