

## Chapter 10: I am not your sister

Both Freddie and Freya were shocked. They least expected to see her, not after what they had done to her. Why did she come? Pamela had always had a good heart that she didn't know how to hold a grudge.

They both turned at the same time and glanced at Pamela standing by the door, looking beautiful in a beautiful long gown.

She looked expressionless. No traces of pain, hurt or bitterness on her looks. She didn't appear like someone who just heard her parent's conversation.

She looked quietly from her mother and then her father. She let her eyes linger a little longer than normal on them before looking past them to the two lovers standing with their fingers intertwined.

She glanced first at Lucas. The memory of his love making to Emma a few days ago came fresh to her. The moaning, the yanking and thrusting deep inside of her, flashed through her mind.

She felt her heart beating fast. But quickly she let those thoughts go. Her eyes rest on their intertwined fingers and how deeply engrossed that actions portrayed.

Lucas' fingers tightened more on Emma's. Pamela knew the act was deliberate, he really wants to provoke her and prove to her that he's in love with Emma.

She was the one who brought Lucas to her family. She introduced him to them as her fiance and since that day, he was always welcome into her home.

Many times, he would console her and tell her to forgive her parents. He would always say they love her and meant only good for her.

How stupid of her to believe his fake sympathy back then. How can she readily trust him with every single atom of her body.

She didn't know he was talking nicely with her and cheering her on while he was fucking her sister, drilling his dick into her core.

Her eyes now went past their intertwined fingers to their faces. Lucas' glare was with a killing intent. His stare was hostile and if it were possible, he would have swept her off her feet and landed her on the floor.

Emma's was not annoying but that of mocking. She was running her tongue over her lips provocatively. She definitely was making a mockery of Pamela.

"You should be the first guest we would invite to our wedding, Pamela," Emma declared, walking over and crossing her hand over Pamela's shoulders.

"Ah Pamela. You are welcome. Come in" Freddie said suddenly. This rascal daughter of his was going to add chilli to the fresh injury in Pamela's heart.

"No, Freddie. She can't come in here. She doesn't belong here anymore and hence she has no place to sit here" Freya seethed.

"Freya, just stop it. She's still our daughter.." Freddie frowned but Emma interrupted her father.

"What kind of a father are you, dad? I just announced my wedding to Pamela. You should have told her to congratulate us. But no, you didn't, rather you were telling her to come in" Emma hissed and shook her head.

"Be quiet. How dare you talk so rudely to her?" Freddie cautioned his daughter. The argument was going to continue when Pamela stepped in.

"It's alright all of you. You don't have to quarrel. I just want to ask Lucas a few questions" Pamela declared, looking at Lucas expressionlessly.

Without waiting for Lucas or anyone else to give her a go ahead, she asked "tell me something Lucas, how long have you been frolicking with my sister"

"On the contrary Pamela, you left me and got married into a wealthy family. So you should look inward before asking questions" Lucas snapped at her.

He would avoid her questions and used her marriage as a defence. He would tag her betrayal and leave her with no room for accusations.

"There's no need for any question and answer here. Pamela, you are already Married and you don't expect Lucas to answer any of your questions.

What you should concentrate on is your new home. Emma and Lucas are getting married and there's nothing you can do about it.

You've been invited. If you wish them well, you can come. But if you choose not to come, no one is going to miss you. Your presence doesn't make any difference though" Freya declared, eyeing Pamela irritatingly.

Her hatred for Pamela is too glaring. Her presence irritates her and she doesn't want to see or hear her voice around her and her dear daughter Emma.

"Well, I am a kind hearted woman and I want you to understand a few things. First, Lucas realised that he loves me more than you, and we started dating.

As it is now, I am pregnant with his child. Mum pushed you out of the way and forced you to be married to a dying man.

The dowry gotten from you would be used to finance our wedding. The Hayden's were so generous that they gave us exactly what we requested. Thanks to mum for being a superwoman.

You should be happy that we got a good price for giving you away. You've been a pain in our ass for so long. Finally, mum got a means of throwing you out of our house and lives and that, for a good price.." Emma explained briefly.

Pamela's eyes were filled with tears already. Is she so worthless that she was disposed of so cheaply?

"You don't expect me to leave a legitimate daughter and get married to someone like you, do you?" Lucas demanded, without a hint of remorse in his voice.

"You are a butterfly that thinks of herself as a bird" Emma mocked. She eyed and looked at Pamela from her head to her toes. Looks like her dress looks good on her.

Since her husband is a dying man and she couldn't enjoy the happiness and pleasure of being married, the least she can do is to wear expensive dresses, that would be her compensation.

"I have loved you, all these years. But the way you paid me back was sleeping with my sister?" Pamela asked, glaring at Lucas.

"I am not your sister. I am not related to you and we have no blood bond, okay. You are so foolish and empty headed that you cannot read the writing on the wall.

Mum and dad adopted you. Go and search for your real parents and stay away from us. You are a pest on us and a thorn in our flesh..." Emma was yelling at her.

"Shut up. How dare you insult her like that.." Freddie snapped at Emma.

"No, you should shut up instead. Since you have no courage to tell her, Emma did. What wrong had she done or said, huh, tell me?" Freya retorted back at her husband.

Pamela didn't wait another minute but ran into her room, the one she used to live in and get a few of her belongings. She didn't want to shed a single tear in their presence.

The ones she had shed all these years was enough. Now, she would cry but secretly. No more openly. She got all her documents and her most valued treasure before dashing out.

Her father ran after her, but Pamela didn't say anything as she got into the car and the chauffeur drove her off.

As soon as Pamela left, Freddie felt like committing suicide to appease his foolishness. How can he disappoint Pamela so much?