

## **Kissed AOM 1991**

### Chapter 1991

The scene began as the male lead and 'Cathy'-played by Wendy-went window-shopping. The female lead rushed out and slapped Wendy.

"Joshua Riley! Didn't you say you were in a meeting? Who is this woman?!" screamed the female lead.

Wendy was upset by the slap. 'Why did she have to hit me so badly? We're just acting, aren't we?'

She covered her cheek and acted out her role angrily. "Who are you? Why did you hit me?"

"Who am I, you ask?" The female lead pointed at the male lead. "I am Joshua's wife. We're legally married! Have you no shame in hooking up with a married man? You homewrecker!" Wendy glanced at the male lead, who showed no fear at all, and confidently said, "So what if you're his wife? He told me that he doesn't love you at all. The one who's not loved is the mistress!" Melody watched the 'drama' unfold from the observation room.

While Wendy's performance in other movie roles was mediocre, she surprisingly portrayed the role of the homewrecker convincingly. In fact, the others gritted their teeth at how detestable she was. Edmund had brought in professional actors for Melody. Even knowing that it was not a real shoot, they still performed with great dedication and professionalism.

The female lead glared at the male lead tearfully. "Is what she said true? Joshua... I'm asking you if what she said is true! You don't love me anymore? Have you forgotten how you've begged me to be with you in the past?"

The male lead rolled his eyes impatiently at the female lead. "Can you please stop making a scene here? You might not feel embarrassed at getting seen like this by other people, but I do!"

"Embarrassed? I stuck by your side even when you were poor! You surely didn't find me embarrassing then!" The female lead reached out and tugged on Joshua's clothes, trying to find a trace of love for her in his eyes.

Seeing this, Wendy reached out and shoved off the female lead.

"Stop pestering Joshua! Yes, it wasn't easy for you to stay by his side for so many years. But that was old news, and he now loves me. If you really love him, you should let him go, and leave us alone!" The female lead staggered back before falling to the ground.

"You... You're asking me to let him go? I'm his legal wife! A young girl like you should find a decent job instead of offering yourself up to be a mistress! Is this how your parents raised you to be?"

"What we have is true love! He loves me, not you. So your marriage is absolutely meaningless!" Wendy crouched in front of the female lead and looked at her with disdain. "I advise you to get a divorce as soon

as possible. Maybe then I'll convince Joshua to give you some alimony. Otherwise, you'll be left with only the option of leaving with nothing!"

The female lead glared at the two people resentfully. She suddenly broke down and screamed before rushing toward Wendy as if determined to seriously fight.

This plot did not exist in the script given to Wendy, so she was caught off-guard. The female lead had knocked her down by the time she realized what was happening.

"You b\*tch! I'm going to teach you a lesson for being a homewrecker!" The female lead slapped Wendy's face twice.

The male lead approached only after she finished and slowly pulled the female lead away, saying, "Stop causing a scene!"

Wendy stood up and looked at the 'director' aggrievedly. "Director, what's going on here?"

Chapter 1992

The 'director' did not say anything, nor did he end the audition.

To get this role, Wendy had no choice but to grit her teeth and continue acting. "How dare you call me a b\*tch? You're the b\*tch here. What Joshua and I have is real love!"

As she spoke, Wendy fought back against the female lead, and the two ended up in a scuffle.

"Alright. Cut!" yelled the 'director'.

Seeing Wendy about to hit the female lead, Melody signaled the 'director' to call for a cut.

Wendy immediately stood still, adjusted her clothes and hairstyle, and eagerly ran to the 'director'.

"Well? How was my performance? There shouldn't be a problem with me taking on this role, right?"

The 'director', having completed his mission and had no intention of paying further attention to Wendy, turned to leave.

Wendy quickly grabbed his arm.

She had endured being slapped several times for this audition and suffered so much humiliation. She could not just let him walk away like that.

"Director, what's the meaning of this? You invited me here! I got slapped and insulted, but now you're not saying anything. Just what are you trying to pull? Can I or can I not take on this role?"

