

## Chapter 390 Vote

"Worries? What should I worry about?"

Johnny laughed, but his eyes were extremely serious.

With a calm rage, he threw the pen on the table, crossed his arms over his chest, and said, "Mr. Hans, you've done so much for the Mayfield Group. How could I disappoint you? I suggest a vote. Let the other directors decide. We don't need to interfere."

"Alright." Colin agreed without hesitation.

Over the years, Colin did everything he could to cozy up to the Mayfield Group's directors.

He had won many people over to his side. Moreover, since Everett was dead, more people decided to side with him and his views on change.

He wasn't worried about the vote at all.

Not having a chance to prepare in advance, the group voted using the traditional way.

Everyone present in the meeting room, except Johnny and Colin, voted anonymously, writing the names they supported on a piece of paper and folding it in half.

When everyone was done, the assistant collected all the pieces of paper and presented them to two of the directors, who stood from their seats. With stern faces, the two men took turns reading out the votes.

"Vote for Johnny."

"Vote for Colin."

As they read the tickets, Colin's face gradually darkened.

He should have been supported by most of the people in the room.

However, as the names were read, the tally was tied.

He wouldn't allow it!

He had spent years planning and sacrificing for this moment. It was the perfect time to take over the Mayfield Group. He couldn't fail.

He turned around and squinted at the person behind him.

The young man took his hint and uttered, "Since everyone in this room can vote, I also have the right to vote. I vote for Colin."

Although the move was somewhat shameful, it worked.

Including the young man's vote, Colin had one more vote than Johnny.

At his crooked victory, Colin burst into laughter and said complacently, "Mr. Mayfield, you failed. Admit it. Although the group has your surname, someone else can lead it too. Go back home and enjoy your old age. Don't come out..."

"Since that person can vote, so can I," Johnny's assistant interrupted Colin and confidently added, "I vote for the chairman."

They were tied again.

The smile on Colin's face gradually stiffened until his anger cracked through his facade.

Suddenly, he burst into vicious laughter.

"Johnny Mayfield, don't play games with me. The CEO must be changed today."

"Really?"

From outside the meeting room, a familiar voice interrupted Colin's threat.

Eyes glued to the closed door, everyone sat dumbfounded. They held their breath, waiting for the door to open.

After another second, the door slowly opened, revealing a familiar face.

When everyone saw who it was, the room fell silent. Mouths hanging open, most of them were stunned, their eyes full of disbelief.

It was Everett! He was still alive!

Standing tall, Everett stared at Colin with a cold glare. Colin's face paled; he was frightened.

Stumbling, he took a few steps back, putting as much distance as he could between himself and the man he thought was dead. Only with the help of the young man he brought did he barely stand firm.

"You, you..." Colin stuttered.

"What?" Everett approached him with a faint smile on his face. "Mr. Hans, it's only been a month since we last saw each other. Did you forget me?"

"Were... weren't you dead?" Colin stammered.

How could Everett still be alive?

When he learned Everett had gone to Europe, he immediately followed him and helped plan his assassination.

He saw with his own eyes. Everett died in a pool of his own blood. He was shot multiple times. There was no way he was still alive!

Who was the man in front of him now?

As Colin tried to make sense of what was happening, Everett stopped smiling and towered over him, looking down at him coldly.

In an icy voice, Everett calmly said, "I am sure that Mr. Hans will die before me."