

Mr. Scott 151

Chapter 151

Many people were passing by in the corridor of the hospital. Melanie tried to calm down and felt better after a while.

She did not want to say anything more to Buggene and headed to the toilet.

Fortunately, there were not many people there. She stopped before the sink and looked at herself in the mirror.

Tears were shimmering in her eyes, and her makeup was smudged, making her look a little pathetic,

Wordlessly, she took out her makeup bag and touched up her makeup. Then, she supported her body with both her arms as she rested with her eyes closed.

Suddenly, she received a call from her grandfather. Melanie's mind went blank momentarily before she recalled that she had not told her grandfather about the situation.

Lowering her eyes, she took a deep breath before answering the call.

Her grandfather's aged voice sounded. The worries in his voice were obvious. "Mel, how's everything?"

Melanie felt as though the words were stuck in her throat.

Albert seemed to have noticed her emotion and paused before asking, "Mel, did something happen?"

Melanie snapped out of her daze, and her hand clenched into a fist. She tried to speak as calmly as she could, "Don't worry, it's fine. Peachie is just experiencing anemia."

“Anemia? Why?”

Melanie said, “Maybe because of the drugs.”

She quickly added after explaining, “Rest well. I have to go to the doctor to get to know more. Everything will be fine.”

Albert was relieved and reminded her, “Peachie’s health is important, and so is yours.”

After answering the call, Melanie stayed in the toilet for a while before leaving.

Unexpectedly, Eugene was still waiting outside.

His forehead was creased as he looked at his phone with his head lowered.

Upon hearing the footsteps, he kept his phone and looked at Melanie with a sneer. “You’d rather be in grief and still act kind. You sure are generous!”

Freezing, Melanie said, “I’ll deal with my matter myself.”

“How are you going to deal with it? How much money do you have, and how long will you be able to fund her?” Eugene’s gaze on her was filled with mockery as he seized her and scoffed.

Melanie used all her might to maintain her composure and not show him her weak side.

She said, “It has nothing to do with you.

As she spoke, she headed to the ward.

Nander returned after making a call, and she bumped into him. He had gone to pick up a call after he got out of the doctor's office.

Noticing Melanie's pale face, he frowned and asked, "What's wrong? Why do you look so pale?"

Melanie shook her head, "I'm fine,"

Then, she headed to the ward and saw the nurse giving Peachie a drip while Dylan was accompanying Peachie. Hearing the sound of the door opening, Dylan looked over and saw Melanie. She called out cautiously, "Mel."

Melanie looked at her calmly. "Come out. I have something to talk to you about."

A tint of panic flashed across Dylan's dazed face as she said, "You can speak here. Peachie is on her drip."

Melanie looked at the pale Peachie who was lying on the bed listlessly with her eyes closed. She looked like a rag doll.

She retracted her gaze and looked at Dylan. "It's about Peachie's medical fees. Come out if you want the money."

Then, she walked out of the ward.

However, when she was at the door, she stopped and looked at Xander as she nodded politely. "Please look after Peachie."

Xander nodded in response.

After that, Melanie headed to the fire exit.

Dylan followed behind her, feeling uneasy as she asked, "Where are we going, Mel?"

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Melanie stopped and took a few deep breaths. Turning around, she looked at Dylan with a cold and determined gaze as she said, "I'll pay for Peachie's medical fees. I'll provide only 20,000 each month. The doctor told me the fees of her treatment is approximately this price."

Dylan nodded. "Okay. I'll listen to whatever you say."

Melanie added, "But I won't give you the money."

It took some time for Dylan to realize what Melanie had told her. She lifted her head in shock. "What do you mean? Who are you going to give the money to, then?"

"You don't have to know about that." Melanie showed no emotion on her face. She stared at the

woman before her silently.

All the motherly love she had lost during her childhood was because of this woman.

She had yearned for her mother's love, but Dylan shattered her hope.

Never did she expect that she would one day need to guard against her mother like guarding against a

thief.

Melanie moved her lips and finally said, "I'll never give you any more money."

“You!” Dylan wanted to snap at Melanie. However, when she saw Melanie taking two steps back, she looked at her in disbelief. “Mel, you must be joking, right?”

“You know I’m not joking.” Melanie left the fire exit after saying that.

Only Dylan was left on the staircase.

When Melanie returned to the ward, she did not visit Peachie. Instead, she told Xander, “Let’s go. Everything is settled.”

