

## **Mr. Scott 91**

### Chapter 91

He sounded calm, but Melanie had worked for him for years, and she could sense from his tone that he was unhappy.

Melanie had no idea why Eugene would be in a bad mood. She pressed her lips and did not reply.

Her reaction only made Eugene respond more sarcastically to her. His eyes narrowed, and his tone was cold. "Miss Smith, you're at work right now. It's not appropriate for you to be flirting with men during working hours.

Melanie looked up at him and saw Eugene's eyes. She saw the annoyed look on his face very clearly.

She cleared her throat and explained with difficulty. "It's a friend."

Eugene ridiculed her. "I see you have quite a lot of friends. Which one is this?"

The 'friend' he was talking about was different from the kind of friend Melanie meant.

Melanie looked upset. She could tolerate Eugene's insults, but she could not allow Xander to be implicated without reason.

She calmed herself down and berated Eugene with slight anger, "Please stop thinking such inappropriate thoughts. Aren't I allowed to have my own friends?"

Eugene's face fell as he stared at Melanie.

He had always been an intimidating figure despite his age. Now that he looked upset, he was even more frightening.

Melanie could not help trembling when he stared at her. She was about to say something when Evelyn came over to them with documents in her hand.

Blinking, she asked Eugene, "Aren't we going back to the branch office for a meeting, Mr. Scott? Why are you still waiting here?"

Melanie was taken aback as she looked up at Eugene.

He had already turned away from her and was walking away.

Evelyn followed behind me while hugging the documents. She had hardly walked a few steps before she stopped and turned around. She looked Melanie up and down. "If you don't want to come along with Eugene, you can stop coming along in the future."

Melanie felt that Evelyn meant something else, but she left after saying this to Melanie.

It was only after both of them were finally gone that Melanie finally let the exhaustion wash over her.

She suddenly realized that Eugene must have been waiting for Evelyn to get to the meeting. Melanie frowned. She looked in the direction Eugene had left.

"Was that your boss?" Xander spoke again. Melanie was reminded of how Eugene had insulted Xander for no reason.

She pinched between her eyes. "I'm sorry that you got implicated just now." Eugene's words were horrible, and it was only normal for Xander to get angry about it.

However, Xander gave her a thoughtful look and said, "I must have caused you trouble by suddenly coming to see you."

"It has nothing to do with you." Melanie shook her head. She knew very well that Eugene would still find fault with her even if Xander was not around.

She was not in the mood to discuss Eugene with Xander, so she asked, "Is there anything you need from me?"

Xander pointed at a warehouse behind her. "I'm testing out some work samples there. I need an extra eye to look at them."

"Don't you have your employees?" Melanie was a little curious. "Stephen said you had a team working for you."

Xander replied, "They're at the exhibition you went to yesterday."

After chatting for a little longer, Melanie followed Xander to the warehouse. The lighting was very dim at the door.

There were dozens of wooden boxes of different sizes placed in sequence on the mottled wall. They looked like they were placed there randomly, but at a closer look, there was a system to it. It was a messy but calculated setting.

Melanie looked at them and asked Xander, "Is this one of your exhibition projects?"

Xander nodded. "The client is looking for a unique idea to create a deep impression."

Melanie has seen her fair share of exhibitions in the past, but most played it quite safe. She had never seen anything like what Xander had done.

Xander looked at the doubtful look on her face as he jotted some notes inside his notebook. He said, "Displays aren't just about putting out the stuff. You need to consider the location, lighting, electronic equipment, and the work involved."

Chapter 92

Melanie looked thoughtful, asking Xander, "Are all your designs like this?"

Xander paused, his pen stopping in mid-air. He glanced up at Melanie. "Business fairs are all about money, aren't they?"

Melanie laughed. "You're pretty practical."

All of a sudden, she heard something. It sounded like some parts falling off.

Melanie blinked and looked up in a daze. The next second, she heard Xander barking, "Move!"

Melanie was so shocked that she was a second too late to react. The large wooden frame came crashing down toward her head!

At the very last moment, an arm wrapped around her waist. Xander pulled her away just before the frame struck her.

Melanie stared at the shattered wooden frame, deeply shaken. Xander pulled his arm back after putting her down.

He frowned at the forlorn pieces of the frame, saying to Melanie in a low voice, "I'm sorry, I forgot to tell you that the frame was only temporarily suspended up there. It could have fallen at any time."

They were still in the early stages of setting up the exhibition hall, so most of the decor was not permanently fixed in place.

