

Chapter 568 A Beggar

"Do you reckon they'll link us to this?" Arielle fretted.

"The van is underwater, isn't it? They are all gone. No soul left to pin this on us. I have kept our communications tight. Aside from the leader of the group, no one knows I'm the mastermind."

Arielle exhaled in relief. "As long as we remain in the shadows, we're safe."

A self-satisfied smirk spread across Keira's face.

"But what a shame we missed the kids this time. Fear not, I will make sure that Melissa knows despair. Today's stumble sets the stage for tomorrow's victory."

Keira's eyes blazed with unwavering resolve.

Arielle departed from Keira's place, her final words still echoing in her head.

Keira was ruthless. What if she turned her back on Arielle someday?

Their alliance was built on shared interests. The moment their paths diverged, Keira would undoubtedly become a foe.

This hideout was temporary at best. Arielle needed an alternative.

En route, she crossed paths with a beggar.

She wasn't a sympathetic person, but she found herself dropping a ten-dollar bill at his feet.

As she turned to leave, the beggar seized her wrist.

"Ah!" A shriek escaped her lips. "What's the meaning of this? Release me!"

The beggar, reeking of filth, his hair matted with neglect, was a sight to behold.

"Are you Arielle?" his voice, gravelly with disuse, questioned.

"You..."

How could this beggar recognize her? Alarm bells rang in her head.

"Who are you? How do you know who I am?"

"I know more than your name. I know your connection with Melissa. You're on the run from her and Everett, aren't you? I can offer my assistance," he claimed.

"You..." Her voice trembled with suspicion. "Who are you, really? We've never crossed paths before. Can you genuinely help me? And why would you?"

"Because I'm a Carter from Timton," he confessed, lifting his head.

Beneath the grimy exterior, his eyes sparkled with keen intelligence. He was a shadow of his former self.

"You... You're from the Carter family of Timton?"

Of course, Arielle knew about the Carter family of Timton. Melissa had been there and recently exposed their illegal drug production.

He was one of them?

"Do you despise her?" Arielle ventured.

His shoulders stiffened and his fists clenched in a tacit answer.

"If it weren't for her, I wouldn't be in this mess," he growled.

"Your name?"

"Karl Carter." His voice, icy and unyielding, added a chilling edge to his name.

Karl...

Arielle did not recognize the name, but the loathing in his eyes suggested a formidable resolve to exact revenge on Melissa.

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They shared a common adversary.

Yet, how could a beggar be of any assistance? What could he offer? A makeshift bed under a bridge?

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