

## Chapter 33 Ian's Arrangements

In the villa.

After Melanie arrived downstairs, Everett reached out to open the entry door, but failed. No matter how hard he tried or how many times he entered the password, the door remained closed. The password for the villa's door lock had been changed, even the facial recognition had been altered.

At this moment, Everett's expression was extremely stern.

"We've been locked up." He turned his head to look at Melanie and explained. It must be his grandpa Ian. Despite his advanced age, he still behaved immature sometimes.

Melanie's lips slightly parted. "I can see it." She could see her ex-husband, who didn't even know the password to his own house.

Everett then took out his phone and called his assistant Crapp. "Mr. Connors... I have a bad signal... I CAN'T HEAR YOU, SIR..."

Beep- The phone was hung up.

Everett clenched his phone. "Damn it, Crapp, you've got some nerve." He turned to Melanie. "Are you hungry?"

Melanie shook her head and reached out her hand to him.

"What?" Everett was confused.

"Can you lend me your phone? I need to call

Jose. We've been lost contact for such a long time, he must be dead worried."

Everett's eyes flickered, wondering if it was too late to destroy his phone now.

"It wasn't me who tied you up." He tried to avoid the topic.

However, Melanie looked into his eyes. "So, can you lend me your phone?"

Everett reluctantly handed her his phone and rubbed his nose shyly. "The password is your birthday."

Melanie responded with an "oh" and went to make a call to Jose.

Suddenly Everett noticed a small red dot flashing near the vase. He revealed a scowl. He walked over and took a book, covering up the tiny camera.

Meanwhile.

"Crapp, why can't we see anything?" Grandpa Ian asked, wearing reading glasses.

Crapp leaned forward to check the screen, and his face turned pale. "We've been discovered."

Ian took off his glasses, angry to the extreme. "That little brat. We have helped him create chances. Why didn't he seize the last night? When can I have my grandchild then?!"

Crapp could sense that his future life was not going to be easy because he dared tricked his boss today. But it was his first time to see Mr. Connors reveal such a sad

expression. Crapp hoped that Mr. Connors and Miss Earley wouldn't have to part away in the future. If he could help them reconcile, he would have done a good deed.

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On the balcony, Melanie made sure that Everett hadn't followed behind and then called Jose.

As soon as the phone got through, she heard Jose roaring with anger. "Everett Connors, is it you who took Mela away?!"

"Jose, it's me, Mela." She replied, taken aback by Jose's furious voice.

On the other end of the line, Jose's heart sank when he realized that Mela was calling him from Everett's phone.

"Mela, where are you now?" Jose's hand tightened around his phone, his fingertips paled.

"I'm at Everett's villa." Melanie told Jose about how she was tied up and locked in this house with Everett.

"I got it. I'll come get you right away. Be safe."

"I will. Don't worry."

Melanie hung up the phone and returned the living room, but failed to see Everett. Suddenly she caught a smell of something burnt.

Following the scent, she found Everett in the kitchen wearing casual clothes and an apron. He was flipping burnt eggs, his expression cold and stern.

'Why is it so difficult to fry the egg?!' Everett furrowed

his eyebrows.

“Impressive cooking skill! Mr. Connors. I'm really surprised that you didn't starve yourself to death.” Melanie couldn't believe that the CEO of a major corporation couldn't even fry egg.