

Chapter 4

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The next moment, Louis tore the necklace in his hands apart.

My mind went completely blank as the scattered beads fell before my eyes.

A piercing sound rang in my ears. I collapsed to my knees, desperately scrambling to gather the beads.

This was the only thing Mom had left me. I buried my head in my knees and cried out in despair.

Louis, who was soothing Wendy beside him, said, "A woman like her needs to be taught a lesson."

He walked over to me and asked in his deep voice, "Do you realize your mistake now?"

"Mistake? What did I do wrong?" I muttered to myself.

Suddenly, a soft touch brushed my forehead, snapping me out of my daze. I looked up in confusion to see Zane's bunny, Peachy.

I reached out to touch it, but someone else picked it up before I could.

Sensing danger, Peachy squirmed uneasily in their arms.

I shakily got to my feet and choked back tears as I reached out to Louis. "Give it back to me."

Raising an eyebrow, he turned and handed Peachy to Wendy.

"Where's Zane? If you don't call him out, I'll give the bunny to Wendy. You killed her fish yesterday. This is your compensation."

A wave of anger surged through my head. I couldn't let them take Peachy.

Without thinking, I lunged at Wendy to snatch Peachy from her arms. But Wendy, clutching it tightly, turned and ran.

I hurried after her. But before I could reach her, a pair of strong hands grabbed my arms and yanked me back.

Louis glared at me. "Where's Zane? Bring him out now."

I broke down, screaming, "If you want to see him so badly, just kill yourself! You'll see him if you're dead!"

Louis sneered. "Why should I die? If you're so determined to protect him, don't blame me for being ruth—"

Before he could finish, Wendy screamed in terror from a distance.

My mind went blank because the sound came from the direction of the balcony.

I shoved Louis aside and stumbled toward the noise.

Wendy was crying pitifully, covering her mouth. Her eyes turned toward Louis, who was standing behind me.

Louis rushed over to her and pulled her into his arms. "What's wrong? Why are you crying like that?"

Staring at Wendy's empty hands, I felt the blood drain from my face.

With a trembling voice, I asked, "Where's Peachy?"

When Wendy glanced at me, she cried even harder. "It bit me and then accidentally jumped off the balcony."

Feeling sorry for her, Louis said, "It's not your fault. That bunny can't be tamed."

The ringing in my ears grew deafening. I couldn't hear their words anymore.

I just stared at the open balcony door. How could it be open? I had locked it myself.

My eyes went to the scattered beads and the lifeless bunny.

These were all that remained of Mom and Zane. How could they do this?

The pain in my heart was suffocating, and my eyes turned crimson.

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