

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

Chapter 2: Melancholy Of A Rich Man's Daughter II

I need to get away!

But where to?

Who am I going to turn into?

I don't have anyone... at all...

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Sera Maxine Valle Tan.

The only daughter and heiress of the gigantic group in the C City. From the finance, sports, showbiz, and even in the art department, the Tan Corporation holds massive influence from both left and right.

As the only daughter, Sera lived in high-end deluxe and without hardship. She may have been born in wealth, but Sera wasn't as arrogant and selfish as other rich daughters of the executives in their company. She was a little different from the other girls around her age. She was reclusive and a little of a loner.

She never aggravated anyone.

She never held grudges to anyone either.

She bullied no one.

Yet, why, oh why?

Why was she stuck in this situation?

Running for her life, like a thief and a criminal from her own home.

When her mother died, her father had married another executive's daughter and thus even straightening his hold on the position. However, in exchange, her intimacy with her father gradually changed.

And up to his last breath, Sera wasn't able to have a sincere talk to him.

He died just last month and Sera was left alone.

Ah, no.

If the artificial intelligence that her mother had given to her, she might literally be alone at this moment.

After her father's death, the Artificial Intelligence planted in her favorite bunny monitors and survey the house. Sera had just only activated it last month since her father's death. In this, she could monitor the movement of her stepmother.

Also, through this that she connected the big hole in her father's sudden death. It seemed that her father's death was connected to the vile stepmother of hers. It was clearly seen in the video footage that the AI program had shown to her.

She also got wind of her instigation of killing her in her own house. Planning to drive her off onto the share of her inheritance of her father. To take the whole position of the current empire of the whole country.

When she knew the day that she will be killed, Sera formulated a plan and set on the go. Despite everything, the house was the only remnants of her memory from her mother. It also has a tremendous sentiment that she couldn't be able to let go.

Right now, she will just escape first.

She'll go back when she has enough time and power.

She will claim what she has.

Sera was already immune to this kind of hatred for her second mother. What made her shudder and horrified was the appearance and connection of Song Ming.

He was her childhood best friend. Also, the running candidate being her fiancé if her father didn't suddenly die. Aside from the AI, Song Ming was the only person she has!

So, why did it turn this way?

"She's still here."

Sera was still hiding under the table. But when she heard Song Ming turned his head over her way, she was horrified and scared that he had seen her. But how could he? She was hiding under the laced vermilion table. The table cloth was long and thick. She was only gaping at the hole she had made through the ballpoint pen in her pocket.

'Huh?' Sera's stepmother was confused.

"Search the whole house! Get your armed men back here!" Song Ming, with a trace of malevolent tyranny, demanded.

Sera saw this new face of his. Song Ming was very kind in her memory. When did he have this kind of vile aura that she couldn't almost remember him?

In the end, was all of this only facade?

Song Ming, just because of the gain and interest you could get on me, the reason you approached me?

The first time, when she learned how to ride a bicycle. She should have been fell on the ground, if not for Song Ming who earnestly laid his body, not to let her off. She didn't get injured, but Song Ming did.

In those times, those times that he was helping her, it was all a damn facade?!

Ha-ha-ha!

Sera almost wanted to laugh.

She wanted to laugh, but the situation didn't let her be. She needed to go out. Go out and run away.

Runaway? To where?

Her friends? When her father died, she tried to confide to her few friends who are the daughter of the company's executives, confiding that her stepmother might probably have something to do with her father's death... but what did they do?

They had just read her message and didn't reply back.

They just fucking ignore her message of plea!

The sound of rough footsteps wakes Sera from her daydream. Song Ming's loud voice snapped her out, "She's still in the mansion. If worse comes to worst! Shoot to kill! Don't let her escape."

She needed to escape!

Song Ming is tightly bound to kill her!

Sera's heart tightened! Then, in a blink of an eye, she ran swiftly on the opposite. With a tiny parcel of her clothing on her back and an AI stimulated bunny bear on her other hand, she sped up, not even daring to turn her head back.

She was determined to escape and break her chain of destiny. If her faith is going to die in this place, hell, she will break this destiny!

Soon, there was a massive firing on the wall. It seemed that they noticed her. Along with the loud gunshots, and the clattering of the pavement and glass walls, Sera duck and crawled on the ground.

Just a little more... if she could reach the secret base that led outside... she could find some help.

'Ack!'

She looked down on her arms. There was a feeling of something hot gushing on her hands and it was blood! There was blood!

She was hit!

But where?! There was no one nearby?

Bang! Soon there was another gunshot again.

She looked up. Beneath her house stood a giant acacia tree that almost towered over the house. A sniper had been lurking on top of it. It was not only the sniper but also, Song Ming holding a high-grade telescope!

His gaze almost petrified her that she was motionless for a while. Sera decided to fight the urge of pain and slid the small door. She only knew the password. Even Song Ming didn't know this.

Crawling through the small gap of the hole. Dark and putrid smell crept on her nose.

Then her presence disappeared from the house.

The man standing atop the acacia tree was disappointed and thus threw the telescope in his hands. His face was morbid. A few sweats dropped from his forehead down his neck. He was disappointed and in the fit of anger mutter,

"Sera, my Sera... no matter where you go, I can always sniff you off."