

Chapter 161 The Only Man By Your Side

Boyfriend?

Melissa had no idea what the man in front of her was talking about.

She took a deep breath and gave Everett a cold stare.

"Mr. Mayfield, what are you talking about? I told you I'm not your punching bag. Don't make impossible claims."

"You don't know?" Everett asked. He was still angry, but he was beginning to calm down.

Melissa had refused to give him a chance, and he could understand. He was willing to take his time making up for the mistakes of the past, but he couldn't bear to see other men with her.

Just thinking about it would make him crazy with anger.

Everett slowly loosened his grip on her, saying patiently, "But I heard your boyfriend was here yesterday. That you and he were talking and laughing in your office for ages. People are saying you're a perfect match."

The more he went on, the lower his voice became, as if it was painful to say.

Melissa finally understood what was happening when he said this. She slowly calmed down and then stared at him coldly.

"Mr. Mayfield, you and I have nothing to do with each other. It's none of your business whether that man is my boyfriend or not. You have no right to question me."

"But you're my wife," Everett said, frowning.

His veins popped out from his arms and a serious look came over him.

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"That's just a legal technicality," Melissa said indifferently.
"Besides, I'm Melly now, not Melissa."

"You are still Melissa," Everett insisted.

His eyes were filled with helplessness, anger, and sadness.
Melissa stared back at him with indifference.

"Hmm... Everett..."

Before she could say anything, Everett suddenly kissed her
fiercely with his cold lips.

With his crazy kiss, the atmosphere in the room warmed,
becoming more intimate.

After a long time, he finally let go of her.

With flushed face and weak legs, Melissa leaned on the edge
of the desk, gasping for breath.

When she returned to her senses, she immediately went to slap
Everett, but he stopped her hand in the air before it could land
on his face.

"Bastard! Jerk! Everett, when did you become like this?"

Melissa's angry face made Everett want to laugh. A hint of a
smile flashed across his dark eyes and he joked, "Why don't you
call me Mr. Mayfield? I'd like to see just how much you can
insult me."

"You!"

Melissa glared at him, but his deep eyes penetrated into her,
making her feel uncomfortable.

She had said a lot of harsh words to Everett, but it was because
he had provoked her.

"I won't argue with you about this. Everett, please stay out of
my life. Melissa died five years ago. The person standing in
front of you is Melly. My actions have nothing to do with you."

That said, she shook his hand off, picked up her bag and
headed out.

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"I'm not giving up," Everett said. "Even if you take our children away, I'll find you. I should be the only man in your life."

Melissa paused before rushing out.

Her face didn't betray the whirl of emotions spinning round in her heart.

Once Melissa had gone, Everett stopped staring at the space she had just occupied, and dialed a number on his phone.

"Find out who that man who came to see Melissa yesterday is. I want to know everything about him."

The assistant on the other end of the line was a little surprised. Did his boss have a love rival?

Adorable Twins: Daddy, Stay Away!

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In a bar, Everett sat in the corner, his cold, handsome face hidden in the darkness, revealing only his chiseled jaw.

No one was around him, but many women in the bar stared at him with wide eyes.

Although he didn't utter a word, his aura revealed that he was either rich or powerful.

Finally, a woman walked up to him with a glass of wine. She looked at him tentatively and cleared her throat. "Can I sit here?"

"Fuck off!"

The woman flinched back in shock. However, she didn't give up. She leaned forward, exposing her plump cleavage, and poured a glass of wine.

"Oh, don't be like this. Let's be friends."

Then, she handed the glass to him.

Everett glared at the woman. He took the glass and threw it at the woman's feet.

"I told you to leave!"

The woman shuddered in fear. She gulped and ran away.

Franco burst out laughing when he saw that.

"What's the matter? Who made you angry? That woman voluntarily came to you. Don't you want to have some fun with her?"

"If you want, you have fun with her!" Everett snapped, not bothering to even look up at him.

He picked up the glass beside him and gulped down the drink in

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one go.

"What happened?" Franco asked.

Everett had always been calm and in control. He seldom lost his cool, which piqued Franco's curiosity.

Everett looked up at him.

"Do you know Aloys Brustin?"

"Aloys Brustin?" Franco repeated as his brows furrowed in confusion. "Why are you asking about the people of the Brustin family?"

"Nothing. I'm just asking casually."

It all seemed strange. Although Everett made it seem like a casual question, Franco knew it wasn't that simple.

He leaned against the sofa and took a sip of the wine. "Well, the Brustin family is a little powerful in the Andeport's business circle, but the people of their family mainly run a business abroad. As far as I know, Aloys has been abroad all this while."

"He's back!" Everett said coldly. "The first thing he did after he got out of the plane was to go see Melissa."

"What?" Franco choked on the wine and had a coughing fit. After calming down, he took deep breaths and said, "You mean Aloys likes Melissa? No, wait, Aloys has an affair with Melissa? Oh, it doesn't matter. Anyway, it seems that they have a special relationship."

Everett's face darkened when he heard that. He ran his finger through the rim of the glass and slammed it on the table.

Melissa and her children had been abroad during the past five years, and so was Aloys. It didn't seem like a coincidence. The more Everett thought about it, the angrier he became. He could neither eat nor sleep, so he came to the bar late at night.

"Keep an eye on him for me," Everett said.

Franco nodded, smiling.

All these years, Everett could get anything he wanted. But he

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was now depressed because of a woman.

"Okay. But I can't guarantee that your wife won't be taken away by him."

The moment Franco finished his words, Everett threw the wine glasses at him.

Franco hurriedly stood up, his face flushing with embarrassment.

"What the hell are you doing? It was just a joke. Gosh, when did you become so petty?"

"I have always been like this,"

Everett mumbled. Then, he stood up and left.