Although Melanie was startled, she had not been hurt, so she said, "It's okay."

When she turned around, however, she saw a scratch on Xander's right forearm. He had probably been scraped by the corner of the wooden frame when he saved her just now.

Melanie's brow furrowed as she rummaged in her bag for an alcohol wipe. "Xander, you're hurt."

Xander looked down at the wound on his forearm, his expression unchanging. He nodded and continued to move the large wooden frame away.

Melanie's attention was trained on his bleeding wound. As he strained his muscles to lift the frame, more blood seeped out.

Even so, Xander seemed completely unfazed. He simply put down the wooden frame and continued to sketch in his notebook.

Melanie waited for him to finish writing before she said softly, "Xander, you should go to the hospital and get your wound bandaged."

Fortunately, there was a clinic nearby, and the cut on Xander's forearm was long but not deep. They left the clinic after the nurses disinfected his wound and applied some medicine to it. Melanie had warned Xander about the risk of tetanus, but Xander said he was allergic to the shots and that he had medicine at home.

Who would just casually keep some tetanus medication at home? Melanie asked, "Do you get hurt a lot?"

Xander replied, "I bump into stuff when I carry things around. It's inevitable."

By the time they were done, it was already late in the afternoon.

Xander rushed back to the exhibition hall, and Melanie went back to the hotel on her own.

The weather was a little overcast today, and it was rush hour now. It was past dinner time when she finally got back to the hotel.

Melanie went back to her room. She did not notice it when she was outside, but once she returned to the hotel, she felt physically and especially mentally exhausted.

She closed the door and took off her clothes, stepping into the shower.

The hot water washed away her fatigue.

Melanie rested in the bathroom for a while before going out. However, the moment she stepped out of the bathroom, she saw Eugene sitting calmly on the sofa.

The door was hanging open. Did she not close it tightly enough?

Melanie stopped in her tracks. "What are you doing here?"

There was no emotion on Eugene's face. His eyes were slightly cold as he looked at Melanie, almost as if he was appraising an item.

After a while, he said quietly, "Were you in such a hurry to take a shower because you were worried about being found out?"

Chapter 93

"Yeah." Eugene continued to hold Melaine's gaze.

Melanie came back to her senses. Her eyes were red and her face was pale. When she met Eugene's gaze, she paused for a moment before turning around and walking into the

bathroom.

As soon as she locked the bathroom door behind her, Melanie braced herself against the sink, fighting for her breath. She could vaguely hear Eugene's voice. Melanie looked at her reflection in the mirror.

The whole situation was utterly absurd.

"You slept with me countless times before"... How could he summarize their eight-year relationship like that?

Melanie suddenly raised her hand and slapped herself hard on the face. She did not hold back her strength, and the tears already pricking at her eyes immediately began to flow.

Two drops landed on the back of her hand. They were hot..

When she went out into the room again, Eugene was gone and the door was wide open.

Melanie stood rooted to the ground for a moment before walking over to close the door. Only then did she slowly return to her bed to rest. ▼

There was still work to be done the next morning. Melanie did not sleep well that night. When she got up, her face was haggard and pale.

She tidied up briefly and left the room, only to bump into Evelyn in the elevator.

Evelyn paused when she saw Melanie. The next moment, she scowled and mocked Melanie, saying, "Miss Smith, are you really going to meet the client looking like that? You look like something the cat dragged in!"

Melanie had already put on some makeup, so she was not as pale as she was in the morning. Even so, there was no hiding her pallid complexion.

Melanie was too mentally exhausted to argue with Evelyn. She pursed her lips and walked to the lobby.

Eugene was already there. He glanced at Melanie with a frown.

"No employee of LeapCo should meet a client looking like that." Evelyn's sharp voice followed behind.

Melanie swallowed and said quickly, her voice hoarse, "I'm sorry. I'm not feeling well today, so

Before she could finish that sentence, Eugene cut her off. "Get a substitute driver," he said.

Melanie looked up. Eugene's tone was flat. "Can you still drive in your condition?"

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Melanie was more than happy to pawri off some of her work. Once she got into the passenger seat, she leaned her head against the window to rest.

For some reason, though, the traffic that morning was terrible. As Melanie leaned against the

window and listened to the honking of angry horns outside, she started to feel a little sleepy.

Eventually, the voices in the back seat disappeared into the distance. Melanie's eyelids became so heavy that she could not keep her eyes open.

