

Mr. Scott 371

Chapter 371

One of the police officers wore a serious expression as he looked at Dylan and said, "George is in the hospital, and his emotions suddenly went erratic. The hospital has requested for his family to be there."

Dylan froze when she heard George's name. She immediately shot up to her feet. "What happened to him?" she asked anxiously.

Melanie's attention was originally on Peachie when Dylan, in a state of panic, grabbed Peachie's arm and forcibly pulled her over. She did not even notice when the girl's arm hit the edge of the table.

Melanie's heart sank. As she looked at Dylan's frail figure, she found it absurd. This was no longer Dylan. She was clearly just George's dog. All George needed to do was give an order and she would obediently follow behind him.

Still pulling Peachie, Dylan rushed out. The police officers were left looking at Melanie in a dilemma. One of them then said, "You probably have to go to the hospital as well. George specifically named you and wants to talk to you in person."

Yvonne replied, "No need. Why should we listen to an attempted murderer's request? What right does he have? Let's not go. Melanie, let's go appeal straight away. We have all the evidence with us. I don't believe it won't work."

The police officers' expressions became even more bitter than before. Melanie, who knew Dylan better than anyone, understood that if she did not go to the hospital, Dylan would likely find a way to make a public spectacle of it.

"You go back first. I'll go over to the hospital," she said to Yvonne.

Yvonne frowned but still said she would accompany her.

Melanie initially thought Eugene would leave immediately. She did not expect him to come to the hospital as well. They could already hear George's furious yelling, accompanied by various vulgar insults, before they even reached the ward.

Naturally, Melanie's name was included, with occasional insults directed at Dylan as well. The police officers went ahead and opened the door. They gave a quiet warning, "Be mindful of causing a disturbance. Don't disrupt other patients."

After stepping aside, the police officers looked at Melanie and said, "You guys talk."

The police officers stepped away and allowed Melanie a clear view of the scene inside. Dylan was sitting on the floor, completely soaked. There was shattered glass beside her. Peachie was standing in the corner, red-eyed as she bit her lip tightly.

Melanie looked at the chaos blankly. She had tried to advise Dylan and pull her away, but Dylan insisted on sinking into this swamp. It was not fair for her to blame others.

The reason for George's sudden emotional breakdown was that the doctor had informed him

definitively of the test results. Melanie's kick had damaged his nerves, causing him to lose all functionality in that aspect.

George looked at Melanie standing at the door, his hatred intensifying.

"You, just you wait. I'll never let you off the hook!" His malevolent gaze was fixed on Melanie as his face filled with overwhelming hatred.

As he spoke, he ignored the pain in his body and quickly grabbed something from the table, throwing

it toward Melanie.

Already injured, Melanie did not manage to react quickly enough. When she finally noticed something flying toward her, an arm had already reached out in front of her.

A muffled groan followed. The object George threw turned out to be a fruit knife, and it fell to the ground with a clatter. [1

Melanie's pupils contracted when she realized that George had thrown the knife directly at her face. If it were not for Eugene blocking it for her...

Melanie's brows furrowed, and she quickly turned to look at Eugene beside her.

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He was wearing a black shirt, and there were traces of the fabric on his right forearm being cut.

"Let me see your arm," Melanie said in a serious tone.

Eugene looked at her from top to bottom, his expression unchanging. "No need."

"You just-" Melanie glanced at the fallen knife not far away, a belated fear rising in her heart.

Eugene paused for a moment, then casually rolled up his sleeve, revealing the marked area on his arm. His voice was calm. "It was just a normal reaction."

His dark eyes drooped slightly, and he continued indifferently, "Melanie, put away that pitying look of yours. Instead of being nice to me, you should think about how to deal with this mess of yours. £1

"I came with you just for confirmation," he continued.

”

Behind then, Yvonne, who was still recovering from the shock of George throwing the knife, asked Eugene, “What did you want to confirm?”

“I wanted to confirm how she was going to handle her stepfather,” Eugene replied calmly. “I don’t want to get into trouble, after all.”

