

This Time, I'll Be the Villain's Favorite Daughter Novel Chapter 2

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I Stopped Believing 2

Chapter 2 My Internationally Wanted Father

That night, after getting cleaned up, Maya sat obediently on the bed in her pajamas.

The woman beside her dabbed baby cream onto her fingertips and patiently rubbed it in circles over the frostbitten patches on the girl's face.

"Maya, do you wanna sleep with me tonight?"

"Alfred used to be scared of ghosts too and wanted to sleep with me all the time, so don't be shy." Worried the child might not adjust to a new environment, she spoke softly, "I will always stay with you."

Hearing that, Maya was actually a little surprised.

Even someone like Alfred, with that calm, almost robotic personality, got scared of ghosts?

"It's okay, Mom, I can sleep alone. I'm not scared of ghosts." The girl shook her head quickly, looking like she was trying very hard to refuse, which made Wendy smile.

Not wanting to pressure her, she didn't insist.

"Alright, then. Goodnight, Maya."

The woman gently kissed her cheek, patted her head, and helped turn off the lights.

Maya waved her hand, her voice soft. "Goodnight, Mom."

After the door was fully closed and the room fell dark, Maya opened her eyes wide, staring at the faint sliver of light coming through the crack under the door, slightly lost in thought.

Maya could tell this family was a little strange.

She had always been highly perceptive growing up. Her sense of smell, taste, hearing, and even her learning speed all put her ahead of everyone around her. Maya lightly rubbed against the soft blanket.

But she really liked Wendy.

Besides, she wasn't actually a real child.

So even if this family was a little strange, it didn't matter.

She would try her best to pretend not to notice and ignore anything that didn't make sense.

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At the same time, after closing the door, Wendy immediately returned to the living room and called for a family meeting.

Looking at Raymond sitting in the chair and her youngest son, who was engrossed in building blocks with his head down, she clapped her hands sharply to get their attention.

When both of them looked over, the woman sat down on the couch, crossing her legs. "About how we're going to live from now on, do you have any thoughts?" Thoughts?

Under the lights, Raymond's complexion looked even paler. He smiled slightly. "Honey, you don't seriously think one child is gonna change our lives, do you?" He liked things to stay exactly the same. Bringing this child back wasn't meant to change anything.

"Why not?" Wendy said seriously. "Don't you think there isn't a single normal child in this house?"

Raymond didn't think much of it.

His wife's desire for a daughter had already reached a borderline crazy level. When Alfred was born, the first thing she did was pull back the swaddle to check the baby's gender.

He still remembered how Wendy froze after looking, then muttered blankly, "Honey, why does my daughter have a little dick?"

He didn't know what to say.

"So what do you wanna do, Mom?" Alfred put down the toy in his hands.

He knew very well that once his mother made up her mind, nothing would change it, and arguing was pointless.

The boy spoke calmly, "I don't hate her. I'll do whatever you say."

Wendy's voice instantly turned soft enough to melt. "Alfred, you really are my good boy."

She bent down and rubbed her son's face. "First, we can't let Maya know what our family does."

Wendy had never raised a normal child. Her sons had been born into a life of constant assassination attempts from enemies.

When she gave birth to George, on the very first day after leaving the hospital, she held the baby in one arm and shot down an attacker from about 300 feet away.

The record was solid proof.

Her sons had basically faced assassination attempts and gunfire since they were only a few years old, moving from place to place across the world. Their adaptability was extremely strong. They could watch their parents kill without even changing expression and could even calmly finish someone off.

In other words, only the strong were worthy of being their children.

But Maya was a completely ordinary little girl from an orphanage. They had to treat her differently.

"If Maya finds out what we do, she'll be terrified." Wendy spoke with clear

reasoning, one arm draped around Raymond's neck as she said softly, "Honey, you don't want our daughter telling people at school that her father is the leader of an international assassin organization, do you? You're still on the bounty list, dear." Raymond met his wife's serious gaze and raised an eyebrow. "So?" Wendy pressed on, "You don't want her future essay topic to be 'My Internationally Wanted Father,' right?" Meeting his wife's gentle yet dangerous gaze, Raymond finally let out a long sigh and gave in. "I'll do my best to cooperate."

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Wendy went on a late-night online shopping spree and showed up at Maya's door the next morning, still full of energy despite not sleeping.

Maya rubbed her eyes, half-lidded and still drowsy. "Mom?"

Her pronunciation was clear, but her voice naturally sounded soft and sweet.

Wendy, who had given birth to four sons, was instantly enchanted by that "Mom," clutching her chest like she'd lost all sense of the world.

I'll kill the president for her if she wants, as long as she calls me "Mom"!

Wendy had once stood at the absolute top of the assassination world.

After carrying out an assassination on a newly appointed powerful figure, just as she elegantly concealed her weapon and turned to leave, she ran into Raymond, who had also come to carry out a long-range sniper assassination.

On the top floor, amid the screams and chaos as people fled after the president's assassination, the two of them fell in love at first sight and got married.

Wendy wasn't some bloodthirsty killer. Compared to drifting from place to place, she'd always wanted to settle down as soon as possible.

And after washing her hands of that life, her only wish was to have a daughter.

After four straight sons, Wendy started blaming everything—including Raymond's family grave. One night, fed up and not thinking straight, she went out and dug it up.