The 'director' withdrew his arm with disdain. "It's not up to me to decide. You'll have to ask our superior!"

"Superior? Do you mean the investor? Well, bring him here, and I'll talk to him."  
Wendy's eyes lit up at the mention of the investor.

A typical investor would be more likely to be involved in more than just this one film. Thus, her path in the entertainment industry could become much smoother, and she would be able to secure a few more roles if she could gain the favor of the investor.

The 'director' raised his chin, signaling the 'director's assistant' to bring Melody out of the observation room.

When Wendy saw Melody appear in front of her, she was somewhat surprised. More than anything, however, she felt disdain.

"Melody, why are you still here? Haven't you given up on trying to compete with me for the role? Give it up. I'm about to meet the investor for this drama! I'm almost certain about getting this role!" Melody looked at her calmly. "Don't you know? I'm their boss."

Wendy was shocked. She looked at Melody with disbelief all over her face. Suddenly, she burst into laughter. "You? An investor? Don't joke around, Melody! Weren't you just begging the director's assistant to help get the role? Ha! I suggest you drop the act now!"

"I'm not their investor, but their boss," Melody said, waving to the surrounding staff. "Everyone, thank you for your hard work. You can go to the finance department to collect your payments." Everyone present bowed respectfully to her, swiftly tidied up their belongings, and left in unison. In the blink of an eye, only Melody and Wendy were left in the studio.

Consequently, Wendy could no longer deny what Melody had just said.

"What... What's going on? Melody, did you really invest in this drama?"

Ironically, even at that point, Wendy still had complete confidence in the existence of the drama. She preferred to believe that Melody had indeed invested in the drama rather than accept that she had been deceived.

Chapter 1993

Melody revealed the truth to her. "The drama doesn't exist at all, and there were no cameras recording during the supposed audition. Wendy, you like acting, don't you? Well, you should be happy that I hired so many people to act with you."

Wendy finally realized that she had been deceived, and her eyes filled with anger. "How dare you lie to me?! Just what are you trying to achieve by pulling such a stunt on me?"

She reached out to slap Melody, seeking to vent her frustration. However, Melody quickly stepped back, avoiding the slap. "You can't touch me right now. I have ways of ruining your reputation if you dare to lay a finger on me."

Wendy did not believe her, but considering how smoothly Melody managed to snatch away her advertisement deal, she felt a bit uncertain. Thus, she did not dare to act rashly for the time being and instead asked, "What are you talking about, Melody?"

"You know what I mean." Melody pointed at the several cameras nearby. "The audition wasn't recorded by the camera, but the surveillance cameras captured everything. Imagine if I edit the footage and post it online. Social media users might think you're really a homewrecker. How do you think they'll judge you then?"

Wendy suddenly looked at the monitors, realizing what Melody was getting at. She felt a mix of anger and embarrassment. "You sly b\*tch! You dare to frame me? No one will believe you even if you post the video online!"

"Is that so? Should we give it a try, then?" Melody took out her phone, preparing to call Edmund and instruct him to edit the video.

Wendy, ultimately fearful, immediately reached out to snatch Melody's phone. "Don't you dare, Melody Sander! I'm going to make Helen's life difficult if you post the video online!"

Ironically, Wendy was still trying to use Helen to threaten Melody. What she did not know was that after receiving the three million dollars, Melody had vowed to herself that she would no longer consider Helen as her mother.

"You were the one who posted those photos of me and Sherman online, right?" Melody took back her phone. "Should I call you clever or foolish, Wendy? You're willing to offend Parr Group to ruin me. Don't you think it's not worth it at all?"

Parr Group produced countless advertisements throughout the year, and they held a significant influence in the industry, giving them the power to determine the success or failure of some celebrities' careers. By falsely implicating that something was going on between Sherman and Melody, Wendy had offended the Parr Group. Since Melody figured out who leaked the photos online, it stood to reason that Parr Group could do the same as well. Wendy essentially sabotaged herself, and the irony was that she remained oblivious to this fact.

