

# This Time, I'll Be the Villain's Favorite Daughter Novel Chapter 7

Read This Time, I'll Be the Villain's Favorite Daughter Novel Chapter 7 -

## I Stopped Believing 7

Chapter 7 Dad's Legs Are Longer Than My Previous Life

"No, that's not true. No such thing. Stop making things up"

Maya denied everything in rapid succession and clapped a hand over his mouth.

Finished

"I'm not scared of anything." She tried to sound completely justified. "That's all just your imagination, right?"

As if she'd ever admit she had been reborn.

If her family found out, she was pretty sure she'd end up dissected in a research lab.

Alfred pulled her hand off and found her desperate attempt to deny it a little amusing.

The corner of his usually flat mouth lifted ever so slightly.

That almost-human, slightly off smile made Maya cringe.

"Stop smiling. It looks awful." She pressed her fingers against the faint upward curve of his lips and pushed it back down, trying to flatten it.

Her voice was light. "I'm going back to training. Bye."

Alfred stood where he was, not following immediately.

He raised a hand and touched the corner of his mouth where she had just pressed.

Was it really that fake?

Then again, she's clearly never seen George smile.

Alfred calmly compared the two in his mind and decided his own smile was relatively friendly.

George's, on the other hand, shifted unpredictably-bright one second and chilling the next. That was what truly looked awful.

Too bad Maya didn't think so.

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But it didn't matter. Alfred thought that once she met George in the future, she'd understand that his smile was the better one.

When Wendy trained Maya, it was like she became a completely different person, kicking her down mid-motion and beating her without holding back.

Maya's body ended up covered in bruises, her bones feeling like they'd been shaken apart

She was flexible, quick-thinking, and learned faster than most, making noticeable progress.

Meanwhile, Raymond, as a father, showed about as much concern as a corpse.

3:05 pm

Chapter 7 Dat Lega Arc Langer Than My Previous Life

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After Maya was thoroughly beaten down by Wendy and lay limp on the ground, he even had the mood to kick her in the butt.

“Move. You're blocking the way.”

Maya was speechless.

Trash dad!

She flopped flat like a rolled-out pancake, arms spread wide, her body straight as a pencil against the floor.

‘I’m blocking the way. Pay me 200 to move,’ Maya shouted at him.

Raymond sneered, “Childish.”

The man lowered his gaze and let out a faint, amused snort.

From her position on the floor, Maya looked up at him and suddenly realized just how pale he really was.

And he was nearly six-foot-three. From her angle, all she could see were legs.

Dad’s legs are longer than my previous life!!

Maya stared in pure envy.

Seeing that she really wasn’t moving. Raymond simply grouched down and lifted her shirt.

Her arms and calves were covered in bruises.

Raymond’s first reaction wasn’t concern, but thoughtful consideration. “Your Mom...” actually held back quite a bit.

He’d assumed this adopted daughter would end up with broken bones during training.

Of course, what he said out loud was something else. “Your Mom doesn’t know how to go easy.”

Maya grinned. “It’s fine. I dodged Mom once today. I didn’t get knocked down instantly?”

Raymond looked at her, clearly in pain and baring her teeth, yet still looking oddly happy, and the corner of his mouth twitched.

Forget it.

Being optimistic is a good trait, isn’t it?

‘Oh, right, Dad, does Mom beat you a lot too?’ After training with Wendy for a few days, Maya had realized her mom was insanely strong.

She could shatter thick wooden boards easily. It was terrifying.

“Yeah...” he admitted casually, “I make her mad a lot. When she’s mad, she hits me.”

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3:05 pm

Chapter 7 Date Legs Are Langer Than My Previous Life

Lying there, Maya imagined tire scene and couldn’t help laughing.

Finished

With how Raymond looked, there was no need to think-he was definitely the one getting beaten.

“Speaking of which...” The man smiled slightly, reminiscing. “I actually think the way she hits me has its

own charm.”

Wendy standing over him in her high heels, pinning him down...

It was incredible.

Absolutely incredible.

What started as Maya’s casual question somehow turned into Raymond getting lost in fond memories.

Maya looked at his strange smile and twitched. “Dad, did Mom beat you into being a masochist?”

