

Mr. Scott 361

Chapter 361

Melanie's face instantly darkened, and she said in a low voice, "George, what are you doing here?!"

George, who was being held back by the caregiver and doctor, turned his head immediately upon hearing Melanie's voice.

He had a few wounds on his face, and his murky eyes shone with a glint of cunningness.

Relieved to see Melanie, the caregiver explained, "Miss Smith, I've been trying to call you, but you didn't answer. This person came and said he wanted to go into the ward to see the old man.

"What's wrong with me checking on him? He's my father-in-law!" George's expression was fierce as he raised his voice. Melanie's eyes turned ice-cold. "George, why did you come to Jepton?"

Her heart was cold. George definitely did not come here just to see her grandfather. "Does Dylan know you're here?"

"Don't mention that witch to me!" George spat out harshly. It was already nighttime, and George's voice echoed loudly through the corridor. 1

There were many patients on this floor, and some of them had already opened their doors. They poked their heads out to see what was going on.

Melanie's brows furrowed. "Let's discuss this downstairs." After saying this, Melanie turned and left. She knew that George had come to find her.

Just when she turned around, she also quickly sent a message to Xander. She did not trust George at all. If conflict were to arise, she would definitely be at a disadvantage alone.

There were only a few people in the hospital at night. Melanie stopped outside the inpatient department lobby. Occasionally, someone would pass by.

George followed her down, dropping the pretense now that there were no outsiders around. He smirked and asked, "So, when will you give me the money?"

Melanie squinted her eyes. "Why should I give you money?"

"Because that witch of a mother of yours is living in my house now, and she has that parasite with her too!" George glared at Melanie.

He licked the corner of his mouth with his tongue, his tone menacing. "I just asked the doctor. The undying old man's medicine costs ten grand a day. Why waste that money on him? It's all going up in smoke in the end!"

He revealed his yellowed and blackened teeth as he continued, "You might as well show filial piety to your father by giving this money to me! Your mother is my wife. It stands to reason that you should call me Dad!"

His words were truly nauseating, but Melanie remained composed as she replied, "Was the lesson I gave you last time not enough?"

Theodore and Eugene had reported George and got him arrested the last time in Hearth City.

George's eyes turned malicious when that incident was brought up. If it were not for what happened last time, he would not have fallen into such a state now.

If he did not have a criminal record, that group would not have dragged him into trouble. In the end, they all ran, leaving the charges to fall on him. Unfortunately, the second-generation scion he harassed was well-connected. If he did not repay the money, he would be ruined.

Dylan, that foolish woman, and her two useless daughters were just as worthless. Not a penny could be recovered from them.

If he had not gotten a loan out there, he would probably be a wreck by now. The more George thought about it, the more irritated he felt. Memories of those debt collection calls and the daily banging on his door came flooding back.

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George gritted his teeth and stepped toward Melanie menacingly. “Taught me a lesson, huh? I’ll show you a lesson! You bitch, you’d rather show filial piety to that old man with all that money rather than your father!”

Hearing him repeatedly refer to himself as her father fueled the anger that had been simmering within Melanie. However, her rationality prevailed. She knew that confronting George head-on would bring nothing good.

She discreetly took two steps back, cautiously preparing for the possibility that George might suddenly become violent. Despite this, she replied in an unfriendly tone, “Don’t compare yourself to my grandfather. Dylan is undeserving, and you’re even less so.”

George’s face had completely darkened. His habitual alcohol abuse made him prone to sudden bursts of anger.

He sneered, his words dripping with venom. “Do you know why that old man is lingering on the edge of death? It’s his damnation! Your mother is a bitch, your father is a scoundrel, and your grandfather is reaping what he sowed!

“It’s his fault for bringing that witch into this world and bringing calamity onto me!”

The vulgar and disgusting words that came out of George’s mouth targeted not only Dylan but also Melanie’s grandfather.

Melanie’s bottom line was her grandfather. She practically cast aside all reason and delivered a resounding slap across George’s face. This slap was fueled with all her might, leaving Melanie trembling with anger.

George's head snapped to the side from the force of the blow. His lips, stained with the taste of rust, were bleeding from the impact.

He turned back to look at her with a murderous glare, his voice now hoarse and terrifying like that of a demon unleashed from hell.

"You bitch! You dare to hit me? You're fucking asking to die!"

