

## Chapter 4 Stabbed

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Dad's eyes were red with fury.

"What? Do you want to kill me? Alright! Come at me! Stab me right here!"

Wendy was scared stiff and stood there with a pale look on her face. She did not even dare to de-escalate the fight.

I made the first move, going over to her and pulling her away into a safe corner while I gently comforted her.

"Did we scare you? This is just how our family is. Both Dad and Alex are rather violent. I think the doctor called it Jacob's syndrome or something like that... Still, it doesn't matter. Once you marry into the family, you'll get used to it after a while."

Wendy spun around to stare at me. "W-What did you say?"

"They've always been like this? They have Jacob's syndrome?"

"Yes," I nonchalantly nodded.

"Who cares what the syndrome is called? Dad says men like that will sire kids with stronger wills to live. He just clashes a lot with Alex due to their personalities. If they ever get so angry that they hit you... Don't get mad. Just bear with it, and it'll pass."

She was dumbfounded.

"I..."

She stuttered and stammered for a long time before pulling away from me and running out of our home.

"I have something to do. Excuse me."

As I watched her frantically run away, I internally let out a sigh of relief.

I was doing it for her sake.

It was better to be shocked and traumatized by today's events than to suffer forever after being lured into marriage by Alex, that jerk.

I waited until she had gone far away before stopping the fight.

"Dad, stop fighting! You scared Wendy. She said she wanted to break up with Alex after she saw just how violent you two are."

Alex was still holding the knife. As he was still in his rational mind, he did not actually dare to attack Dad with it.

However, he lost all patience and stabbed the knife straight into Dad's stomach after hearing what I just said.

Blood splattered all over his hands before flowing down the hilt of the blade and dripping onto the floor.

Dad glared at Alex in agony and disbelief.

"Y-You..."

"I didn't mean to do it!"

Alex was panicking as well. He hastily let the knife go and stumbled backward.

"It's all your fault! You were being shameless and lusting after my girlfriend! I just wanted to teach you a lesson! It's all your fault!" Alex was shouting so loud that the neighbors were lured over. They instantly called the police.

Dad was sent to the hospital, where they rushed to save his life for the whole night while Alex was remanded.

Two days later, Dad finally woke up.

The police arrived at his hospital room to question him about what happened that day.

Due to his pained state and anger at Alex, Dad did not hesitate at all.

"That darned brat tried to kill me! You..."

I knew he was likely going to tell the police to just arrest and imprison Alex.

I began to focus my thoughts as I deliberately stood in the corner, making myself seem small.

'Looks like Dad is really mad.'

'Still, Alex is the only boy in the household. If he's imprisoned, what will the family do?'

My thoughts successfully calmed Dad down.

"Why did you stop?"

The police were confused by his abrupt silence.

"N-Nothing..."

Dad suppressed his rage and changed his mind.

"What happened that day was just an accident. I got into a fight with my son and tripped, falling onto the knife."

"Is that so?" The police were visibly suspicious.

Dad gave a firm nod. "I was careless. It's not his fault."

Despite the police's doubts, Dad's testimony eventually led to Alex's release from police custody as a free man.

I stopped worrying then.

A few years in jail for attempted murder would be going easy on them.

I wanted to watch them descend into hell with my own eyes.

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