

Mr. Scott 311

Chapter 311

Dylan pounced on Peachie, protecting her in her embrace. However, George still kicked her mercilessly on her arm.

Dylan screamed in a hoarse voice, yet George cursed her, "Useless woman! How dare you come back! I told you to get the money from that bastard, yet you couldn't even get a few hundred thousand dollars from her.

"Tell me! Are you doing this on purpose so that they'll kill me?"

He cursed as he unbuckled his belt and whipped Dylan's back.

There was a loud and crisp smack. The man's continuous humiliation and curses resounded in the house.

"Let me remind you of one thing. You'll have to suffer when I suffer. I'll sell this little bitch abroad and make her some man's mistress if you don't get me what I want."

Dylan hugged Peachie and cried. In the end, the beating stopped because George was tired. He fell onto a chair and scratched his face in frustration.

Then, he kicked Dylan as he said in a deep and cold voice, "I'm not kidding. I owe them an amount of money. If I don't clear my debt, we'll all die!"

Dylan was startled and looked at him in disbelief. "What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? What could I mean? I borrowed money from loan sharks."

George did not seem to realize his mistake. "Your heartless daughter refuses to help me, so I could only think of something to help myself."

Dylan understood the situation they were in now. She hugged Peachie and sat there in a daze as tears flowed down her cheeks.

Melanie knew nothing about what happened in Hearth City.

She went with Xander to meet Quentin.

They had arranged to meet him in a café in the city center. He came with Lisa.

Lisa was not surprised to see Melanie and greeted her with a smile.

Quentin stretched out his hand and pretended to be polite, yet his eyes regarded Melanie. "Melanie, I'm happy we'll be working together again."

Melanie did not shake his hand. She did not want to have any skin contact with Quentin.

Xander pushed Quentin's hand away and said calmly, "Mr. Emerson, let's talk about business and forgo the greetings."

Quentin looked at Melanie, feeling pity for his missed chance. Even so, he quickly hid his lustful expression. Grinning, he said, "You both know about the agreement between Vanke Group and Dreamcatchers. So, I'm meeting you to discuss the cooperation.

"We're businessmen. We don't need to make things difficult and ruin our relationship."

Xander lifted his eyes slightly. He looked cold and distant when he said nothing.

He stared at Quentin indifferently. "Mr. Emerson, do you mean if we choose not to cooperate, you'll make things difficult for us?"

Quentin was still calm. “Why would you think so?”

Xander scoffed. “Mr. Emerson, you’re indeed good at threatening others.”

Quentin smiled and looked at Melanie. He said, “Melanie has once worked in LeapCo. I’m sure she knows what I mean.”

His tone sounded a little weird. Melanie even felt a little disgusted upon hearing him speak.

It was different from being nauseous. Melanie felt as if she had seen something dirty that disgusted her.

However, she still suppressed her discomfort as she looked at Quentin expressionlessly. “Let me be frank. We can’t accept the cooperation terms you suggested.

“We did everything, including the proposal and idea. Meanwhile, Dreamcatchers is trying to take away the result of our hard work with other companies.”

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“Why would we benefit you instead?”

Their rejection did not surprise Quentin. He had a trump card and knew he could win this negotiation

He said calmly, “Fairness doesn’t exist in this world. Those who are strong will get what they want. This is how the world works.

“Melanie, you know this better than anyone else. This world is unfair.”

When he said this, his gaze on Melanie was no longer as lecherous as just now. Instead, he looked at her sarcastically and maliciously.

The negotiation ended unhappily. However, they could see Quentin had been prepared for it.

Lisa didn't leave with Quentin. She didn't say much the whole time, but after Quentin left, she looked at Melanie with a complicated gaze. "If you agree to cooperate this time, maybe things will be better for you."

"I heard Mr. Emerson say they had looked for someone with a higher position. Many things were involved this time. Maybe you should give in."

Melanie's expression turned cold, and she looked at Lisa. "Did Quentin ask you to say this to us?"

Lisa froze and smiled bitterly as she explained, "Of course not. I just want to tell you both that it's pointless trying to struggle and fight against a bigger force."

Then, she walked away. Melanie stared at her as she left with an expressionless face.

Xander had the same cold expression. Scoffing, he said to Melanie, "What an interesting manager."

His words were sarcastic and not meant to be praise for Quentin.

