

## Chapter 290 Trip

At the Mayfield Group building, Melissa spotted three buses parked at the gate when she exited the taxi.

Each bus had a seating capacity of forty people, and about a hundred people were going on the trip.

As expected, the Mayfield Group was well-to-do.

She raised her brows and grabbed her bag. As she walked away from the taxi, she spotted Franco dressed in an attractive pink shirt, and walked toward him.

"Dr. Sherman!" Franco yelled and hurried past the employees to take Melissa's bag. "Come on. Everett is expecting you."

"Oh, are we not going with the employee buses?" Melissa felt silly for asking that question as soon as it left her lips. If Everett sat on the same bus with these employees, the female employees would be eager to seduce him.

They both went through the company's back door and to where a black car was waiting. The window slowly rolled down, revealing Everett's perfect side profile.

He turned to look at her and said, "Get in."

Melissa avoided his gaze. She went around and got in the other side of the car. She looked at Franco. "Oh, won't you accompany us?"

"No, I won't. I am not going on the trip. I just came here to make sure everything is in order." Franco looked guilty. "Dr. Sherman, I put your bag in the trunk. I have to go now. I have a train to catch."

After saying that, he got in a sports car and left quickly.

Melissa didn't believe Franco's story. She knew he was acting. Once she turned her head, she found herself staring into Everett's soulful eyes.

"Is the scenery outside so beautiful?" Everett raised his eyebrows and leaned toward Melissa. "You didn't look at me, and you haven't said a word to me. Are you still angry about what happened a few days ago?"

"Do you think I'm that petty?" Melissa sulked and asked. She then placed her hands on his shoulder. "I advise you to stay away from me. I know traditional medicine. This acupoint..."

"I know you know." Everett didn't move an inch regardless. Instead, his hand went to her waist and he pulled her into his arms.

"Oh... Everett!"

"Be quiet." Everett spoke calmly. He whispered slowly in Melissa's ear, "I'll say this again before we leave; you need to follow my instructions."

Melissa narrowed her eyes and struggled to break free. "Then why can't you heed mine? You acted recklessly in Malorcia last time."

"There was an emergency."

Both of them were not giving in and the air in the car was heavy with tension.

The assistant sitting in the driver's seat held his breath. He wished he could disappear.

Luckily, a voice came from outside. "Mr. Mayfield, can we start the trip?"

"Yes. Let's go." Everett let go of Melissa and sat back in his seat, but he held her hand instead. "We are going to a mountainous area situated between Colodia and Andeport. There will be scores of people there, and I may not be able to protect you."

"You mean Cloud Mountain?" Melissa suddenly felt a little anxious. Cloud Mountain was of high vegetation coverage. It had numerous tourist attractions like dense woods and sprawling green field. It was not close to either of the cities around it and the mountain had numerous caves and cliffs that were hard to locate. If those people wanted to try attacking them, this was the best place to do that.

She understood the risk of this plan. Everett was ruthless for taking such a decision.