Yvonne was even more puzzled now. “Do you know him?”

Eugene did not answer her, but Melanie knew what he meant. Eugene did indeed know George. During their time in Hearth City, Eugene had even ordered Theodore to send George in.

The police officers heard the commotion and came over. Melanie said nothing more. She pointed to the knife on the ground and said, “This is the second attempt at assault. I won’t accept any other resolution aside from pressing charges.”

The police officers had nothing more to say and just escorted Melanie away. However, before they could leave, they heard Dylan’s hoarse voice call out, “Mel.”

Melanie stopped but did not turn around.

“Mel, for my sake, can you let him off this time? I’ll apologize to you however you want me to. I’ll do it. If you want to hit me, you can. Can you just give him another chance? Please, Mel?”

Dylan pleaded miserably, but Melanie remained silent. She did not even turn her head before walking away.

From inside the hospital ward, Dylan watched Melanie’s retreating figure, feeling desolation wash up on her. Eventually, she could only sit numbly by George’s bedside, tears streaming down her face.

Since they were already at Paramount Hospital, Melanie told Yvonne that she was going to visit her grandfather. Yvonne understood that she wanted to be alone, so she left without saying much.

“Eugene.” Melanie looked at the upright man in front of her but did not know what to say.

Eugene glanced at his phone before looking back at her. “Speak,” he said indifferently.

She pressed her lips together. “Thank you.”

“Words are the most useless things.” Eugene sneered. “I’ve said it before—instead of pleasing others, focus on managing yourself.” [1

The scent of cedar on him overwhelmed the smell of the hospital’s disinfectant. Melanie’s throat tightened suddenly. After a moment, she calmly replied, “I’ll handle George myself.” She paused before adding, “I won’t let the same thing happen again.”

Eugene’s eyebrows twitched slightly. “It better be that way.”

Melanie turned and walked slowly toward her grandfather’s ward, not wanting to make any abrupt movements.

After seeing Melanie leave, Eugene lowered his gaze and looked expressionlessly at his right hand. He slowly moved his wrist and then unbuttoned his cufflinks. After adjusting them, he turned around and walked away briskly.

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The old man had no idea that Dylan had come. His mental state was not as good as before, and his eyes were not as sharp. Melanie spent some time in the ward before leaving. He did not even notice anything.

When Melanie left, she suddenly remembered Peachie. She looked to be in worse condition than when Melanie saw her in Hearth City. She quickly pushed the thought aside, however. Peachie's well-being was not her concern.

She flagged down a taxi to take her home. When she arrived home, she called Yvonne as the woman had instructed her to before she left. Yvonne was now in her family's house, and her tone suggested that she was not in a good mood.

"What's wrong?" Melanie asked.

"Nothing. My dad is just pushing me to get married again. It's annoying. It's like he thinks I won't be able to get married at all."

Yvonne often complained about her family's efforts to arrange blind dates for her. Melanie listened without saying much. During her complaints, Yvonne suddenly asked her about what had transpired at the hospital.

After chatting for a short while, they ended the call. Melanie could not go out much due to her injuries. When Xander came to visit her, he advised her to rest at home and not worry about work.

"I really can't help much at the moment," Melanie said, gaze dropping. She looked tired.

"Resting and recovering is the most important," Xander replied.

"Xander, I feel like I'm not contributing much to the studio."

Melanie felt a strange emotion grow in her heart. She was initially confident when she told Xander that she wanted to join him in his profession. Yet, not only was she unable to grasp anything now, but she was also consistently causing trouble for them.

Her heart skipped a beat, and she slowly looked up at Xander. Keeping her voice measured, she said, "I can't keep occupying Burning Star's resources."

Xander said nothing, his dark eyes narrowing slightly as he observed Melanie. After a moment, he asked in a low tone while keeping his emotions in check, "Do you want to leave Burning Star?"

"My current condition doesn't allow me to work right now," Melanie pursed her lips as she replied.

