

Chapter 629 Organize A Search And Rescue Mission

"Mom, try not to get overly emotional right now. Don't let yourself fall ill. Melissa will be alright," Everett tried to console Vivienne

But Vivienne was past the point of reasoning. Holding her chest, she burst into tears, "Why is Melissa so unfortunate? How could this happen to her? She was there to save people. Why did such a thing happen to her?"

As she lamented, she pounded her chest.

"Mom, please don't cry. We can't let the kids overhear this. The report only mentioned loss of communication, not that something has happened to her. The best thing you can do right now is to stay calm," Everett said, trying to pacify his distraught mother.

Vivienne was somewhat comforted by this. Indeed, the issue at hand was only a communication failure. Perhaps they had evacuated before the flood arrived.

She cast a cautious glance upstairs, feeling a sense of relief on finding the children's doors remained shut.

"Everett, what should we do now? Let's organize a search and rescue mission. I won't find peace until we have news of her. I'm genuinely worried about Melissa!" she implored.

"I agree," Everett responded.

Suddenly, Vivienne clutched Everett's hand tightly.

"My son, I usually don't interfere in your relationship, but you two have faced so many ups and downs. Why not hold a wedding after Melissa is rescued? Maybe it will change our luck for the better."

"Okay, I understand," he agreed.

Vivienne continued, "All I hope for is your safe and peaceful life. That would truly put me at ease."

Subsequently, Everett called his team and arranged several helicopters and motorboats overnight

Given the poor visibility at night, the helicopters had to wait until dawn for the search and rescue operation.

The night was restless for Everett. Without a wink of sleep, he eagerly awaited the first light of day. As soon as it dawned, he led his team straight to the disaster-stricken area.

After a two-hour flight, the helicopter finally hovered over the disaster zone. The sight of the submerged land was shocking.

Suppressing his sense of dread, Everett began searching for survivors.

But all that lay below was an endless expanse of water. It was a daunting task to locate any survivor in this vast flood.

Meanwhile, more than a dozen people were taking refuge in a mountain cave, each of them visibly exhausted.

Although they were safe for now, the lack of food and water over the entire day left them dispirited.

Among them, Gerald and Maggie were faring the worst.

Born into wealthy families, they were relatively unprepared for such harsh conditions.

Covering his growling stomach, Gerald exclaimed, "If we keep waiting like this, we will undoubtedly starve to death here."

The limited water supply they had could only last a day when distributed equally.

Everyone was hesitant to consume the precious water.

A local resident cautiously pulled out a piece of bread from his pocket and offered it to Gerald.

"Here, eat this for now."

Surprised, Gerald asked, "But what about you? If you give this to me, what will you eat?"

"Don't worry. I've already had something," the old man replied, subtly swallowing his saliva.

Relieved, Gerald split the bread into two halves—one for Star, the youngest among them, and the other for himself.

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However, he spat it out as soon as he bit into it.

"Cough! What's this?" he spluttered.