

## Mr. Scott 411

### Chapter 411

Peachie seemed to have been holding back for a long time. She could not stop herself from weeping. As she was on a drip and her hands had been moving, some blood flowed back into the tube.

Melanie's focus was still on what Peachie had just said. Her mind was a mess, but she stared into Peachie's eyes as she said, "Repeat what you just said."

Peachie was choked as she looked at Melanie with her red eyes. Her face was small, and she looked skinnier as if she had not eaten. It made Melanie wonder if Dylan even fed Peachie properly.

Her cheekbones were protruded, making her eyes look bigger.

Melanie sighed as she touched Peachie's head. "Don't be afraid. Tell me whatever you know."

Peachie was only a kid, and she would naturally be afraid. Although she had not had much contact with Melanie, she had been taught by Dylan that Melanie was a good sister.

That was why she cried as soon as she saw Melanie.

"Daddy didn't want to take Great-grandpa out for a walk.

"I saw him arguing with Great-Grandpa, and he hit Great-grandpa like he always hit me. Then, Great-grandpa's oxygen mask fell."

Peachie's words startled Melanie. She looked at Peachie in shock.

The hospital had surveillance cameras, but they were only in public areas. Wards were not equipped with cameras to protect patients' privacy.

The proof that got George arrested was that George had admitted it out of guilt. Dylan had also admitted it, along with other crimes that George had committed.

However, there were no surveillance cameras in the ward.

Peachie's words would prove George guilty of killing Albert by accident.

Melanie's heart sank as a flame of anger burned in her.

She closed her eyes, preventing herself from showing her emotions.

Melanie lowered her head and saw Peachie's hand. She called the nurse to take care of the drip and left the ward.

Theodore was waiting for her outside. "Eugene called and told us to have dinner with him. The matter is quite troublesome on his side."

Eugene's information had fallen into the hands of the thugs in Hearth City. Maybe because George had told them something, they kept pestering Eugene.

Most importantly, LeapCo's branch in Hearth City was also implicated.

Those people were the thugs in the area and were difficult to deal with. They were shameless and bold.

Even after reporting the matter to the police, Eugene still had to deal with this personally.

Melanie knew it was the trouble caused by George, and she had to be responsible for it.

She followed Theodore to the doctor's office, and the doctor remembered her. Melanie had asked for his help because she had to keep Dylan from misusing her money.

Dr. Leone handed her the document. "Peachie's condition is bad, and the best solution is to admit her to the hospital for further treatment. However, her parents are not around, and I must ask her guardian about their plan for her."

The police in Jepton sent Peachie back. Since it was her request, the doctors knew about her situation too.

Melanie said, "Go on with the previous treatment."

"But..." Dr. Leone seemed to have something else to say.

Melanie pondered before saying, "I'll get her a caretaker. Just follow the usual procedure for her treatment. I'll pay the medical fees. However, I'll be in Jepton and might not come back often. So, please help me look after her."

That was the best Melanie could do for Peachie.

Peachie was her sister, after all. She could not ignore Peachie's health.

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She could not look after Peachie herself and did not want to.

Melanie had made herself clear, and Dr. Leone had nothing much to ask. Theodore hesitated for a while before saying, "About Peachie's medical fees, the charity fund could come up with part of it."

He seemed hesitant when he suggested this. Melanie owed Eugene a huge amount of debt. She did not need to insist on paying the fees.

She nodded and said, "Thank you."

Melanie's mood was down when she walked out of the hospital. She remembered what Peachie told her. Her expression was gloomy even when she got into Theodore's car.

The hotel where Viola and Eugene stayed was also in the center of the city. Thus, the restaurant chosen was also nearby.

Just as they arrived, the sky got cloudy, and it seemed like the rain was about to pour. Melanie followed Theodore in and saw Viola leaning against Eugene as she spoke.

Eugene was still cold as ever, yet he nodded in response to what Viola said.

"That's enough. I've been busy all day. Are you asking me to have dinner with you because you want me to watch you lovebirds cuddle?"

Theodore pretended to be displeased. Eugene looked at him and asked lazily, "Is everything settled?"

Theodore did not answer in detail. "I'll make a call and tell them about it. Melanie's sister's condition fulfills the requirements needed. It's not a difficult matter to settle."

