

Chapter 04 Only One Who Trust Her

Melanie's eyes travelled to where the sound came from. An aged man with gray hair stood in the corridor, staring at her lovingly.

Her nose twitched. Barely could she hold back her tears. "Grandpa Ian."

"I know. I know, kid, that Everett has treated you wrongly." Said Ian Connors, Everett's grandpa.

Melanie felt a lump in her throat, and she could say nothing. Before marrying to Everett, Melanie was the distinguished lady of Earley family, sheltered by her elder sister and parents. Never did she shed a tear, nor had she been so wrongly treated. But now the marriage she used to yearn for brought only bitterness and pain. The worst thing now was that she was getting accustomed to receiving insults, but yet not immune to pain.

Ian Connors gave Everett a tongue-lashing, saying Everett was depraved and wicked to hurt his kind wife for the sake of a scheming woman. Ian threw out the evidence to prove this car crash was plotted by Vivian Jacob herself.

Everett fell into silence as he heard this. Melanie knew him well. She didn't believe that Everett was completely ignorant of Vivian's movements. He just didn't care it because whatever Vivian had done, it wouldn't change his love. Melanie's heart was like soaking in lemon juice, sour and bitter.

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For the next whole week, Everett didn't show up.

Melanie started her first course of chemotherapy. Jose Carson was the only one accompanying her. They had Melanie's long, smooth hair cut. A touch of sadness reached Jose's eyes as his eyes caught the hair on ground.

"I must look funny now." Melanie leaned back against the headboard.

"No. You're the prettiest girl in the world." Jose's voice sounded tender but firm.

Melanie's eyes glinted with delight, but soon it faded away. "Jose, can you buy me a wig? To make me look the same as before." She was reluctant to show up in front of Everett with her bare head.

"Yeah, sure." Jose's heart tingled as he knew Mela's thoughts.

Afternoon, Melanie wore her new wig and makeup, perfectly concealed her pale face. Now no one could tell from her appearance that she just underwent the chemotherapy.

Jose drove Melanie back to Elgin Villa. Before she got off, he removed the scarf around his neck and put it on Melanie. "It's chill outside. Don't catch a cold."

"Hmm."

Melanie watched his car until it was out of sight. The wind was really piercing outside. Mela stepped into the villa hurriedly.

The moment she walked in the living room, her eyes caught the man sitting on couch. He had been out of touch for a whole week. She thought he had already forgotten he had a home here.

“Having fun with that guy?”

He blurted it out coldly. Like a bucket of icy water pouring down on head, Melanie’s flame of surprise and excitement extinguished.

Her silence exacerbated the rage in Everett’s heart. He sprang up from couch, striding to Melanie and easily pressed her against the wall. He leaned forward. His lips almost touched her earlobe. “Just a few days without me makes you jump to hook up with that man. You’re such a slut.”

Melanie gritted her teeth, trying to suppress down the anguish in heart. “Jose and I are just friends.”

His hands slid into her clothes like a snake, making Melanie quiver slightly. She suddenly reminded doctor’s advice and caught Everett’s hand. “Please, stop.”

She just underwent chemotherapy, and she was too weak to bear his rough behaviors. It would kill her to let Everett fuck her right now.

“What? Are you trying to keep your cunt exclusive to Jose Carson now?” Everett was simmering with rage. His gaze fell on the man’s scarf around Mela’s neck. He dragged Melanie into the bathroom and fucked her from behind again and again.

Melanie looked the reflection in the mirror, the haggard woman without any dignity. She couldn't take it any more. A wave of warm fluid rose from her throat. Her eyes got blurry, and with a puff, blood spurted out of her mouth to the mirror, like a blossomed red rose...