

Chapter 444 News From Timton

After leaving the hospital, Melissa promptly called Aloys.

"Aloys, are you free right now? Let's go out for dinner."

"Sure. Let's do it."

Within twenty minutes, a Maybach pulled up in front of her.

Even without thinking, she knew who it was.

Aloys opened the car door, his eyes filled with warmth.

"Come on in," he said.

"You're quick, aren't you?" Melissa stepped into the car, fastened her seat belt, and said, "Aloys, aren't you swamped today?"

Aloys sighed inwardly. How could he not be busy? The situation at his home was enough to wear him out.

But Aloys just smiled and responded lightly, "Well, I returned to handle something for you, so I have nothing important to deal with right now. Your concerns are my top priority at the moment."

Melissa wanted to tell him he didn't need to do any of that for her. However, she couldn't bear to tell him that because she knew that Aloys wouldn't change his mind even if she said something.

This was an unspoken understanding between them.

Thus, she took out her phone and changed the subject.

"I found a newly opened restaurant nearby. Let's give it a try."

"Sure. It's your call," said Aloys.

"Then let's head to the restaurant. I've reserved two seats." Melissa activated the navigation app on her phone and placed it in front of Aloys. "It's not far. We'll be there in just over ten minutes."

Aloys glanced at the map and said affectionately, "Yes, we'll be there soon."

Unfortunately, it was rush hour, and they found themselves stuck in traffic.

Melissa rolled down the window, poked her head out, and assessed the situation.

"Wow, there are so many cars. We're barely moving an inch."

"Don't fret. We have plenty of time," Aloys reassured her, trying to calm her nerves.

He glanced at the rearview mirror, his eyes narrowing slightly.

He couldn't tell if it was just his imagination, but he had a nagging feeling that someone had been tailing them since Melissa got in the car.

He desperately hoped that he was wrong.

Noticing that Aloys was uneasy, Melissa looked back and asked, "What's the matter, Aloys? Is there something wrong?"

"No." Aloys shook his head and eyed the stationary car in front of them. He spoke in a hushed tone. "Actually, there is something I need to share. My contacts in Tinton came across some intriguing information."

"What kind of information?" Melissa asked, her heart pounding with anticipation.

For years, she had known very little about her mother. Now, hearing that there was news, she couldn't help but feel anxious.

"Relax," Aloys said, reading her emotions effortlessly.

"It's nothing alarming. According to Howell, your mother handed over a substantial amount of money to him so that he would help her escape. It seems that she hailed from a wealthy family but had to flee for some

reason."

"Just as I suspected," Melissa murmured, somewhat relieved.

In truth, she had entertained numerous theories about her mother's wealth.

However, she preferred to believe that her mother was from an affluent family, rather than having money of dubious origin that caused her to be pursued by someone.

"It turned out that you were right all along." Aloys, with a complex expression in his eyes, frowned and added, "My people have been discreetly inquiring about your mother among the upper class. Many of them have either forgotten her name or have only a hazy recollection of events from the past couple of decades. Yet, when they questioned people about the Carter family in Timton, they were met with evasive responses or peculiar behavior."