Chapter 2 We're a Perfect Match

When she heard Stephen's words, Yvonne smirked. "Throwing shade on yourself to mock me, huh? You're quite ruthless yourself."

"You..." Stephen frowned. "Thomas sold you off to pay his debt. Why aren't you resentful? You even seem to be happy about it. How dumb can you be?"

"I heard he owed your family 100 million dollars. I never thought I'd be worth that much myself."

Yvonne tiptoed around the mess Stephen had made and smiled at him sweetly. "If I understand what you mean—I'm just a commodity to be sold. Since you wish to return me, you should look for the man who agreed to the deal in the first place. Why are you venting your anger on me?"

"You..." Stephen struggled to think of a retort. He could already imagine the smug look on the woman's face. While he was at a loss for words, Yvonne took the opportunity to discuss the matter at hand.

"Actually, I'm not Kayla Jones. My name's Yvonne Miller. I'm the daughter Thomas had with his first wife and the heiress of the Miller family. You won't lose out by marrying me. However, I have to warn you that I'm a little ugly."

Taking a breath, Yvonne piped up cheerfully, "But that's not important anyway! Since I'm ugly and you're blind, we're a perfect match. Let's make the best of things and register our marriage tomorrow."

Stephen's head was spinning because of Yvonne's constant chattering. He couldn't believe

how thick-skinned this woman was. Seeing that she wasn't going to budge, Stephen jumped into action. He grabbed Yvonne's arm and dragged her out, almost tripping on the items he'd thrown on the floor.

"I'm telling you the truth. Why won't you consider it?" Yvonne pleaded.

"Shut up!" Stephen roared in anger. "Even though I'm blind, I won't let a woman dictate my life!"

"I'm not trying to dictate your life; I just..."

Before Stephen could throw her out, Yvonne found her footing and resisted him. "Stephen, I'm not leaving this room tonight!"

"You don't have a choice!"

Stephen tried to evict her by force, but Yvonne whirled around and raised her hand to land a heavy blow on his neck. Unexpectedly, Stephen managed to stop the attack by grabbing her wrist accurately.

Having been blind for years, his other senses were heightened, and he'd already learned to gauge his opponent's position and direction of attack by listening to the sound of air movements.

Stephen furrowed his brows. "Where did you learn how to fight?"

"I don't know what you're talking about." Yvonne played dumb. "I just want to stay here. If you drive me away, I can only go back to the countryside. Besides, Thomas would come after me."

"Don't lie to me." Stephen pinched Yvonne's cheek, his hollow eyes sharp and intimidating. "What's your motive for marrying me?"

Yvonne felt a little guilty. "Let go of me."

"Answer me first!" Stephen insisted.

"You're a grown man, aren't you? Why are you so difficult to deal with?"

As Yvonne struggled, Stephen's fingertips brushed against the scar on her face. His keen

sense of touch noted the strange sensation. Subconsciously, he grazed his fingers carefully across her cheek and confirmed that it was a scar, but the texture was unusual.

"Your scar..."

It was fake.

Before Stephen could say those three words, he felt a dull ache at the back of his neck. He crumpled right into Yvonne's arms, already unconscious.

Yvonne tried to hold him up, feeling annoyed. Why did he have to run his hands over her face?

She used all her strength to drag Stephen onto the bed and collapsed beside him, panting. After catching her breath, she turned to look at him. She had to admit that he was physically very attractive.

It was a pity he was blind—and an unreasonable blind man at that. Come to think of it, it wasn't out of the ordinary for Stephen to have a short temper. Judging from the situation and his behavior tonight, Stephen had probably lost his status and power overnight after becoming blind.

He was now an outcast of the Anderson family that no one cared about.

The feeling of being abandoned and looked down upon was all too familiar to Yvonne. Her curiosity was piqued, and she reached out to check Stephen's pulse.

After a moment, Yvonne frowned thoughtfully. There really was something strange about his blindness.

Since she'd hoped to rely on Stephen to help regain her family's wealth, she couldn't let anything untoward happen to him. Just as she made up her mind, Yvonne caught sight of a flickering red light in the upper left corner of the ceiling.

There were surveillance cameras installed in Stephen's bedroom. What underhanded tricks were these elite families capable of?