

Chapter 393 Go To Timton

It was late when Melissa finally finished what she had to do and returned to the Mayfield family's house.

Taking care not to cause any noise, she lightly moved over the polished floor and toward the staircase.

When she was a few feet from the stair's delicate banisters, her neck prickled as she felt a strong gaze wash over her, giving her goose bumps.

Slowly turning around, her eyes picked out a large figure in the dark room.

The moonlight filtered in through the large windows and fell on the floor, casting a light, translucent haze on the man's tall body.

There was a cigarette between his fingertips, and she could see the red light of its slow burn peak through the darkness.

Leaning against the counter, he crooked his hand, beckoning her over.

Melissa hesitated. She didn't want to go, but the lights in the bedroom on the third floor were still on.

Afraid of disturbing Johnny and Vivienne, Melissa sighed and walked slowly over to Everett, asking in a low voice, "Why are you calling me over?"

"It's because I care about you." Everett stubbed out the cigarette and said in a hoarse voice, "It's late. Where did you go without telling me?"

Biting her lip, she scolded, "I don't have to report my schedule to you."

Melissa frowned and poured herself a glass of water.

She wouldn't say she met Howell secretly or that she gave him thirty million dollars to cooperate with the Green Group.

It was a huge trap, and she wasn't finished seeing it through.



As moonlight continued to shine through the window, it washed over her, highlighting her face as she tipped her head and drank.

Her wet lips and long neck looked beautiful in the silver light.

His heart racing, Everett averted his eyes, swallowing. He suddenly felt thirsty and hot.

"I care about you. If you don't want to tell me what you're doing, then that's fine."

It didn't matter if she told him or not. The bodyguards he had hired to secretly protect Melissa would report it all to him anyway.

Of course, there was no need to tell her that. Frustrated, he looked at her seriously.

"Although I haven't finished my work here, I have figured out the ins and outs. I'm going to spare some time to deal with the mysterious kidnapper."

The mysterious kidnapper.

The words brought back what the man had said to Melissa.

He was determined to kill her and her children. Although she hadn't heard anything new, she knew that if she couldn't catch the kidnapper, she would always worry.

She turned around and looked at Everett.

"What do you want to do?"

"I want to go to Timton." Everett took out another cigarette but didn't light it. He just put it between his fingers and said, "Those people won't give up easily. They will find a way to attack the company. It's better to take the initiative and fight back first. I can't stand around and do nothing."

As he narrowed his eyes, Melissa couldn't help but think he looked like a shrewd businessman.

"In addition to the current business, the Mayfield Group has begun to invest time and money in the biological technology and medicine industry. Timton is a city famous for medicine and is home to the most famous



traditional medicine family. If we go there, this development plan will take shape."

His words were calm and organized. It was clear that he had thought this through.

Melissa didn't say anything but lowered her gaze to the unlit cigarette, which still hung loosely between his fingertips.

Everett didn't smoke often. He only smoked when he was under a lot of pressure.

Recently, he began to smoke much more frequently, a clear sign of how heavy his burden and pressure were.

It was impressive that the internal and external problems of the Mayfield Group didn't make Everett collapse. Instead, he decisively led the Mayfield Group to develop in a new field. Not many people could do that.

There was no doubt that Everett was an excellent businessman.

Seeing that Melissa hadn't said anything, Everett continued, "Do you remember the information from Atticus? He said the kidnapper is from Tinton. If we go there, it will be easier to investigate than when we investigated in Andeport."

Chapter 394 Reward

The lights in the bedroom on the third floor went out.

The whole house was shrouded in darkness. It was so quiet that only the sound of breathing could be heard.

Taking a deep breath to calm herself, Melissa nodded at the man in front of her. "I agree, but I need to find out something."

"What?" Everett answered subconsciously but caught himself before he could continue, changing the topic. "Fine, you can investigate. But if anything serious happens, please tell me."

"Okay."

Although Melissa agreed, she knew that the investigation might bring to light a lot of things that she wouldn't be able to tell him.

Why was her mother's identity so mysterious? She never even mentioned her family in front of Melissa.

Why was her mother in Andeport? And why was the cause of her death still unknown?

There were so many questions, and those secrets blocked her way to find out the truth.

Besides, the mysterious kidnapper seemed to have something to do with her mother. Maybe there were more secrets hidden behind it all.

Melissa frowned and wondered how she could dig out the information she needed from Howell.

"What are you thinking about?"

Alarmed by her sudden quietness, Everett reached out and wrapped a firm hand around her waist, squeezing a little so that she would turn to look at him.

"Nothing." Melissa came to her senses at his touch and squinted vigilantly at him through the darkness. "What are you doing?"

"Are you thirsty?"

Everett ignored her question, putting his fingers on her lips and gently stroking them.

Melissa trembled at his touch and wanted to say something, but she felt Everett's hand tighten around her waist and then she was lifted up.

When she came to her senses, she was already being carried to the kitchen table, where he placed her on the smooth tabletop.

Surprised, she exclaimed in a low voice, "Everett..."

"What?"

Everett's voice was laced with a smile. It seemed that he was in a better mood.

Reaching around her, he poured another glass of water and stood in front of her.

He teased, "Would you like to drink it yourself or should I..."

"I can do it myself." Snapping at his antics, Melissa answered firmly and grabbed the glass, taking a few gulps.

Afraid the man in front of her would do something, she quickly downed the rest and showed Everett the empty glass.

"I drank it. Can I leave now?"

Roughly placing the glass down, she supported herself with her hands and prepared to jump down when the smell of tobacco overwhelmed her.

Looking up, she saw the glint of Everett's deep eyes.

Before she could react, Everett's lips gently crashed down on hers, trapping her in a kiss.

"I couldn't help myself." Bending down, Everett gave her a sly grin and

said, "Take it as a reward since you obediently drank the water and took care of yourself."

"I don't want your reward." Melissa pushed him away before jumping down.

Like a child, she wiped her lips with the back of her hand and warned, "I'm a doctor. Don't you think it's reasonable to assume that I carry a scalpel with me? Think about the rest."

Not waiting for a response, she turned around and went upstairs, not noticing that the person behind her continued to stare at her.

It was not until Everett couldn't see Melissa that he looked away.

The sight of Melissa's angry face made him laugh. When she got like that, she reminded him of Lindsey. Cute.

He wanted to follow her and coax her just like how he would coax Lindsey, but the thought of her scalpel made him think better.

Others might not dare to hurt him, but Melissa might.

Hiding in the darkness, Everett laughed.

Ding!

His phone, which had been left on the counter, lit up as a message came in.

He caught a glimpse of it and saw that the message was from Arielle, who asked to see him.

What great timing. It just so happened that he wanted to see her too.

It wasn't that he didn't know the truth behind things that had happened but that he wanted to investigate them in depth. And he could deal with them now.

With a serious look on his face, he only replied one word. "Tomorrow."