

This Time, I'll Be the Villain's Favorite Daughter Novel Chapter 6

Read This Time, I'll Be the Villain's Favorite Daughter Novel Chapter 6 -

I Stopped Believing 6

Chapter 6 Pretcet You

Alfred with teary eyes. "Let's go out."

Alfred was fully absorbeskin a complex integral transformation problem.

Finished

Having his train of thought interrupted, he didn't even look up. He raised his other hand and precisely pressed it against Maya's forehead, pushing her away slightly, his tone impatient from being disturbed. "Stay back. Go play by yourself."

Maya successfully received two forehead flicks in one day.

Wendy had clearly given up on expecting anything from that father and son.

She had already changed into her going-out outfit, slung her bag over her shoulder, and took her daughter's hand.

The two of them headed out together to shop.

The commercial street was a bit crowded on the weekend.

This world was filled with absurdity and danger.

Gun control was loose, illegal trades thrived in the shadows, and smuggling deals were everywhere.

Maya had seen the chaos of the lower levels back at the orphanage. The most unforgettable memory was watching someone get shot dead in the street.

Thinking of that, she instinctively tightened her grip on her mother's hand.

In a place like this, street robberies were common. Right before their eyes, a chase over a robbery broke out on the street. Pedestrians panicked and scattered, but Wendy alone remained strangely calm.

She walked at an unhurried pace, murmuring her shopping list to herself as if she were completely immersed in it.

“We need to buy more carrots. They’re good for all kinds of dishes, even soup.

‘Looks like we came a bit late today. I wonder if there are still frèsh ribs...”

She kept muttering, then suddenly remembered, “Oh, right, Maya, I’ll get you some cotton candy.”

Wendy spotted a fluffy white cotton candy stand by the roadside and remembered that kids usually liked

sweets.

Hearing there would be candy, Maya eagerly pulled Wendy over to the stand.

She’d never had the chance for this in her past life.

Things like cotton candy had been labeled junk food by her trash father.

She loved junk food, Junk food made her happy. The girl immediately pointed at a big fluffy one. I want the bunny-shaped one, Mom.”

The vendor was a man in his 30s, idly spinning the machine Hearing her, he looked over

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Finished

Maya had a softly mixed-feature kind of sweetness-black curts and amber eyes-and looks that easily

stood out in a crowd.

Who wouldn't want to pinch such a cute kid?

"Well, aren't you adorable, little girl? You look like a doll!" The man chuckled as he reached out and pinched her soft cheek.

Wendy was lowering her head to pay, but when she noticed the movement and looked up, her expression subtly cooled.

Every mother had an instinctive radar when it came to men getting close to their daughters.

Aside from family, anyone touching her child could set Wendy off instantly.

Suppressing her displeasure, she spoke gently, word by word, "Sir, please stay away from my daughter."

Being warned like that out of nowhere, the man felt his pride take a hit.

And since Maya's cheek felt nice to the touch, he reached out with both hands, trying to pinch her other cheek too, muttering, "Come on, what's the big deal? The kid has soft cheeks. I'm just playing around..."

Maya instinctively tried to turn her head to avoid him.

She didn't like being handled like that by strangers. In her past life, that kind of behavior usually came

with ill intent.

Seeing this, Wendy's smile disappeared, her gaze turning cold in an instant. She grabbed the man's right wrist with precision, and a sharp, unmistakable sound rang out.

Crack.

In an instant, the man's mouth opened wide, but the overwhelming pain only forced out a strained gasp.

Wendy still wore a gentle smile as she leaned closer, her voice soft and slow, low enough that only he could hear, "If you touch someone else's kid again, I'll kill you."

Her tone was sweet, but the words froze him in place. He didn't dare make a sound.

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Watching Wendy calmly take the largest cotton candy and walk away with her daughter, everyone on the street instinctively stepped aside, avoiding the dangerous mother and daughter.

Maya's cheeks were a little red from being pinched. She touched her face, feeling a bit of pam.

But seeing what Wendy had done, she only felt like she was wrapped in something soft and sweet.

She was so happy.

On the way back, Wendy bit her lip slightly, feeling a bit uneasy, wondering if she had scared Maya.

Maya is a timid child....

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I heard that kids from orphanages were sensitive and fragile. Was I too harsh just now?

I should've held back a little

I could always send Maya home first, then come back and cut off that man's hand tater.

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Finished

While Wendy was caught in her internal struggle, Maya, who had been quiet, suddenly broke into a silly grin.

"Mom, Mom." The little girl bounced excitedly, grabbing her hand. "You were so amazing just now.

"You're so strong!

“Did you train before?”

Breaking someone’s bones usually required technique, but Wendy had done it effortlessly.

It was seriously cool.

Maya looked up at her with the expression of a devoted little follower.

Wendy paused.

That was... not the reaction she expected at all.

“What?” Wendy instinctively covered her mouth and let out an awkward laugh. “Haha, really?”

“Because I used to...” she racked her brain for an answer, suddenly recalling a random scene from a TV

drama.

In a flash of inspiration, Wendy smiled. “Because I used to be a taekwondo coach. So I know a bit about close combat.”

Maya’s brainwaves somehow synced perfectly with her mother’s.