His rage escalated with each word, and the last word out of his mouth was practically a roar. How could Melanie, a woman, hope to stand against a man driven by such intense emotions? Unfortunately, there was no one passing by them at the moment. Melanie wanted to call for security but realized that George's fist was already descending toward her face!

She instinctively dodged, but the fist that contained the man's hatred connected heavily with her shoulder. It felt as if her bones were being crushed. Melanie was in so much pain that she could not even manage to make a sound.

However, George did not stop. Instead, he grabbed Melanie's hair and tried to drag her to the side.

Though in excruciating pain, Melanie managed to react. She bent down to avoid George, then kicked him hard between the legs. Holding her shoulder, she ran into the lobby with a pale face.

She had put everything she had into that kick. George burst out with profanities as he lay on

the ground, moaning and clutching the injured area.

Melanie's face was sheet-white. In addition to the physical pain, her heart was gripped with fear. She glanced back at George, who was still lying on the ground with a contorted expression.

Forcing herself to stay calm, Melanie took out her phone to call the police. As soon as she brought out her phone, she suddenly heard a ding from the elevator behind her. It was followed by the opening of its doors.

The sound of footsteps made by leather shoes echoed in the silent hospital lobby in a particularly distinct fashion.

Melanie instinctively looked up, meeting a pair of ice-cold eyes. Eugene emerged from the elevator expressionlessly with a document in hand. His gaze lingered on Melanie for a moment before turning to George, who was lying on the ground.

There was no discernible emotion on Eugene's stern face, but Melanie felt a twinge of relief. At least someone had arrived.

"What are you doing?" Eugene's tone was cold.

George's gasps became heavier. He struggled to prop himself up. He gritted his teeth as he enunciated, "I'll fucking kill you!"

Melanie's shoulder throbbed with pain, and she bent over slightly, practically unable to make a sound.

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Melanie was unsure how much force George had exerted, but the pain in her shoulder was piercing. She felt a lack of strength in that half of her body. It was hard to imagine the consequences if that punch had landed on her face.

"What are you looking at? This is none of your business. I didn't come for you this time!" George's words reached Melanie, who was bent over in an effort to ease the pain.

She bit her lip, suppressing the urge to cry out in pain. She lifted her eyes to look at Eugene.

Eugene exuded a cold aura as he stood there with an air of nobility. He lowered his gaze to George, showing no emotion on his face. However, when George made eye contact with him, he inexplicably shivered.

Panting, Melanie watched Eugene's back as she struggled to speak, "Eugene, can you wait for a moment before leaving?"

Every word she uttered caused another twinge of pain in her shoulder, so her speech was slow and deliberate.

There was no specific reason for her request. She was just afraid George might get up again. She was not in good condition now, and things would be safer if Eugene was willing to stay a bit longer.

Eugene remained motionless at her words. A moment passed, and he turned his head slightly. Melanie noticed the tension in his jawline.

Thinking that Eugene might not want to stay, she raised her phone and said, "I was about to call the police. I'd appreciate it if you could stay a bit longer."

Her lips were bloodless, and Eugene's eyelashes drooped. "You're in such a sorry state," he said after a while.

Melanie smiled self-mockingly. Was he wrong? She had been deceived by her own mother and beaten by her stepfather. Now, she had to beg Eugene to give her some courage. She was indeed in a sorry state.

Despite Eugene's comment, he did not leave.

Melanie felt a bit relieved even though her shoulder was still throbbing. There were several times when she could not even help herself but gasp at the pain.

The hospital's security came to them first before the police. After assessing the situation, they restrained George. He continued moaning in pain, his face contorted with suffering. However, when he looked at Melanie, his eyes were filled with intense hatred.

The police arrived quickly after. Although no one was present at the site earlier, there were still surveillance cameras. Since Melanie had acted in self-defense, the police departed after getting a brief statement from her and leaving their contact information.

Eugene had remained silent throughout the process. Only after the police took George away did Melanie turn to him and whisper, "Thank you."

Eugene's expression remained cold, and he did not respond to Melanie's gratitude. He sternly reached out and lightly touched Melanie's injured shoulder.

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Only the sound of slow footsteps echoed through the alleyway as they crossed it to reach the entrance of the emergency room, which was illuminated with light. Eugene's silhouette disappeared within the next few steps, and Melanie lowered her gaze.

