

## Chapter 362 Such Bad Luck

Melissa was clear about what these people were after.

This was why she now had no intention of being nice. Her expression was serious as she spoke.

"Eavesdropping? I'm here now, so what is it you want to know?"

The people were embarrassed now that Melissa had caught them eavesdropping. They quickly turned angry and defensive when they were called out on it.

"Why are you accusing us of eavesdropping? We were just going by."

"Exactly! Who are you to say we're eavesdropping?"

"Sure." Melissa did not back down and her expression stayed as serious as before. She pointed a finger up at a camera. "That's a camera that can record in any direction. I will be able to play the tape back later and see exactly what happened here."

There was an uncomfortable silence for a moment after she spoke.

The people looked around at each other. Their faces went ashen and their eyes became dismissive.

"You're not anyone special! We're not scared by your threats!"

"She thinks she has the backing of the Mayfield family. She told us once that she would gain control of the hospital and get rid of us. Her arrogance is so amusing."

"Didn't Everett die after he went abroad? No wonder you're so mad."

Their words were becoming crueler as time went on.

Melissa listened to their harsh words and continued to glare at them icily.

"I hope you remember what you're saying. You will come to regret your words later."

She walked away from them with her back straight after she spoke.

She didn't have the time or energy to stand there and argue with these people who obviously only wanted to kick her while she was down. She would remember every word they said and when she had a chance, she would get back at them all.

In the house of the Mayfield family...

Her car stopped at the corner of the street not far from the house's front door. Melissa looked on while a group of reporters collected at the entrance. There were even more now than there were in the morning.

Melissa sighed and turned her car around.

She parked the car in a public parking lot and then walked down to the house. She found her way to the back door in the dark.

She walked in and saw some servants transporting bowls and basins back and forth. They seemed to be in a hurry and looked very nervous.

Melissa had a terrible feeling about what she was seeing.

When she put a foot on the stairs, Vivienne was there. Her usual elegant makeup was faded, and her expression was steeped with exhaustion.

"You're back, Melissa? Was it hard to get past the reporters outside?"

"No, it was okay." Melissa shook her head and then frowned. "What's going on? What's wrong?"

"We have the worst luck. Johnny went to the company earlier but the directors of the board were adamant about choosing a new CEO. He managed to talk them down, but then he had a heart attack when he returned home. He's still unconscious."

"Oh no!"

Melissa was so worried about Johnny that she ran to the master bedroom with Vivienne.

She sat down by the bed and felt better after checking in on his condition.

Johnny had become emotional during the meeting and it caused him to suffer a heart attack and slip into a coma. They were lucky it was not a cerebral hemorrhage.

"This is Johnny's private doctor, Sinclair. He has been in charge of his health so I sent someone to bring him here this afternoon without alerting the reporters."

Vivienne sat on the edge of the bed and then pointed toward the doctor.

"I'm glad he's here since he knows Mr. Mayfield's physical condition best. I'm sure he'll be fine with Sinclair on the case," Melissa said.

"Thank you for the compliment." Sinclair Lee modestly spoke as he stepped toward the door. "Mr. Mayfield is a strong person and keeps in shape so I think he'll be okay this time. After a while, he will wake up. I'm going to go get his medication."

The doctor left promptly.