

Mr. Scott 121

Chapter 121

Melanie's words stoned Dylan as she rugged at Pachie's clothing uncomfortably, Observing her, Melanie parsed her sand and TONIN PANT

Apart from the brus on Dylan's face, Melanie also notio subtle bruises on Peachie's neck that weronealed by her collar

Dylan Bhatially descared to spend, but seeing Puchie's pleading eyes, she could not help the tears that sreed welling up ber eyes She rubbed her eyes hastily with her sleeve and said, "He doesn't do it often. It's tst that he was drunk the other day and shoved me"

Melanie frowned, staring at her intently "Did he make you give him the money, or did you do it ཏཱ་ཏྲཱི་ཅི།

Dylan closed her eyes in difficulty, and after a moment, she strained her neck to say, "Peachie is still

..... གན་ན་ན་ན་ན་ས་ས་ན་.....

Melanie watched her silently. Dylan's ence upright posture gradually slumped, and the hand she had on the table trembled. It was as if she was suppressing immense pain.

Sensing her mother's emotional struggle, Peachie started crying. Dylan wiped her eyes and comforted

be

When Peachie finally stopped crying, she looked at Melanie but quickly turned away after a glance.

Melanie had been observing her expressions and had come up with a fairly accurate guess. Just as she was about to get straight to the point, Dylan's phone rang.

Her phone was an unknown brand and had a cracked screen. Upon answering the call, a man's voice roared angrily over the phone. "Where the hell are you? I'm starving to death. Did you take that waste-of-money brat out to burn cash again?"

His voice was so loud over the phone that Melanie caught every word he said. Dylan looked embarrassed and quickly covered the phone with her hand, whispering, "George, Peachie is your daughter!"

The man, however, became even more furious upon hearing that. "I don't have a money-wasting daughter like that! Hurry up and get back here! Don't delay my afternoon shift!"

Dylan's expression changed at that demand. "Are you going to gamble again? Peachie needs to get an injection next week!"

George had already hung up the phone by then, leaving Dylan pale-looking as she buried her face into Peachie's neck, her shoulders trembling.

Peachie blinked and asked, "Mom, can I not get the injection?"

Dylan paused, then released Peachie. Wiping her face, she rubbed Peachie's head and gently said, "Sweetheart, why don't you go play by the flower bed over there for a while?"

Peachie nodded, though a bit confused, and walked over to the designated spot.

Dylan never took her eyes off Peachie, and Melanie observed her silently. After a while, Dylan finally turned to look at Melanie. Pain and struggle were an entangled mess in her eyes, but the emotions gradually calmed.

She forced a bitter smile on her face and asked, "Mel, do you think I'm deceiving you?"

Pursing her lips, Melanie remained silent.

“But he wasn’t like this before. He used to be good to me and Peachie. It’s just that after Peachie got sick, he...” Dylan was unable to continue and just wiped her face again.

“He lost his job. He couldn’t find work and resorted to gambling. If I don’t give him money, he’ll get beaten to death...”

Melanie remained composed, her eyes devoid of any emotion. “So, you tolerate him taking Peachie’s medical expenses?”

Dylan fell silent and stopped trying to explain herself. After a moment, she rubbed her hands

anxiously and looked up at Melanie. “Mel, I know I shouldn’t do this, but can you lend me another 5,000? Peachie needs an injection next week.”

She raised her hand and added, “I promise, this will be a loan from you. I’ll definitely pay it back in the future.”

Chapter 122

Afraid that Melanie would not believe her, Dylan even offered to write up an IOU.

Melanie sat there motionless, feeling a sudden sense of unfamiliarity with Dylan, who was right before her. The mother in her memories was gentle, beautiful, and strong, but the woman in front of her was worn-out and had an air of desperation and calculation hung over her.

She looked at Melanie as if she was her last chance at survival. She said in a trembling voice, “Peachie is your sister too, right?”

Melanie felt as if a nerve in her brain had been severed. She felt suffocated.

Suddenly, footsteps approached them, followed by a man’s warm voice. “Eugene, I’m sorry to trouble you to come all this way.”

Melanie was stunned. Just as she was about to turn around, she heard Eugene's cool and serene voice reply,

"This place was on the way for me anyway."

Upon turning around, she indeed saw Eugene walking toward her with another man. Eugene seemed to have noticed her and stopped. His eyebrows furrowed slightly before his gaze landed on Dylan,

who was behind her.

