

Chapter 35 Her Deep Love

No way to call Jose, Melanie sat back on couch. She had thought that Everett wasn't as bad as the rumors had made him out to be, but it turned out to be she was wrong. Perhaps everything that was happening was orchestrated by him, like locking her up in this villa. She couldn't fathom what he was thinking.

"Mr. Connors, I'll remind you again that I have a fiancé. You're just my ex-husband."

"I know." Everett replied calmly.

His calmness made Melanie feel like punching on cotton, and she had no way to vent her anger. She took a deep breath and fidgeted on couch, feeling a dull pain in her abdomen. But how could she tell him that she was having her period?

It was strange. She had never felt pain during her period before.

Everett noticed her discomfort and walked up to her. "What's wrong?"

"I, I'm on my period." Melanie said, feeling embarrassed.

Without hesitation, Everett picked her up from couch and rushed upstairs.

"Where are you taking me?" Melanie startled.

"To your room."

Melanie's expression changed, and she quickly tried to get down. "Why do you want to go to my room?"

Everett knew she had misunderstood. He chuckled and held her tighter.

"To get the things you need." He explained.

Melanie calmed down. Thankfully, there were some tampons in her room. As Melanie watched Everett bring tampons to her, her face flushed with embarrassment. Everett only now realized how easily she became shy and wanted to hold her for a while longer.

Later, Melanie lay in bed while Everett went fetch drinks for her. She felt bored, but then she found a password book in the bedside table. It was quite old.

She opened it gently and suddenly, some old photos fell out. The photos were of Everett when he was younger. In the photo, he looked to be only nineteen or twenty years old, wearing a hoodie and standing under a tree. The sunlight shone through the leaves and fell on his shoulders. His face wasn't as stern as it was now, and his eyes seemed to be full of the universe, like the dazzling sun in winter that you would easily get attracted by him.

A tear slid down Melanie's cheek and landed on the photo. She wiped away the tear and flipped the photo over, placing it back in the diary. Then, she opened the diary, which recorded the thoughts of the girl over the past ten years.

"He asked me if I want him to send me home. God his voice is gentle, but I was too nervous and rejected him. I regret it so much now."

“...What should I do? I realize I have crush on him, but I’m not sure if he likes me...”

“Vivian confessed to him. My heart broke. I wanted to tell him that I was the one who saved him, but I promised my mom to let it go.”

There was a large blank space in the diary. After turning several pages, the new content showed up.

“It was an accident. I don’t blame you, nor do I blame anyone.”

“We are getting married, but you don’t love me, and I don’t seem to know how to love you.”

“Ever, It’s my first time to be a wife. If there is anything I don’t do well, please don’t blame me. I will improve.”

“...”

“You are with other women, and I am angry, jealous, and even argue with you. Was it my fault?”

“...”

Melanie’s heart ached, and she saw the last sentence. “I’m diagnosed with brain cancer. I don’t know how long I have left to live. I am tired, Everett Connors, I am afraid I cannot love you anymore!”

Melanie looked at the diary she had written before, and her eyes slowly turned red. Previously, she only knew from the internet how bad her ex-husband was to her. Now, she understood that compared to what was written in her diary, it was nothing.

Just then, Everett walked in with a glass of juice. He didn't notice the change in Melanie's expression, carefully handing it to her.

Melanie looked at him with reddened eyes, then she reached out her hand. With a bang, the glass fell to the ground and shattered into pieces.