

Chapter 2 The Adopted Daughter of The Kane Family

Meredith stood there, stunned, as the sound of an approaching helicopter grew louder, heralding the arrival of the man's rescue.

She looked up to see the helicopter hovering overhead, the door opening to reveal a man in armored uniform descending on a ladder.

Without a second thought, she turned and ran.

Zenon, propped up against a tree, watched her retreating figure with a triumphant smile spreading across his lips.

"So, you've been hiding here all this while," he murmured to himself. "I'll be back for you..."

At the foot of the mountain, in a run-down tile-roofed house, two black BMWs were parked out front.

Inside the house, Old Mrs. Reign welcomed the Kane family members who had made the trip from the city – Tom, Beulah, and the mistaken Ms. Kane, Myra.

The three Kane family members were dressed to the nines, their attire starkly contrasting with the shabby living room. Myra, in particular, couldn't help but wrinkle her nose at seeing the dirty, chipped cup before her.

She glanced disdainfully around the room, taking in the peeling walls and the messy clutters around. It was the middle of summer, and the house was stifling, the only relief being a broken ceiling fan that creaked and groaned with every revolution.

Her disgust and resistance grew stronger with each passing moment. How could she possibly be the daughter of such a shabby family?

No! She was the daughter of the Kane family!

"Dad, I'm already sweating buckets in here. Is it possible that Meredith doesn't want to see me? Do you think she still resents me, thinking I stole her parents?" Myra whined, clutching Tom's arm for support.

"Don't be silly. It's not your fault you were mistakenly taken away. How could she possibly blame you for that?" Tom soothed his daughter.

Before embarking on this journey, they had already discussed and agreed to bring Meredith back into the Kane family. However, with Myra having spent the past seventeen years as a part of the Kane family, detaching herself from the life she knew was daunting.

Therefore, she would remain with the Kanes.

Myra's expression grew even more contorted. "Then why is she keeping us all waiting like this..."

She turned her head towards Old Mrs. Reign and said, "Um, could you go find Meredith and hurry her up?"

Though framed as a question, her tone carried a commanding edge as if addressing a servant.

Old Mrs. Reign, having observed Myra's behavior throughout the day, let out a soft sigh. She was about to get up when Tom intervened.

"No need to go searching for her. If she doesn't return within five minutes, we'll leave." Tom announced.

Beulah put down her cup, her heart pounding in her chest. She had not traveled all this way to see her long-lost daughter, only to be left empty-handed.

She was about to plead with her husband when a clear, crisp voice echoed outside the house.

"I'm back, Grandma."

Everyone turned their heads toward the source of the voice and saw a girl standing at the doorway, backlit by the sun's rays. She exuded an aura of calm confidence, making her seem almost untouchable.

As the girl stepped into the room, Old Mrs. Reign, with her keen eyes, was the first to notice the torn state of her garb.

"Oh my goodness, what happened to you, Merry?" Old Mrs. Reign exclaimed, rushing towards her.

Meredith clung onto Old Mrs. Reign's arm, "I'm fine."

Glancing down at her torn garb, she added, "I accidentally tore them..."

Only then did the others notice that her garb was dirty and in tatters.

Myra's sense of disgust intensified, she couldn't help but feel repulsed, thinking, *'In this remote, poor place, they don't even have proper clothes! Definitely not coming back here!'*

"Don't worry. Grandma can patch them up for you," Old Mrs. Reign reassured, then turned to introduce Meredith to her family. "Come, meet your parents and your sister."

Meredith glanced over and spotted Tom.

He was slightly graying with a bit of extra weight, but looked forty-ish, maintaining a youthful appearance.

Tom had been sweating in this hot, run-down house for over half an hour. He had no sight of Meredith, and when she finally showed up, she didn't greet him or show manners and it fueled his disdain.

Impatiently, he asked, "Why did you keep us waiting so long?"

"I took a tumble on my way down," Meredith replied, lowering her gaze. Her thick lashes hid her sharp eyes, giving her the appearance of a guilty child.

Seeing her remorseful attitude and the delicate face resembling his wife, Tom couldn't stay mad.

"Come on, let's get going!" He then exited the stifling house, not wanting to linger.

"Merry, my dear, I'm your mom. Let me see if you're injured," Beulah approached, holding Meredith's hand.

Meredith looked at the caring woman in front of her, her eyes reflecting worry and reminded of her gentle foster mom.

Meredith said, "I'm fine, thank you."

"Mom, let's go. Don't keep Dad waiting," Myra said, tugging Beulah to leave.

"Okay, okay, okay," Beulah nodded repeatedly, but she looked at Meredith, not leaving. "Come, Merry, let's go home, don't keep your dad waiting."

Meredith nodded and bid farewell to Old Mrs. Reign.

Myra was envious that Beulah only fixated on Meredith. She purposely pulled Beulah harder, but she grew more displeased when she didn't budge.

Frustration got the better of Myra, and she let go of Beulah's arm. She was about to storm off to find Tom when Old Mrs. Reign's voice stopped her.

"Myra, dear, are you sure you don't want to stay a bit longer?" Old Mrs. Reign asked with a hint of desperation in her voice.

Meredith's gaze shifted to Myra, taking in her appearance. Myra had long black hair and an average face, but her designer clothes made her look like a wealthy beauty.

"Not at all!" Myra replied without hesitation.

Myra couldn't help but scoff at the idea of giving up her luxurious life to suffer in this remote, poverty-stricken place.

Old Mrs. Reign let out a soft sigh, accepting Myra's decision. "Alright then. Do come and visit your father when you have the time."

The mention of her biological father instantly cast a dark cloud over Myra's face.

Before embarking on this trip, the Kane family had dug into her background. Her biological father was a convicted murderer, serving a life sentence in prison.

"I only have one father, and his name is Tom Kane," Myra declared, firmly pulling Beulah along with her.

Old Mrs. Reign watched Myra's determined figure disappear and shook her head in resignation. She then turned her attention to Meredith and said, "My child, you should head back now."

"Okay," Meredith replied, leaning down to hug her grandmother. She whispered in her ear, "I will come back for Dad and help clear his name."

With that, Meredith grabbed her bag and turned to leave without giving Old Mrs. Reign a chance to object.

Outside the house, only one car remained. The driver stood by the door, waiting for her.

As Meredith approached, the driver opened the door for her. Only then did she notice that there was another person seated in the back!