

## Chapter 403 Let Me Drive You Home

"Alright, Aloys. Don't worry about me." Melissa promised her safety, and Aloys rushed from the restaurant.

Everett's demeanor gloomed as he narrowed his gaze. Since when had the two of them been so close? He felt his breath rise and fall raggedly. He needed an answer. "Put everything on my tab. Deliver it to the Mayfield Group at the end of the month."

"Alright..." The cashier didn't dare to look up, as she stood frozen in fright.

"I'll be leaving now."

Melissa took the lead, heading for the door. As she expected, when she tried to pass Everett, he grabbed her arm tightly. She raised her head to him as she spoke each word with intention. "You said it yourself. Lindsey and Merrick are waiting for me."

"Let me bring you home."

"No, thanks. I'm driving my own car."

"Then I'll drive your car and get you there." Everett tugged her out, without giving her a chance to protest. "I didn't drive here, and we're headed in the same direction."

Not a moment after he finished his sentence, they saw his assistant who stood beside a car. He hurried over to them, and spoke in a respectful tone. "Mr. Mayfield, the car is prepared. Are you heading to the company or..."

His sentence was cut short by the murderous look from Everett.

The assistant suddenly felt anxious, breaking into a cold sweat. He wrung his palms together nervously, as he carefully probed his boss, his voice shaky with unease. "Would you like to drive by yourself? I can..."

"Is that my car?" Everett questioned, an unexpected smile on his face. "Tell Dr. Sherman, did I drive here today?"

"Sorry?" The assistant felt his knees tremble in panic. Even after working for Everett for so many years and growing a tolerance to his demeanor, he was still distressed by the small smile that swept across his boss's face.

He scanned his mind quickly to give the answer his CEO wanted to hear. If he said the wrong thing, he would surely be fired today.

He looked at the figure beside him and stammered, a bitter smile across his cheeks, "Dr. Sherman, Mr. Mayfield didn't drive here. I was just passing by. I was driving this car to attend a business meeting."

Everett felt a wave of relief wash over him, as his assistant gave the correct response.

He turned his head, speaking airily. "Did you hear that? I have to drive you home, or I'll have to ask this nice man to drive us all the way there himself."

Melissa felt helpless as she curled her lips and thought about the impending situation. Compared to sitting in the back seat with Everett, she would much rather sit in the passenger seat of her car. He would be driving, and wouldn't be able to make a move.

She took the car key from her pocket reluctantly. "If you've been drinking, you can't drive. Mr. Mayfield, have you had anything to drink?"

"What do you think?" Everett bent over, and the neon lights of the restaurant behind him clearly outlined his face with a colorful glow.

His expression was very vague, and Melissa could only see that he had his eyebrows raised, a small snicker playfully falling from his lips.

She pushed him away, storming toward her car. "I don't even want to know. You'll be punished if you're caught."

Everett's assistant couldn't fully relax until the pair had retreated to her car in the other direction. He truly felt like he narrowly escaped death in that moment. Most people felt the physical exhaustion from their job, but he always felt that his job was taking a serious psychological toll on

his health. If he said one wrong thing, he would be fired immediately.

The car set forward, moving nimbly over the paved roads. Melissa sat in the passenger seat, leaning against the car door and turning her face to watch the passing scenery out the window.

After what happened last night, she felt that she couldn't be alone with this man, especially in a car. Melissa thought about it quietly.