Melanie suddenly felt exposed, her hands slowly clenching. She heard Dylan continue behind her, Mel, your salary is so high. 5,000 dollars should be an amount you can spare, right? You can't watch Peachie go without medicine, can you?"

Melanie's words were stuck in her throat when she heard a light scoff from Eugene. Her fists tightened, causing her nails to dig into her palms. She then heard herself say, "I'll give you the money.

Dylan instantly breathed a sigh of relief and was about to speak when Melanie added, "But if you give the money to that man again, I'll report it to the police."

Melanie had initially chosen this quiet spot in the garden to talk with Dylan. However, the small space now seemed to amplify her words, making them particularly clear.

She could feel Eugene's gaze still on her. Taking a deep breath, Melanie grabbed her bag and stood up. Dylan followed suit, asking, "When will you transfer the money?"

Melanie felt dizzy and breathless. She took a step back, barely stabilizing herself. Then, as if in defiance, she immediately transferred the money to Dylan using her phone.

"Eugene?" came the voice of the man behind her again as he called in a low voice. "How about we have lunch together?"

Eugene responded with a soft hum and walked ahead.

Peachie happened to be playing by the flower bed. When she saw Eugene, she instinctively stepped back. However, she did not notice the flower bed behind her that was almost as tall as her, and ended

up hitting her head against it.

The loud sound startled everyone present. Dylan was the first to react. She pushed Melanie aside, rushing toward Peachie. Melanie stumbled but then regained her balance.

Peachie's belated cry echoed through the space, and Dylan immediately embraced her, soothing her with gentle words.

Melanie watched them, somewhat lost in thought. It turned out that Dylan had not lost her tenderness. She had simply given it all to Peachie.

The suffocating feeling overwhelmed Melanie, making it hard for her to breathe. She observed them silently for a while before turning around to leave.

Before she could take a step, she heard a teasing voice come from behind her. "Eugene, are you being a big baddie today? Why are you scaring everyone?"

Chapter 123

1/2

Eugene's footsteps halted as he looked up to give Theodore a casual glance. Theodore was taken aback. "Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Go back to your ward," Eugene advised blankly. He looked away after saying that and slowly focused on Melanie. Eyes flickering slightly, he asked, "Did you arrive today?"

Melanie tightened the grip on her bag at the question. "I arrived last night."

Eugene scoffed. "In quite a hurry, aren't you?"

Melanie lowered her gaze. Steadying her voice, she asked him, "Why are you in Hearth City?"

She looked like she got herself together on the outside, but on the inside, she was a mess. Melanie did

not expect to meet Eugene in Hearth City and certainly had not anticipated him overhearing her conversation with Dylan.

She felt like she had been completely exposed and was very resistant about it.

Melanie had only ever introduced Eugene to her grandfather, and she rarely mentioned her parents.

When Stella disapproved of Melanie back then, the most common excuse she used was that Melanie had a mess of a family background.

Considering she grew up in an environment like that, she would not have turned out that much better.

"Hmm? Eugene, do you know her?" Melanie's emotions were a mess. Though Theodore had already sensed that something was amiss, he took a couple of steps forward and observed Melanie with a curious gaze.

Eugene nodded. "She's an employee of mine."

Still gripping the strap of her shoulder bag, Melanie persisted, "Don't you have urgent matters back in Jepton? Why are you in Hearth City?"

Her complexion was not great to begin with. She did not wear any makeup today either, and her lips

lacked their usual color.

“Eugene came to see my dad.” Rather than Eugene, it was Theodore who replied to her. He looked at Melanie and smiled sincerely.

“You’re an employee at LeapCo, eh? You must be frightened to see your boss so suddenly, huh?”

Melanie remained silent but felt her heartbeat quicken as the words she wanted to say got lodged in her throat.

Suddenly, Dylan rushed over with Peachie in her arms. “Mel! Peachie has a big bump on her head. Could she have a concussion? Let’s go and get her looked over!”

Melanie was already dizzy to begin with, and when she heard Dylan’s loud voice ringing in her ears, everything seemed to blur before her eyes.

Dylan noticed her being unresponsive and called her name several times in a row. Melanie felt her head spinning and swayed to the side.

Biting her lip, she barely stabilized herself before managing to say to Dylan in a hoarse voice, “I just transferred the money to you. Take her to the hospital yourself.”

Dylan hesitated before saying, “That was for Peachie’s injection.”