Eugene said after he finished, "I wasn't asking about this."

He asked coldly and with displeasure, "Have you found the things I asked you to find?" Theodore seemed to realize what he was talking about. "It was done a long time ago. We can take them there tomorrow."

They talked, and Melanie just stood aside with her lips pursed.

She had been in a daze because of Peachie's words and had not realized why Eugene wanted to have dinner with them.

"Melanie, why aren't you sitting?" Viola smiled as she looked at her. "Eugene wants to have a simple meal with Theodore, and you happen to know Theodore. You can just skip the formalities."

That implied Eugene had not invited her. She had followed without asking.

Melanie pursed her lips and said, “Excuse me. I have something on later and have to leave.” “Is it because of your sister?” Viola lifted her eyebrow and looked at Melanie pitifully. “I heard Theodore mention it. What a poor little girl. You should accompany her more often.

“After all, her parents are scumbags. I even advised Mrs. Chapman to be more open-minded. I

didn’t expect things to turn out like this.”

Melanie froze. She turned around and looked at Viola.

It was not strange for Viola to know about this, but what she said just now was weird.

She had advised Dylan?

Melanie did not know when Viola and Dylan got so close, but it reminded her of the missing details.

Before this, Dylan told her Viola said she could get some compensation if Melanie left LeapCo.

Thus, Dylan made a ruckus at LeapCo.

When they were at Prime City, Melanie also noticed Dylan glancing at Viola subconsciously.

Moreover, when Albert was admitted to the ward, she had bumped into Viola at the hospital.

Melanie’s mind was clear as she stared at the smiling Viola.

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Melanie recalled all the details she missed and realized Viola might have been in contact with Dylan more than she thought.

Maybe Albert's death had something to do with her...

Melanie stopped assuming as she had no proof. She did not even have the right to suspect Viola.

However, she could not stop herself from glancing at Viola again.

Viola's expression was calm. She lifted her chin slightly. "Why are you looking at me, Melanie? Do you have something you want to say?"

Melanie retracted her gaze. "No, I was just thinking about something."

She hid her thoughts well, and others did not notice anything strange.

Eugene's cold gaze fell on her. The dim yellow light on him made his cold gaze look gentler than usual.

However, the illusion shattered when he said, "Of course, you can ponder about something else since you're not implicated."

He was mocking her again, which irritated Melanie.

Her eyelashes fluttered as she said, "I can do anything you want me to cooperate with."

Eugene scoffed as he looked at her and said thoughtfully, "Don't make it sound like you're helping me out of kindness, Melanie. You owe me this."

“I don’t care if you’ll admit this, but George involved me because of you. You owe me this. Shouldn’t you be doing all that you can?”

His words were harsh. Melanie wanted to retort but did not know what to say.

To be precise, she could not retort.

Eugene was right. George had nothing to do with him. George would not have looked for Eugene if it were not for her.

She owed him, and she admitted that!

Melanie clenched her fists so tightly that her nails dug into her flesh.

It was painful.

Theodore looked at Eugene and Melanie. Frowning, he said, “Eugene, why are you saying this? Don’t you know what kind of person George is? Why are you threatening this lady?”

Then, he quipped, “You say she owes you. Are you trying to brainwash her?”

Eugene glanced at him. “It isn’t you in trouble now. Of course, you think it’s fine.”

Theodore rubbed his nose and said nothing.

He had been in Hearth City and knew about the matter. He knew Eugene was not the only one in trouble. Even part of LeapCo was implicated because of this.

Those clients that they had cooperated with recently canceled their contracts.

Two days ago, some people barged into LeapCo. That was why Eugene was in a hurry to settle this matter.

However...

He glanced at Melanie standing at the side. Being used to brushing this off, he knew he could not do much and sighed deep down.

This was Eugene and Melanie's matter. He chose to stay away from it.

Melanie had only taken her breakfast that day and had not eaten anything after landing.

She was ill not long ago and still looked pale.

Melanie looked at Eugene stubbornly as she stood upright.

"Since this has happened, it'll be pointless to apologize. However, I'll pay for whatever I owe you, whether it's money or getting you out of the trouble this has brought you."

Her voice was soft but firm. "If you're worried, I can write you an agreement that I'll settle this matter."

