

Chapter 42 His Urgent Desire

Upon hearing Jose's words, Everett expressed his gratitude to Jose as he swiftly sprinted towards Melanie's location.

At that moment, Melanie was standing by the courthouse entrance, wiping the ring adorning her nameless finger. Suddenly, a towering figure enveloped her in a tight embrace, causing Melanie's eyes to widen.

"Everett, what are you doing? Release me! Let go!" She exclaimed.

"I will never let go, not in this lifetime." Everett declared resolutely.

With little regard for Melanie's resistance, he gently placed her inside the car.

Fear gripped Melanie's heart as she pounded on the window. "Everett, have you lost your mind? Let me out!"

Everett firmly clasped her hand and declared, "I will never let you go, under any circumstances." The engine roared to life as he initiated the car's motion.

In the midst of this, Crapp finally dashed out, witnessing his boss leaving without taking him, he sighed.

Following closely behind, Jose emerged. As Jose watched Everett's vehicle fade into the distance, he removed his wire-framed glasses and casually discarded them into a nearby trash bin. It's time for him to leave...

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The sports car came to a halt at the entrance of Elgin Villa. Melanie had made numerous attempts to contact Jose, only to discover that he had blacklisted her.

"We've arrived home." Everett expressed, his heart brimming with delight, unable to conceal it entirely.

Setting her phone down, Melanie gazed at the familiar surroundings. Home, once a place she regarded as such, but now she realized it felt estranged, unfamiliar.

Everett approached from the other side of the car, opening the door with a welcoming gesture. "Welcome home, my dear wife."

The word "wife" rolled off his tongue, resonating with magnetic allure and a symphony of mellifluous tones. A sense of bewilderment washed over Melanie as she whispered his name, her voice barely audible. "Ever."

Everett's throat tightened, and he enfolded her within his embrace.

Leaning against his shoulder, tears silently trickled down Melanie's cheeks. "Let's get a divorce." Her words emerged devoid of emotional color.

Everett stiffened, his hands trembled.

"You promised to grant me freedom." Melanie added.

A pang resonated within Everett's throat, and he slowly relinquished his grip on Melanie. "I, I promise you."

As Melanie absorbed his agreement, she realized that the sadness she had previously carried had dissipated. It was as if a profound transformation had taken place within her. Having traversed through these experiences, she had indeed ceased to love him.

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Not all apologies can earn forgiveness, and sometimes, atonement is a lonely journey.

Four years ago, when Melanie and Everett obtained their marriage certificate, it was a mere formality. The assistant took care of all the subsequent arrangements. Now, as they headed

for divorce, Everett followed Melanie like a shadow.

At the doorstep, Melanie smiled at the man she had cherished for a decade. "Mr. Connors, I wish you find the one who truly captures your heart and wish you find your happiness."

Deep within Everett's enigmatic eyes, an abyss of sorrow was concealed. He gazed at her intensely, uttering only two words in the end. "You too!"

Melanie turned away, her silhouette gradually fading into the distance.

Everett watched her vanish, knowing that this time she had truly departed, never to return. "Mela, I apologize for failing to provide you with a home, for not fulfilling my duties as a husband... I'm sorry..." Taking steps backward, he felt a welling of moisture in his eyes.

On the journey back, Everett witnessed a woman running frantically, her actions akin to madness.

"I am Melanie Earley! I can now play the piano. My hands bear the scars from saving Everett. Why won't you release me? Just wait until Everett returns, he won't show you mercy."

"I am Melanie..."

Chapter 43 Her Tragic End

In the middle of the wide road, Vivian was running, with her hair messy like a mad woman. Laughing hysterically, she claimed to be Melanie.

Finally, several bodyguards caught her, and upon seeing Everett not far away, they quickly lowered their heads. "Mr. Connors, I'm sorry she escaped due to our oversight. She suddenly knocked out the person who delivered her food."

Vivian had been confined in a dark and cold basement for several months, and it was not a surprise that her mental state was at the edge of breakdown.

As a privileged young lady, Vivian had never experienced such hardship before. When she saw Everett, she grasped his hand in a daze. "Everett, you finally came. I'm Mela!" Tears streamed down Vivian's face. "You came to rescue me, right? It's all Vivian's fault. She pretended to be me."

As Vivian spoke, she suddenly saw a stone on the ground and screamed, jumping up in fright. "A rat, a rat!"

Everett slowly pulled his hand away. "Take her back."

The bodyguards were about to take Vivian away when Everett called out to them again. "Take her back to Jacob family."

"Yes, sir."

Everett was exhausted. He felt it was time to rest. When he returned home, he lay on Melanie's bed, still able to smell her scent lingering in the sheets. As he touched her belongings, a bittersweet feeling rose from his heart, like the taste of a sour candy.

At that moment, a diary appeared before him. He picked it up and opened it, and a photo fell out. It was a picture of

himself ten years ago, with a few delicate words written on the back. "EVER" followed by a heart and "MELA".

He carefully put the photo away and opened the diary, reading the contents with tears streaming down his face. He realized he was not even qualified to apologize.

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Jacob family.

Vivian's parents didn't fret about Vivian's madness because they bore several children, several heir candidates.

Beside, Vivian's reputation was tarnished, and Wyatt brothers had long grown weary of her presence. When she went missing, her parents made no effort to find her, as if she were never their daughter.

Therefore, when the disheveled and deranged Vivian was brought back, her mother cast a cold gaze and uttered, "who's this madwoman? Get her out at once."

The servant answered, "madam, this is young miss."

"What?!" Vivian's mother rushed downstairs, her eyes fixated on the disarrayed woman. There was no doubt that this was her own daughter. "Vivi, what happened?"

Vivian caught sight of her mother and exclaimed, "Ah—ghost! Don't come near me, you ghost!"

"Vivian, I'm your mother!" Vivian's mother exclaimed, unable to believe what she saw.

"You're not my mom, you're a ghost. I am Melanie, the person Everett loves the most." Vivian uttered, breaking into sudden laughter.

Vivian's father emerged from the shadows. "What's going on here?"

"Hubby, our daughter has gone mad."

"But she's supposed to be abroad. How could she have lost her sanity?" Furrowing his brows, Vivian's father gazed upon Vivian's incoherent ramblings, his expression contorted with displeasure.

Considering the impending arrival of guests, her current state was utterly inappropriate to show up here. "Quick, confine this lunatic to the backyard. Without my explicit instructions, no one should allow her to leave."

"Hubby, what are you saying? She is our daughter!" Vivian's mother exclaimed, her disbelief apparent.

"What daughter? I don't have a shameless daughter like her." His demeanor shifted, and he barked at the servant. "Do as I said!"

"No, don't get me imprisoned! Everett, save me..." Vivian wept and pleaded, but no one extended their sympathy.

Her usual arrogance and domineering attitude had long made the servants bear her grudge, and they seized the opportunity to tightly grasp her hand and forcefully drag her away.

Vivian's mother watched as her daughter was taken away, heaving a deep sigh. "Vivi, don't blame me and your father. Your consequences now are made by yourself."

Now, devoid of Everett's protection, Jacob family was no match for Wyatt family. They dared not release Vivian again, for fear of the consequences it would entail.