

Chapter 03 Car Crash

At night, Melanie collapsed on bed with a dull pain in her head. Footsteps drew closer, and then a tall figure cast a shadow on her. Next second the covers were snatched off.

Everett had her pinned beneath him, and queried, "Why did you show up in hospital with Jose Carson today?"

His fingers wandered along her waist to her breast. His fingertip was drawing circles around her nipple, which gave Melanie goose bumps. She grabbed at his arms to move away his hands.

Her movement was, undoubtedly, a fuse to detonate the bomb called Everett. Next second her wrists were gripped tightly. With a scowl, Everett observed her using his cold eyes. "You've got some nerve, rejecting me!"

Melanie found a mist sweep over her eyes. She struggled to chocked back her moans of pain though she felt her wrists stinging. "Ever, I'm not feeling well."

It was some time before she recovered from blurry vision. Fear clutched at her heart that she may soon suffer blindness.

Her blurred eyes was regarded by Everett as a kid of seductress expression. A glint of mockery flashed through his eyes. "Look like Jose didn't feed you up so you're not feeling well now, uh?"

"No... I..." Mela's explanations were interrupted by

man's rough kisses. Only gasps and moans reechoed in the bedroom.

Melanie was lying face down on bed. She felt she tasted blood in mouth. With a peek, her eyes caught the scarlet blood stain on her pillow. She hid it under her palm.

Everett got dressed anew. He cast a condescending gaze at her who lay motionless on bed. "Behave yourself. I don't want to hear any scandals about you. Got it?"

Melanie lay there limply. The scene she saw in hospital today kept replaying in her mind. The thought of Everett's anxious and worried face when carrying Vivian tore her heart apart.

Over the years Melanie had been staying by his side without complaints. She had done well enough as a wife, but Everett was a complete opposite of a qualified husband. His unfaithfulness was as plain as the nose on face. But instead of feeling guilty, he rebuked his wife in return.

Excessive dedication or selflessness won't help you to gain love in return, but sometimes it makes the other one take it for granted.

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Next day early in the morning.

The grand, always empty Elgin Villa had its first guest finally.

"Mela, if only you agree to divorce Ever, I can forgive

what you have done before for mercy's sake." Vivian took her seat on couch with a smirk.

Melanie cast an indifferent glance over Vivian, her face pale. "I know it you who drugged my drink that night, to destroy your engagement with Everett without affecting your own name."

A crafty look came to Vivian's eyes. "That matter had ended, with you to be the only one to blame. Now you see? Ever loves me with a whole heart. I just need to snap my fingers, and he will do whatever I say."

Vivian didn't deny drugging Mela's drink at that time. It all made sense. Four years ago, Connors family was not as prestigious and powerful as now to fit Vivian's ambition. But Vivian was not an idiot who would bear the blame of quitting the engagement, so she well plotted Everett's betrayal. Heartbroken, she turned and soon married to the inheritor of a top-class family, Ander Wyatt.

"So what? If only I remain as Everett's legal spouse, you can only remain as his lover, a mistress." Mela sneered.

Vivian's smirk froze on her face, but soon enough she regained her composure. "You know Everett well. Never will he treat me wrongly as long as he feels guilty to me. Hope you won't regret rejecting me today."

Calmly, Melanie gazed after Vivian until she stepped out the villa. But Vivian's threatening words still made a ripple in Mela's heart.

A feeling of unease nagged at Mela, and soon the bad feeling came true. Vivian encountered a car crash on her way home. The causing -trouble vehicle was soon confirmed to belong to Earley Corporate.

Melanie had no idea about this accident until she received a call from Everett late at midnight.

“Mela, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have pissed you off.” Said feebly by Vivian, who was lying on sickbed.

Everett’s piercing eyes fixed tightly on Mela’s face. “What makes you stage this car crash?”

“If I say I didn’t, will you trust my words?” His icy stare made Melanie reveal a self-mocking sneer. His answer was obvious, ain’t it?

Her sneer pissed Everett off, and he dragged her out the ward with a sullen face. “Your expression evidenced your guilty conscience.”

Just at this time, an old but vigorous voice sounded near. “I staged this crash.”