Xander nodded and said nothing. However, Viola, who was beside them, asked, “Where’s your mother? Why isn’t she here?”

Melanie noticed the mocking look on her face and did not want to explain much to her.

She knew how pathetic she looked today. She was just like a clown.

Melanie only said, “You can stay here if you want.”

Viola did not care about annoying Melanie anymore because she had stood by and watched enough.

Smiling, she said, “Eugene will be here soon. I’m waiting for him.”

Melanie had yet to learn where Eugene had gone. She nodded. “Alright then.”

Xander silently followed Melanie out of the hospital before saying, “I’m sorry. I didn’t know you were

in such a situation.”

She said, "You don't have to apologize."

Hesitation flashed across her beautiful eyes. She heard Xander say, "You're different from what I thought."

"Is that a compliment?" Melanie did not turn around, and she was still calm. However, she continued that topic with Xander.

Xander was frank. "Yes."

He glanced at Melanie sideways. "You're brave."

Melanie did not respond to that. She had no idea what Xander was praising her for.

She was clearly not doing a good job at handling her personal matters as they were now a mess.

Xander knew she was in a bad mood and sent her back to the hotel before leaving.

Meanwhile, Melanie stood at the door in a daze after entering her room. It took her a while to snap out of it.

She was a little thirsty but noticed that the water in the kettle was unboiled.

As Melanie stared at the kettle, the emotions that had been welling up in her burst.

Her grip on the kettle felt weak, and the kettle fell from her hands and onto the ground.

Half the kettle was filled with water, and everything spilled onto the floor.

The drenched and cold sensation struck Melanie when the water splashed on her clothes. She stood in a daze before wiping off the water droplets on her face.

She had no idea why Xander would think she was brave.

She did not even dare to show her sadness before others.

Chapter 153

Melanie stayed in her room until it was nighttime before leaving. She had no appetite, so she had a few bites of her food before returning to her room.

Dylan never looked for her after that. Moreover, Melanie could not be bothered about her.

Only after she bathed did she notice that Joshua, who had never contacted her, had texted her.

He asked when Melanie was going to return to Jepton.

Melanie replied: [Why?]

[My birthday is this weekend, and I want to invite you to my party.]

Joshua replied to her within seconds.

Melanie was not close to him. She had just recently interacted with him back in LeapCo during the meeting.

Feeling blue, Melanie was not in the mood to go. She wanted to reject the invite.

Just as she was about to text Joshua, he sent her another message.

[I'm just asking as we're kind of friends. It'll be fun. Moreover, Stephen said you're interested in art exhibitions. I happen to have a few quality paintings. So, I thought of inviting you to appreciate them.]

Since Joshua had said so, Melanie could naturally not reject him. She could only agree to attend.

That night was a sleepless one for Melanie. Even though she had tried hard to fall asleep, her head still hurt, and her mind was still in a mess.

The following day, Melanie called Xander on time. Xander was startled. "What's wrong?"

Melanie rubbed her temples and said, "Don't we have to organize the documents today? What's your address? I'll meet you guys there."

Xander was surprised by her suggestion, and his voice was a little hoarse. "You can take a day off today."

Melanie knew he was doing this out of consideration because of what she had experienced yesterday.

However, she said, "It's okay. I'll still do what I've promised you."

Xander sent her the location without hesitating.

When Melanie arrived, it was already nine in the morning.

Oliver met her in the elevator with a bag of food for breakfast. He even greeted Melanie.

Melanie frowned. "Haven't you guys had breakfast yet?"

"We stayed up late last night to think about the outline of the proposal and just got up."

“Xander too?”

“Yes.”

The furrow of Melanie’s brows deepened. She had called Xander at the same time she called him the day before. It seemed that she might have woken him up from his sleep.

Oliver brought her to Xander and the others. Everyone sat by the coffee table.

When they saw Oliver, they stretched out their arms and called out Oliver’s name.

Oliver placed the breakfast on the table and let them take their share.

Melanie felt embarrassed for disturbing them. She sat on the sofa in a corner of the room.

Someone handed her a cup of coffee. Xander’s pleasant voice sounded from behind her. “This is for you.”

Melanie was startled for a second before looking at Xander and taking the cup of coffee. “Thanks.”

“I’m sorry for disturbing your sleep this morning. I didn’t know you were asleep,” explained Melanie.

“Oliver told you? I had just woken up when you called.” He did not mind.

