

Chapter 7 Wrong

Grandma tried to stop her, but it was too late.

The moment Sierra saw her grandmother's legs, her blood turned to ice.

Both legs had been amputated just below the knees. She was only wearing an adult diaper, and what remained of her thighs was covered in festering sores, reeking of infection.

"Sierra..." Grandma's voice trembled. "I'm fine."

Sierra didn't respond. She lifted her grandmother's clothing, revealing her back—covered in the same festering sores.

Bedsores. From being bedridden for too long without proper care. The wounds had festered, and now she had a fever.

Sierra immediately called the hospital.

At the hospital, she stood silently, listening to the doctor's diagnosis and reprimands.

"It's a miracle she's still alive. Her legs were amputated, but the wounds weren't healing properly. There are clear signs of infection. If she had been cared for properly, this wouldn't have happened. And these bedsores? All infected. Just how are you people taking care of her?"

Sierra didn't argue. She only pleaded, "Please... Please save her. I'm begging you."

The doctor glanced at her and sighed. "We'll do our best. But you should remember this—don't wait until it's too late to regret."

"Thank you, Doctor."

Sierra stayed outside the room, waiting anxiously. Only when the doctor assured her that her grandmother was out of immediate danger did she finally breathe a sigh of relief.

"Sierra, you should eat something." Seeing that she looked a little better, Yulia finally dared to speak to her.

Sierra's eyes turned ice-cold as she looked at the steamed bun Yulia offered. "Is this how you've been taking care of her?"

Yulia's voice trembled. "I... I didn't know..."

"You didn't know?" Sierra's disgust was evident. "You didn't know she was this sick? You didn't know she had bedsores all over her back? Then what exactly *do* you know?"

Compared to James, she hated Yulia even more.

James had only given her physical pain. Yulia had destroyed her spirit.

From the moment she could remember, she had seen James beating Yulia.

Sierra had been afraid, but she still stood in front of Yulia, a small body shielding her mother, begging James to stop.

She succeeded.

James no longer hit Yulia. Instead, all the punches and kicks landed on Sierra.

She had cried for help, but Yulia always avoided her gaze, curling up in a corner, sobbing silently.

Every time, it was Grandma who stepped in to stop James.

And yet, after everything, Yulia would always hold her afterward, crying, apologizing over and over.

And Sierra had forgiven her. Again and again.

She told herself—Mom was just too scared.

Until she turned fifteen.

That year, James lost a huge sum of money gambling. He tried to use Sierra to pay off his debt.

She knew what that meant.

She had begged for help, screamed for someone to save her.

Yulia had been home. She had heard it all.

But she pretended she didn't.

She even closed the door—more tightly.

No one knew the kind of despair Sierra had felt in that moment.

If the Xander family's secretary hadn't found her in time, she wouldn't be here now.

That was why, when she arrived at the Xander family's house, she had done everything she could to please them.

Because they were her real family.

And because she never wanted to go back to the Coleman family.

Hearing her bring up the past, Yulia started crying again. "I'm sorry, Sierra. I didn't mean to. I was too scared... I didn't dare..."

Sierra had heard these words countless times before. They meant nothing now.

She ignored Yulia and went straight to the nurses' station, asking them to keep a close eye on her grandmother's room.

Then, she took a cab to The Xander Group.

At the front desk, a receptionist stopped her. "Miss, who are you looking for?"

"Bradley." Her voice was cold.

The receptionist glanced at her without expression. "Do you have an appointment?"

"No. Tell him Sierra is looking for him."

The receptionist's smile remained unchanged. "Apologies, but Mr. Xander is very busy. We can't disturb him without an appointment."

Then they ignored her, only instructing the security guards to keep an eye on her in case she caused trouble.

Sierra wanted to call Bradley, but when she pulled out her phone, she remembered—she didn't have his personal number.

The only contact she had was his secretary's.

In the end, it was Cameron who came down to get her.

She was quickly taken to Bradley's office. Without looking up, he asked, "I just gave you three million dollars yesterday. Don't tell me you've already spent it?"

"Bradley, before you sent me to prison, you promised to find a doctor for my grandmother's surgery."

Bradley's hand paused. His expression darkened as he looked up. "Are you questioning me? Over some irrelevant old woman?"

Irrelevant? No.

Grandma was the only family she had.

"Bradley, the statute of limitations on the case isn't up yet," she said coldly.

Bradley froze, then stared at her in disbelief. "Are you threatening me? Over an old woman?"

But looking at Sierra's expression, he realized she wasn't joking.

She was really threatening him.

His anger surged. He snapped, "Sierra, I brought you back. I can send you right back where you came from."

Silence filled the room.

Bradley regretted his words almost instantly, but before he could take them back, Sierra spoke.

"I know, Mr. Xander. You're more than capable of doing that. But I can also turn myself in and make sure the real criminal pays for her crimes."

"You—"

Any guilt Bradley had felt vanished instantly. His expression turned ice-cold as he stared at her for a long moment before pressing the intercom button.

"Cameron. That old woman from the Coleman family—did you not arrange for a doctor?"

Sierra let out a mocking laugh.

So it was Cameron who had handled it.

Bradley hadn't cared at all.

Of course. Why had she ever believed he would?

She had been a fool to think Bradley Xander would go out of his way to help her grandmother.

Bradley's temper flared even more at her expression. "Do you have any idea how much I make in a minute? What makes you think someone like *her* deserves my personal attention?"

Cameron quickly spoke up. "Mr. Xander, I did find the best doctor for Madam Lily. But in the end, the Coleman family refused. They chose amputation."

"That's impossible." Sierra didn't even hesitate.

If there had been a way for her grandmother to walk again, why would they have chosen amputation?

"It's true," Cameron said, his tone carrying a hint of mockery. "Her daughter made the decision. She told me to just give them the money, and they would handle it themselves."

Sierra caught the scorn in his eyes and asked, "Did you ask my grandmother what *she* wanted?"

Cameron's polite smile stiffened. After a brief pause, he admitted, "...No."

Sierra glanced between him and Bradley.

She had been wrong.

So wrong.

How could she have ever believed Bradley would take care of her grandmother?

She didn't bother arguing further.

She turned and left.

Bradley felt an odd discomfort in his chest. He couldn't quite explain it—only that it felt like he was about to lose her forever.

"...Cameron. Look into what's been happening with that old woman from the Coleman family."

If she was struggling, he'd just give her some money.

Consider it charity.

After all, it wasn't like he couldn't afford it.