"I don't know what you're talking about! What photos? It wasn't me! But I warn you, if you dare to post today's video online, I will not let you off." Wendy did not have any practical means, so she resorted to empty threats.

Her words meant absolutely nothing to Melody.

"Wendy, do you think you have anything left to threaten me with now?"

"I..." Wendy wanted to bluff, but she realized that everything she could think of, Melody no longer cared about.

Melody used to care about the mother-daughter relationship between her and Helen, and she would compromise on many things because of it. However, ever since Melody disowned Helen as her mother, Wendy lost any leverage she might have had over her.

Chapter 1994

Seeing Wendy trying to refute but coming up empty, Melody felt happier than ever. She finally got revenge on all the grievances she suffered under Wendy's rule.

"What's wrong? Cat got your tongue? Don't tell me you only realize now that you have nothing left to threaten me with anymore, Wendy."

"What do you want, Melody?" Although Wendy realized that she could not threaten her anymore, she refused to give in.

Melody lowered her head and smiled. "I don't want anything. It's just that you used photos to slander me, so I want you to taste what it feels like to be slandered. What was that phrase again? 'Give a taste of their own medicine'?"

The video Melody possessed would subject Wendy to online harassment, but she did not intend to ruin her completely. She simply wanted to deter her from causing trouble again in the future. After all, pushing someone to a dead end, where they had lost all hope, could lead them to act recklessly without considering the consequences. Wendy would be even more troublesome by then. Melody did not want to utterly destroy her, nor did she want to jeopardize her own safety. With this leverage in her hand, Wendy would not dare to do anything against her in the future. What Melody sought was peace of mind.

"As long as you stop bothering me, I'll keep this video forever and make sure that no one else sees it. But if you dare to trouble me again, I'll release this video. You certainly won't be able to survive in the entertainment industry anymore by then. I suggest you weigh the pros and cons before doing anything."

The video would indeed become Melody's greatest leverage in forcing Wendy to behave.

"You b\*tch! Just wait, I'll make you regret this." Wendy hastily left, evidently intimidated.

Although she continued to make threatening remarks, it was just a bluff. She genuinely did not dare to confront Melody anymore.

Melody felt considerably relieved as she watched Wendy leave. She finally resolved the major problem that had been giving her headaches.

Wendy left the studio, turned, and glared back fiercely. She had not expected that everything was just a scam. To make matters worse, Melody got leverage that she could use against her whenever she wanted to.

Not knowing how to feel as this was the first time this had ever happened, she got into her car and drove home dejectedly.

Melody retrieved her bag from the chair and took out a USB drive. To prolong the effectiveness of this leverage, she needed to keep the surveillance video secure.

She headed to the control room with the intention of making a copy of the surveillance video. However, as soon as she opened the door, she was startled.

"L...Lucas? What are you doing here?" she asked.

'How did Lucas end up in the control room?' she wondered.

He sat enigmatically in front of the monitors, raising an eyebrow at her. "I heard there would be a good show here, so I came to watch."

Melody furrowed her brow lightly. "When did you get here? You didn't happen to witness everything that just happened, did you?"

Lucas smirked and countered, "Melody, have you ever thought about becoming an actress?"

Lucas had been sitting in the control room from the beginning. He watched as Melody orchestrated her scheme from the observation room. Somehow, he found the woman before him intriguing.

He thought Melody was a woman who would do anything for money, but as he got to know her, he realized it might not be the case. She portrayed the image of a good granddaughter-in-law in front of his grandparents by taking care of them earnestly.

In fact, Melody seemed stronger and more genuine than he imagined after she bravely took on the burden of a three-million-dollar debt and actively sought work to repay the amount.

Chapter 1995

After today's performance, Lucas seemed to see a different side of Melody. She used Wendy's desire to act to teach her a lesson in a process. Not to mention, she got leverage out of the whole thing as well. Melody was certainly more cunning than he gave her credit for.

