

## A Sick Romance Chapter 07

I worked hard to recover, and once I was discharged from the hospital, Felix couldn't wait to bring me back to the villa on the hillside.

Darcy and her three lackeys were dragged out.

"Felicity. I'll make sure they pay for everything they've done to you. Just don't be angry with me, okay Felix said, his voice full of regret.

I focused my gaze on Darcy, hatred rising in my chest.

For the past month in the basement, they hadn't been fed or given water, tied up like animals. Now, they were filthy, stinking horribly.

As soon as Darcy saw me and Felix, she trembled in fear, groveling and begging for mercy.

"Mr. Palmer, Mrs. Palmer, I know I was wrong. Please, just vent your anger on me and let me go

Her lackeys immediately tried to distance themselves, "We didn't want any of this. We were just fooled by Darcy. Please don't blame us!"

"Yes, yes! It's Darcy who led us astray. Please just let us go.

These people, once so close when there was something to gain, had turned on each other the moment there was nothing left. They were fighting just to save themselves.

I laughed coldly. "You think you're innocent? You were all involved, weren't you? You're all guilty. An eye for an eye—what makes you think I'll show mercy?"

Each of them had physically hurt me, filmed it, and posted it online. They were responsible for my grandmother's death. No one could escape their share of the blame.

Darcy looked at me in terror. "You're still fine, right? Killing me won't do you any good. I've been locked up for days; isn't that enough?"

Enough? How dare she think her life was worth more than anyone else's!

I looked at her coldly. "But my grandmother is dead because of you. Do you think you deserve to live? As I said, an eye for an eye."

Seeing that begging wouldn't work, Darcy tried to grab Felix's leg, but the bodyguards pulled her away, dragging her across the floor like a dog.

“Felix, you used to like me so much. Can’t you let me go now? Don’t you care about me? I’m younger and prettier than her. I can do whatever you want...”

Felix looked at her with disgust, not even bothering to lift his foot to kick her.

“Who do you think you are? You can’t compare to Felicity. Even if you looked exactly like her, you’d never be her. When will you wake up from your fantasy?”

Darcy collapsed on the floor in despair, finally understanding—she was just a replacement, and she could never be the real thing.

Her three lackeys, terrified, kept groveling at my feet. “We were deceived by Darcy! It was her idea, and

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“We didn’t know she was the other woman! She tricked us into going to the villa

“Yes, it’s Darcy who’s shameless. Please, Mrs. Palmer, forgive us. We know we were wrong

In a fit of rage, Darcy charged at them, slapping, scratching, and biting, and once again, the group of them started fighting each other.

Despite being starved for so long, they still had the energy to brawl.

I looked coldly at the four of them, covered in blood. There wasn’t an ounce of sympathy in my gaze.

“When you you?”

three were beating me up, recording the videos, humiliating me, you didn’t say any of this, did

Darcy broke down, screaming, “All of you were involved. No one’s getting away with this! And Felix! You didn’t tell me you were married! This is all your fault!”

Even though she would have still gone after him if she'd known, her words were not entirely wrong—Felix was at fault.

This had always been a thorn in his side, and now, the truth was brutally exposed by Darcy.

He had only wanted to get my attention by being with her, but now he had caused irreparable damage.

He couldn't meet my eyes, couldn't admit to his mistake. Instead, he placed all the blame on Darcy. Felix kicked Darcy to the ground and used a knife to ruin her face, making her suffer through everything 1

had endured.

The excruciating pain shattered Darcy's dreams of marrying into a wealthy family. She screamed, begging for mercy.