Melanie looked at her, feeling that suffocating sensation returning.

Her complexion was poor to begin with, and she was now swaying on her feet.

Eugene's gaze remained on Melanie, his brows slightly furrowed. His gaze was so cold that even Theodore next to him felt uneasy. He assumed that Eugene's displeasure came from bumping into one of his employees here.

"Go get registered," said Eugene suddenly. Theodore was about to say to him that this had nothing to do with him when Eugene added, "Do you need me to carry you there as well, Melanie?"

Pale-faced, Melanie was about to refuse him when he spoke up sarcastically again, "Everyone in the company knows you followed me to Prime City on a business trip. Are you trying to tell everyone with the state you're in that I mistreated you?"

Feeling utterly exhausted, Melanie shook her head. "I'm fine."

Eugene lowered his gaze onto her, his tone leaving no room for doubt. "Don't make me say it a second time."

The hospital lobby was crowded. Melanie followed Eugene to register and then waited in the waiting room.

"Mel..." Dylan approached Melanie with Peachie, her gaze hesitating and full of unspoken words. Melanie understood what Dylan wanted to say.

Chapter 124

Dylan was waiting for Melanie to give her the money for Peachie's medical treatment. Melanie felt her temples throb with pain. She rubbed her forehead and was about to get up when Theodore said, "Sit and rest for a while. I'll take your mother and sister to register."

Melanie stiffened and tried to refuse him, but before she could even finish, Dylan was already tearfully apologizing to Theodore.

She could only sit back down. The muscles in her face were numb, and she could only look on blankly, feeling only exhaustion.

It was not until she heard a soft sneer beside her that she finally realized that Eugene was still next to her.

Melanie fell silent for a moment and said, "I'll reimburse your friend for the medical expenses."

11

"What can that little money do?" Eugene did not seem to care, but his indifferent tone made Melanie feel even more uncomfortable. She took a deep breath, closed her eyes, and stopped talking.

However, Eugene seemed oblivious to her current mood and asked, "Short of money?"

Melanie pinched her palm. "No."

"Is that so?" Eugene's tone was casual as he simply changed the topic. Melanie pressed her lips together and kept silent.

Just then, her number was called. She got up and went directly to the examination room. The result of the examination was that Melanie had a slight fever. Improper rest, coupled with anxiety, had caused

her heart rate to accelerate.

When she went back after getting the medicine, only Theodore and Eugene were left.

Seeing her approach, Theodore said, "Your mother has left with your sister. The doctor said it's nothing serious, just a minor bump on the head. All they need to do is apply some ointment."

Melanie nodded. "How much did it cost? I'll reimburse you."

Theodore waved his hand. "No need, it's not much."

Melanie did not want to argue with Theodore in front of Eugene over this small amount of money, so she took out her phone. "Can I have your contact? I'll transfer the money to you later."

At her insistence, Theodore agreed.

"Quite principled of you," Eugene commented indifferently from the side as he observed their interaction. Melanie could not tell whether he was mocking her or making a neutral observation.

Head lowered, she added Theodore's contact, picked up her medicine, and said calmly, "I'll take my leave now."

Eugene remained silent while Theodore knowingly suggested, "How about we go get something to eat together?"

Melanie refused, of course, and picked up her medicine to leave. The moment she left, Theodore sighed and said to Eugene, "Your employee's family sure is complicated."

Eugene made a faint sound of agreement. He then said, "We've left your father upstairs for a long time."

Theodore's father and Stella were relatives separated by a generation, but the relationship between the two families had always been good. Theodore's father got into an accident this time and Eugene happened to be on a business trip to Prime City when he heard about it.

Thus, he came over this time for a visit.

Theodore led Eugene to the ward. At the same time, Melanie had just left the hospital when she heard the sharp voices of an intense quarrel. Pausing, she looked up, only to see Dylan, who should have already left.

She was tackling a man desperately to obstruct him from Peachie, who was crying breathlessly behind her.

Dylan stood in front of

Dylan was waiting for Melanie to give her the money for Peachie's medical treatment. Melanie felt her temples throb with pain. She rubbed her forehead and was about to get up when Theodore said, "Sit and rest for a while. I'll take your mother and sister to register."

Melanie stiffened and tried to refuse him, but before she could even finish, Dylan was already tearfully apologizing to Theodore.

She could only sit back down. The muscles in her face were numb, and she could only look on blankly, feeling only exhaustion.