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No one answered her. Theodore frowned and said, "Melanie, I don't think it's that serious..."

However, before he could finish, a deep voice interrupted him, "The agreement will only be a waste of paper if you don't have the ability to carry it out."

Expressionlessly, he added, "It's enough having you waste one stack of paper."



He was referring to the 1.5 million loan agreement signed by Melanie. She said tiredly, "I'll return the money, but please give me some time."

Eugene's lips curled up as he sneered.

Viola watched from the side and said, "Eugene, what are you talking about? Melanie was once your secretary. She's now in trouble. It won't do any harm for you to help her.

"Moreover, Melanie has been nice to you until..."

She paused before diverting the topic. "You still have to help her. Don't worry, I won't mind."

Viola's way of putting it sounded disgusting to Melanie.

She mentioned Melanie's relationship with Eugene and the fact that she was fired. Moreover, she also reminded Melanie that Eugene had nothing to do with her anymore.

It sounded simple but was full of complicated undertones.

However, Melanie's gaze fell on Viola again upon hearing her voice.

She had a bold guess but did not have any proof of it.

Melanie left after a while. When she left the restaurant, it was already raining outside.

It was just a drizzle.

She hailed a taxi and looked for a place to stay.

Just as she arrived at the hotel, it started pouring outside. The raindrops smashed on the roof, making a huge rumbling sound.

Melanie checked into her room. Before she could unpack her things, her phone rang.

It was a call from Yvonne. "Have you landed at Hearth City?"

"I arrived this morning."

"Alright. I'm just calling to make sure you've arrived safely. Mr. Crane from Blue Inc wants to talk business over dinner with you. Maybe you should arrange the time with him."

Melanie nodded and asked, "Are you at the workshop?"

"I was called over to help again. Xander was forced to return to the Solomon family's place last night. His grandfather seems to have fainted."

Yvonne told her the situation casually, and Melanie did not ask further. It was Xander's family matter, and she did not know much.

She had only heard from Eugene and the others that Xander was on bad terms with his family and seemed to have a stepbrother.

Yvonne hung up the call, and Melanie headed to the bathroom to take a bath. She wanted to sleep but was not sleepy.

It was difficult for her to fall asleep with so many thoughts in mind.

Getting up, she recalled everything about Viola since getting to know her.

Then, she tried getting the moments where she noticed Viola seemed to be in contact with Dylan.

She had to admit that during those moments, Dylan had always looked for her to make a fuss.

Melanie's expression grew colder. If Albert's death had anything to do with Viola, Melanie would not let her off quickly.

However, she needed to find evidence.

Melanie pondered as she sat on the bed. Then, she took her phone, changed her outfit, and headed out.

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When she was at the hospital, a bolt of lightning struck. Melanie kept a straight face on as her eyes looked cold in the split second of brightness.

Peachie had just finished her drip, and the caretaker was putting her to sleep.

They were both startled to see Melanie.

From the balcony window, they could see it was pouring outside.

Peachie sat before Melanie with her jacket on. The child looked timid and dared not say anything as she looked at Melanie.

Melanie flipped through her photo album and placed it before Peachie as she asked, "Did this person come looking for your mother?"

It was a photo taken when they were on LeaoCo's team-building outing. She got Yana to send her a copy of the photo on the way to the hospital.

Peachie stared at the photo for a while before nodding. "Yes. This lady came looking for Mommy a few times. Sometimes at home and sometimes in the hospital."

Peachie bit her lip as she looked at Melanie cautiously. "She'd bring me food and was always gentle when she spoke."

According to how Dylan looked after Peachie, she would seldom leave Peachie alone.

That was why Melanie came looking for Peachie to gather some evidence.

As long as she could prove Viola had looked for Dylan...

Melanie clenched her hand into a fist. She felt her breathing get heavier as she asked, "Do you know why she looked for your mother?"

Peachie looked puzzled and answered, "This lady asked me if I wanted to be cured and Mommy started crying."

"Then what did she say?" Melanie stared at Peachie's pale face.

Peachie sniffled and pursed her lips.

Melanie could guess what Viola had said. Her expression turned gloomier. "Tell me the truth." "She said that you're rich and asked mommy to look for you. She said you'd help us."

