

## **Crazy Love 251**

### Chapter 251

Even Theresa, naive as she was, realized what was happening now.

Everything that evening was a setup!

Henri had come for her!

Biting her lip, Theresa struggled to contain the surge of panic within her.

Theresa still held the last glimmer of hope, hoping to stop Henri.

She said, "Henri, you're a celebrated actor. Have you considered the impact this could have on your career if it got out?"

A sinister smile appeared on Henri's face. "A mutual affair is hardly scandalous. Oh, Rose, you're so inexperienced. In our world, on-set romances are mundane. Even if you speak out, who will they believe? A renowned actor or a newcomer trying to seduce him? Go ahead and tell, but I assure you, you'll end up worse off than me."

Theresa's eyes flickered with understanding.

Henri's confidence suggested this wasn't his first time doing this.

With his smooth demeanor, he must have preyed on many.

Yet, his reputation in the entertainment industry remained untarnished.

What did that imply?

No one had exposed him, or perhaps, no one dared to.

Feeling her strength ebbing away, Theresa slumped against the wall, her legs giving way.

Henri, though he had drunk, seemed to have taken some antidote beforehand. His actions were unhindered.

“Come now, don’t look so glum. I’m here to show you a good time, not to harm you,” Henri said with a twisted smile, approaching the powerless Theresa.

He eyed Theresa, a predator savoring his prize.

This was a conquest he had long craved, and now it was within his grasp.

Theresa, seeing the malice in his face, felt a glimmer of despair.

Was there no escape from this nightmare?

Henri eagerly advanced, grasping Theresa’s shoulder.

Theresa wanted to resist, but she was utterly drained.

As Henri’s face drew closer, Theresa closed her eyes in agony.

However, in the next moment.

Suddenly, a loud banging noise filled the room, followed by a muffled groan.

Dazed, Theresa opened her eyes to see Henri collapsing towards her.

She was about to scream when someone forcefully pushed Henri aside and looked at her anxiously, "Theresa, are you alright?"

Theresa stared at the man who had appeared out of nowhere.

Thomas.

It was Thomas.

How did he end up here?

And why was he calling her Theresa?

Theresa's emotions were a complex mix. "You recognized me?"

Realizing his slip-up in the heat of the moment, Thomas pressed his lips together and said, "Even though your appearance and voice have changed, you're still the same person. There are so many similarities, it would be hard to ignore them."

Theresa forced a smile, "Is that so?"

Thomas, avoiding Theresa's overly flushed face, quickly said, "I'll deal with this guy first. Be careful."

Thomas then dragged Henri, who he had knocked unconscious, out of the room.

Theresa watched his retreating back, silently battling the growing longing in her heart.

Thomas took Henri to an empty room.

He looked at Henri with disgust. He poured a bucket of cold water over the unconscious man.

“Who?” Henri jolted awake, yelling.

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Seeing Thomas, his face changed. “It was you! You knocked me out!”

“Yes, it was me,” Thomas replied calmly.

“You, just a lowly stagehand, dare to do this to me? Do you believe that I can have you blacklisted in this industry with just one word?” Henri said arrogantly.

Thomas had been helping around the set, so Henri mistook him for a stagehand.

“Oh?” Thomas raised an eyebrow.

Mistaking Thomas’s reaction for fear, Henri smirked. “If you’re smart, you’ll take me back to Rose’s room now and keep quiet about this. Do that, and I won’t only spare you, but I’ll introduce you to some new productions. You’re good-looking; maybe you’ll get a few minor roles and won’t have to work as a stagehand anymore.”

Thomas gave him an emotionless glance and then threw a punch, hitting Henri in the face.

Henri was caught off guard and was punched in the face.

“Henri looked at him in shock and anger.

Silently, Thomas delivered punch after punch to Henri’s face, each blow fierce and precise.

As a doctor, Thomas knew the human body well.

Every single one of his strikes was ruthless and accurate.

Initially, Henri tried to resist.

But he soon ended up writhing on the floor.

After venting his anger, Thomas stripped Henri down to his underwear and tied him up with a rope.

Henri's face turned pale. "What... what are you going to do?"

Thomas didn't answer. He pulled out his phone and snapped a bunch of photos of Henri.

Then showed them to Henri as a threat.

"Quit the play tomorrow, or these photos will be everywhere overnight. I've also found the waiter who spiked Rose's drink. If you don't cooperate, I'll send you straight to jail."

Henri's complexion shifted slightly. "You can't possibly have any evidence!"

"You can gamble your acting career on that," Thomas said calmly.

Henri's face darkened.

Today, Thomas came at the right time.

Could it be that he really had some evidence?

He had been unscrupulous before because the victim had no evidence, but if there was...

Biting his lip, Henri agreed, "Fine, I'll quit. But you must delete those photos from your phone."

Thomas simply pocketed his phone. "Don't worry, I'll keep them safe for you."

After that, he left the room directly.

At first, Henri was relieved, but soon he screamed.

"Hey, untie my rope."

"The heating in the room is off. Are you trying to freeze me to death?"

"Stop! Stop right there."

What answered him was the sound of a heavy door closing.

"Thomas!" Henri's voice pierced into the sky.

After leaving the room and ignoring Henri's screams for release, Thomas hurried back to Theresa's room, concerned about her condition.

Theresa was in a bad state.

She sat dazedly in the corner, her entire body unnaturally flushed.

Thomas's heart tightened as he approached her. "Theresa..."

Before he could say more.

Theresa suddenly wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him without hesitation.

Thomas's pupils dilated in shock.

He tried to push Theresa away. "Theresa, calm down. I'm going to get you a cold shower right now."

But Theresa shook her head, her body entwining around him like a serpent.

Chapter 252

The next day.

Thomas woke up to find himself alone.

He was momentarily disoriented, but then the memories of the previous night flooded back in, like a tidal wave

It all felt like a surreal dream.

It was hard to find the real feeling.

Was last night real, or just a figment of his imagination?

Could it really be a dream?

As Thomas pulled back the covers, the sight of a small bloodstain on the bed made his heart skip a beat.

It wasn't a dream.

Last night, he and Theresa had really...

A flicker of joy crossed Thomas's heart.

This intimacy meant he now shared a close bond with Theresa. Perhaps there was a possibility for them after all.

Right now, Thomas couldn't wait to see Theresa.

"You're up." Theresa's voice rang out.

Thomas hurriedly turned around and saw that Theresa was already dressed neatly. At this moment, she was looking at him calmly.

"Theresa." Thomas's voice softened. "About last night.

"What happened last night? I don't know what you're talking about," Theresa said.

Thomas was taken aback.

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OyeTalk

INSTALL

such accidental circumstances.

But what did it change?

it was just an unexpected incident.

Thomas had someone he liked, and she had no intention of dating.

They were simply not meant to be. Why force something that wasn't there?

Rather than waiting for Thomas to awkwardly address the situation, she decided to take the initiative, sparing

them both any embarrassment.

Thomas's eyes changed slightly. "How can you not remember what happened last night? Are you saying you've used me and now you don't want to take responsibility?"

Theresa replied, "I'm sorry, I was drugged yesterday, and that's why... If you want any compensation, just ask. I'll do my best to satisfy you."

Thomas was speechless.

Compensation?

Was that what he wanted?

Theresa spoke earnestly, "I'll do anything within my power to make it right."

Thomas opened and closed his mouth, hesitating.

What if he expressed his wish for them to seriously consider a relationship?

Seeing Theresa's calm demeanor, Thomas remained silent.

Theresa was clearly avoiding him, and it seemed unfair to press such a request on her now.