She had been mulling over this the past few days. Xander and the others had treated her well, and she doubted anyone would have brought this matter up if she had not.

However, Melanie knew there was little she could contribute to Burning Studio, especially with Dylan

and Goerge having now returned to Jepton. She needed to be cautious about Dylan approaching

Xander, considering what happened at LeapCo last time.

"I disagree," Xander said simply.

Melanie paused. "Why?"

Xander remained silent for a moment before answering softly, "Melanie, you've always been confident ever since I first met you."

An emotion that Melanie could not decipher appeared in Xander's dark eyes. Time ticked by before he continued, "If this is something you have decided on, I'll respect your decision. I just hope it's not

now.”

After Xander left, Melanie sat in the living room for quite some time, her head throbbing. By the time a message from Reny arrived, it was already the next evening.

She had sent a long voice message, “Melanie, although it might not be appropriate to disturb you right now, I really have no other choice. We’re facing issues coordinating with Blue Inc, and it looks like LeapCo is intentionally delaying progress.

“They haven’t provided any feedback on the contract we submitted.”

Melanie, Reny, and Oliver were mostly responsible for business negotiations for the project with Blue Inc. Now that Melanie was on leave due to her injury, most of the work fell on the other two.

Xander had not informed her about these issues when he visited. Judging from Reny’s tone, it seemed like he had reminded them instead. If it were not for Reny hitting a wall, Melanie might not have even

learned about this.

She informed Reny that she would visit her the next day.

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Even though Melanie could not move her shoulder much, she still managed to be careful and make her way to the office.

Xander immediately frowned when he saw her. “What are you doing here?”

Melanie cut to the chase and replied, “Why didn’t you inform me that LeapCo is delaying the contract? “When Melanie went to LeapCo, things proceeded smoothly thanks to Yana.

“The person in charge was suddenly changed to Viola, and she’s nitpicking everything,” Reny could not help but interject.

Melanie nodded, then turned and went into the study to contact Yana.

“I don’t know why the role suddenly fell to her either, but she’s been watching you guys closely every day. The way she does things makes it look like she’s scrutinizing you guys under a magnifying glass,

“Yana said.

“Melanie, even if she makes things difficult, in the end, it’ll be signed. The worst–case scenario might just be that a little more time is needed before you get there.”

The call ended, and Melanie’s expression was sour. She knew that the project would eventually succeed with time, but time was the last thing a project like this could afford to lose.

That afternoon, once lunch break had ended, Melanie went to LeapCo and met with Yana as usual. However, this time, Viola was also tagging along.

“Melanie, why didn’t you contact me directly if you came to discuss the contract with Burning Star?” Viola asked with a smile. “Didn’t Yana tell you that I’m in charge of this project now?”

Melanie detected the smugness in her words but remained unfazed. “What’s the reason for LeapCo delaying the contract?”

“Oh, you came because of that?” Viola tapped the table with the pen in her hand, still smiling. “It’s because there are many unreasonable aspects in the contract. We need to make adjustments before proceeding.”

Melanie’s gaze lingered on the pen in Viola’s hand for a moment. It was a Montblanc 4810, a pricey limited edition pen. It was a birthday gift Melanie had given Eugene last year.

As if noticing Melanie's gaze, Viola paused before holding up the pen. "You find this pen beautiful too, eh? It's the one Mr. Scott let me use."

Melanie kept any emotion from her dark eyes. She tapped the tabletop with her fingertips lightly.

Miss Shaw, I'm not interested in where you got your pen from. I just want to know how we can resolve the issues with the contract."

Viola's smile slightly stiffened. Composing herself, she replied, "Melanie, we can discuss work later, but I heard you were injured. Is that true?" As she said this, she imperceptibly glanced at Melanie's shoulder through her glasses.

Melanie asked, "Where did you hear that?"

"Miss Dylan told me. She's concerned about you," Viola said, and the air around them seemed to freeze for a moment.

"What's wrong, Melanie?" Viola deliberately inquired again. Despite her calm expression, she also revealed a sense of triumph.