Melanie's expression was cold. She did not expect Viola to meddle with her family matters and instigate Dylan to do something she should not.

George and Dylan were fools but would never have dared to hurt Albert, especially...

Something struck Melanie's mind. George had said something about selling Albert's organs

They had already been in Jepton for some time then, and Melanie had bumped into Viola at the hospital...

Thunder rumbled as the lightning struck. It happened to shine on Melanie's gloomy expression.

It was a rainy night, and the sky only cleared at dawn.

Melanie had just gotten up when she received a call from Theodore. She was asked to wait at the hotel last night to head to the police station together.

Melanie hung up the call after agreeing and looked at herself in the mirror.

Her face was pale, and she had dark circles under her eyes. Even her face looked bony.

She had not slept well last night as she was thinking about Viola.

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Melanie put on some makeup, barely concealing her awkward complexion. She then left the house.

When she went over, those three were having breakfast. Melanie's gaze stopped on Viola, and she did not even hide the sharpness in her eyes. Frowning, Viola looked up, "Melanie, why are you staring at me?"

There was no change in Melanie's expression. Her gaze was faint, seemingly indifferent as she said, "When I went to see Peachie last night, she mentioned that you used to visit her often."

Viola was momentarily stunned but then a smile graced her lips. "She's quite cute."

Melanie nodded slightly. "She also said she really likes you. She thinks you're gentle and said that you always bring her snacks."

There was a brief pause before she continued, probing slightly, "I didn't expect you to have such a good relationship with them." Gaze still on Viola's face as she said that, she caught the fleeting panic on her face. Melanie's eyes darkened.

Viola leaned against Eugene's side, biting her lip. Looking up, she had a frown on her face. She acted as if she did not quite understand Melanie's meaning.

"Melanie, do you not like me interacting with your family?" she asked with pursed lips. "I just found them a little pitiful. Peachie is so young, yet she's gone through so much. There's no reliable person around to take care of her, so I just paid a bit more attention to her."

Melanie did not move and continued to stare at her. Viola was clearly insinuating that Melanie had not fulfilled her responsibilities. Otherwise, why would there be a need for an outsider to take care of Peachie and Dylan?

However, Melanie just nodded. "You do care about them. Those who don't know might even think you're Dylan's daughter. I admit I fall short in this aspect."

Viola blinked, her long eyelashes fluttering with a hint of panic in her eyes. She looked like an innocent and harmless fawn. When contrasted with Melanie's cold demeanor, she looked even more innocent.

Looking at Melanie, she forced a smile. "Melanie, don't say such harsh words. If it bothers you, I won't visit Peachie in the future. I just always wanted a little sister, so seeing Peachie like that made me feel a bit sorry for her."

Viola sighed and shook her head. "But Melanie, even if you're busy and resentful, Peachie is innocent. She's so young. What could she possibly understand?"

The corner of Melanie's eyebrows twitched as she looked at Viola with a somewhat amused expression. She had not even said anything and Viola was already letting words fall out of her mouth.

She was accusing Melanie of being heartless and cruel to the little girl. It was quite impressive.

No wonder she could deceive that pair of fools, Dylan and George.

Melanie's hand that was hidden in her sleeve tightened slightly as her heart grew colder. She lowered her gaze for a moment before lifting it again. However, instead of looking at Viola as

intended, her eyes suddenly met a pair of calm black eyes.

Eugene's fingers were curled on the table, tapping it lightly. He raised an imperceptible eyebrow and said calmly, "I'm tired of this constant beating about the bush. Why not just speak plainly?"

He coldly lifted his eyelashes, sweeping his gaze over Melanie. With a nonchalant air, he revealed a hint of dominance. "It's better to make things clear."

Melanie lowered her eyes and looked at him. Her fingertips moved slightly. "I was just asking since Peachie mentioned that Viola had visited them a few times when I went to see her last night."

Viola remained silent, keeping her head down. From her face that was turned away, Melanie could see that her eyes had gone red. She looked as though she had suffered some injustice.

Eugene's expression remained unchanged. He stayed silent for a moment before saying steadily, "You know it yourself if it was just a question or if you have ulterior motives."

Melanie's breath was caught. She looked at Eugene, their eyes meeting.