She only woke up with a start when there was a knock on the car window.

The standstill traffic outside the window was gone. They had arrived at the entrance of the branch company.

Outside the window, Eugene knocked on the glass again expressionlessly. Melanie slowly opened the door and got out of the car.

Eugene glanced at her. "You sure were sound asleep."

Melanie massaged her temples. "Sorry."

"That's all you ever say," Eugene scoffed.



Melanie lowered her head and said nothing as she followed Eugene inside.

Upstairs, Evelyn was waiting in the lounge, a glass of water in her hand. She looked at Eugene, a little dissatisfied. "What took you so long?"

"I had to take a call," Eugene said.

Evelyn did not dare to ask further either. She nodded and picked up the documents on the table. "Are we going to the conference room?"

Melanie stayed where she was. Eugene would probably take Evelyn to the meeting later.

However, Eugene glanced at Evelyn emotionlessly and said, "You shouldn't attend the meeting today. I'll take Melanie."

Evelyn blinked. After that, she frowned and opened her mouth to protest.

However, Eugene had already snatched the documents from her hands, throwing them into Melanie's arms instead. He looked at Melanie coldly. "Do you need me to carry you to the conference room?"

Chapter 94

Melanie frowned as she gathered up the documents in her arms.

Evelyn watched from the side, looking ill at ease. She could not help but snort. "Miss Smith, I advise you to touch up your makeup before you go to the meeting. After all, you'll be representing LeapCo."

Melanie had just taken a short nap, so her mind was clearer now. She glanced at Evelyn. "Thank you for your concern, Miss Shue, but that's none of your business."

Eugene had said last night that Evelyn was not an employee at the company, so it was not her place to worry about LeapCo's image.

Evelyn had been by Eugene's side for the past two days, and she had gotten used to Melanie staying silent. Now that Melanie suddenly decided to talk back to her, she narrowed her eyes and said sarcastically,

"Aren't you getting a little carried away, Miss Smith? You skipped work yesterday and fell asleep this morning. How can yourself Eugene's secretary?"

She emphasized the word "secretary". Melanie frowned and was about to retort when Eugene interrupted them coldly. "Evelyn."

His voice held a strong hint of warning. Evelyn looked extremely reluctant to let it go, but she did not continue pursuing the subject.

Once they entered the conference room, Eugene became even more distant. He sat down at the head of the table and looked at Walden. "I hope you came prepared today."

Walden quickly took out a file. "Yes, I have the previous plans and the report you wanted right here, sir."

Walden's seat was far away from Eugene's, so he passed the file to Melanie, who then handed it to Eugene.

When she held out the file, Eugene reached out to take it. Melanie's fingertips were cold, and the moment they brushed against Eugene's warm skin, she immediately pulled her hand back as if she had been scalded.

The meeting was pretty much the same as before. The executives discussed how to handle the destructive competition posed by their business rivals. Melanie recorded the meeting minutes while digging up all the data that Eugene needed whenever he asked for it.

All else aside, Melanie had a thorough understanding of Eugene's work habits at least.

Unlike last time, the meeting went smoothly today. Just as it was about to end, though,

Walden suddenly asked, "Mr/Scott, Mr. Worne's position is currently empty. Should we recruit someone new, or will you be sending someone from HQ?"

Worne was the traitor who sold the company's data to a rival. Now that he had been fired, his position was naturally empty.

However, Walden was, not sure what to do next.

Eugene paused. "I'll think about it."

He got up and left the room, Melanie hot on his heels.

As they turned around the corner, Eugene suddenly stopped and turned to Melanie. "Do you want to stay in Prime City?"

Melanie was silent for a moment before asking, "Do you want me to stay?"

Although Prime City was a pleasant place, it was very far away from Jepton.

Melanie shook her head after barely a second's hesitation. "No, my grandfather is still in Jepton. I can't stay here."

Eugene raised his brows casually. "Are you sure?"

Melanie was sure, of course, but Eugene did not bring up the subject again. Melanie could not help but feel a little anxious.

She could not figure out what Eugene was thinking. What if he really made her stay in Prime City?

Her grandfather was alone in Jepton. Melanie could not stay away from him for too long. 1

With those thoughts swirling in her mind, Melanie followed Eugene back to the lounge.

Evelyn was still waiting for them there, her phone in her hand. She looked up and greeted Eugene.

Melanie placed the files on the table and tried to organize them, but Evelyn put down her phone and smirked at her. "Miss Smith, could I trouble you to get me a glass of water?"