Forcing a smile, Thomas said, "I didn't lose out last night. Let's just pretend nothing happened."

"Alright." Theresa nodded.

Thomas lingered silently for a while before saying. "Then, I'll leave first."

He turned to leave.

But he deliberately walked slowly.

The short distance to the door took him over a minute.

He hoped that Theresa would call him back.

But the expected voice never came.

Thomas left quietly, his spirits lowered.

Last night's events seemed like a fleeting dream.

It was time for him to wake up.

After Thomas left, Theresa looked complexly at the closed door..

It took her a while to withdraw her gaze and start tidying the disheveled bed.

She felt both annoyed and relieved about last night.

Annoyed that she had initiated such an encounter with Thomas.

Fortunately, Henri did not succeed.

However, knowing Henri's cunning nature, she worried he might not let the matter rest and could take drastic

actions.

Even though she loved the script and wanted to act in it.

But now.

It seemed she might have to give it up.

Theresa took a deep breath.

Theresa decided to talk to Mr. Witt about quitting the production. She figured her savings should cover any breach of contract fees.

Theresa stood alone by the window for a while, then headed to the set when it was time.

From a distance, Theresa saw Mr. Witt and approached him. "Mr. Witt, I..."

“Rose,” Mr. Witt said with a smile, patting her shoulder, “Don’t stress too much. I was too harsh last night. Relax and focus on your performance later.”

Theresa managed a wry smile.

That was typical of Mr. Witt.

He was usually smooth-talking and good at socializing.

But he became uncompromising once filming started.

Theresa had no complaints against Mr. Witt. She knew Mr. Witt was strict about the work, not personal.

Mr. Witt had no idea that Henri was backed by such a person.

Theresa took a deep breath, about to announce her decision to quit the play.

All of a sudden, Mr. Witt’s phone rang.

“Just a moment, Rose,” Mr. Witt said, answering the call.

“Ah, Henri,” Mr. Witt spoke cheerily.

Theresa’s expression changed slightly.

She didn’t know what Henri would say to Mr. Witt!

However, it wasn’t long before Mr. Witt’s face turned sour.

“What, you’re quitting?”

“In the middle of winter, where am I supposed to find a new lead actor?”

“The contract has been signed. If you resign, you will have to pay the penalty fee!”

“Henri, aren’t you worried that your reputation will be affected?”

Mr. Witt initially tried to reason, but Henri’s attitude must have been very firm.

Eventually, Mr. Witt lost his temper.

“Fine, quit then. But remember, you’ll never be in any of my films again.” Mr. Witt hung up angrily.

Theresa, having overheard, asked, “Mr. Witt, did Henri quit?”

Mr. Witt was visibly upset. “Just quits like that, I’ve never seen someone so irresponsible! Rose, I’m sorry, but you’ll have to do solo scenes for now. Give me a few days to find a replacement male actor.”

Theresa’s eyes lit up.”

With Henri quitting, there was no need for her to leave the play.

Theresa quickly agreed. “Okay, whatever works.”

Mr. Witt patted her shoulder. “Take the day off today. I need to find a replacement.”

“Sure. I’ll use the time to study the script more,” Theresa responded eagerly.

Mr. Witt nodded and hurried off.

The sudden resignation of the lead actor posed a big problem for him.

Fortunately, since the filming had only just begun, reshooting the few scenes wouldn't be a massive loss.

However, any further delays would rack up considerable expenses, making it difficult to explain to the investors.

His priority was to find a new lead actor.

Mr. Witt hurried to make phone calls one by one.

In the room.

Henri glared at his bruised and swollen face in the mirror, a dark glint in his eyes.

Thomas had dared to attack him so fiercely.

The worst part was his carefully maintained nose, now askew.

Henri had always boasted to his fans about being all-natural, if he showed up on set looking like this, his lies would be exposed.

Even without the threat of those photos Thomas took, Henri likely couldn't continue filming in this state.

After being beaten like this and paying a penalty fee, Mr. Witt still dared to get angry with him. The more Henri thought about it, the angrier he became. He almost hated everyone.

Chapter 253

Fueled by resentment, Henri was determined to deal with Rose and Thomas slowly.

As for Mr. Witt, he was just a director of a commercial film, but he had won the grand prize!

What right did he have to talk to her like this?

In a rage, Henri picked up the phone and called all the people in the film circle he knew.

He complained about the poor shooting conditions and criticized the decision to cast an inexperienced actress as the female lead, claiming her acting skills were terrible. He portrayed his departure from the film as a sacrifice to maintain his reputation, rather than continue with a project that was bound to fail.

Henri had a good reputation in the film circle

While Mr. Witt, despite having box-office success, was often criticized for only making commercial films.

Although the box office income of commercial films was high, their status was actually not high.

So, when Henri spread his version of events, most people believed him, assuming Mr. Witt had made another mistake in casting a novice actress, likely leading to another flop.

Henri made a phone call first.

Later, when Mr. Witt called to invite the capable actor to take over, these people found excuses to refuse him one

after another.

Reputable actors were very conscious of their public image and didn't want to be associated with a potential flop.

If Mr. Witt gave him enough money, someone might take it for the sake of money.

However, the remuneration given by Mr. Witt was not much. He spent most of his money on the movie itself.

In this case, it was easy to understand that no one was willing to take it.

Mr. Witt was frantic after making numerous calls without success.

Without a male lead, the production couldn't proceed, leading to wasted expenses.

If he stayed here for ten days or half a month, he wouldn't have to shoot this movie.

Meanwhile, Henri, learning from his informants that Mr. Witt was struggling to find a replacement, couldn't help

but smirk.

Fight with him?

Didn't he know his status in the circle?

He stopped shooting.

Mr. Witt's film can not proceed.

In fact, this script was quite good. He had thought highly of it in private. Otherwise, he would not have taken the initiative to accept this film.

But since Rose and Mr. Witt were so insensible, this movie could not be continued.

As Henri laughed, he winced from the pain in his bruised face.

Thinking of last night's humiliation, a trace of hatred flashed across his eyes.

While Rose and Mr. Witt were indeed infuriating, the one he despised the most was Thomas,

How dare a mere stagehand treat him like that.

Last night, he was tied up all over. If he hadn't tried his best to get the phone and find someone to save him, he would have frozen to death in the room yesterday.

Thinking of the feeling of humiliation, Henri gnashed his teeth.

He would definitely make Thomas pay the price.

Henri did not stay in the Snowstock for long. After he wrote down all the information in the notebook, he left

secretly.

Next, he had to take good care of his nose. When it recovered, he could come out to work again.

That was another large sum of money.

Thomas, Thomas!

The more Henri thought about it, the more resentful he became.

Mr. Witt didn't care about Henri's departure at all.

Anyway, he had resigned. The most important thing now was to find the next successor.

In the beginning, Mr. Witt had been looking for all kinds of movie stars.

However, these people all tactfully refused him.

take

Mr. Witt had no choice but to take a step back and find some male actors who had not won the award but were still quite capable.

But these people also refused him one after another.

When he was rejected again, Mr. Witt couldn't help asking why.

The man had cooperated with Mr. Witt before. After hesitating for a moment, he couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Witt, did your cooperation with the best actor Henri end unpleasantly?"

Mr. Witt was stunned for a moment and then came to his senses. "It's him?"

"Henri has been spreading the news everywhere that the female lead of this movie is a newcomer with poor acting skills. This movie must be a bad one. The actors with ambition naturally won't accept this movie."

"It's true that the female lead is a newcomer, but she's very smart, and her acting skills are not bad at all," Mr. Witt said angrily. "Don't you know what kind of person I am? Can I use a newcomer who doesn't know anything?"

