

Mr. Scott 131

Chapter 131

Melanie's lips moved, but she had no idea what to say.

Eugene looked down at her and he grunted. "Don't overestimate yourself."

"Eugene?" He had just said this when Viola's voice was heard coming from behind. She had turned a corner to come over. Her gaze fell onto Melanie as she asked softly, "Melanie, why didn't you come into the private room? We were all waiting for you."

The questioning look in her eyes was too obvious, and Melanie pressed her lips. She tried her best to hide her emotions. "I just arrived."

"I thought you weren't coming." When Viola said this, she looked at Eugene again. The questioning look remained in her eyes as she gazed at him.

Melanie knew that Viola was overthinking this again, but she was not in the mood to explain anything. All Melanie said was that she wanted to get her bag from the private room.

Before she left for the private room, Theo came over. He was holding Melanie's bag in his hand.

He noticed Melanie looking taken aback, and he passed her bag to her. "I'm sorry. I thought you'd forgotten your bag when you left in a hurry, so I thought I'd return it to you."

Melanie took the bag from him impassively. "Thank you."

Theo turned to look at Eugene. "Eugene, I think Viola has an allergic reaction. You'd better take her for a check-up at the hospital."

Viola immediately rolled up her sleeves after Theo mentioned it. There were a few red spots on her arm. Frowning, she complained to Eugene, "I was fine this morning, but for some reason, I started to itch just now."

"There was nothing special with what we had." Theo then asked, "Are you allergic to anything?"

"I'm allergic to peanuts," Viola answered.

Melanie's eyes twitched. She remembered a dish that was served had peanut butter as an ingredient.

She did not have much of an appetite, but since the dish had been placed in front of her, she had eaten some.

Theo hit himself on the head as he had just remembered this. He asked Eugene, "Why didn't you tell me that Viola can't have peanuts?"

Eugene paused but answered nonchalantly after that, "I didn't notice you ordering it."

There was no point in arguing about it any longer. Fortunately, the hospital was not far away from where they were.

Melanie felt that it was not her place to be following them. She did not move and said brusquely, "I have work to do. I'll be going back to the hotel first."

Eugene did not react much to what she said, and the glance he swept at her was cold as well.

Melanie's eyelashes fluttered gently. Then, she heard him sneering, "Do whatever you want."

She felt relieved. Melanie had no energy to deal with anyone.

However, for some reason, Viola frowned and looked at her. “Melanie, I think you should visit the hospital too. You don’t look too good.”

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“I’m fine. I saw a doctor this morning.” Even though she was not feeling well, Melanie could tell there was some other emotion hidden underneath Viola’s superficial concern.

Viola did not really want her to go to the hospital for a check-up. Viola wanted trouble to ensue for Melanie if Dylan happened to be at the hospital.

“But you look really pale. We’ll be worried if you go back on your own.” She turned to get Eugene’s

opinion. “Isn’t that right, Eugene?”

Eugene said nothing. Theodore was the one who spoke up, “You’re an employee of LeapCo, after all. The company should be responsible for you.”

That was when Eugene looked up at Theo. He said with ridicule, “I wasn’t aware that you’re the boss of LeapCo.”

Theo was surprised by Eugene’s reaction. Viola held on to Eugene’s arm and said softly, “Melanie is working outstation with us, Eugene. We have to be responsible for her.”

This conversation was making Melanie uncomfortable. She put on a stoic expression and rejected them a little more harshly and coldly, “I don’t need any of you to be responsible for me.”

With that, she walked out of the hotel.

Viola's expression froze. Eugene looked away and said nonchalantly, "Come on, let's go to the hospital."

There was nothing else for Viola to say. However, Theodore was thoughtful as he watched Melanie

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Melanie hailed a taxi outside and returned to the hotel.

Her head was dizzy from everything that had happened today. Sighing, she went to wash her face in the bathroom before lying down in bed.

Melanie's head hurt, and the moment she fell onto the bed, she felt everything spinning around her. All she did was close her eyes, and she could hear Dylan's sad and mournful voice paired with George's coarse cursing exploding in her ears.

She suddenly opened her eyes, and she sat on her bed, gasping for air.

Melanie took some time to recover. She then remembered that she had not taken her pills. She quickly

grabbed a glass of cold water and gulped them down.

