

Chapter 8 Sight Of The Reddish Eyes

I did not respond to Diana's question; instead, I headed towards the stairs. However, this didn't imply that Emily hadn't revealed the information in my presence.

"Oh, mother, she ran to the restaurant, asking for Tyler like he was some lost child. Seeing how she looked, Miss Emma treated her like dirt on the ground, and they did not let her into the eatery. She yelled and caused so much trouble. But she still could not find her way in." Emily mocked immediately; hence, Olivia joined in the same fashion.

"Moron!" Olivia called her in the midst of her derisive grin.

"How would they even let her in? Doesn't she know she's a maid, and maids don't go seeking someone at the eatery? Pfft," Diana scoffed, resembling a scornful aristocrat dismissing a beggar at her palace gates.

Nevertheless, whatever they said at this moment didn't bother me. It wasn't my first time witnessing such ill behavior from them, so I ignored it and began ascending the stairs.

"And I ask you again, where do you think you are f**king going, huh?" Diana suddenly pulled my hair. I didn't even realize when she got behind me and dragged me down the stairs, as if we were in a fighting ring.

"Haven't I told you that you should never ignore my words, you brat? My words are commands to you, and when I say something, you f**king comply."

"If I say make this damn place as smelly as the f**king shit you are, you f**k to the ground and poop in your pants; you hear me, you f**king loser!" Diana pushed me against the wall, and I nearly hit my head.

Finding it hard to breathe, I tried my very best to get out of her grip, but all my efforts proved futile.

At this moment, Emily and Olivia seemed to enjoy the scene. Thus, they expanded their cheeks and revealed their teeth like traffic lights, laughing wickedly like witches.

"Get me the toilet bowl cleaner; I need to teach this motherf**ker a f**king lesson."

“Yes, mother,” Emily answered immediately. And I saw her as she dashed into her mother’s room through the right corner downstairs, resembling Usain Bolt on a track. In less than a second, she returned, holding the toilet bowl cleaner in her left hand.

The toilet bowl wore a grime coat so thick that it seemed like it hadn't seen a scrub in ages.

Without sparing any shelter for the flies in the house, the moment Emily brought out the toilet bowl cleaner, it acted like a magnet, attracting various flies in the house. They buzzed around, creating a cacophony that resembled a lullaby, as if we couldn't sleep at night and needed the melody to lull us into slumber.

“I f**king told you to wash the toilet each morning after breakfast, but you wouldn't. Are you starting to get comfortable in this house?” Diana snatched the toilet bowl cleaner from Emily’s hand and directed it towards my mouth.

Nothing smelled more terrible than this; its foul odor hit my nose like a mixture of overly strong cleaning products and a distant memory of forgotten leftovers in the fridge.

“F**king taste this, you lazy rat,” Diana yelled as she forcefully placed the toilet bowl cleaner on my nose. And Emily and Olivia continued to smirk loudly.

“Mother, can’t we just throw her out and never let her come back?” Emily asked immediately.

“I wish, dear. But this idiot bought this house in her name, and we could lose it if we send her out like this...”

“But it’s now in my brother’s name so we can do anything we like to her.”

“I was still talking Emily. I was going to say: However, it doesn't stop us from making her life miserable.”

“Yes, mother. Let’s make it miserable until she gives up and just go away. hahaha”

Still holding my hand forcefully against the wall, every vein in my head already creating a map, struggling to be free from Diana's strong grip, I managed to say, “You...are...hurting...me.”

However, if any attention was paid to me, it was a lie. “Mother, what should we do to make her regret ignoring our command whenever we order her around?” Emily asked.

“Hahaha. Trust me, I know just what to do. Go and mess up the library.” Diana ordered immediately, and with this, Emily and Olivia expanded their mouths into buoyant smirks and rushed to the library.

The library was a place I made sure to have in my home. It was the place that helped me relax, as I enjoyed reading a lot of books, especially romance, which ignited the love between my husband and me in the days after our wedding.

Nevertheless, no matter how much I loved books, it did not mean Tyler shared the same hobby. When his mother and siblings began living with us, the day they stepped foot in this house was one of the last days I stopped enjoying my time in the private library. Instead of using it to find peace and happiness, it became a hub for tears and sorrow.

“Mess it up, and she will have to mop the floor with the tiny toothbrush I am going to give her,” Diana shouted above her lungs.

Having shouted like this, she released my hair from her grip and looked at me with mighty contempt and disdain, as if she had just uncovered an unsavory secret.

“Now, listen to me, you idiot. If you know that you are the daughter of your father, do not scrub that library clean, you hear me?”

“You may buy this house. But you lost it the moment you tranfered ownership to my son. I hate you, and I will make your marriage a living hell,” she snapped and walked away from me.

Broken like a fragile vase dropped from a shelf, and its pieces scattered and irreparable on the floor, it became a dilemma for me as to where exactly to direct my sad emotions.

Was I to direct it at the fact that my husband was cheating on me with my best friend, or that my mother-in-law hated me like cat and rat cannot co-exist? How on earth should I feel at this moment?

I crawled up beside the bottom of the handrail, and I was seated like a homeless street girl with nowhere to go in the dark. Hence, I buried my head in my knees, which were standing higher than my head, and wept loudly.

“How on earth did I find myself in this situation?” I asked myself through loud tears again.