

This Time, I'll Be the Villain's Favorite Daughter Novel Chapter 3

Read This Time, I'll Be the Villain's Favorite Daughter Novel Chapter 3 -

I Stopped Believing 3

Chapter 3 Riding An Old Lady Across the Street

Finished

Raymond glanced at the distance from the kitchen to the living room, then at the apple that had been cleanly split in two, and couldn't help letting out a silent whistle. Damn, what a shot.

But when his peripheral vision caught Wendy's ominous expression, he wisely swallowed that praise.

At the same time, Maya had burrowed completely into his arms, wrapping tightly around his waist.

The girl's body was small and soft, so light that it felt like holding a cloud.

Before this, Raymond had only ever held his sons, and he was used to their solid, almost concrete-like build. Suddenly holding a daughter who was soft all over, he found himself at a rare loss.

In the end, the man chose a stiff, almost robotic motion, lightly patting Maya's back.

Clearly, even the coldest killer had no defense against a child like this.

Seeing this, Wendy wiped her hands and walked out of the kitchen.

She crouched down and opened her arms. "Maya, what were you talking about with Dad that made you so happy?"

Maya threw herself into Mom's arms and eagerly shared her wish. "Mom, when I grow up, I wanna raise pigs with Dad."

Wendy shot Raymond a sharp glare, though her voice stayed gentle. “Why is that?”

Maya buried her head into Wendy’s neck and smiled but didn’t explain.

It was a habit she’d developed in her past life at the orphanage. She never took the initiative to build a relationship with her father.

In contrast, Kaia had been bright and carefree, never afraid of Thomas Jackson’s indifference, warming him like a little sun.

Naturally, compared to Maya, the unlikable daughter, Thomas had wanted Kaia to stay by his side and had

T sent Maya off into a political marriage with a wealthy family.

That was how she ended up with a fiancé.

Maya didn’t want some rich fiancé at all.

The more ordinary the family, the more secure she felt.

Besides, raising pigs properly really could be a stable, lifelong career.

While Maya drifted into her memories, Wendy grabbed Raymond, who was trying to lie listlessly on the couch, and dragged him into the kitchen for a “meeting.”

Bang! The kitchen door shut behind them.

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The smile vanished from Wendy’s face instantly. She gripped a kitchen knife and pressed it coldly against the artery at Raymond’s neck.

“If you ever spout nonsense to Maya again, I’ll chop you up.”

Raymond didn’t even bother moving, leaning lazily against the counter as he recalled the excited look on his daughter’s face just now. “Who told her to be that easy to fool?”

“Based on my evaluation, Maya’s intelligence is roughly equal to that of an adult Labrador.”

She might not be smart, but she’s way more fun than my scheming, stiff sons.

Wendy tightened her grip on the knife and took a deep breath, barely stopping herself from making him bleed out on the spot.

She let him go irritably and began pacing around the counter, thinking through solutions

No matter what, she couldn’t let her daughter be led astray by Raymond.

She had to think of something.

Suddenly, the woman stopped in her tracks and slammed the knife into the cutting board. “At Maya’s age, she should be in preschool.

“I think only school can give her proper values.

“What do you think, honey?”

Wendy knew perfectly well that their home environment wasn’t suitable for raising a normal child.

“Really?”

Raymond slowly flipped through a cookbook in the kitchen, his tone indifferent. “I don’t think school can, teach her anything useful.”

“At the very least, it’s more reliable than learning how to take care of pigs from you.” Now that Wendy had a solution, her mood noticeably improved.

She kicked Raymond and ordered,

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“Go find a school for Maya right now.”

Raymond lifted his gaze from the cookbook and saw the seriousness in his wife’s expression. He sighed, understanding there was no room for negotiation.

In that case...

“How about Kingsley Preschool?”

“It has a good reputation, the campus is very safe, and most wealthy families send their kids there

His eyes lowered slightly, his tone calm. “I’ll go have a friendly discussion with the principal later. If it all goes well, she can enroll tomorrow.”

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Wendy added, “We should have Alfred enroll with her. With Maya’s gentle personality, what if she gets

bullied?”

The way she looked like a mother worrying about her child traveling far made Raymond chuckle. “Of

course.

“Maybe being together will even help Alfred learn how to make some useless friends.”

Finally, it was time for dinner, and the whole family gathered around the table.

At the table, Raymond barely touched his food. He lazily pushed his food around like he had no appetite at all.

Maya happily gnawed on the chicken wings Wendy made, completely ignoring the green vegetables beside her.

Alfred, meanwhile, quietly ate his plate of broccoli and steamed pumpkin, carefully avoiding all meat.

The siblings had completely opposite tastes.

Looking at the two problem children plus one overgrown child, Wendy felt a headache coming on again.

She turned to her youngest son first. “Alfred, you can’t just eat vegetables. You need to eat meat to grow

tall.”