Perhaps he remembered her night blindness and intentionally accompanied her through that part of the journey. Regardless, Melanie was grateful to Eugene—for tonight at least.

When Melanie entered the emergency room, she saw Eugene again. He had a registration form in his hand as he asked, "Do you need me to stay with you?"

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

Eugene scoffed. "What are you thinking? I only brought you here because I'm worried about being implicated by your family again. If I hadn't stayed back and seen things through, it'd be your words against mine later on. I've already seen enough of what your family is capable of." Lips pursed, Melanie did not respond and just went to see the doctor with the registration form.

She felt a bit dizzy due to the pain in her shoulder. The emergency room was relatively quiet at night, and the examination was quick. After getting an X-ray, it was not long before the results were in.

George's punch had caused a minor fracture in Melanie's shoulder. During the treatment process, Melanie moved her clothes aside to reveal the red swelling on her skin, with some parts even turning black and purple.

The doctor frowned upon seeing Melanie's injuries. "You're just a woman. How did you get such a severe injury? It looks like it's unlikely to heal completely in the next ten days or so."

Melanie tilted her head slightly, saw the shocking state of her shoulder, and felt a heavy weight in her heart. George had indeed used excessive force.

Although the doctor was gentle as she applied the medication, Melanie could not help the furrow in her brows. She bit her lip to suppress any sounds of pain.

After bandaging the wound, the doctor instructed her, "Avoid using this hand as much as possible. Get plenty of rest, eat nutritious food, and have your family apply the medication on time."

She handed the prescription to Melanie, or so it seemed at first. Later, Melanie realized the doctor was actually passing it to Eugene, who had been standing behind her silently all along.

Melanie hesitated. "You've seen the results. Give me the prescription. I'll get the medicine myself."

Eugene's gaze lingered on her bandaged shoulder for a moment before he replied in a detached tone, "You wouldn't have ended up like this if you'd just watched yourself."

He took the prescription and left. Melanie had no choice but to follow him.

As they approached the pharmacy, Melanie's phone rang. It was a call from Xander.

Melanie answered the call. "Where are you right now? I'll come over immediately. I'm sorry, just got some designs done and only saw your message afterward."

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A sharp, stabbing pain shot through her body, causing Melanie to immediately grimace.

Eugene sneered. "I thought you felt no pain."

After saying that, he walked away. Melanie stood where she was, unable to move. The pain was becoming unbearable. Eugene, who was ahead of her, stopped before turning around. His dark, intense gaze was fixed on Melanie.

“Do you need me to invite you to the emergency room as well?”

Melanie’s forehead was already sweaty from the pain. She glanced at Eugene and reluctantly followed him toward the emergency room. The pain was intense, with every step feeling like a knife stabbing her.

Unfortunately, Melanie also had night blindness, and the route from the inpatient department to the emergency room involved passing through a dark alleyway that was without streetlights. It made her progress even slower.

Eugene took long strides and consistently maintained a half–step distance from her. Struggling to see his silhouette, Melanie did not even think to turn on her phone’s flashlight. Instead, she just followed him slowly.

Although the alleyway was only about ten meters long, it took Melanie almost five minutes to traverse it. Neither of them spoke, perhaps both unsure of what to say.

Melanie knew that Xander did not check his phone often while working. “Are you still busy? The situation has been resolved. I’ll wait for you in the North district when I return later.”

Xander was indeed still working on modifying the project, but when he heard what Melanie said, he grabbed his coat and headed out. “Are you still at the hospital? Find a safe place and wait for me.”

Xander’s tone was resolute. Seeing that she was not in all that great a state, Melanie nodded with furrowed brows. “Okay, I’ll wait for you, then.”

Just as Melanie ended the call, she heard an inexplicable laugh from above her. “You sure do know how to play the victim.”

Medicine in hand, Eugene looked at Melanie with an indescribable expression. “Why didn’t you respond with the same attitude when I suggested staying behind to accompany you?” he said with an amused tone and a raised brow.

“Melanie, you play this game of cat and mouse quite well. Only someone as foolish as Xander would believe you.”

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Melanie waited in the emergency room for 20 minutes before Xander arrived.

"How are you? Where are you injured?" he asked with a serious expression. His brows were slightly knitted together. Melanie had come to the hospital to accompany her grandfather. Now that she was here, sitting in the emergency room, however, it was obvious that she had been injured.