Before she could enjoy her victory for long, however, the meeting room door swung open. Lee entered, followed by Eugene and two other middle-aged men.

Everyone was momentarily stunned, but Lee was the first to react. "Are you discussing the contract?"

Viola nodded. She was about to respond, but Melanie had already stood up. She looked at Eugene and

said, "Mr. Scott-

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Before she could finish her sentence, however, the man's cold and steady voice interrupted her, to my office and wait."

"Go

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It was not good for her to leapfrog, but since Viola had every intention to make things difficult for her, Melanie could only choose to go to Eugene directly.

Yana took her upstairs and explained while pointing a finger above her head, "Those two just now look to be higher-ups.

Melanie understood what she meant. No wonder Eugene asked her to go up so directly. It was fine

with her, however, as it was more convenient for her.

The conversation downstairs seemed to be taking a long time. Melanie had been waiting in the office for an hour, yet Eugene still had not come up.

Eugene's office was designed nicely and had excellent lighting. Melanie sat on the soft sofa and soon felt a bit drowsy.

She had not been sleeping well these days. Now that the drowsiness was setting in, it was becoming a

little irresistible.

Thinking that Eugene would take some time, Melanie leaned back into the sofa and closed her eyes to rest.

In a daze, she heard the sound of the door being pushed open, followed by steady footsteps.

Then, there was a sneer.

Eugene threw what was in his hand onto the desk and questioned in a seemingly mocking tone, "LeapCo is your home?"

"You

Melanie's eyes snapped open. She subconsciously tried to get up but accidentally moved her shoulder, causing her to frown in pain.

Leaning against the desk, Eugene looked at her expressionlessly. "You have one minute. If you're just here to play the victim, you can leave."

"I want to discuss the project between Burning Star, Blue Inc, and LeapCo," Melanie said, voice hoarse. "All three parties have confirmed before that there was no issue with the contract, but LeapCo has been reluctant to sign it."

"Do you think I have a lot of free time?" Eugene raised his eyelids.

"Viola is holding up the progress and refuses to provide the contract," Melanie continued.

Eugene sneered, "That's your problem."

Taking a deep breath, Melanie continued, "LeapCo had no objections during the negotiation, but now you're going back on your word."

Eugene's gaze turned dangerous as he stared at Melanie, his expression becoming more indifferent.

"Is it Burning Star's way to shift the blame to others? Or have your abilities deteriorated to the point where you can only come to me to make a scene when you can't negotiate a contract?"

Eugene spoke harshly as he unbuttoned the top of his shirt. Then, he added seriously, "Was it because you used your charm or was it something else that helped you secure your previous projects? Or was it your looks? Or did you..."

He did not finish his sentence, but Melanie understood what he meant. She paid no heed to his words, however. Instead, her gaze was fixed on his revealed arm. Her brows furrowed at the scar that was particularly prominent on his cold, pale skin.

The color of it was deep, indicating that it had not fully healed yet. The scar was about the length of a finger, it was slanted across his beautifully contoured forearm.

Melanie recalled when George had suddenly thrown a knife at her and how Eugene had reached out to block it.

She gulped before asking in a soft voice, "The wound on your arm."

Eugene's actions came to a halt as he glanced indifferently at the wound on his arm. He then casually shifted his gaze to Melanie. "Are you trying a different approach since your pity act didn't work?"

Melanie pressed her lips together and remained silent for a moment. "I'm sorry I dragged you into this," she said finally.

Eugene sneered. He was about to say something when suddenly Melanie's phone rang.

It was a call from the hospital, and Melanie's heart skipped a beat.

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"Miss Smith, you'd better come to the hospital right away."

Melanie's face immediately darkened. Without saying much to Eugene, she turned around and made to leave. The moment she had her hand on the door, however, she heard Eugene's mocking voice come from behind. "Is this how you apologize?"

Her actions paused for a moment. She then turned back and replied, "I'd explain this to you, but I have urgent matters to attend to right now."