The group of guys gobbled their breakfast.

Melanie had only finished half her cup of coffee, yet they had already started cleaning the table.

The primary auditing was simple. They had discussed an outline and only needed to calculate the area of the venue, the cost of materials, and the decorations.

As Melanie listened to their discussion, she organized the documents of the things they bought yesterday.

Although she was familiar with the financial industry, the documents were messy and piled up. She had to arrange them by the timeline, which was a hefty job.

Chapter 154

It was already lunchtime, and Melanie had only organized less than half of the documents.

Reny was still in the hospital. They were discussing who among them should bring her lunch. Xander spoke up, "You can all go."

Others gazed at Melanie and Xander with curious looks.

Melanie was arranging those messy documents, and Xander was expressionless. "Be back on time for work in the afternoon."

After Melanie was done arranging the documents, he said, "Let's go downstairs for lunch."

The hotel had a restaurant downstairs, and Melanie did not want to go any farther either. Thus, they headed to the second floor.

However, she did not expect to meet Viola at the restaurant. [1]

Melanie's forehead creased. Melanie had no idea Eugene and Viola were staying here.

Upon seeing Xander and her, Viola was surprised as well. It was just that she hid her surprised expression well. She greeted Melanie with a smile, "Melanie, what a coincidence."

There was nothing coincidental about it.

Melanie was too lazy to respond to it and walked past her.

Viola's smile froze, but she recalled what had happened yesterday. She couldn't help herself from reminding Melanie with a gloating smile, "Melanie, do you know your mother asked for money from Eugene?"

Melanie stopped and turned around with a stern face.

Viola smiled gently, yet her words were ear-piercing. "Eugene didn't lend her the money. After all,

she didn't look like she could return it."

Melanie saw Viola's mocking and spiteful gaze. She asked calmly, "What are you boasting about? Did Eugene put his assets under your name?"

After speaking, she glanced at Viola and added calmly, "Have you even married Eugene yet?"

Those words shut down Viola, making her face blush.

That was Viola's soft spot.

Stella had never been to LeapCo again after the last time they met her.

No matter how she tried to hint to Eugene that she wanted to meet his family, Eugene did not say anything about taking her to meet Stella.

Viola was not silly. She knew she had to win Stella's heart to marry Eugene.

However, she could not even meet her.

Melanie retorted to Viola before she went to get her food. Xander followed behind her and pondered as he observed her.

After a while, he asked Melanie, "I had always thought you were gentle, but you have quite a personality."

Melanie felt it was troublesome to order food. Hence, she opted for the buffet and got some salad.

Hearing what Xander said, she answered, "I'm not in a good mood."

Xander naturally knew she was in a bad mood and said nothing more. He took some food and sat with her.

Their table was at the corner, and a plant blocked most of their view. All others could see was Melanie was with a man from afar.

After hesitating, Viola took a photo of them and sent it to Eugene.

Looking at her phone, she typed: [I met Melanie while eating at the restaurant. Isn't she staying in a different hotel?]

Melanie had a bad appetite and only ate a few bites.

Frowning, Xander asked, "Are you done eating?"

She fell silent for a moment and said, "Please excuse me. I have to make a call."

Viola's voice echoed in her mind.

If Dylan had borrowed money from Eugene...

Her emotions surged as she took her phone and left the restaurant.

The call went through after it rang for a long time. Eugene's deep voice sounded. "Speak."

Melanie's hand that was grabbing the phone froze. She did not know what to say.

Eugene's surroundings seemed a little noisy. He might be outside, and he sounded a little irritated."

Melanie?"

With difficulty, Melanie asked, "Dylan asked you for money. Is that true?"

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Melanie felt a little helpless.

Eugene seemed to be less irritated now. He asked her, "Why? Are you here to borrow money for your mother?"

His tone sounded sarcastic, but Melanie felt better. At least, she knew Eugene did not lend her mother

any money.

She felt calmer and said, "Don't lend her any money."

Taken aback, he scoffed. "Aren't you always generous and filial?"

Melanie huffed, and her voice was soft when she said, "Anyway, I hope you won't lend her any money."

She did not want to call Dylan.

Hearing her voice made her feel disappointment and despair.

Thus, she could only ask Eugene.

Eugene did not seem to care. All he gave was a snort and nothing more.

However, when Melanie was about to hang up the call, he suddenly mentioned, "Have you forgotten George is about to be released?"

