

Chapter 632 Melissa's Gone Missing

Everett was among the passengers in the helicopter. Spotting those clad in white uniforms, he surmised that they were likely part of a medical team.

Yet Melissa was nowhere to be found. Where could she have gone?

"Anyone here know Melissa Sherman?"

Maggie, upon hearing Everett mention Melissa, was momentarily stunned. Composing herself, she fought back a wave of emotion before finally voicing her distress.

"In the chaos of the evacuation, Melissa plunged into the river to rescue a child, only to be swept away by the raging waters. Her fate... we're unsure if she's alive or..."

Everett felt a pang in his heart at her words.

"What did you just say? Melissa's gone missing?"

As his query hung in the air, a silence filled the cabin.

Glancing at the mournful expressions around him, he knew, Melissa had indeed been swept away by the deluge.

A searing pain clutched his heart, as if gripped by a colossal iron fist. He balled his hands into tight fists, gritting out.

"Show me where she was last seen."

Maggie pinpointed the location for Everett.

Once the survivors were safely delivered, Everett joined a fleet of over a dozen rescue boats.

He navigated to the site Maggie had indicated. The floodwaters, swelling menacingly, painted a dismal picture.

But he couldn't accept that Melissa would leave him in such a manner.

With a renewed resolve, he rallied his crew. They had to find Melissa. He vowed to bring her home, whether she was living or not.

After a full day's effort, Melissa remained elusive.

The rescue team was visibly fatigued, but in the absence of Everett's order to stand down, nobody dared rest.

Everett himself was tireless, ceaselessly scouring the floodwaters like an indefatigable machine.

His singular mission was to uncover some sign of Melissa's survival.

But as the search wore on, his optimism waned.

The rescue team was all too aware of the bleak chances of survival amid such disastrous flooding.

Time was against them, and with every passing minute, Melissa's chances of survival were dwindling.

Despite their growing desolation, no one dared voice their doubts. The fleet continued to patrol the waters.

Upon being rescued, Maggie felt compelled to return to the search for Melissa.

There was always the slimmest chance that Melissa might have survived.

Even Gerald was driven to join the effort.

Together, they joined the seasoned sailors on the floodwaters' surface.

"Are you certain this is where Melissa was last seen?"

Maggie pointed with resolve at a gnarled tree on the shore.

"Yes, Melissa had fastened a rope to that tree. When the rope gave way, that's when the disaster unfolded."

Gerald suggested, "In that case, let's follow the current downstream."

And so they set their course downstream.

Before long, their vessel encountered Everett's.

Seeing the man's worn-out countenance, Maggie was taken aback.

The depth of his concern for Melissa was clear. Was this the husband Melissa had mentioned?

After all, it was his helicopters that had saved them. He was their savior.

Both Gerald and Maggie made their way to greet Everett.

"Hello, Mr. Mayfield. Are you searching for Melissa?"

"Yes," Everett acknowledged, not sparing them much attention. His gaze roamed the area, his heart holding out hope for a glimpse of Melissa.