It was very quiet in the room, but Melanie was not sleepy after taking her medication. She was about to find something to do when her phone rang.

She picked her phone up to check and found that it was a link Xander had sent to her. It contained information about the latest exhibition hall that had just opened in Hearth City.

Melanie stared at her phone for quite a while before replying a thank you message to him.

She found it funny that despite knowing Xander for only a short time, he was the only person who

made her feel comfortable.

The fever medicine took effect, and Melanie slept deeply from it. However, she woke up the next half of the night because her body was burning and her throat was so dry that it felt like she had swallowed some daggers.

As she struggled to get out of bed drowsily, she could feel that her clothes were wet. The burning had subsided, but she now began to feel cold.

Her brain was muddled, and she grabbed her phone to call someone.

However, she realized that she had no one to call when she clicked into her phonebook.

It was impossible for Dylan to come to her.

Her grandfather was in Jepton.

As for Eugene... the probability of him coming over was even lower.

However, there was a ringing on her phone, pulling her out of her reverie.

Melanie looked at her phone slowly. She was shocked to see that she had made a call.

The person she called was Eugene.

Melanie reacted quite slowly due to her condition. She wanted to hang up, but her hand was sweating so much that she was not able to tap on the screen properly.

Eugene's deep, slightly husky voice was heard through the phone. "Talk to me, Melanie."

Melanie bit her lip and replied slowly, "I called the wrong number. Sorry."

It was only when she replied that Melanie realized her throat was so dry that she sounded like a piece of wooden block being sawed.

Melanie's throat tightened, and she coughed violently.

It was only when she finally stopped coughing that she heard Eugene's sneer. "Wrong number? Who were you planning to call at this hour?"

Melanie knew that he had nothing nice to say after hearing his tone. She forced another sentence out of her hoarse voice, "I'm sorry to have disturbed your rest." She hung up after that.

She was relieved to finally hang up. Melanie looked at the time and found that it was only four in the morning.

Melanie flung her phone to the side, pushed her blanket away, and forced herself to sit up. However, she was dizzy, and her limbs were weak. Melanie ended up falling back into bed.

She was feeling terrible and was sweating profusely despite being in bed. Melanie suddenly laughed bitterly at herself.

What a loser she was. She had worked hard for so many years only to end up having no one to care for her when she got sick.

Melanie picked up her phone again to look through her contact list. To be frank, she did not have many friends in her contacts. All she had were a bunch of clients' numbers.

Other than the clients, her contacts included Eugene's fair-weather friends.

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A box of tissues was thrown at her. Eugene spat the words at her, "Take some medication if you're not feeling well."

Melanie felt pain when the box hit her. She slowly picked the box up and said, "I've already taken some pills. There's no need for you to worry."

"Do you think I'm concerned about you?" Eugene found this a little funny. He sneered as if ridiculing Melanie for overestimating herself.

Melanie said, "I'm really tired. I need to rest. Can you leave now?"

Eugene looked at her stoically. "George Chapman. Are you going to do anything about him?"

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Melanie was taken aback. George had been taken away by the police earlier in the day. Even though Dylan might have been too anxious to think clearly, George could be charged with domestic violence and attempted assault if an investigation was conducted and Dylan stuck to her testimony.

Clenching her fists, she asked Eugene. "What about him?"

"They said he'll be locked up for half a month and fined 500. Eugene continued, "But your mother brought your sister to the police station to try and get him home."

Melanie had thought that Dylan would at least finally do the right thing for Peachie's sake.

She did not expect Dylan to actually attempt to bail George out from the police station and bring him home.

Melanie's chest felt stuffy, and she turned even paler. She felt like she was about to pass out.

She grabbed the arm of the sofa to stop herself from falling.

After a while, she looked up at Eugene. "Why did you tell me that?"

Eugene looked up slightly. He got a cup and poured hot water into it to pass to Melanie. Eugene did it quite naturally. He later asked nonchalantly, "Aren't you concerned for your family?"

He sounded very sarcastic.

Melanie stared at the cup in his hand but did not take it. She felt she must look very stupid to Eugene.

Eugene was unperturbed. He put the cup down and scrolled on his phone. He asked Melanie, "When are you returning to Jepton?"

