

Read Novel Spoiled By Mr. Russell By Luminous Night Chapter 1091

Chapter 1091

"I don't think I need to see it." Margaret's voice was surprisingly calm. Don't you already have an answer in your heart?"

She never expected her son to be capable of ruining someone's life.

When Ralph first raised his doubts, Margaret also became skeptical and agreed they should do a DNA test because the results would always be accurate.

If Alexander were not biologically a Russell, it would prove his mother had an affair, and Margaret would not allow an illegitimate child to inherit the family's wealth and business. However, everything had changed.

Ralph said that regardless of whether Alexander was related to them by blood, they needed to blame him and gain power over the family.

'Mom, just give me the green light. It's our best chance,' Ralph begged softly.

Margaret would always soften her heart and grant any of his requests whenever he placed himself in a lower position and pleaded like a child.

It was just like when she had helped him the other time. She had promised to assist him and lure Alexander and Lily to leave home. That was why Ralph believed his mother would help him with anything as long as he begged her a little.

Margaret sighed deeply and said, "Do you remember that Alex is your nephew and that you're his uncle? We're family if he's related to us by blood."

Mom, why are you being so soft-hearted at this crucial moment? Have you forgotten how he treated you or how he kicked out our family members from the company one by one? Have you forgotten how Celine and I had to grovel at his feet and attend to his every request?

'What's the point of remembering that I'm his uncle? What was in his head when he did those things to us?' Ralph expressed indignantly.

His dissatisfaction had accumulated over the years. Alexander rejected all of Ralph's proposed projects but would smoothly carry out the ones others proposed. He felt Alexander regarded him as trash and did not trust him because Alexander would always quickly demote the people Ralph promoted.

It was crystal clear that Alexander wanted to make things difficult for Ralph, even criticizing him publicly whenever Ralph thought of making some extra cash for himself through the company's businesses.

"Did he have to do that? Everything belongs to our family, and it wasn't like the things I did were for the benefit of others. He didn't care for my image, so why would I show mercy to him now?"

"Ralph..."

"Mom, I can't explain things well to you over the phone. Let's talk when I'm at your place. I'll head over right now."

Ralph realized his mother was acting strange today. In the past, she would listen to everything he said. Hence, he wanted to return home and explain things to her.

"Ralph!" Margaret wanted to say something else, but he had already hung up.

Staring at the phone, she breathed a sigh of relief, yet felt extremely tired. Back then, Margaret would always say she was old, but from the bottom of her heart, she had never felt her age as much as she did now.

Hugo had been good to her all these years and had taken good care of her. He even pampered her throughout their marriage.

Although she had given birth to a few children, she had never suffered much. Losing her few sons was probably the most intense pain in her life.

She had taken good care of her appearance, which made her look much younger than her peers, but at this moment, she deeply felt her age. She was exhausted as she turned her head and looked into the mirror.

She realized that she could not hide the wrinkles on her cheeks and silver hairs on her head, no matter how well she had taken care of herself. 'Was I wrong?'

Margaret opened the door, revealing Celine standing outside with a conflicted expression.

"Mom."

"Did you hear everything?" Margaret asked as she stared at Celine.

'Nope, I just heard some movements. Were you on the phone?' Celine probed. She also had mixed feelings.

Margaret nodded and said, "Celine, tell me. What should I do?"

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Startled by the question, Celine said, "Mom, I don't know about this either. It's up to you to decide!"

If she had known, she would not have been so flustered yesterday.

Margaret fainted, but luckily she recovered before they called for an ambulance. As soon as she woke up, she held Celine's hand to stop her from calling for it because she did not want to make a big deal.

Margaret knew everyone would be alerted if she was admitted to the hospital. Hence, she decided not to tell anyone until she figured out what to do.

"Ugh!"

Ralph was not in a hurry to go home and went to the hospital on his way there. The pain in his elbow was killing him even if he did not move it much, causing beads of cold sweat to form on his forehead. At first, he thought it was just a simple dislocation and that his joints could return to their original position quickly. It seemed like that was not the case, though.