The actor said, "Well, yes, you can."

Mr. Witt was speechless.

It seemed he did have a history of questionable casting choices.

After all, in commercial films, box office success, and acting skills don't always correlate.

Sometimes, for the sake of attracting more investment, he had indeed cast actors pushed by investors.

But *Love In Bitter Winter* was different from his previous commercial films.

It was a project he had poured years of effort into, and he would never mess it up.

He knew this, but others didn't believe it.

Mr. Witt felt a surge of frustration. Had he known it would come to this, he wouldn't have made those compromises for financial gain in the past.

Clearing his throat, Mr. Witt said, "That was the past. I've changed now. I promise you, this film is not a flop."

The actor replied, "Mr. Witt, I personally believe you and would like to take the role."

"Then take it," Mr. Witt said excitedly.

"But with Henri's backing company also involved, they've said that anyone who takes this role won't get to work with their artists in the future." the actor sighed. "Mr. Witt, I'd like to help you, but I also need to make a living."

Mr. Witt understood and replied somberly, "I get it, I won't make it hard for you."

The actor breathed a sigh of relief. "Mr. Witt, it's good that you can understand."

Mr. Witt hung up the phone expressionlessly.

Henri's company, Decho Group, was one of the top companies in the industry, and Henri, holding shares in the company, wielded significant influence.

This time, he was able to persuade the company to step down because he was a shareholder of the company.

On the other hand, he had declared that he would never make any commercial films again before he started

Love in Bitter Winter.

At that time, many people tried to persuade him, but he was indeed tired of filming commercial films, so he

insisted on his choice.

4/6

Oye Talk

INSTALL

Since then, his business partners had distanced themselves from him one after another.

After all, in their opinion, there was no value in Mr. Witt who did not shoot a commercial movie.

This was also the reason why Henri could easily suppress him.

Mr. Witt let out a bitter laugh.

Was sticking to one's ideals always this difficult?

With the start of the Decho Group, he could forget about those well-known male actors.

if they wanted to continue filming, they had to hire newcomers.

But how n

many newbies in the world could amaze him with a single glance like Rose?

If there was no other way, he might really have to give up.

Mr. Witt sighed and went to the set.

Although the production team was temporarily suspended, the staff was very dedicated, and everyone was still holding onto the scene.

Seeing this, Mr. Witt felt sad and moved.

As long as there was a chance, he didn't want to disappoint such a group of people.

Just as Mr. Witt was mourning silently, he suddenly saw a handsome man walking past him.

Mr. Witt's eyes lit up..

He grabbed a staff member next to him and asked, "Who is this? Why have I never seen him before?"

Chapter 254

The man glanced in the direction of Mr. Witt's gaze and said with a smile, "Mr. Witt, are you so busy that your fainted? This is Thomas."

"Thomas?"

Mr. Witt was surprised.

He knew of Thomas. A mysterious figure, acquainted with Ben and Susan, likely some hidden big shot.

Yet, this big shot had been mingling around his set, helping out for free.

Over time, everyone started treating him like part of the crew.

But today, Thomas looked different.

He had clearly dressed up, looking handsome with a hint of charm, a stark contrast to his previously

unremarkable appearance.

Thomas walked straight toward Theresa.

Theresa was a little nervous.

What was Thomas doing approaching her in front of everyone?

“Rose,” Thomas said seriously, “look, my hands are empty, aren’t they?”

Theresa gazed at his empty hands, nodding in confusion.

With a smile, Thomas made a grabbing gesture in the air, and suddenly, a rose appeared in his hand.

He offered it to Theresa. “For you.”

Theresa was speechless.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“Just a bit of magic,” Thomas replied nonchalantly.

Theresa took a deep breath. “And then?”

“And then?” Thomas said calmly, “If you like, perhaps you’d consider being my girlfriend?”

“Wow.”

The crew burst into excitement.

Everyone started cheering and teasing.

“Thomas, you’re impressive, using a rose to woo Rose!”

“I salute you,

man.”

“Say yes to him, say yes.”

Thomas was popular among the crew, and surprisingly, most of them were cheering for him.

Thomas waved his hand. “Calm down, everyone. I’m not worthy of Rose yet. I’m just expressing my feelings. But I’ll keep striving, and one day, I’ll be the man who truly deserves her.”

Theresa was speechless.

The crowd became even more excited.

“You’ve got guts!”

“Go Thomas!”

“Rose, think about it.”

In the midst of the noise, Theresa lowered her voice, her words tinged with frustration. “Thomas, what are you

doing?”

“Pursuing you,” Thomas replied, his voice steady and unchanging.

Theresa glared at him, her voice dropping even lower. “Did we agree to forget about last night?”

Thomas let out a wry smile. “This has nothing to do with that. I simply want to pursue you. I like you.”

“Bah.” Theresa didn’t believe it at all.

After a moment of silence, Thomas spoke softly, “If it weren’t for my feelings for you, why do you think I make it a point to meet you every day? Why do you think I traveled miles to find you in Snowstock?”

“It’s not because of Mrs. Smith...”

Thomas looked at her. “Do you believe that? If I were that obedient, I wouldn’t still be single.

Theresa fell silent.

Thomas said, “We’ve had some misunderstandings before. It’s normal for you not to trust me. But that’s okay, time will prove everything.”

Theresa squinted her eyes. “Monica...”

Thomas let out a bitter laugh. “A first love, but I’ve moved on.”

Theresa kept squinting. “And Mr. Landor...”

Thomas paused. “Ben? Is there a problem?”

Theresa coughed.

For a while, she was convinced that Thomas’s true affection was for Ben, and Monica was just a smokescreen.

“No problem,” Theresa said, trying to cover up.

“Then consider this your permission for me to pursue you,” Thomas said warmly.

He had come to terms with his feelings, determined not to let this chance slip away.

“Suit yourself,” Theresa murmured, her head down, hiding the blush on her face.

As the two whispered.

Mr. Witt, the director, watched with keen interest.

He said with someone nearby, “There’s definitely something between Thomas and Rose.”

“Really? I support Thomas, but Rose is a top model. She’s out of his league,” another person replied.

“You don’t understand,” Mr. Witt said, his eyes on Thomas, recalling his awkward magic trick earlier. A spark of inspiration hit him.

The previous script!

Despite having refined it for a long time, Mr. Witt always felt that his script lacked a final touch.

But now, he had an epiphany.

The script’s female lead was well-developed.

But the male lead was too perfect, too unapproachable.

Such a character, though flawless, lacked memorable traits. For a film, this was a recipe for mediocrity.

Watching Thomas.

A keyword flashed across Mr. Witt's mind.

Shameless.

Blind.

Yet, someone who steps up when it counts.

This kind of male lead would not only heighten the drama but also add a touch of relatability to the post-apocalyptic movie.

As for who could play this role...

Mr. Witt's gaze fixed on Thomas.

Wasn't the perfect candidate right there?

With newfound inspiration.

Mr. Witt secluded himself for a few hours, rewriting the beginning, and then immediately sought out Thomas.

Minutes later.

Thomas, holding the script, looked baffled at Mr. Witt. "Me, as the lead? I have no experience."

Mr. Witt smiled. "Neither does Rose, but acting is often more about talent than experience. I believe in Rose, and I believe in you."

Thomas was still anxious. "Sorry... I still think..."

"If you don't do it, I'll have to find someone else. You've seen the script. There are several kissing scenes. Rose, being so professional, will undoubtedly give her all. So, you know, when the time comes..."

Before Mr. Witt could finish, Thomas quickly said, "I'll do it!"

