

# This Time, I'll Be the Villain's Favorite Daughter Novel Chapter 8

Read This Time, I'll Be the Villain's Favorite Daughter Novel Chapter 8 -

## I Stopped Believing 8

Chapter 8 Fueled by Pure Hate

At the time. Alfred had even smiled, an expression that could only be described as pleased, while looking at the boy's twisted, terrified face.

The incident scared the preschool teachers badly.

After the chaos settled, his parents finally realized he wasn't suited for group environments.

Alfred went back to living at home.

If it weren't for Maya going to school, he wouldn't have come back to a place as boring as preschool.

'What a freak.'

'Why is Maya's brother so weird?'

'He never talks. It's like he's mute.'

Why does Maya always follow him around? He's so mean to her!'

Sometimes, Maya could hear the other kids whispering about him.

But it didn't really affect anything.

The two siblings were still stuck together almost every day, inseparable.

After spending more time together, Maya gradually started noticing flaws in Alfred's personality.

For example, if another kid accidentally bumped into him while playing, he'd shove them straight to the ground without hesitation, wearing a cold, "stay away from me" expression.

Once, a boy's remote-control car rolled to his feet.

The moment the boy bent down to pick it up, Alfred crushed it under his foot without mercy.

The boy cried his eyes out, while Alfred's eyes curved slightly in rare amusement.

Maya began to question her entire worldview.

Maybe Alfred isn't some awkward pseudo-human... Maybe he's just straight-up a bad person.

With how obnoxious he is, the only reason he hasn't been bullied yet is probably because rich kids have better mANNETS

"Alfred." Maya filled up his water bottle and pushed it toward him, deciding she needed to say something

The little girl sat upright, serious. "Can you tone it down a bit? I feel like the teachers are getting mad at as

Maya didn't say "mad at you." She deliberately said "us."

In reality, the teachers all liked her, but she didn't want to create distance between them so she used is. as if they were accomplices.

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Alfred picked up on that subtle detail, and it put him in a slightly better mood. "I'm already holding back. This is me holding back

"Wow...I don't even wanna imagine what you're like when you're not." Maya said.

Her sarcasm was so obvious that even someone like Alfred could understand it. He tilted his head, confused, and tugged at her cheek. "Are you mad at me because of them?"

Maya's face got pulled out of shape. She slapped his hand away, fed up. "I'm not."

She stood up and left her seat, a little annoyed.

A girl who usually played with her quickly pulled her aside and whispered, "Maya, can you stop hanging around your brother all the time? I think he's... really weird. He's kinda scary."

Maya blinked. "Is he?"

She didn't think he was scary. Alfred had always been like this.

"It's true!" Lily Schwartz said anxiously. "Everyone's talking about staying away from him. The teacher's even planning to separate your seats."

Alfred's completely unchecked behavior had made the teachers realize something was wrong.

The kids attending Kingsley all came from wealthy families. Every single one was their family's precious treasure. If anything happened, the teachers would be the ones held responsible.

The best solution was to isolate Alfred.

Maya pouted. "But I don't wanna change seats."

"Why not?" Lily couldn't wrap her head around it at all. In a child's logic, you're all supposed to steer clear of the guy everyone agrees is a freak, right?

Maya didn't think she could explain it, so she just smiled and waved her hand.

"Okay, Lily, I'll go talk to my

brother."

She turned and ran back to her seat, repeating what the teacher had said about switching seats.

After hearing it, Alfred didn't comment.

He just stared straight at Maya. "Do you wanna sit with them?"

Maya did, actually!

She didn't have many friends yet, and in her mind, changing seats wasn't a big deal. They still saw each other all the time at home anyway.

Seeing her hesitate and not answer, Alfred's cold, emotionless eyes darkened instantly. "I understand"

After saying that, he turned away from her, completely ignoring her

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Maya stared at him, stunned.

Seriously? What is he, some overly sensitive high school girl?

I hesitated for two seconds and didn't immediately swear loyalty, and he just shut down like that?

Maya reached out and poked him. "Alfred?"

He said nothing.

'Are you actually mad?'

Her face was full of confusion, like, I don't understand boys at all.

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Seeing her expression only made Alfred more annoyed. He grabbed a book and held it up between them, refusing to talk to her.

As expected, the teacher separated their seats. Maya tried to make peace a few times, but Alfred kept ignoring her.

Maya wasn't interested in babysitting his emotions. They saw each other every day at home anyway, so it didn't really matter.

After trying a few times with no result, she turned away and happily started chatting and playing with the group of kids around her.

Without Alfred acting as a human barrier, Maya easily started exchanging little gifts with the kids around

ner.

They worked on crafts together in class, drew pictures, and joined all kinds of group activities.

Maya even found herself thinking, a little too happily, that being separated wasn't bad at all. For her, it felt like a whole new world had opened up, full of possibilities.

But every now and then, when she turned her head, she'd catch Alfred quietly watching her.

There was no anger in his gaze, no hurt, just a faint, cold glare.

The word "glare" felt a little strange to use on someone like Alfred, who almost always had the same blank expression.

But paired with his overly delicate, pretty face, Maya somehow thought it looked... oddly cute.

Like a curly-haired cat sulking quietly because it had been ignored.