Melanie looked at him and said nothing.

He continued, "I'm not a philanthropist. Your salary includes paid leave."

Melanie did not want to continue staying at Hearth City. She nodded and said, "I'll be back after I've settled everything."

"Give me a definite timeline." Eugene's expression was stoic. "I don't like it when things are

uncertain."

Melanie was about to reply when she felt a dry itch in her throat. She began coughing violently.

She tried to grab some tissues while coughing, but she was coughing so hard that she could not grab

them.

Just as she tried to grab the tissues again, a nicely defined hand reached out to grab a piece of tissue to give to her.

Melanie did not think much of it. She took it from him and used it to cover her mouth as she

continued coughing.

However, her violent coughing did not diminish the coldness in Eugene's voice. "Don't infect others with your cough."

Melanie coughed quite badly. It took her quite a while to finally stop. After that, Eugene said in an authoritative voice, "Drink some water if you want your throat to continue functioning."

The cup of water he had poured was still on the table. Melanie accepted it this time and took two gulps

of it.

Her throat was immediately soothed after Melanie drank the warm water.

She rested for a while, and when the pain in her chest subsided, she said to Eugene, "I just need another three days. I'll go back to Jepton after that."

Eugene had already stood up. He lowered his eyes to look at her. "Can you even make it back? You look really terrible right now."

Melanie knew she must be in a bad condition. She rubbed her temples. "I'll be fine after some rest."

Eugene watched her for a while. There was an annoyed look on his face. He looked at Melanie sharply, and his tone was unusually frosty, "What are you still sitting around for? Get up and change.

Melanie was feeling very weak. She pressed her lips together. "I don't feel so good right now."

Eugene's patience had run out. "Are you making me say this a second time?"

Melanie was not feeling well, but she still followed Eugene to the taxi. After that, she shut her eyes to get some rest. Her head felt heavy, and she had no idea what Eugene was saying to her.

The taxi stopped at the hospital she visited earlier in the day.

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It was 5:30 am in the emergency room. There were not many people, and Melanie was called into the consultation room after getting a number.

Her low fever in the day had become a high fever at 40 degrees, and she had developed a respiratory tract infection, which was why she was coughing violently.

The doctor immediately put her on an IV drip and passed the prescription to Eugene to pay and collect the medication.

Melanie wanted to do it herself. She reached out for it, but Eugene had already taken the prescription. He glanced at her and said brusquely, "Wait for me."

The nurse led Melanie to where she would be put on an IV drip. As it was the emergency room, she had to wait and rest on the bench.

Eugene returned soon with two bags of medication drip. He was not fond of the smell of the hospital, and he left after passing the bags over to the nurse.

The nurse helped Melanie with the drip while asking, "Is that your boyfriend?"

Melanie paused for a moment before shaking her head. She replied softly, "That's my boss."

"I see," the nurse replied. "We're administering quite a lot of drip for you. If you need to use the bathroom, get him to push the pump along with you."

Melanie said nothing. She watched as the nurse pushed the needle into the veins at the back of her hand. She felt a sharp pain and frowned.

"Don't move your hand unless it's necessary. Press the button behind you if you need to go to the bathroom. There are nurse's aids around to help you," the nurse informed her before leaving.

Melanie looked up at the drip above her calmly.

It was quiet in the emergency room. There were only a few people around. Melanie felt a little tired after being given the drip and closed her eyes to rest.

She was not in a comfortable position and did not manage to rest well. In her drowsy state, she sensed someone standing in front of her for a while before leaving.

Melanie forced her eyes open and saw a nurse injecting a patient at the side.

She had another bag of drip. When Melanie looked at the time, it was almost seven.

"You're awake?" The nurse helping the patient with the injection reminded Melanie, "Be careful when you're sleeping. Don't press against the tubes."

The drip took effect very quickly. Melanie was about to be done with the second bag of drip when Eugene appeared.

Melanie was surprised. She thought Eugene had left after passing her the drip.

She felt much better now, and when she looked at Eugene, she said softly, "Thank you."

Eugene looked at her drip with a cool expression. "You're still not done?"

"You can leave first if you have something important to do."

Eugene slowly frowned. He stared at Melanie. "You're kicking me out after I helped you?"

