

Chapter 283 The Spies

Franco began to realize the somber atmosphere was only going to get worse, and he was already uncomfortable. He sat on the edge of the desk and tried to lighten the mood with a joke.

"If I tell Melissa about your health condition now, maybe she will feel sorry for you and decide to forgive you after all. Then you won't have to spend so much time trying to pursue your own wife."

"Don't say anything to her." Everett blurted out the words suddenly. He frowned and sat in the chair, throwing the cigarette between his fingers into the trash can. "Let's keep all of this between ourselves. No one else can know about it."

"Okay. Whatever you want." Franco could only shrug as he uttered the words helplessly.

He himself had never been in love, so he was confused as to why Everett was so against telling Melissa.

What he did know was that Everett was serious about Melissa. Even if his life was in danger, he was still going to hide it from her.

"Alright." Everett nodded his response and then remembered something. "Did you ever get any information on the people I asked you to look into?"

"No." Franco fiddled with the pens that were on top of the desk. "You know what I can do. I wasn't there when it happened, so it was much more difficult to find anything out. The only thing I confirmed was that they stayed in the Western Outskirts before they went on to Malorcia."

"Western Outskirts again?"

"Why do you say 'again'? They only used the identification of people who live in the Western Outskirts. When we followed up, we couldn't find them there."

Bobbi chuckled. "These people are smarter than I thought."

"Keep up the investigation." Everett's eyes became intense. "The two of you can tag along when I go there to see Atticus in a couple of days. There might be some clues there."

"Sure thing," Franco agreed without hesitation.

He usually had a frivolous nature, but he was serious when it came to his friends. He cared for them very much.

Bobbi nodded as well. "We need to remain at a low profile when we go. Since they know so much about Everett's whereabouts, it means they might've had someone following him daily. If we cause too much commotion, we might mistakenly tip them off. There could also be a spy in the Mayfield Group that is sending them messages from the inside."

"Right." Everett's eyes flashed as he remembered something.

His last trip to Malorcía had been a secret mission. How did those people know about it and get there at the right time?

They came and attacked him when Everett was struggling with the villagers and couldn't escape.

He placed his hand on his forehead. His voice became serious. "It's time we cleaned up the group. Soon it will be full of spies."

"Don't make it public. We could make a secret opportunity for an assassination attempt on you. Those who know about it are the people we need to investigate." Bobbi's voice was serious.

Franco went over and tapped him on the shoulder after hearing his words. "Good for you, Bob. I didn't know you were so smart."

"Please call me Bobbi, and I have always been considered smart."

"Are you serious? I've been calling you Bob since we were little and suddenly you change your mind?"

The quarrel between them escalated until it became physical.

Everett shook his head as he watched the spectacle and had no intention of getting in the middle of their fight.

They had always fought like this. Despite their argument, Bobbi's idea was a good one and could be implemented.

Everett got up, fixed his clothes and spoke to the men.

"I'm leaving now."

"Wait! We haven't hung out for a while. Let's go for a drink." Franco's voice was wistful.

"I've stopped drinking." Everett said the words as he began to leave.

"What?" Franco watched Everett's retreating form and was incredulous. He shouted angrily, "You've forgotten about your friends ever since Melissa came back!"