The water dispenser was right next to Melanie, so she did not think much of it. She just got up to get Evelyn some water.

"I want it hot," Evelyn said as she complained to Eugene. "The air conditioner in the lounge is on full blast. I was freezing waiting here for you."

Melanie poured the water and handed Evelyn the cup. Evelyn stood up to take it while still acting pitiful in front of Eugene.

Chapter 95

Evelyn had a manicure with diamonds and sequins on her nails.

As she reached for the glass of water, the sequins on her nails somehow flipped just enough to slice open Melanie's fingertip.

Melanie winced and let go almost instantly. The moment she let go, Evelyn did the same, but not before she tipped the glass over. The hot water spilled onto Melanie's hand, making her gasp in pain.

She instinctively wanted to scream, but she gritted her teeth through the pain out of sheer habit. Even so, her forehead was drenched in a cold sweat, and there were tears of pain in the corners of her eyes.

Melanie's lips were white and her brow was deeply furrowed. Her right hand was bright red from her wrist to her knuckles.

Eugene jumped to his feet instantly and strode over to Melanie, lifting her elbow. His voice was low and authoritative. "We're going to the hospital right now!"

Melanie's skin was fair, so the hot red welts stood out like a sore thumb.

She could not say anything right now, so she allowed Eugene to lift her elbow and slowly lead her out of the office.

Fortunately, Melanie had just been to the small clinic behind the branch company building.

Even so, the burns on her hand were frighteningly red and swollen by the time they got there. There were even a couple of blisters on her wrist.

Eugene stared at the female doctor who was treating Melanie's wound, his voice deep and solemn. "Can you treat her? If you're not sure, tell me now."

The doctor held the cotton swab, frowning at his attitude. "What, do you think you can do better than me?"

Melanie's hand was still scalding hot. She could not speak, so she just looked up at Eugene and implored him to stay quiet.

Eugene's expression turned cold. He looked at Melanie for a moment before saying, "If anything goes wrong, don't blame it on the company."

With that, he stormed out of the clinic.

Although Melanie had sustained burns on a large part of her hand, she received treatment quickly enough for there to be no lasting effects.

Nevertheless, the doctor wrapped her hand in a thin layer of gauze.

The only thing that really hurt was the wound on her ring finger where Evelyn's nail had cut her. The hot water had scalded the open wound, and the skin around the cut was now pale. It was a little gruesome to look at.

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Once the bandages were settled, Melanie left the doctor's office. She had expected Eugene to be back at the company by now, but he was still sitting in the waiting room.

Melanie stopped in her tracks for a while before walking over, her expression perfectly normal.

Eugene watched her walk out, his gaze trained on her hand.

A moment later, he said, "The company will reimburse the expenses. Since this is a work injury, you'll be compensated."

Melanie raised a brow. "And what about Evelyn?"

"I know she did it on purpose."

Eugene frowned slowly. "Do you have any proof?"

Melanie lowered her eyes. She had none.

Eugene looked at her, his expression complicated. After a moment of silence, he said, "If you don't have any proof, don't mention it. I will compensate you at the highest rate possible."

Melanie did not like what she was hearing. "Are you covering for her?"

Eugene's expression turned slightly cold. "Melanie, you have no proof."

Melanie's bandaged hand still hurt. The pain from the cut on her fingertip seemed to shoot directly to her heart.

Melanie tugged at the corners of her mouth and asked Eugene self-deprecatingly, "Would you be so impartial if Viola had been the one who was scalded?"

Eugene looked at her impatiently. "Why are you even asking a question like that? What's the point?"

Chapter 96

Melanie remained rooted to the spot for a moment before she slowly nodded. "I see."

She did not say anything else. Her lips were bloodless, and her gaze on Eugene gradually turned calm.

Melanie pursed her lips and said in a dry voice, "Sorry, I was overthinking."

Eugene looked down at his phone and did not comment.

A moment later, he looked up and asked, "Do you need me to send you back?"

He initially had other plans for the night, but Melanie was hurt. She had to go back to the hotel to rest.

Melanie knew what Eugene was like. If he really wanted to send her back to the hotel, he would not have asked like that.

She moved her injured hand and said quietly, "No, I can call a cab."

Eugene was about to say something when his phone rang. He glanced down and frowned.

Melanie looked at his expression, stood still for a moment, then tactfully left.