Melanie's forehead creased.

There were too many things going on these days, and she had forgotten about George.

She recalled George behaving like a thug and hitting others at the hospital entrance that day. If he got out... Melanie tried to remain calm. "They'll call the police."

Eugene asked, "Do you think your mother will call the police?"

Melanie knew Dylan would not without even needing to think.

Dylan would be reluctant to get George imprisoned, so she would not call the police.

Melanie had first thought Dylan would be strong as a mother because Peachie was still young. She might not tolerate George's act, even if it was just for Peachie's sake.

However, Melanie realized yesterday she had been wrong.

Eugene seemed to be busy. He sounded cold again when he said, "Bye."

Melanie stood there with her phone in her hand and a frown on her face.

Eugene saw Theodore's message on the screen just as he hung up Melanie's call. It was a short message.

[Everything has been arranged.]

Eugene glanced at it before he exited the chat box and saw Viola's message.

He tapped into the notification, only to see the photo Viola sent him.

The background of the photo was obvious. He could see where it was taken without even Viola telling him.

Squinting his eyes, he stared at the photo expressionlessly.

After exiting the chat box, he returned his phone to his pocket.

Then, he walked out.

Melanie had to work that afternoon. She organized the documents and listened to Xander and the others discussing the lighting.

Oliver noticed Melanie was focusing on her work. “Mel, why don’t you join our discussion? It isn’t nice to keep your head lowered and bury yourself in your work.”

Melanie’s mind was in a mess, but she would not bring emotions to the workplace.

She shook her head. “I have a bit more left to work on.”

However, Xander said, “Since only a bit is left, you can continue later. Haven’t you always wanted to learn how to plan events?”

Melanie felt bad about rejecting them again. She stood up and sat by the coffee table.

Xander looked at her. “You can ask whatever you don’t understand.”

Melanie nodded and thought for a moment before asking, “You guys even know how to plan the electrical route?”

“In an exhibition, lighting plays an important role. It provides the atmosphere, emotions, and the meaning behind the artwork. Xander explained to her and took a few sheets of draft paper on the table as he pointed.

“For example, the moving lighting should be placed at the center of the exhibition.”

Melanie understood what he meant and listened to the other plans they had discussed until they reached the topic of the exhibition’s theme.

Suddenly, Oliver asked Melanie, “Melanie, which company are you working for?”

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"LeapCo."

Oliver exclaimed and said in admiration, "You're working for LeapCo? Hats off to ya!"

Melanie asked him, "You know about LeapCo?"

"Yeah! My uncle has been working on venture capitals, and he mentioned this new magnate in Jepton."

Melanie stared at the drafts on the table without saying anything.

LeapCo had indeed achieved a breakthrough. However, LeapCo had been given to Eugene by Cedric to test him.

When Eugene took over LeapCo, its condition was very bad.

Melanie had witnessed every step he took to achieve his current success.

Back then, Eugene was not as decisive as he was now. He was just a rich man's son who had just entered the industry. Regardless of his good family background, he faced many challenges.

However, Eugene had always been strict with himself.

Melanie's thoughts were interrupted by a burst of laughter. She looked up and saw Oliver's blushing face as he was being quipped at.

Xander glanced over from behind as he knocked on the table. "Alright, let's get back to work."

What they were discussing next was not something Melanie would understand. She got back to organizing the documents.

The information could have been more structured, and organizing them was troublesome.

Fortunately, Melanie had been organizing Eugene's documents while working in the secretary's department. She was a pretty organized person herself.

Melanie was almost done when it was nearly six.

She showed her work to Xander, who said, "As expected from a professional."

Melanie took her handbag, preparing to leave. Xander wanted to send her off, but he suddenly received a call from the client who wanted to talk to him about the exhibition.

With that, Melanie nodded and left.

After leaving the lively atmosphere, Melanie's strong disguise shattered.

Just as she stepped into the elevator, the phone in her handbag rang. The noisy ringtone seemed a little hasty in the quiet environment.

Startled, Melanie froze before answering the call with a frown.

It was a call from the nursing home. Melanie heard the dean's heaving voice when she answered it. "Miss Smith, Mr. Lancaster suddenly fainted."

Subconsciously, Melanie thought of Dylan. Her voice stuttered as she asked, "Why did he suddenly faint?"

"The caretaker said he answered a call and got agitated. When the caretaker found him, he had already passed out and was on the ground."