Melanie wanted to say something but had no idea how to.

Should she say she owed Eugene?

How should she thank him for this?

Buy him a meal or a gift?

Neither of those seemed appropriate.

Eugene sneered but said nothing when he saw her keeping silent.

More and more people were appearing at the emergency room, and it began to get noisy.

After Melanie was done, she removed the needle from her hand and was left with a bruised wound, and the back of her hand was slightly swollen.

She pressed on her wound with some cotton wool and walked out with Eugene.

The look on her face changed slightly as they walked past the bathroom. Melanie forced herself to calm down as she said to Eugene, "I need to use the bathroom." She disappeared into it.

What Melanie did not expect was to see Viola at the sink after coming out of the bathroom cubicle.

Viola was surprised to see Melanie. She hesitated before asking, "What are you doing here, Melanie?"

Melanie had already thrown the cotton wool away, but there was a small red dot where she was poked with the needle.

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She did not answer Viola. She grabbed some tissue to wipe away the small drop of blood.

Viola noticed it and asked, "Were you on an IV drip here?"

"Yes." Melanie's voice was still dry. She nodded. "I had a fever."

Melanie thought Eugene had gotten Viola to come here. She washed her hands and said calmly, "Eugene is waiting outside for you. I'll be going back to the hotel."

However, Viola's face turned pale. She asked Melanie brusquely, "Is Eugene here too?"

Melanie realized something was wrong. Frowning, she contemplated this before replying, "You should ask him about it yourself."

Viola was obviously upset, but she refused to let Melanie see through her. She forced a smile at Melanie. "I'll talk to him about it. I might've been drowsy and didn't really hear him tell me about it."

Melanie knew Viola was making this up. She nodded, and Viola left after that.

Viola was feeling upset. Eugene had told her that he was not interested in Melanie, yet he kept seeing her privately.

After a while, she was reminded of the rumor she heard when she first joined the company. Everyone was saying that Melanie was the future wife of the boss.

What were Eugene's true feelings for Melanie?

Viola clutched tightly on the strap of her handbag. She could not allow this. She could not allow anything to happen between Melanie and Eugene,

Melanie remained in a daze inside the bathroom before walking out.

There were two exits to the emergency room. One was connected to the hospital's lobby, which led right outside. The other required her to circle the open area.

Melanie walked out from the open area, which was nearer to her.

She spotted Eugene the moment she got to the exit.

Melanie paused in her steps but did not see Viola.

Eugene looked up and saw her. He frowned slightly. "What took you so long?"

Melanie's eyelashes fluttered as she asked him softly, "Where's Viola? Didn't she come to see you?"

Eugene's eyes narrowed. He was about to reply when he heard a pitiful-sounding voice. "Eugene?"

He turned to look and saw Viola standing nearby, looking pale. She was giving him a pitiful look.

Viola had been searching for Eugene in the lobby. She only found out about this exit after inquiring with the security guards.

She walked over to Eugene with a pitiful expression but immediately looked cautious when she spotted Melanie beside him.

Melanie did not want to stay here any longer and wanted to leave first, but Viola suddenly said, "Melanie, we're working in the same company, after all. You should've come to me for help if you needed any."

"Eugene is a man, after all. He doesn't know how to take care of people."

Melanie knew immediately that Viola was marking her territory and warning Melanie not to cross the line.

She looked coolly at Viola and said nothing.

Viola looked a little awkward. She was about to say something else when Melanie's phone rang.

The call was from Dylan.

Melanie did not want to pick up, but the phone kept ringing.

Viola was initially feeling a little awkward, but when she noticed Melanie's reaction, she got curious.

She asked, "Why aren't you picking up the call, Melanie?"

Melanie darted a look at her and put some distance between them before picking it up.

Dylan did not sound too different than before. She seemed to have forgotten how she had accused and blamed Melanie the day before.

She said, "Mel, I've made some food. Come over and have some. I'm really sorry. I shouldn't have spoken that way to you yesterday."

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Melanie clutched her phone tightly without saying anything. Dylan thought she was not willing to go over.

She said anxiously, "I really just want to make something nice for you. I know you're having a hard time at work, and I shouldn't have said all those things to you yesterday. Please don't be mad at me, Mel. I'm really sorry."