She was not feeling well, so she walked very slowly. When she turned the corner, there was a bus stop, where she sat down to wait.

This was a business park, so everyone drove their personal cars here. Melanie was in no hurry to call a taxi. She sat on the bench and watched the cars pass by quietly.

She had been too impulsive, and she thought too highly of herself. She kept thinking that Eugene had not changed.

At the end of the day, however, everybody changes with time.

It was almost five o'clock by the time Mélanie got back to the hotel. Before she could even sit down, she received a call from Dylan.

Dylan had been contacting her very often lately. Thinking back to her own conjecture, Melanie took her phone to the balcony. There were some things she wanted to ask her mother.

However, when the call went through, it was not Dylan's voice on the other side at all.

"Are you Dylan Lancaster's daughter?" asked a man bluntly. His voice was impatient and rough.

Melanie's face hardened. "Who are you?"

"I'm her man! Your mother owes me 100,000 dollars. Time for you to pay up!"

Melanie's hand trembled around her phone. Her voice was cold with anger as she said, "Put her on the phone."



The man snorted. "She took that good-for-nothing waste of money to the hospital. Your name is Melanie, right? As her daughter, you should pay for your mother's debt. Hurry up, I'm in a rush!"

Melanie calmed down. "She's your wife now, and Peachie is your daughter. If she's spending

your money on your daughter's medical fees, I don't consider that a debt."

"Shut your trap! She's the one who gave birth to that piece of trash, and now they're burning through my savings!" There was no talking sense to the man. He just kept raising his voice. "I'm not gonna waste my breath on you. Dylan said that you're raking in the money, aren't you? If you don't pay up, I'll go to her old man instead! Maybe the old man should pay for his daughter's debt!"

The moment the man mentioned her grandfather, Melanie's expression contorted even further.

Her grandfather was a lifelong educator with perfect manners, and his heart was weak now that he was older. If he was subjected to this man's shameless ranting, he might actually burst a blood vessel.

The man on the other end launched into another tirade of curses when Melanie did not reply for a while. Annoyed, Melanie hung up on him.

However, the man's clamoring voice continued to echo in her ears. Melanie was worried that he might actually go through with his threat, but she did not know how to break the news to her grandfather.

Although her grandfather had not mentioned anything about his daughter all these years, Melanie had accidentally stumbled across him staring dazedly at her mother's photo a few times.

Melanie pinched the space between her eyebrows. No matter what, Dylan was still her mother.

Even though she had not done much as a mother, Melanie could still remember the sight of Dylan cooking in the kitchen every day when she came home from school, back when Melanie was much younger.

Back then, Dylan would bring Melanie a plate of cut fruits whenever she heard her daughter coming in through the door. She would gently tell the girl, "Wait a minute, okay? Dinner will be ready soon."

## Chapter 97

Melanie's thoughts began to drift into the past. She sat on the sofa in a daze for a while before she remembered to call Stephen, asking him to visit her grandfather on her behalf for a while. Stephen agreed without a question, putting Melanie's heart a little more at ease.

"I'm really sorry to trouble you with this, Stephen."

"It's nothing. As it happens, my mother has a follow-up exam at the sanatorium tomorrow." Stephen was not particularly bothered. Instead, he changed the subject and asked Melanie, "So, what do you think of Xander?"

Melanie told him her honest thoughts. "He's very nice."

Stephen laughed. "That's good to hear. Xander is very good to his friends."

Now that her right hand was injured, many things became quite inconvenient for Melanie. She could not possibly find anyone else to help her, either, so she had to do everything slowly.

When she went downstairs the next morning, she accidentally stumbled across Eugene and Evelyn.

Neither of them looked happy with each other. Melanie paused before stepping forward and asking Eugene, "Can I take the day off?"

Eugene glanced at her bandaged hand. "Does it still hurt?"

There was no emotion in his voice when he spoke, as if he was simply asking about his subordinate's well-being for formality's sake.

Melanie lowered her gaze. “Yes, the burns are starting to itch. I want to go to the hospital and get it checked again.

Eugene glanced at her bandaged hand for a moment before nodding. “Very well.”

Melanie asked the receptionist to call her a taxi and waited at the door. The moment she stepped out of the hotel, Evelyn asked Eugene with barely suppressed anger, “Are you going to disobey Aunt Stella now?”

Eugene’s dark eyes stared at her coldly. “Evelyn, there’s nothing I hate more than people who overstep their boundaries. I let you tag along out of respect for Ms. Turner, but I won’t let you interfere in my company and my personal affairs.”

