

Chapter 295 The Celebration Banquet

The hotel was well equipped and big enough to hold the banquet.

It was held in the banquet hall on the second floor.

Most of the employees had dressed up and were already present, but something was missing.

Only a few board directors were there. After performing a few social engagements, they kept looking at the door as if expecting something or someone.

The host of the party wasn't present yet.

Finally, the door of the banquet hall was pushed open from outside.

Literally everyone turned to look toward the door.

Everett stepped in, looked tall, elegant and noble.

The ladies were hooked with just a glance at him. It was as though they forgot how to breathe.

All of that changed when they saw the woman that came in with him. Their eyes were all filled with jealousy.

What on earth was this doctor doing standing beside the CEO of the Mayfield Group?

Just as Melissa had expected, she could feel the burning hateful gazes from all directions.

If looks could kill, she would probably be dead by now.

Suddenly, she felt Everett hold her hand and put it on his arm.

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Suddenly, she felt Everett hold her hand and put it on his arm.

This action caused even more of a commotion. Everyone was talking about them at this point.

Melissa frowned and tried to pull back her hand.

"Everett!" she whispered angrily. "It's not appropriate!"

"Why not? Are you not my companion?" Her struggle was futile as Everett held her hand captive and fully walked in with her. "Don't leave my sight for even a second."

"I..."

Melissa was about to retort, but she trailed off, suddenly having this creepy feeling of being watched.

She looked around anxiously, but found nothing strange.

Everett felt that something was wrong with her. He leaned over and asked in a low voice, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing." Melissa shook her head and added slowly, "We need to be careful."

"Okay."

As soon as they got in, several middle-aged men approached them.

"Mr. Mayfield, we've been waiting for you for a long time."

"You know that we couldn't start without you since you are the host," echoed another man.

After that, they raised their glasses.

"To Mr. Mayfield."

"Thank you." Everett took a glass of wine from a waiter that was passing by.

When he brought it close to him and looked at the liquid, he frowned.

Something was wrong with the wine.

He just held it, but never brought it to his lips to drink.

After a while, other board directors came over and also raised their glasses.

"Mr. Mayfield, with your guidance, the performance of our group in this quarter exceeded our expectations and the profit doubled. Here's to you."

"Thank you."

Everett squinted at the glass and took a small sip.

As soon as he brought the glass back down, he met the gaze of someone not far away.

He smiled stiffly and raised his glass to this person.

The person also raised the glass as if in greeting, but did nothing else.

A few minutes later, Melissa felt like there was danger around.

And she had this nagging feeling that told her that Everett would get hurt the most.

She felt like she couldn't see the real faces of the people here. They seemed to be wearing masks. All of them!

They could either be ordinary directors as they claimed, or they could be moles.

Those men turned to look at her with a glint in their eyes. One said, "You must be Mr. Mayfield's companion. You look really beautiful today, the perfect fit for Mr. Mayfield. How about a drink with Mr. Mayfield?"

"I..."

"She doesn't drink!" Everett interrupted. "She is my private doctor. She can't drink."



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