"Me? Become an actress?" Melody found Lucas' question somewhat perplexing. She walked over, plugged the USB drive into the computer, and began copying the necessary surveillance videos. "Why would I? I'm not like Wendy, who dreams of becoming a famous actress and living the life of a big star. I don't want my every move to be excessively scrutinized by people."



Lucas chuckled softly. "Is that so? But I think you're more talented at acting than your sister. You'll have a bright future if you become an actress." Melody realized that Lucas was teasing her. She thought about the scene she had just played with Wendy and felt somewhat flustered.

"If you're just going to sit here and mock me about this, I suggest you leave, Lucas."

"I'm not mocking you. You are a very good actress."

Melody rarely saw Lucas' smile, but she had to admit that he was indeed even more handsome when he was smiling.

'Well, if mocking me brings him, then I don't mind it at all. It's not like I'll lose anything if he mocks me,' thought Melody.

She shrugged it off and turned her attention to the progress bar on the computer. Neither of them spoke, and the control room became quiet.

Lucas gazed intensely at Melody's back.

Suddenly, Melody's stomach growled with hunger. She immediately covered her stomach sheepishly. She had been busy setting things up since early morning, without even stopping for breakfast, to make sure everything went according to plan.

It was already 1 p.m. then, and she had not had a chance to eat lunch. Thus, it was natural she would be hungry. However, it was very embarrassing to her to have her stomach growling so loudly in front of Lucas.

Although she would not lose anything should Lucas laugh at her, she was so embarrassed that she wished she could dig a hole and crawl into it. At that moment, all she hoped for was that Lucas did not hear the sound of her stomach growling.

"Are you hungry?"

Melody froze. It seemed he did hear it after all.

It made sense. There were only the two of them in the quiet room, so it would be odd if he did not hear it.

At that point, the copying of the surveillance video was complete. Melody reached out to unplug the USB drive, saying, "Well, I didn't have breakfast or lunch today, so of course I'm hungry."

Lucas' brow creased. "Is it really worth skipping meals over such a trivial matter?"

Melody's expression became serious. "I've been waiting for the day to teach Wendy a lesson, so I had to make sure everything went according to plan."

Lucas understood the feeling of being falsely accused and knew how difficult it must be for Melody.

"Making her suffer isn't that difficult. Edmund can do it for you if you don't want to handle it yourself."

Chapter 1996

Melody had been in more frequent contact with Edmund and enlisted his help in many tasks. She was well aware of Edmund's capabilities, and she knew he could easily step in to teach Wendy a lesson. However, she was determined to handle the matter herself. She had to learn how to fight back against her bullies, or she would never grow.

"I can handle it myself, and Edmund has helped me a lot. He's your secretary, not my errand boy. I can't keep burdening him with more work all the time," said Melody with a faint smile.

For some reason, her smile made Lucas' heart ache. It was as if she was a fragile doll who could shatter at a slight touch.

"Let's go." Lucas stepped forward and took her hand. "I'll take you out for a meal."

Melody barely registered what was happening, even as he dragged her out. "Uh, Lucas, wait..."

He ignored her protest and strode outside with her in tow.

Melody did not resist. Her face turned bright red when she looked down in a daze on their intertwined fingers.

It seemed like she was not as resistant to his touch as before. Unbeknownst to them, their relationship subtly changed over time.

Lucas led her to the car and opened the passenger door, gesturing for her to get in. "Get in."

"Where are we going?" Melody looked at her hand, which had been released, feeling somewhat unsure of where to put it.

Lucas sighed helplessly and nudged her into the car. "Where else do you think? I'm taking you out for a meal."

He drove Melody to a nearby restaurant and said to the waiter, "The usual."

The waiter immediately understood his request and brought all the dishes within five minutes.

"Enjoy your meal, Mister Lucas."

After the waiter left, Melody raised her concerns about the table full of dishes. "Lucas, are these dishes freshly made? How is everything ready within five minutes of us sitting down?" "This restaurant always sets aside a table of dishes I usually eat. When I come, they serve the dishes. If I don't, it becomes their staff's dinner."