Melanie had just taken some painkillers, but her shoulder still ached faintly. Her face was pale, and under the hospital lights, her lips were still bloodless.

"I have a slight fracture in my shoulder," she replied.

Xander's pupils constricted. "He hit you?"

Melanie did not answer. She picked up the medication and examination report beside her. She slowly got up. "I'm in no condition to drive. I'm sorry I have to trouble you to take me home," she replied, her mood sour.

Xander's gaze lingered on her for a moment before he reached a hand out and said, "Give them to me. I'll carry them for you."

There was no need to pretend to be strong now, so Melanie handed her things to Xander and followed him to the parking lot. Xander opened the car door. Melanie got in while biting her lip.

Xander closed the door gently and hesitated for a moment before looking at Melanie. "I'll fasten the seatbelt for you."

Melanie could not move her injured hand much, so she nodded.

Xander leaned in, and she detected a faint scent of mint on him. It was different from the cold intensity that Eugene exuded. Xander's scent was cleaner and gentler.

He maintained a proper distance from the start and immediately stepped away after fastening the seatbelt.

Melanie's head felt muddled from the pain. She thanked Xander and fell silent.

It was the dead of night, and there were almost no other cars on the road. Xander slowly stopped the car at the traffic light at the intersection. He whispered softly, "I bumped into Eugene when I arrived."

His tone was subdued, lacking any discernible emotion. Melanie's eyelashes flickered. "He just happened to be at the hospital."

"Did he run into George?"

"Yes."

Melanie looked up, noticing that the lights inside the car were on, likely because Stephen had previously reminded Xander that Melanie had night blindness.

Whenever Melanie rode Xander's car at night nowadays, the lights inside the car were always on. Xander's profile lacked its usual aloofness under the warm yellow light.

After a moment, he finally said, "I was late."

Emotions flickered in Melanie's eyes, but she ultimately remained silent.

She did not know what Xander meant with that, nor did she want to inquire further. What happened with George was still looming before her, and she had no inclination to think about anything else at the moment.

Fortunately, Xander was not one to talk much. He escorted Melanie home and only left after seeing the lights come on in her house.

Melanie's shoulder left her feeling restless the entire night. The slightest movement sent pain through her, let alone when she was lying down.

After sitting on the sofa for the entire night, she finally managed to grope her way to freshen up. Since moving was inconvenient for her now, even a simple tidy-up took about 20 minutes.

She had already requested leave from the studio from Xander the day before, so she did not have to go to work that day. However, a visit to the hospital was still on her agenda.

Just as she was about to leave, her phone rang. "Is this Melanie Smith? We're from the Jepton Police Station. There's something we need to inform you about regarding the fight between you and George Chapman last night.

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"The results of George Chapman's medical examination just came out. His reproductive organs are severely injured, and more specific examinations are still underway. We have contacted his family and would like you to come and resolve this matter."

Melange had exerted considerable force when she kicked George last night. She had also been wearing leather shoes. He deserved it, though,

Melanie was not afraid since she had acted in self-defense. Even if she had incapacitated George, she had ample justification.

She first went to the hospital. Her grandfather was still unaware of the incident and was delighted to see her. Melanie then explained the situation to the caregiver and doctor, reminding them not to disclose any information before taking a taxi to the police station.

George was not at the police station as he was still hospitalized. The police questioned Melanie about the incident before taking her to see George.

George lay on the hospital bed, his face pale with suppressed pain. His legs were spread wide open. The moment he saw Melanie, he started cursing angrily, "You bitch! I'll kill you!"

Melanie lowered her gaze, momentarily surprised. However, she quickly regained her

composure,

She then calmly replied, "You were the one who attacked me first, so what you're experiencing now is karma,"

George glared at Melanie like he wanted to devour her. He clenched his teeth and reached for something beside him. The excessive movement caused him to accidentally twist his body. He let out a low groan before slumping back down weakly.

"Get lost! Fuck off! I'll kill you! You bitch! Why don't you go die?! I hope you fucking die!"

A string of profanities spewed from George's mouth, causing the nearby police officers to frown. When they thought about George's condition, however, they could not help but feel some pity.

Melanie, on the other hand, was still a picture of calm. She raised an eyebrow at him slightly before turning to the police officers. "I think we should bring in a psychiatrist to examine him.

