

Chapter 297 Trouble Came

Melissa lifted the glass in front of her, pretending nothing had happened.

Inside she was furious, and some of that anger seeped into her words. "I asked you not to call me Mrs. Mayfield."

"You aren't divorced yet. It's only right that I call you Mrs. Mayfield," Franco said with a smile.

Melissa rolled her eyes. He seemed to find delight in making her uncomfortable, very much like Everett.

She gave up for the moment, far more concerned about the man speaking to Everett. "Who's that man with Everett?"

Franco glanced across the room while pretending to tidy the table. "He is the largest shareholder of the Mayfield Group after the Mayfield family. He's been playing dirty tricks behind the scenes. He has some supporters within the Mayfield Group."

"Is he a suspect?"

"Yes," Franco said. "He went abroad not long ago, but when Everett returned from Malorcia, he came back too. I have to go. The waiters wearing bowties are our people. You're safe here."

Before Melissa could say any more, he left carrying an empty tray.

She felt a little bored, staring at the glass in front of her.

It was orange, probably a cocktail.

She sniffed the liquid and frowned. Her intuition told her that her drink had been spiked. She wasn't sure what had been added, but she knew that she couldn't drink it.

Pretending to be casual, she looked in Everett's direction, meeting his eyes.

She felt relieved.

Everett knew something was wrong.

They seemed to share an understanding without the need to talk to each other.

Melissa looked away. Several female employees were approaching. They strode toward her booth.

Melissa sensed they were trouble the moment she saw them.

The employees entered her booth, smiling unpleasantly.

"Aren't you Mr. Mayfield's private doctor? Come on, we'll propose a toast. Thank you for taking care of our CEO."

"Thank you, but I'm afraid I don't drink." Melissa pushed the glass away.

One of the women raised her glass and tipped it toward Melissa. Her drink smelled different.

Melissa was right. Her own drink must have been specially prepared.

Unaware of the lurking danger in this banquet, the employees grew angry and rolled their eyes.

"Who do you think you are? If it weren't for Mr. Mayfield, you wouldn't be able to attend this party. How dare you insult us?"

"You are a nobody. Don't act so arrogantly with us."

"And your dress is a fake, right? You went to great lengths to seduce Mr. Mayfield."

"You should behave yourself, or we'll teach you a lesson."

They spoke one by one, their words dripping with venom.

Melissa didn't want to talk to them. She had more important things to do. But she couldn't stand their insults any longer. She glared at them.

"If I'm nobody, who do you think you are?"