Eugene's brows were furrowed with indiscernible emotions. He tapped the tabletop again. "Don't speculate things without reason. It makes you look ridiculous."

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Eugene's words were laced with sarcasm, making Melanie feel as if a hand was squeezing her heart firmly. She looked at Eugene, whose face seemed somewhat like a stranger's. He was defending Viola so fiercely that he immediately cut her off at the slightest suspicion.

“Eugene...” Viola murmured, her already red eyes turning even redder. It looked like she had finally understood the probing nature of Melanie’s words.

“Melanie, did you misunderstand something? If you want to ask me anything, can’t you just say it directly?” she said in a hoarse voice. “I’m not as clever as you. I don’t understand what you’re trying to say.”

Viola then tugged at Eugene’s sleeve. “Eugene, don’t be angry. Melanie has been through a lot lately. We should be understanding.”

Eugene continued to look at Melanie. Then, in a low tone, he said, “It’s hard for me not to suspect that you’re intentionally delaying time right now.”

He glanced at the time and said in a calm tone, “I made an appointment for nine o’clock. How much longer do you plan to delay things because of your baseless suspicions?”

Melanie felt a sharp pain in her heart at the man’s impatience. Her grandfather had always treated Eugene well, even going so far as to pray for him all the time. How could he be so cold and sarcastic now? It was as if there could not be the slightest doubt about Viola.

Perhaps her grandfather had never been important to him.

Viola stood beside him like she was a principled person and said in a soft tone, seemingly consoling Melanie, “Melanie, I know you’re feeling upset, but can you please not look at me with that expression and use that tone on me?”

She hesitated a little before adding, “I’m a little afraid of making you unhappy.”

With just these words, she had labeled Melanie a bully. Melanie felt a bitterness surge in her heart as Eugene watched her. The entire situation was laughable.



Lowering her gaze, she remained silent for a moment and suppressed her emotions. She still did not have evidence to prove Viola's involvement. Relying on verbal statements alone was not enough to convince anyone.

Lashes drooping slightly, she maintained her calm tone and said, "You've misunderstood. Peachie just mentioned last night that she wanted to play with you, so I came over to ask you if you'd be up for it. If my words offended you, I apologize."

Viola's expression stiffened. "Is that so? If that's the case, I'll make time to accompany Peachie in the future. I like her too."

Melanie nodded and said nothing more.

Eyes as deep as a cold pool, Eugene merely glanced at her for a moment before quickly shifting his gaze away. He snorted disdainfully as well.

Theodore was about to mediate the situation as per habit when his phone rang. His expression changed as he reminded Eugene, "We can go over now."

Eugene nodded. He closed his eyes, and when he opened them again, they were calm and

serene. He took a step away. Viola promptly followed him, calling out his name as she stepped forward.

After watching Viola leave, Theodore walked over, his face revealing some of his inner conflicts. He seemed to be unsure of what to say. Finally, he sighed and said, "Let's go. Eugene needs you over there."

Their visit to Hearth City was to handle the mess George left behind. The employees of the LeapCo branch were also present. Melanie had worked with Eugene on tasks in this area before, so the branch's staff recognized her.

Out of habit, they addressed her as if she were still a secretary there.

Viola smiled and said, "Melanie is no longer with LeapCo. She's relieved of the hard work that comes with being a secretary."

Melanie heard her but did not react.

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Melanie was mainly accompanying Eugene and Theodore to verify information about George and the situation at home. Upon learning that she was George's stepdaughter, the employees exchanged glances but did not say anything.

By the time they dealt with matters here, it was already past noon. "Is there anything else you need me to do?" Melanie asked Eugene.

Eugene paused before bowing his head to adjust his cufflinks. He clicked his tongue and replied, "Do you think this is all the mess he left behind?"

The head of the company branch then said in a low voice, "Those people have been hanging around the company entrance lately, demanding money. Two days ago, one of our employees accidentally got involved and ended up in the hospital after being attacked."

Eugene sneered coldly, his gaze turning to Melanie again. "Did you hear that?"

Melanie's expression soured as Viola said in a righteous sort of tone, "Things have gotten this serious and you haven't reported it to the police?"