He went to the hospital for a checkup and was subjected to an X-ray examination. The doctor explained calmly. "You have a fracture."

"A fracture? Is it that serious? I just fell!" He was in disbelief, his mouth agape.

"It's indeed a fracture. Look here, this place...." The doctor pointed to a particular area on the film and explained, "You may have fallen right on this spot. Some people could even break their bones from falling. Looking at your condition, the fracture shouldn't be too serious, but... you said that you fell yesterday?"

"Yeah!"

"You dragged it far too long before coming to the hospital." The doctor pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose and continued, "Wear a cast on your elbow and don't move it much in the next few days. It'll be fine after a while."

"Then can I still drive?" Ralph wondered how to drive with one of his elbows in a cast.

The doctor gave him a speechless look as if to question him, "What do you think?"

“How unlucky I am!” Ralph thought. His resentment for Heather was growing because he blamed her for his injury.

At this moment, he regretted not learning kickboxing. If he did, he could beat her up and make her obedient to him, just like Alexander did!

However, that did not matter to him now. Once he took control of the family, he would hire people who were even stronger in kickboxing to deal with her!

After the doctor fixed his elbow in a cast, he got up to pay his medical fees. When he exited the door, he saw a familiar figure who disappeared into the corridor.

‘It can’t be that person! Is there such a coincidence?’

Ralph’s heart skipped a beat. Even looking at the person’s back made him feel eerie. He did, however, take hurried steps behind the person to ensure it was the person he was thinking of.

He turned the corner and saw the person entering a room. Curious, he went over and looked, but the door was closed.

When he looked up again, he saw the words “Neurology Department” on the wall.

‘Neurology? Isn’t that for psychopaths?’

Ralph widened his eyes. Before he could understand what was happening, the door suddenly opened from inside, and someone came out of it. He could not hide in time and met the person head-on.

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Ralph did not expect “Heather” to be here so soon. He could not even avoid her and was standing face to face. Surprise flashed across her eyes, then she asked coldly, “What are you doing here?”

“I...” He moved his arm and laughed awkwardly, “Ha, ha!”

‘You should see what you’ve done to me,’ Ralph thought, but he did not expect her to be surprised when she saw his injured arm. She even asked, “Are you hurt?”

“It’s all because of you...” He paused as he saw her expression and decided against it, “It’s fine. I wasn’t standing properly.”

Seeing her innocent expression, Ralph was furious. 'How could you act like nothing had happened when you were the one who was so rough with me? You even saw me fall when you dragged me by the arm!' He thought but would not dare to say this out loud for fear of being beaten up by her.

"No, no, it's definitely me. I lost my balance," he remarked sarcastically. Then, he lifted his head and noticed they were standing in front of the neurology department. He smiled and asked, "What are you doing here?"

"I..." Hannah panicked, and even though it was just for a moment, it was still too obvious. She raised her hand and tugged a strand of hair behind her ear, "I'm here to get some medication for a friend. I'm leaving. Goodbye."

He ran up to her and asked, "Friend? Your friend must be quite sick if he needs to visit a neurologist."

His intention was to find out why she was here and to see her embarrass herself. Besides, they were in a hospital, so he believed she would not do anything violent to him.

"Heather" did not beat him up. Instead, she quickened her pace and walked toward the front. "I guess. I'm not very sure, though. I'm only here to collect his medication."

"It looks like you have a good relationship with your friend since you're here personally to collect his medication. I'm kind of jealous," Ralph was being bold, as "Heather" did not seem angry with him.

He continued walking alongside her and said, "I admit you were right. That book I have was a fake, but I can assure you, I'm not going to lose!"

'Yeah, sure,' Hannah replied in haste and continued walking, not even glancing at him. She looked like she was in a hurry.

"I know you don't believe me, but just watch. The Russell family will soon be mine!" He announced eagerly, as he could not wait to see her regret her choice.

"One more thing, if the book I have is a fake, how are you so sure that you have the real one? Alexander is a sly fox. If he could set up a trap for me, won't he do the same for you? How do you know that you did not fall into his trap?" Ralph intentionally tried to scare her just to wipe the smug look from her face. He was still unhappy that he was tricked by Heather as well.