Alfred lowered his head and slowly chewed his broccoli, as if he hadn’t heard a thing.

She turned to her daughter, her tone softening even more. “Maya, you need to eat more vegetables to stay balanced and healthy.”

Maya looked at Wendy, then at the chicken wings on her plate. After struggling for two seconds, she obediently picked up a piece of greens and stuffed it into her mouth.

Finally, dinner was coming to an end.

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Once both kids were more or less finished eating, Wendy gently set down her utensils. She adjusted her posture, folded her hands on the table, and swept her gaze over Alfred and Maya. In her softest, sweetest voice, she dropped the biggest bomb of the night.

“Come to think of it, you two are at the age to start preschool.”

She paused, waiting for their reactions.

Maya blinked, not reacting much.

But Alfred suddenly looked up, shock appearing on his usually expressionless face. “Mom?”

“What?” Wendy glanced at her overly reactive youngest son. “You’re six this year, and Maya is five. It’s the perfect age for preschool. Once you’re there, you can meet lots of kids your age. Do you have any objections to my decision?”

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“Why would I need to meet a bunch of amoebas?” Alfred frowned coldly, not understanding at all. “I can learn everything on my syn. I don’t need to know them.”

Maya gained a whole new understanding of her brother’s arrogance.

Of course, Alfred’s protest was completely ignored.

Under Wendy’s firm insistence, the very next morning, she rushed out and bought school bags, turning the two little kids into brand-new preschool students at lightning speed.

Maya actually found the whole experience pretty novel.

In her previous life, she had never gone to school. She’d always had private tutors teaching her at home.

Living and studying in a group setting with kids her own age was something she had never experienced before.

And under Wendy’s overwhelming maternal instincts, terrified Maya might catch a cold. She ended up bundled into a round little ball on her first day of preschool.

She tried hopping a couple of times to loosen up, but the thick layers of clothing made her movements clumsy.

From behind, she looked like a walking snowball.

Raymond walked behind them with his hands in his pockets, his expression calm as he watched the scene.

Just as Maya tried to hop again, he casually stepped forward and lightly stuck his leg out in front of her, as if it were completely natural.

Thump.

The girl went down in a textbook faceplant.

“Ugh...”

Maya instinctively whimpered twice.

Seeing this, the corner of Raymond’s mouth lifted ever so slightly in amusement.

By the time Maya slowly pushed herself back up, she stared at Raymond, who looked completely innocent, as if nothing had happened, in disbelief.

This was the first time she had ever seen someone this awful.

Is he even human??

Tripping a little kid like that?

The more Maya thought about it, the angrier she got. Staring at his back, a sudden burst of mischief rose up in her chest.

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She lifted her foot and kicked him in the leg.

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When Raymond suddenly felt a light kick against his calf, his body's instincts almost reacted instantly with

a counterattack.

But he forcefully suppressed every reflex and slowly turned around instead.

There was a clear little footprint on his pant leg.

And the culprit, that little snowball, had already darted behind Alfred, clutching his jacket tightly, peeking out with big eyes and a hint of provocation.

Alfred, who had been used as a human shield, was exasperated.

He noticed that the relaxed expression on Raymond's face turned cold almost instantly.

Sensing the shift in his father's mood, the boy went on alert immediately. He stepped forward half a step, shielding Maya more completely behind him.

Alfred's small face tensed as he stood in front of the girl like a protective hen.

He was clearly just a chick himself, yet already trying to protect Maya. The slightly ridiculous scene made Raymond snort in laughter.

The invisible pressure eased in an instant. He reached out and ruffled Alfred's curly hair into even more of a mess, then grabbed Maya's hand as she peeked out from behind her brother.

'Let's go,' he said with a faint smile, as if that brief tension had never happened. "We'll be late if you keep dragging your feet."

At first, Maya had assumed the preschool she was going to would be something ordinary and lively, like the ones near their neighborhood.

But when she saw the tree-lined road outside packed with cars that looked like a mini auto show, she fell

silent.

In her previous life, she had at least been the daughter of the richest man.

She recognized luxury cars.

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The ones parked outside easily started at seven figures, and anyone who could afford those...

Their families definitely weren't ordinary.

"The one you're attending is Kingsley," Raymond said casually, as if nothing seemed out of place. Tonce did a good deed, helping an old lady cross the street. Turns out she was the principal's mother. To thank me, she arranged for both of you to enroll."

Maya just stared at him.

Her face practically screamed, Do I look like an idiot to you? She pressed her lips together, finally unable to hold?

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back.

“Dad,” she said sincerely, do you look like someone who would help an old lady cross the street?”

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She paused, watching his slightly raised brow, then continued seriously, “Someone like you, who’s too lazy to even sit if you can lie down...”

Maya spoke with perfect logic. “If you ran into an old lady, you’d probably ride her across the street instead. Walking is way too tiring for you.”

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