It was not until she heard a soft sneer beside her that she finally realized that Eugene was still next to her.

Melanie fell silent for a moment and said, "I'll reimburse your friend for the medical expenses."

11

"What can that little money do?" Eugene did not seem to care, but his indifferent tone made Melanie feel even more uncomfortable. She took a deep breath, closed her eyes, and stopped talking.

However, Eugene seemed oblivious to her current mood and asked, "Short of money?"

Melanie pinched her palm. "No."

“Is that so?” Eugene’s tone was casual as he simply changed the topic. Melanie pressed her lips together and kept silent.

Just then, her number was called. She got up and went directly to the examination room. The result of the examination was that Melanie had a slight fever. Improper rest, coupled with anxiety, had caused her heart rate to accelerate.

When she went back after getting the medicine, only Theodore and Eugene were left.

Seeing her approach, Theodore said, “Your mother has left with your sister. The doctor said it’s nothing serious, just a minor bump on the head. All they need to do is apply some ointment.”

Melanie nodded. “How much did it cost? I’ll reimburse you.”

Theodore waved his hand. “No need, it’s not much.”

Melanie did not want to argue with Theodore in front of Eugene over this small amount of money, so she took out her phone. “Can I have your contact? I’ll transfer the money to you later.”

At her insistence, Theodore agreed.

“Quite principled of you,” Eugene commented indifferently from the side as he observed their interaction. Melanie could not tell whether he was mocking her or making a neutral observation.

Head lowered, she added Theodore’s contact, picked up her medicine, and said calmly, “I’ll take my leave now.”

Eugene remained silent while Theodore knowingly suggested, “How about we go get something to eat together?”

Melanie refused, of course, and picked up her medicine to leave. The moment she left, Theodore sighed and said to Eugene, "Your employee's family sure is complicated."

Eugene made a faint sound of agreement. He then said, "We've left your father upstairs for a long time."

Theodore's father and Stella were relatives separated by a generation, but the relationship between the two families had always been good. Theodore's father got into an accident this time and Eugene happened to be on a business trip to Prime City when he heard about it.

Thus, he came over this time for a visit.

Theodore led Eugene to the ward. At the same time, Melanie had just left the hospital when she heard the sharp voices of an intense quarrel. Pausing, she looked up, only to see Dylan, who should have already left.

She was tackling a man desperately to obstruct him from Peachie, who was crying breathlessly

behind her.

Dylan stood in front of Peachie and allowed the man to punch and kick her. In the midst of their struggle, she locked gazes with Melanie. Her eyes lit up as if she had seen a savior.

Peachie and allowed the man to punch and kick her. In the midst of their struggle, she locked gazes with Melanie. Her eyes lit up as if she had seen a savior.

Chapter 125

At that moment, Melanie felt as if her feet were nailed to the ground. She wanted to move, but she could not. In the end, she heard Dylan calling her name hoarsely.

"Mel, quick! Take Peachie away!"

George, who had been punching Dylan relentlessly, suddenly stopped when he heard what she said. He turned his head to look at Melanie, and in his murky eyes, a ferocity gleamed.

He sneered at Melanie. "You're the bitch's daughter, huh?"

Melanie snapped out of her stupor. She took a few steps back discreetly, but George had already shaken off Dylan and was marching toward her.

He was not a tall man, but he was strong and looked menacing. He spat on the ground and said, "You were lucky I couldn't find you last time. Now that you're here in the city, be quick and pay me back!"

His voice was loud, and coupled with Dylan's wailing, they had attracted many onlookers. Melanie was practically cornered and could only watch as George approached her.

Trembling, she tried to sound calm as she replied, "I don't owe you any money.

"Your mother and sister owe me money, so it's your turn to pay! You have a wealthy man with you, right? Have him pay me!" George's voice boomed, and Melanie's head throbbed with pain.

She took a deep breath and replied, "Dylan is your wife, and Peachie is your daughter!"

"This wife and daughter of mine are just useless things that only cost me money!" George was very agitated. He raised his hand and pushed Melanie on the shoulder.

Melanie was feeling unwell to begin with, and when George shoved her, she stumbled backward. Luckily, there were many people behind her, and someone reached out to steady her just in time.

There was an intense smell of cigarettes wafting from George, and with him being so close, Melanie felt dizzy and nauseous. This was the first time in many years that she had been publicly confronted on the street, pointed at, and verbally abused.

The onlookers' gazes made her even more embarrassed.