Dylan choked back a sob at the end of the sentence.

Melanie closed her eyes and replied numbly, "I'm at the hospital."

Dylan was taken aback. "Why are you at the hospital? Do you want me to bring some food over to you?"

Her concern sounded sincere. Melanie paused before replying, "I'm fine."

"Wait for me, Mel. I'll come to the hospital right now with Peachie," Dylan said while packing some things to bring over to the hospital. Melanie heard her moving around through the phone.

After that, Viola's soft voice sounded from behind Melanie. "Can you accompany me to the waiting room, Eugene?"

Melanie's lashes fluttered as she looked down and heard Dylan hurriedly packing up some things through the phone again. She was silent for a while before saying slowly, "Give me your address. I'll go to your place."

Dylan replied, "Oh! Then I'll wait for you to come over."

Melanie could tell that Dylan was delighted, but this did not cheer Melanie up at all.

After all, she had no idea where Dylan stayed until she asked for the address.

Melanie hung up. She turned to see Viola holding on to Eugene's arm and looking at Melanie thoughtfully.

She pretended not to notice Viola's stare and said impassively, "I'll be leaving now. I need to attend to something."

"Melanie," Viola called out to her. "Eugene said we should have lunch together."

She looked at her phone. Dylan had just sent her the address.

Melanie looked up and rejected the offer softly. "Thanks, but you guys should go ahead."

After that, Melanie looked at Eugene. She was silent for a moment before saying again, "Thank you."

She was thanking Eugene for accompanying her to the hospital even though she had no idea why he did it.

Melanie realized this morning while she was on the drip that Eugene had come to see her at midnight because he had noticed that she was not feeling well.

Her eyes were looking downward as she clutched her fingers gently.

“Don’t overthink this,” Eugene said in a cold and impassive tone. His dark eyes looked at Melanie. ” If anything happened to you, LeapCo can’t afford to take care of those parasites in your home.”

It took only one sentence from him to hurt Melanie.

She looked up at Eugene to say something, but nothing came out of her mouth.

Viola blinked and pretended to be angry as she hit Eugene on the arm. “What are you talking about?”

Eugene snorted. “It’s true.”

Melanie stumbled slightly. Eugene’s words humiliated her.

Viola continued putting on a kind face to console her, “We can’t choose our family, Melanie. At least you turned out to be a capable person.”

Melanie saw the pitiful look Viola gave her.

She quivered slightly and could no longer say anything. She felt like she had just been dealt with a hard slap.

Melanie felt naked as the one thing she did not want anyone to know was exposed publicly in front of everyone.

When Melanie left, Eugene and Viola were already at the hospital’s lobby waiting for Viola’s turn to see the doctor.

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Melanie walked out numbly among the crowd of people exiting the hospital. After that, she stood next to the road for a long time.

It was when Dylan called her to ask where she was that Melanie snapped out of it and hailed a taxi.

The taxi driver was a chatty local. When he saw Melanie walking out looking so pale from the hospital, he could not help advising her, "Miss, there's nothing that can't be solved. Isn't this life?

"The rainbow will always emerge after the storm. You'll need to go through some hardships before you find happiness. Once you get through whatever you're facing, things will get better."

Melanie listened but said nothing. The driver stopped talking after saying a few more words.

Dylan's house was not far from the hospital. It was in a dilapidated, old area. The environment was quite bad. There was a ficus tree right outside the door with lots of old and damaged items piled up underneath.

There were not many buildings in this community, and Melanie immediately spotted Dylan standing outside one of the buildings with Peachie.

Dylan called out to Melanie the moment she saw her, "Mel, over here!"

She was loud, and there were many neighbors around. They immediately looked toward Melanie with curiosity.

"Is someone visiting you, Dylan?"

Dylan waved off the neighbor. "It's none of your business, you bunch of gossip mongers."

She pulled Melanie into a room in the long corridor. "It's been a while since I finished preparing the food. I went downstairs to wait for you when you hadn't shown up."

Melanie stopped in front of a metal gate that was badly scratched. There were still remnants of chalk on it that had not been wiped off.

Dylan saw where Melanie was looking, and a strange look appeared on Dylan's face. She took out her keys to open the door and pushed Melanie inside.