Hannah got to the elevator and was about to press the button when she heard what he had said. She turned around and asked in confusion, "What was it?"

Her expression indicated that she believed what he had just said.

Ralph was satisfied with her reaction and smiled, 'You think so too, right? I advise you to check carefully if that book is really what you wanted.

Besides, you could just continue to work with me. If we work together, I'm sure we'll be able to bring our enemies down. Even if we couldn't end up as a couple, we could always be friends! You've been on the island for too long. Alexander is not an easy opponent to deal with."

Hannah just continued to stare at him while remaining silent. She looked like she was deep in thought. When Ralph was just about to continue persuading her, the elevator opened.

Hannah turned and stepped into the elevator, and Ralph came rushing in behind her before she could stop him. Others had already rushed into the elevator as well. The elevator was crowded instantly, and they were being pushed to the back. Ralph was standing dangerously close to "Heather."

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Hannah frowned as she leaned backward. Her back was against the elevator's wall, but she did not look disgusted.

Ralph's arm, which was in a cast, was placed in front of her chest. His arm moved, and it brushed against her. She immediately flushed red as she drew her lips into a thin line.

This gave Ralph a flashback to the cute image she had when he had just met her. He would have thought she was adorable and would have tried to tease her if it had been before.

However, after a few encounters with her, he was sure that there was something mentally wrong with this woman. Why else would she appear at the neurology department? In the face of a woman with both violent tendencies and mental problems, he would not dare cross her.

However, it was a rare occasion when she did not lose her temper. He could not help but tease as he wiggled his finger and said, "See, it's not my fault. It's just too crowded here. It was an accident."

Heather glared at him but kept quiet. When the elevator finally got to the ground floor, everyone got off. Heather left first, followed by Ralph. This time, Ralph did not follow her. Since they were leaving the hospital, he worried she would beat him up outside.

When they were about to step out of the entrance, Heather suddenly stopped and turned to him. Ralph quickly lowered his head and examined himself, sure that there was nothing unusual about him. Then he suddenly realized something. Was she about to change her mind and come beat him up?

Ralph stood at the spot, frozen. He was contemplating whether he had enough time to turn around and run. Unfortunately, his reflex was not as fast as his thoughts. Before he could even turn his body, Heather was already in front of him, "A while ago..."

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean it. I promise!" He raised his other arm to surrender.

"The thing you said could be fake. What do you mean?" She asked in confusion.

Ralph was taken aback and wondered, 'Was her illness causing her to be forgetful?'

"Erm...I meant it as a possibility. Since Alexander had set a trap for me using that fake handbook, the one you have with you might not be authentic either. I suggest that you ask an expert to take a look to prevent accidents from happening. I'm just concerned for your safety."

Though that was not true, he did not enjoy seeing Heather smug. He did not know if Heather would believe him, but he decided not to act rashly. He continued to stare at her, and if she tried to hurt him, he would immediately run for it.

After a few seconds, she replied calmly, "Okay."

Then she turned to leave.

Ralph was confused beyond words. What was that all about?

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Ralph took time to think about what had just happened, but he still could not comprehend the situation. Then again, "Heather" was visiting the neurology department, so he could not explain her actions using traditional means.

Judging from her reaction, it looked like she believed what he had told her. At least, she was also starting to suspect the authenticity of her handbook. Just the thought of this brightened Ralph's day. He looked at the time and decided to hurry to his mother and convince her to help him.

After obtaining the report from the hospital, he went straight to the Russell Estate. Margaret was already awake when she answered Ralph's call. She was waiting for him while enjoying her breakfast and was about to finish when Ralph entered the dining room.

At first, she tried to maintain proper table etiquette, but the moment she saw her son limping into the room, she shot up from her seat and went to him. She held his arm and asked, "W-What happened to you?"

She looked at him worriedly. She wasn't expecting him to be injured.

"I'm all right. It's just a minor injury. I had a bit of a fall."