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Eugene's tone was indifferent as he replied, "You seem to have a lot of urgent matters."

Melanie pressed her lips together and left LeapCo. When she arrived at the hospital, she discovered how dire the situation actually was.

A caregiver was standing outside her grandfather's ward, and inside, several doctors surrounded him. Dylan and George were sitting on the bench outside the ward. Dylan kept rubbing her hands nervously, while George had a sinister look on his face.

Although George was seriously injured, it was not fatal. He spent only three or four days in the ICU and was now fine. Melanie went up to the caregiver and asked sternly, "What's going on?"

"I don't know either. I went out to get water, and when I came back, I saw these two people talking to the patient in the ward. When I managed to chase them out, I noticed that the patient's oxygen mask had been pulled aside.

"Now, the doctors are examining him. They say he's in quite a state at the moment."

Melanie's expression sank.

George, who had been keeping an eye on her, shot her a brief fierce look. Melanie's face was covered in frost. "Dylan, if you have any humanity left, take him far away!"

George spat on the ground. He had already been informed by several doctors about his loss of function. He wished he could strangle Melanie right there and then.

Narrowing his eyes at her, he said, "It's only fair that debts are repaid, and I'll do it by killing someone who deserves death! This old man's daughter owes me money, damn it. And you owe me your life! Even if God himself came, it's you people who owe me!"

Finishing with a malicious grin, he deliberately added, "Besides, I came to see how my father-in-law is doing. Since my father-in-law is dying, as a son-in-law, I should show some filial piety, shouldn't I? Otherwise, I won't even know where to scatter his ashes when he dies!"

George's voice was loud, and because of the constant in and out of doctors from the ward, the door was not completely closed. Naturally, his voice reached the inside.

Suddenly, a commotion erupted among the doctors in the ward. Melanie glared at George's repulsive face and forcefully suppressed the anger inside. She asked, "What are you two actually planning?"

George was a menacing man to begin with. Now, his eyes were filled with darkness, intimidating anyone who dared to provoke him. In such a situation, Melanie remained surprisingly calm. She always stood at a safe distance of several meters away from him.

However, George just stared at her with a sinister smile. Despite trying to remain composed, Melanie was trembling slightly.

Still pretending to be composed, Melanie took out her phone to call the police. However, George rushed toward her and forcefully grabbed her phone.

Melanie's quick thinking was hindered by her injuries, so she failed to retreat. She could only watch

as George approached her. The smell of smoke, alcohol, and sweat emanated from him. "You think I'm finished, huh? Just wait, I'll kill you sooner or later!" His words were chilling.

"As for that old man, don't worry, he still has some value. I'll take good care of him during his last days. After all, he's worth 800,000!"

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George's features contorted, and Melanie's heart skipped a beat at what he said. "What 800,000?!" she asked sternly. The words that came out of the man's mouth were never anything good.

George said nothing more and just sneered. "What's it to you? I'm showing filial piety to my father—in

-law!"

Melanie shook with anger, and her lips were pressed tightly together as she tried to control her emotions. She shifted her gaze to Dylan, who timidly looked at her momentarily before quickly lowering her head.

George pointed at Melanie and cursed a few more times before intentionally bumping into her shoulder and walking away. Fortunately, it was her uninjured shoulder, but Melanie still stumbled to

the side.

Standing where she was, Melanie felt a chill in her bones. George was a jerk capable of doing anything. What did he mean when he said her grandfather was worth 800,000?

Melanie closed her eyes, not daring to delve deeper into her thoughts. Hurried footsteps came toward her. When she opened her eyes, she saw Dylan walking past her with her head down. Melanie's gaze darkened as she called out sternly, "Dylan!"

Dylan stopped but did not turn to look at Melanie. She kept her head down and shoulders hunched while Melanie glared at her. "Why did you two come here?"

"I-" Dylan stammered. "What else? He's my dad."

"What did George mean by what he said?"

