

Adorable Twins: Daddy, Stay Away!

Chapter 189 Searching The Kids

Hearing that, Everett arched his brows and squinted at his assistant.

"Submit your resignation letter tomorrow!"

"No. Mr. Mayfield." The assistant's face turned pale in an instant. "I need to support my family..."

"Then, you better hurry up and find them!" Everett growled impatiently.

His mother had informed him that Melissa and the children had come out with Aloys. Otherwise, he wouldn't have rushed here.

After all, it was a project only worth ten million. He didn't have to come here in person.

Everett let out a weary sigh as he saw his assistant leaving with the bodyguards.

He felt helpless when it came to the matters of Melissa.

There were many stalls on both sides of the street. Some were selling toys.

A bunch of hairpins caught Everett's attention. It was in the shape of a blue bear. He knew Lindsey would love it and wanted to get it for her.

Everett headed to the stall as soon as the idea popped into his mind.

The vendor looked up and beamed at Everett. "Our hairpins are popular and in style. You can give it to anyone—your sister or daughter. They will love it."

"Okay." Everett nodded and pointed at the pile of hairpins. "I want to buy all of them."

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"What?" The vendor let out a startled gasp before his face broke into a triumphant grin. "Well, sure, sir. I will pack them for you."

The assistant who had just left received a message that read, "Come and pay for the hairpins I have bought."

The assistant had no choice but to come back. His life depended on Everett. Therefore, he quickly arranged everything and came back.

Everett took his things and left when he saw his assistant.

He wondered where Melissa had gone with their children.

Everett was in a bad mood. He strutted forward and heard a voice from a distance.

"Hello, have you seen two children anywhere here? A boy and a girl, both about five years old. Have you seen them? No?"

Everett's brows furrowed as the voice sounded familiar.

Everett looked up and saw Melissa running around, shouting for help, panic evident on her face.

He hurried forward and grabbed her arm. "Melissa, what's wrong?"

"Ah!" Melissa yelped in fear. Although Everett was standing before her, she still looked confused.

A few moments later, she came back to her senses, took a deep breath and anxiously said, "Everett... Everett. Lindsey and Merrick are missing. I can't find them. I... I..."

Melissa broke down crying.

"What?"

Everett's heart sank. He pulled Melissa in his arms and rubbed her back comfortingly.

"Don't worry. Don't worry. We will find them. I am here. If someone has done this on purpose, I will make their life miserable!" Everett said fiercely.

Melissa eventually stopped crying. "Let's go and find them."

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They walked along the street, inquiring about their children. But it was a weekend; the street was crowded, so they didn't get any useful information.

Just as Everett was about to lose his temper, his assistant sent him a message.

"Mr. Mayfield, a bodyguard found a suspicious black car in the abandoned block. That car seemed to be headed toward Andeport."

Everett's jaw tightened. He grabbed Melissa's hand and dragged her aside.

"Let's go."

Melissa was confused, but she left with Everett without arguing.

She looked at his back, and the memories of the past flooded her mind. She couldn't figure out Everett's true personality.

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Everett got into the car with Melissa and pressed the accelerator.

To get there from Andeport, there were just two routes. One was a fast-paced asphalt highway, while the other was a deserted dirt road lined by trees on both sides.

He would undoubtedly choose the second option if those people decided to run away.

"Hang tight. It's going to be a bumpy ride."

He reminded Melissa and stepped on the gas pedal.

The suddenly increased speed made Melissa feel uneasy, but she said nothing and gripped the handle above the window even tighter.

In any case, the two children were more important than her own life. She needed to track them down, no matter the risks.

They chased after the car for twenty minutes before finally catching up to it.

However, it seemed that the driver of the black car had heard the sound and started to speed up.

"Do they still intend to escape?" Everett growled, and his car kept going at full speed.

How could a lousy car outperform his million-dollar sports car?

He eventually caught up to the car. However, if his two children were inside and he hit it and made it stop, it could hurt them.

The people in the black car seemed to have realized this as well, as they slowed down and positioned their car in front of Everett's car.

They were wagering that Everett wouldn't dare to hit their car.

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"What shall we do?"

Melissa also noticed it and was worried.

She could practically see the back sides of the two children's heads from the black car's side mirror. What if this caused them to get hurt?

Everett's expression was cold, his eyes filled with murderous intent.

He had no choice but to take a drastic route, as he couldn't hit that car.

He paused to collect his thoughts and then made a decision. "Melissa, I'll overtake the black car, position our car in front of it, and allow the driver to hit us. It can only be stopped this way. Don't worry. I won't let anything bad happen to you," he said sternly.

