

Chapter 21 Who Are You

Inside Reagan family's mansion.

Jose sent Melanie back to her bedroom. Before they entered the room, he pulled her in his arms. He held her close, and his hot breath caressed her cheeks as he whispered. "Mela, I know it's kinda rushed to propose at this time, in this place, but trust me, I will make our wedding a grand one. You will never feel wronged in our marriage."

Jose knelt on one knee and opened a beautifully crafted box containing a stunning diamond ring.

"Mela, marry me and let me protect you for life."

Staring at the man kneeling before her, Mela's eyelashes fluttered. But nearby in the shadows, a pair of fierce and intimidating eyes were glinting with anger.

"Yes." Mela whispered, extending her left hand.

With a smile on his face, Jose carefully slid the ring onto her finger and tenderly kissed the back of her hand.

But Mela couldn't shake off the feeling of uneasiness that swept over her.

She was getting married. In Provence, a beautiful city. But why did she feel unhappy?

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After receiving a satisfactory answer, Jose left with delight.

When Melanie was about to step into her bedroom, someone grabbed her, pressing her firmly against the

door. She panicked and was about to scream, but the man quickly covered her mouth with his hand and looked down at her.

“Mela, it’s me.” Everett’s voice trembled, his heart pounding with excitement when he hugged his beloved in arms.

Under the dim light, Melanie had no way to see his face clearly. She had suffered from brain cancer, and though she had been cured, her eyesight was still damaged. She couldn’t see things clearly when it’s too dark or too far away.

Unable to break free, Melanie bit the his hand, but he didn’t flinch and allowed her to bite down.

As she lay against his chest, Melanie tasted blood in her mouth and listened to his steady heartbeat. She froze.

“Mela, Mela.” She heard him call her name over and over again, while his other hand caressed her cheek.

He drew closer to her, as if couldn’t feel the dull pain on his hand caused by her bite.

As Melanie finally looked into the man’s sorrowful eyes, she realized with shock that it was him! How had he sneaked into Reagan’s mansion? Why had he come into her room?

Melanie slowly released her lips.

“What brings you here?” Melanie asked curiously.

“I miss you.” Everett blurted out without thinking.

He couldn’t wait any longer. Even if he had to climb

over walls like a thief, he had to see her. She had no idea how jealous he was when he saw Jose Carson proposing to her.

“But I don’t even know you. Who are you?” Melanie was puzzled. Due to memory lapses, she couldn’t remember who he was.

“My name is Everett Connors. I am your...admirer. I like you.”

He wanted to tell her that he was her husband, but the words stuck in his throat. He refused to admit it before, and now he was not qualified to admit it.

“Everett Connors?” Melanie called out his name. A feeling of familiarity rose from her heart.

“Mr. Connors, you better leave now, or I’ll call the police.” She felt this man was dangerous, and Jose seemed to dislike him. He offended her at the wedding, and now even broke into her room. He must not be a good person.

“I’m not leaving.” Everett ignored her warning and looked deeply into her eyes, afraid she would disappear again.

His burning gaze made Melanie uneasy, and his embrace became tighter, making it difficult for her to breathe.

She secretly took out her phone to call the police.