

Chapter 420 Talk About Personal Matters

"Believe it or don't believe it. It makes no difference to me."

Melissa turned away from him, staring out of the window without explaining.

With the trouble the Sherman Group was in, Howell didn't have a choice.

He eventually came to a decision though and pulled out his bank card.

"I've got thirty million dollars on this card. Can I have the contract now?"

"Yes."

Melissa looked down at Howell's bank card. It was the same card that she had given him that night.

She was fairly confident he wouldn't do anything to mess this up, but she had to follow standard protocols.

"Zaid has signed the contract. It's in duplicate, and as soon as you sign it, it will be in force."

"I know that." Howell knew how important it was, and couldn't stop himself from blurting out, "I've got the money on the card. Now give me the contract."

"You say there's thirty million on the card, but I can't be sure. I need to have it checked by my people."

"So you don't trust me?"

Howell was clearly getting angry, but he had no choice but to go along with what was happening.

He shoved the card over to Melissa and said, "Fine, go and check it over."

The password is written on it."

"Thank you, we have to follow the correct procedure. I'm sure you understand."

A man who had been patiently waiting next to Melissa took the card and at a nod from Melissa, he left the cafe with it.

At last, the moment the whole plan hinged on was coming.

She gently nudged the person behind her with her elbow, picked up her coffee and took a sip. A sudden vitality came to her eyes.

"Once my man has checked the money, the contract is all yours. Now, can we discuss some more personal matters?"

"What kind of personal matters?" Howell leaned back, suddenly on his guard.

"Nothing to be nervous about." Melissa stirred at her coffee and added, as if it were just an afterthought, "Perhaps we could talk about my mother."

Howell's expression immediately changed.

His face twisted between anger, fear, and some indescribable expression before it settled into a look of utmost seriousness.

"I'm not telling you anything," he snapped. "Besides, I don't know anything to tell."

"It's not up to you." There was a chink as Melissa tapped her coffee cup down on the table. "Aloys!"

At Melissa's cue, Aloys got to his feet and with a flourish of his hand, the other customers rushed up and took hold of Howell, pushing him down onto the table.

Howell was stunned, not realizing what was going on. He stared up at Melissa.

"Melissa, have you been plotting against me?"

"Yes, and there's nothing you can do about it." She didn't have a care in

the world now, and she gave Aloys a nod. "Tie him up!"

The men took Howell up to the second floor and tied him to a chair.

Howell had no way of resisting; he was overpowered.

He looked around him, desperate for some kind of help. When he saw Melissa and Aloys come in, he went on the defensive.

"So, seeing as you've been planning this for so long, what's it all about? What do you want to know so much that you'd tie me up to find out?"

"I told you. I want to know about my mother."

Melissa looked nervous as she sat down opposite him.

She was desperate to know more about her mother. It wasn't only because of the mysterious kidnapper; she needed to know for herself now as well.

Her mother had never told her about her own origins. She had found time to teach Melissa about traditional medicine, but she spent the rest of her time staring at the jade bracelet.

Today had to be the day that Melissa found out her mother's secret.

Howell had other ideas though, and closed his eyes, merely replying, "I said I don't know."

He didn't intend to tell Melissa anything.