Ralph dared not tell his mother that Heather had caused the injury and that they were no longer partners because she had used him. He was worried his mother would lose faith in him. He could not afford to lose his last supporter.

Ralph was not worried about his injuries, but Margaret, on the other hand, was anxious. "A fall? How could you break something just from falling? Was it serious? What did the doctor say?"

Ralph was her precious son, and seeing him injured broke her heart.

"I'm fine. It's just a minor fracture. The doctor told me that with plenty of rest, I'll recover soon enough."

Ralph was unfazed by his mother's distress, as this happened regularly. Since he was a child, his mother always panicked whenever he got injured. Even his father could not bear her overprotective tendencies.

They would always end up arguing. Hugo claimed that Margaret was too protective of him and that it would lead to him being spoiled. On the other hand, Margaret would accuse Hugo of favoring Alexander.

They would constantly quarrel over this. As time passed, they stopped arguing entirely and focused on their respective child.

A scheme flashed through Ralph's mind when he saw his mother reacting this way. He sighed and said, "To be honest, I think this is an injury I sustained at Alexander's place."

"How's that possible? You were fine when you came home the other day." Margaret did not believe him since he had to pick her up after retrieving the item from Alexander's place. He had not complained about being injured, nor had she seen any injuries on him. How was it possible that his fracture appeared a few days later?

“No, I was worried you’d panic, so I didn’t tell you. Alexander’s bedroom had numerous boobytraps-from lasers to hidden arrows. They almost killed me. Though I was trying to be careful, I slipped and fell. I thought it was just a minor fall, so I didn’t think much of it.

“After a few days, the area started to hurt, so I went to the doctor.” Ralph shook his arm but ended up straining his wound. He winced from the pain.

“Stop moving your arm!” Margaret stopped him immediately. “Try not to strain it. I’m still worried. I’ll get the family doctor to give you another check -up. You silly boy, how could you just ignore something like this? If you had gone straight to the doctor, it wouldn’t be this bad.”

“I didn’t know it’d end up getting worse. I hadn’t expected Alex to have so many traps installed either.” Ralph paused for a while before continuing, “Mom, we shouldn’t underestimate Alex.

“He’s so unlike us with his constantly scheming mind. Since he could predict I’d steal the secret handbook from his house, do you think he knows we’re digging up information about him? Maybe he even tempered with the DNA test.”

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Margaret had been listening in silence. When she heard what Ralph said, she was astonished. “What did you say? Are you saying the secret handbook you stole was a fake?”

“Yeah. I had no idea, but Heather does. She knew it was a fake as soon as she saw it. Alex had intentionally set a trap for me. An arrow almost hit me. If I had been, I wouldn’t be able to see you anymore.”

Ralph sighed. “You said I’ve been cruel to him, but hasn’t he been the same to me? Even if I was wrong to steal the handbook, Alex could’ve told me directly or dissuaded me. Instead of doing that, he set a trap and even used dangerous weapons. Mom, does he even see me as his uncle?”

“Well...” Margaret did not know what to say.

“I’m not being petty, but if I don’t fight back, I’m afraid I won’t be able to preserve my own life. You’re here now, so maybe he won’t make any drastic moves. I-I’m afraid he’ll push me to a dead end the day you’re gone!” Ralph slumped over, looking dejected.

Margaret felt conflicted. This was what she feared most.

She was worried her beloved son might not be able to live a good life after her death. With how Alexander was, he would never forgive Ralph for scheming against him. When that happened, she could not do anything about it.

Ralph looked at his mother's face and knew he had struck a chord with her. "Mom, I'm not doing this to push him to the edge. I won't be like him when I take charge of the family. I promise I'll feed him well as long as I'm alive. I won't let him starve, okay?"

He raised his hand as he swore with a solemn look on his face.

"Did Heather do anything after you retrieved the fake handbook? The shares ..."
Margaret threw a pivotal question without even answering him.

At that time, she counted on Ralph to get the Riggs family shares. Since the handbook was a fraud, Heather had not gotten what she wanted.

Would she be able to accept that?