Lucas picked up a bowl of soup and placed it in front of Melody.

Melody once again experienced the life of a wealthy person. The table full of dishes must have cost a fortune in ingredients, yet they had it ready every day.

"Do you come here to eat often?"

"Occasionally." Lucas gracefully poured himself a bowl of soup and began sipping it.

Melody pouted. He truly lived a lavish life.

She started sipping the soup too. Although it seemed like the soup did not contain any special ingredients, with the first sip, Melody realized it was incredibly delicious-a taste she never tasted before. "What did they add to this soup that made it so tasty?"

"Why are you asking so many questions? Don't talk so much while eating." Lucas sipped his soup to warm his stomach and started eating the other dishes.

To witness Melody's 'drama' they played out in the studio, Lucas did not really have time to eat either.

"You seem to know a thing or two about food, Lucas," Melody muttered before she earnestly started eating.

Although the dishes did not seem overly extravagant, their flavors were far different from the usual restaurants.

After a while, Lucas looked up at her. "What is your next move?"

"Me?" Melody furrowed her brow, pondering for a moment. "With this video as leverage, Wendy probably won't bother me for a while. So I plan to continue job hunting. The sooner I find a job, the sooner I can start earning money."

Chapter 1997

"Didn't I tell you you don't need to work?" Lucas was starting to get impatient.

'I told her that she didn't have to repay the three million dollars, yet she insists on finding a job. Can't she just be at peace?' he thought.

"Lucas, I know I don't have to work while I'm part of your family, but that won't be the case a year from now. What am I supposed to do then? I'm not like you. I don't have endless money. I still need to work!"

That was something Lucas had not considered. Their contract was only for a year. After one year, they would peacefully divorce. Moreover, she could not go back to her own family since she had severed all ties with them. There was nowhere she could go, so she had to come up with a backup plan.

"When the time comes, I'll have Edmund arrange a house and a car in your name. I'll also give you a sum of money after the divorce, so you don't have to worry about anything at all," said Lucas after a minute of silence.

He had indeed arranged things quite appropriately. He decided to provide her with a house, a car, and even money for her future. Melody would not need to worry about her life after the divorce if he were to proceed with this plan.

Melody shook her head. "You've given me a lot. Besides, we're not a real couple, so I can't possibly take more from you."

Melody entered into the marriage contract with Lucas to escape from her family. Lucas, in turn, helped her by giving three million dollars to her family and providing her with a monthly allowance. What he provided was more than enough.

Lucas did not expect Melody to refuse; such generous terms would be tempting for any woman. Nonetheless, he did not force her into accepting. "So, what kind of job do you plan to look for next?" Melody could no longer go to Parr Group, but there were no better job offers on the horizon. Thus, she could only take it one step at a time.

"We'll see. Right now, I don't know what industry I want to work in." Melody grinned, looking down at the food in front of her. "The most important thing now is to eat. Let's dig in!"

Back at the Sanders' residence, Wendy-deeply angered upon discovering the deception-returned home and locked herself in her room. She never expected that Melody, whom she had always looked down upon, could set up such a big trap.

'It seems that b\*tch Melody has been hiding her scheming nature all along. Ooh, I shouldn't have let my guard down around her! But she couldn't have known to hide her nature from such a young age. Someone must be teaching her these things!' thought Wendy.

Only one person could possibly do that, and that was Helen.

'D\*mn that woman! She acts all submissive to me on the surface, but she was actually encouraging Melody to act weak so she could lie!' The more Wendy thought about it, the angrier she became. She felt like she had been played for a fool by this mother-daughter duo. Enraged, Wendy went downstairs to find Helen and immediately slapped her on sight. "Helen, you're just as despicable as your daughter!"

Chapter 1998

Wendy's slap disoriented Helen.

She always kept a low profile and went along with whatever Ethan and Wendy said, just to survive in the Sanders' residence. However, even after being so submissive, Wendy still treated her this way! "Wendy, what's wrong with you? I haven't done anything!" Helen said, shedding tears of grievance.