“Fuck, I told you to pay me back!” George’s tone became increasingly fierce. He moved to push Melanie again.

Without thinking, she instinctively used the bag containing her medicine to smack him in the face. “If you keep this up, I’ll call the police!” she said coldly.

Her gaze abruptly fell on Dylan and Peachie. The little girl’s cries were heartwrenching, and Dylan was carefully checking her for injuries, not even sparing a glance for Melanie.

It was as if Dylan had forgotten that she had another daughter here, who was now entangled with George because of her. It was precisely because of this momentary distraction that George seized the

opportunity and grabbed her by the collar.

“What kind of trash are you? You’re just some wealthy man’s paid escort, yet you dare to hit me?” he said viciously.

After saying that, he lifted a hand up high, ready to slap her. The vast difference in strength between a man and a woman, coupled with Melanie’s physical discomfort, left her almost powerless to resist.

George’s hand descended, and Melanie instinctively closed her eyes. Her fingers curled into her palm tightly. However, the anticipated pain did not come. Instead, Melanie heard George’s irate voice as he said, “Damn it, it’s you again!”

Following that, Eugene’s cold voice followed. “Theodore, call the police.”

Melanie’s heart skipped a beat. Slowly, she opened her eyes and saw Eugene with a serious expression on his face and one hand gripping the wrist of the hand that was about to strike her.

Melanie was in shock, and Theodore did not look any better. He made a call and immediately roared sternly, “Let go, now!”

George realized then that he was in trouble and quickly released his grip on Melanie's collar. Looking at Eugene, he yelled, "Let go of me!"

Eugene's dark eyes turned tranquil. He exerted a bit more force into his hand that was gripping George's arm, and the man's face became increasingly unpleasant. In the end, he was unable to endure it any longer and exclaimed in pain.

Chapter 126

1/2

To the side, Theodore sneered coldly. "What? Where was this fear when you were hitting a woman?"

Eugene's face remained icy, and he was silent as his gaze fixed on George unwaveringly.

George began to feel uneasy under his gaze and trembled as he tried to use his other hand to slap Eugene away.

Melanie found George repulsive, but she did not want any more trouble caused because of him. Since dealing with someone like him could be difficult, she looked up at Eugene and said softly, "Let's wait for the police to handle it."

Eugene's gaze shifted to her face. His gaze was deep, leaving Melanie momentarily stunned. The police arrived quickly. They first asked Theodore what happened before taking statements from Melanie and Eugene.

It was only at this moment that George began to panic. He shouted to Dylan, "Wife, your daughter called the police on me. Can't you do something?"

Holding Peachie in her embrace, Dylan looked toward Melanie when she heard what he said. Melanie felt Dylan's gaze on her and averted her eyes.

Theodore glanced at Melanie and then at Eugene, asking, "Are you okay?"

Eugene looked at Melanie, his tone extremely cold as he asked, "Are you deaf?"

Melanie hesitated and looked at Theodore. He smiled again and asked, "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," she replied.

Eugene sneered but otherwise remained silent.

"Mel," came Dylan's hesitant voice. Melanie wiped off the expression on her face but still avoided looking at Dylan. Instead, she focused her eyes on Peachie's hair and asked, "Is there anything else?"

Dylan sensed the change in Melanie's attitude and hesitated before asking weakly, "Why did you call the police? He won't actually go to jail, right? How long is he going to be in there?"

"He didn't mean to do what he did. I brought Peachie to the hospital without telling him, and he got angry when he found out," Melanie explained.

Melanie looked at her for a long while before releasing her fists. She coldly asked, "So, what are you trying to say?"

Dylan hesitated but then replied, "I just don't think this situation is that serious. After all, we're a couple. Couples fight and make up.

"Also, how will people look at Peachie if he really does go to jail?" Dylan added.

Melanie closed her eyes, suddenly finding the situation incredibly ironic. George had humiliated her,

yet Dylan did not stop him. Now, she was being asked to think about Peachie and let George off the

hook.

What exactly was she to Dylan? A daughter or an ATM? Melanie felt like she was unable to catch her breath. She reached out and put a hand to her chest for a while before looking back at Dylan. Then, slowly and deliberately, she said, "What if I say no?"

Dylan clearly did not expect her to say this. She stammered for a moment and then pulled Peachie over, whispering to her, "Apologize to your sister quickly. Your sister likes you the most."

Peachie, still confused and frightened from the recent scare, huddled behind Dylan. She was unwilling to step out.