There was nothing much inside the house. The furniture was old and broken, and there were two ancient-looking long benches placed inside.

Dylan explained in embarrassment, "Most of our money was used for Peachie's treatment. We're just getting by."

"Sit. I'll heat up the food." Dylan hurried Melanie to a plastic table. Even the stools were made of plastic. The corner of the table was stacked with folded newspapers.

Melanie looked at Peachie, who was quietly following behind them. She waved Peachie over after some thought. "Are you feeling tired?"

Peachie had nice features. Even though Dylan was now quite coarse-looking, Melanie still

remembered how beautiful and gentle she was when Melanie was younger. Dylan looked like a pretty flower back then.

The little girl had inherited Dylan's good looks.

However, Peachie was constantly sick, and her face was very pale. She did not have the lively look of a child.

Peachie looked at Melanie for a while before slowly coming close to her. She shook her head timidly. “I’m not tired. I’m upstairs all the time.”

“Do you go to school?”

Peachie replied in a baby-ish tone, “Mom thinks I’m not healthy enough to go to school.”

Melanie frowned. Peachie was already six this year. She was old enough for elementary school the next year.

Yet, Dylan refused to let her go to school?

“Melanie,” Peachie suddenly called out to Melanie in a small voice while Melanie was contemplating this issue.

She lowered her head to look at Peachie as Peachie came two steps closer to her. Peachie asked with trepidation, “Mom told me you’re the one who pays for my medical bills. Is that true?”

Melanie looked at her. “Why would you ask that?”

“I’ll return the money to you one day,” Peachie said as her eyes suddenly turned red. She began sobbing. “Please don’t hit me in the future and don’t smash the table, alright?”

Melanie immediately reached for the tissue when she saw how Peachie’s eyes reddened. Before she could process what Peachie meant, Dylan walked out of the kitchen.

“I spent the entire day cooking this chicken noodle soup for you. Remember to have more, Mel... What’s wrong, Peachie?” Before Dylan could put the soup down, she noticed Peachie’s red eyes. She immediately put the bowl on the table and went to check on Peachie.

She slammed the bowl down a little too hard, and some of the soup splashed onto Melanie’s clothes.

Dylan turned to look at Melanie after making sure that Peachie was all right.

She was taken aback to see the soup splashed on Melanie's sleeve. She yanked a couple of tissues as she anxiously tried to wipe it off. "I'm sorry. That's so clumsy of me."

Melanie stopped her. "It's fine. I'll just change into something else later."

Dylan looked at her and asked carefully, "Your shirt must be really expensive."

Melanie paused for a while before asking, "Didn't you invite me over for a meal?"

Dylan had made soup, ribs, steak, and vegetables.

She fed Peachie while saying to Melanie, "You should eat up. We don't usually eat steak at home, but I wanted you to have something nice to eat, so I went to get it at the supermarket this morning."

Melanie had just recovered from a fever and did not have much of an appetite.

She picked up some vegetables but found herself losing even more appetite after hearing what Dylan said.

Dylan noticed that Melanie had stopped eating and quickly put some steak and ribs on Melanie's plate. "You should eat some more. I remember how much you loved my cooking when you were young."

Melanie saw the anxious and guilty look in Dylan's eyes. She pressed her lips and said nothing.

After they were done, Dylan cleared the table and got Peachie to take a nap inside the room.

Melanie sat on the sofa. She knew why Dylan had asked her here, and she was just waiting for Dylan to bring it up.

After Dylan walked out of the room, she poured Melanie a glass of water before sitting down next to her. Just as Melanie expected, Dylan began sounding her out. "Mel, I know you're working at a big company in Jepton. Was that your boss the other day?"

Melanie affirmed it, and Dylan continued asking, "Do you think you can talk to him and get him to arrange for

for your Uncle George's release?"

She sounded very sincere. "If anyone finds out about this, they'll gossip about it.

Melanie had already expected this, but it felt even more horrible when Dylan said it out loud.

she calmed herself down before replying "I think you're overestimating me. Do you really think I can convince my boss?"

Dylan was taken aback as she began mumbling, "Just go and beg him. Can't he help with such a minor thing?"

he was asking Melanie to beg Eugene.

