

## Chapter 391 Perfectly Justifiable

Colin shook and threw a shaky hand out to support himself from falling.

He had planned this for such a long time, but all his efforts were in vain.

As he stared at Everett's large figure, his mind raced. How was it possible? How could the dead come back to life?

There were only two ways to explain it. Either, the person he saw that day was not Everett, or the person in front of him was an imposter!

At the thought of the man in front of him being someone he was not, Colin snorted and a grotesque smile spread across his face.

"Who can prove that you are who you say you are? You may be one of those who resemble Everett. For all we know, you could have been hired by the Mayfield family to fool us just so the Mayfield family could retain power over the company. The real Everett is dead."

At Colin's angry outburst, Everett raised his eyebrows and smiled disdainfully.

He threw a photo that was between his fingertips on the table, and said sarcastically, "It seems you won't give up until you see the evidence. Here, look at the picture yourself."

Colin's heart leaped. He wasn't expecting this. Throwing nervous glances at the men around him, he hesitantly stepped forward and looked at the photo.

The photo was very similar to the one that was featured with the headlines a few days ago, but there was also a slight difference.

The man's face could be seen in the photo, and it was obviously not Everett.

Caught in Everett's trap, Colin furiously looked between the evidence and Everett, lips trembling. Even with proof, he still didn't want to admit that Everett was alive.

"Maybe the photo is fake, too. Everett is dead. I saw it with my own eyes..."

"You saw it with your own eyes?" Everett questioned with a snort.

"Mr. Hans, why were you in Europe? Furthermore, you happened to see my death? In that case, am I to assume you were the one who spread the news of my passing in Andeport?"

Everett crossed his arms with an air of superiority, and grinned at Colin. "You spread the news before you found out the truth. You should have known how much of an impact that would have on the Mayfield Group. I must say, you really worked hard for the company."

The whole meeting room fell into silence as the two men stared at each other.

Most people already guessed what the truth was.

Johnny stood up and slammed his hands on the table, catching everyone's attention. Standing tall, he looked at every single person in the room with an air that could only be compared to that of generals in the army.

"Does anyone else have anything to say?"

No one answered.

"All right then." Smiling, Johnny waved his hand and said, "I'm too old to continue handling the company. From now on, Everett will be fully responsible for the affairs of the Mayfield Group."

With his declaration, the faces of the other directors shifted through a range of emotions that all ended with them staring dumbstruck at Everett.

After a moment of hesitation, one of them asked, "Mr. Johnny Mayfield, you mean..."

"I mean what I just said. I will hold a press conference three days from

now to declare this matter. Anyone who has any objection should speak now."

Now that Colin had been defeated, those who had supported him didn't dare to speak up.

No one could deny that with Everett's leadership, the Mayfield Group had achieved a lot over the years. No one could find any problems with him being the head of the company.

It would be perfectly justifiable to let Everett be chairman.

"Since no one has any objection, it's settled."

With this matter settled, Everett's chest loosened a little. With one problem resolved, many others took its place.

His cold eyes drifted around the room. He knew some of the men in this meeting room were vicious and had bad intentions against him.

If he took one wrong step and gave them any excuse, the Mayfield Group could be destroyed.

Everett stood tall with one hand against the table, an indescribable air of domination surrounding him.

"As directors of the Mayfield Group, your behavior should be aligned with the interests of the company. But what Colin did seriously damaged the interests of our group, so we have to punish him."

"That's true, we agree."

"Agreed."

One by one, all of them fell into line.

On cue, two large bodyguards flanked a furious Colin and began escorting him out of the room.

Glaring at the other directors, he reluctantly let himself be dragged out, cursing them in his mind.

There would always be another opportunity for him. Even if he failed today, as long as he still held a share in the Mayfield Group, he would

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find a way to take over.

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## Chapter 392 Howell Fell For It

In the following week, news spread and the only thing people talked about was the Mayfield Group.

Not because of Everett's death, but because he had miraculously come back to life.

What was more, Johnny officially announced his retirement, and Everett took over the company completely.

Every time Melissa took out her phone, she was bombarded with the news.

Rather than let herself be drawn in, she just glanced at it casually and chose to ignore it.

She couldn't interfere with this kind of thing. What she could do was mind her own business.

For example, the thing she had coaxed Howell to do on the cruise ship that day.

It was finally getting somewhere.

Howell got impatient and went to borrow money from a usurious company.

Little did he know that Melissa had already planted some of her people in that company.

She packed her things and headed to the place they had agreed to meet at.

If she wanted to completely control Howell, it was important that everything went well that day.

The cafe they agreed to meet at that evening was dim as she walked in.



Wearing a peaked cap that hid her face, she quickly glanced over her shoulder and saw a group of men dressed in black follow her in.

Finding a seat, she set her stuff down and waited.

It wasn't long before Howell's familiar figure came in wearing a mask and sunglasses.

Quickly, she switched on her voice changer and waited for him to notice her.

For a few seconds, he looked around before finding his seat. Keeping his head low, he coughed and asked in a low voice, "Have you brought the money?"

"Yes." Melissa calmly put a bank card on the table and said, "Here is thirty million."

She saw his body tense as he looked at the card. He must be overjoyed. Hungrily, he reached out to take the piece of plastic.

When his fingers brushed over the card, Melissa shot out her hand and took it back, replacing it with a contract.

She could see the frown on his face as he sobered and asked, "What is the meaning of this?"

"Mr. Sherman, you are a businessman. You know that businessmen don't do things without profit. We can't lend you money with nothing in return. You need to sign the contract."

Melissa pushed the contract closer to him, taking care to cover most of her face with the peaked cap.

"After you sign it, the money will be yours."

From the other side of the table, Howell felt that the person in front of him was very familiar. Had he seen this person somewhere before?

Shaking his head, he put the thought aside. He was there for the money he so urgently needed. He didn't have the time to think about anything else.

He picked up the contract and took a cursory glance at it. He was stunned when he noticed the interest rate.

"This is too much!" he exclaimed.

With a throaty laugh, she shot back, "I'm a businessman, not a philanthropist." Melissa waved the bank card in her hand and added, "Besides, no one in Andeport can give you so much money at once except me. You can choose to sign the contract or not. There will be no second chance."

Howell took up the pen and hesitated.

The Sherman Group was in urgent need of a new project. The Green Group's biological lab project would make big profits. There was no risk.

He needed to borrow a lot of money, and even though the interest rate was high, he would make more than enough profit to pay back the company.

After thinking for a while, he made up his mind. He signed his name and left his fingerprint on the contract.

It was done.

Melissa couldn't help smiling.

In triumph, she took back the contract and threw the bank card on the table.

"It's yours, Mr. Sherman. I hope we can cooperate."

"Okay."

Snatching the card up, Howell quickly gathered his things and rushed out of the cafe.

The moment Howell was out of sight, Melissa laughed and took off her peaked cap.

Her eyes shined with triumph.

Howell thought he had threatened Melissa into a corner, but little did he

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know that he was the one who stepped into a trap.

With this thirty million, Melissa could easily manipulate Howell.



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