"Heather is fine," Ralph immediately replied, "Although I'm not married to her, we're still partners in the same boat. Although the handbook I got was fake, she knows I'm sincere. I took a considerable risk breaking into Alex's mansion to get the handbook. It made her want to work with me even more.

"Don't worry. I've already told Heather I'll hold onto the Riggs shares after I take charge of the Russell family. Besides, I won't have a problem finding the real handbook when the time comes."

Ralph was trying to convince his mother. After all, he could not let her know that Heather was just using him and that the Riggs shares were long out of his reach. If Margaret knew he could not get hold of the shares, she would not help him fight Alexander.

Ralph could only put all his eggs in one basket and pray for the best. Those with essential matters would not pay attention to trivialities.

However, Margaret said nothing and lowered her head in contemplation as if to weigh the credibility of his words.

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"Don't you believe me, Mom? I've already told Heather about it. She said she would help me. Did you forget that Alex had hurt her as well? Once I become the family

patriarch, Heather and I will continue being in a cooperative relationship. It'll have long-term benefits for our family's growth.

"Alex, on the other hand, has offended the Riggs. With him in charge, who knows what dangers will arise in the future." He paused for a moment before continuing, "Whatever the case, this is all for our family's good. Can't you just agree to help me?"

Margaret stayed silent for a long time before slowly saying, "Are you honestly doing this for our family and not yourself?"

Ralph was taken aback by her question. His mother had never questioned him like this. After all, it was no different whether it was for the family or himself.

After getting over his initial shock, he immediately retorted, "Of course, it's for the family and me! Mom, you're acting like I'm not a part of the family. Of course, I'd put our family first. I'm not Alex. I'll help our family flourish!"

"Alex is a part of the family as well. He's my grandson. No matter how much I dislike his mother, I can't change the fact that he's the grandson of this family," Margaret said earnestly.

Her words made Ralph a little flustered. He felt that his mother was being weird and different today.

In the past, she would always jump to his aid. Yet now, it seemed like she was talking for Alexander. Could he have brainwashed her? Maybe the DNA test had changed her mind.

Thinking about this, he immediately stepped up and said, "How is that the same? You said it yourself that he's the child of a woman you don't like, and his personality is just like that mother of his who had never seen the outside world.

"He's just like his mother. All he cares about is himself. He doesn't even respect his elders, but I'm not like him, Mom. I'm your son. How can I not think about you and the family? Mom, did Alexander say something to you? Why did you say such a thing?"

"You shouldn't trust him. Nothing honest ever comes out of his mouth. Look at how he set me up and baited me into his trap. Coming up to you and persuading you with sweet words is nothing to him!"

"Exactly." Margaret let out a long sigh. "It'd be easy if he had come up and said some nice things to persuade me, but after all these years, he has never said more than two words to me."

Ralph was perplexed. Something was wrong here. Why did Margaret seem more inclined to side with Alexander?

As he was about to question further, he heard his mother ask, "What do you want to do?"

This sudden change in momentum brought him back to his senses. It seemed like Margaret had agreed. He was immediately overjoyed.

"Mom, it's simple. I'll gather the family elders and let them bear witness to this. When the time comes, call Alex and announce the DNA results in front of everyone.

'We'll tell them Alex is not a descendant of the Russell family and that the Russell blood doesn't flow through his veins. That way, he won't be qualified to be in charge of the Russell family.'

Margaret asked, "It won't be hard to convince the family, but what about the company?"

"Don't worry about that. I'll contact the company shareholders. They used to work with Dad. There's no way they'd be willing to watch the company fall into the hands of an outsider. Soon, everything will be ours again!" Ralph clenched his fists. He was so close to victory.

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Seeing his eyes light up, Margaret questioned again, "Have you ever thought about what will happen to Alexander?" "He will fall off his high horse and no longer be able to boss us around. He can't control our money any longer!" He was dreaming of his bright future and wondering why he hadn't thought of this plan sooner.

If he had, he would have gotten what he wanted early. However, it was not too late. There was still time!

"Then, have you thought about how he would have nothing left? On top of that, he'd be labeled as a 'by-blow' of the Russell family. Have you thought about how sad his future will be?"