"I... I don't know..." Dylan lifted her face. Her eye sockets were red, and her skin was littered with more scars than Melanie had seen a few days ago. Fresh wounds overlapped old ones, making her appearance frightening.

She looked at Melanie, struggling and in pain. "I just wanted to come and see him. He's my dad. I didn't mean to harm him," Dylan said in a choked voice as she walked away. She headed toward the

exit.

Her figure was thin and hunched. From the back, she looked like a frail old lady in her 60s to 70s.

Melanie waited outside the ward for about half an hour before the doctors came out and she went up to them. Dr. Wells wiped the sweat from his forehead. "The patient is fine now. The earlier spike in blood pressure was due to emotional instability. Just be more careful going forward."

When Melanie entered the room, the old man's eyes were already closed as he was resting. A saline drip was attached to the back of his withered hand, which was placed on top of the blanket.

Thinking about what George had said, Melanie felt a heavy weight bearing down on her mind. She stayed at the hospital until evening, but her grandfather still had not awakened by then. After instructing the caretaker to be more attentive to him, she went home.

With the contract issues with LeapCo unresolved and trouble arising with her grandfather, Melanie felt exhaustion grip her when she returned home. However, before she could catch her breath, a call came in from Yana.

“Melanie, I just heard from a meeting just now that Viola applied for a half-month business trip to Oskon City.”

Melanie was about to go look for Xander but paused when she heard this. A frown slowly formed on her forehead. Viola had Burning Star’s contract in her hand. The reason for her going off for half a month all of a sudden could not be more evident to everyone.

Yana ended the call immediately after relaying the news. Melanie had to quickly discuss this with Xander and the rest and then head over to LeapCo with Reny.

Just when she got to the company, Melanie’s phone rang. Glancing at the screen, she saw it was a call from Eugene. She hesitated for a moment before answering.

Eugene’s voice came through the device evenly. “Is this how you handle things?”

Melanie frowned. “What do you mean?”

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Eugene snorted coldly and hung up the phone. The creases on Melanie’s forehead deepened. She had a bad feeling about this. After informing Reny, she went to look for Eugene.

Not surprisingly, she bumped into Viola at the office entrance. When Viola saw Melanie, she frowned slightly and asked, “What are you doing here?”

Melanie just walked past her without even answering her and headed toward Eugene’s office.

Left alone, Viola stared at the office door, her gaze becoming increasingly dark.

Inside Eugene’s office, Melanie looked at the phone he had tossed in front of her. Her face went dark, and her lips were pressed into a straight line. After a while, she slowly said, “I’m sorry.”

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Eugene remained expressionless as he took back his phone. He glanced at the messages on it and then placed it back on the desk. “I don’t want to hear excuses.”

Melanie opened her mouth, unsure of what to say.

The messages Eugene showed her were from an unknown number, but the tone was unmistakably George’s.

[I demand compensation! You slept with that bitch for so many years. You should give us some compensation. Otherwise, I’ll sue you for rape!

[You’re a company owner. What’s a few hundred thousand to you? If you like, I can bring that bitch to you so that you can have fun with her.

[You did this to me! Compensate me, or I’ll kill you]

There were two more messages, mostly filled with curses and unpleasant words.

“A few hundred thousand... Quite daring,” Eugene raised a brow as he looked at Melanie mockingly. “Your stepfather has quite the audacity.”

Expression grim, Melanie asked, “How did he get your number?” 1

“Who knows?” Eugene chuckled. “If Dylan can find her way into LeapCo, anything is possible.”

Melanie did not expect George to go so far as to approach Eugene for money. She did not expect him to use such offensive and malicious language either. “You can report this to the police; it’s extortion,” she said, her breathing getting somewhat difficult.

“Will that do anything?” Eugene retorted flatly.

Melanie worriedly bit her lower lip. She found George to be a thorn in the flesh. The man was unafraid of anything. Otherwise, he would not have stirred more trouble right after he was released.

“Melanie, you’re no longer an employee of LeapCo, yet you continue to bring trouble to the company,

Eugene criticized, his dark eyes cold like a frozen abyss.

