

Chapter 592 Close Call

To Melissa, the town seemed to have transformed into a desperate last frontier, the final chapter in her life's tale.

She kept running. Her heart pounded in her chest, the rhythm matching each step. She knew, though, that this frantic flight would only drain her, making her an easy catch for her pursuer.

But the alternative was surrender, to be ensnared within his iron grip immediately. To her, either outcome was similar, so why not embrace the end with some semblance of dignity?

Spotted on the ground, a branch. Melissa bent, fingers closing around the rough wood, and turned to confront her hunter.

"At least have the decency to reveal yourself before my final breath," she called out, her voice echoing in the deserted town. "Who dispatched you to kill me?"

"I am the master of my own actions," came the cold reply.

Who was this man? Melissa strained her memory. Had she wronged him? Her mind whirled, confusion marring her features as the man before her slowly, ceremoniously, removed his mask.

Underneath, a face she knew all too well. "Karl? Why?" she stammered, shock rippling through her.

With a devilish grin, Karl answered, "Why? Thought I'd be rotting in a cell, did you? A surprise early release."

"What do you want, Karl?" Melissa's voice held a note of trepidation.

"I don't truly desire to end you, dear niece. After all, we are family."

His words were a mockery, and Melissa met them with scorn. "You forfeited your right to call me family."

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Unfazed, Karl retorted, "Oh? Disgusted by my past actions? I did what I had to for the Carter family. You, however, conspired with my brother against me. It tore me apart, you know."

His voice hardened, the joviality gone. "Since you showed me no mercy, why should I spare you?"

In his hand, the knife glinted ominously.

A single swipe across the blade left a crimson trail on his finger.

"This is your final day, Melissa."

He lunged, the blade arcing toward her. Melissa dodged, rolling to one side.

Karl's failed attack seemed to ignite his fury, and he barreled toward her, his face contorted with rage.

Just as the threat of his knife loomed, a car burst onto the scene. Startled, Karl quickly dodged it.

The vehicle skidded to a halt beside Melissa. The window slid down, revealing Everett's concerned face.

"Melissa, get in!" he barked.

Dazed, Melissa hesitated, unsure if what she was seeing was real. It took another urgent command from Everett to get her moving.

"How did you know I was here?"

In surprise, Melissa regarded Everett. She had been brought here by Karl, so logically, it should have been impossible for Everett to know of her presence.

"I had my eye on Karl," Everett admitted. "I noticed a pattern in his movements, all centered around Andeport. It was clear he had ill intentions."

There was relief in his eyes. Had he not been vigilant enough, he might have arrived to find the unthinkable.

Bang!

Suddenly, the car window shattering into a million pieces.

Everett instinctively shielded Melissa, shards of glass slicing his arm, staining his shirt with a spreading crimson patch.

"Are you alright?" Melissa asked, her voice tight with concern.

She looked at his wound, guilt washing over her. If it weren't for her, he wouldn't be injured.

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