Wendy, looking into the eyes so similar to Melody's, felt her anger burning even more intensely. "Stop pretending! It's all because of you that Melody has become so cunning."

Wendy picked up the nearby teapot and hurled it toward Helen, who failed to dodge in time.

"Aahh!"

The steaming water spilled from the teapot and scalded Helen's entire arm, turning it red.

Wendy had acted impulsively a moment ago, but upon seeing Helen's red arm, fear washed over her. "I..."

Helen, enduring the pain in her arm, forced a smile. "I'm fine, Wendy. Please don't be mad anymore. What happened?"

Seeing Helen trying to be amicable, Wendy's anger subsided by half. She frowned and looked at Helen. "Deep down in your heart, do you still consider Melody as your daughter?"

Helen immediately shook her head. "Of course not. She severed ties with me long ago when she gave us three million dollars. Say, did Melody make you angry again?"

Wendy was very satisfied with her response. "Yes. That wretched Melody schemed against me today. She humiliated me in front of other people!"

Wendy recounted the events of her day in detail to Helen. "She embarrassed me and even used the surveillance footage to threaten me. She's truly despicable."

Helen noticed something as she listened to Wendy's story. When did her seemingly useless daughter become so wealthy? She could even rent a high-end studio and hire numerous extras. Could she truly have struck gold?

Helen began to regret her decision. She should not have severed ties with her daughter for the sake of three million dollars!

After all, her daughter might not have any other practical skills, but she did have a decent face. Perhaps she could really catch the eye of some wealthy boss. Even being a mistress for a wealthy person could bring a substantial amount of money to the family.

"Helen? What are you thinking about?"

Helen snapped back to reality and looked at Wendy ingratiatingly. "Nothing. I'm just thinking about how to help you get back at her." "That's the spirit!" Wendy turned her head, looking in another direction. "I'm going to make her regret what she did to me today!"

While the two were talking, Ethan entered the house and saw the mess on the floor.

"What's going on here?" he asked with a frown.

Hearing Ethan's voice, Wendy became a bit nervous. 'He's going to be angry if he finds out Wendy has thrown the teapot at me!'

Helen patted Wendy's hand, stood up, and greeted Ethan with a smile. "I accidentally broke the teapot just now, but I'll clean it up right away."

"You're always so clumsy," scolded Ethan with a glare before heading upstairs.

Wendy followed Helen and spoke as they walked, "As long as you help me get back at Melody, you can rest assured that I'll put in a few good words for you to my dad." Helen simply nodded.

Chapter 1999

Meanwhile, Lucas drove Melody back home after they finished their lunch.

Melody got out of the car, but when she noticed Lucas remained seated, she turned to ask him, "Aren't you getting out?"

"I have some things to take care of," Lucas replied.

Melody felt disappointed, and there was a bitter feeling in her heart. 'Is he going to find Stella?' she wondered.

Lucas gave a helpless smile when he saw her expression. "I haven't been to the office all day, and there are many things I need to do, so I can't afford to relax."

"You're going to the office?" Melody's mood brightened slightly with a smile. "Don't work too late. Your family is already wealthy, so you don't need to work so hard. Your health is more important." Melody turned and happily skipped into the house.

Lucas' gaze involuntarily softened as he watched her go into the house. It was sort of nice to have Melody living with them. At least, his grandparents seemed to be in a good mood every day because of her antics.

He then collected his thoughts, started the car, and headed to the office.

Ever since her arm was burned that day, Helen had stayed at home for several days without going out. Wendy had not caused her any trouble, and despite Ethan's horrible personality, he still arranged for a temporary maid to help her clean the house.



It was the most comfortable days Helen had spent in the Sanders' residence in many years.

As Helen watched the injuries on her arm gradually heal, an unexpected thought crossed her mind-she did not want the wounds to heal so quickly.

Unfortunately, her wish failed. The burn on her hand improved considerably, and Helen could not continue to delay anymore. Rather than irritating Ethan in any form possible, she might as well take the initiative to take over the household chores.