Even though Melanie had been mentally prepared for this, she was still filled with fury after hearing it from Dylan. She stood up, and her voice trembled as she said to Dylan, "Am I so worthless to you? Why don't you ever consider my situation?"

Dylan got frantic when she saw Melanie enraged. She stood up as well.

She pulled on Melanie's hand and continued begging, "Please help me with this, Mel. I'm begging you. Please help me!"

Dylan was about to kneel in front of Melanie when Melanie grabbed her by the arms and dragged her up.

She was still mumbling about it, and Melanie finally could not take it anymore. She yelled at Dylan, Dylan Lancaster! Just wake up already!"

Dylan wiped away her tears and suddenly broke down. "How am I supposed to do that? How do you expect me to? He's a terrible man, but what can I do?"

"He's still Peachie's father no matter how terrible he is." Dylan buried her face into her hands as she sobbed quietly. She was miserable.

Melanie stood there and watched her calmly. "If he's such a person, why don't you just divorce him?"

Dylan sobbed into her hands and did not reply, but Melanie knew the answer.

It was because Peachie was still young.

Peachie could not be without a father.

Chapter 140

What about her?

When Dylan insisted on getting a divorce back then, why did she not think about how Melanie was still young and needed a father?

Melanie suddenly laughed bitterly.

After her parents got divorced, Melanie was sent to her grandfather. Neither of her parents wanted

her.

That was why her situation was never something for Dylan to consider.

When Melanie left the dilapidated building, Dylan was still crying in the living room with her face covered in her hands.

Before she left, Melanie looked at the leftovers on the table silently. After that, she took out 500 from her purse and left it on the table before leaving.

The sun was shining bright outside, but Melanie's hands were cold.

She had to return to the hospital that night for another IV drip, which was why Melanie decided to find a place to rest nearby.

Before Melanie found a suitable location, Xander called her on the phone.

"Are you still in Hearth City?" Xander asked.

"Yes, I am," Melanie had now walked into a dessert shop. She ordered two cakes and a glass of warm water.

"I'm at Hearth City's airport right now." Xander continued, "I need to talk to you about something."

Melanie asked, "What is it?"

“Are you free right now? I’ll come to see you and talk to you face-to-face. I need to meet a client tomorrow and can’t allocate any other time.” She could hear the airport’s broadcasting from the background noise of Xander’s call. He sounded quite urgent.

Melanie told him where she was and waited for him.

She did not touch the two cakes she had ordered. Melanie was not fond of sweet food and had walked

in because the dessert shop was quiet.

Xander arrived with his luggage still in hand. He must have rushed all the way here.

Looking at Melanie, he frowned. “Are you sick?”

“Just a slight fever.” Melanie lifted her hand to get the waiter’s attention. She asked Xander, “What would you like to drink?”

Xander did not even look up as he focused on pulling out a document from his phone. He then handed his phone to Melanie. “Are you interested?”

It was a business proposal for an exhibition project. Melanie read it and slowly frowned.

The exhibition project was about the financial culture sector. Melanie finished reading it and asked Xander, “I didn’t know there were such exhibitions.”

“There are, but they’re usually private, which is why they have to be more proper and business-like.” Xander tapped on the table and looked at her. “I think you’re the best person for this.”

Melanie did not accept the offer immediately. She was hesitant. “I’ve got a lot on my plate right now. I might not be able to catch with

up your progress.’

“)

She had seen how Xander’s team worked and knew they were very efficient.

Xander released two of his shirt’s buttons as he was feeling hot, and his Adam’s apple was exposed.

His voice was magnetic as he said warmly, “There’s ample time for the planning of this exhibition, and I need your expert opinion and professional knowledge of this industry.

“Of course, if you have any ideas for the exhibition, I’m open for a discussion too.” He looked at Melanie thoughtfully and continued casually, “Besides, didn’t you want to try doing something like this when Stephen told you to seek me out? This is a great opportunity.”

Melanie was tempted. Xander was right. It would be easier for her to pick this up if she started from

the financial culture sector, which was something she was good at.

“You can still think about this if you need more time,” Xander said.

Melanie looked at the business proposal again. Her eyelashes fluttered downward as she said to Xander, “I need some time to consider this.”