

Chapter 2 Dolly whimpered

"One more thing. Lala, here is your wedding gift."

The old man said and gave her a brown envelope. Lala collected it and thanked the old man.

"Lastly. The mega estate has been entrusted to the rightful owner. No one in this family has the right over the estate, only the person I gave it to. So, I urge all of you to respect my wishes." He said and turned his gaze to Lucas.

"Lucas, this is the official document of Donald's group. They were all signed into your name. If you have any problems, contact Edward. He will put you through." Old Donald said. He tried to get up but slumped back in the chair.

"Grandpa"

Lucas, who was close to him, screamed, and others rushed toward them. They took the old man inside his room.

Unfortunately, old Donald died in the evening of the same day.

Lala was soaked with her sweat. She has been working since dawn and it is already 9 pm yet her work has not been done.

She had to finish serving the whole guest in the living room alone and also clean up the dishes when they were done. This has been her life ever since she got married to Lucas three years ago.

"Lala, hurry and serve the food. It's time already"

That was Nadia shouted through the kitchen door. She popped her head inside the hot kitchen as she spoke.

The heat emanating from the kitchen was more than she could endure and so she dared not step in.

"The food is not yet ready. Give me some minutes and it will be served." Lala said.

"What? What have you been doing all this while? You are such a lazy fool. I don't even know what my brother sees in you that made him marry you. Anyway, I can't blame him much if not that Grandpa made him promise to make you his wife. How could he descend so low to marry an

orphan like you who was picked from the gutters?" Nadia sneered.

She can not stop reminding Lala of how she became part of Donald's family.

Lala's heart was filled with anger. She had been feeling unwell lately, but that did not stop her from performing her duties as a good wife, yet this is what she gets in return.

"If you needed the food to be served urgently, why didn't you come in and offer your help?" Lala, who had remained silent until now, expressed her contempt.

"How dare you talk back at me in that manner," Nadia yelled and stepped into the kitchen. She was furious because this was the first time Lala had raised her voice at her. She grabbed her long brown hair and shoved her to the wall.

Lala hit her head on the wall and fell to the ground. Nadia confronted her once more and delivered multiple forceful kicks to her stomach. Lala suddenly felt a hidden power and shoved Nadia aside.

She held the kitchen cabinets and pulled herself up. Nadia came to fight back but received a hot slap instead.

Lala has endured enough from Nadia and as it is now, she does not care anymore.

Lucas rushed into the kitchen immediately after he heard Nadia screaming.

"What happened to you, Nadia?" he asked.

Nadia sobbed and held her cheeks the moment she heard Lucas's voice

"Lala slapped me. I asked her why the food was not yet ready." She cried even more

"She did what?"

Lucas asked in annoyance

"Why did you lay your filthy hands on her?"

Lucas's chilling voice sounded in Lala's ears. Her eyes wetted up as she watched her husband defending his little sister, without even hearing from her.

He had never stood up for her since they got married three years ago, not even once, and now he stood before her to ask why she slapped his stupid sister, Nadia. Lala removed her apron and threw it on the floor before walking out of the kitchen.

However, Lucas caught her before she could get to the middle of the living room. He held her arms and pulled her back. A bone-chilling cry

escaped from her lips which attracted the attention of the guests in the room as she struggled to get out of her husband's grip.

'Let me go' she screamed

"You don't walk out on me when I am still talking," Lucas said, pulling her closer to his arms so that the breath from his nose could fan her. His hands still clasped her. Lala couldn't talk. She was hurting, and she suddenly felt dazed.

"Please let me go," she muttered again as she fought back the tears that gathered in her eyes.

"Not so fast. If you dare do that again, I will skin you alive," He said and pushed her so hard that she hit her waist on the floor. Lala couldn't hold back the tears in her orifices. She allowed them to trickle down her cheeks and held her hurting waist. She felt a terrible pain around it.

None of the guests defended her. Many of them, particularly the women, believed that she had never been a good fit for Lucas, and spoke negatively about her.

"That's what you get when you don't know your class," one guest said


"Come on Lala, are you hurt? Oh dear, so sorry, but you are not suitable for Lucas and should be glad that he is tolerating you in this house. How dare you touch Nadia?" Molly, Nadia's friend, said. She loves to see Lala hurt. Most times, she will follow Nadia home just to cause her pain.

"Stop it, Molly, Lala is still a daughter-in-law of Donald's family and you don't have the right to speak in that manner to her. Come here, Lala, let me help you up," Dolly said. She gripped her hand.

However, Lala nudged her hand away and Dolly intentionally sat on the floor and pretended that Lala was the one who pushed her down.

"I was only trying to help you, and now you are hurting me. How could you be this rude?" Dolly whimpered.



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