

This Time, I'll Be the Villain's Favorite Daughter Novel Chapter 10

Read This Time, I'll Be the Villain's Favorite Daughter Novel Chapter 1 -

I Stopped Believing

Chapter 10 He Starts the Fight and Then Cries

Finished

After a flurry of activity, Wendy finally finished making dinner. With a smile on her face, she pushed open the kitchen door, only to be greeted by Toby with cake all over his face and Maya looking like she'd just crawled out of a storm, her hair a complete mess.

Wendy paused.

The hands that had once calmly sniped targets from over 300 feet away now trembled slightly as she held the plate.

Wendy closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

She almost screamed.

Good Lord, what kind of chaos is this?!

"Toby?" She stared at the blood on Toby's hand, her voice surprisingly steady.

At the sound of Wendy's voice, Maya's eyelashes trembled nervously.

She scrambled up from the floor, suddenly realizing she'd acted too impulsively.

She'd been so focused on fighting back against that lunatic Toby that she forgot, no matter how awful he was, he was still Wendy's biological son.

And one who had been sickly since childhood and had only just come back home.

Only to get beaten up by her.

Toby realized it too. He immediately got to his feet and complained without hesitation, “Mom, she actually hit me! Mom, hurry up and send her back. A wild girl like her doesn’t deserve to stay in our family –” His words tumbled out one after another, malice swirling in his eyes, as if he couldn’t wait to see Maya kicked out.

‘Maya!!’ Wendy’s gaze dropped, and she suddenly noticed her daughter’s hair. There was a chunk missing!

Toby was about to keep talking when Wendy rushed past him, scooped up Maya, and pulled her into a tight hug, checking her over anxiously. “Baby, are you okay? Are you hurt anywhere? You scared me to death. Let me see your hair...”

Maya had already been slightly malnourished before, and after months of care, her hair had only just started to regain some color.

Wendy had been carefully taking care of those soft little curls every day.

She’d even been studying hairstyles online, determined to make her daughter the cutest kid in preschool

And now, today, someone had ripped out her daughter’s hair.

Wendy held up the uneven strands, her heart breaking.

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3:06 pm

Chapter 10+ Starts the Fight and Then Cries

The smugness on Toby’s face froze.

Wait.

Isn’t the focus completely wrong?

Am I not the one who got beaten up?

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My face is bruised and swollen, and my own mother is mourning a few strands of hair from her adopted daughter?

How is that fair?

He tried to steer things back on track, raising his voice, cold and sharp. “Mom, I-got-hit-by-her.”

He pointed at himself, emphasizing priority.

Wendy finally spared him a glance from the tragedy of Maya’s hair.

Then, in a completely matter-of-fact tone, she replied, “So what? You just got hit, but Maya lost a whole chunk of her hair!”

After saying that, Wendy went back to gently stroking the girl’s soft curls, looking like she was about to cry.

How am I supposed to style her daughter’s hair now?

Toby was speechless.

He swore no one in the next hundred years would ever understand his mother’s way of thinking.

A personality this abnormal could only be handled by someone like Raymond, who stayed calm even if the sky collapsed.

Facing his mother’s bizarre logic head-on again, Toby felt like he was about to explode.

Seeing Toby on the verge of blowing up, Alfred calmly handed him a towel. “Here.”

Toby took the towel and wiped the cream off his face expressionlessly.

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Looking at his younger brother, then at his mother holding that adopted daughter, a strange, indescribable absurdity washed over him.

Since birth, Toby had been weak and sickly.

And because his parents’ line of work was too dangerous, he had spent most of his time with Philbert:

The wealthy and powerful old man had given him the confidence and the warped values to act without restraint.

Under Philbert's protection, he had never needed to hide his cruelty.

But now, an orphan had entered this family out of nowhere and made his mother completely ignore him.

At that moment, the urge to kill surged uncontrollably to its peak.

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1:06 pm

Chapter 10+ Starts the Fight and Then Cries

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Alfred quietly watched Toby's twisted, unhinged expression, thought for a moment, then turned and went upstairs first.

After showering, Toby skipped dinner entirely and went straight back to his room.

Downstairs, Wendy was gently blow-drying Maya's half-dried hair while frantically searching on her phone for "how to make hair grow faster."

She didn't really care how Toby was doing.

Out of her four sons, Toby had always been the most willful.

Even though she'd expected some chaos, the full-on fight between the siblings still left a bit of a mark on

her.

Thinking about Toby's awful personality, she repeatedly told Maya to lock her door and go to bed early.

The day had been such a mess that Maya was genuinely exhausted.

"Okay," she mumbled, her head nodding sleepily as she said, "goodnight, Mom."

“Goodnight, Maya. Sweet dreams.”

Maya was truly worn out.

She fell asleep almost the moment her head touched the pillow. But as she drifted in and out of sleep, she seemed to hear the faint sound of someone tampering with the door.

Outside, the hallway was dimly lit.

