

## Chapter 2

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It had been two full days since Zane's funeral, and I hadn't slept a wink. My head throbbed, and my eyes were bloodshot.

I glanced at the goldfish on the table. Louis noticed my gaze and sneered. "Wendy's a caring person. Someone like you wouldn't understand."

His words suddenly made me remember something from two years ago, when I wanted a puppy to keep me company.

His response was anything but kind. He'd clicked his tongue in annoyance. "Zane already has a bunny. Why do you need a dog? It has too much hair. It's too much trouble."

Having a dog was too much trouble, but keeping a fish was called caring.

I forced a bitter smile. I thought I had forgotten all this by now, but the memories came flooding back in a rush.

Wendy walked over and placed a hand on my shoulder. Her expression was full of concern as she asked, "Are you okay, Nora?"

I couldn't listen to her words, but my eyes immediately fell on the emerald necklace around her neck.

My pupils constricted, and my forehead started to throb. That was the only thing my mom, Regina Yates, had ever left me.

I reached out to snatch it off her neck, but Wendy screamed in shock.

Louis immediately grabbed my arm and yanked me away, barking, "Nora Harrison! Don't lose your mind!"

I slowly looked up and slapped him hard across the face.

His expression darkened an instant, and he stared at me with a look of pure rage. Wendy, acting like a protective hen, immediately shielded him behind her.

Tears welled in her eyes, and she held her hands over Louis' reddened face. "Just take it out on me! Why must you slap him?"

I fought to hold back my tears. Pointing at the necklace, I demanded, "Take it off. Now."

Wendy hesitated. Her hand lingered on the necklace, as she looked at Louis with a pitiful gaze.

Louis swatted my hand away. "Why on earth should she give it to you?"

I didn't waste time arguing with him. I lunged at Wendy, trying to tear the necklace off, but she clung to it desperately.

Louis shoved me aside. In that instant, I crashed into the small fish tank on the table.

The sound of glass shattering echoed in the cramped room. I collapsed onto the broken pieces, and my blood stained the shards of glass crimson.

I lay on the cold, cluttered floor like that goldfish, struggling to breathe just as desperately.

The next second, Louis picked up the fish with exaggerated care.

Wendy gazed at it through tears. Her expression was so sorrowful, it was as if someone had died. "My poor little fish."

Louis gently pulled her close and looked down at me with disgust. Then, he called for security.

Lying among the glass shards, I didn't even feel the pain. Instead, I let out a manic laugh.

I struggled to get up. Like a vengeful spirit, I sank my teeth into Wendy's hand.

She let out a shriek. In a fit of rage, Louis slapped me across the face.

I fell back to the ground, spitting blood. I couldn't tell whether it was mine or Wendy's.

Inside, I felt a twisted sense of satisfaction. I was ultimately dragged out by the security that had arrived.