Mr. Witt's face broke into a sly grin. "That's more like it! This time, we'll write the script as we shoot. What you have is all we've got for now. Memorize it, and we start shooting tomorrow."

Thomas was speechless.

Start shooting tomorrow?

He suddenly felt overwhelmed.

Mr. Witt patted his shoulder encouragingly. "Just be yourself."

Thomas was speechless.

He had just read the script.

The new male lead was simply a shameless scoundrel.

"Is it enough for him to act in his own way?"

Was this an insult?

Thomas felt a mix of sadness and anger, but then he remembered that if he didn't take the role, someone else would be acting alongside Theresa.

Resigned to his fate, he thought, "If being shameless is what it takes

then so be it."

He would accept this persona.

The next day.

Mr. Witt appeared on set, brimming with energy. He announced the script's revision and Thomas as the new lead.

Both pieces of news were quite a bombshell.

The crew couldn't help but be stunned.

Especially Theresa.

She was almost doubting her own ears.

Thomas?

The male lead?

Was she hallucinating?

"Rose, I look forward to working with you," Thomas said, already standing in front of her with a grin.

Theresa massaged her forehead, accepting this bizarre twist of fate.

The news of last-minute cast and script changes for the Love in Bitter Winter film quickly spread.

Henri heard about it.

He couldn't help but scoff.

She had thought that Mr. Witt would come up with a way to solve the problem, but in the end, he came up

such a bad idea.

with

He really could think of letting Thomas who had never been in contact with the entertainment industry to be the male lead of the crew!

Originally, with this script, he was worried that the movie would go viral.

But now... he was really not worried at all.

The movie was over.

Henri immediately hired some online influencers to start a negative campaign against the movie.

He changed the script before the battle.

The male and female lead were newcomers who had no acting experience.

It seemed that this was indeed a reservation of a bad film.

The internet was abuzz with skepticism.

But the Love in Bitter Winter crew didn't respond to any of it.

Mr. Witt didn't care about the outside noise; he was focused solely on bringing his vision to life.

As for the doubts and criticism, he believed the best response would be through the quality of their work.

Chapter 255

Susan, the investor, had been informed by Mr. Witt before he made the decision to cast Thomas as the lead. Asked Thomas to be the lead? And he agreed?.

Susan was somewhat surprised that Thomas had agreed to take on the role, but she didn't question Mr. Witt's choice.

When she invested, Susan had made it clear. She was only responsible for funding and all other decisions were up to Mr. Witt. And she had stuck to her word.

She gave him full authority over the production.

If more funds were needed, she was ready to provide them.

Susan's complete trust in Mr. Witt bolstered his confidence.

He believed that every hurdle was just a stepping stone to a better outcome.

With everything aligning perfectly, he felt there was no reason for failure.

The Lynn family!

Monica had been cooped up since her return, barely daring to step outside.

She didn't even dare to go out now!

She felt as if the whole world knew about her embarrassing incident.

Even at home.

If a servant so much as chuckled, Monica was convinced they were laughing at her.

In a fit of hysteria, Monica fired several servants, but this only worsened her mood.

One day, while she was aimlessly scrolling through Twitter.

She stumbled upon a piece of news.

Thomas!

Thomas was going to star in a movie.

Monica was stunned. Is Thomas in a movie? That seemed completely out of place to her. However, Monica didn't dwell on it much..

Last time, Thomas didn't help her in front of Susan.

She was still angry.

In the future, Monica decided she wouldn't bother with Thomas again unless he came begging her. Monica snorted coldly and skipped over the news about him.

In Riowert.

Someone else was scrutinizing the same news carefully.

Isabella had been back in Riowert for a while.

Even though she was with her biological parents, Isabella's parents were dissatisfied with her husband, Leo, and constantly pressured Isabella to remarry.

Leo, however, still held evidence of Isabella transferring company funds illegally. If exposed, she would face jail time. Isabella was unable to divorce and too scared to reveal the real reason.

Mrs. Smith and Mr. Smith, seeing her like this, gradually lost their warmth towards her. Lately, her father had started scouting among the younger family members, evidently planning to bypass Isabella for a successor.

Isabella was secretly anxious, but there was nothing she could do for the time being. 2/7

In her previous life, although she was from Riowert, she was obsessed with Ben, so most of her attention was on the establishment of Coraland.

In her previous life, she had also heard of the world-famous movie of Coraland, Love in Bitter Winter. But it was different from this life.

In her previous life, Love in Bitter Winter had also changed the script, but the male lead of the movie had never changed.

But in this life, the male lead of the movie suddenly changed from the best actor to a nobody? Isabella's heart was full of shock and doubt.

Was this a mere butterfly effect, or was her so-called past life just a dream.

She couldn't be sure.

However, Isabella didn't know.

In her previous life, the movie had started a year later.

In that year, Theresa had become popular through another TV series and was no longer a newcomer. Henri, therefore, didn't dare treat Theresa with the same disdain.

Hence, the movie was completed smoothly.

In this life, with the filming schedule moved up, Theresa was still a newcomer.

Henri, therefore, employed despicable means without hesitation.

That was why he had all kinds of reactions afterward.

Unaware of these details, Isabella couldn't help but start doubting the reality of her past life.

As Isabella stared at the screen, her eyes reddened slightly.

She didn't want to believe that her past life was merely a dream.

Her mind was filled with vivid memories.

She could verify.

Isabella desperately recalled what had happened during this period of time.

Suddenly, she remembered something, and her expression changed instantly.

If she wasn't mistaken.

Not long after.

Susan's biological parents were about to find her soon.

In her past life, Isabella had no idea how the Nicholas family confirmed Susan's identity.

Similarly, in this life, she was clueless,

But at this point, the Nicholas family and Susan probably hadn't met yet.

Without a meeting, even if the Nicholas family had suspicions, they likely hadn't conducted the final verification. Thinking of Susan's biological parents, a hint of resentment flashed in Isabella's eyes.

The Nicholas family, that was the Nicholas family.

Just like Coraland, the Tonico was one of the most powerful countries in the world.

The Tonico was different from the Coraland. It was still ruled by the emperor, so its status in the royal family was very important. Alexander, King of Tonico.

Judith, Queen of Tonico.

The future King, Eason, was Susan's older brother.

With that, Susan became the princess of the Tonico.

Although Ben and Susan were a loving couple, there were still rumors that Susan wasn't good enough for Ben. The revelation of Susan's true identity instantly silenced all the gossip and speculation.

In place of these voices came unanimous declarations of a match made by destiny.

Susan!

Susan was already the daughter of the Miller family. Why should she suddenly ascend to even greater heights like a phoenix? Isabella harbored a flicker of resentment in her eyes.

Her life had been difficult recently, and she had almost forgotten about this matter.

But now that she remembered, she was determined not to let Susan reclaim her rightful heritage. Isabella, expressionless, dialed Carl's number.

Thankfully, she had foreseen this and had already established contact with Carl.

In Coraland.

Carl hesitated upon seeing Isabella's name on his phone.

After all, given Isabella's current situation, it seemed unlikely she could turn her fortunes around.

But recalling how Isabella had previously exposed Susan's identity, Carl reluctantly answered the call... "Mr. Miller, do you realize that a major disaster is about to befall you?" Isabella spoke as soon as the call connected.

Carl jumped, startled. "Miss Smith, what are you talking about? I don't understand."

"The Nicholas family will soon be knocking on your door," Isabella said bluntly.

Carl initially had his doubts.

But the mention of the Nicholas family made his hand tremble.

"Don't ask how I know. But within three days, the Nicholas family will arrive in Coraland. They're ready, suspecting Susan's identity, but they can't be completely sure yet." Isabella raised an eyebrow. "But you know, with today's technology, just one meeting and a test will confirm Susan's identity."