Melanie pondered before asking Xander, "What do you have in mind?"

Xander lifted his eyebrow and looked at Melanie as he asked indifferently, "What about you?"

Melanie brushed her fingers on the table and said calmly, "There's nothing to be afraid of."

She had been working in LeapCo for years and had cooperated with many clients.

If she gave in just because of what Quentin said, her years of work experience would go to

waste.

Xander had a faint smile on his face as he looked at Melanie and agreed. "What a coincidence. I have the same thought in mind."

After discussing her thoughts and plan with Xander, Melanie returned to the North district.

She had cleaned almost every part of the house and could move her things anytime.

When she drove there, she happened to encounter someone repairing the streetlights.

When they saw Melanie, they reminded her out of kindness, "This is an old residential area, and most residents are old people. Moreover, the streetlights always break down.

"That's why robbers and thugs like to wander in this area. If you encounter any danger, call us or the police. Don't ever try to deal with them alone."

Then, they left after giving Melanie their phone number.

Melanie had decided to bring Albert back to this house if he got discharged.

She would be less busy and could look after Albert herself.

Maybe in a familiar environment, Albert could recover quicker than expected.

However, she had forgotten something.

Things might not go according to plan or expectations.

Chapter 313

Albert's surgery was arranged on Friday morning.

Melanie got to the hospital at midnight. She could not fall asleep all night and decided to accompany her grandfather.

Howard had repeatedly reminded her not to have high hopes for the surgery. He told her Albert's condition was terrible, and the risks this surgery posed to Albert were higher.

Melanie knew about this. However, she also knew Albert would not want to live the rest of his life bedridden. Thus, she chose to have him undergo the surgery.

When she arrived at the ward, Albert was still sleeping. Melanie did not want to disturb him and waited outside.

When it was six in the morning, Albert woke up. His surgery was arranged before everyone else's for that day.

Albert had to keep his stomach empty and could not drink water because of the anesthetic. Melanie calmly wet her grandfather's lips with a cotton bud.

Albert stared at her with his hazy eyes. Melanie smiled and said, "Don't worry. Dr. Hel is a professional. You just have to nap, and everything will be fine."

Albert opened his mouth and used all his might to utter, "Don't... be afraid."

Melanie froze. Her long eyelashes drooped, and they hid her emotions.

She squeezed Albert's hand lightly before taking out the charm from her necklace.

"Look, I brought the charm you gave me." Melanie took off the charm and placed it before Albert. Her eyes were red, yet she endured her emotions as she spoke. She did not want to let

Albert know her worries.

She was not sure if Albert noticed her emotions. He rubbed his fingers on the charm and muttered something with his lips slightly parted.

When Xander called, Albert had just gone into the operating room.

The surgery would usually take five to six hours. Melanie had followed them to the waiting area outside the operating room.

She picked up the call, yet her eyes were still fixed on the red light above the operating room.

Xander's deep voice came through the other end of the call. "Has your grandfather gone into the operating room?"

He knew Melanie had gone to the hospital at midnight and wanted to accompany her. However, he was busy with his work and could not leave.

"He just went in," said Melanie.

Xander froze. He could not comfort Melanie with words. After pondering, he asked Melanie, "You said your grandfather could eat ordinary food. Maybe we can make some chicken noodle soup for him? Do you want me to ask Aunt Fiona if she could make some?"

Melanie would have forgotten about this if Xander had not reminded her.

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She thought for a while before saying, "I'll pay Aunt Fiona later. Please ask her to do me this favor. Thank you."

Xander told her something else, and Melanie was distracted until they hung up the call. Xander was called away to deal with some work stuff.

Messages popped up in the WhatsApp group. They were all from Reny and the others, asking Melanie about Albert.

After replying a few, Melanie stopped using her phone.

However, her heart hammered when her gaze fell on the operating room again.

It felt as if she was in a room with no air.

Melanie did not want to leave, afraid the doctor might look for her.

However, the nurse called Melanie on her phone and asked her to pack Albert's stuff. She said Albert would be sent to the ICU after his surgery.

Unexpectedly, she bumped into Stella upstairs.

She had just packed Albert's stuff and asked the nurse in the nurse's station about the surgery. Unfortunately, she encountered Stella standing by the nurse's station gloomily. She seemed to be registering something.

It was an inpatient building, and most people here were hospitalized.

