

## Chapter 350 Negotiate Or Fight Desperately

Howell laughed. "Melissa, your surname is Sherman. Disgusted or not, you're my daughter, and your children are my grandchildren."

"Shut up!"

Melissa gritted her teeth.

She would have slapped him hard if Howell were standing in front of her.

But he had Lindsey and Merrick; she must not act too rashly.

She was alone in Andeport. If she panicked, her children could get hurt. She would follow Howell's instructions until she saw an opportunity to act.

She tamped down her emotions and asked, "What the hell do you want me to do?"

Howell replied flatly, "Your son told you where we are. Come alone. We need to talk."

The last four words were said slowly and carefully, as if Melissa would understand the implied meaning.

"Okay, wait for me."

After hanging up, Melissa ran to her car.

She couldn't go alone, but if she called the police, they would make a lot of noise, and Howell might take the children and run. She didn't believe Howell wanted to hurt Lindsey and Merrick, but if she called the police, Howell might do something rash.

Everett was in another country. Johnny had a heart disease and might relapse on the spot if she told him Lindsey and Merrick had been

kidnapped.

Eventually, she dialed the number at the bottom of her contact list.

Aloys had given it to her before he left. It was the number of his security people in Andeport.

The call was connected...

When Melissa arrived at the cemetery, she saw a figure standing beside her mother's tombstone.

Disgust surged through her eyes and heart to her stomach.

She checked the dagger attached to her waist. She didn't plan to use it, but her children were everything, and if Howell dared to hurt them, she was ready to fight.

Howell pointed at the tombstone. "You got here fast. Your mother wants to see you too."

"Don't mention my mother," Melissa said coldly, her beautiful face full of rage.

Her eyes scanned the graveyard until she spotted the two tiny figures who were being controlled by several people nearby.

Their mouths were sealed by duct tape. Other than that, they seemed unharmed.

Relieved, she glared at the man in front of her, preparing to negotiate or fight.

"Don't be nervous." Howell lit a cigarette and nodded at the tombstone. "After all, I am your father. Even if you run from me, our relationship remains the same. I need you to do something for the Sherman family, for your family."

"What?" Melissa asked warily.

"I know that you visited the newly built biological lab of the Green Group, and that Zaid wants you to work there. I want you to ensure he invites the Sherman Group to participate in the project."

Hearing this, Melissa wanted to laugh.

Everyone wanted to be part of the project. But not just any company was qualified.

Based on financial resources alone, the Sherman Group could not compete with the other companies.

Melissa sneered. "I'm a doctor, not a business leader. I can't meddle in that kind of thing. You overestimate my influence."