"If they investigate further, the wrongdoing you and your wife committed years ago won't stay hidden," Isabella said ominously. Carl's mind went blank, his face turning ashen. Years ago.

When Yana was born, she was diagnosed with a clotting disorder

and finding who could provide long-term blood transfusions was a huge challenge.

Just as they were worrying about this.

Suddenly, Carl overheard a nurse next door mention that a new mother with a rare blood type was experiencing severe postpartum hemorrhage and urgently needed rescue.

Carl inquired further and discovered that this woman had the same blood type as Yana.

An idea struck him at that moment.

This woman had a rare blood type, but what about her child? Could the child also have the same rare blood. type? Determined to save Yana, Carl and Jane decided to do whatever it took. They secretly took the woman's daughter. Then, their family left the city overnight and came to Anaville.

To cover up their deed, Carl had spent a fortune over the years altering Jane 'S to show tha Ghé had given birth to

twins at a hospital in Anaville, instead

of just one baby.

All these years, his actions had been flawless, with no one ever suspecting Susan's true identity.

Even Susan herself had never doubted it.

But now Isabella was saying that the Nicholas family was coming.

Chapter 256

Carl barely managed to calm himself down. "Miss Smith, please don't frighten me."

Isabella let out a cold laugh. "I was about to offer you a way out, but since you're acting like this, I see no need to

say more."

Isabella was about to hang up the phone.

In a panic, Carl quickly said, "Wait! Miss Smith, I believe you! If Susan's true identity is discovered by the Nicholas family, it would be the end of us all. Please, I beg you, help me."

If only he had known that the woman in the hospital years ago was the queen of Tonico, he would never have done such a thing,

But who could have imagined that a queen would give birth in a small hospital like that!

At first, they didn't know the woman's identity.

But not long after they arrived in Anaville, the royal family of Tonico started a massive campaign to find their missing daughter.

The queen herself went public, even naming the hospital where she gave birth.

That's when Carl and Jane realized the child they had stolen was the princess of Tonico.

Thankfully, Carl had already managed to alter the hospital records. Otherwise, they would have been exposed right then.

At that time, they were not found.

They remained undiscovered over the years, but the fear never left them..

The more they feared, the worse they treated Susan.

And now, the Nicholas family was close to finding Susan?

Carl couldn't help but panic.

Isabella seemed to have vast resources at her disposal, knowing so much that others didn't. Carl couldn't help but pin his hopes on her.

Isabella snorted, then said slowly, "First, if the Nicholas family finds you first, you'll always look suspicious, no matter what you say. You should take the initiative and go to them!"

Carl was startled. "But our relationship with Susan isn't good. If Susan gains another powerful ally, we're finished either way."

Isabella raised an eyebrow. "Who said the one gaining an ally would be Susan?"

"But..." Carl wanted to say something.

Isabella cut him off. "Don't you have another daughter?"

"You mean Yana? She's my biological daughter."

"No, Yana is the real daughter of the Nicholas family," Isabella said plainly.

Carl's first reaction was disbelief.

But then, an idea dawned on him.

"You mean..."

"Do I have to spell it out for you?" Isabella said. "Wasn't there a keepsake with Susan when you found her? You should still have it, right? Take that keepsake and go directly to the Nicholas family. They're desperate to find their daughter. Won't they come to check?"

"But the Nicholas family, being who they are, will probably require a DNA test."

“Yana has a condition that prevents blood drawing. We can only use hair follicles for testing. You’re nominally Susan’s father and can’t you get a few strands of her hair?” Isabella said.

Carl’s eyes lit up with an idea.

Initially, when he learned that the Nicholas family was searching for Susan.

He felt that this was a desperate situation.

But what if he could transfer the identity of the Nicholas family’s daughter to Yana.

Then Yana would be the princess of Tonico.

His biological daughter became the princess of Tonico, the benefits behind this were immense!

The thought alone made Carl tremble with excitement.

If this plan worked, the Miller family would be elevated to unimaginable heights.

“Do you understand now?” Isabella asked.

“Absolutely,” Carl hurriedly responded. “Miss Smith, I just don’t understand, how do you know so much about this? This was supposed to be a secret between Jane and me.”

Isabella replied indifferently, “That’s not your concern. Just know that I despise Susan! As long as you can keep her under control, I’ll have more information for you in the future.”

Isabella was indeed a little mysterious.

Carl’s eyes moved, and he readily agreed.

Only then did Isabella hang up the phone.

She narrowed her eyes.

She was curious to see if Susan could easily find her way back to her roots.

In the Nicholas' Manor

Alexander rushed to Judith's room.

"Darling, darling," Alexander called out excitedly.

Judith gave him a cool glance and then looked away, showing no intention of speaking to him.

Alexander wasn't annoyed.

He knew that Judith had always harbored a grudge because of what happened years ago.

He had always felt guilty in his heart.

If only he had been stronger and more cautious, their daughter wouldn't have been lost in a foreign land.

After all these years, Alexander had almost given up hope of finding their daughter.

The relationship between him and Judith was probably not the same as before.

But now, there was a turning point.

Ignoring Judith's cold demeanor, Alexander eagerly said, "Judith, we've found our daughter!"

Judith's eyes flickered slightly.

She raised her eyes and stared at Alexander.

She still didn't say anything.

However, her eyes were filled with endless desire.

Did they really find their child?

She had been waiting for it for too long.

Judith had long stopped daring to hope.

But now, Alexander was telling her they had found their daughter?

Could she believe it?

Alexander didn't make Judith wait too long. He eagerly showed her a photo.

Judith saw the photo on Alexander's phone.

It was a simple silver bracelet.

Looking at the bracelet, Judith's eyes quickly reddened.

Tears began to fall one by one.

Alexander, pained by her tears, raised his hand to embrace her but hesitated.

Judith, however, cried and threw herself into Alexander's arms.

Alexander's gaze softened as he held her tightly.

It had been years since Judith had allowed herself to cry like this.

She had sealed herself off in another world, not allowing anyone else in.

But now, she finally had the courage to step out.

After the cry, Judith asked, "Where did this photo come from? Where is my child? I want to see her."

Without hesitation, Alexander said, "She's in Coraland. I've already cleared my schedule in anticipation of this moment. We can leave immediately."

"Good," Judith said, wiping her tears and nodding firmly. "I want to go to Coraland right now."

"Let's go, let's go," Alexander said indulgently.

Judith, still in Alexander's arms, suddenly pushed him awkwardly. "Even though we have news of our daughter, I won't forgive you until we find her."

"I won't forgive myself either until we find her." Alexander sighed softly.

Judith fell silent for a moment.

Then she turned and sat at her vanity.

She looked in the mirror and smiled faintly.

She had personally put that bracelet on her child after she was born..

Whoever sent that photo must know where her daughter was.

She would see her daughter soon.

Judith felt a mix of anticipation and fear.

She hadn't taken care of herself properly in years. Would her daughter find her unattractive?

She decided to make an effort with her appearance.

Judith began to apply makeup meticulously, looking at herself in the mirror.

Alexander watched her and suddenly felt a surge of emotion.

Good heavens.

No crueler jokes, please.

She hoped that this time, they had truly found their daughter.

Chapter 257

As soon as the plane was ready.

Alexander and Judith, with their luggage in tow, set off immediately.

When Penny returned home, dinner was already prepared, but Alexander and Judith were nowhere to be seen.

Penny asked a servant curiously, "Where are my parents?"

The servant hurriedly informed her, "Your Highness, the King and Queen have departed for Coraland."

"Is it some official engagement?" Penny asked casually while taking a bite of her food.