"Miss Smith, please be prepared. There's a risk of Mr. Lancaster getting a stroke."

Melanie's voice was hoarse. "I'll be back immediately."

The dean hung up the call, and Melanie immediately booked a flight back to Jepton.

It was past 10:00 pm when she landed at Jepton. Melanie did not dare to dawdle and immediately headed to the nursing home.

Fortunately, the nursing home was right beside the city's hospital. The dean was waiting outside the ward when she arrived.

The dean immediately approached upon seeing her. "Miss Smith, you're finally here."

Melanie asked, "How's my grandfather's condition?"

"Not good. Mr. Lancaster's condition was bad to begin with, and he was agitated this time. His blood pressure and heart rate exceeded his normal range. Although the doctor at the nursing home rescued him, his condition isn't quite optimistic."

Melanie's expression was cold. She pushed open the door and saw her grandfather in bed with an oxygen mask on him.

He looked older than the last time she visited him.

Melanie walked lightly as she approached him. He seemed to have heard the footsteps and reached out his thin and dry right hand after he opened his eyes.

He tried to speak, but no sound came out of his mouth.

Melanie grabbed his hand and said, "Grandpa, I'm back."

“Mel...” Albert’s voice was soft. Melanie could only hear his faint voice when she leaned over.

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Albert did not look good. His eyelids were drooping as he looked at Melanie. He could not say another sentence.

The dean whispered to Melanie, “Mr. Lancaster has been calling your name since he regained consciousness.”

Melanie covered her grandfather with the blanket, saying, “Have some rest. You can tell me whatever you want to say tomorrow.

However, her grandfather refused to let go of her hand.

The corners of his eyes were drenched in tears as he held Melanie’s hand. He used all his might to say, “Mel, you’ve suffered a lot.”

He spoke slowly to make every word he said sound clear.

Melanie froze, yet she said nothing in response to it.

Albert was on a drip. He wanted to touch Melanie’s head, yet his arm fell before it could reach her head because he was weak.

It was 11:00 pm, and the hospital corridor was quiet.

Melanie stood in the corridor for a while before leaving the inpatient building.

She felt better and less suffocated when the warm night breeze blew past her.

She couldn't get a caretaker for her grandfather for the time being, and it was impossible to let the dean accompany Albert. Thus, Melanie stayed there for the night.

The following morning, the dean brought the caretaker from the hospital to the ward, and Melanie headed home.

Before leaving, she went to the doctor's office to learn more about Albert's condition.

Albert's condition was not good, and he was getting old. Organ failure had worsened the state of his health, and the doctor told Melanie to be prepared.

"The patient's health is poor, and he has underlying diseases. The main cause of his blood pressure elevating was because he was agitated."

The doctor reminded her, "You must pay attention to the patient's emotions. We might be able to rescue him this time, but if it happens again, a stroke or hemorrhage in the brain might occur."

Melanie nodded her head solemnly.

As soon as she left the office, she took out her phone and called Yana, telling her she would return to work this afternoon.

She was in Jepton, and Albert's condition was bad. She couldn't just leave him and get back to work.

Unexpectedly, she received a call from Stephen before she could dial Yana's number.

Tired, Melanie rubbed her forehead as she answered the call.

Stephen's worried voice came through the other end of the call. "Mel, have you returned to Jepton? I just found out about your grandfather's condition."

Melanie had asked for Stephen's help to look after her grandfather. She responded, "I'm at the hospital now."

Stephen brought her breakfast when he visited.

He looked at Melanie worriedly as he comforted her gently, "Don't worry. Everything will be fine."

Melanie nodded. "I know."

Her voice was gentle and weak. She looked tired.

It was understandable.

She rushed from Hearth City to Jepton in a hurry yesterday and even stayed for the night in the hospital. It was definitely tiring.

Stephen said, "I'll drive you home for a rest. Your health is important too."

Melanie did not reject his offer as she was truly exhausted.

Moreover, she had to call Dylan.

Stephen had always been a kind gentleman. He drove Melanie back to her place.

Melanie's business trip took two weeks. It felt strange getting back to her familiar home.

However, she did not have time to lament and dialed Dylan's number as soon as she entered her house.

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The call rang for a long time before Dylan answered. Upon hearing Dylan's voice, Melanie closed her eyes and leaned against the door.

After a while, she asked, "Did you know Grandpa almost suffered from a brain hemorrhage?"