"Mom, why are you being so benevolent? The way he treated us..."

"He didn't treat us that badly. We didn't have to worry about what we were going to eat or if we had clean clothes to wear. You don't even have to do anything to have money. You have a mansion of your own and a sports car. In the future, the Russell Estate will be yours as well. Relatively speaking, he had provided you with a lot of things."

She had not thought of it this way back then. She had always felt like her son did not have much and that Hugo was too eccentric. Looking back, it seemed that Ralph had more than enough. In comparison to Alexander, who had none of those, Ralph's life seemed much easier.

"Mom!" Ralph stood up, a little angry. "Why do you keep siding with him? Do you know how old this house is? Why didn't you say anything about Alexander's house? The number of mansions, beach houses, greenhouses, sports cars, and other assets he has. Do I have any of those?"

"Dad had obviously built up this family for us, the Russell family. Why did he get so much, and I, as Dad's son, got peanuts in comparison? I'm still his uncle at the end of the day. Why do I have to listen and act according to what he says? This belongs to our family! We're the Russells! What right does he have to do this to us?!"

All his suppressed anger erupted. He had a clear-cut plan. Everything would fall into place if his mother agreed to cooperate with him. However, his mother kept hesitating.

Margaret had rarely seen her son like this, dissatisfied, angry, and filled with resentment. It was as if he had been harboring thousands of unresolved grievances all along. She never knew that he felt this way.

"You're right." She sighed again and said softly, "Your dad built this up from scratch. All of these belong to the Russells!"

"Mom, I know you're thinking about Patrick, but didn't I promise that I wouldn't let Alexander live on the street without food? What's the big deal? I'll just give him as much as I have right now. As long as he doesn't try to oppose me, I guarantee that he won't suffer in the future!"

Ralph raised one of his hands and swore solemnly. He felt that he had done enough and that he was already very kind to Alexander.

In the face of his reassurance, Margaret looked at him lightly and said, "But the report..."

She must have known the results of the DNA report. Otherwise, she would not be in such a hurry to ask him what was going on, regardless of how true or false it might be.

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What he meant was that even if Alexander were born of the Russell bloodline, she would have to pretend he wasn't. This was like cannibalism!

"Don't worry about the DNA report. I've prepared it for you. All you have to do is just take it and read it!"

As he said this, he immediately took out the DNA report and handed it over to Margaret.

Once she had taken it, she opened the report and read through it a few times. It seemed like the one she had just read, but the report's conclusion had been altered.

She glanced at Ralph and said, "You've outdone yourself this time!"

"Mom, I had no choice!" He chuckled before continuing, "You know how hard it is to deal with Alexander. If I don't do this, I'm afraid I won't be able to get back what's mine."

"Get back what's yours?" At this moment, Margaret suddenly felt an unknown rush of anger. "Those are all your father's things. Get that right! It's everything that your father has worked for!"

As far as she was concerned, Alexander did indeed grow the business.

Although she was biased, she was not blind. Margaret, who had always been soft with Ralph, suddenly burst into anger, which shocked him.

He quickly nodded. "Yes, yes, you're right. They're all Dad's things. As his son, there's nothing wrong with me inheriting them!"

Since Patrick is gone, it's only normal that it'll be handed over to me. Once I die, Alexander will also get his share of the inheritance. However, I'm still alive and breathing right now!"

Thinking of this, he felt aggrieved. How could his father overlook him and give everything he had to his grandson? This was the reason behind the ridicule he had received from the outside world for years.

"You're fixated on doing this already, aren't you? There's no room for any discussion, am I right?" Margaret felt a heaviness in her chest as she struggled to keep that piece of paper in her grasp.

Taking a deep look at her, Ralph nodded resolutely without hesitation." Mom! This is my last fight! I'm already 30. If I fail, there's no hope left for me in the future! This is my once-in-a-lifetime fighting chance. Can you... just help me with this?!"

As he spoke, he fell to his knees and bowed.