The servant shook their head. "No, it's a personal matter. The King mentioned that he received news about the missing princess, so they went to verify it. They might not return for several days."

The missing princess?

Penny was stunned for a moment, then realization dawned on her.

The fork in her hand clattered onto the table.

"What's wrong, Your Highness?" the servant asked, a bit anxious.

"It's nothing," Penny replied, masking her complex emotions. "The news about the missing princess is it about the one who disappeared years ago? There have been so many false alarms over the years. Aren't my parents setting themselves up for disappointment again?"

The servant shook their head. "This time seems different. The King appeared to have received concrete information, otherwise, he wouldn't have taken the Queen with him."

Penny pursed her lips.

Yes, her mother had been mentally fragile these past years. Though her father and brother had tirelessly searched for the lost daughter, they never dared to raise her mother's hopes, fearing it would worsen her

condition.

Given her father's concern for her mother, his decision to take her along this time suggested that he might indeed have found the right person.

Penny's expression became distant.

The real princess was coming back?

What would become of her, the substitute?

Collecting herself, Penny asked, "What about my brother? Does he know about this?"

The servant shook their head. "Mr. Landor hasn't been home and is unaware of the situation."

Penny nodded and lowered her gaze.

Eason would probably be overjoyed upon hearing the news.

She had seen firsthand how desperately this family had searched for their lost daughter.

And now, she was finally coming home.

Did that mean she, Penny, would lose her value?

Penny's hands trembled slightly.

But what could she do?

Penny thought about the fortunate turn her life had taken thanks to the missing princess.

Now that the real princess was returning, she knew she should leave and be grateful for the time she had.

But Penny didn't understand.

But deep down, Penny couldn't help feeling a strong sense of injustice.

In Tónico.

At the testing center.

Eason had been waiting at the door for days, full of hope for the results.

Only eight more hours, he would get the result.

Was Susan my sister?

Everything would be clear soon.

He had a gut feeling that this time, he wouldn't be disappointed.

It was a long journey.

Alexander and Judith, traveling incognito on a private plane, were on their way to Tonic.

The Miller residence

Carl and Jane were nervously waiting for their arrival with Yana.

Carl reminded them again of their story.

“Remember! We picked up this child outside. At that time, the weather was very hot, and she was almost out of temperature. We saved her life by picking her up. This bracelet was also on the child at that time.”

Jane and Yana nodded nervously.

“The most important thing,” Carl said, looking at Yana, “You are that child. Do you understand, Yana?”

Yana clenched her teeth and nodded. “Don’t worry, Dad, I won’t give us away!”

“You don’t need to worry too much. The Nicholas family, feeling guilty about their biological daughter, will be too happy to see you to suspect anything,” Carl said calmly. “When they request a test, I’ll find a way to get some of Susan’s hair. Then our plan will be foolproof.”

Yana nodded, though a hint of resentment flashed in her eyes. “Dad, why is Susan so lucky? Not only did she marry Ben Landor, but her father turns out to be the King of Tonic!”

Carl had explained Susan’s background to Yana the previous night.

Yana was shocked and envious.

Finally, she understood why her parents had always favored her.

She had thought it was because of her illness.

But now she realized it was because Susan wasn't her biological sister.

If Susan's real family would have been worse off than the Miller family.

Yana might have been pleased.

But Susan's biological father was the King of Tonico!

How can she be happy about that?

"What's so good about her luck?" Jane held Yana's hand. "Yana, you're the lucky one now! Have you forgotten that you're the princess of the Tonico!"

Carl said, "That's right! You are the princess of Tonico. Remember this and don't slip up."

Yana nodded. "I understand."

She subconsciously clenched her fists, still a little nervous.

She was about to meet the King and Queen of Tonico.

What sort of grand character were they?

Could their plan really fool them?

Yana wasn't confident.

But she knew this was her only chance.

Her only chance to surpass Susan.

Her only chance for revenge for Timothy.

As the Miller family waited saviouch.. al – L

Carl immediately stood up and said, "They're here. Let's go to welcome them."

Jane and Yana quickly followed.

At the Miller family's doorstep.

Judith couldn't stop wiping her tears as she looked at the Miller family's mansion.

"Alexander, our daughter has been living in such a house? They don't even have a decent-sized garden.  
How

hard her life must have been."

The gatekeeper from the Miller family was speechless.

If this kind of life was hard, what should people like them do.

Alexander, too, was wiping away tears. "Indeed. Such a small villa, they probably don't even have fifty servants. Our daughter has suffered so much."

Judith kept nodding, her tears unstoppable.

Alexander continued to comfort her.

The gatekeeper was speechless.

Listening to this conversation was infuriating. Could he think of a way to cover his ears?

What even more infuriating was that the way the two of them spoke, their mannerisms, and the way they spoke, actually didn't seem to be incongruous at all.

Even if she felt that it was inappropriate, the row of nervous bodyguards behind them would teach her how to

behave.

Just who were these people?

The gatekeeper subconsciously tensed up.

At this moment, Carl, Jane, and Yana appeared to greet them.

Alexander and Judith's gazes quickly swept over the three of them, and then they shot their gazes at Yana in

unison.

Alexander looked at Yana with slight surprise and bewilderment.

“Is... this my daughter?”

Why was her belly so big?

Judith looked at Yana’s face seriously.

She had fantasized about the scene of her meeting her daughter countless times.

She thought that they must have been connected by mother and daughter at that time. As soon as they met, they couldn’t help crying.

But looking at Yana.

Judith was a little confused.

Chapter 258

Yana bore no resemblance to either Alexander or Judith.

Could she really be their daughter?

They both seemed hesitant, possibly fearing another false alarm.

Sensing Alexander and Judith’s doubt, Carl quickly intervened, “Honored guests, please come in and have a

seat.”

“Let’s go inside,” Alexander said, holding Judith’s hand.

Judith withdrew her gaze from Yana and slowly nodded.

Perhaps tempering her expectations.

After all, there are countless children in the world who don’t resemble their parents.

Maybe her daughter was one of them.

It could very well be her long–lost precious daughter! She must be careful not to hurt her feelings.

Carl, meanwhile, kept stealing glances at the line of bodyguards behind Alexander and Judith.

What the hell.

These bodyguards were really scary.

When he occasionally looked into their eyes, Carl’s legs went weak.

The bodyguards followed them to the living room door.

They seemed about to enter when Alexander gestured for them. “You wait outside.”

The bodyguards responded and immediately spread out to guard the entrances and exits.

Carl wiped the sweat from his forehead, relieved he hadn’t planned anything against Alexander and Judith.

Otherwise, he might not even know how he died.

“Please, come in.” Carl hurriedly ushered them into the living room.

In the living room of the Miller residence.

With the bodyguards gone, Carl finally relaxed.

He dismissed all the servants, leaving only the two families in the hall.

Before Carl could say anything.

Yana stood up and said indifferently, “You all talk. I’ll go upstairs.”

She turned to leave.

Judith kept glancing at Yana out of the corner of her eye.

When Yana started to leave, Judith couldn’t help but speak up anxiously. “Why are you leaving so soon? We haven’t even talked yet.”

Yana glanced at her with a detached expression. “The King and Queen of Tónico, such esteemed individuals, how could someone insignificant like me be worthy to speak with you?”

Yana words were laced with irony.

Alexander and Judith became anxious.

“Child, why would you say something like that suddenly?” Alexander asked nervously.

Yana scoffed. "Stop pretending! Your expressions clearly show that you don't believe I am your daughter. What, do you think I'm trying to cling to your family? That I'm desperate for the title of a princess?"