“LeapCo has no obligation to clean up your mess, and neither do I. If this happens again, you will be permanently blacklisted by the company.”

His last words were heavy, causing Melanie’s heart to sink. She still had contracts between Burning Star and LeapCo that had not been signed yet.

Still, Eugene was right. He had no obligation to clean up her mess.

Melanie’s hands were clenched tightly into fists, her nails digging into the flesh. She lowered her head to Eugene, her voice strained as she said, “Mr. Scott, I apologize for bringing trouble to LeapCo because of my personal matters.

Eugene lowered his gaze as he looked at her, his expression unreadable.

Meanwhile, the ringtone of a phone rang loudly in a small motel near Paramount Hospital. George quickly answered the call. “Who is it?” he demanded angrily.

His expression immediately changed when he heard the voice on the other end of the line. His tone became ingratiating and cautious. “Yes, yes, I know, I know. I’m figuring it out. I’ll give it to you in the next two days.

“No, no, please give me a little more time, alright? It’s coming very soon. When have I not ever repaid my debts?” He pleaded some more before finally ending the call.

Then, he kicked the old chair in front of his wounded foot, grumbling, “They keep on pushing me like they’re asking for my life! Damn it, he’s just a lackey, yet he’s acting like some big shot!”

Dylan was holding Peachie in her arms, not daring to say a word while George was acting like this. However, the man suddenly turned around and threw the phone at Dylan’s head. He shouted, Whore! Did you contact the person I told you to contact?!”

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Dylan looked up in terror. “No, no, you can’t do that, you can’t,” she said, voice hoarse from constant crying in the past few days. She held Peachie close to her.

She pleaded some more, “Doing that will bring divine punishment down on us. Let’s think of another way, okay? I’ll go beg Mel. She won’t ignore us. I’ll plead with her.

“Please, George, don’t do that. I’ll kneel to you. Please don’t do that!” Dylan released Peachie and got onto her knees before the man.

However, George just kicked her in the face and spat at her. “Divine punishment? If I don’t fucking repay the money, I’ll be torn apart by horses!

“Your father is going to die anyway. He can at least contribute something before he does. You’re his daughter, and I’m his son-in-law!”

Dylan covered her face, tears streaming down her cheeks. She could not say anything and just shook her head continuously.

Seeing her like this, George got even more mad. He grabbed Dylan’s hair, pulling her up by the head. “ If you gotta blame someone, blame your daughter. If it weren’t for her, I wouldn’t be in this miserable state!”

Peachie sat on the bed numbly, quiet as a mouse.

Having vented enough, George grabbed his phone and walked out of the room. He kicked Dylan one last time before he did so.

Due to Viola intentionally delaying the contract from being signed, Melanie had been making trip after trip to LeapCo these past few days.

Viola seemed determined to stall her and did not budge one bit.

The meeting ended, and Reny looked somewhat weary. "If we can't get it signed by the end of the month, there won't be enough time for us to make the preparations."

Melanie understood this, which is why she had been coming to LeapCo almost every day. Design plans required time. Once they secured the investment, they would be able to begin customizing materials and choosing a suitable location. These were time-consuming tasks.

Melanie could only say, "Let's think of a solution. LeapCo is also partnering up with Blue Inc. They won't really refuse to sign the contract. Otherwise, they'd be giving Blue Inc a hard time too."

"Let's hope so."

When they exited the elevator on the first floor, they ran into Eugene and Lee, who were getting in. Melanie had not seen Eugene in the past few days, so when she saw him now, she paused for a bit before asking Reny to wait outside for her.

She lowered her gaze and approached Eugene, whispering, "Is George still harassing you?"

Eugene had just returned to the company after discussing business and was still giving off an imposing aura. He looked at Melanie with dark eyes, a hint of impatience appearing on his face. "What do you think?"

George was like a stubborn adhesive that was difficult to peel away. Melanie was about to say something when the ringing of her phone interrupted her.