Evelyn’s face paled. She tried to explain, but Eugene was already walking away.

He took two steps away before stopping and turning to look at Evelyn. “Never contact my mother on your own again, and stop following me while you’re at it. You’re annoying.”

With that, Eugene walked away, leaving Evelyn swaying on her feet.

Meanwhile, Melanie got into a taxi at the hotel entrance and headed straight for a medium – sized hospital nearby.

The swelling on her hand had not subsided much. The doctor changed her dressing and did not bandage it again. He only told her to be careful with it for a while.

She waited in the corridor for the medicine to be absorbed into her skin before leaving.

Coincidentally, as soon as she left the doctor’s department, she bumped into Xander in the main hall.

Xander was also holding a hospital registration form in his hand. The two of them paused for a moment when they saw each other.

Melanie spoke first. "Why are you at the hospital again?"

"My wound became swollen and inflamed, so I had to get it bandaged again," Xander said with a frown. He looked a little unwell.

Melanie raised her arm. "My hand is swollen too."

As it turned out, that little clinic's diagnosis was not to be trusted. Xander's infection was much worse than Melanie's. Melanie stood by his side as the doctor changed his bandages.

Once they were done, she finally asked him, "Why didn't you come to the hospital if you were feeling unwell yesterday?"

Xander said, "I was too busy yesterday to feel anything."

"You were too busy?" Melanie glanced at Xander's wound. It was also near his wrist.

"Yeah," Xander said. "My assistant suddenly had an emergency and went back to her hometown. She couldn't get a replacement at the last minute."

As he said that, he tilted his head back. Melanie could see the dark circles under his eyes. Suddenly, Xander raised his handsome brows at Melanie. "Do you want to give it a try?"

Chapter 98

Melanie took a second to understand what he meant. She frowned and said hesitantly, "I don't think I can..."

"Why not?" Xander straightened up. "Didn't you want to learn how to set up an exhibition too?"

Melanie's fingers curled slightly, and she looked down at her bandaged forearm. "I hurt my hand. I might not be able to help you."

She wanted to explain, but Xander said nonchalantly, “I have plenty of handymen. Besides, I’m just asking if you want to be my trainee for a bit. Do you really think this is something you can master in a day or two?”

Melanie shook her head. “I just don’t want to cause you any more trouble.”

Xander said, “How much trouble can you be?”

His attitude did convince Melanie a little. She knew perfectly well that an opportunity to learn from Xander was rare and precious indeed.

After agreeing to Xander’s request, Melanie remembered she had the rest of the day off. Since she had nothing to do in the afternoon, she followed Xander to his studio.

Xander brought her inside, and they immediately saw a bunch of young people arguing over something: When they saw that Xander was back, they immediately fell quiet and greeted him. “Boss, you’re back!”

Xander looked back at Melanie. “Sit wherever you want.”

Melanie looked around. The entire room was filled with junk. Aside from a table in the far corner, there was nowhere else for her to sit.

The young people in the room were rather surprised to see Melanié. A girl in glasses sized up Melanie for a moment before she gasped and asked Xander, “Boss, since when did you have a mistress?”

“I had no idea either!” a boy in a checkered shirt chimed in excitedly.

Xander could not be bothered to waste his breath on their nonsense. Instead, he just glanced at them and picked up a design draft from the table. “What were you guys doing just now?”

As soon as the topic switched to work, the two young people immediately became serious. The girl said in glasses, "I think the previous proposal was better with marble, both in terms of esthetics and practicality."

The boy in the shirt wailed, "Reny Quark, what is your definition of practicality? Do you have any idea how much marble will inflate the budget?!"

Melanie found their argument fascinating, and she instinctively moved a little closer.

Unexpectedly, the boy in the shirt became more and more agitated as he spoke. He raised his hand and waved it around, almost hitting Melanie.

"Oliver!" Xander barked suddenly.

Oliver froze, turning around to see Melanie not far behind him.

Melanie had not expected Xander to shout at Oliver like that. Embarrassed, she apologized softly, "I'm sorry. Am I in the way?"

Xander placed his hands on the table. His collar was slightly up, revealing a glimpse of the crystal pendant around his neck.

He looked at Melanie. "Come over here. You can listen in from here."

After the discussion, the team headed out for dinner. Melanie did not plan to join them, so she told Xander she would take a cab back to the hotel.