Melissa said unequivocally, "I trust you."

"That's all I need to hear."

Everett smiled, narrowed his eyes, and jerked the steering wheel sharply.

Everett's car abruptly picked up speed after being slowed down. He turned the wheel after passing the black car, causing his car to stop in the middle of the road.

The driver in the black car didn't imagine Everett to be this insane and use such a dangerous method.

Bang!

A smashing sound of shattered glass followed.

Melissa curled up, her eyes closing involuntarily. The next thing she knew, she felt Everett's strong arms around her and his wide, warm chest cradling her head.

She looked up into Everett's dark, steady eyes.

Everett said with a smile, "Trust me. I won't let you get hurt. Stay here."

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Afterward, he climbed to his feet and exited the car via the busted front windshield.

Melissa tried to speak, but nothing came out.

Everett's back and arms were cut open by the broken shards of glass, and he was bleeding from many areas on his body.

He had unbuckled his seat belt and quickly protected her with his body, even though he was also hurt. The black car hit the driver's seat, but Everett still shielded her.

He valued her life more than his.

Everett hurried to the black car and kicked the driver's door despite his injuries.

"Get out!" he roared.

His body exuded a strong malicious aura.

The driver realized that something was wrong. He bolted through the passenger side's door and fled straight into the woods.

Everett ran after the driver. But after running just a short distance, Everett heard a sharp scream from behind.

"Mr. Mayfield..." a child yelled out.

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Melissa frowned as she watched the man escape.

She thought he looked familiar like she had seen him somewhere before.

"Mr. Mayfield! Mommy!"

She felt a chill go through her at the sound of the child's voice, and she bolted out of the car through the passenger side's door.

"Mommy!"

When the two kids spotted Melissa, they exited the car and started crying.

"Don't be scared. I'm here now."

She couldn't contain her tears when she heard their cries. Before long, the two kids were safely ensconced in her arms.

Everett felt uneasy with the situation. He stopped himself from comforting them even if he wanted to.

He had been absent from the two children's lives for five years. If such an incident had happened before, what would Melissa have done on her own?

He felt terrible about himself after thinking about this.

Several more cars were stopping nearby, and police sirens could be heard.

Aloys hurriedly ran over. He leaned against the car next to him to take a breather after seeing that the children were okay.

He ran through all the empty alleys but found no one. In the end, he was forced to call the authorities and ran into Everett's assistant at the police station.

"Boss!"

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Everett's assistant was surprised by how messy his boss looked and how the mishap had damaged the two cars.

He hesitantly walked up and asked softly, "You're hurt, Mr. Mayfield. Do I need to call an ambulance?"

He asked because he feared he might lose his job if Everett wasn't satisfied with how he did his job.

Everett looked at him nonchalantly this time.

"It's nothing serious. Bring the car over here, and we'll go."

"Go?"

Everett's glare stopped the assistant from asking any more questions.

After making sure the two kids were safe and calming them down, Melissa looked up.

"Aloys, will you please help me look after Merrick and Lindsey for a while?"

She rose to her feet, walked up to Everett's car, and rapped on the window.

"Everett."

"What is it?" Everett rolled down the window, still with bloodstains on his face. "Take care of Lindsey and Merrick while you're with them. I will investigate that..."

"Thank you." Melissa's gratitude toward him was genuine this time. She blinked and replied seriously, "I owe you a huge one. I'll return the favor someday."

Everett's gaze darkened. He shook his head and smiled self-deprecatingly.

"No, thank you. I owe you and the kids a lot."

"Uhm..."

Melissa wanted to continue speaking, but the window in front of her rolled up.

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She stood back and watched the car go while having conflicting emotions.

Did she owe him something? Or maybe he owed her? It was hard to get the point across.

The two kids were so shaken up by their ordeal that they dozed off on the way back.

"Aloys." Melissa delicately stroked the cheeks of the sleeping children and said, "I've opted to join the hospital's medical assistance team and travel to Malorcia for a week so that the paparazzi will no longer be stalking the children."

"I respect your decision," Aloys said and fixed Merrick's clothes. "Don't worry. I'll look after the two kids in Andeport well. I'll make sure there won't be another incident like today."

His gaze grew fierce as he spoke.

Even if most of the Brustin Group's influence was in other countries, no one could lay a finger on the people he wanted to protect in Andeport.

Melissa wanted to express her gratitude but felt it would be improper. They were close friends, after all.

With a subtle smile, she said, "Aloys, I'll cook for you when I get back."