

## Chapter 284 I've Seen A Lot Of People Like You

Melissa arrived at the Mayfield Group. She hadn't been here in five years, but she felt very calm. Since nothing here could affect her anymore, she felt strong enough to face everything.

She located the CEO's office effortlessly, looking at the familiar furnishing. There had been some renovation, but everything seemed the same.

"I can't believe I remember everything," Melissa murmured. She was about to open the door when she suddenly got stopped by a woman who was dressed like a secretary. She waved Melissa down, examining her with dissatisfaction.

She pointed at the stairs and said rudely, "You are not authorized to enter without an appointment."

"Mrs. Mayfield told me to come." Melissa lifted the lunch box in her hand. "I came to bring some food to Mr. Everett Mayfield."

"Meal delivery?" The woman looked at the lunch box cautiously and then tossed her hair, filling the air with the pungent smell of perfume. She reached forward to take the box from Melissa. "Give me that. I'll deliver it."

Melissa held on to the lunch box, her gaze slightly mocking. "What if I refuse?"

"Then leave at once. You are obstructing the entrance." The woman became more irritated. "There are countless women who come here to seduce Mr. Mayfield daily. A destitute one like you should not be allowed near him," she said condescendingly.

Destitute? Melissa's former expression morphed into anger. She was wearing a T-shirt and jeans because she didn't go home to change. She

had come straight from the hospital. Even though it was not luxurious, it wasn't cheap.

Melissa crossed her arms. "If I'm here to seduce him, what about you?"

"This is where I work! I'm the CEO's secretary. Who do you think you are?"

"You work here?" Melissa laughed and confronted her, "Is this how to dress for work? Bend over a little, and your body gets exposed. Not to mention, you don't even behave like a professional."

The woman's face was flushed. She raised her hand, attempting to slap Melissa, with a malicious expression on her face. "What the fuck are you talking about, bitch?"

"I did not stutter." Melissa grabbed her hand before it could reach her face, eying her coldly. She flung her hand away so hard that it pushed the woman back, making her almost fall.

"I've met a lot of people like you." Melissa walked past her and opened the door.

Two people turned to her the moment she walked into the office. "Hello..."

"Hello, Mrs. Mayfield." Franco stood to receive her cheerfully. "It's been a while. You—"

"Who did you call Mrs. Mayfield?" Melissa rolled her eyes, tossed the lunch box on the desk, and pretended to leave. "Vivienne asked me to deliver this. I'm not worthy of seeing Mr. Mayfield. I'll take my leave."


"Hold on!" Franco hollered while turning to look at the person behind the desk who hadn't said a word, with a sad face.

Everett looked at him like it was well deserved.

Franco was dumbfounded. He dashed to the door and obstructed her. "Dr. Sherman, I apologize for calling you that. Please forgive me."

"This has nothing to do with what you just did." Melissa glanced at the man behind the desk; he had a smirk on his face. She narrowed her eyes at him and asked, "Everett, you find this entertaining, don't you?"

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"I don't understand," Everett said innocently. "I have not fully recuperated. It's not my fault."



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