It was late by the time she got to the hotel. Melanie put her phone on the bedside table and went to wash up.

When she came out of the bathroom, she saw a bunch of messages on her phone.

Sure enough, it was Simon who was spamming the group, inviting everyone out for a weekend getaway. He even tagged Eugene multiple times.

Melanie glanced at her screen and turned off the app.

To her surprise, however, she found Simon downstairs the next day.

Simon was just as surprised to see her. He raised his eyebrows and walked over to greet her. "So you're here too?"

Melanie's expression did not change. "I'm here on business."

Simon clicked his tongue. "Why does Eugene keep taking you out on business trips? Doesn't he ever get tired of it?"

He was a typical rich young master who had a beautiful new model on his arm every week. As a result, he could not understand why Eugene would choose to take Melanie along every time he went on a business trip.

Then again, that was not something he could ask Melanie. "Where's Eugene?"

"I don't know," Melanie said.

It was the truth. She really did not know where Eugene was. After all, she had not seen him since yesterday morning.

Chapter 99

Simon frowned at Melanie. "Melanie, why are you giving me that attitude first thing in the morning?"

"I was just answering your question," Melanie said evenly.

Even so, Simon did not like Melanie's tone. He kept bugging her until even she began to lose her patience.

She said despite herself, "If you're looking for him, you can just call him! Why are you asking me? I'm not his nanny. It's not like I know what he's doing at any given time."

Simon did not expect Melanie to blow up at him like that. Anger crept onto his face.

Just as he was about to blow up, he saw someone standing behind Melanie. Simon raised his

hand and called out, "Eugene."

Melanie stiffened. She then heard Eugene's deep voice coming from behind her.

"Why are you here?"

"Jepton was boring, so I came to Prime City."

Melanie stood frozen until Eugene's voice rang in her ears. "Are you that eager to quit?"

The scent of cedar on him was cold and distant. Melanie pursed her lips and said nothing.

She did want to leave LeapCo, but she still had to settle Dylan's matters and pay for Peachie's medical fees.

No matter what, Peachie was still her sister. There was no way Melanie could just let her die.

She had to worry about her grandfather's health, too.

Melanie's mind was a mess because of what Eugene had said, but she was the one who said she wanted to resign. There was no way she could go back on her word.



Melanie closed her eyes and felt her heart racing.

Eugene took her silence as tacit agreement.

He scoffed and lowered his head slightly, his voice low and hoarse in Melanie's ear. "Have you found your next sucker already?"

Melanie straightened her back and enunciated each word firmly. "No. You're overthinking things."

Eugene snorted. "And here I thought Stephen had already taken care of everything for you." Melanie took a breath, turned, and looked directly at Eugene.

It was only then that she realized how close they were. Eugene's body was almost brushing against hers.

As soon as Melanie turned around, she was surrounded by Eugene's presence.

She could even hear Eugene's steady, powerful heartbeat.

He was tall and imposing, so much so that Melanie had to raise her head to meet his eyes.

hapter 99

212

Melanie clenched her right hand. "Eugene, don't go too far."

"I'm going too far?" Eugene narrowed his eyes and looked down at Melanie. "Do you hate it when I mention Stephen? Or are you actually with the man from that day?"

“Eugene, shut up!” Melanie was trembling. She slowly closed her eyes and could barely speak. “Eugene, can you stop saying things like that?”

Her heart was not made of steel. His words stung her deeply too.

Just then, she heard a child’s laughter coming from behind her. The next second, Melanie felt someone bump into her waist and her body fell forward uncontrollably.

Eugene was right in front of her.

Someone caught her firmly by the waist, and Melanie pressed herself against Eugene’s chest.

He grunted as her forehead collided with his chin, his grip tightening around her waist.

The child’s parents were apologizing profusely behind her. Melanie had fallen right onto Eugene’s chest.

She could feel the way his chest rose and fell with every breath, and his mocking voice resonated deep in his body. “Oh? Are you trying to seduce me again because you can’t find your next stop?”

Chapter 100

“Eugene?”

Melanie was about to say something when she heard Viola’s voice.

She looked up and saw Viola standing not far away, holding her suitcase. She was staring at them, her face pale as a sheet.

Eugene also seemed surprised to see Viola. He paused, let Melanie go, and walked up to Viola’s side. “Why are you here?” he asked her softly.

"I..." Viola looked at Melanie and then at Eugene. Her eyes were red as she choked, "I happened to be on leave, so I wanted to come over and visit you! But..."

