

The hidden billionaire heiress (Lyra Melvin)

Chapter 1163 Side Story: Sister In Charge

Chapter 1163 Side Story: Sister in Charge

Due to her intoxication, Molly's cheeks were slightly flushed, while Alistair's chest was cool and comfortable to touch.

She didn't respond, her long eyelashes fluttering like little fans. Her hand, which had initially been gripping his chin, moved to hook around the back of his neck.

Alistair's heart raced, his breath becoming slightly uneven. He looked at the alluring girl before him with disbelief and anticipation. "Momo, words spoken can't be taken back. If I agree, you can't change your mind."

Molly tilted her face up, her blurry consciousness unable to fully comprehend his words, but she could see his rosy lips moving.

Those lips looked incredibly soft, like jelly.

Suddenly, she leaned in and impulsively kissed the young man's lips...

Alistair widened his eyes, and as soon as he registered what was happening, he immediately wrapped his arms around the girl's slender waist and reciprocated the kiss.

A long kiss ended because Molly fell asleep.

Alistair gazed at the girl nestled in his arms, using his fingertip to gently wipe the corner of her lips that had become slightly swollen from the kiss. His heart raced, almost ready to explode.

Molly had initiated that they should give it a try.

Molly even kissed him voluntarily.

The inner little devil within him ultimately triumphed over all reason, and he scooped Molly up horizontally, nibbling on her earlobe. "Momo, you know, the words you've spoken can't be taken back," he teased.

He left the club holding Molly and went straight to the hotel upstairs.

The dim room was illuminated by the colorful lights shining through the floor-to-ceiling windows.

Bed entanglement, counting tenderness.

Early morning.

Molly woke up again with a splitting headache, and to make matters worse, her lower back was also a bit sore.

Vaguely feeling herself being held in someone's arms, she slowly opened her eyes and saw Alistair's handsome face sound asleep.

She was stunned for several seconds, and some absurd images flashed through her mind.

"Don't hurt me, I don't want it."

"That... I'll be gentle."

"Momo, from now on I belong to you, and you also belong to me..."

Oh my God!

She actually hooked up with Alistair...

Molly suddenly sat up from the bed, clutching her hair and screaming in shock.

The screams woke Alistair up from his sleep. The boy opened his eyes and lazily lay on his side, a smile playing at the corners of his mouth. "Good morning, Momo. Did you sleep well last night?"

"Alistair!"

She was extremely frustrated, grabbing a pillow and throwing it at Alistair, "Have you gone crazy?! How dare you... How dare you do something like this to me! I really want to beat the crap out of you!"

Alistair raised his arm to protect his head, not dodging, but his expression looked innocent, "Momo, you're being unfair. It was you who voluntarily wanted to give it a try with me last night."

Molly was extremely embarrassed. "My mind is completely blank, how do I know what trouble I got into? And you could have refused me, Alistair! You're such a scoundrel!"

He still looked innocent. "Since I was young, whenever you asked for something, when have I ever disobeyed you? And besides, I can't beat you in a fight. If I rebelled against you, you would use force to suppress me. Can I refuse?"

Molly couldn't remember what happened yesterday and what she said or did. Listening to Alistair's accusations made her feel like a beast! She felt completely disoriented and Alistair had the nerve to come over and hook his little finger with hers.

"Momo, you need to take responsibility for me."

Ah ah ah ah ah! Molly was going crazy inside and wished she could just die instead of feeling so guilty.

She desperately covered her head with the blanket and muttered, "It's over... I actually ruined the little flower that grew up before my eyes... I'm not human..."

Although her voice was muffled, Alistair heard several key words.

He lay on his side with one hand propping up his head while he tried unsuccessfully to hide the smile on his lips.

"Momo," he said as he turned around deliberately showing Molly the scratches on his back. "You should be responsible for me."

The scratches seemed like they were silently accusing Molly of how terrible she acted last night.

She was so angry that it gave her a headache; she wished that she could go back in time last night and beat herself up while drunk.

Alistair watched eagerly as Molly struggled internally but then spoke softly, "Milk tofu... can we pretend nothing happened last night?"

Alistair froze; the smile disappeared from his face instantly.

"Um...I drank too much...my mind wasn't clear...I'm sorry if I hurt you...I can compensate you by giving you whatever you want."

He felt choked up inside as he forced out those words, "I want you to take responsibility."

Molly's voice sounded hoarse after struggling internally for half an hour before saying quietly, "I'm sorry..."

Alistair bit down on his lip; tears welled up in his eyes as he asked, "So...you don't want me anymore...you still want Archer?"

"It has nothing to do with him."

Why didn't it have anything to do with him?

Alistair's nose tingled, and his blue eyes gradually welled up with tears, this time truly feeling hurt.

He turned away, hugging the blanket tightly, refusing to look at Molly any longer. "You're the one who said 'give it a try,' and you're the one who doesn't want to admit it."

Molly was speechless.

"You can go now. Don't worry about me."

The young man's clear voice was tinged with a sob, and his long legs curled up in helplessness. He clutched the bedding tightly, burying his entire face in it, silently wiping away his tears.

Molly glanced at him, her gaze falling on his young and smooth back that was marked with obvious scratches, making him look miserable.

"Milk tofu." She reached out her hand to touch the wounds on his back in an attempt to comfort him.

"Don't touch me..." His voice had a thick nasal tone mixed with a complaining tone. "You always treat me like a child but I'm already an adult. I can be responsible for any promises I make to myself but you're being childish. Who has more of a childish mentality?"

Molly was speechless again.

The room fell silent for a moment as no one spoke again; the atmosphere became somewhat heavy.

Molly turned her head slightly; her phone was by her bedside but it had been switched off since last night because she didn't want Archer's calls disturbing her peace of mind. She didn't know if there would be any calls from NIB either...

Thinking about this made her pick up her phone and switch it on again only to hear countless message notifications ringing through.

All messages were sent by Archer.

Archer: [Baby where are you? Did you buy that cake outside?]

Archer: [Baby why aren't you answering my calls? Are you mad at me? Do you have some misunderstanding towards me?]

Archer: [Today is my birthday. Come back soon so we can talk things over face-to-face.]

[...]

[Molly! My mom just complained about you! Why are you acting so extreme?!]

[What are you pretending for?! Even the White family doesn't want anything to do with someone like you anymore! Who else besides me would take care of you?! Everyone knows that all those rich kids won't even give you another glance after knowing that we're dating and living together within high society circles!]

[I've been dating you for two years yet you always act aloof towards me. Who knows if you're just playing games or not? What's wrong with keeping backup options anyway!?!]

[Being the White family's daughter isn't everything. Let me tell you something – this time around it's me breaking up with you because I'm fed up with you!]

Molly read all those messages over once more.

Even though they were separated by screens she could feel how Archer gradually grew impatient until he became angry - throwing caution into wind.

Suddenly she felt less pain in heart than before...

Alistair and her parents were right, Archer was a scumbag. How could she have been so blind to think he was good for her? She didn't even respond to his messages, just blocked him on all platforms.

The room was quiet except for the soft sound of sobbing. Molly turned her head and saw the young man's shoulders shaking as he cried into his pillow. The scratches on his back were still visible.

Archer's disgusting messages played over and over in her mind, driving her to make a decision with unknown consequences. She slowly bent down, kissing the scars on the boy's back before leaning in close to whisper in his ear, "Don't cry anymore. I'll be responsible."