

Husband Alert: Don't Pick Up Wife From Trashbin!

Chapter 1 - Melancholy Of A Rich Man's Daughter

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The scarlet canopy on top of a king-size bed glow under the shimmering morning sunlight. The sun had already set to the east yet there was still no movement on the wide luxurious fluffy bed. The alarm clock that should set to alarm, was turned off on its third ring, and the hand that reached out to it, withdrew and huddled again on the soft fabric quilt.

The indigo drape window was already open and the morning light passed through the small gaps of the glass window. Illuminating on her face.

'So bright ah' The person on the bed mumbled incoherently.

Opposite of the bed is a 10x19 inches wide flat-screen television facing a grandeur Lawson-type sofa. The bathhouse is situated on the left side. A few steps away from her bed.

Inside the room, there was a soft and smooth aroma of lavender bloom coming from the veranda garden. Purple buds began sprouting on the little stems of the plant. A vine plant hanging on the wall, but it didn't slid inside the room. It was carefully trimmed and planted well.

A dream room for anyone.

It could be concluded that the person inside, cuddling on the thick quilt, was not a morning person. She liked this room very much, but this is supposed to be her last day here.

Today, was exceptionally different from the other.

Today was the day of judgment. Whether she live or die, depends on her wit and luck.

She was just tasting the comfortableness of the last strand of staying in this luxury house. After this day, she didn't know where she would go. Not even a relatives and siblings that she could turn into. She was all alone in her mishap of fate.

*Click

The doorknob turned on and the mechanical sound friction it caused, widen her eyes. It stimulated her alertness in whatever may happen.

Then just like a reflex, like what she had been practicing for this whole time, she grabbed a small parcel on the mahogany side table and slid off under the king-size bed. From under the bed, she threw an ancient vase on the glass window, using it to create a whole impact and noise.

Next moment, a silent footstep more akin to the paws of a nimble cat, secretly slid through the door and examining the whole area.

A group of tall built men in prim muscles holding a rifle, came. A safe jacket rested on their broad chest as security for whatever may happen.

A rough and strong men - entering a western-style room, no matter who looked at it is not a good omen. Rather than her bodyguards, they might be thieves who wanted to stole inside. But thieves used the windows. They didn't just nonchalantly use the door.

Whoever instigated her, their target was the person hiding below the bed. Either way, their motif wasn't that good. It's about being injured or being killed on the spot.

It seemed her tactic worked. The armed men looked through the remnants of the broken window and to the wide veranda. Her room is situated in the second floor, however, even if one would jump on the window, the assailant wouldn't get that much damage.

Fooling them with this scheme, the men jump on the window and immediately tried to catch the woman who supposedly jumps from it.

Now, the room was rendered quiet, but the remnants of the rough men left were still lingering. The nervousness she had felt and the sudden contraction of her body make her head dizzy. She hadn't had experience something like this in her entire life. It was out of the ordinary experience that she could boast to her friends...if, that is, she had still friends left.

After making sure that those men had no intention of going back anymore, like a wild cheetah, she swiftly took her belongings and run off using the door.

The hallway was eerily quiet, not even the maid was on sight. With her heart pounding hastily, and her mind a little fuzzy on the event, she couldn't just stop running. From left to right, from her front and back, she didn't miss to observe the surrounding.

She turned to the hallway but soon got back and immediately hide under the mahogany table.

Two voices was heard; loud and clear from the dining table.

"Did she escaped? How could such a little girl run away without her knowing the event?" A thick voice of a woman coated with a high tone. Her back view was facing her.

"Your people are useless. You already gained the whole empire, yet you can't get a single child?" It was a tone of a man. "She's naive and simple, how can she run away behind our operation?"

"Exactly?" The woman snickered. " I bet she's just pretending to be simple. Who knows? You knew her full well."

The man raised his eyebrow, " Or don't you think there's a mole in the group?"

"How could that be!"

The woman was her stepmother. A very young stepmother where her late father had married. As a single child, Sera Maxene Del Valle Tan isn't befuddled. If this had been her stepmother's doings, she fully knows that she was against her from the very start.

Yet her father had married her.

However, what made Sera's spine get chilled at the moment and gasp in disbelief, was the full view of the man, she knew full well;

It was Song Ming.

Her fiancée and childhood friend for over 10 years! Chatting casually and not even bothered that she was being chased. Danger looms, and it felt that he's the very one behind it.

No way...

Song Ming...?

Why?

I never doubted you...

Are you my stepmother's accomplice all these years?