Raymond’s brow twitched. He reached out and pinched her mouth shut, smiling.

“Shut that little mouth of

yours.”

He pulled her up from the floor and held her in place, saying lightly, “Go put on some ointment, or you’ll

hurt like hell tomorrow.”

Maya squirmed in his arms like a wriggling worm. “But it’s true. When Mom hits you, you look kinda happy.”

Even thinking about it made him smile.

What else could that be if not a masochist?

she wore an expression that clearly said the truth is obvious, and Raymond’s fingers twitched.

Maya suddenly added, “But I also think Mom looks really cool when she’s fighting.”

Gentle Mom is great.

But cold-faced Mom pinning someone to the ground is even better.

For once, father and daughter shared the exact same taste.

Raymond grabbed the medical kit, rubbed some ointment between his palms, and crouched in front of

er, gently applying it to her legs and arms.

His movements were careful and soft, completely different from his usual indifferent attitude.

Just as he was about to lift her shirt, the girl suddenly jolted like she’d been shocked, sitting up abruptly and squirming wildly, refusing to let him touch her clothes.

Raymond instinctively held her down.

But as she flailed, her foot kicked him straight in the face.

Time froze for a second.

3/8

1:05 pm

Chapter 7 Dad’s Logs Are Langer Than My Previous Life

Finished

Raymond paused.

His expression stayed blank. “Maya.”

Maya instantly felt guilty.

Her survival instincts kicked in the next second, and she wriggled, trying to escape, but Raymond grabbed

her back.

He wasn’t actually angry. He just set the ointment down on the table.

Kids having a sense of privacy was a good thing.

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“Let your Mom handle the rest,” he said calmly.

Maya glanced at him. Seeing he wasn’t planning to get back at her later, she finally sat still.

Raymond leaned back into the couch and suddenly spoke again. “I’m going on a business trip in the next few days.”

The girl let out a small “huh” and looked up, her little curls bouncing, ridiculously cute. “Will it be long?”

Raymond felt something hit his chest and couldn’t help pinching her cheek.

Then he said, “About a month.

“Toby will be staying here for a few days too.”

“You...” Mentioning his third son, Raymond was, for once, at a loss for words. “Try to stay away from him.”

Maya suddenly understood. “Because Toby is sick, you’re worried I might hurt him?”

“Don’t worry, Dad.” She hurried to promise. “I’ll behave and listen to Toby.”

“No.” Raymond looked down at her directly, something unusual in his gaze. “You don’t need to behave, and you don’t need to obey him or listen to him, Maya.”

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Toby, because of his weak health, had been spoiled by his grandfather, Philbert Clark, to the point of being completely unrestrained.

While he was away, he was worried Maya might get hurt.

Maya was a little confused.

But Raymond didn't seem interested in explaining further. He patted her head, pulled her into a loose hug, and said lazily, almost pityingly, "Just go to sleep. Your walnut-sized brain won't get it anyway."

Being insulted again, Maya finally snapped and punched him.

Raymond's head tilted slightly from the hit. He held that position for two seconds, then smiled faintly.

His expression looked... satisfied?!!

4/8

1:05 pm

Chapter 7 Das Logs Are Langer Than My Previous Life

Finished

Maya yelled. You really are a masochist!"

Raymond ignored her nonsense and instructed calmly. "Yeah, that amount of force is good. If you run into Toby, hit him like that."

Maya was stunned.

Her brain was about to short-circuit.

She hadn't even met Toby yet, and her father was already telling her to punch him.

What kind of legendary brother is this?

But at this point, I might as well just go to sleep.

As Maya drifted off, her mind growing hazy and slipping into sleep, Raymond stood up and gently carried her back to her room.

Then he went to the bedroom and changed his clothes.

He gave Wendy a brief heads-up.

‘I took on a job recently. I’ll probably be gone for about a month.’

Wendy admired her manicure, sounding casual. “What about your coworkers? Aren’t they going with you?”

At the mention of them, the ease on Raymond’s face faded, a trace of irritation surfacing.

“They’ve been debating whether blowing up a bank vault has more artistic value or if kidnapping a senator’s grandson would cause a bigger social impact.”

Wendy rubbed her temples.

She had long since given up trying to understand the way those people thought.

