

Chapter 31 Don't Leave Me

In the ward.

Connie Wyatt walked towards Everett, who had been ignoring her, and extended her hand. "Mr. Connors, nice to meet you."

Everett's glance was like a sword, cold and piercing. "Do you know what kind of person I am?"

"Hmm?" Connie wore a confused expression.

Suddenly, Everett took one step closer to her. "I've been married before. I forced my wife to death for another woman. Now, I've dumped that woman too. Also, no one knows this, but I enjoy the feeling of violence..."

Connie covered her mouth in disbelief, her heart trembling. Her eyes glistened with tears of fear. She had ever read about Everett's scandals on the internet, but her brother told her that it was all fake and that Everett's wife died of illness.

"Bullshits! You brat. Connie, don't be afraid, he's just joking." Grandpa Ian quickly tried to rescue the situation.

At this point, Everett approached Connie, and a wicked smile appeared on his face. He began to unbutton his shirt. "Wanna have a try, Miss Wyatt?"

Seeing his lewd behavior, Connie remembered the previous reports that he was arrested for harassing women at night. Scared and panic, she fled away from ward. She didn't want to marry him. He was crazy and a rascal.

Everett buttoned his shirt as he muttered. "See? Grandpa, no one dares to like me except for Mela."

Ian was totally stunned by Everett's behaviors. Was this really his grandson? He thought that Everett would be able to pull himself together after knowing that Melanie was alive. But now it seemed that it was Melanie's leaving that caused his changes.

The former Everett was mature and undemonstrative, surrounded by women, but he didn't lose his composure for any of them. But now, he had truly changed. He would rather have the outside world label him with all sorts of negative terms than to pull himself together.

"Everett, think about our family. You're the only one left to carry on our family line. If you don't get married and bear children, our family's ancestral line will be broken." Ian scolded him.

Everett's face turned cold. "I am already married. My wife is Melanie Earley, only Melanie Earley." With that, he turned and left.

Ian couldn't help but make a phone call to his subordinates. "I don't care what methods you use, just find Melanie Earley and bring her back safely."

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Another month passed.

Now Board of Directors had taken over all business of Connors Corporate. They hired a renowned management talent to be the new CEO, and Everett was dismissed.

Everett had long wanted to unload the burden on his shoulders, and now he was accomplished his wish, but he had also become a lonely man.

1988 Bar.

The man drank glass after glass of alcohol. A familiar figure flashed before his eyes, and he followed that figure to the unfamiliar crowd. Only later did he realize that Mela had already been with Jose and would never come back.

These days, he indulged in heaving drinking because now only drunkenness and dreams could bring him to Melanie.

Late at night, he stumbled back home, with a severe headache. "Mela, my head hurts so much, I want some water." Even though he knew he would get no response, he couldn't help mumbling.

Just then, a glass of water was placed in front of him. He stared blankly at the hand which was covered in old scars. He froze, raised his head and saw a familiar face.

Melanie met his gaze, her hand trembling as she put down the water and prepared to leave.

The man behind her hugged her, his tall body pressing against hers. "Mela, please don't leave me."