

This Time, I'll Be the Villain's Favorite Daughter Novel Chapter 4

Read This Time, I'll Be the Villain's Favorite Daughter Novel Chapter 4 -

I Stopped Believing 4

Chapter 4 Lab Rat High on Carbs

Raymond actually found himself momentarily at a loss for words.

Finished

“So that’s what you think of me. I’m heartbroken.” He let out a fake sigh, barely fulfilling his duty as a father, as he took both kids by the hand and personally walked them into the preschool.

On the first day of school, unlike Maya’s excitement, Alfred looked gloomy, like the entire world owed him

money.

Maya looked around, noticing the children dressed in neat, identical uniforms, all dropped off by nannies or drivers.

Meanwhile, since she and Alfred were new students, their uniforms hadn’t been issued yet, making them look slightly out of place.

She tilted her head slightly, quickly noticing her brother’s stiff discomfort under the subtle gazes around him. Without hesitation, Maya reached out and grabbed Alfred’s hand hanging at his side.

Alfred wasn’t used to being touched. Caught off guard by the sudden contact, he instinctively tried to shake her off.

Maya tightened her grip and refused to let go. “Let’s walk in together.”

He froze.

Her hand was warm, and the firm grip made the heat unmistakably clear. In the end, Alfred lowered his lashes, didn't resist, and instead tightened his hold on her small hand.

The arrival of the two transfer students was like pebbles dropped into a calm pond, sending ripples through the classroom as all the kids gathered around them curiously.

Voices overlapped as they bombarded them with questions.

'Are you two siblings? Why don't you look alike?'

'How old are you?'

"Can we play house together?"

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All kinds of chatter filled Alfred's ears, making his fingers tighten more and more until they were nearly digging into the back of Maya's hand.

It's too loud.

Those illogical questions made him want to kill someone.

Maya winced from the pain and turned to look at him, about to say something, but Alfred had already bitten his lower lip in irritation, let go of her hand, and silently walked to the farthest corner of the activity room to sit down.

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3:04 pm

Chapter 4 Lab Ret High on Carbs

Finished

That completely closed-off attitude successfully made him the "weird kid" that most of the children ignored on his very first day.

Maya, on the other hand, was the complete opposite.

It was like she was born knowing how to get along with people.

In no time at all, she had already gotten familiar with everyone in the class.

“Maya, what does your family do?” a boy in uniform asked curiously.

That question wasn’t strange at Kingsley. Almost every kid there would ask about each other’s family background.

“My dad raises pigs,” Maya answered honestly.

“I see.” The boy instantly understood. In his limited worldview, anyone who could attend Kingsley had to be rich or powerful. “So your family runs a pig farming company! My dad says agricultural tech makes a lot of money these days.”

“No.” Maya felt the need to clarify. “My dad works for someone else.”

In a prestigious school like Kingsley, one glance around was enough to see that basically all the children came from especially wealthy families.

Maya guessed Raymond must have spent a lot of effort and money.

Every time, he looked like he had permanent dark circles and never got enough sleep. Raising pigs must be exhausting work.

A look of confusion appeared on the boy’s face.

The circles he grew up in were full of wealthy families. He had no concept of a background as ordinary as Maya’s.

Fortunately, family background was just a small topic, and the kids quickly moved on.

By lunchtime, Maya’s popularity became completely obvious.

Many of the kids eagerly offered her snacks.

Before long, Maya’s hands were full of imported chocolates and treats.

She trotted over, quickly making her way to Alfred, sitting alone in the corner. She unwrapped the most elegantly packaged chocolate and held it up to his tightly pressed lips.

“Want some chocolate?”

Alfred turned his head away and coldly spat out a single word of refusal.

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3:04 pm

Chapter 4 Lab Ret High on Garbs

No.

Finished

“Why?” Seeing his complete lack of interest, Maya decided it’d be a waste not to eat it herself and popped the chocolate into her own mouth. She cupped her cheeks happily. “Chocolate is so good.”

“I hate sweets.” Alfred frowned. I’m not like George, that pig, who likes sugary stuff.

Watching her look dazed and blissed out, the boy said coolly, Sugar triggers dopamine release, which temporarily interferes with the prefrontal cortex

“And right now, you’re like a...”

