

Chapter 1 Murdering His Own Wife

Although it was the dead of night, all the lights were brightly lit at Miller Villa.

Yvonne Miller sat at the dressing table in her wedding gown. She carefully hid the terrible scar on her left cheek with her bridal veil.

That looked much better.

Today was supposed to be her big day as she was marrying into the Anderson family. However, the voices outside her door were getting on her nerves.

"Mother, will the Anderson family really accept a country bumpkin like her into their family?"

"What else can we do? Would you rather marry that blind man?"

Kayla Jones frowned and pouted as she looked at her mother, Monica Langley. "No way! A blind man like Stephen is useless to me! I won't ruin my future by marrying him!" Stephen Anderson was not only blind; he was also sickly and needed to take countless medications every day. With his condition, there was no telling how much longer he'd live.

Kayla didn't want to be a widow at such a young age. Before Monica could reply, the door opened. Yvonne emerged from her room, giving them a cold glance as she walked past. Although Yvonne's face was covered by a veil, the frosty look in her eyes sent chills running down Monica's and Kayla's spines.

Yvonne stalked right up to Thomas. "You'd better keep your promise to me," Yvonne muttered as she walked past him and went down the stairs without looking back.

Although the villa was named Miller Villa, no one with the last name Miller had lived here for the past ten years. When Yvonne was eight years old, both her mother and grandfather passed away, leaving Yvonne as the Miller family's lone heir.

Her father, Thomas Jones, was only a son-in-law who'd married into the family. He'd taken advantage of the Miller family's wealth before marrying Monica. They had two daughters, Katie and Kayla Jones, when Thomas was still married to his first wife.

For two years after that, Yvonne suffered constant humiliation and abuse. Although she was the only daughter of the Miller family, she was treated worse than an animal. To make matters worse, her stepsister, Kayla Jones, had marred her face with a scar.

When that incident occurred, Monica concocted a lie to protect Kayla, putting all the blame on Yvonne instead. In a fit of rage, Thomas banished Yvonne to the countryside.

For many years, no one cared about her.

It wasn't until Kayla was about to marry Stephen thanks to Thomas owing the Anderson family a large sum of money that they finally remembered Yvonne's existence.

"Get in the car. We don't want to be late," the driver urged impatiently, pulling Yvonne out of her reverie.

Yvonne stared at Miller Villa, her lips curving in a mocking smile. One day, she would make them regret the decision they made today. She silently vowed to reclaim everything that belonged to the Miller family.

Two hours later, Yvonne arrived at Anderson Mansion, but there was no sign of any preparation for the wedding ceremony. Yvonne followed a maid up to the second floor where they stopped outside a door at the end of the corridor.

"Get out!" A roar came from inside the room, startling both Yvonne and the maid. The maid tried to remain calm as she said, "You can go in by yourself."

In a blink of an eye, Yvonne found herself alone at the door.

Before she'd returned to Northern City, Yvonne had investigated the Anderson family. Philip Anderson had three sons—Charles, William, and Harry. Stephen was the eldest son of Charles Anderson and Diane Robinson; however, he was the second-eldest among his cousins. Soon after he was born, Stephen's mother passed away, and Charles married a famous actress, Camille Sharpe.

In terms of family background, talent, and ability, Stephen blew his peers out of the water. At a young age, he was entrusted with the management of Anderson Group. Alas, he had gone blind due to an accident. If not for his disability, Stephen would've been the most distinguished and revered person in Northern City, rather than the outcast that everyone shunned.

Although their childhood experiences were similar, Stephen was still luckier than her. Yvonne took a deep breath and slowly turned the doorknob in her hand. As soon as the door opened, a vase came flying toward her. Without hesitation, Yvonne dodged, and the flying vase smashed into a thousand tiny pieces behind her.

Phew, that was close. The vase had been aimed directly at her face!

Was he attempting to murder his future wife?

The lights were switched off, and the room was in total darkness. Yvonne could barely make out a blurry figure in the distance. Without thinking twice, she reached out and turned on the light.

As the lights came on, Yvonne finally saw her groom for the first time. The man stood more than six feet tall. He had defined features and impeccable bone structure. His jawline was sharp and perfectly contoured.

This guy was drop-dead gorgeous!

His only flaw was his eyes that were dull and had no shine at all. His pitch-black pupils were like an abyss. Yvonne started to feel a bit sorry for the man, but his next words quickly extinguished her pity.

"Marrying a blind man for money—don't you think you're downright despicable?"