

Chapter 7 Fought Back For The First Time

Twenty Minutes Later, the car slowly stopped at the Farwell residence.

When Lucian and Estella entered the house, they heard someone calling the little girl's name.

“Essie!” Jane, who was playing on her phone in the living room, exclaimed when she lifted her head and saw them entering the house.

The moment she saw the child from a distance, she ran toward her and hugged her. “Essie, you're finally home! How could you run away and not tell us? I got the shock of my life when you went missing, do you know that? Are you okay? Are you injured?”

She inspected Estella's body to ensure the latter was all right.

Estella froze for a bit as Jane's actions took her aback.

Does she not know why I ran away?

“Stop crying!” Jane shouted and pulled the child up.

However, the little girl couldn’t help her tears. She even hoped her daddy would return and see how Jane treated her.

“What now? Are you going to tell your daddy?” Jane baby talked and even pouted her lips, teasing the young girl.

“Aw, you can’t, right?” She laughed and let go of Jane. “Come over, give me a massage,” she added as she sat on the bed.

Estella didn’t obey her, making Jane get mad again.

“Seriously? You know I hate repeating myself,” she warned.

But still, Estella didn’t move.

“Still tough? One...” Jane started to count, making the little girl frozen.

“Essie...?”

But Estella got fed up with all her torture for her—when they were alone, Jane took the chance to abuse her, making her cry even more.

“Fuck it!” Jane shouted. Suddenly, she dragged Estella and strode toward her closet. “You’re hard-headed, huh? Let’s see.”

She opened the closet and pushed Estella inside; after that, she closed it.

Estella cried out loud as she started banging on the door, making Jane laugh louder.

“You deserve it! I want you to get lost!”

Die bitch! Die!

Estella despised Jane's pretentious behavior. She started struggling and pulled herself away from the woman.

“What's wrong, Essie? Stay still, okay? Let me check if you're all right.”

Jane could feel Estella wanted to avoid her. She tightened her grip on the little girl and sighed helplessly in front of Lucian.

Estella started reacting more aggressively, as she was in pain.

Jane was running out of patience.

When she punished Estella in the past, the little girl would tremble in fear and not make any noises—but she did the crying, and it’s irritating.

This was the first time she fought back!

Jane would have acted more harshly if Lucian were not around.

But since Lucian was there to observe their interaction, she had to be more cautious not to arouse his suspicion. An idea popped up in her mind that instead of continuing with this tug of war, she decided to release Estella and fall to the ground.

Jane then looked at Estella in disbelief. “Essie, I know you dislike me. But I'm really worried about you. How could you...”

She choked on her words as she looked at the little one with red-rimmed eyes.

Upon noticing Jane lying on the ground after removing his coat, Lucian frowned and pulled Estella aside. “Essie, I know you're not happy, and you can take it out on Daddy. But you can't vent your anger like this to others. It's rude, do you know that?”

Estella refused to admit she was at fault, but at the same time, she felt helpless.

‘Daddy always sides with that evil woman!’

She pulled her hand away from his grip, hugged her doll tightly, and ran upstairs.

Now that Estella was gone, Jane gradually crawled up from the ground and said gently, “Don't be too harsh on Essie. She may get scared out...”

Lucian interrupted her, “You should go now. Essie is still mad and wouldn't want to see you.”

Jane's expression turned stiff momentarily, but she responded with an awkward smile. “All right then. I'll come and visit her on another day.”

She then lowered her head and walked out of the Farwell residence.

Jane's expression instantly turned grim after she stepped out of the residence.

‘How did he manage to find that little bastard? And how dare she behave like this in front of me? Why isn't she dead? Damn it!’

MEANWHILE, Francine stayed back at Drunk Fairy Restaurant even after Lucian had left.

When it was about time, she exited the restaurant and quickly ran to the car.

“Are you all right?” Chandria asked while opening the door for her. “He left?”

Francine heaved a long sigh. “Yes. If only you could see how he stared at me. It's as if he could see through me! I nearly cracked under the pressure and gave you away.”

Chandria smiled and expressed her gratitude. “You must have had it hard. Let's go elsewhere and grab something to eat, shall we? My treat.”

Francine waved her hand and turned her down. “No, thanks. I've packed all the leftovers. I must enjoy all these dishes from this exquisite private restaurant.”

The four of them then returned to the mansion.

Chandria and the two children were so hungry that they gobbled up all the leftovers Francine brought from the restaurant.

After dinner, the children went upstairs to take a shower.

Francine cast a doubtful look at her best friend. “Why are you running away from him? I’m so confused. I thought you two had a divorce agreement. Why are you so afraid of him? And you didn't tell me why you divorced him. What exactly happened in the last few years?”