In her urgency, Dylan pulled Peachie out and berated, "Why are you hiding? Didn't you say you like your sister the most? Stop hiding!"

Chapter 127

Melanie watched the scene before her unfold, her fingertips ice-cold. She slowly found her voice and muttered softly, "Is this how it is..."

Her throat contracted. She was unable to continue and unable to find the right words. Dylan released her grip on Peachie's hand and looked at Melanie with anticipation, pleading, "Mel."

Melanie looked away and breathed in. She was about to speak when she heard Theodore's chuckle beside her. "Ma'am, I'm the one who called the police. Why are you bothering her?"

Dylan was stunned. She hesitated for a bit before shifting her gaze to Theodore. She had just been shoved by George, and now, her hair and clothes were in disarray.

Rubbing her hands nervously, Dylan pleaded, "C-Can you talk to the police and ask them not to take away my husband?"

Theodore and Eugene exchanged a glance. Eugene's expression was cold as he remained silent. Theodore frowned disapprovingly at Dylan. "Your husband was deliberately causing harm. Do you understand this?"

Dylan explained anxiously, "No, he wasn't intentionally causing harm. He was just in a bad mood."

Theodore evidently could not comprehend what she was thinking. He could only look at Melanie.

Melanie turned her face away, not looking at any of them. Her lips were tightly pressed.

Following his gaze, Dylan looked at Melanie and immediately grabbed Melanie's hand. "Mel's my daughter. Why do we need to trouble the police with our family matters?"

Her nails were a little long, and in her haste to grab Melanie, she left shallow marks on the back of Melanie's hand. Dylan's grip was unexpectedly strong, and Melanie could not break free after struggling a couple of times.

Dylan turned to her and asked, "Isn't he your boss? Quickly explain the situation to him!"

Melanie's heart sank. Suppressing her anger, she said, "Explain what? To me, that man is just a stranger. Didn't you see him trying to hit me just now?"

This was the most assertive Melanie had been since meeting Dylan. Dylan was completely stunned. After regaining her senses, she slowly said, "He didn't actually hit you, did he?"

Melanie stared at her, the anger in her eyes fading. She pulled her hand away from Dylan's grip, her voice trembling but firm as she replied, "Your request is impossible."

George was quickly taken away. During this time, Dylan repeatedly told the police that she and George were husband and wife and that he did not intentionally harm anyone. She pleaded with them to

release him.

Watching her desperately plead with the police, Melanie felt like someone was choking her and

pressing her head into the water. The pain in her chest was unbearable.

“Eugene, do you want to get that checked out?” Melanie heard Theodore say suddenly when she saw George being forcibly shoved into the police car.

She turned her head mechanically and noticed the bruise on Eugene’s wrist. When he intercepted George earlier, the man did not hesitate to use brute force on Eugene’s hand.

Melanie had not noticed before due to the urgency of the situation, and Eugene had not mentioned anything, so she thought nothing had happened.

However, seeing the extent of the injury on his wrist, she could imagine the severity of the blows George had dealt.

Melanie’s face turned pale as she looked at Eugene’s wrist. “Are you okay?”

Eugene lowered his gaze and glanced at her before replying indifferently, “I’m not as fragile as you think.”

Before Melanie could say anything else, she saw him frown. There was a hint of impatience in his eyes as he reminded her, “Deal with your own matters first.”

Following his gaze, Melanie turned around and saw Dylan sitting on the ground while holding Peachie and murmuring something.

Melanie stood silently in place for a moment, then walked over and stopped in front of Dylan. Melanie did not know what expression to wear when facing Dylan. “I’ll continue to cover Peachie’s medical expenses, but it’s limited to 10,000 per month,” she said woodenly.

Chapter 128

Dylan paused, then lifted her head. She looked at Melanie with teary eyes and said, “Mel, how can you be so heartless?”

Melanie had been about to extend her hand, but she abruptly pulled back. She looked at Dylan, numbly asking, “You say I’m heartless?”

“Aren’t you? George is a jerk, but he still gets 2,000 in unemployment benefits every month. That’s our family’s living expenses! How can you be so selfish?”

Dylan’s cries echoed in Melanie’s ears, making her bones ache. 2,000 dollars, yet she was the heartless and selfish one.

Melanie closed her eyes, feeling a strange mixture of emotions. Her thoughts drifted far away, and she became completely unaware of her surroundings until someone grabbed her arm, bringing her back to reality.