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Melanie was taken aback as she did not hear any news about Stella falling ill.

However, she was only surprised for a second. Stella's matter had nothing to do with her.

When Stella saw Melanie, she looked at her in disdain as she sneered. "You sure are capable. I heard your grandfather is admitted here. You knew we were coming. Is that why you

abandoned your grandfather and came here?"

Melanie glanced at Stella indifferently and ignored her mockery.

She was worried about Albert's surgery and did not want to waste her time quarreling with Stella over such a petty thing.

However, Stella's anger shot through her upon being ignored.

She slammed the form she was filling on the table, looked at Melanie with despise, and said, Why are you still pretending?

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"Didn't you ask for Eugene's help to get his uncle to do the surgery? I don't know what shameless trick you used, but since you've benefited from it, stop pretending to be righteous.

"Are you trying to get us to reward you?"

Stella had always been arrogant as she was from the upper class. She cared most about etiquette, yet her words were merciless and hurtful.

Melanie lifted her eyebrows and looked at Stella coldly. "Mrs. Scott, please mind your words or your reputation will be ruined and you might have to pay the price."

The wealthy believed in doing good deeds more than others. Melanie had driven Stella to the church several times a week.

Stella froze, and her face was ashen.

Staring at Melanie, she said with gritted teeth, "We'll see who will pay the price."

Melanie snorted coldly and handed the things she was holding to the nurse.

Stella was brought up in a wealthy family. She might be bad-tempered, but she would not throw her tantrums in public.

When she said those words to Melanie, she had spoken in a low voice.

Their conversation was quick, and others did not hear it.

After Melanie registered Albert's name and prepared to leave, she heard Stella calling out arrogantly, "Stand there."

Melanie turned around and said, "Yes?"

Stella lifted her chin and sounded like she was ordering Melanie when she said, "Send my things to the ward."

Beside her was a suitcase. Melanie glanced at it and lifted her head. "Mrs. Scott, I'm no longer an employee at LeapCo. You don't have the right to order me around anymore."

"Melanie, don't push it! If it weren't for Eugene..."

Melanie snapped, "Eugene is the one who helped me and not you, Mrs. Scott."

Then, she noticed the person approaching Stella from behind.

Eugene was tall, and he had his phone in his hand. He hung up the call he had just made and looked at Melanie expressionlessly.

When Melanie's eyes met his, she turned around and left.

She headed back to the operating room.

It was an important day for Albert, and she did not have to waste time on such matters.

Stella looked at Melanie's departing back before she glared at Eugene sarcastically. "Are you satisfied now?"

Eugene did not know what just happened. He pondered for a while before asking in his deep voice, "What should I be satisfied about?"

Stella's gaze grew colder, yet she said nothing more and took the documents she just filled to her ward.

Walking past Eugene, she said, "You know what I'm talking about!"

Chapter 315

Melanie had just arrived at the waiting area when she received a call from Stephen. He sounded anxious. "I was on a business trip and just found out that your grandfather's surgery is today. How is he now?"

Melanie had been so busy that she had forgotten to contact Stephen lately. She said, "Everything is fine for now."

"Don't worry. Albert will be fine. He's a good person."

Melanie thanked him and said nothing more.

After a moment of silence, Stephen sighed and continued guiltily, "I'm sorry, Mel. I don't know why, but I'm never by your side when you're in trouble."

Melanie held the phone and said, "It's something I have to deal with by myself anyway."

"I seem to be a bad friend to you." Stephen chuckled helplessly. He was handling many projects and had to go on business trips most of the time.

Melanie did not know how she could make him feel better. She just said, "Don't worry."

"Before I left, I reminded Xander to look after you. You can look for him if you need any help," Stephen said before hanging up the call. He seemed to be busy.

Before the call ended, Melanie heard a woman's voice from Stephen's end.

Melanie shook her head, thinking she must have misheard.

However, just as she hung up the call, her phone screen lit up. It was a call from Dylan.

Melanie did not hesitate to decline it.

Dylan would only look for her because she needed money.

Melanie sat in the waiting area all morning. The door finally opened when it was one in the afternoon.

Howard walked out of the operating room, looking tired. Melanie had no strength to get herself off the chair. She could only look at Howard in a daze.

However, if anyone looked closer, they could see her forehead was drenched in sweat and her pale hands were gripping the chair tightly.

Melanie was afraid.

