

Chapter 5 The Illegitimate Daughter

Colby, Robert's second son, was a sensation for his dulcet tones. He wore the crown of cyber-celebrity with pride, his charm making him the apple of many fans' eyes. Little did they know that beneath the cool, arrogant facade, Colby was a master of flattery in the presence of Emerie.

Hanna, observing the scene with a sneer, looked at Colby's arm casually encircling Emerie's waist and quipped, "Is she your favorite sibling, or do you have feelings for her? She has got quite the knack for pulling the wool over everyone's eyes!"

Emerie's countenance shifted, and Colby clenched his teeth, retaliating, "You damn wretch! Stop spouting nonsense!"

Colby intended to land a punch on her face.

Hanna, with an expression devoid of emotion, delivered a swift kick to his knee just as his fist was about to hit her face.

Wincing in pain and sporting a twisted expression, Colby knelt on the ground, gazing at Hanna in disbelief. His lips drained of color, he stammered, "You..."

Emerie, mouth agape, was caught off guard by Hanna's unexpected retaliation.

"Don't beat around the bush!"

Cutting through the ambiguity, Hanna glanced down at Emerie and said, "Enough of these shenanigans! I can't stomach another second of this farce. You don't treat me like family, and frankly, I don't give a damn! Consider me out of the Wheeler family equation!"

Without batting an eye at the trio's cold and resentful glares, Hanna ascended the stairs to pack her bags. Ignoring the stares,

she turned on her heel and exited the so-called home.

Outside the confines of the Wheeler family's residence, Hanna felt an unprecedented sense of liberation.

Initially, when reunited with her birth family, she had hopes and expectations. Yet, reality proved colder than she had anticipated.

Blood, it seemed, carried no weight against the warmth and love bestowed upon her by her foster parents in the distant desert.

When she planned to return to the villa she had acquired before, Hanna's phone interrupted her thoughts with a ring.

Glancing at the caller ID, she answered. "Hi, Neal. What's cooking?" Neal Sullivan's voice came from the other end, gravely serious. "Hanna, I've stumbled upon something significant... Emerie might just be your old man's illegitimate daughter. This means that the whole incident of you being taken away might not be as random as it seemed, and even your mother's demise could be more complicated than it appears."

Hanna clenched her fists, reminiscing about the Wheeler family narrative she had known.

Her mother's passing was attributed to illness shortly after her birth. Her father hadn't remarried.

But now, Neal's revelations hinted at a more intricate situation.

"Wait for me. We'll discuss this at your office," she replied, hanging up and hailing a taxi to the Sullivan Group building.

In Neal's office, Hanna's face darkened as she perused the files he presented.

Emerie was, in fact, the daughter of her father, Robert Wheeler, and his first love.

It wasn't just a simple case of Emerie's mother dying during childbirth. Before the labor pains, Robert had been tending to the woman. He had even arranged a ward next to Hanna's mother's.

He had schemed to swap the babies from the beginning.

Maintaining a stoic demeanor, Hanna put away the files and said, "Thanks for everything."

"No problem." Neal shrugged.

"If it weren't for you saving me, I'd be pushing up daisies. If you ever need me, you know how to find me."

Hanna, rubbing her fingertips, drew a wry smile. "I do need your assistance. My previous request to look out for the Wheelers? Cancel that. They can handle the aftermath of their own mess now!"

Neal, taken aback, quirked an eyebrow. "Are you sure about that? That's great! Those losers are a handful even when helping them! They are all bad-tempered although they can do nothing! I don't have the time or patience for their nonsense!"

Hanna chuckled. "Thanks. I owe you a dinner for this."

With various hidden identities and businesses under her belt, Hanna's life had been relatively serene thanks to Neal's help.

When she just went back to the Wheeler family, she wanted to take care of her family, so she asked for Neal's help.

In a year that followed, the Wheeler family had flourished under her guidance. But today, the true colors of the Wheelers were laid bare.

"No need for dinner... Actually, I've got a favor to ask," Neal admitted sheepishly. "I have a friend whose granddad is ill; he has headaches and palpitations often. And he lapses into a coma often. Several well-known physicians have failed to heal him. My friend, who is close to his grandfather, has made a hundred million dollar incentive offer to the person who can heal his grandfather. I figured you might be the ticket."

Hanna, without hesitation, replied, "Sure thing. Where's the old man? I'll swing by and take a look."

Her commitment to helping Neal's friend mirrored the support he had provided her over the years.

