

Chapter 54 Vacation

It wasn't until the director of the marketing department submitted the tenth version of the plan that Everett finally agreed and signed off on it.


Everett's agreement made the marketing director give a sigh of relief and happiness.

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It was rare for Melissa to have a week-long holiday, so she knew she had to make this holiday a good one. She wanted to take her two kids to Belomorsk, a coastal city that was near the place they lived. She'd only had to ask for two days' leave for her children.

She looked at the stuffed toy protruding out of the suitcase and gave a deep sigh.

Was it necessary for Lindsey to take it with her on holiday?

"Lindsey, you are almost six years old. You should try to sleep by yourself little by little." 

Hearing her mother's words about leaving her dear rabbit toy behind, Lindsey pursed her lips and looked as though she would cry.

Melissa felt flustered by her daughter's emotion. She immediately put the toy in the suitcase and relented by letting Lindsey take her toy along.

"Stop crying, Lindsey. Mommy has packed your toy to take with us, although you will be preoccupied with Belomorsk's delicious food. You might not even have time to play with it when you get there," Merrick said while he was busy packing his small suitcase with his swimsuit and personal belongings.

Melissa looked at her son with pride. He was so responsible.

She was ready to go on her trip after she finished packing her daughter's things. If they left after dinner, they would reach their destination by nine

o'clock that night. It would give them the time and energy after the trip to go out to the night market.


"You can play for only a little while longer. We will leave after we eat dinner."

Melissa smiled joyfully as she thought of their upcoming four-day holiday.

Lindsey was content and played in her room.

They had plenty of time left after their plane landed that night. Melissa and the children traveled to the hotel by taxi.

"It is so beautiful here, Mommy. I saw the sea."

After they arrived, Lindsey promptly forgot her boredom during the plane ride. She began to get excited about what she could see. 

Melissa assisted them with a change of clothes and took them back out into the town.

She'd made plans for this trip in the past two days before they'd departed. There was a night market where the vendors had food and toys for sale. It was also a great place for the kids to play.

As soon as they entered the market, the two children began to enjoy themselves.

Merrick was always a calm and responsible child, but even he succumbed to the fun of playing with electronic products at the market. Lindsey only had eyes for the dolls on display.

"Mommy, look! This is so cute! I want it." Lindsey's voice shouted out as she looked at the toys. She kept telling Melissa what she wanted.

"You have the same toy at home. We're not going to buy another one."

Melissa looked at the children sternly even though she was only pretending. The children responded to her glare and stopped asking her to buy things.

In a restaurant off to the side, a man held up a cup of tea and motioned

for the man sitting across from him to take notes.

"Will you buy all the toys that Lindsey likes, Mr. Mayfield?"

The assistant was somewhat shocked at Everett's behavior and looked at his boss with some confusion.

Everett glared at his assistant. His face was covered with disdain. Couldn't he afford to? Why did his assistant ask such a stupid question?

"Mr. Mayfield, please don't worry. Pertaining to Merrick's preferred equipment, the toys that Lindsey likes, and the things that Dr. Sherman is interested in, I will make sure we buy them all."

The assistant left Everett alone to watch the mother and children secretly.

Everett was hidden beside the window. He was the only guest in that area. No one dared to sit at any of the tables near him.

Unexpectedly, his eyes went cold. The cup he held in his hand began to shake and the water spilled out onto his hand.

Without any hesitation, he stood up and walked out of the restaurant.

A strange man had come over to Melissa at the entertainment area across from where Everett had been sitting. The man was trying to bother her.

Chapter 55 Do We Need To Take Action

Melissa smiled as she took photos of the children. Suddenly, she felt someone touch her backpack.

Initially, she suspected it was simply the push and squeeze of the crowd, but when she felt someone touch her, she became alert to danger.

She was about to turn around, when she felt someone grab her wrist and was pulled to one side.

"Scum." Everett's voice was a cold, low growl. He vented his anger fiercely.

Protecting Melissa with one hand, he kicked the man in front of him.

The man cried out in pain and fell to the ground. "How dare you hit me? Do you know who I work for?"

"Anyone but you."

Someone in the crowd burst into laughter. Even Melissa laughed.

She didn't know why Everett was here, but she didn't mind taking her time to watch the fun. But, could Everett let go of her wrist first?

"Let go," Melissa growled, breaking free of his grip.

"Boss, someone hit me," the injured man said into his phone. He got to his feet and sneered at Everett. "Wait and see, toy boy. You'll find out how powerful I am."

Everett glared at the man, instantly shutting him up.

"Are you following me?" Melissa frowned.

"Mr. Mayfield, I didn't expect to see you here." Lindsey ran toward them

with her brother and hid behind Everett.

Merrick wanted to protect his mother but was blocked by Everett. Merrick stared at Everett angrily.

"Don't be afraid. I will protect you." Everett touched Lindsey's head lovingly. He was happy that the little girl chose to hide behind him instead of her mother.

Melissa looked at her daughter. It upset her that Lindsey chose to hide behind Everett. Was it because of some sort of special bond between father and daughter? Why did Lindsey like Everett so much?

She wanted to ask Everett why he came here but heard a noise outside.

People were shouting, and then they were suddenly surrounded.

"You attacked my man." The man in charge looked tall, strong, and fat. He pointed at Everett disdainfully.

"No one dares to talk to me like that," Everett said, raising his head and staring coldly into the man's eyes.

The fat man was frightened and pursed his lips. He could not back down in front of everyone, so he roared, "You arrogant little... It seems that I must teach you a lesson..."

"You really think that highly of yourself?" Everett was getting annoyed. Frowning, he leaned forward and kicked the man away.

"I will compensate for any losses," he assured the crowd, as men in black sprinted toward them.

The fat man's subordinates were stunned. Their leader had been assaulted, and they weren't sure whether they should fight.

"Mr. Mayfield, I'm sorry I'm late," the assistant panted. Behind him, more than twenty bodyguards stood together. They looked so imposing that everyone fell silent.

"Do we need to take action?" the assistant saw what had happened and asked cautiously. 