As it got closer to the time the surgery was expected to end, her heart hammered faster.

She was afraid of hearing the last thing she wanted to hear when the door opened.

She was scared...

“Hmph! Haven’t you been insisting on me doing this surgery on your grandfather? Why are you so afraid now?”

Howard saw her sitting there with her face looking pale. He took off the mask and stared at her as he said thoughtfully, “The surgery is successful, and your grandfather is fine.”

Melanie blinked her eyes and looked at Howard as if she had not realized what he had just said.

Howard had no patience to repeat his words. He left after saying that.

Albert was sent to the ICU after the surgery. Dr. Wells told Melanie the surgery was successful, and the blood clot in his brain was removed. The blockage was also cleared, so he just had to recuperate.

As long as his wound was not infected and it recovered fully, he would be fine.

Melanie was busy dealing with all kinds of procedures. She only headed to Dr. Wells’ office after that.

She wanted to have a word with Howard.

However, Howard was not there.

Dr. Wells said, “Mr. Scott picked Dr. Hel up and just left. Didn’t you see them on the way here?”

Melanie was startled to know Eugene had taken Howard away.

She thought Eugene had left long ago.

However, she did not think much of it. After leaving the office, she called Eugene,

The phone rang for a while before Eugene answered it in his usual lazy voice. It sounded at little sexy.
“Yes?”

From his voice, Melanie could tell he was in a good mood.

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Melanie pursed her lips and asked softly, “Is Dr. Hel with you?”

“Yes.”

“Where are you guys now? I wish to speak with him,” Melanie said tactfully, her tone polite. “It’s about my grandfather. I wish to express my gratitude to him face-to-face. I also want to ask him about my grandfather’s post-operative care.”

Eugene fell silent for a moment at her words before answering, “He has a flight tonight. He’s returning to Oskon City.”

Frowning, Melanie quickly promised, “I won’t take up too much of his time.”

Eugene hung up the call and turned to look at Howard. His expression was cold, but his tone was polite as he said, “I’m sorry, Uncle.”

There was no change in Howard’s stern-looking face. He looked at Eugene contemplatively before answering, “It looks like your mother doesn’t actually understand you.”

Eugene's expression remained unchanged. "Neither does she understand you."

Stella was not on good terms with the Hels to begin with, and Howard had nothing to say about that.

A moment later, his deep voice sounded again. "This is the first time you came looking for me for help, Eugene."

Eugene was silent before he replied, "Her grandfather is a good man. He taught me a lot."

Howard said nothing but just looked at Eugene, his gaze meaningful.

When Melanie came down, Eugene was waiting for her beside his Maybach.

Melanie lowered her gaze, collected her thoughts, and then slowly went over to him. She stopped in front of Eugene and asked, "Where's Dr. Hel?"

It was past three o'clock in the afternoon, and there were not many people coming and going in the parking lot. Eugene's brows lowered as he looked at Melanie. Instead of answering her question, he said, "You look horrendous. People would think you just got off the operating table."

Melanie arrived at the hospital at midnight the day before and did not manage to get a good rest. She had also been worrying the entire afternoon, so her face was a little pale.

Melanie did not respond to the insult since it was only thanks to him that her grandfather's surgery was a success.

Sighing softly, she said, "Thank you, Eugene."

Her tone was so light that her words were like a caress to one's ear.

Eugene's expression hardened for a bit, but quickly it passed and went back to normal.

Howard had gone away to answer a call. When he came back, Melanie was no longer saying anything to Eugene.

She looked at him solemnly and said, "Dr. Hel, I wasn't able to tell you properly just now just how thankful I am. I'd also like to apologize for my poor behavior before."

Although Howard's expression was as severe as usual, he said, "There's no need for all this. If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave now."

Seeing that Howard paid no mind to what happened before, she asked him a few more questions about her grandfather's subsequent treatment.

"I wanted to ask you about my grandfather's post-operative care. Also-

Howard looked slightly impatient as he cut her off, "I've already relayed all this to Dr. Wells, You can just ask him directly. I have to rush back to Oskon City, so please don't waste my time anymore."

His tone was the same as before, but this time, it made Melanie laugh a little.

She originally thought Howard to be the kind of expert who thought highly of himself, but it seemed like he just took his job seriously.

Melanie felt a little touched. Just as she was about to say a few more words to the man, she saw that he had already opened the car door and gotten in.