Margaret lowered her eyes and looked at her beloved son, whom she had loved for most of her life. She slowly closed her eyes and raised her head.

While she took a deep breath, tears rolled down the corners of her eyes as she said, "Then...do it!"

"All right!" Ralph immediately got up and left happily.

Behind him, he did not notice her sorrowful eyes watching him leave.

Heather let out a breath and slowly dropped her hands to the side. Her body had relaxed a lot.

She was silent for a long time before she opened her eyes and looked at the book in front of her.

This book was rather miraculous. She had tried to practice what was taught but found it relatively obscure and difficult to understand. The first few practices were a struggle, but she continued to push through. Now, it seemed like she had finally gotten over the hurdles, and her breathing felt much smoother.

However, in the end, she felt a surge of vitality, causing her chest to tighten and her breathing to shorten. Then she would suddenly be woken up and brought back into reality.

She had no choice but to stop, although she was unwilling. She had always felt that if she persisted just a little bit more, she would get past this and improve.

Heather was unconvinced that Alexander's kickboxing was this good. Even when it came to simple practices like this, she believed she was better than him. With her foundation and years of practice, it should have been easier for her. She should have attained the knowledge faster than him. However, up until this point, there was little progress.

While considering this, she realized that maybe she was not practicing in a fitting environment. This place was too noisy, and she could be easily distracted. She also had to worry about being suddenly attacked by others. She concluded that it was better to go back earlier and return once she had completed her training.

"Chump!" She called.

Chump, who had been guarding her this whole time, came in immediately." Yes, Ms. Riggs?" "How is the packing going? Let's go back as soon as possible!" said Heather.

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"I'm almost ready. Do you want me to clear everything here?" He asked.

"Yes. Dismiss all the servants except for those that are coming with us. Let no one stay behind," she replied coldly.

She would consistently recruit a new group of people no matter where she went, only bringing a few from home with her.

Everyone else would be new recruits.

Those servants were kept at arm's length so that no one would know her secret.

Chump nodded. Heather stopped him just as he was about to carry out her orders. "Wait a minute! Where's that brat?"

"Inside the house."

"Bring her here. I have something to tell her."

"Okay!"

After Chump left, Heather couldn't suppress the dull pain in her chest. She began to stroke her chest when her throat began to feel funny. Then she suddenly spurted out a mouthful of blood.

It seemed that advanced kickboxing was too stimulating for her body. She had to go back and practice.

Hannah quietly went up the stairs. Her footsteps were so soft and light that no one would notice. Although the door was half open, she knocked twice and only walked in cautiously when she heard a call from inside.

"Heather, were you looking for me?" As soon as she entered the door, she saw that Heather's mouth was stained with blood and exclaimed, "Heather, are you-"

"Don't yell!" Heather shot her an unhappy look and said, "Come in and close the door!"

Hannah quickly shut her mouth. She closed the door behind her and walked in.

"Heather, are you... all right?"

She stared at Heather worriedly.

"I'll live. It's just a light injury!" Heather wiped the corner of her lower lip. When she saw the scarlet blood, she smiled nonchalantly.

Injuries were nothing new to her, so this was nothing out of the ordinary. As long as she could learn this advanced kickboxing technique, she had nothing to be afraid of, even if she suffered now.

"Is it because of the man that hurt you? Is that why you take so long to heal?" Biting her lips, Hannah muttered, "This is all my fault. I'm so useless that I can't even avenge you."

Heather broke into laughter when she heard what was said. "You? You want to avenge me?"

Hannah was so weak that she couldn't even hold a chicken back. How could she avenge Heather when Heather could not defeat Alexander herself? It was ridiculous!

"I know I'm useless. I'm so sorry!" Hannah lowered her head and spoke softly.

Seeing her cowardly appearance, Heather grew angry and waved her hand around.

"Enough! You're looking more and more different from me now! Now, you stay at home and practice in front, or people might see through you!"

"Okay! I understand!" Hannah's greatest strength was her obedience. She had a rebellious phase for a while, but Heather caught her and managed to reel her back in. Thinking of this, Heather couldn't help but ask, "Do you still miss him?"