

Chapter 28 Bike in Memory

At the gate of international school.

Melanie walked out school, but failed to see that familiar sports car. A sense of confusion rose from her heart. Every time after class, Everett would be waiting for her outside. Regardless of whether she agreed or not, he would follow her and protect her until she arrived home.

Melanie diverted her gaze, sneered in heart that he was finally fed up with disguise.

But after taking only a few steps, she heard a familiar voice from behind. "Miss Earley, would you like a ride?"

Turning around, she saw Everett, dressed in a hoodie and casual pants, his short hair neatly trimmed. He was riding a bicycle with a group of school students cheering behind him.

What was this? Was it his new trick? A bicycle?

As Melanie's eyes narrowed slightly, she felt a sense of familiarity. She couldn't quite place where she had seen this scene before, but she did have seen this before.

As she was lost in thought, Everett had already come up to her. "Hey girl, want me to send you home?"

"Hey girl, want me to send you home..."

The books in Melanie's hands fell to the ground, and tears welled up in her eyes for no apparent reason. She covered her face with her hands. She burst out crying. She couldn't figure out the reason, but this sentence tugged at her heartstrings.

“Mela, are you okay?” Everett dropped his bicycle and helped her up.

In that moment, Melanie's mind flashed with the picture of a smiling boy, but she managed to regain her composure. She looked up at Everett mature face, and suddenly snapped out of her daze, pushing him away.

“Mr. Connors, I'm not a little girl. Don't be so childish. I won't like you.”

With that, she picked up her books and left in a hurry. Everett followed her cautiously. Had Mela recalled something just now?

Melanie strode towards her home, but she couldn't shake the lingering image from her mind. Who was that boy? Why couldn't she remember anything about him?

Could he be... Everett Connors? No, it couldn't be. How could such an optimistic boy become Everett?

Melanie halted suddenly. She turned to Everett and shouted, “Leave me alone. Don't follow me. Get out of my face...”

Her head was getting more and more painful, as if something was forcefully trying to drill out. Everett perceived her pain and quickly came to her, holding her in his arms.

“Mela, don't be afraid. I'll take you to the hospital right away.”

He looked around, only to find private cars parked there rather than taxi. He didn't drive over today.

He picked up Mela, ignoring her struggles, and carried her on his back. "Mela, trust me, you'll be fine."

Mela was in so much pain that she couldn't speak, tears slowly streaming down her face.

Everett's shoulder was wet from her tears, his heart bleeding. He was wrong. He shouldn't have tried to awaken her memories. He deserved to die.

Melanie passed out completely, lying on Everett's shoulder, muttering words in a semi-conscious state.

"Ever, can you please stop bullying me? I'm not barbie doll. I have feelings and I can feel pain too."

"Ever, I like you, since I was thirteen. I like you so much..."

"Ever, can you please not marry Vivian? I feel so hurt."

Everett carried Melanie on his back, feeling a lump in his throat. "I promise you Mela. I'll promise you everything as long as you promise me to be okay. Please Mela, don't leave me..."

In Melanie's dream, a boy in a hoodie waved at her on a bicycle.

"Hey girl, want me to send you home?"

She clenched her hands tightly, tears falling uncontrollably.

Home? She had no home now.