

Madam Winters's Fight For Her Children

Madam Winters's Fight For Her Children Chapter 1200

Chapter 1200 "Mel!"

Brooklyn looked flustered as he moved forward and sized her up for a while. He sighed in relief only after he noticed that she seemed to be fine.

"Are you alright? I heard that you were surrounded by my grandma and family just now."

Brooklyn knew how terrifying the female members of his family were. They had urged him to get married some time ago, and he dared not come home for a few years.

Now the girl he liked had come over to stay for two days. But the group of women caught his innocent senior when he looked

away. He was so scared that he put his work aside and ran over immediately.

When Melody saw his hurried demeanor , she could not help but frown and say, “Why are you running? Take your time, I‘m fine.”

Brooklyn shook his head to acknowledge that he was fine.

When he saw Melody hand him a handkerchief, his blue eyes filled

with warmth, and a smile formed on his handsome face.

“Thank you, Mel. My hands are tired from playing the piano, and they‘re cramped. Could you help me with the wiping?” He did not take the handkerchief. Instead, he bent down slightly and leaned close to Melody so that he was the same

height as her.

His blue clear eyes were full of expectations. He also seemed to look nervous and anxious. That caused more fine sweat to seep

out of his forehead.

Melody glanced at him helplessly, but her gaze was coquettish without her realizing it. “You’re an adult. Why are you still acting like a kid?”

She said that, but she still helped him. She gently stood on her toes, raised her hand, and wiped the sweat off his forehead with the handkerchief. Her movement was tender and careful. Brooklyn’s heart totally melted. He did not make a sound and even held his breath. He was afraid of disturbing his beautiful dream.

After Melody wiped the sweat off and stepped backward, he finally raised his hand gently and covered his pounding heart. His grin was so wide that he could not hide it.

“Thank you, Mel,” he said. His expression was like a light breeze and bright mood that made her feel comfortable. ”

Mel, can you

give me the handkerchief? I’ll wash it.”

Melody handed it to him and did not give it much thought. She just said, "Spend more time with your family these two days. It's okay if you return the handkerchief to me a few days later."

Brooklyn nodded. He folded the handkerchief and kept it in the pocket that was nearest to his heart before he raised his head

and looked at her. There was slight nervousness in his eyes.

"Mel, did my family bully you?"

"Bully? Why would they?" Ninian gave him a strange look before she helplessly said, "But they're too friendly. I ... I'm not used to it."

They prepared all kinds of delicious food for her and also provided countless pieces of jewelry for her to choose from.

The most outrageous thing was Brooklyn's mother even wanted to give her a luxurious and beautiful wedding dress.

The

wedding dress had been made by the best international designer and personally sewn by the royal family's exclusive team of

tailors in Frica. The diamonds embedded in it would all be of rare grade in an auction.

It was too much.

No matter how she rejected them, she could not resist their enthusiasm. Luckily, her younger sister's call helped her out of that

tough situation. She told Brooklyn about the wedding dress before she added with a troubled expression, "I don't know why your

family would give me a present like that. Do they want me to perform on stage in the wedding dress and promote it for your family?"

Brooklyn had a look of anticipation at first, but his expression instantly darkened after he heard the second half of her sentence.

He massaged his forehead at a loss and answered, “Mel, aside from a fashion show, there’s only one other occasion to wear a

wedding dress. Do you know what occasion that is?”

Melody raised her head and looked at him. Her clear and innocent eyes were filled with curiosity. “What occasion?”

“A wedding.”

Brooklyn stared into her eyes and seriously asked, “Have you imagined the day when you would put on a wedding dress?”

Melody frowned tightly and asked in confusion, “Why should I imagine that?”

Brooklyn’s expression froze slightly.

She then asked, “Shouldn’t we just think about our music?”

Brooklyn looked a little sullen.

“Could it be...” Melody appeared to be guessing, and she

asked, “Does your family hope...”