The police officers felt awkward because this situation was challenging to handle. They had already reviewed the surveillance footage from last night, confirming that George had initiated the attack and that Melanie had acted in self-defense.

However, George's injuries were severe, and the doctors suggested that he might lose certain functions in the future. Moreover, according to George, Melanie was his stepdaughter. The fact that a stepdaughter had injured her stepfather so severely was giving them a headache.

Melanie's conscience was clear. She had made sure to bring the results of her medical examination out with

er before she left home. "His attack fractured my shoulder. I believe

I'm entitled to seek compensation from him," she said.

However, it seemed unlikely that she would be getting it.

Dylan arrived then, dressed hastily in ragged clothes and accompanied by a thinner-looking

Peachie.

Dylan rushed straight into the hospital ward the moment she arrived, her wails of agony and despair echoing throughout. "What happened to you? The police told me... What am I supposed to do now? What am I supposed to do?"

"You idiot, quit crying like you're at a funeral! I'm not dead yet! Your damned daughter is the one who did this to me!

"Why is my life so miserable!"

Melanie sat in a chair outside, listening to the mixture of insults and cries coming from the hospital ward as she stared blankly at the ward number. When Dylan arrived earlier, she did not even glance at her.

Ultimately, George was still more important to her, regardless if he was scum.

The commotion drew the attention of the people outside the hospital ward. Melanie started to feel her head throb from the noise. Even her shoulder was aching again.

She turned to the police officer and asked, "Can I go home now?"

Before she could get an answer, the hospital ward door suddenly opened. Following that, Dylan's slender figure rushed out like a gust of wind. She stopped in front of Melanie and slapped her hard across the face.

Dylan cried bitterly, trembling as she pointed accusingly at Melanie. "How did I give birth to such a heartless and vicious daughter like you?!"

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Dylan had used a considerable amount of force, and Melanie was sent falling to the side upon impact. She instinctively supported herself against the chair using her injured hand, which sent an intense, piercing pain through her body.

Cold sweat broke out on her face, and all color drained from it. The pain made it almost impossible for her to breathe, let alone speak. She could only gasp like a fish to reduce the pain. Unfortunately, Dylan remained oblivious to her pain. She continued pointing her finger at Melanie as she expressed her grief and indignation. "You rebel of a daughter, why are you so heartless? You should still call him Dad!"

Dylan spoke as if Melanie had committed an unforgivable atrocity. Her voice was choked up with tears, and she slowly slid to her knees on the ground.

"Why did I even give birth to you? I've brought upon myself an enemy!" Dylan's voice was hoarse. Her lamentation was filled with sorrow, and onlookers began to gossip and point fingers at Melanie.

Still in pain, Melanie struggled to recover. She could feel the cold sweat on her back as Dylan's accusations pierced her ears.

Unable to speak, Melanie watched as Dylan noted her silence. She crawled back up before reaching a hand out to grab Melanie. “No, you must come in and apologize to your father. Kneel and apologize to him. You’ve done something disgraceful, you wicked creature!”

Although Dylan appeared frail, her time doing physical labor in Hearth City—especially caring for Peachie—had given her considerable strength. She pulled Melanie without restraint as she dragged her forward forcefully.

Melanie felt like her hand was about to be torn off. The pain was so intense that half of her entire body became immobile. Cold sweat covered her forehead, and her face turned as pale as paper.

Unable to bear the sight, the police officer next to them forcefully pulled Dylan away while whispering, “Don’t let your emotions escalate! Don’t you see that she’s hurt as well? Do you think your man is the only one suffering? He fractured her bones!”

Dylan’s sobbing voice paused for a moment, and then she continued, “But she shouldn’t have been so ruthless! That’s a man’s lifeblood!”

Melanie, enduring the pain, pinched herself hard on the leg with her other hand to regain some control over her voice. Her face was deathly pale as she stared at Dylan. She said in a low but cold tone, “Dylan, who’s truly the heartless and wicked one between us?”

“Did you not instruct George to come to Jepton? Do you know how he insulted Grandpa and you?” Melanie’s voice was filled with anger. “You’ve degraded yourself so much that you insist on being with such a worthless man!”

Melanie was so furious she did not hold back at all, especially when she recalled what the man had said the night before. She even wished she could slap him a few more times.

She then thought of Dylan. If the woman had any brains or conscience left, she would have stopped at this point.

