

Chapter 2 Can You Check Who Made The Payment

Khloe Tucker was fuming. "Let go of my mom, Arabella! Back then, she offered to take care of you and Daisy out of kindness. Is that how you repay her? You show up after disappearing for years, acting like you're some kind of hero? What, did you run off, get pregnant, and have a kid or something? What a joke!"

Khloe threw Arabella a nasty glare, but deep down, she actually hoped Arabella might stay. Having her back would mean more help around the house.

But Arabella's eyes had already gone cold. Without saying a word, she entered the house and kicked the dining table hard. Dishes flew everywhere, crashing onto the floor and shattering into pieces.

Before anyone could react, Arabella grabbed two vases and hurled them straight at Khloe and her father. They hit them squarely, and blood started trickling down their faces as they screamed in shock.

Her voice was ice. "You've got one day. Get out of my house." Without waiting for a reply, she stormed out with Daisy in her arms. She flagged down the first taxi she saw and rushed her sister straight to a hospital.

Back at the villa, chaos broke out.

"Mom! That psycho actually attacked me!" Khloe sobbed, staring at the scratches on her face in the mirror. "What if I'm left with scars?"

Meagan's fury boiled over. "She's gotten way too bold after all these years! If she shows her face again, she won't be so lucky. We're not nobodies anymore. We've joined hands with Norman Group. There's no way she can stand against us!"

She gave Khloe a comforting pat. "Don't worry, honey. I'm taking you to a hospital right now."

At the hospital, the doctor examined Daisy and frowned. "Her leg's been broken for a while, and she's covered in bruises. Some of her teeth are missing too. What kind of sister lets this happen?"

Arabella's voice was low. "It's my fault."

Her bangs fell over her eyes, hiding whatever she was feeling inside.

The doctor, noticing how quiet she was, spoke gently. "I've done what I could for now. But if someone's been hurting you two, you need to report it. Keeping quiet won't fix anything."

Arabella gave a small nod and moved to stand beside Daisy's hospital bed.

Daisy, now nineteen, looked heartbreakingly fragile. Her thin frame looked like it couldn't support itself, and her wrists seemed more like twigs than limbs.

Her short hair was uneven, dry, and choppy, like someone had taken scissors to it without a second thought.

Arabella gently lifted the blanket, and her heart dropped.

Daisy's skin told a horrifying story. Old whip marks crisscrossed her legs, and dark burn spots marred her arms. Each scar screamed of cruelty. Arabella's breath caught, and before she could stop them, tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Bella..." Daisy's voice was barely a whisper.

Arabella immediately reached for her hand. "I'm here," she said softly.

"I... missed you," Daisy murmured, her voice hoarse.

Arabella clutched her hand like a lifeline. "I missed you too. I thought if I worked hard, I could give you a better life. But I was wrong. I never should've left you alone. I swear, I'm not going anywhere again."

The warmth in Arabella's voice seemed to melt Daisy's tension. Slowly, her expression softened.

After making sure Daisy was settled, Arabella went to sort out the payment.

"The charges have already been covered," the nurse said with a kind smile.

Arabella blinked. "What? Who paid?"

Joshua crossed her mind, but she quickly dismissed the thought. There was no way he knew about this yet.

"Can you check who made the payment?" she asked.

The nurse gave an apologetic shake of the head. "Sorry, that information's private. Maybe a family member helped out?"

At the word family, Arabella's face turned to stone. She gave a short nod and walked off without another word. If someone had helped, she was going to find out who.

Meanwhile, down the corridor, Meagan strolled beside her daughter, Khloe, who was fresh out of the emergency room with her face patched up.

"I'm not letting Arabella walk away from this," Khloe snarled, bitterness burning in her voice.

"Calm down," Meagan said sharply. "You'll reopen your stitches if you keep flaring up like this. Be more like your sister-grace under pressure."

That seemed to cheer Khloe up. A smug smile tugged at her lips. "As long as my sister keeps shining, that's all that matters. She's the youngest dancer in the Griridge Troupe now. Daisy really thought she could outshine her? She was delusional. That broken leg was karma, if you ask me. And if my sister finds out how Arabella treated me-oh, she'll tear her apart."

"She's got a big show coming up," Meagan reminded her. "Let's not distract her. One step at a time."

She tapped Khloe's nose lightly, but then her expression stiffened as she spotted Arabella ahead.

Khloe saw Arabella too, and just the sight of her brought back the sting of humiliation. Her rage boiled over.

Without thinking, she grabbed her studded handbag and swung it with all her strength toward Arabella's back.

Arabella's instincts kicked in. Just as she turned around, a tall man came into view. With quick reflexes and strong arms, he grabbed the bag mid-air by its strap, stopping it like it was nothing.

The sudden pull made Khloe lose her balance, and with a startled scream, she fell to the floor.

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