

## Chapter 296 The Primary Suspect

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The man nodded and said, "Oh, I see. The people surrounding you are absolutely remarkable, Mr. Mayfield, and even your private doctor is..." The man's eyes were filled with lust as he looked Melissa up and down.

Everett shot the man a quick look before throwing the glass filled with red wine at him. "You're wasted, Mr. Hyatt."

The directors' faces darkened after being startled by his action.

Mr. Hyatt quickly apologized, "I'm so sorry, Mr. Mayfield. I didn't mean to say something carelessly due to my tipsiness. My bad. I'm going now."

Then he spun around and bolted in the other direction.

Melissa glared at Mr. Hyatt as he left.

She didn't know if she was hallucinating, but she saw the director make eye contact with someone at the bar counter before leaving.

She suddenly felt uneasy.

With a glass of wine in his hand, the middle-aged man at the bar counter made his way over carefully. "Mr. Mayfield, it has been a while since I've seen you."

"Yes, long time no see, Mr. Hans."

Everett still seemed cold, but he was immediately attentive.

Colin Hans was the primary suspect.

Melissa felt the same way about this man right away.

She also became apprehensive, but she didn't expect Colin to turn to face her squarely.

He looked at her from head to toe, laughed, and said flatly, "Mr. Mayfield, I just returned. We should probably talk in private."

"You're right, Mr. Hans. We should talk."

Everett then laid his right hand on Melissa's shoulder. "Get yourself a glass of wine and socialize."

"Okay, Mr. Mayfield."

Melissa obeyed his request and kept her distance from them.

Yet, as soon as she left the crowd, she felt like she was being watched once again.

She frowned and turned around to find out who it was but instead saw a waiter with a tray.

All the wine glasses were empty, and the waiter went on to apologize. "I'm sorry, Dr. Sherman. I didn't mean to..."

"That's okay."

She abruptly realized that only one person would address her in that manner at this venue.

She pretended to straighten her dress and spoke softly. "Franco?"

"Yes, it's me. We can't talk here now. Please follow me in a while." Franco spoke hurriedly and then immediately apologized again. "I'm sorry for being so reckless, ma'am. You may wait at that booth there while I get you another glass of wine."

"Okay."

Melissa nodded and went in the direction he had directed to find a corner seat.

Waiters were walking by the booth every so often, but they didn't seem to be spiteful. Everett must have arranged for them.

It made sense now why he encouraged her to socialize earlier. He was probably trying to get her to find a waiter.

Franco was quick enough to find her.

Melissa searched for Everett from her seat in the booth.

While it seemed everyone was flattering him, such people were extremely dangerous. Everett might get hurt if he wasn't cautious.

He moved among the crowd aimlessly and gave the impression of being at ease, but in reality, he was in the midst of a war.

Melissa suddenly felt sorry for Everett. He seemed to be fighting on his own.

She hadn't seen this side of him five years ago, but she suddenly felt his loneliness.

"Here's your wine, ma'am."

Franco's words jolted her out of her trance.

When he placed the glass before her, he grumbled, "Mrs. Mayfield, stop staring at him. Pay close attention to the enemy."