Toby, dressed in dark pajamas, stood there like a ghost, using a small, specialized tool to work on the lock, a suppressed excitement and malice on his face.

A hand suddenly pressed down on the doorknob, stopping him from opening it.

Alfred stood there in neat pajamas, looking up at him, his eyes devoid of warmth. “You still haven’t given up, Toby?”

“Alfred.” He looked down at his younger brother, his tone deliberately drawn out, a fake smile on his face. “You do know I’m your brother, right?”

Alfred fell silent.

Toby ignored the brother blocking his way. He didn’t think Alfred could stop him anyway.

Hearing the noise at the door, Maya opened her eyes as well.

The next second, what came into view was a boy standing quietly by her bed, his features striking, his skin pale, like a ghost.

3:06 pm

Chapter 10+te Starts the Fight and Then Cries

Maya almost choked.

God, I’m done with you.

So much for having my best interests at heart.

A brand-new month, and you sent me this lunatic to ruin my life.

Toby seemed much calmer now, his face expressionless, his gaze colder and deeper than usual.

He didn't insult her like before. He just stood there, staring at Maya.

His gaze was so intense that it made her skin crawl.

Toby suddenly curled his lips into a faint, humorless smile.

He didn't say anything. He simply pulled something out from behind his back.

If Maya wasn't mistaken, it was... a gun.

The question was, how did a 13-year-old get a gun?

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seemingly satisfied by her shock, he toyed with it for a moment, then quickly pressed it against Maya's

forehead.

The cold metal touched her skin, and her entire body went rigid.

Toby leaned down slightly, bringing his face closer, his voice soft and icy, like he was introducing an interesting toy. "Colt M1911A1, .45 caliber, single-action trigger... I'm gonna use it to send you to your leath."

His eyes locked onto Maya's terrified gaze as he let out a low, eerie laugh.

Say goodnight to the world, Maya."

On his pale, handsome face, there was a twisted mix of excitement and pleasure as his finger slowly tightened on the trigger.

In that moment, Maya truly felt the presence of death.

Click.

But the next second, what sounded was a hollow mechanical noise.

Toby's smile froze.

He kept aiming like that, stunned, for a full two seconds.

Did the gun fire? No.

Where was the bullet?

Nothing came out.

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1:06 pm

Chapter 104e Starts the Fight and Then Cries

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Why?

He abruptly lowered his arm, his movements rushed and unsteady.

He ejected the magazine with practiced speed, even faster than he had aimed the gun.

Under the moonlight, the inside of the magazine was completely empty.

Not a single bullet.

Toby's mind buzzed.

As if he couldn't believe what he was seeing.

Maya was dumbfounded as well.

Huh? It's fake?

Is he just trying to scare me?

She hadn't believed a kid could get a real gun anyway, so when nothing fired, she immediately assumed it was fake.

Maya shot upright and punched him straight in the face again.

The sharp pain made Toby suck in a breath, his movements freezing.

Maya didn't give him a chance to fight back. She lunged at him again and jabbed her fingers into his side.

Toby's waist was extremely sensitive. He lost his footing and got pinned to the ground again.

See? You were just asking to get hit again."

This time, Maya aimed for his nose again.

Toby got angry. But that was it.

Because he couldn't beat her.

He had no idea where this girl got all her strength from.

Feeling something warm trickling down from his nose, Toby shut his eyes helplessly.

No need to think. It was bleeding again.

He gave up resisting entirely and just glared at her.

'You little brat.'

He cursed her.

Maya didn't hesitate. She slammed a pillow over his face. "Go to hell."

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3:06 pm

Chapter 10+e-Starts the Fight and Then Cries

Finished

Toby was too weak. His resistance was barely noticeable.

After all the chaos, he almost suffocated.

Maya pulled the pillow away and realized that he was crying.

The corners of the boy's eyes were red. Even with the hatred in his gaze, there was something strangely fragile about him.

Maya froze for two seconds.

He's crying.

What the hell?!

He starts the fight and then cries?

How does that make sense?

"I'm gonna kill you..." the boy muttered, his eyes red, as if he'd suffered unbearable humiliation.

Maya expressionlessly punched him again. "Wow, I'm so scared."

"You know, Maya..." Toby didn't struggle this time. He let out a slight, twisted smile, his voice suddenly soft. "At school, anyone I don't like ends up dying horribly."

Maya actually laughed in anger. The way he spoke, like he looked down on everything, was exactly like those powerful elites from her previous life who treated human lives like nothing.

Her anger drove her fist down onto his face again.

Maya sneered, "You? With that weak body? You'd struggle just to kill a chicken, and you're talking about killing people?"

Toby was completely beaten into silence.

After getting knocked out again, he expressionlessly left Maya's room and started checking his gun over

and over.

Finally, he realized someone had tampered with his suitcase.

Maya, a kid from an orphanage, obviously wouldn't know anything about guns.

Excluding Mom, that narrowed it down to one person...

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06 pm

This Time Be the Villain's Favorite Daughter