The branch head's expression was grim. It was not until they left the police station that he explained, "It's useless to report it to the police. Those people are local hooligans who have been around for more than a decade.

"As soon as they catch wind of us reporting them, they'll disappear faster than anyone else.

“And it’s not feasible for the police to guard the company entrance every day. That would be a waste of public resources. Moreover, these people lend money at exorbitant interest rates and are ruthless. No one dares to provoke them.”

Viola nodded. “So, they’re just a bunch of annoying pests?” After saying this, she turned to Melanie. “Melanie, how did George get to know these people?”

How? Was it not just because he was a bad egg?

Viola’s question seemed to be an attempt to seek Melanie’s confirmation. She wanted to hear it from Melanie’s mouth, which would deal her a bigger blow.

They were headed to the branch office. Eugene was keeping silent, and Melanie had no choice but to follow.

Still likely dwelling on the morning’s events, Viola did not stop pestering Eugene by making conversation with him. Not only did she keep on talking, but she even raised her voice as if she was worried Melanie would not be able to hear her.

Melanie sat in front of the passenger seat, her eyelids slightly lowered as her mind churned. She was certain that Viola had instigated the issue with Dylan. However, she lacked sufficient evidence, so no one would believe her.

Listening to Viola’s soft and sweet voice prattling on at the back, Melanie could not help but feel annoyance grow within her. Even though she knew it was likely just an act, what could Melanie do when she had nothing?

As for Eugene, Melanie had lost any expectations she might have had for Eugene. She knew that he would only be partial to protecting Viola. It seemed like he had long forgotten the

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kindness her grandfather had shown him in the past.

Reflecting on this, Melanie's lips curled into a bitter and self-mocking smile. It was their own and they fault for overestimating themselves. Now, they were reaping what they had sown, had no one to blame but themselves.

Melanie's thoughts swirled in her mind during the journey, and the conclusion she reached was that she truly could not afford to provoke Eugene anymore. She looked out at the greenery rapidly receding outside the window with Viola's voice echoing in her ears occasionally.

In her mind, only one thought remained—if she could go back in time, she would not let herself be as naive.

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Melanie's first encounter with Eugene had been quite awkward. Her grandfather's accident had forced her to spend all her time in the hospital. As a young woman who had just started college, she did not know much about anything.

She was running around in a panic, hoping to bring some justice for her grandfather.

However, compensation from the driver responsible for the accident was not forthcoming. Despite her grandfather's job as an educator, his savings were not substantial. He had already set aside funds for Melanie's college education. There was not much left.

She could not delay the payment of the hospital fees. Besides, with her grandfather recovering from surgery and in a weakened state, he needed proper care.

Even with Melanie working part-time after classes every day, the money needed was still far from enough. During that period, Melanie was like a person made of iron, resting only five hours a day. The prolonged stress had her nerves stretched to the limit.

One day, caught in a sudden downpour, she clumsily sought shelter while dressed in a cumbersome mascot costume. When she looked up, she met the gaze of a tall and handsome young man. Before she could apologize, she met his indifferent eyes.

Later, those eyes frequently appeared in Melanie's mind. She could not describe the emotions she felt at that time. It was as if the gloominess of the rainy day melted away, transforming into a gentle breeze that surrounded her.

The recollection abruptly came to an end as Melanie closed her eyes. She could feel the tension building within her.

The gentle breeze that blew by back then had long since disappeared. The murmurs from the back seat continued, and Melanie fished out her phone. Just as she unlocked it, she received a message from Yvonne.

By the time she sent her reply, they had already reached the branch office.

Near the flower bed at the entrance of the company were a few men who looked like

troublemakers. They were crouching on the ground.

The head of the branch said, "It's them. They wait here every day, and when the police show up, they run away. Even if they get caught, it doesn't matter. They'll just come back again."

It was complete impudence. Melanie's jaw tightened, and after a moment of silence, she asked, "Did George bring them here?"

Eugene did not answer. Instead, it was Theodore who said somewhat awkwardly, "They do have some connection with him."

Melanie nodded and said nothing else. Viola blinked, her face wrinkling with worry as she asked Theodore anxiously, "What do these people even want by coming to the company's entrance every day? Do they want money?"

