

Chapter 437 Where Is My Daughter

Melissa returned to the Mayfield family's home alone after caring for Everett. Fortunately, Johnny and Vivienne found nothing suspicious about her behavior.

The following morning, she was forced to go to the private hospital and help Everett with breakfast before going to work.

It was just another ordinary morning at the office, but it was ruined by the arrival of someone.

Emily threw her bag onto Melissa's desk and began to scold her, "Melissa, I know you're not a good person. I wouldn't mind if you just smeared my daughter's reputation. But where did you hide her? She hasn't been home for two days!" 

Why were there so many troubles? Melissa rubbed her forehead with her right hand, feeling the weight of the troubles that seemed to be piling up around her. She looked at the woman in front of her desk, who appeared to be making a fuss.

Despite the tension in the air, Melissa's curiosity was piqued. She sat up straight and asked with a smile, "Ma'am, how old is your daughter this year? In her twenties? As an adult, doesn't she know how to get home? Why are you asking me about her whereabouts? If you really can't find her, you'd better call the police."

"Stop lying, Melissa!" Emily retorted aggressively. "You must be the one who spread the rumor about my daughter. You wanted to take revenge on her, so you hid her!"

Leilany had a feeling that something bad was going to happen. The conversation they were having was so controversial that if it were recorded and posted online, it would cause a big stir.

She discreetly moved to the door, explained the situation to the patients outside, and closed the door behind her.

Seeing that Leilany had closed the door, Melissa didn't hold back anymore and stood up, looking Emily squarely in the eye.

"Mrs. Sherman, why would I take revenge on your daughter? If she didn't do anything wrong, why would I want to take revenge on her?"

Emily's face darkened as she heard these words.

She choked and said, "So you admit that what I said is true. You kidnapped my daughter because you wanted to take revenge on her!"

"I didn't admit anything," Melissa snorted, crossing her arms over her chest.

She'd realized that the best way to deal with someone as shameless and rascally as Emily was to outdo her in the same ways.

"I'm afraid I can't tell you anything else. If you want to find your daughter, go to the police station. I'm a surgeon, not a psychiatrist."

"You!"

Emily was almost beside herself with anger.

She felt powerless to deal with the news that had been exposed. Her husband did nothing to help, and now her daughter was missing.

Emily was convinced that Melissa was responsible for her daughter's disappearance.

"Okay, okay, keep up your hypocritical act. I'll smash everything here. If you don't hand over my daughter, I'll turn your hospital upside down!"

With that, Emily took action without hesitation.

She threw a stack of documents to the floor and then smashed the two cups on the desk.

But that wasn't enough to vent her rage. She then moved her gaze to the photo frame on the desk.

She picked up the photo frame and was about to throw it when her wrist was suddenly grabbed.

Emily yelled, "Let me go! I will smash everything here..."

Slap!

Before she could finish her sentence, she was slapped across the face.

With a darkened expression, Melissa pulled Emily's wrist hard. A loud

cracking sound was heard.

Emily's face twisted in pain. She couldn't hold onto the photo frame anymore, so she dropped it.

She covered her face with one hand, but her other hand was too painful to lift.

Emily's chest felt like it was about to explode with rage. She glared at Melissa, wanting to pounce on her and strangle her neck.

"Melissa, how dare you hit me? Do you wish to die? Is this how you treat an elder?" 