Yana then turned to Carl and Jane. "I've told you! There's no need to find my biological parents for me. I'm perfectly happy living with the Miller family. I don't care about any biological ties. In this lifetime, I only recognize you two. As for anyone else, even if they're some king or queen, I don't care for them."

Carl quickly reprimanded her, "Yana, you can't talk to your biological parents like that!"

"What biological parents? Didn't you see? They don't want to acknowledge me, and I don't want to acknowledge them! I only need you two," Yana said defiantly.

"Silly girl." Jane pulled her back and then looked at Alexander and Judith awkwardly. "I'm sorry. This child has been spoiled by us. She definitely didn't mean to be disrespectful to you. She just couldn't accept it for a while."

Judith was already in tears.

The more Yana acted this way, the guiltier she felt.

It was her.

The child had sensed their initial doubt, and that must have hurt her deeply.

She didn't expect the child to be so sensitive that she could sense it.

How aggrieved must she be to say that she didn't want her biological parents?

Judith, wiping away her tears, said softly, "How can we blame her? We hurt her feelings."

She then cautiously looked at Yana. "Your name is Yana, right?"

Yana just snorted and ignored her.

In her heart, Yana was also somewhat apprehensive.

After all, they were the King and Queen. She did not know if her performance would infuriate them.

But the Miller family had discussed this approach extensively, believing that Yana's defiance would dispel their

suspicions.

They rehearsed for a long time for this play. At present, it seemed that the effect was not bad.

The prouder Yana was, the guiltier Alexander and Judith felt.

Jane then said, "Yes, her name is Yana. We gave her that name. If you wish to change it after acknowledging her lineage, that's understandable."

"Mum! What lineage, what changing names! I don't agree," Yana said, visibly upset.

Jane patted her hand. "Alright, alright, don't be stubborn."

"It's okay, if Yana doesn't want to change her name, she doesn't have to," Alexander said.

As soon as he said that.

The hearts of the Miller family members skipped a beat.

What was going on!

Carl worried they might have overacted and angered Alexander.

Not changing her last name to Nicholas, what kind of Nicholas family member was that?

“My wife’s maiden name is also Miller. So, Yana can keep the Miller surname,” Alexander said, looking at Yana. “It’s all minor details as long as Yana is happy.”

Judith nodded in agreement.

Carl relaxed a little at this.

He said with a smile, “These matters, you can decide on your own.”

Judith’s gaze was fixed on Yana, unable to look away.

Alexander still maintained some composure.

He asked, “Mr. Miller, you briefly mentioned over the phone how you found Yana. Could you please tell us the details now? And the bracelet, may we see it?”

Yana, instead of feigning anger this time, sat quietly.

After all, this part was inevitable.

The Nicholas family wouldn’t just believe them without any evidence.

“Of course,” Carl hurriedly responded. “After I called you, I’ve been keeping the bracelet with me.”

He carefully took out a piece of silk cloth and handed it to Judith.

“Mrs. Nicholas, please take a look.”

Judith’s hands trembled nervously.

Alexander held her hand gently.

The couple held their breath and lifted the silk cloth little by little.

Underneath lay a crudely made silver bracelet.

As soon as Judith saw it, the tears she had just managed to stop, fell again.

He this bracelet var

this one,” she said, crying.

At the time, she and Eason were stranded in Coraland, and she was close to giving birth with no means to earn

money.

However, in Tonic, there’s a tradition.

When children were born, they would put a silver bracelet beside their heads, which could protect them from all kinds of poisons.

Despite the tough circumstances, she had managed to save enough for this silver bracelet.

It was nothing compared to the jewelry she owned now.

But this bracelet contained her pure love for her child.

Judith picked up the bracelet, trembling, and gently stroked the simple patterns on it.

Looking at this bracelet, she felt as if she was transported back to the moment she first saw her daughter.

She was small.

Her skin was still wrinkled.

Eason even complained about how ugly his sister was.

Back then, she playfully scolded Eason.

At that time, she didn't expect that it was the last time she had seen her daughter in more than twenty years.

Chapter 259

After a long moment.

Judith gently put away the bracelet, her eyes softer as she looked at Yana.

The bracelet was right.

In that case, Yana was more likely to be her biological daughter.

“I still find it incredible when I think about it.” Carl began to recount the story of how they found Yana.

“I was just a poor young man back then. I had to go to Burg to buy some goods. Jane was pregnant and about to give birth, but she insisted on coming with me because she was scared to be alone. I also didn’t want to leave her alone, so I took her with me.”

Carl had a nostalgic look in his eyes. “I remember it was summer. That year’s summer was particularly hot, like the sun was trying to roast us alive.”

Judith nodded vigorously. “Yes, yes, it was extremely hot that year!”

Carl said, “After I finished buying the goods and was about to drive off, Jane stopped me, saying she thought she saw a baby on the road. I thought she was joking. How could there be a baby on the road? But Jane insisted, so I got out of the car to check, and to my surprise, there really was a baby.”

Carl shuddered at the memory. “Thank goodness for Jane’s sharp eyes. If I hadn’t listened to her and just drove off, things could have been disastrous.”

Judith listened with bated breath, silently praying.

“We found it was a baby girl, wrapped in a tattered cloth, with this silver bracelet thrown beside her. At that time, Jane and I thought she was abandoned by some family who preferred boys. Out of compassion, we took the baby home. Soon after, Jane gave birth to a girl in Anaville. I didn’t want the first child to know she was found, so I arranged for them to be registered as twins. I treated them both as my daughters,” Carl said, smiling.

“Dad.” Yana called out, moved.

“Fine,” Carl said affectionately, patting her head. “All I want in this life is for you and your sister to be well.”

Yana nodded tearfully.

The scene was quite touching.

Judith’s eyes reddened with emotion.

Alexander was moved too, but he still had some doubts. “Could you tell us exactly when and where you found Yana? And the bracelet was just thrown beside her?”

Alexander seemed to be questioning their story.

Carl tensed up and quickly said, “It was right next to the Appolis Hospital, on a small road. I remember the date clearly. It was August 17th.”

I

Judith quickly said, “Yes, August 17th! That’s the day I gave birth at Appolis Hospital. Maybe someone stole the baby and then got nervous and abandoned her near the hospital.”

“Possibly,” Carl said. “As for the bracelet, maybe the person thought it wasn’t valuable, or they feared being traced through it, so they just threw it away?”

“That’s possible.” Alexander nodded, “But I still feel...”

He couldn’t shake the feeling that something was off with Carl’s story.

Alexander was about to say something more.

Yana abruptly stood up, her gaze cold as she said to Alexander, "You two can leave now."

"Child, you..." Alexander was taken aback.

"I don't care whether I am your daughter or not," Yana said calmly. "I already have my own parents. No matter what the truth is, I have no intention of acknowledging you. So, stop wasting your time here. The Miller family does not welcome you."

"How can you talk like that, Yana!" Jane exclaimed, pulling at her.

Yana suddenly became agitated. "Why can't I talk like this? It's not as if I'm desperate to find my parents. What are they implying now? Questioning us? I don't need any biological parents!"

To make her act more convincing, Yana angrily picked up a teacup and smashed it to the ground.

Judith jumped, startled, and tried to explain in a fluster, "Yana, he didn't mean it like that. He was just..."

Suddenly, Judith's eyes widened in shock.

A red stain appeared on Yana's white dress.

Then, a stream of blood slowly flowed down her calf.

"He didn't mean it like that, then what did he mean?" Yana continued her heated performance.

Jane also saw the blood.

She was stunned for a moment and then shouted, "Yana, there's blood!"

Seeing... seeing blood....

