

The hidden billionaire heiress (Lyra Melvin)

Chapter 1162 Side Story: Alistair'S Love For Molly

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"You said that your parents have been living in the countryside, and they were not used to living in the big house when they first came here before. Why don't they move back to the countryside? My mom said that if I marry you in the future, it would be the best compensation for what happened to you, so all other compensations should be taken back," Molly said.

Archer's face turned pale. "How can this be? This is not right. You cannot cause trouble with your family for my sake. It will make me feel guilty. Take your luggage back and apologize to them."

Molly was innocent but not foolish; she could sense his displeasure from his words. "What do you mean? Are you really like my mom said, only with me because of money from both families?"

Archer was stunned at first but quickly put on a smiley face and spoke kindly, "Of course not, baby! I like you as a person! Even if your surname wasn't Lloyd and even if you were just an ordinary girl, I would still choose you firmly! I am moved by how hardworking and determined you are trying to reconcile with your family for me."

Molly smiled along, "It's okay. Even if it takes some time getting used to it, I'm willing to try my best for us. If your parents don't want to go back home yet, they can come stay at Myrtlegrove Neighborhoods."

Archer touched her head emotionally, "My parents really aren't comfortable living in the city but going back home is too much trouble. It might be tough on us later on, baby girl, so please help take care of them more often."

"Of course," Molly replied.

Since then Alistair joined a new drama crew which wasn't located in Suham so he hadn't returned home for almost two months except for some advertising work; he stayed with his crew most of the time.

Molly also had work commitments between her job and Myrtlegrove Neighborhoods which kept her traveling frequently - sometimes even half a month away - but before she left each time, she made sure Archer's family had plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables stocked up in their fridge.

Three months later... on Archer's birthday.

Molly took a leave of absence and ended her official duties early, traveling for two days to return to Suham from the border. Her bank card was taken back, and most of her last month's salary went to support Archer's family. With limited funds, she hurriedly took a bus back to Myrtlegrove Neighborhoods.

She didn't inform Archer about her return on leave; she planned to surprise him. Carrying a cake, she entered the elevator with a delighted expression on her face.

Arriving on the 15th floor, the door to their home was wide open, as if intentionally welcoming her.

Archer's parents had a rural habit of leaving their door open before nightfall, believing that an open door created a lively and festive atmosphere.

Molly quickened her pace and was about to sweetly call out Archer's name when she heard voices coming from the living room.

"Archer, are you sure Molly won't come back today?"

It was Archer's mother speaking.

"No, it's too far on the border side. She messaged me last night saying she couldn't make it back and transferred me 500 bucks to buy whatever I want with it. It's laughable really. Two packs of cigarettes would use up all that money."

Upon hearing this, Molly furrowed her brows outside the door and looked down at the custom-made cream cake in her hands, suddenly feeling like her gesture had become incredibly cheap.

She didn't say anything or enter the house but leaned against the wall near the door instead.

After months of being together with them, Molly could sense that Archer's parents didn't particularly like her very much; she wanted to know how they really felt about her in private.

Inside the house, Archer's mother held a bowl while beating eggs as she walked between the kitchen and living room with an expression of shock on her face, "I remember last year when you celebrated your birthday; she gave you a watch worth tens of thousands! This year is so shabby. Could it be true that her family kicked her out?"

Archer replied, "At first I didn't believe it either but after all this time has passed... it seems like Molly really doesn't have much money left anymore... Last week I had someone check the Lloyd Corp.'s stock market status only to find out that Molly previously owned 15% of its shares which now no longer exist. She must have truly fallen out with her family."

Archer's mother displayed a hint of disdain, "Then why are you still with her? She's been spoiled rotten, can't even clean properly without my guidance, and even after teaching her, she still can't get it right. You married her to serve us, not to pamper her like a princess."

Archer sighed too, "I thought she was just a bit naive, that a little effort on my part would make her immensely grateful. Who knew she'd be so hopelessly clueless, rejecting billions in wealth as if she's some great champion of love."

Archer's mother nodded in agreement, "Now that she doesn't have her wealthy parents as a safety net, if she marries into the our family in the future, we can't possibly give her a dowry. I won't waste money on such frivolous things."

Archer scoffed dismissively, "I'm just messing around with her. By the way, Mom, I actually have another girlfriend. Her family may not be as prestigious as the White family or the Lloyd family, but they own a four-star hotel. She speaks so sweetly, and I really like her. I'll introduce her to you in a couple of days."

Archer's mother couldn't stop laughing, "My son is really amazing. You can attract so many rich girls." Archer also laughed, feeling extremely proud.

Molly heard every word they said and at times felt like she had misheard them.

Ever since Archer got injured, he hadn't worked and it was her who provided him with pocket money. For the past few months, when his parents came to stay with them, it was also her who paid for their living expenses. Her salary barely left anything for herself; she even chose to take public transportation instead of a taxi to save money.

But in the eyes of the Johns family, her efforts were worthless.

Archer even shamelessly cheated on her...

It felt like a sharp iron spike had been driven into Molly's chest; it hurt so much that she could hardly bear it. To make matters worse, Archer's laughter seemed to be adding salt to the wound.

Her trembling fingers lost their grip and dropped the cake onto the ground with a loud thud.

Archer's mother heard the noise and exchanged glances with Archer before rushing outside to check what happened - all she saw was a girl walking away towards the elevator leaving only the cake by the door.

She was startled, "Isn't that Molly? Did she hear what you just said?"

Archer puzzledly replied, "Didn't she say that she wouldn't come back until later? Don't worry, Mom, I'll call her first."

He dialed but no one answered on other end of line.

As soon as Alistair received news in afternoon, he rushed back to Suham by high-speed train and went straight back to that upscale club where they met before.

In the same private room at same spot, he saw drunken Molly again.

Molly's best friend Tia Taylor immediately said, "Mr. Callahan, you finally came! Momo has really been hurt by this scumbag this time. I have some tasks at NIB tonight so I can't stay here any longer. Please persuade her more, and send her home."

Alistair suppressed his heartache as he nodded, "I'm here now."

Tia left while Alistair sat down beside Molly taking away red wine glass from her hand, "Don't drink anymore. You will have headache tomorrow."

Molly's face turned rosy under alcohol influence while looking up at him through blurred vision, suddenly smiled mischievously. "Milk tofu, every time I feel sad, you always come running no matter where you are. Do you like me?"

Knowing that once sobered up, Molly would not remember anything, Alistair spoke truthfully, "Yes, I do like you."

Molly let out a hiccup and unconsciously tightened her fingers, pouting her pink lips. "Will you betray me? Will you talk behind my back like Archer?"

Being skilled in martial arts, Molly's intoxicated state didn't stop her from exerting considerable force. Alistair's once fair chin was now red from her grip.

He remained still, allowing her to pinch him, "I won't, never will."

He repeated it tirelessly, "I love you the most and am the man you can always trust unconditionally."

"But..."

Molly was dizzy from drinking and leaned her head against his chest with a smile on her face. "Then let's try it."

Alistair trembled violently. "Do you know what you're saying?"