

Chapter 32 Found the Lost Her

In the living room, Melanie felt Everett's massive body pressing down on her. She tried to push him away.

But instead of being pushed back, Everett lifted her up and slammed her onto the couch. With his thin lips fiercely pressing against hers, his large hands roamed all over her body.

The pungent smell of alcohol invaded her senses, and her lips were forced open, filled with the acrid taste of liquor. A redness rose in her eyes as she lifted her hand and landed a resounding slap across Everett's face.

As the pain throbbed on his cheek and the alcohol haze began to dissipate, he caught a glimpse of the person beneath him. Then, a glass of cold water was unceremoniously dumped on his head.

"You bastard!" Mela wiped her mouth and straightened her disheveled clothes.

Everett was fully sober now. Water dripped from his face and hair. He blinked his eyes and observed Melanie carefully. It wasn't his dream or hallucination. She was really there! She had really come back!

Everett's eyes welled up with tears. He jumped off the couch and walked toward Melanie, who was retreating to the corner with no way to escape.

"Everett Connors, what do you want? Why did you bring me here?" Melanie questioned, her voice wary.

Last time she met Everett, Melanie fainted from

stimulation, and when she woke up, Jose had taken her to resettle in a new place. Their resettlement must have something to do with Everett, but she didn't ask Jose about it.

They had lived peaceful days for a while until two days ago when a group of people suddenly broke into her house and took her away. They brought her here, where was filled with her photos. At night, she saw Everett stumbling back home, and only then did she realize that this was his home.

Looking at her wary look and hearing her words, Everett realized that Melanie still didn't recollect the past memories. She wasn't here of her own accord.

"Mela..." He whispered.

Before he could continue, Melanie interrupted him. "Please call me Melanie, or Miss Earley."

Melanie felt it weird to hear strangers calling her so intimately, and she especially didn't like Everett calling her that. The smell of alcohol was still on her lips. She wiped her mouth hard, not understanding why she had married such a drunkard.

Everett's eyes remained unchanged as he slowly spoke, "Miss Earley..."

His magnetic voice was pleasant to hear, and his scorching breath blew on her cheek. Melanie couldn't help but blush, and quickly avoided his gaze.

"Mr. Connors, this is very impolite and discourteous

of you to do this. Please send me back immediately." She calmed herself down and said.

Listening to her polite but nonchalant words, Everett drew closer to her. Melanie panicked, and she hastily covered her lips.

"It's too late today. I'll send you back tomorrow. Let me take you to your room to rest." Everett said in a deep voice.

Melanie gradually slackened her vigilance, and she followed him upstairs.

Everett was inclined to be possessive of Mela, but seeing her follow him without being alert, he knew that if he dared to cross the line tonight, he would truly lose her trust forever.

He pushed open the bedroom door. "This is your room. I've always had someone clean it."

Melanie nodded and quickly entered the room, then locked the door behind her.

Everett watched her every move, and his lips unconsciously curved upwards. He never knew she had such a cute side to her.

He knew that Melanie couldn't see things clearly in darkness, so he turned on all the lights in the villa. Afterwards, he went to sleep with satisfaction. That night, they were separated by a wall, but for the first time after Melanie left, he slept especially soundly.

The next day.

Melanie woke up very early, and Everett had already finished getting ready and was waiting for her in the living room. He seemed deliberately dressed up, with not a single wrinkle on his clothes and his hair neatly combed. He stood straight, waiting for her to come down.

Although Melanie didn't understand why Everett had forcibly brought her here, as long as he was willing to send her back, she would be willing to forgive him.