

Chapter 12 The Ungrateful Black Sheep

Robert surged to his feet, a storm of fury swirling in his eyes.

A whopping one hundred million drained from his coffers to clinch the opulent house of the Wheeler family—a testament to years of tireless toil!

How could Hanna, with a single stroke, paint his hard-earned triumph with the brush of insult?

Emerie, in hushed tones, sought to reason with her seething father.

"Dad, let's dial up the cops. If this scandalous episode leaks, we could be mistaken for penniless squatters!"

"Emerie's got a point, Dad. We can't let her off the hook. We need the long arm of the law here! And once the dust settles, we will boot her from the family!" Phillip chimed in.

A withering look from Robert signaled Ivan to summon the police promptly. Before long, the lawmen materialized.

"Miss Wheeler, we have the lowdown. You've led a pack of troublemakers into the Wheeler compound sans the title deed. The Wheeler family, not recognizing your claim, tags you with trespassing. It's cuffs time. Come with us."

Hanna, casting a disdainful gaze at the imposing figures behind the policemen, let out a derisive snort.

"Officer, there's been a slight mix-up. The deed in their mitts is as phony as a three-dollar bill. What I'm holding is the real McCoy."

When she produced a nearly identical deed, the room fell into a collective stupor, the officers included.

One villa, two deeds?! Was it going to get better than this?

"Officer, if you're skeptical, just scrutinize their seal. The anomaly will jump right out at you."

"Shut up!" Robert snapped, thrusting his deed towards one of the police officers, who took it with a mix of bewilderment and skepticism.

"I witnessed the seal being pressed. How can it be fake?"

The policemen exchanged glances, grappling with their perplexity.

"There's some dodgy wording on the seal. That doesn't bode well. Since Miss Wheeler here possesses the genuine deed, as the villa's owner, we're hands-off. Sort it amongst yourselves."

As the police departed, a dumbfounded hush enveloped Robert, Phillip, Ivan and Emerie. A joint inspection of the deed revealed the damning discrepancy.

"How on earth?" Robert quivered, his voice trembling. "How can it be a forgery?"

Pointing an accusatory finger at Hanna, he barked, "It's her doing!"

"Hanna, you're a Wheeler too. How could you orchestrate this charade? Do you want the name of our family dragged through the mud for all to gawk at?" Phillip barked.

Emerie, with a cutting remark, added, "It's high time you hand over that deed to Dad and exit stage left with your entourage. Otherwise, word gets out, and you're branded the ungrateful black sheep!"

As accusations and insults hurled at her, Hanna remained unruffled, wearing a sardonic smile as if the storm of reproach couldn't touch her.

"I recall, this place was your dream spot. But financial constraints led to an initial rejection, didn't it?"

Robert's countenance morphed dramatically. "What are you implying?"

"The reason you snagged this villa was my covert maneuvering. I made you believe it was your conquest. Otherwise, do you genuinely think you could afford this two-hundred-million-dollar gem back then?" Hanna dropped the bombshell, leaving the Wheeler family grappling with a reality far murkier than they had ever fathomed!