She grabbed Eugene's shirt tightly, glancing at Melanie from time to time as if she had been deeply hurt.

Simon interjected, "When I said I was dropping by yesterday, Viola immediately said she wanted to come with me."

He then teased his friend with a grin, "Aren't you happy, Eugene? It's such a nice surprise. Your girlfriend came all the way here to visit you."

Eugene did not reply. He just took the suitcase from Viola's hand, his tone was low and gentle as he said, "Come on, I'll take you upstairs. You should get some rest."

Viola's eyes were still red as she stared at Eugene.

Eugene paused for a moment before saying slowly, "I'll explain upstairs."

The atmosphere was perfectly warm and lovey-dovey. It was as if they had completely forgotten that Melanie was there.

It was only when Viola passed by her and said hi in a muffled voice that she realized what had happened.

Melanie watched as Eugene kindly carried Viola's suitcase for her. All of a sudden, her wrist hurt.

It was probably because she had instinctively resisted when she fell into Eugene's arms just now. She had placed her hand on his chest.

Viola was here now, so Melanie assumed that Eugene would take Viola with him for the rest of the day. It was what he usually did.

To Melanie's surprise, however, Eugene called her down at lunchtime.

"Hi, Melanie." Viola was still smiling sweetly. Upon closer inspection, though, Melanie noticed that she had a light layer of makeup on her face. She was wearing expensive jewelry too, making her look that much more mature.

From the looks of things, Eugene had probably explained everything to her as well.

Melanie did not see Eugene anywhere, so she asked Viola, "Is Eugene not here?"

"He went outside to answer a call." Viola studied Melanie, an unmistakable look of probing in her eyes.

Melanie did not have much to say to her. She pretended not to notice Viola's continued to scroll through her phone.

gaze and

However, Viola seemed to have something to say to her. She called out softly to Melanie, who looked up.

"Can I help you, Viola?"

"It's about Eugene." Viola lowered her head and paused before continuing, "Has he been doing well while he's been here?"

Melanie looked at her. She knew what Viola was implying.

She wanted to know if Eugene had met any other women while he was away from her.

-More precisely, she wanted to know if anything had happened between Eugene and Melanie.

Melanie was expressionless as she said, "It would be better if you just asked him."

Viola was a little embarrassed, but she tried to cover for herself. "Oh, I'm sure he would've told me if anything happened."

That was what she said, but her gaze was transfixed on Melanie.

She was obviously very suspicious of Melanie.

Melanie lowered her gaze and was about to say something when she saw Eugene coming into the lobby from outside.

His gaze landed on Melanie for a moment before he frowned. "Haven't you called for the car yet?"

"Melanie just came down not too long ago. She probably didn't have the time." Viola immediately hooked her arm around Eugene's and spoke up for Melanie in a soft voice.

Eugene said without much emotion, "If we follow her timing, we'll surely be late."

Melanie's hand froze. Actually, she was supposed to be on medical leave today, but Eugene seemed to have forgotten.

She pursed her lips and did not say anything. She merely followed him to the branch office.

Walden was already waiting at the door. When he saw Eugene, he smiled and welcomed them. "Mr. Scott, Miss Shue is already waiting inside."

It was only when he said that that Melanie realized she had not seen Evelyn around today. She had just assumed that Evelyn was at the hotel.

Eugene walked inside without saying anything.

Viola followed beside Melanie and asked quietly, "Melanie, who's Miss Shue?"

Who else could it be?

The words were on the tip of her tongue, but Melanie just said, "It's our business partner." Viola let out a small sigh of relief. Before she could properly relax, though, she saw Evelyn waiting in the conference room.

Evelyn glanced at Viola, then shifted her gaze directly to Melanie. "I'm surprised to see you at work for once, Miss Smith."

Melanie's hand injury was not fully healed yet. Although she was wary of Evelyn now, she still maintained a calm appearance on the surface. She placed the files in front of Eugene and said, "I'm Mr. Scott's secretary, after all. This is my job."

Evelyn scoffed. "Most people can't afford a secretary like

Melanie knew what she was insinuating, but Viola did not.

you."

After looking at Melanie and Evelyn suspiciously, Viola walked over to Eugene. Her voice was warm and sweet. "Eugene, I don't want to disturb you while you're working. I'll wait for you outside."

Eugene raised his eyebrows slightly and handed her a document. "There's no need for that." He then looked at Melanie and said expressionlessly, "You. Get out."