

Chapter 34 Ex-wife

In the kitchen.

Everett stiffened slightly hearing Melanie's words. Melanie walked over, wanting to take the spatula from his hand, but he stopped her. "Give me another half an hour."

She showed a doubtful attitude toward Everett's cooking skill, after all, he couldn't even make breakfast. But seeing him so motivated, Melanie didn't wanna hurt his self-confidence. Beside, being able to taste a CEO's cooking was a rare experience.

Half an hour later, Everett finally brought some toast and a fried egg that looked messy. "Perhaps they don't look good, but I trust the taste should be opposite." He said nervously.

From childhood to adulthood, he had never even worn a apron, let alone cook. After marriage, although they didn't hire any chefs or servants, Melanie was adept at cooking and he was happy to come home and eat. At the time, he didn't think cooking was a big deal, but only after he tried it himself today did he realize how tired it was.

"Well then, I'll start having my breakfast first." Melanie really felt a bit hungry now. She took a bite of the toast, which were baked for too long and tasted a bit bitter, but still acceptable.

Everett felt content seeing Melanie enjoying the breakfast, and he considerately poured her a glass of milk. But Melanie shook her head. "I don't drink milk. I'm

lactose intolerant.”

Everett felt a pang in his heart upon hearing this, and drained the glass of milk himself. “I’ll remember it.” He said. He then rolled up his sleeves and went to wash the glass.

Melanie silently watched him doing chores, feeling curious. He clearly had never done these things before, so why did he force himself?

“Thank you for helping me prepare breakfast. I’ll wash the dishes.” She said, wanting to take the plates from him. But he grabbed her hand, and she evaded him reflexively. Why did this man always like to touch her?

Her avoidance and alert mind brought a pang in Everett’s heart, but his face remained unchanged. “No need. I’ll take care of this.” He insisted, so Melanie went to the living room.

She hadn’t noticed that last night, but now, looking at the decoration inside the villa, she felt very familiar. Everett finished washing the dishes and came out, only to see Melanie looking at decoration.

“Is this where I used to live?” Melanie asked when she noticed him approaching.

“Yes.”

They didn’t live with grandpa Ian but in Elgin Villa because Everett enjoyed quiet, and another reason was that he thought Melanie didn’t deserve to live in Connors family’s mansion at that time.

Melanie sat on couch, quietly waiting for Jose to come and pick her up. Jose had already rushed back to this city, and it would only take him two hours to get here. Two hours could be a long or short time, especially when a man and a woman were alone together.

Everett sat not far from Melanie. He had quite a lot to talk to her, but didn't know where to start.

"Mr. Connors, can you please not stare at me?" Melanie was annoyed. For some reason, every time she got close to him, she would inexplicably be haunted by sadness, especially last time when he rode the bike.

"When will Jose Carson come to pick you up?" Everett glanced at his watch, wishing time could pass more slowly.

"He should be here soon. Can he get in?" Melanie asked.

Everett leaned against the couch lazily. "It should take some time." He put his phone aside. He had just messaged Crapp, determined to stop Jose no matter what. Forgive his selfishness, he just wanted to spend more time with Melanie.

"What do you mean by 'should'?" Melanie looked at him suspiciously.

"The villa is equipped with a security system." Everett lied without changing his expression.

"Then you can cancel it. You're the host."

"Remember? I can't even open the door here." For the

first time, Everett felt that his grandpa had done something right.

Melanie got up. "Can you please lend me your phone again?"

Everett's face turned serious. "Miss Earley, a man's phone could only be shown to his wife, not any other woman. I've already lent it to you once. I can't lend it to you again unless..."

Melanie quietly withdrew her hand. "Save your 'unless'. Don't forget I'm just your ex-wife."