Dylan was startled. She was silent for a while before saying, "I didn't."

"You didn't know?" Melanie repeated. She couldn't even bother to throw a temper at Dylan. She asked, "Didn't you think of his health when you called him?"

Dylan muttered, "He didn't tell me he was ill."

"He's your father!" Melanie raised her voice. She shouted helplessly while stuttering, "Dylan, how could you be so heartless? He gave you money each time you asked for it. Hasn't he always looked after you? How could you be so heartless?"

"Mel, it's my fault." Dylan sounded a little apologetic and seemed to be coaxing Melanie.

"I didn't know his health was this bad, and I didn't piss him off. I was just complaining about my hardships to him."

Melanie knew what Dylan meant by complaining without even needing to ask.

Dylan must have been complaining about her not helping George and refusing to give her a single dollar.

Melanie's silent response made Dylan nervous. She said, "Mel, I know my mistake. I'll never ask for money from your grandfather anymore."

Then, she promised, "I don't need your money either. I have something to do now. Let's talk some other day."

Dylan hung up the call hastily. Melanie only realized after a while what Dylan meant in her last sentence.

However, she thought Dylan was putting on an act again.

she was tired both physically and mentally. She cooked herself a simple meal and went to bed after washing up.

When it was about noon, her phone rang, disturbing her.

It was a call from Yana.

He asked Melanie, "Melanie, Mr. Scott said you're back in Jepton. Ms. Walker asked me to call and ask why you aren't at work."

Only then did Melanie realize she forgot to tell Yana about her situation.

Rubbing her temples, she said, "Something happened on my side. I'll be at work in the afternoon."

“Huh?” Yana was startled but still reminded Melanie, “Melanie, you have to be at work as soon as possible. The chairman of Prosper Group will be here. Everyone has to be here.”

Prosper Group’s chairman was Eugene’s father, Cedric.

LeapCo was Prosper Group’s sub-company and was given to Eugene to manage.

Yana said, “You’re responsible for attending the chairman when he arrives, Melanie. We might not be able to handle the job as well as you.”

Melanie leaned against the headboard, still feeling dizzy. She asked, “Eugene isn’t back. Why is the chairman suddenly visiting?”

Yana said, “Mr. Scott’s flight was this morning, and he’s already in his office.”

Melanie was surprised that Eugene was back in Jepton.

Having no other choice, she could only get up and go to work.

It was almost time to get back to work after lunch in LeapCo. Melanie had just entered the office when she encountered Eugene, who was scolding others sternly.

He threw the report in his hand on Yana’s table as he scolded, “Since you can’t even do a simple table, you aren’t qualified to work at LeapCo.”

Yana lowered her head, not daring to speak.

It seemed that Eugene was in a bad mood. He said in a deep voice, “Lift your head!”

He rarely threw such a tantrum, and his expression was gloomy.

Yana almost cried as she lifted her head in grief. She happened to see Melanie walking in. It was as though she had seen her savior. Flustered, she shouted, "Melanie!"

Chapter 159

That call took Melanie by surprise, yet she still stepped into the office.

Eugene turned around when Yana called Melanie's name.

His cold eyes met Melanie's. After seconds, he scoffed as he said sarcastically, "You've only just arrived?"

Startled, Melanie looked at the ground and explained, "I'm sorry. It's my fault for being late. I was caught up in an emergency."

Her voice was calm, and her attitude was sincere, yet Eugene did not buy it.

Sneering, he looked at Melanie in disdain as he said, "You have many emergencies. The last time was your mother. Who was it this time? Your dad?"

Melanie pursed her lips and did not answer. She paused briefly before saying, "What time will

Chairman Scott be here?"

Eugene glanced at her and said calmly, "You're well-informed."

Although Eugene mocked Melanie, he still brought her with him to welcome Cedric's arrival.

Cedric did not like Melanie as a person but admired her working ability.

Moreover, Melanie had learned plenty about Stella and Cedric to give them a good impression of her back then.

As such, Eugene would arrange for her to attend to Cedric if he visited the company.

Viola was around, but she did not dare to show herself much during this kind of situation. After all, she still remembered the impression she had left on Stella.

Moreover, Eugene had warned her about this.

Viola drooped her eyelids and bit her lip lightly.

Cedric was in his 50s, and as the chairman of Prosper Group, he had an oppressive temperament.