She turned her gaze to meet Eugene.

His gaze was deep, and the expression on his face was faint.

Melanie lowered her gaze, ending the eye contact with Eugene. After a moment, she quickly said in a low voice, "I'm going back first."

ICU visiting times were only in the afternoon, and since her grandfather had just come out of surgery, she could not visit the man. This was to minimize the chances of him getting infected. Melanie completed all the necessary procedures and then had nothing else to do. She originally planned to stay overnight in the hospital, but she did not expect that Yvonne would come over in the evening.

Even when coming to the hospital, Yvonne still wore heels. She said she looked more imposing this way since she was naturally small.

As soon as Yvonne came over, she frowned and looked at Melanie. "Why do you look like crap? No wonder Xander asked me to come over and take you to dinner."

Melanie had several people comment on how bad she looked, but she did not pay much attention to it. She touched her chin and whispered, "I'm fine."

"As if. You look so haggard." Yvonne shook her head. "You haven't eaten anything yet, right?"

Not only dinner, Melanie had not eaten the entire day today. She had been worried about her grandfather's surgery and had no appetite at all.

"I'm really impressed by you two," Yvonne muttered as she grabbed Melanie's hand without giving her a chance to refuse.

"Come to dinner with me. Your grandpa just came out of an operation, so you shouldn't be able to see him now either. Why not rest first instead of wearing down your body, lest your grandfather worries about you too when he gets better."

Melanie allowed herself to be dragged. She knew Yvonne was making sense.

However, Yvonne was used to being pampered and looked down on small restaurants near the hospital. She dragged Melanie along as they drove to the business district in the city center.

Yvonne pulled her into a French restaurant and said in a cheerful tone, "A friend of mine owns this restaurant. It just opened yesterday."

Melanie was not picky with food and let Yvonne order everything.

After ordering, Yvonne's cell phone on the table rang. She lowered her gaze and clicked her tongue. "Is there something wrong with Simon's brain? Why does he keep troubling me lately?"

Melanie looked up. "What's wrong with him?"

"He asked me to go hiking on the weekend. He must be crazy. Only fools go hiking on a hot day."

Yvonne ignored decorum and rolled her eyes at the end too.

Melanie said nothing. She was not close to Simon, and she also disliked him.

Yvonne suddenly thought of something and looked at Melanie. Her brows were furrowed, and she had a troubled expression on her face.

Melanie picked up her glass and asked, "Do you want to say something?"

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"It's nothing, actually. I just wanted to explain what happened the first time I met you and Xander.

"I was actually just stopping by my house to arrange a meeting with Eugene. At that time, I thought he was quite handsome. It'd be good to have such a person to do business with my family."

Yvonne looked at Melanie's face as she spoke. She was not stupid. After noticing something was wrong between Melanie, Eugene, and Simon, she went back to ask her friends about what was going on.

They were all part of the same circle, after all. They knew some things.

When Yvonne found out what had happened between Melanie and Eugene, she said nothing in particular despite her surprise. She thought Melanie was a nice person and hoped Xander would be able to gain some momentum with her.

However, Yvonne was the blunt type and not someone who could not keep something hidden. She had been wanting to explain things to Melanie.

It was not because of anything else. She had once asked Melanie if Eugene was keeping her around like some mistress. That was when she had still been in the dark, and her words were rather hurtful. That was why she had been wanting to apologize to Melanie.

After hearing what she said, Melanie just nodded. "Eugene would be the type that the elders like."

She did not mean anything else by that. She was just saying what she thought. Eugene was indeed outstanding among the younger generation.

It was why Stella did not take kindly to her and Eugene being together. She had always wanted to find a woman who matched well with Eugene, like Yvonne. Yvonne pouted. "You're the only one who thinks he's good."

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Yvonne seemed to think of something after saying that and let out a sigh. She added, "What's so good about him? He's just a scumbag, not like Xander."

Melanie kept listening to Yvonne's chatter but said nothing herself.

After their meal, Melanie initially wanted to go back to the hospital, but Yvonne forced her into the car and took her back to the villa.

The moment Yvonne sent her there, she answered a call and left in a hurry.

The door of the villa opened from the inside, and Xander's deep voice sounded. "You're back?"

“Yeah,” she answered. A moment later, she asked, “You sent Yvonne to the hospital for me?”

