

A Sick Romance Chapter 03

At that moment, Darcy answered a call, her tone sharp and annoyed. "So what if you're stopped on the road? It's your problem if you can't get here. Why are you even driving, you old hag?"

She hung up the phone immediately, but I recognized the frantic voice on the other end—it was Mona.

Darcy's car was blocking the road, preventing Mona from getting back! She was rushing home to cook, and even if she had to walk back carrying the groceries, it would take her some time.

I was done for.

Darcy crouched down in front of me, her eyes glinting with malice.

"Look at what you've done to my man's villa. How should I punish you for that?"

One of the women with her picked up a bucket of bright, colorful paint and poured it over my head.

"If she likes to paint so much, let's give her a real masterpiece! She's so pathetic for trying to copy you, Darcy!"

The other two women joined in with their own cruel suggestions. "Does she really need a man that badly? Why not just bring a few to cheer her up and keep her from obsessing over other people's boyfriends?"

"That would be too easy on her. Haha! She's gonna have to pay up so much, she'll probably go bankrupt. Maybe we should introduce her to a few clients. She's good at seducing men, so she might just make enough money to cover it."

Darcy kept staring at my face, her anger growing. She suddenly stood up and kicked me hard in the stomach.

"How dare you try to look like me! It's time I take that face back, don't you think?"

I heard a sickening crack as my nose broke, the pain making my head spin. Their laughter echoed in my ears.

"Of course it's fake! No real nose would break that easily. Hilarious!"

"And she even copied Darcy's hairstyle! Cut it off!"

"Right! She even tried to wear a white dress like Darcy. Let's take that off her!"

I tried to fight back, but the three of them overwhelmed me, punching and kicking until I was dizzy and couldn't do anything.

Finally, they pulled out their phones, laughing at my helplessness as they filmed.

Darcy wasn't finished yet. She grabbed a utility knife and came toward me with a menacing grin.

"I won't allow you to use this face to chase after my man. You only have yourself to blame for being so pathetic."

She was only with Felix because of her looks, and she would never allow any threat to that.

The three lackeys laughed nervously. "Darcy, maybe that's enough. Don't make too much of a scene. This is Mr. Palmer's villa, after all. It could cause problems for him."

Darcy scoffed. "What's the big deal? He'll take responsibility for whatever happens. It's not like I'm killing her; I'm just ruining her face! If he comes back and sees what she's done to the house, he might make things worse for her."

Hearing that, the three of them gained more confidence and pinned me down, holding my arms and legs. I felt the blade cut across my face, the pain making me scream in agony. They laughed even harder as they watched me suffer.

When the torture finally ended, my throat was raw, and I lay on the ground, too weak to even cry out.

Darcy's eyes gleamed with venom. "She needs a real lesson, or everyone will start copying her. I might lose my position as the future Mrs. Palmer! Since you love to imitate me so much, I'll make sure you can't anymore!"

She grabbed my hand and began snapping my fingers one by one with a wicked smile.

"This is all your fault for being so greedy. Don't blame me if you can't paint anymore!"

By the time all ten of my fingers were broken, I couldn't make a sound anymore.

As I teetered on the brink of unconsciousness from the pain, someone finally arrived. It was Felix.

He stood frozen, his face pale with fury as he took in the chaos around him. "What the hell are you doing? Who gave you permission to come here?"