

Chapter 02 A Deal

Melanie's heart almost stopped beating. Her hands clenched into fists in nervousness. Vivian was divorced?

Everett swiftly put on his clothes. Step by step he approached Melanie. "I bet you know what's gonna happened next."

Melanie raised her eyes. "Obvious, ain't it? She divorced, so you wanna divorce me, too." She failed to prevent the sadness and self-mockery from emerging.

Her hurt expression was like a needle thrusting at Everett's heart. The pain wasn't intense at first so it's easy to be overlooked. But one day when he realized the wound was deep enough to fester, the pain had exacerbated, lasting for a lifetime.

Everett suppressed the strange feelings. He masked it with an impatient look. "I owe it to Vivi."

Vivi? Huh. Melanie nearly laughed out, laughing at her own foolishness. Her sharp nails sunk into her palms, blood oozing from the cut. She muttered, "What about me?"

Did you owe nothing to me, Everett?

"I can offer you nothing except for a respectable amount of alimony." Said Everett in an indifferent tone, turning to leave.

"I agree to divorce." Melanie grabbed him by sleeve. "But for one condition..."

"Three months. I only need your three months. Act as

a qualified husband, hold my hands, hug me and love me.” Her last two words trailed off and could hardly be heard.

Everett, however, caught each of her words, which arouse a strong aversion in his heart. “You’re hopelessly pathetic! I thought you have keep my words in heart, but... I repeat it once that never in my life will I fall in love with you.”

Never in my life will I fall in love with you...

Melanie felt her stomach a mess of knots. She sat alone in the living room, crying and groaning, letting anguish and loneliness engulfed her.

Pills of various colors and sizes were poured out of the bottle, sliding down her throat. Her thoughts were in a whirl, and her eyes clouded with tears.

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Rainy days always frustrated Melanie, but rainy season was an old friend of Afterglow District, who could usually linger on half a month each time it paid a visit.

In the office, there only came the sound of Jose typing on keyboard. Abruptly he stopped and stared at Melanie with a serious look. “Are you sure about your decision to transfer your company to Everett Connors?”

“He’s the right person to take it over.” Melanie sat there with a pale face.

Worries and concerns flashed through Jose’s face as his eyes caught Melanie’s sunken cheeks. “But he’s not the

right person for you.”

His words tugged at her heartstrings. Bitterness enveloped her whole heart. “Go ahead.”

Jose, on the contrary, turned off the computer. “I’ll have your will drawn up later. Now let me send you to hospital first.”

“No. I’m all right.”

“Mela! I don’t wanna repeat it.” Said Jose in a tough tone. He couldn’t understand why Mela didn’t value her own health, her own life. His firmness made Melanie unable to reject.

Jose Carson had been working in Earley Corporate as General Counsel. Even during the hardest time for Earley, Jose never chose to quit, so in Melanie’s eyes, Jose was like her brother.

In Silverwood Hospital.

After a thorough check-up, the doctor told them that Melanie’s condition would worsen with time, and the deterioration would have negative effects on her vision, hearing and even nerve centers. The deadliest effect was to cause increased intracranial pressure which may lead to sudden death. The high surgical risk was another issue. Melanie could die anytime on operating table.

Jose comforted her, “Mela, I will contact the best doctor in the field of brain tumor. It’s gonna be okay.”

Melanie nodded in an absent way. She held out no hope of recovery, of surviving. She started learning to

accept the reality, but she still had one regret. She regretted defying her parents and marrying Everett. In the end she failed to reach her parents when they passed away. Now she was dying, but the man she insisted marrying to was reluctant to accompany her for even three months.

As Jose and Melanie was about to leave the hospital, a familiar figure showed up at the gate. Melanie blankly watched Everett step in anxiously, carrying a weak woman in his arms. With a peek, Everett's eyes caught her as well. But he walked straight past her after a short pause.

"Go get Dr. Baker here right now!" His snarls came from behind, making Melanie tremble.

Dr. Baker was the best gynecologist in Afterglow District. It was so ironic that she was suffering from cancer while her husband was taking another woman to see the gynecologist.