She looked up and met Eugene’s dark eyes.

“Your things.” Eugene handed over a medicine bottle, the same one Melanie had used to throw at George earlier.

She took the things. The corners of her lips tugged tiredly into a small smile, but she could not utter a word.

Eugene watched her, his expression darkening slightly. After a moment, he said, "You've managed to make a mess of yourself, Melanie. Quite a skill you have."

Hearing the sarcasm in his words, Melanie had no energy left to pretend.

Watching from the side, Theodore could not help but shake his head and interject, "Eugene, can't you treat your employees better? If you're concerned, just show concern. There's no need to speak so harshly." 1

Before Eugene could react, Theodore turned to Melanie and said, "Let's have lunch together. It's not safe for you to go back alone like this. Taking a break would be better."

Melanie had intended to refuse him, but Theodore continued, "Eugene is your boss. If something happens to you while you're alone, he won't be able to have an explanation ready."

Eugene remained silent, seemingly consenting.

As Melanie left with Theodore, she glanced back at Dylan.

Dylan was still sitting there with the same posture.

She followed Theodore and Eugene out of the hospital, and they found a nearby restaurant. Theodore said, "You should call your secretary to join us. She must be bored alone in the hotel."

Melanie tensed before looking up at Eugene.

Expression unchanging, Eugene replied, "The hotel is too far from here."

Theodore shrugged. "Far? It's just a ten-minute taxi ride. I bet our food wouldn't even be served yes

Their food was just being served when Viola arrived. Since Melanie had her back to the door, she did not notice her at first.

Viola looked at Eugene with a strange gaze. "Why are you suddenly eating here? Didn't you say you would go back as soon as your matter was done?"

The moment she said that, she saw Melanie sitting silently across from her.

Theodore said, "You made it here just in time. Now, you can keep Miss Smith company. The two of us big shots will leave you two alone."

Viola's expression was a little awkward. She looked at Eugene, who showed no emotion on his face. before turning to Melanie and greeting her softly, "Melanie, weren't you in Prime City?"

Chapter 129

Melanie did not look too good either. She nodded slowly and replied, "There was something I needed to do here." Her voice was hoarse, and her fatigue was clear.

Viola's gaze became even more alert at that. Forcing a smile, she asked, "Then why didn't you come with us?"

Melanie really did not have the energy to deal with Viola's suspicions at the moment. She picked up her cup, took a sip, and merely replied, "I came to deal with personal matters, so I took the day off."

"Is that so?" Viola chuckled awkwardly and turned to Eugene, asking, "Eugene, are you not done with your work yet?"

Eugene calmly lifted his own cup and replied, "Not yet."

Viola frowned, seemingly a bit dissatisfied. Theodore noticed her mood and teased, "What's wrong, Viola? Don't like Hearth City?"

Viola waved her hand quickly, expressing some of her distress. "I just seem to be having trouble adapting to the weather in Hearth City. I've got hives on my body."

Theodore exclaimed, "You should be careful, then."

Melanie just kept silent as if she was invisible. She had little appetite and barely ate.

Viola, on the other hand, quickly became acquainted with Theodore and engaged in lively banter. In the midst of their conversation, she suddenly turned to Eugene and asked, "Eugene, is what Theodore

said true?"

Eugene remained silent, his brows furrowed slightly. He gave off an unpleasant vibe. It took Viola calling his name several times before he looked up.

Viola was startled by the coldness in his eyes and cautiously asked, "Is something wrong?"

Theodore put down his chopsticks and looked at Eugene, saying, "Don't overthink it. My dad's words

shouldn't be taken seriously. You know his temper."

Viola bit her lip and inquired, "What's going on?"

However, Theodore remained silent as well this time. Viola could only turn to Melanie and say, "Miss

Smith--"

Melanie's phone rang before Viola could finish. It was a call from her grandfather.

The ringtone was urgent and sharp, causing Melanie's heart to skip a beat. It felt as if her mind exploded, and a sense of foreboding slowly crept in.

She picked up her phone, apologized softly, and hastily left the private room.

Outside the hotel, Melanie finally answered the call.

"Mel." Her grandfather's voice sounded somewhat breathless. After a couple of light coughs, he continued, "Are you in Hearth City now?"

Melanie did not answer immediately. Instead, she asked, "Did Dylan contact you?"

She propped her hand against her forehead, sighed, and continued, "The situation is quite complicated. I'll explain when I get back."

