

Chapter 3

Lily’s POV

“Don’t take me back there, Ryan. How could you—you are the reason I stayed in this hellhole and you’re sending me back here.” I couldn’t believe he would play me so dirty. In fact, I never imagined I got played even when there were clear signs all over the place.

“I will not let you play me, I will not anymore. I will tell everyone who you are and how you’ve been using me. I am no longer your slave—and you!” I grunted at Ryan, “I will tell everyone what a scoundrel you are—” I understood it all now. They were all in on this game.

Who even makes their daughter work for others and not get recognized? Who even puts their daughter in a basement and makes her work like she is nothing but a slave?

There was briefly a moment when I decided I couldn’t stay in the manor apartment any longer. I felt worthy of so much, so I started to complain and put up a fight. Then suddenly, one day, when I told my parents I would move out no matter what, this handsome gentleman showed up at our mansion.

My life took a turn during a family dinner when I met Ryan for the first time. The Carter and Miller families were close, so the gathering was nothing out of the ordinary. What was unexpected, however, was the spark I felt when I saw him. Handsome and confident, Ryan exuded charm and sophistication. As the sole heir of the Carter family, he carried himself with a magnetic allure that drew people to him effortlessly.

I fell for him instantly, but I kept my feelings hidden, choosing to admire him from a distance. I never expected him to notice me, let alone return my feelings. When he eventually confessed his interest in me, it felt like a dream come true.

He introduced himself and said it was a shame that I was leaving when he had decided to come stay with my parents for a while. I changed my mind at that moment. Perhaps staying in the mansion wasn’t too bad when Ryan would come to the small apartment to spend time with me and watch me work. I grew new courage and excitement for work.

Hence, our friendship turned into something more powerful—love. He proposed to me and promised to take me away and introduce me as the eldest daughter of the Miller, as the person behind LX, and also his wife.

“Stop!” I screamed as he pushed me downstairs, my body hurting with every bump it hit and getting injured.

I landed face down, probably with a broken leg too. I began to crawl away, soaked in my own blood.

“She is fighting hard,” I heard my sister complain from the top of the stairs. The footsteps coming downstairs scared me into trying to rush and crawl away. But where would I go? The only entrance was blocked by them.

A hand pulled my head up. Ryan kneeled down while gripping my hair, "I never wanted you. But when I heard you were being selfish and leaving when my baby still needed your service, I had to step in and block your way. And you got fooled successfully. Now be a good girl, stay here, and don't ruin our big day," he hissed, slamming my head down and hitting my forehead against the floor.

Rose cast a victorious glance and snapped her fingers, signaling the guards. Before I could react, a sharp pain shot through my arm. My head whipped around to see a guard withdrawing a syringe from my skin. “What... what are you doing?” I mumbled, my voice weak as dizziness clouded my senses. I began to lose consciousness at that point.

It was all dark and silent for me. Even my dreams were too afraid to show up. Before long, I began to wake up to the noise from the TV.

I didn't even realize they had left the TV on for me.

“I do!” It was my sister holding hands with Ryan, smiling as they had just exchanged vows.

“No!” I whimpered and cried, shuddering miserably.

Right before my eyes, they got married and shared a kiss.

“Today is a big day for Mr. Carter and the eldest daughter of the Miller. How do you feel about your extravagant wedding today?”

A reporter asked the newlywed couple. Tears streamed down my face as I coughed up blood, trying to get up, but my broken bones wouldn’t let me. My whole life flashed before my eyes, and I felt like nothing.

They had used me—my own parents. I just didn’t understand what I had done to deserve all this.

I closed my eyes while still face down, trying to get up by pushing my hands on the ground.

“Are you wearing LX?” one of the reporters asked, and my eyes darted up again. They had left me in this dark basement. Not even an animal would be treated this unfairly by a family. I could see my mother on the TV in the crowd, and she looked happy. Not a frown on her face for her injured daughter back home.

“Ah!” I whimpered, taking steady breaths, but shaking from injuries and blood loss.

Rose smiled and turned to Ryan, who was now her husband. "Let me tell you a secret," he pulled her closer, and she giggled against his chest.

“This amazing woman in my arms, she is a superwoman. You all have known her for her character, The Perfect Goddess, but she really lives up to her name. She is the mystery behind LX,” he announced proudly, and she hid in his chest like a fragile little bride too shy to face the crowd, who gasped in admiration for her work.

“She indeed is a Perfect Goddess,” one of the reporters claimed.

“She is, isn’t she?” Ryan had nothing but adoration in his eyes as my sister giggled at the beautiful comments for her.

I began to cough up blood again, pushing my body to get on my feet and escape. I should have left that day. Why the heck did I change my mind for a man?

I had been so stupid.

Demons, they are all demons. The reason they hid me wasn’t out of love or protection—they were just using me to pave the way for Rose.

“How... how could they do this to me?”

I must escape, or these demons will do even more vicious things to me.

But before I could even struggle to get up from the floor, footsteps sounded outside the door.