

Chapter 2

Emilia's POV

The next day, when Twinkle was about to leave, I had already changed my clothes.

"I'm going back with you."

Twinkle's expression froze for a moment, and then he gave a faint smile.

"Okay, we'll be back as soon as possible."

I knew he was afraid I would interfere with Amelie.

But she wasn't my goal. I just wanted to see my family one last time before leaving.

After all, I might never see them again.

When we arrived home, the entire hall was packed with people. Amelie was receiving countless wishes from everyone.

She wore an extravagant gown. Her makeup was flawless, and she stood among the crowd like a noble princess.

When she saw me walk in, her smile faded noticeably, but she still approached me with elegance.

"You're here. I thought you'd gotten used to being a rich housewife and forgotten all about me."

I ignored her sarcasm and looked elsewhere.

"Amelie, I got this for you. Happy birthday."

Twinkle's voice was full of emotion. He looked at Amelie with affection and pain.

"Thank you, Twinkle. I needed your wishes the most!"

Amelie smiled as she took the gift and then flashed me a provocative smirk.

Then, she walked over to the piano and started playing gracefully.

The moment the first note sounded, I froze in place.

She was playing the piece I had stayed up for days composing, the one I planned to use for an international competition after I'd left.

As Amelie played, she glanced at me, giving me another mocking smile.

And Twinkle, who stood nearby, looked as though he were overflowing with love.

Suddenly, the piano's fallboard dropped. Although Amelie dodged quickly, it still hit her.

"Ah!" She clutched her hand and trembled as she sobbed.

The piano let out a loud crash, and the room instantly descended into chaos.

"Oh my god, the fallboard hit Amelie's hand!"

"What should we do? She's a pianist!"

"Call a doctor!"

In the middle of the commotion, I heard someone shout Amelie's name with panic and deep concern.

My body jolted.

It was Twinkle.

Panic filled his eyes as he rushed to Amelie's side almost instantly.

"Amelie, let me see your hand!"

Tears streamed down Amelie's face as she placed her hand in his.

Her pinky was slightly swollen, but the rest of her fingers were fine.

But to Twinkle, this was already a serious injury.

He held her hand gently with heartache in his eyes. Amelie looked at me, then immediately began to cry harder.

"My sister gifted me this piano. I never imagined..."

She didn't finish the sentence, but the implication was obvious.

Twinkle immediately turned to me. His voice was gentle but laced with reproach. "Did you tamper with the piano? Apologize to Amelie."

My eyes widened. I couldn't believe Twinkle didn't trust me.

"I didn't do anything."

The piano was indeed a gift from me, but I had only ordered it. I hadn't even touched it when it was delivered.

Amelie cried pitifully, her voice full of sorrow.

"Don't blame her. She probably didn't mean it."

Twinkle was about to say something else, but I spoke first.

"Can either of you tell me why Amelie was playing a piece I composed?"