After school, Maya still didn't go to comfort Alfred. She wasn't his lackey. There was no need to manage his emotions all day.

The siblings fell into a strange, silent cold war, something Wendy, as their mom, could clearly sense

Maya still happily talked about everything that happened at preschool, while Alfred spoke even less than

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before, not even bothering with a single hum.

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But no matter how upset he was, Alfred still did her homework along with his, his face cold the entire time.

Cold-faced homework mode.

Watching him act all awkward and stiff, Maya had to cover her mouth to keep from laughing.

That night, Wendy carried a glass of milk into Alfred's room. The boy was inside, flipping through a pile of books.

She set the milk down and sat on the edge of the bed. "Alfred, have you been unhappy at preschool lately? Did you and Maya have a falling-out?"

Alfred didn't answer right away. He just turned his head to look at Wendy.

In those emotionless eyes, there was, for once, a trace of confusion and irritation.

"The teacher changed our seats. She ignored me and went to play with other people."

Even though Alfred had the communication skills of a brick, Wendy still immediately understood what was bothering him.

"They're all stupid," Alfred continued muttering.

And I'm smart.

"But she chose them."

He couldn't understand why she would leave him and choose to be with those brainless, single-celled creatures instead.

"But being smart isn't what matters, sweetheart." Wendy gently pulled her youngest son into a hug, smiling. "Being liked by Maya is what matters.

"Being this controlling will only make Maya dislike you." Wendy casually patted his head. "Whether Maya makes friends or not is her choice. Wouldn't it be better to be a more tolerant big brother?"

No.

Alfred realized Maya could effortlessly win over people.

And he was a freak.

That was the label he'd been given from the moment he first entered a group.

He didn't know how to communicate, his thinking was strange, and even his delicate, good looks did nothing to help.

Preschool kids didn't care about appearances.

A child's personality determined their place in school. Fortunately, Alfred held grudges hercely. It

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sumeout pissed him off, he'd make their whole family fniserable.

Wendy thought, With a personality like that...

If we weren't here to back him up, he would absolutely end up in prison someday.

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"You're missing one thing." Wendy stroked his head, her tone calm and gentle.  
"You have to tell Maya what you want. If you want her to sit with you, you need to say it."

Maya is a considerate girl, but that doesn't mean she has to cater to him.

Alfred seemed to speak whatever came to mind, muttering his conclusion, "She's not smart."

Wendy replied, "So you need to tell her. What do you want?"

She repeated the question.

"I want Maya," he answered awkwardly in a low voice. "I want Maya to only stay with me."

Alfred hated everyone at school.

As someone fueled by pure hate, he couldn't understand Maya's desire to make friends at all.

'Then you have to take action.' She blinked lightly. 'If you just wait around, Maya will get taken away.'

Wendy's little counseling session worked surprisingly well.

The very next day after their falling-out, Alfred took the initiative to make up with her.

He even became a little clingy.

Maya looked at the suddenly different Alfred, scratching her head, unable to understand his hot-and-cold behavior.

Maybe boys just have those days once a month.

During the two weeks Raymond was gone, the family's life was unexpectedly peaceful. There was none of the random malice she had suffered in her previous life, no one mocking her out of nowhere, no humiliating comparisons.

Maya sincerely hoped her life would continue like this, quiet and ordinary.

But life had a way of messing with her.

The more she wanted something, the less she'd get it.

A week later, Wendy brought back Toby, the one who was supposedly "frail and sickly."

Maya had been playing with building blocks with Alfred. Hearing the door open, she immediately dropped everything and ran over excitedly.

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Mom—"ller cheerful call cut off the moment she saw an unfamiliar boy standing there.

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The 13-year-old boy had rare, pitch-black eyes. His skin was pale in an almost sickly way, his lips faint in color. His features were strikingly sharp, his slightly curled black hair falling softly against his cheeks, adding to an almost eerie kind of beauty.

Sometimes, disliking someone was subjective.

But beauty was objective.

And the boy in front of her was objectively, overwhelmingly good-looking.

Maya froze, staring.

Hello, Maya.”

He spoke with a gentle smile, extending his hand toward her.

It was an invitation to shake hands, elegant, polite, and flawless.

A light gray cashmere sweater hugged his slender frame, the collar revealing a hint of a white shirt underneath.

His gaze lowered slightly as he looked down at her, every movement carrying an air of effortless nobility.

That unmistakable aura of someone born above others hit her straight in the face.

Maya instinctively took a step back and didn't take his hand.

The moment she stepped back, Toby's smile dimmed.

Alfred stood up from the couch and walked over to Maya's side, calling out, “Hey, Toby.”

Toby's gaze shifted to Alfred, the coldness in his eyes softening slightly.

He nodded, his tone easing.

Hey, Alfred.”

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Wendy ignored the subtle tension between the children, smiling as she set the luggage down.

This is Toby. He's eight years older than you. He's been staying at your Grandpa's place, but he finally has time to come home for a few days.

"Toby, this is Maya." She ruffled Maya's hair, her gaze gentle,

"You'll all get along well, right?" she added, her tone lifting as she looked at Toby.

Toby smiled softly.

"Of course, Mom."

Maya stayed silent wisely.

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Her instincts screamed a warning: Toby's hostility hung thick in the air between them.

But... seriously? Why?

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