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When Melanie reached the hospital entrance, she coincidentally bumped into Stella, who was carrying a suitcase from the direction of the elevator. Melanie remembered seeing Stella at the hospital last time as well, just before the new year.

It was no wonder that she encountered Eugene at the hospital last night. Stella must have been there too.

Stella noticed Melanie and gave her a quick once-over. She then sneered. "What are you doing standing here while looking so horrendous? Are you planning to scam another unsuspecting victim?"

Melanie was a bit disheveled now and lacked the energy to respond. She pretended not to hear the woman and continued on her way.

Stella, however, seemed to deliberately walk past her with her suitcase as she coldly remarked, "What a lowly and pathetic scum of society."

When Melanie finally reached the North district, her clothes were soaked with sweat. She wanted to change but could not manage it herself due to the splint. After sitting around for a while, she called Yvonne.

Yvonne answered quickly. Melanie hesitated for a moment before asking, "Are you busy?"

Yvonne looked at the person next to her and leaned to the side slightly. "What's up? You can tell me."

"I hurt my shoulder. Can you come over and help me?" Melanie's voice was weak as if saying those words had drained most of her strength.

Yvonne readily agreed. After ending the call, she looked at the person beside her and said, "Simon, my friend needs me for something. I have to go."

Simon had been chatting with others. When he heard Yvonne's words, he raised an eyebrow and asked, "Which friend is this?"

Yvonne glared at him. "It's none of your business. I already told you I'm dealing with my dad. Mind your own business."

Simon scoffed. "As if I care."

With that, Yvonne left with her heels clicking behind her. The people around Simon looked at him and asked, "Simon, are you really going after Yvonne? I heard your families have been getting close lately."

"Shut it." Simon's face flashed with annoyance. "Who would be interested in someone like Yvonne?"

"That's for the best. Besides, Yvonne got into that huge fight with Carlisle back in the day. Everyone in Jepton knows about it."

"Carlisle Atwood?" Simon raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah, when you were racing in Australia, Yvonne pursued Carlisle for a long time. When their families were finally about to make things official, Yvonne suddenly dumped him and went abroad, Carlisle also went abroad after that, and he hasn't returned since."

The impatience on Simon's face grew as he listened. He then raised a hand to stop the person from rambling on.

At the same time at LeapCo's office building, Eugene had just signed a document when his phone that he had placed nearby rang. It was a call from the Jepton Police Station.

"Mr. Scott, we're calling regarding the altercation at the hospital last night. As you were the only witness on the scene, we need your testimony. Please come over as soon as possible to cooperate with the investigation."

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When Yvonne arrived, the pain in Melanie's shoulder had eased a little. Although it still hurt, she could at least move a little on her own.

"How did you end up like this?" Yvonne asked. She was not aware of anything happening to Melanie in the past two days.

Luckily, she did not press Melanie for details and instead helped her get changed. When Melanie explained what had happened, Yvonne's eyes widened. "Is your mother out of her mind? How can a normal person do such a thing?"

What Dylan had done was far from normal in the eyes of any reasonable person. Melanie lowered her head and said nothing.

Yvonne was about to say more when the phone on the coffee table suddenly rang. Yvonne handed the phone to Melanie. It was a message from the Jepton Police Station.

"Miss Smith, could you please come over now?"

Due to the severity of George's injuries and the family dispute, the situation at the police station was delicate.

Melanie went to the police station with Yvonne accompanying her. "I need to know what your mother is thinking," Yvonne muttered.

The police station was near Paramount Hospital, not too far away. Just when Yvonne was about to park the car, a Maserati pulled up behind her smoothly.

Yvonne was startled and started cussing up a storm. Melanie, however, immediately recognized the car as Eugene's. As expected, the car door opened a moment later to reveal an expressionless Eugene as he got out.

Melanie remained seated in the car. She planned to wait until Eugene left before getting out. However, suddenly, there was a knock on the car window.

Eugene's demeanor was icy as he looked straight at Melanie. Although the window was tinted, Melanie felt a strange sensation come over her. It was as if Eugene could see exactly where she

was.

“Why are you hesitating? Do I need to roll out the red carpet for you to get out?” Eugene’s voice sounded through the glass, his voice heavy.