When she came back, Raymond lazily lifted a strand of her dirt-streaked hair and said with regret, "I think I remembered wrong. My dad's still alive. You dug up the wrong grave, honey."

The whole farce ended with Wendy punching Raymond so hard that his head slammed into the wall.

"Maya, I got you new clothes!" Early in the morning, the woman showed up holding a fluffy bunny onesie, her eyes sparkling as she looked at Maya.

She looked like she couldn't wait to dress her up.

Maya pursed her lips and obediently let Wendy do as she pleased.

Her long hair, dry and dull from years of malnutrition, was forcefully combed smooth by Wendy, yet she didn't feel any pain at all.

Wendy worked miracles through sheer force, smoothing out every knot in her hair, tying it into a bun with a light yellow band, and clipping it in place. The bunny onesie made the five-year-old with her short arms and legs look especially cute and round.

Once she was dressed, Maya was led downstairs. The father and son below were each doing their own thing—one quietly playing with a Rubik’s cube, the other lying back with a book covering his face, half-asleep.

Hearing the noise, Alfred looked up and saw the freshly dressed Maya.

Her hair was tied into a bun with a pale yellow tie, the fluffy onesie draped over her, white bunny ears drooping behind her, and her amber eyes were clear and bright.

She actually looks... pretty pleasing to the eye.

But he frowned, not understanding why he would think that.

At six years old, Alfred didn’t yet know there was a word called “cute.” He just felt that Maya looked especially nice today.

So, thoroughly charmed without realizing it, Alfred stood up and generously decided to give her his toy.

“For you.” The boy spat out two stiff words.

Maya took it. She had never played with a six-layer Rubik’s cube before, and it took her a slow five minutes to solve it.

She really is kinda dumb.

After observing, Alfred reached his conclusion and looked at her with the kind of pity one might reserve for someone not very bright.

Maya asked, “Why are you looking at me like that?”

He answered bluntly, “You’re dumb.”

“I’m not dumb.” It was the first time Maya had ever been called dumb. She blinked, trying to give examples. “The staff at the orphanage all said I was smart.” Even her trash father from her past life had admitted she was the smartest child he’d ever seen.

“That’s because everyone around you is dumb,” Alfred spoke while his fingers moved rapidly, spinning the cube at a speed far beyond what a normal child could do, restoring it in an instant.

Then, in a flat, emotionless tone, he delivered the final blow.

“This is boring.”

He took 58.39 seconds. Not even a full minute.

Maya’s eyes widened in amazement.

“Okay, I’m dumb.” She immediately admitted her shortcomings.

Raymond lowered the book from his face, having witnessed the interaction between the two children. The corner of his mouth lifted as he let out a small laugh.

Maya looked toward her father, who was slumped on the couch.

The man had a thin frame, delicate features, a book in hand, and glasses on his face. He looked like some kind of intellectual authority figure.

But when Maya looked closer, she saw the title clearly printed on the cover.

“Postpartum Care for Sows”??

Maya’s eyes widened in shock.

She already had round eyes, and when she widened them, she looked especially

adorable. Paired with those innocent bunny ears, it piqued Raymond's interest. He curled his finger lazily. "Come here, Maya."

Maya immediately gave up on the cube and scrambled onto the couch.

Raymond lounged there, placing the book on top of her head, then tugged lightly at the bunny ear on her outfit.

With the book on her head, Maya shook it off and then reached out and took off his glasses. "Dad."

Caught off guard when his glasses were removed, the man seemed slightly unaccustomed, narrowing his eyes. His dark gaze was completely emotionless, and for a split second, it gave her the unsettling feeling that he was dangerous.

Maya forcefully suppressed that instinct, straightened her back, and tried to relax as she sat there.

He yawned, and that dark aura disappeared, his tone turning lazy and drained.

"What is it?"

Maya shook her head.

Pointing at the fallen book, she asked curiously, "What are you doing?"

"I'm studying hard for our future happy life," he told his daughter in a completely serious tone.

"Studying?" Maya pointed at the pig illustration on the cover, pursing her lips as she spoke vaguely. "So you're learning how to take care of pigs, Dad?"

His expression didn't change. He didn't care that she could read and just made something up. "My job is raising pigs.

"We have a very large pig farm. Learning how to care for sows after they give birth is one of the required skills, Maya."

After explaining, Raymond looked at his daughter, who had fallen into deep thought, assuming she might feel a little disappointed about this kind of job.

After all, kids cared about appearances too.

Just as he was about to say something else, the next second, his body stiffened slightly. He looked down to find Maya had thrown herself straight into his arms.

The girl happily crashed into him, warm and soft, smelling nice, her voice bright and cheerful.

"That's great, Dad! I support your job! I'll study hard to take care of pigs too in the future."

Hearing such a stable and grounded job filled Maya with a strong sense of security. In her excitement, she buried her head into his chest, waving her arms as she declared, "I'm gonna become a pig farm manager when I grow up!"

That's a guaranteed, stable career.

Raymond couldn't react for a moment.

The moment Maya finished declaring her grand ambition, a fruit knife flew out from the kitchen and stabbed cleanly into the apple on the table in front of Raymond.

With a sharp crack, the apple split cleanly in half right in front of him.

Raymond froze.

Wendy poked her head out from the kitchen, smiling sweetly, her tone soft.
“Honey, what are you two talking about?”