

Chapter 365 Rumors

With a frown, Melissa gazed through the window at the gathering crowd.

As soon as the car drove past the crowd, disappointment filled her eyes as she leaned back.

Was it possible that the person was Everett?

"What's the matter, Melly?" Leilany looked back and only saw the crowd. "Did you catch a glimpse of anyone you know?"

"No."

Melissa tightened her grip on her dress and shook her head.

Her heart was racing, not due to nervousness, but because she caught a glimmer of hope.

The car pulled up next to the red carpet rather than in the center.

The reporters present were professionals capable of identifying a car's make and value at a glance. Upon spotting the vehicle, they paid no attention, choosing instead to stand on their toes and focus on the cars arriving from behind.

Pleased with the outcome, Leilany grasped the hem of her dress and exited the car.

When nobody noticed her, she spun around and waved her hand.

"Let's go inside, Melly."

"Fine."

Melissa nodded, and Leilany took her hand as soon as she stepped out of the car.

The pair walked around to the entrance of the cruise ship.

Although some people might have glanced at them due to their attractiveness, no reporters approached them for an interview.

As Melissa and Leilany approached the entryway, the initially silent reporters behind them were all eager. They turned up the mics and sprinted to encircle the just-stopped vehicle.

"Why are you the only one present today, Mrs. Mayfield? Where is your husband, exactly?"

"What is your reaction to the tragic news of your son's passing? Are the reports accurate? Has Mr. Everett Mayfield's corpse been discovered?"

"We have received reports that your husband was in terrible condition at his company. Is it possible he couldn't cope with the news of his son's passing? He skipped the party tonight. Is he unwell?"

The reporters' probing questions were accompanied by a flurry of camera flashes from behind them, creating a jarring noise that made people uneasy.

The car door slowly opened as the security guards raced over and ordered the reporters to stop in the specified spot.

Vivienne stepped out of the car, wearing a long dress with her hair coiled up.

She confidently strode down the center of the red carpet in her high heels, maintaining a steady gaze as she faced the cameras.

One of the bodyguards beside her grabbed a reporter's microphone and gave it to her.

Vivienne looked around as she took the microphone and flashed a smile.

"Thank you for paying attention to the Mayfield Group, ladies and gentlemen. I'm here now to formally address the rumors concerning my son."

As Vivienne uttered the word "rumors", the previously inquisitive reporters instantly fell silent, fearful of missing even the slightest detail.

"First and foremost, I would like to clarify that Everett, the CEO of the

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GO NOW

Mayfield Group, did embark on a business trip to Europe some time ago, but the news of his passing that has been circulating since yesterday is entirely false. The photo is blurred. It's most likely that someone deliberately fabricated the news.

Secondly, my spouse, the chairman of the Mayfield Group, is not ill. He travels to Europe to look into the matter. I think the truth will come to light soon, and we'll let everyone know just in time. When that happens, we will attempt to track down the rumor-spreading individuals and bring legal action against any media involved."

Indeed, Vivienne's words were clear and direct.

Her statement was quite powerful. It addressed the rumors and clarified the situation, but also sent a warning to the reporters who spread false information. Vivienne was quite intelligent.