"It's not just money. I don't know where I heard it from, but there's this rumor going around that Mr. Scott is related to them somehow. They won't leave until they're paid," the branch head said after parking the car and looking at the people outside with concern.

Melanie's gaze lowered. Her back stiffened slightly when she heard a cold sneer from the back seat. Voice cold and deep, Eugene scoffed. "Relationship? What relationship?"

Viola faintly replied, "How dare these people spread such rumors?"

She then looked at Melanie through the rearview mirror and tentatively asked, "Melanie, since these people are your father's friends, haven't you explained things to him? What kind of relationship could there even be between them and Eugene?"

There was, of course, no relationship tying Eugene and them. However, Viola insisted on having Melanie answer the question.

What she was trying to imply was obvious.

Melanie's gaze turned colder, her chest heaving as she said in a low voice, "What is there for me to explain to them?"

At this counter-question, Viola found herself unable to respond.

Any relationship between Melanie and Eugene that needed to be explained would involve their romantic relationship. Viola had initially just wanted to tease Melanie. She had not expected to make herself uncomfortable.

Melanie withdrew her gaze, calmly pushed open the car door, and got out. The branch head and Theodore followed closely.

Only Viola and Eugene remained in the car.

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Melanie glanced into the car casually and overheard Viola's charming voice. "Eugene, you're hurting me."

She was pressed against Eugene, her head resting on his chest. Her hands were holding Eugene's wrist. If it were not for the inappropriate time and place, it might have been an image of affection.

Sensing Melanie's gaze, Viola looked up at her a bit awkwardly and said, "My hair got caught on Eugene's clothes."

There was a smile in her eyes that made it unclear if the embarrassment was genuine or feigned.

Melanie had no interest in observing how Viola's hair was entangled with Eugene's clothes and just turned her head to the other side.

After fussing about inside the car for a bit, Eugene and Viola finally got out. Viola's face was a little flushed as she tightly held onto Eugene's arm. Clearing her throat, she said, "Sorry, Eugene was worried about pulling my hair, so he took it slow."

The branch office was not as impressive as LeapCo's headquarters, and the building looked quite old. Still holding onto Eugene's hand, Viola suddenly asked, "Eugene, what if those people outside suddenly rush in?"

The question sounded somewhat naive, and Eugene replied in a calm voice, "They won't."

Viola persisted. "I'm just saying, what if."

"There's no such possibility."

Despite the seriousness of Eugene's response, Viola was dissatisfied. She turned to look at Melanie with a somewhat helpless expression. "Melanie, I really don't know how you put up with him before."

Melanie was caught off guard at being brought into the conversation and instinctively frowned.

Before she could say anything, she heard Viola answer herself, "Fortunately, you were just his secretary. If you were his girlfriend, you'd probably be driven crazy by his straightforward way of thinking."

Melanie's steps paused. While Viola complained, her tone indicated a sense of joy. Melanie's gaze shifted.

No wonder Viola had dragged her into the conversation. She wanted to take the opportunity to remind Melanie that even in the past, she was only Eugene's secretary and nothing more.

Looking up, Melanie saw Viola holding Eugene's arm. She withdrew her gaze and nonchalantly took a few steps back.

There was no particular reason for this reaction. She just found it all uninteresting. She was not Stella. She did not need Viola to report her love for Eugene to her all the time.

After gaining a rough understanding of the situation at the branch office, they were about to take their leave when Melanie just stood where she was. "I'm going to the hospital, so I won't

be going with you."

Although Peachie was not directly related to Melanie, she was, after all, just a young child.

Unexpectedly, Viola immediately piped up and said, "I'll go with you. You mentioned Peachie misses me, right?"

Melanie was initially going to decline, but a thought flashed through her head along with a hint of emotion in her eyes. She nodded in agreement.

Viola then asked Eugene, "Eugene, do you want to come with us? Peachie is a very cute girl. I don't know how she's doing now, and I want to go see her."

When she heard this, Melanie glanced at Viola again.



Theodore brushed his nose and replied, "I happen to need to talk to the doctor about something. Eugene, do you want to come along?"

Eugene glanced at him, his expression unchanged. He nodded gracefully. "Sure."

Melanie was about to say something but held herself back. Eugene happened to look up at this moment. In that brief moment of eye contact, both of them understood each other without saying a word and silently looked away.