

The hidden billionaire heiress (Lyra Melvin)

Chapter 1160 Side Story: Someone To Cry With



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The two of them did not speak to each other for the entire journey.

Before long, the taxi stopped outside Lyre Spiti.

Alistair was the first to get off the car.

Molly was about to get off the car when he suddenly slammed the door shut. Fortunately, Molly reacted quickly and pulled her head back in time.

Facing the defiant behavior of the little brat, Molly didn't tolerate it. She quickly got out of the car and approached, using a swift and decisive wrist lock to immobilize his hands and press them against his waist.

Then came a few crisp slaps, hitting him on the buttocks.

"You little rascal, you've got quite the vengeful spirit. If I hadn't dodged quickly, my head would have been smashed flat."

Alistair rubbed his own buttocks, and there was a touch of melancholy in his blue eyes. "You bully the weak and fear the strong, only knowing how to deal with me."

As soon as she was in front of Archer, she became as obedient as a cat and apologized in all sorts of humble ways.

He felt inexplicably wronged and his eyes turned red.

Molly noticed and stared at him, "Really? I didn't use much force. Did it really hurt?"

This topic was too weird. Alistair felt embarrassed and quickly walked to the front, saying, "It's none of your business."

"Okay, don't be angry anymore. I know you hold grudges, but if it makes you feel better, next time you can hit me back and I won't retaliate."

"Only men who are powerless resort to hitting women."

Molly laughed, "You little brat, I'm not just any woman. If you ever tried to fight me, I could make you cry with just one hand."

Alistair had a gloomy face and didn't want to pay attention to her.

"Okay, okay, I won't bully you anymore. You're the best. Next time I go on a mission to the border, I'll bring you a gift again. I'll bring you dried flowers, like sunflowers."

"This is what you said yourself, that you want sunflowers."

The resentment of Alistair came quickly and went quickly as well.

After winding through the twisting alleys of Lyre Spiti, the two had already been chatting and laughing by the time they arrived.

Alistair had originally planned to take her home, using the excuse of picking up the coat that Molly had taken with her not long ago. He would grab it and leave. However, Lyra persuaded him to stay and have a meal together.

Reluctantly, Alistair agreed as Malcolm's cooking was indeed very good.

At the dinner table, Molly asked, "Mom, where is my brother?"

"Spencer has recently become obsessed with doing research and has locked himself in the laboratory for half a month, occasionally only calling me."

Molly frowned, "His body has only just recovered in recent years, and once he enters the laboratory, he won't come out. He neglects sleep and food. Won't this be harmful to his health?"

Lyra said, "Don't worry, he still gets three meals a day. The other research doctors in the lab make sure he eats on time."

Alistair swallowed the smooth egg custard in his mouth and echoed, "Spencer is still so amazing. As a core talent of the country, he's truly remarkable."

Malcolm, who had been silent all this time, picked up the conversation, "You don't need to envy him. Everyone has different life goals. Just focus on walking your own path."

Alistair nodded obediently. "Uncle Malcolm, you're right." He glanced at the two elders at the table and continued with a hint of meaning, "Speaking of which, Spencer is already 24 years old. In wealthy families, engagements happen early. Do you and Aunt Lyra have anyone suitable in mind for Spencer?"

Lyra replied, "Spencer isn't in a rush. People like them who are dedicated to scientific research give their youth to the country first. It's not too late to consider marriage when they're over thirty years old. But as for Momo..."

Molly froze and immediately sat up straight to refute her, "I'm not in a hurry either! Besides, I'm still in love."

Malcolm frowned upon hearing this and asked sternly, "You haven't broken up with Archer yet?"

Molly hung her head without saying anything.

Malcolm's expression turned sour as he gave serious advice, "Once you've made a decision about your relationship matters, don't drag it out or keep lingering on it."

The food Molly was eating suddenly lost its flavor as she muttered softly under her breath, "You guys just think he's not good enough for me because his family is poor."

This made Malcolm angry as he retorted back sharply, "Do you think your mother and I are those kind of people who look down on others because they're poor? They say that poverty doesn't hinder one's ambition but I can't see any drive or motivation from him except for his bad intentions and schemes."

"Dad, you've misunderstood..."

Seeing that an argument was about to break out at the dinner table, Alistair quickly stepped in before things escalated further by saying diplomatically, "Uncle Malcolm, please don't be angry. She has been blinded by this scumbag but sooner or later she will see through his true colors and understand all your efforts."

Molly turned her head away from him with an annoyed glare.

Lyra shook her head helplessly while serving food for her husband, "Forget about it. Life always has to be lived through on one's own. Whether it's right or wrong, she has to experience it herself in order to truly grow up. Let's stop talking about these things and enjoy our meal."

The rest of dinner went by without much conversation.

Afterwards, Lyra asked Molly if she could walk Alistair home. The two left Lyre Spiti together.

Underneath the moonlight, they walked slowly along White family's winding alleyways like taking a leisurely stroll but there was an uncomfortable atmosphere between them.

"Aren't you mad at me sis?" Alistair could clearly feel Molly's coldness towards him which seemed directed specifically towards him.

Molly spoke in a cold tone, "Why did you bring up the topic of marriage? Archer and I are still secretly dating. You know I haven't told my parents yet. I was planning to help Archer by saying good things about him, but now it's going to be even harder."

He didn't think he did anything wrong.

"But like Uncle Malcolm and Aunt Lyra, I don't want you two together. Archer is not a good guy, and you with him..."

"Enough," Molly interrupted. "Who I want to be with or marry is my business. What does it have to do with you?"

Alistair bit his lip and didn't say anything; his heart was hurting.

There were some things he had been holding back for a long time that made him uncomfortable. If he didn't say them out loud soon, he would go crazy.

"How is it not my business? Can't you guess my feelings? It's obvious that I'm in love..."

"Okay, stop talking," Molly interrupted again.

Once certain things were out in the open, they couldn't pretend ignorance anymore.

The night was quiet; there was an awkward atmosphere between the two of them.

Molly stopped walking forward and said, "Call the driver yourself. I have something else to do so I won't accompany you further. Be careful on your way."

"By the way, I'll be really busy with work for a long time ahead. Don't come looking for me unless it's necessary." She turned around and walked away.

"Momo," Alistair's voice sounded soft and pitifully helpless, "Are you going to leave me standing alone in the cold wind waiting for the car?"

Molly stiffened, slowly turned around, and met his gaze, his blue eyes misty and full of emotions, leaving her momentarily speechless.

"I'm sorry," Alistair continued speaking softly, "I won't interfere in your relationship with Archer anymore nor will make any more mistakes that might upset or anger you again... You can hit me if need be but please don't abandon me here."

Looking at his pitiful appearance almost crying made Molly lose all her temper towards him.

Alistair had become famous because of his beautiful crying scenes when acting. If she really let him cry now it would feel like committing an unforgivable sin.

"You've always loved crying since childhood; really can't stand it," She teased while walking back towards Alistair taking hold of his hand, "I just thought about it, and it doesn't seem that busy right now. I can deal with it tomorrow. Let's go, I'll drive you back."