She answered the call, and the caregiver's voice immediately came through, "Miss Smith, those two from the other day are at the hospital trying to discharge the patient. The doctors and nurses can't stop them!"

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Melanie's pupils contracted. She quickly ended the call and was ready to rush to the hospital. Right before she took off, she turned to look at Eugene and said sternly, "Rest assured, I won't let him off easy for much longer."

Eugene watched her, a subtle crease forming on his forehead. Just as he was about to say something,

Melanie left.

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When Melanie came out, Reny was on a call. Seeing her, she said, "Melanie, the boss is at Blue Inc. He wants us to go there now."

Before she could finish, Melanie interrupted her, "Something happened to my grandfather. I need to go to the hospital. You drive there, I'll take a cab."

Before Reny could even react, Melanie already left, her retreating figure filled with urgency.

LeapCo was located in the technology park. Usually, getting a taxi here would be easy. However, this was not the case at the moment. Perhaps it was because it was not yet the end of the workday. Melanie had waited for quite a while with no taxi in sight.

Just as she was about to use her phone to call for one, a black Maybach stopped in front of her.

The window rolled down, revealing Eugene's side profile and clear jawline. Resting one hand on the steering wheel, he impatiently said, "Get in."

Melanie was momentarily stunned but quickly caught on. She opened the car door and got in. Her shoulder was still not entirely recovered, so fastening the seatbelt took her some time.

She heard the light clicking of the man's tongue from beside her, and in the next moment, his cool fragrance pervaded her senses. Eugene leaned over, took the seatbelt from Melanie's hand, and

buckled it for her.

By the time Melanie realized what had happened, he had already sat back in his seat as if what just happened was a figment of imagination.

Melanie smiled slightly as she whispered, "Thank you."

"I just don't want to waste time." Eugene's tone remained unchanged. He had taken off his coat, leaving him in just a shirt with sleeves rolled up to his elbows.

Melanie inadvertently caught a glimpse of the scar on his forearm and pressed her lips together

slightly.

After a moment, she said again, "You didn't need to accompany me. I could've taken a taxi."

"Accompany you?" Eugene repeated, his voice pitched high as if he had heard a joke. It then went back to its usual low tone. "Do you think I'm someone who can be threatened by George? That scum,

who does he think he is?"

Melanie had nothing to say when it came to him speaking about George. The man was indeed a despicable one.

However, what Melanie did not expect to find out upon arriving at the hospital was that not only was George unethical and disgusting, but he was also malicious and sinister. He was worse than an animal.

As she made her way toward her grandfather's ward, the corridor was a flurry of activity. Many patients and their families were craning their necks to get a look at what was happening.

Melanie's expression turned cold. When she reached the door of the ward, she heard George's voice. "What's the meaning of this? I am his son-in-law. Why can't I handle the discharge procedures?"

"What a lousy hospital. We'll just not get treatment here ever again. You're all just greedy!"

Listening to his rant, Melanie coldly retorted, "What right do you have to handle my grandfather's discharge? Who do you even think you are?!"

"You wench!" George's expression turned fierce when he saw Melanie. "I advise you to mind your own business!"

Melanie looked at the doctor beside her. "Why didn't you call the police?"

The doctor furrowed his brows. As a family member was trying to discharge the patient, all they could do as doctors was to offer advice.

Melanie then turned to Dylan. "Are you just going to stand there and let him make a scene? What did my grandfather do to you? Haven't you harmed him enough already? Are you actually trying to drive

him to his death now?

"Dylan, you're his daughter, not his enemy! Can't you spare him? Can't you spare me?"

The more Melanie spoke, the more intense her tone became. She looked at Dylan standing behind George with a mixture of sorrow and anger.

"Dylan, I owe you nothing. Even though you gave birth to me, the money I've given you over these years should be enough to buy off this useless blood relationship."

However, Dylan just stood behind George, sobbing softly. Panic and confusion intermingled on her

face.

In the end, she could not control herself and fell to her knees. Her head was in her hands as she cried out in pain.