Raymond clearly didn’t care what those idiots were planning either.

He was a family man now. Compared to high-risk activities, he preferred the traditional line of work- killing. Low risk, high reward.

“What about the money you made from previous jobs?” She crossed her arms, staring him down as she pressed, “Why are you rushing out to work again? Where did all the money you earned over the years go”

Even the most cold-blooded killer still had to deal with the reality of providing for a family.

Back when Wendy used to assassinate royalty, politicians, and wealthy elites, the pay had been outrageously high.

After she retired, her main goal was to be a perfect stay-at-home mom. To clean up her identity, most of her money had been moved overseas and wasn’t easily accessible.

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1:05 pm

## Chapter 7

### Air Langer Than My Previous Life

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Anyway, as long as her sons stayed alive, that was enough.

A modest standard of living was fine.

But after adopting a daughter, she realized their previous budget was no longer enough.

“Most of it was frozen by my dad. As for the rest, scattered funds and liquidating assets take time,” he said, his tone making it unclear whether he was complaining or simply indifferent. “So for now, I’ll just live off taking jobs.”

As the saying goes, poverty wears down a marriage.

Wendy couldn’t help sighing. She leaned forward, elbows on her knees, looking at Raymond. “You know what, honey?

‘I went back to my hometown last week, and that lady next door was gossiping behind my back. She said you’re useless, uneducated, and don’t even have benefits. Everyone back home is laughing at me for being blinded by love.’”

Wendy counted on her fingers. “They keep asking what my husband does for a living and why they never see you go to work like a normal person.

‘I’m too embarrassed to even bring you back anymore.’”

Compared to Raymond’s complicated, almost political-drama-level family, Wendy’s family had been completely normal and warm.

Her parents had passed away early, and she grew up relying on neighbors.

Ever since marrying Raymond, every visit back home came with endless nagging.

The truly unemployed Raymond was at a loss for words.

He opened his mouth, only to realize he had nothing to say.

After getting thoroughly chewed out by his wife, Raymond’s mild expression turned cold the moment he stepped outside.

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He went straight to find those useless partners to vent his frustration.

Raymond had once risen to the top of his field, becoming an internationally wanted criminal. Naturally, he had capable associates.

In his eyes, they were called “partners,” but really, they were just tools.

He had never considered them human to begin with.

They were experts at killing and looting, but their lack of emotional intelligence was astonishing.

Raymond had pulled them out of countless ridiculous messes before, and he was long past being patient.

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3:05 pm

Chapter 790 Logo Are Langer Than My Previous Life

Finished

Raymond disappeared for a full month. At first, Maya still remembered that Toby was supposed to come, but after a week with no sign of him, she completely forgot about i

Her daily routine became simple: eat, sleep, mess around.

Life was incredibly comfortable.

Alfred was a true overachiever.

Even though he looked down on schoolwork, he completed everything perfectly every time, including Maya’s assignments,

But no matter how flawless his work was, Alfred still didn’t fit in at school.

In fact, because of his strange personality, he had been labeled as mute.

During recess, Maya carried her little water bottle over to Alfred’s desk.

His desk was unbelievably neat, forming a sharp contrast with Maya's messy one that was piled with snacks and blocks.

Maya plopped down on the empty chair beside him, swinging her short legs as she tried to start a

conversation.

"Alfred." She looked confused. "I've been here this long, but I've never seen you talk to anyone."

Are all geniuses this weird?

If I went a whole day without talking. I would suffocate.

But for Alfred, this is normal. I seriously wonder if he'll end up mentally unstable like this.

"I don't..." He paused for a few seconds, choosing his words carefully. "... have any obligation to socialize with amoebas."

Alfred had never been to preschool before. At first, Wendy had tried sending him to a regular private preschool.

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But his overly mature way of thinking made it impossible for him to understand or participate in other children's games.

Over time, he became a strange outcast, isolated and excluded by everyone.

He didn't care and stayed immersed in his own world.

Until one day, a boy snatched the book he was reading, stomped on his toy, and led others in mocking

him.

At the time, Alfred didn't say a word.

Later, during nap time, when no one was paying attention, he picked up a pencil and precisely stabbed it into the boy's throat.

3:05 pm

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