Melanie pursed her lips and slowly opened the car door. Eugene had probably come because of the events from last night. By the time she got out of the car, he was already some distance

away.

Although Yvonne had shared a meal with Eugene, she still felt a bit reserved around him. She could not leave Melanie alone, however, so she reluctantly followed behind them.

Melanie was cautious due to her injury and did not make any huge movements. It was because of this that they took three minutes just to cover a short distance. When they reached Eugene’s side, Melanie heard him sneer, “How precious.”

Yvonne held herself back for a moment but could not resist saying, “Don’t you know she’s injured? Besides, your legs are attached to your own body. No one is stopping you from

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walking ahead.”

Eugene paused and then glanced at Melanie coldly. “Do you not know the purpose of my visit? One minute at LeapCo is worth millions. You sure are audacious.”

Melanie knew deep down that this matter had little to do with Eugene. He had even helped her in a way. She lowered her head and replied calmly, “I apologize for taking up your time.”

They entered the police station. Dylan was already there, and she was wiping away the tears from her red eyes. Beside her was Peachie, thin and frail. Upon hearing footsteps, Dylan lifted her head. After giving Melanie a glance, she quickly shifted her gaze to Eugene.

She seemed somewhat distracted, lost in her thoughts.

Now that everyone was present, the police began their mediation. However, before they could speak, Melanie interrupted, "I'm sorry, but I think I should clarify my position."

Chapter 370

"To me, this is not just a family dispute but an intentional act of violence, an intentional assault."

"What are you talking about?" Dylan slammed the table and roared before the police could even say anything. Her eyes were bloodshot as she continued questioning Melanie in disbelief, "How can you say such a thing? Yes, he laid hands on you, but you've now disabled him!"

Melanie calmly replied, "He brought it upon himself."

"Melanie, I am your mother!"

"I already said that we'd have nothing to do with each other after you took the money."

Melanie's tone remained steady as she continued, "So, for me, this is a deliberate act of injury.

"

She looked at the woman in front of her, so different now that she was almost unrecognizable. "Dylan, I still have my medical report with me. George tried to kill me."

A hint of confusion flashed across Dylan's face, but she insisted, "But he didn't really kill you.

However, her words lost their momentum as they left her mouth.

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Unable to stand this farce any longer, Yvonne spoke up from the side, “Ma’am, aren’t you being ridiculous? What if Melanie had been killed? You don’t know the pain since it didn’t happen to you!”

“Everything was captured on surveillance. Is it so difficult for us to follow procedures?” Eugene said in a deep voice after having been silent upon entering.

Looking at Melanie, he said to the police, “You said I’m a witness. What I saw matches the surveillance footage. Moreover, I can add that the perpetrator continued to verbally abuse the victim with foul language before the police arrived.”

The police officers’ brows furrowed, and they exchanged a glance. They initially thought it was a typical family dispute underlying the issue. They had assumed that both parties were simply too emotional. It was clear now that was not the case.

This complicated things.

“If you find this difficult to handle, I can bring the surveillance footage to the city bureau,” Melanie suggested. She was determined to resolve the matter.

Both officers’ expressions were solemn. In the end, they said they would verify the situation and left the office. Immediately after they did, Dylan broke down in tears and repeatedly said, ‘What have I done wrong...’

Melanie was immune to her now. Biting her lip, she turned to look at Eugene before thanking him.

Eugene was not directly concerned with this matter. Whether Dylan reconciled with her had little to do with him. However, he was evidently in her favor.

Eugene’s dark eyes were like deep pools as he looked at Melanie expressionlessly. “I’m just worried that LeapCo will be targeted again for some random excuse.”

”

He was talking about the last time LeapCo got dragged into this mess. Melanie’s lashes flickered.
“Regardless, thank you.”

Eugene chuckled, the reason for it vague.

Dylan’s crying was making Melanie’s temples throb. Yvonne whispered in her ear, “Well, your mother’s spirit is quite something. My head is starting to ache.

“And isn’t that your sister next to her? She’s just staring at her, watching her cry. She doesn’t seem to be reacting at all.”

Hearing what Yvonne said, Melanie then turned her gaze toward Peachie.

She had not taken a close look at Peachie yet, but now she was noticing just how much thinner she was than last time. Her hair was dry and messy. There were even several bruise marks on her exposed arms.

Melanie’s brows furrowed subtly, but before she could think further about it, the police officers returned.