“Then...” She pressed her lips together, asking with a hint of anticipation, “Can I learn taekwondo from you?”

r In her past life, she’d been bullied terribly by the domineering, unhinged, two-faced guys around Kaia.

She’d already been small and skinny, with no strength. Any resistance she tried was laughable to them.

She’d had her head forced into a sink, alcohol dumped all over her-just remembering it made her shiver

If I had strength like Mom, if I ever ran into those people again, I would stomp their heads into the ground and kick them like balls.

Wendy paused. “Uh...”

Facing her daughter’s request, her smile froze.

After all, Wendy didn't actually know taekwondo. What she knew was how to snipe a target from 300 feet away or finish someone with a knife up close.

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Finished

Am I supposed to teach my daughter how to stab a classmate's throat with a pen or strangle a disobedient teacher with a backpack strap?

The image of her daughter laughing like a villain while cutting down enemies flashed through her mind.

She shuddered violently and shook her head.

No, no! My adorable daughter absolutely cannot learn that!

Seeing Wendy's expression shift from conflicted to frantic, head-shaking Maya, who wasn't really a child inside, immediately spoke considerately, "It's okay, Mom. I was just saying."

That thoughtful, gentle response melted Wendy's resolve all over again.

No.

I absolutely can't be the kind of mom who disappoints her child.

Making up her mind, Wendy hugged her daughter tightly, her tone bright again. "If you wanna learn, of course, I can teach you! I'm the best at taekwondo in the world.

"Those ninth-degree black belts? That's just the minimum requirement to even meet me."

The more she spoke, the more confident she sounded, completely convincing herself she was a professional.

And Maya completely believed her.

One dared to boast, while the other dared to believe. In that warm, ridiculous atmosphere, the mother and daughter returned home.

The first thing Wendy did after getting back was clap her hands and call for attention, loudly announcing, "I'm going to teach Maya taekwondo. Who agrees? Who objects?"

Alfred frowned in confusion.

As a child, there's far too much I don't understand.

Since when has our family business expanded into teaching taekwondo, of all things?

Raymond rubbed his temples, trying to process this sudden shift in family plans.

In the span of a few minutes, his wife had somehow transformed into a taekwondo master. It was honestly unexpected.

He glanced at his excited wife, then at his daughter's hopeful eyes.

In the end, he looked at his son.

Alfred stared back at him with an expression that clearly said. This world has gone insane after all.

"Maya," Raymond stepped forward and asked as gently as he could, "why do you suddenly wanna learn

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taekwondo?"

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Maya answered honestly Because Mom said a ninth-degree black belt is just the requirement to meet

her."

She couldn't even imagine how strong Wendy really was.

More importantly, she genuinely wanted to learn something to protect herself.

Raymond had no comeback.

And so, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 5:30 p.m., the living room turned into a temporary training space.

Because of the mother and daughter's spur-of-the-moment decision, Raymond had no choice but to take over cooking.

He usually prepared dinner while watching the two of them train.

Wendy didn't teach in a professional way. What she knew was assassination, and even in close combat, overwhelming strength, speed, and technique were what secured victory.

So she focused on training her daughter's endurance and strength.

Every day after school, Maya would end up drenched in sweat, collapsing onto the floor like a limp noodle.

'I don't get why you chose to train with Mom,' Alfred said one day as he passed by, looking down at Maya sprawled on the ground. 'You don't need to exhaust yourself like this.'

At her age, she should just be playing with toys like an idiot, babbling nonsense.

'That won't work.'

Maya shook her head firmly.

These past few days, she had realized something.

No matter how little Thomas cared about her, she was still a child of the Jacksons.

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If they came looking for her, with Raymond and Wendy's situation, they clearly couldn't stand up against a giant like the Jacksons.

If she was unlucky enough to be dragged back there again, at the very least, she wanted to be able to protect herself.

Alfred looked at the fear that unconsciously surfaced in her eyes and couldn't understand what exactly she was afraid of.

In reality, as long as she says it out loud, Mom will clear away every obstacle for her

Is there really someone worth fearing this much?

Holding a cup of water, Alfred sat down beside her, turned his head slightly, and suddenly said. "I'll protect

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Chapter 644 Protect You

Finished

yuu.

Maya blinked at him blankly. "Huh?"

Alfred didn't understand human emotions, but he chose to make Maya the one thing he would protect.

People needed a goal, an anchor.

Otherwise, life in this world would be unbearably dull.

He didn't have anything he loved, so he chose Maya.

In this family, his parents relied on each other.

Edric and George had long since become independent, and Toby was completely insane.

Only Maya was weak and pitiful, the only one who could rely on him.

Alfred liked that feeling.

'But you're still a kid yourself. And even if you were an adult, you wouldn't be able to do anything.' After processing his words, Maya took the warm water from him and drank a sip, bluntly pointing out the problem.

Alfred might be mature for his age.

But how could he possibly stand against those powerful/elites?

After everything she'd been through, she understood more than ever that the rich really could do whatever they wanted.

Alfred rested his chin on his hand, sharply picking up on the hidden meaning in her words. "So, Maya, the person you're afraid of... seems to be someone very important."

Maya was stunned.

She realized that sometimes, Alfred was so smart that it didn't even feel human.

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This Time Be the Villain's Favorite Daughter