

Chapter 377 Hold My Waist

"Everett..."

"I'm here."

Melissa lifted her hand and tightly gripped the man's sleeve before her, unsure what emotion she was feeling.

She squinted many times to see the man's face.

She missed him terribly.

"It's me." Everett felt a stinging pain in his chest. With shaky fingers, he wiped the blood from the corners of her eyes. "I'm sorry, Melissa. I came late."

"I'm relieved to know you're okay." Melissa eventually loosened her hold while pursing her lips. "You have no idea how devastating the news was for your parents. Your father's health has suffered because of his grief. Tonight..."

"I'll take care of it, but not right now."

Everett lowered his gaze, revealing a pair of cold eyes.

He had underestimated Colin's influence, which was why he was set up abroad.

In such a case, he would not be merciful to him.

Colin wanted his life, so Everett vowed he would let him pay a steep price.

"Let me get you out of here first."

He hoisted her up using minimal effort.

As they left, the group of people who had been pummeled to the floor had already risen to their feet and viciously looked straight at them.

"Fuck off!"

Everett only spoke two words.

Dressed in a black suit, he exuded a strong feeling of tyranny.

As he moved slowly toward the group of people in the pitch-black night, he carried Melissa in his arms.

Despite having the numerical advantage, those men continued to retreat.

With nowhere to hide, the tattooed man peered at the deck behind him before rushing toward Everett while shouting, "Follow me, guys! Let's get him!"

He threatened Everett with a machete, going all out.

However, Everett didn't even flinch. He continued to move quickly.

Everett lifted his leg and kicked the man in the chest as he approached.

"Ahhh!" The tattooed man yelled and stumbled backward, sending half of his body flying off the deck.

The others put their weapons aside and looked at one another.

They all spun around and plunged into the water as if they had come to an understanding.

Finally, the tattooed man glanced at Everett ferociously. "We'll let you pay for what you've done to us eventually."

"Yeah, whatever." Everett pursed his lips and snarled, "I hope you can survive until then."

"Humph!"

After turning around, the man dove into the water and quickly vanished.

"Maybe they are fishermen," Melissa said while frowning. "They are all good swimmers and know much about the ship's structure."

"I'll have someone look into it. You just focus on your work. You don't have to become involved in these matters," Everett said in a stern tone.

He climbed on the motorboat while holding her in his arms and used one hand to control the steering wheel.

Instead of rushing to start the boat, he laughed and whispered jokingly, "Please hold my waist. I'm about to start the boat."

"Okay."

Melissa wrapped her arms around the man's slim waist.

The next instant, the engine's roar rang out, and the motorboat sped into the river.

The motorboat generated ripples on the placid river, and the wet and cold wind was directly in their faces.

Melissa had become more sober now. She looked up at the man handling the steering wheel.

Everett's hair was flying in the wind, yet he made smooth, precise movements that seemed to come naturally to him.

He was the CEO of the Mayfield Group. He single-handedly turned the company into a business empire in Andeport. There was no one like Everett.