One day, Helen got up early and earnestly prepared breakfast for the family. While making breakfast, she could not help but think of Melody.

Melody used to share half of the household chores with her, but since Melody was gone, she had to do everything on her own.

'What exactly did that girl do to suddenly become so wealthy?' thought Helen.

"Where's the maid?" Ethan asked casually as he descended the stairs and saw Helen preparing breakfast.

Helen brought a glass of freshly made almond milk over and placed it in front of Ethan. "My arm is almost healed, so I thought of letting the maid go to save some money."

"Okay," Ethan responded lightly, showing no concern. He lowered his head and focused on eating his breakfast.

After seeing Ethan and Wendy off, Helen took out her phone and dialed Melody's number.

When the call went through, Melody was helping Beatrice arrange flowers and plants. Her expression darkened when she saw Helen's name displayed on the phone screen. She firmly tapped 'decline' and hung up on her.

"Who was it?" Beatrice's inquiry brought Melody back to reality.

Melody flashed her a smile. "It's nothing. Probably just one of those telemarketers."

Helen, angered by the rejected call, furiously threw her phone onto the bed. "That d\*mn girl. Does she think she can refuse my calls just because she's rich now? Doesn't she know I gave birth to her?"

Chapter 2000

Unable to contact Melody, Helen racked her brains and thought of Melody's former classmates.

Melody was sort of a loner, and over the years, Helen had not seen her make many friends. Melody only brought up one particular classmate a few times, so Helen assumed they had a good relationship. Helen quickly went to Melody's room. Melody had left in a hurry, so she did not take many things with her. Helen searched through her belongings and found a yearbook hidden at the bottom of the cabinet. Melody only bought a mobile phone when she graduated from college, so she must have written down her former classmates' contact information in the yearbook.

Helen searched for a long time before finding that classmate's phone number in the yearbook.

She called right away, saying, "Hello?"

The person on the other end of the line was puzzled to receive a call from Helen. "Yes, who is this?"

"I'm Melody's mom. Is she with you right now? Pass her the phone right now!" ordered Helen.

During college, this classmate knew that Melody's mom was not kind to her. She often sided with Melody's half-sister in bullying her. Thus, upon hearing it was Melody's mom, the classmate's tone immediately turned unfriendly. "Sorry, she's not with me."

"How is that possible? Melody only has you as a friend. If she's not with you, then where else could she be?"

Only then did the classmate know that Melody had left home. Considering what Melody had been through, the classmate felt very sorry for her and grew even more resentful toward Helen.

"You never cared about Melody at all, and now you're looking for her? You should be ashamed to call yourself a mother! I would've cut off all ties with you ages ago if I were her!"

The classmate hung up the phone and blocked Helen's number.

Still feeling uneasy, the classmate sent a message to Melody, [Your mom called me. Seems like she's looking for you.]

Seeing the classmate's message and recalling Helen's recent call, Melody could not shake the feeling that something was off. Regardless of what Helen was up to, Melody only knew that it would not be anything good.

Unable to get information about Melody from her classmate, Helen became distressed. After much contemplation, she remembered the news she had seen online before. She took out her phone and began searching, hoping to find the previous photos, but all she found was the statement released by Parr Group.

'Parr Group? Since Melody has a connection with this company, they might know where she is now,' thought Helen.

She found Parr Group according to the navigation map.

"Oh wow, I never expected that good-for-nothing Melody to be acquainted with Parr Group's boss! This company is so big!" Helen could not help but exclaim when she saw how high-end the company building

was.

Helen was delighted. After all, Melody was her daughter, which meant she was obligated to provide for her mother in her old age if she got rich.

Helen walked in and strode confidently to the front desk. "Where is your president? I need to speak with him about something."

The front desk at Parr Group had met a variety of people over the years, including those like the woman in front of them. Without even looking up, the receptionist asked, "Do you have an appointment?" "Appointment? Why would I need an appointment?" Helen completely considered herself the president's mother-in-law. She dismissed the receptionist and walked toward the turnstile gate.