He looked at Eugene with his sharp gaze and asked impatiently, "You just had to deal with the cooperation in Prime City. What took you so long?"

'I went to Hearth City on my way back," answered Eugene monotonously.

'Is it because of Douglas?'

'Yes.'

Cedric stopped asking and headed straight to the CEO's office.

Melanie followed behind them. She started the topic and reported their situation in Prime City to

edric.

Eugene and Cedric had a poor relationship as father and son. It was only because Eugene was managing LeapCo that Cedric visited.

Since their relationship was terrible, Melanie had to ease the atmosphere and start a topic for them to discuss.

She had been doing this for years and was good at it.

However, when the elevator stopped, Cedric asked, "Did you go to Prime City with Eugene?"

Melanie was startled for a second before answering honestly, "Yes."

Cedric's gaze fell on Melanie. He was about to speak when Eugene interrupted suddenly, "How much say do you have in this business trip?"

Melanie was taken aback but reacted quickly enough and did not show her emotions. She said, "I'll prepare tea for both of you."

Cedric's preference was just like Stella's. He didn't like coffee but loved drinking tea.

Melanie took some tea leaves from the cabinet and brewed them for Cedric. Then, she prepared another cup of tea for Eugene,

Julie had just gotten a glass of water and bumped into Melanie from behind. The tea in the cup spilled onto Melanie upon impact.

Melanie frowned and put down the tray.

Almost all the tea had spilled. It not only drenched her shirt, but it was also hot because she had just

boiled the water.

Julie froze for a moment and then plastered a smile on her face as she said, "I'm sorry, Melanie. I was looking at my phone and didn't notice you."

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"But do you plan to return like this?" She looked at the wet blotch on Melanie's chest, looking surprised.

Melanie's expression was cold as she looked at Julie. She asked, "Did you do this on purpose?"

"I said it was an accident." Julie then mocked her, "Melanie, have you been working downstairs for too long and think everyone is a bitch?"

"Melanie." Viola's soft voice sounded, and she smiled as she reminded her, "Do you want to change into a new suit?"

Melanie thought it was inappropriate for her to walk around with a wet spot. She glanced at Julie before leaving.

After she left, Viola spoke in a soft voice once more, "Julie, I'll serve the tea so that Chairman Scott.

and Eugene won't have to wait for too long."

Julie sneered, "You, an intern, will serve the chairman the tea?"

After saying this, she held the tray.

Prosper Group was better than LeapCo. If she could get a job there....

However, before Julie could leave, Viola asked, "Julie, do you think Eugene would want to see you serving the tea?"

Her voice was soft, and her tone was just like usual. However, Julie suddenly realized something.

Viola was Eugene's girlfriend, and Eugene would protect her.

Julie felt reluctant, but she still put the tray down tactfully. Then, she returned to her seat while feeling annoyed.

Viola lifted the tray and smiled sweetly. "Thank you, Julie."

She thought that if she flattered Cedric, as Eugene's girlfriend, surely he would not treat her as Stella did.

Unexpectedly, she had just brought the tea in when Cedric frowned upon seeing her.

Viola was nervous and put the tea down. She said softly, "Mr. Scott, please have some tea."

"Where's Melanie?" Cedric stared at Viola sharply.

Viola was taken aback and explained, "Melanie had something urgent to deal with and handed this to me to serve."

The air around Cedric was oppressive. Viola did not dare to stay after serving the tea and left quickly.

Just as she left, Melanie returned after changing into another shirt.

When she saw that the tea was gone, she knew why she was bumped into.

Hence, she went to Eugene's office,

She had brought some documents and could hand them to Cedric to review.

However, she heard a crashing sound when she reached the door.

Then, Cedric's angry voice sounded, "Eugene, how long more are you going to play around? Have you forgotten what you've promised me?"

"Isn't it enough to keep Melanie? Now you're dating an intern who knows nothing? I don't care even if you change women, but you have to listen to us when it comes to the person you're going to marry!"

Melanie's hand that was about to push the door froze.

Eugene answered carelessly, "Okay,"

"You've been dating Melanie for many years. Make sure you settle this or give her some money," Cedric continued, Melanie felt her brain buzzing upon hearing this.

It was ridiculous, indeed. She thought she had given everything in these eight years, yet she had been played for eight years. All she got from this relationship was money.

What was this?

It made her doubt if she was just a toy.

Melanie looked at the ground and stood rooted in front of the office, unable to move.