There was a moment of silence from her grandfather's end before he replied, "Mel, regardless of what she did wrong, she's the one who gave birth to you."

Melanie's hand froze.

"Peachie is your sister, even if you have different fathers. You know as well that your father was the one who got involved in an affair back then-"

"Grandpa!" Melanie interrupted him abruptly. She had always been unwilling to dwell on the past of her parents' divorce.

She then paused briefly, realizing that her tone had been too sharp just now. She remained silent for a moment before asking her grandfather again, "What did she tell you?"

"Did she say I refused to provide for Peachie's medical expenses, or did she mention that I reported George to the police?"

Likely having sensed Melanie's current emotions, the old man paused and softened his tone. "I disagreed when your mother said she wanted to marry that man. The state of her life now is a result of her own choice.

"But Peachie is still so young. If you could help her a bit, that would be great." Her grandfather continued, "Mel, I know you've always been a good child with a strong sense of loyalty."

After her grandfather said that, he began coughing again. Melanie listened to him silently. After a while, she asked, "How's your health been lately?"

"Just the usual ailments. I had a nebulizer treatment the day before yesterday," the old man replied nonchalantly.

Chapter 130

"I'll handle the matters in Hearth City. I've already promised to give Dylan 10,000 every month, but I won't pay anything more than that."

It had rained in the middle of last night, and the weather today had been overcast all day. The air was oppressive and sticky, making it uncomfortable and humid.

Melanie looked at the dark clouds in the distance. They looked as if they were about to press down on everything. Her face was filled with bitterness. "Grandpa, we've all been deceived."

Her grandfather remained silent for a while, perhaps from having heard how sad she sounded. Then, he sighed softly and hung up the phone after a moment.

Phone in hand, Melanie stood at the entrance for a while before returning to the private room just in time to see a waitress coming out. As the door was opened slightly, she happened to hear a surprised exclamation from Viola. "No way, how could Melanie's mom be like that?"

Melanie stopped outside the room. Following that, she heard Theodore sighing as he said, "If I had parents like that, I probably wouldn't be able to endure it like she does."

Melanie clenched her hands tightly and let out a self-deprecating laugh.

See? The thing that caused her pain and suffocation was just a spectacle of pity in the eyes of others.

Melanie stood at the door for a while before silently turning around and walking away.

Inside the private room, Theodore was about to say more when Eugene's cold and stern voice cut in, Theodore, you can shut up now."

His tone was icy, and his expression was unpleasant. Theodore suddenly realized his mistake.

Knowing he had spoken out of turn, he quickly made a zipping motion over his lips, saying, "Sorry, my bad."

Eugene did not look at him again but turned to scan the outside instead. Theodore checked his phone and said, "Why hasn't Miss Smith come back after so long?"

With a cold expression, Eugene stood up and casually picked up his phone to leave. Viola quickly asked, "Eugene, where are you going?"

Eugene paused slightly. "To the bathroom."

Meanwhile, Melanie had reached the hotel's entrance, only to realize that she had left her bag in the private room. She initially intended to ask a waiter to retrieve it for her but found no one willing. She presumed it might be because they feared that she was a scammer.

Her ID and bank cards were all in that bag. With no other choice, Melanie had to go back and get it. As she turned the corner, she happened to stumble into Eugene, who was coming out.

She glanced at him briefly before averting her gaze. She was not in the mood to be the butt of a joke

behind her back. However, just as she took a couple of steps, she heard Eugene's voice which was cold and tinged with mockery. He said, "Is LeapCo paying you too much?"

Melanie stopped in her tracks and looked up at him.

Eugene sneered. "Addicted to being someone else's ATM, huh? Melanie, what kind of rich person are you pretending to be?"

Melanie trembled slightly, as each word from Eugene felt like a slap to her face. It hurt so bad that it made it difficult for her to catch her breath. Despite her frustration, Eugene was not wrong.

She remained silent, and Eugene's gaze shifted downward. He caught sight of the wounds on her hand that Dylan had inflicted on her, and his gaze lingered for a moment.

He then spoke up again, in a calmer voice this time, "Who are you trying to gain sympathy from with such a pitiful appearance?"

His voice was cold and indifferent, and Melanie felt her strength draining from her body. She was exhausted to the point where even breathing became laborious.

Sympathy. Who did she want sympathy from? Who would sympathize with her? Were these not the consequences of her own actions?