

A Sick Romance Chapter 08

But what followed was more torture and pain Before she was your w she was the real mistress

at

Public opinion quickly shifted, and those who had once the

etern

was laughable. They thought this would somethue cover up the farther they a woman's death.

Felix thought this would wash away his sins, but be had done.

a day

be fixed with an apology. Even if I sought revenge, it wouldnt erase my tales or makes the pain:

I remained cold, watching everything unfold with unshakable memes one of them w

Felix looked at me with a pleading expression trying to please me Felty you dont stor hands dirty. I'll take care of everything" He didn't want me to see the pood, aterat

to send me to the car.

Later, I found out he had locked them in the villa, forcing them to fight each others the best. The starved to death, all while locked inside. When the bodies were found they were unecog apart and covered in wounds

in

He then lied to the public, claiming the villa had been occupied and that Det tad stuck in aterer breakup, just like how she had falsely accused me of spearing mo the villa to seduce t

The internet went wild with rumors that she had gone crazy after falling as a montrent She had aver moved into the villa without permission, treating herself as the lady of the houses with to Tuod inside spe chose to starve rather than leave, still obsessed with manying me a westly family

Darcy's death didn't cleanse her name, in fact, it made her reputation even wors People num exposing her plastic surgery and her sordid past as a mistress WTO OTCE WOTked as a testam

to

I sat holding my tablet, reading all these messages while Felix lay across my lap acting like a dog waiting for his master's approval.

"Felicity, you already accepted me, right? You've fallen for me at least a little over the years, haven't you? I know I've made mistakes. Please forgive me. I've avenged you and your grandmother. Let's make things right from now on. Will you stay with me forever? I love you Felicity, love you so much

I smiled, and he mirrored my expression, clearly relieved. But the next moment my words threw the Tum Dek into a pit of despair.

"What made you think you're innocent? You're just like them."

Although my parents' deaths had been accidental, he was responsible for my grandmother's death. All that was left for him was hatred.

A broken sunflower could never bloom again, and the relationship we once had could never go back to what it was.

Back then, Felix wasn't even called Felix. He was called Jabez Bour—a name that meant sorrow or pain—living next door with his alcoholic mother.

I could hear him being beaten every day but he never ended

Although he was a year older than me, he was small then, even shorter than me and was often kicked out to sit on the stairs starving

I had taken him in and given him food in exchange for posing as my art model

Later, he stayed with my family for years, and my room was filled

with his portraits

At first, his eyes were empty, but in the later drawings, he was smiling his face as bright as a sunflower. I was proud of what I had accomplished

He was like the sunflower my father had planted on the balcony, growing little by little, and always turning to the sun, smiling brightly

At ten years old, his father finally showed up

He changed his last name to Palmer and chose the name Felix because it sounded like Felicity

was happy for him, that he had finally reached the day when he could bloom toward the sun. But before

father could bring them home, the Palmers' enemies found us first

They couldn't find anyone at Felix's house, but they heard he was always eating at my house.

They were ruthless men, not after money, but murder.