Yana was stunned, and then she lowered her head in a daze.

She looked down and saw a shocking bright red mark on her leg.

Yana felt dizzy.

She had put on such an intense act just now.

Something wrong?

No, something might not have gone wrong.

Her due date was also approaching.

This could be a normal sign of labor starting.

"Quick, take me to the hospital," Yana screamed.

"I'll go get someone," Carl said, rushing out.

"Yana, don't be afraid, I'm here." Jane comforted Yana, holding Yana in her arms.

Alexander and Judith watched from the side, wanting to step forward but hesitating.

Judith felt a bittersweet emotion.

It saddened her that her daughter was calling someone else mom and was so wary of her.

However,

she felt some relief knowing that the Millers family must have treated Yana well over the years.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have shown such sincerity.

Moreover, the heartache and nervousness in the eyes of Jane could not be faked.

Yana's due date was near, and everything was prepared for the birth.

Carl soon came back to announce that the car was ready to go to the hospital.

Jane and Yana hurriedly left.

O

Carl apologized to Alexander and Judith. "Mr. Nicholas, Mrs. Nicholas, I'm sorry about this unexpected situation. We can talk more after Yana has given birth. I need to go to the hospital now."

With that, Carl was about to leave.

Judith grabbed his arm. "Wait, Mr. Miller, we would like to come along.

Alexander nodded in agreement.

Carl hesitated. "But... we still can't be certain that Yana is your daughter

“It doesn’t matter. I believe she is my daughter,” Judith said without hesitation, “Please let us come with you.”

Carl inwardly rejoiced but pretended to think it over before reluctantly agreeing.

“Thank you, thank you,” Judith said, visibly delighted.

Alexander sighed, seeing Judith’s happiness, and chose not to say anything further.

They had waited too long for their daughter’s return.

Carl’s story had a timeline, location, and keepsake. The logic was somewhat plausible.

Yana was the last possible candidate for their daughter.

Although they hadn’t undergone any tests yet, Judith’s direct acceptance of Yana as her daughter went uncontested by Alexander.

After all, Judith hadn’t been this happy in a long time.

Chapter 260

At the Hospital.

Yana’s condition was unlike that of most people. Upon arrival, she was immediately taken to the emergency

room.

Yana’s illness made it dangerous for her to bleed even a little, let alone the substantial amount she was losing

now.

Given her condition, she shouldn't have gotten pregnant.

But Yană insisted on keeping the baby, and no one could persuade her otherwise.

For the sake of Yana's production.

The Miller family had arranged for 500 cc of blood to be stored at the hospital.

In case of an emergency during Yana's delivery.

However, it was too dangerous for Yana to give birth.

Jane waited outside the emergency room, unable to hide her anxiety.

"What's wrong?" Judith asked, seeing their distressed expressions.

Jane looked at Judith, hesitant to speak.

"Please, just tell us," Alexander said. "I'll help in any way I can."

Although they could not confirm Yana's identity now, she might be their daughter after all.

Alexander would naturally think of every possible way to help.

Jane revealed a sorrowful look. "Actually..."

“Stop, don’t say it,” Carl said, cutting her off.

Jane closed her mouth, looking aggrieved.

Judith grew more anxious. “What is it? Please, just tell us

Carl sighed and remained silent.

Biting her lip, Jane spoke, “Even if you disagree, Carl, I must say this! It could be a matter of life and death for Yana. Besides, they are her biological parents and they have the right to know everything”

“You..” Carl struggled for a while as if he had admitted defeat. “Go ahead”

Jane, with a sad expression, said, “You might not know, but Yana has had severe aplastic anemia since birth. With this condition, she must avoid bleeding as even a minor wound might not stop bleeding. Also, Yana’s case is critical and she needs blood transfusions regularly!

aland:

“Aplastic anemia?” Judith’s face turned pale. “My mother had the same condition! Could it be a hereditary

issue?”

Aplastic anemia does have a certain hereditary probability, but Judith herself did not inherit it and

paid much attention to this condition.

But now, Yana also had this disease.

Judith was more convinced of her identity.

Even Alexander's expression turned solemn. "My mother in law had this condition with a rare blood type. Alter

an accident, we couldn't find the blood in time, and we lost her

This disease was dangerous enough for ordinary people, let alone those with rare blood types

Carl and Jane exchanged a glance, both taken aback

Such a coincidence?

They were secretly pleased.

This coincidence would make it easier to convince the Nicholas family.

Carl put on a sad face. "Unfortunately, Yana also inherited the rare blood type. Mrs. Nicholas, you're also Rh-

negative, aren't you?"

Judith nodded absently. "Yes, I am."

Jane sighed. "I also have this blood type. Normally, it's quite rare and not always hereditary. But, by some twist of fate or misfortune, both of us passed this blood type to our children. Our biological daughter, Susan, also has this type."

"Susan..." Judith slowly pondered the name.

“Yana has had this condition since birth. Although she’s not our biological child, Carl and I couldn’t help but dote on her a bit more. Susan, being healthier, was always asked to give way to her sister,” Jane said, wiping away tears before continuing. “Yana’s first bleeding episode was at age seven. That year, perhaps due to the dry weather, she suddenly had a nosebleed. For healthy children, it’s normal, but for Yana, it was a life-threatening situation. She needed an immediate blood transfusion. My first reaction was to donate my blood. I was willing to give as much as needed to save Yana.”

Jane said sorrowfully, “But I couldn’t because I was on medication that made me ineligible to donate. I was helpless.”

As Jane spoke, she broke down and cried.

Judith was completely caught up in it.

Tears streamed down her cheek.

Alexander comforted her and explained to Carl and Jane, “My wife recalls her mother’s situation. When her mother needed a transfusion, Judith’s health prevented her from donating.”

Judith nodded and looked at Jane with tearful eyes. “And then? Who donated blood to Yana?”

Jane sighed deeply. “It was my biological daughter, Susan.”

“Susan donated blood at the age of seven, during Yana’s first crisis.”

Jane’s expression mournful. “After that transfusion, Susan lay in bed for a week. But Yana had just been ill and needed care. I spent that week with Yana, thinking Susan would understand. But she developed a grudge against me for that. She still hasn’t forgiven me.” Jane broke down crying.

Carl sighed and comforted Jane. “Don’t be too hard on yourself. Yana’s health was fragile. Susan was supposed to be more understanding. Susan has grown up now. She’ll understand one day.”

“Hopefully,” Jane said, wiping her tears.

Judith was deeply saddened by the story.

Carl and Jane had made such sacrifices for their child, even to the detriment of their biological daughter, Susan.

Susan was also pitiable.

But from Judith’s perspective, she couldn’t help but feel sympathetic towards Carl and Jane.

As they were talking.

A nurse hurried out.”

Jane approached her anxiously. “What happened? Is there a problem?”

The nurse looked at her and spoke rapidly, “The patient is experiencing heavy bleeding! Due to her unique condition, we need to immediately arrange a blood transfusion!”

“Heavy bleeding?” Jane’s legs went weak, clutching the nurse’s clothes. “But we stored blood in advance at the hospital. Yana will be okay, right?”

The nurse bit her lip. “But the blood reserve is only 400 cc, which might not be enough. I’ll go arrange for the stored blood now, but if possible, please try to find more blood. Remember, it needs to be within two hours,

otherwise...”

The nurse didn’t finish her sentence, but the implication was clear.

After speaking, she hurried away.

Jane collapsed to the ground, weakly murmuring, "How... how could this happen?"

Her grief and anxiety were palpable.

Judith was deeply affected by this.

Wiping her tears, she looked at Alexander with determination. "Alexander, Yana must be our child, we have to

save her."