

Chapter 569 I'm Here For Howell

"So, you claim you're here to help me?"

Arielle scoffed, her eyes trailing over Karl, her expression filled with undisguised contempt.

"You, a beggar, offering assistance? What's next? Will we share a sleeping spot under a bridge, or next to a dumpster? You're more likely to be the death of me!"

Karl clenched his fists, his voice laced with desperation. "You're misunderstanding me. My current state is just temporary. I have faith that I'll reclaim my old life, my wealth. All I need is your cooperation to bring down Melissa!"

Arielle couldn't help but scoff at Karl's grand declarations. It was as if a beggar was promising her unimaginable riches. It was as believable as her claiming to be the future president or queen. Everyone could boast, after all! Karl must have lost his mind.

"Get lost! Isn't ten dollars enough? Why are you still pestering me? Do you think I'm your personal ATM? Or do you take me for a fool?"

Arielle impatiently kicked over the bowl in front of Karl, intending to leave.

In a desperate bid, Karl blurted out, "Melissa possesses a jade pendant! That pendant can open a secret basement door. Inside it houses an immense stash of precious herbs! If I can secure those herbs, I can regain my strength and restore the Carter family! Do you understand the value of those herbs? They are priceless!"

Arielle hesitated, glancing back at Karl's manic face, her brow furrowed in suspicion.

"Is... is this true? Does such a place exist in your family's estate?"

"It's true! If you don't believe me, I can take you to the Carter family's estate."

Arielle snorted with derision. "Do you actually think I'm naive? Are you expecting me to go grave robbing at the Carter family's ancestral burial ground next? You've lost your mind!"

With that, Arielle walked away.

However, during her journey back, Karl's words echoed in her mind. Could there be truth to his claims? Was he lying to her?

Perhaps she could have Howell investigate it. With that thought, she soon found herself back at the Sherman family's residence.

She knocked on the door.

Upon its opening, Arielle was met with a pale-faced maid.

"Miss Sherman, you..."

"What's the matter? I'm back. Where are my parents?"

"Well... Miss Sherman, perhaps you should refrain from entering at the moment."

Arielle rolled her eyes. "Haven't I always been good to you? Why are you barring me from entering my own house? Oh, let me guess, have the servants started ostracizing me because of my recent misfortunes?"

"No... It's just..."

Before the maid could complete her sentence, a figure emerged from the living room.

"Melissa?"

Arielle paled, least expecting Melissa to be here.

"Arielle, you've chosen quite the hiding spot. I've been looking for you."

"Are you here for me?" Arielle backed away, her voice shaky. "What... What do you want? Are you here to apprehend me?"

"No, I came here alone," Melissa replied.

Arielle let out a sigh of relief. "So, you're alone? What harm could you possibly do to me?"

Melissa didn't let Arielle's provocation ruffle her. Instead, she smiled, "I'm not here for you today. I'm here for Howell. I believe he could use some comfort right now."