Xander looked at her, expression unchanging. He nodded slightly. “I planned on going over in the afternoon, but my client suddenly had an issue and I couldn’t leave.”

“I know. I shouldn’t trouble you guys either.” Melanie moved to enter the door. Reny and the others were there in the living room.

She said hello and then went back to her room to rest.

Xander followed her into the house. Reny was a little surprised and asked him, “What’s wrong with Melanie? She doesn’t seem to be in a good mood.”

Xander’s gaze lowered. “She might be tired,” he answered after a moment.

Melanie was indeed tired, but she could not sleep when she got into bed after showering. She was not thinking about anything. She just lay in bed, staring at nothing.

She was still unable to sleep even when it was already the latter half of the night. Thus, Melanie got up and packed her luggage. The house in the North district had been repaired and renovated. She could move in anytime.

When she went to the hospital the next day, Dr. Wells told her that her grandfather had shown no adverse reactions the night before. She could now rest assured.

He only needed to stay in the ICU for a few more days for observation. Once everything was fine, he could be transferred to the general ward.

As expected, Melanie was not allowed to go into the ICU, but Dr. Wells’ words reassured her.

No one had come to see her grandfather during the time he was admitted. Only Dr. Lawrence from the nursing home came a few times.

Melanie had decided that she would not send him back to the nursing home again after this and immediately told Dr. Lawrence her plan.

Dr. Lawrence was a little embarrassed. He said, "But didn't you already pay for the second half of the year?"

Melanie frowned slightly, "When did I do that?" She had settled the previous expenses quarterly, but since her grandfather was hospitalized, she had not paid for the next quarter.

Dr. Lawrence took out his phone and scrolled through it. "I have a screenshot of the record. The money was transferred a few days ago."

He pulled out a screenshot and showed it to Melanie. Sure enough, it showed proof of transfer. Her grandfather's fees for the second half of the year had been paid in advance.

The nursing home fees were not low. It was a six-figure amount.

Melanie's expression darkened as she looked at the account from which the transfer was made.

She was too familiar with this account. It was LeapCo's account.

Who else could the person behind the transfer be other than Eugene?

Melanie lowered her gaze, shielding the complicated thoughts in her eyes from view. She was silent for a moment before saying, "Sorry, Dr. Lawrence. I have something to deal with. I'll explain it to you later. Could you send me this screenshot?"

Even after arriving at the hospital parking lot, Melanie was at a loss. What was Eugene thinking?

Sitting in the driver's seat, she looked at the screen of her phone as she made a call. Her eyes were solemn.

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Eugene did not answer.

Melanie ended the first call and waited for a moment before attempting again. The call was answered quickly this time.

However, the person who answered was not Eugene. "Hello, who is this? Eugene is busy at the moment and can't come to the phone. Is there a message I can help pass along?"

It was Lee, and the background was vaguely noisy.

Melanie paused. "Is Eugene busy?"

When Lee heard that it was Melanie who called, he immediately went somewhere quiet nearby and whispered, "Do you need something from Mr. Scott? We're at a wine-tasting party now, and Mr. Scott is socializing with people from the Oskon City market."

"A wine-tasting party?" Melanie exclaimed. "Why would a wine-tasting party be held during the day? Shouldn't it be held at night?"

"I heard it's because those from the Oskon Stock Exchange have to rush back in the afternoon, and that's why they brought the event forward." After answering her question, Lee asked, "If you have something urgent to talk to Mr. Scott about, I can pass over the phone now."

Melanie thought for a moment and replied, "It's fine."

After ending the call, Melanie sat in the car. She had wanted to ask Eugene why he paid for her grandfather's fees but suddenly felt that there was no point in it.

She went back to Dr. Lawrence and told him what exactly was happening, hoping he would return the money to Eugene.

Dr. Lawrence could tell she had made up her mind and did not try asking her to reconsider. He just said, "I can transfer the money back. It's just that considering the account holder, it'll be a little troublesome to transfer the sum back. I'll go to the bank tomorrow and get it done."

"Sorry for the trouble."

Melanie spent some more time at the hospital before finally leaving. When she left, it was already late afternoon, and this was the earliest she had left the hospital recently.

Eugene did not call her back. She wondered if Lee notified him of her call.

Instead of receiving a call from Eugene, she received a call from Stephen.

