

Chapter 27 Truth

In the hospital, Melanie woke up, staring blankly at the ceilings.

Jose sat beside the sickbed. Seeing that she remained silent, he asked with concern in his eyes, "How are you feeling? Is your headache still bothering you?"

Hearing his voice, she snapped out of her daze and turned her head to look at him. "Jose, why didn't you tell me that Everett Connors is my ex-husband?"

Jose stiffened momentarily. He composed himself, took her hand, and said with a trace of anger in his eyes, "Because he doesn't deserve to be your husband."

He looked deep into her eyes and continued, "For me, for Kaylee, you always remain a pure, innocent little girl, rather than Everett's wife."

Never before had Melanie heard Jose speak ill of anyone, not even when he had to defend someone shameless. She felt that among all the people she knew, no one could be more gentlemanly and polite than Jose.

She took a deep breath and smiled. "I got it. I will keep my distance from him in the future. I promise not to let him get close to me again."

Jose nodded slightly.

"Now, can we go home? I don't want to stay in the hospital." Melanie pleaded, shaking his hand and acting like a spoiled child.

Jose fondly ruffled her hair. "As you wish."

She pressed down on her wig. Her hair had not yet grown back, and she couldn't let him accidentally pull it off.

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Jose was deeply scornful of Everett, and thought his disguise of being gentle and affectionate could only last for a brief time. As long as Everett saw that Mela and Jose were already together, it wouldn't be long before he gave up and left on his own.

However, one month had passed, Everett not only showed no sign to leave, but also opened a branch company here, which was located right on the way to Melanie's workplace. Every morning, Melanie would receive a large bouquet of flowers as well as gifts. Even the students in Mela's class received lunch made by a top chef, and within a month, they all turned chubby.

In front of Everett, Melanie once again ruthlessly threw the gifts and flowers into the trash. The students waved to Everett with sympathy. But Everett's smile grew even more intense, feeling pleased that Mela's glance at him lasted for two more seconds today.

Then he went to his office as usual.

The assistant gazed at the new office, and couldn't help but marvel that Mr. Connors could really make his business thrive anywhere. Why was he still just an assistant wherever he went?

Everett stood in front of the French window with a

glass of whisky in his hand, and he sarcastically criticized his assistant. "You've been investigating for a month, and I have doubts on your abilities. Doubts rise from your name, Crapp..."

Crapp... Crap...

The assistant had long been used to his sharp tongue. "Mr. Connors, ten years have passed since you have been kidnapped, and even the statute of limitations is about to pass. It takes some time to figure out the truth, but we did find some useful information."

Everett turned around, and Crapp immediately made a gesture to zip his mouth.

"What did you find out?" Everett asked.

At once, Crapp wore an extraordinarily solemn expression.

"I found out that the girl who saved you back then was likely, Miss Earley. She happened to be spending her summer vacation at her uncle's home at the time."

"Miss Earley used to be the first place winner of the Piano Competition, but she hasn't touched a piano since ten years ago."

"Also, Vivian's high school teacher told us Vivian couldn't play the piano at all..."

As Crapp's voice faded, there was a loud bang as Everett's glass of whisky fell to the ground, shattering into pieces.

The spilled whisky left stains on the carpet, and

Everett couldn't describe the feeling in his heart.

Crapp lowered his head, secretly wiping off his sweat, afraid to look at Everett's face. How could Mr. Connors be so foolish that he didn't even know who saved him, and yet still managed to run a multinational corporation?

Anger filled Everett's eyes. "Go get Vivian Jacob. I'll make her pay the price."