He paused for two seconds, searching for the perfect word.

“Lab rat high on carbs.”

Maya didn’t reply.

She stared at her completely serious brother and immediately stuffed a chocolate ball into his mouth.

Just eat it!

Alfred didn’t dodge in time. The smooth, overly sweet taste melted in his mouth, making him frown uncontrollably.

Maya reached out right away and smoothed his brow. “Why do you always look like the world owes you something? Smile a little.”

At her age, she couldn’t understand why he was always so gloomy.

By the end of lunch, Alfred’s “stay the hell away from me” expression had successfully scared off everyone.

“Their breathing is too loud.” The constant rise and fall of it annoyed him endlessly.

Maya frowned.

Their breathing annoyed him?

Even someone trying to pick a fight wouldn't come up with something like that.

Facing Maya's complicated look, Alfred calmly continued, “Why are you accepting their things? They're just trying to buy you off.”

Maya didn't care. “Free food is free food. I've never had any of this before.”

Back at the orphanage, she never qualified for snacks. At the Jacksons', she'd been ignored for so long that she didn't even dare ask for any.

Being able to be a kid again in this life felt amazing.

She looked completely content.

Alfred had never seen anyone so easily satisfied.

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3:04 pm

Chapter 4 Lab Rot High on Carbs

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During nap time, the siblings small beds were placed side by side. After lying down for a bit, Maya yawned, starting to feel sleepy.

She turned her head and realized Alfred had been staring with his eyes open the entire time.

He lay there, still as a corpse, not moving at all.

Maya rubbed her eyes, noticing the other kids sleeping around them. She lowered her voice and gently asked, “Do you miss Mom?”

Maya could understand how kids might feel homesick on their first day of preschool. No matter how mature Alfred was, he was still a child.

‘No.’

He stared at the ceiling. “This is boring.”

Everything here is too dull.

If it weren’t for Maya, I wouldn’t have needed to come to this stupid preschool at all.

Every second here was unbearable to him.

Maya thought for a moment, then came up with a solution. “Then how about you sleep with me? We can whisper and talk quietly together, so it won’t be boring.

With her?

Alfred looked at Maya, his lips pressing together.

He had never been close to anyone.

Other than the time when he was too young to remember, his mother hadn’t held him again, and his father paid more attention to Toby, who was weaker and often sick.

Alfred had always been alone at home.

He rarely interacted with people.

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So when faced with Maya’s sudden, enthusiastic invitation, even though he felt a trace of curiosity and something new, what came out of his mouth was, “That’s gross.”

Maya said nothing.

Seeing her fall silent all of a sudden, Alfred felt a rare moment of awkwardness. He opened his mouth but didn’t know what to say.

Fortunately, Maya wasn’t angry. She exaggerated a sharp inhale “How does something that cold come out

of a mouth that warm?”

45

1:04 pm

Chapter 4 Lab Ret High on Carbs

Realizing she wasn't mad. Alfred. for once, felt a tiny bit relieved.

Finished

Maya didn't care about his rejection at all. She climbed out of her bed and quickly slipped under his

blanket.

“If you think whispering is gross, then we'll just sleep quietly.”

She tugged the blanket and talked to herself.

Even when Alfred didn't respond, she didn't mind.

Alfred kept thinking.

The environment he grew up in, his mother's sharp emotional swings, his father's detached indifference, and his brothers' various kinds of instability made it impossible for him to understand why Maya was so emotionally expressive.

If anything, she seemed more like someone with some kind of unknown trauma, reacting with sensitivity.

Yet none of that stopped her from being warm toward him.

It was strange.

Maya had no idea what was going on inside Alfred's genius brain. She buried her head in the blanket and fell completely asleep within minutes.

Alfred blinked, then turned onto his side, facing her.

With the blanket slipping down, the girl seemed a little cold, her head unconsciously tucking lower.

Alfred silently pulled the blanket up, covering both of them.

Listening to her steady breathing, he closed his eyes. For once, the chaotic thoughts in his mind quieted, and he drifted into sleep early.

The two little kids lay there quietly, facing each other as they fell into a deep sleep.

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3:04 pm

This Time Be the Villain's Favorite Daughter