"Mel, I'm back in Jepton. I'm on the way to the hospital now.

Melanie did not think he would come to the hospital, and her brows furrowed. "Why don't you go home first?"

"It's fine. I'll just see how the old man is doing. I won't be able to rest assured otherwise."

Stephen had always been a good person, so Melanie did not say anything. She had already walked to the parking lot but then turned back to the hospital to wait for Stephen to come over.

Stephen arrived with a suitcase in his hand. It seemed that he had come directly from the airport.

Exhaustion was written all over his delicate and gentle face. The concern in his eyes was also

obvious.

His gentle voice was a little hoarse as he asked Melanie, "Why have you lost so much weight?"

Almost

everyone was saying the same thing when they saw Melanie these days. She just replied, "I'm fine."

Stephen sighed softly. "Everything will be fine."

Melanie believed him. Everything would be fine.

She led Stephen to the ICU, but they could not go in and could only look in from the door.

Stephen seemed a little hesitant. He looked at Melanie worriedly. "I was in Niere City this time. The environment there is quite good. Several of my elders are retiring there. If you're willing, you can bring your grandpa there.

Melanie nodded. "I will when he gets better."

They stayed in the hospital for more than ten minutes before leaving. Since Stephen had come directly to the hospital from the airport, Melanie drove him home.

After seeing Stephen off, Melanie returned to the villa.

Xander and the others were not here today. There were a few documents scattered on the big table in the living room. They probably left in a hurry and did not have time to clean them up.

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The large villa was quiet and empty. Melanie prepared some pasta for herself and then returned to the bedroom.

The moment she arrived in the bedroom, the phone rang. Melanie thought it was Eugene calling her and did not expect it to be an unfamiliar number.

She frowned before pressing the answer button. There was a rustling sound on the other end of the call before a child's voice was heard. It sounded timid. "Melanie."

Melanie recognized Peachie's voice. She subconsciously sensed that something was wrong and asked softly, "Why did you call me?"

"I'm scared, Melanie. I'm so scared," Peachie replied. She was crying when she spoke as if she was really scared.

Melanie's eyebrows furrowed even more tightly, and her voice became darker. "Where's your mother?"

"Mom and Dad are fighting. Dad wants to sell me. Mom hid me at Aunt's house." Peachie's voice was filled with endless fear as she said, "Melanie, I don't want to be sold. I don't want to be someone's wife."

Melanie's heart trembled. Dylan did say before that if she did not get the 500,000 dollars, George would sell Peachie.

She asked Theodore to look into it, and when she learned that the girl was staying in the hospital, she did not give Dylan the money. She did not expect George to actually be so cruel. Peachie was his biological daughter!

Melanie closed her eyes and calmed herself before comforting Peachie, "Don't be afraid. You're at your aunt's house now, right? Then protect yourself."

"Will you come to take me away?" Melanie heard Peachie say eagerly before the call ended.

Melanie actually felt herself shudder a little, but she still did not transfer money to Dylan right away. Instead, she called Theodore.

Melanie sat on the bed, her eyes dry. Peachie's childish voice kept ringing in her mind, asking her if she would take her away. However, she could also see Dylan's greedy face.

The images swirled in her mind until her temples throbbed.

Her phone suddenly rang, and Melanie looked over. Theodore was calling.

She stiffly moved to answer the phone, and the man's voice sounded. "George has indeed been borrowing money, and now, those people are looking for him to have it returned. They're all hooligans. It might be true that they're trying to take your sister away."

Melanie could not help the sharpness in her raised voice. "How dare they?!"

Did George not know what his actions looked like? Did he really not fear the retribution of selling his own daughter?

Theodore said, "Some people have no morals when it comes to money. What's more, there should be a bigger gang behind this group."

After saying that, he added hesitantly, "You can look for Eugene about this. He's been asking me to keep an eye on George, and just now--"

Halfway through, he remembered what the man said and shut up before ending the call.

He had gone to Eugene before calling Melanie. Eugene was already aware of all this. What Theodore did not understand was why he wanted him to hide it from Melanie.

In Hearth City, Dylan was hugging Peachie as they hid in a public phone booth. Her arms were around the girl, her lips abnormally white. Her face was full of wounds, and her clothes were torn and messy.

“Peachie, Mommy will not let you get sold. No, Mommy will not let you get hurt even if she has to fight him with her life,” she whispered.