

This Time, I'll Be the Villain's Favorite Daughter Novel Chapter 9

Read This Time, I'll Be the Villain's Favorite Daughter Novel Chapter 9 –

I Stopped Believing 9

Chapter 9 Toby

She remembered what Raymond had told her before he left.

If you run into Toby, greet him with your fists.

Maya clenched her hand unconsciously, then looked at Toby's fragile, almost delicate appearance.

Maybe... I should hold back if I can.

After all, it feels like if I punch him, he might cry for a long time.

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Wendy wasn't interested in the slightly off atmosphere between the kids. Nothing major would happen anyway. After a few casual reminders, she turned and went into the kitchen to start preparing dinner.

The moment the kitchen door closed, the warm mask on Toby's face disappeared instantly.

What replaced it was undisguised scrutiny and disgust.

He didn't move. He simply shifted slightly and refocused his gaze on Maya.

'I'm curious,' he said. 'Did Dad run a background check? Someone like you, abandoned by your own parents, probably has some kind of defect or issue that normal people can't tolerate, right?'

He tilted his head slightly, as if thinking. 'Oh, right. You worked so hard to squeeze your way into our Family. What exactly were you after?'

Maya said nothing.

Wow. This guy really isn't even trying to hide it.

The girl looked a little dazed, like she'd been stunned by the insult.

Seeing Maya at a disadvantage, Alfred's expression gradually turned cold. He stepped in front of her, his pitch-black eyes filled with warning as he stared at Toby without blinking.

He didn't say a word, but the protective stance said everything.

The curve of Toby's lips flattened.

He looked at Alfred coolly.

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His favorite little brother was actually standing in front of an outsider like this, guarding her against him.

It sparked a sharp sense of offense and anger.

Toby tilted his head, not bothering to deal with Alfred blocking his way at first.

He stepped forward, walking past his "idiot" brother and stopping in front of Maya. "Looks like Mom and Alfred have already been completely fooled by you."

His eyes were cold as he looked her up and down. "You got straight out of an orphanage. Who knows if

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you brought back something filthy with you? Dad is really careless, bringing home just any stray cat or dog.

"An orphan like you, with no background, acting pitiful to gain sympathy..." The boy leaned closer, his voice soft but laced with contempt.

“You should’ve died a long time ago.”

To be fair, his cruelty wasn’t loud or explosive. It was cold, arrogant, and cutting.

After that entire string of insults, Maya was honestly stunned.

She’d seen all kinds of men in her previous life.

But guess what?

Someone like Toby, this exact flavor of awful, was a first.

Seeing her stay silent the whole time, the boy quickly lost interest.

What, cat got your tongue?” He straightened up, returning to that distant, detached posture, his voice dripping with undisguised disdain. “Or did I hit a nerve so hard that you can’t even argue back?”

Just as Toby was about to end the one-sided verbal bullying and turn to head upstairs, Maya moved.

Without any warning, the fist she’d been clenching at her side shot upward and slammed squarely into Toby’s jaw.

As she swung, she was frantically apologizing in her head.

Sorry.

I planned to hold back at first, but this guy is just too damn annoying!

Toby clearly hadn’t expected her to actually throw a punch. He froze for a split second and raised his hand to block.

But he overestimated his own reflexes and underestimated the strength and anger Maya had built up under Wendy’s training.

The moment her fist connected, the boy’s strikingly handsome face twisted with shock and fury.

Before he could react, Maya lunged forward again.

The sudden impact knocked him flat onto the soft carpet behind him.

Before he could recover from the dizziness and pain, Maya used her weight and momentum to pin him down completely, locking him in place with both hands and feet.

Maya had always had a bit of a wild streak. Growing up in an orphanage, she'd been in her fair share of group fights.

On top of that, Wendy had been training her strength and endurance nonstop. Compared to someone like

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Toby, who lacked physical training, even the height difference didn't give him the advantage.

Wild punches can take down an expert.

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And Toby wasn't even an expert. He was straight-up weak, pinned to the ground, and unable to move.

Maya grabbed his face and gave a fake smile. "Your face is so pale. Let me add a little color."

Then she punched him straight in the face.

Seriously, arguing with guys like this was useless.

A punch felt way better.

Toby was both shocked and furious, trying to fight back. He reached for her arm, attempting to throw her off.

But he quickly realized Maya was far stronger than he'd expected.

Another punch landed squarely on his nose.

The sharp pain made him instinctively lift his hand and touch just below it.

There, on his fingertips, was a glaring streak of fresh red.

Toby stared at the blood for two seconds before slowly lifting his eyes to look at Maya, who was sitting on top of him.

He was so angry that he laughed instead. "Maya."

Faced with his fury, Maya actually copied his earlier behavior, pretending to elegantly smooth down her completely disheveled hair.

Then she forced out a fake smile identical to his and spoke in an exaggerated, affected tone.

'Oh, my God... A noble like you actually knows my name. I'm so honored.'

The imitation was terrible, but the sarcasm hit perfectly.

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Toby trembled with anger, his chest rising and falling sharply. Being physically overpowered only made it

worse.

He didn't care about manners anymore. He suddenly reached up and grabbed a fistful of Maya's hair, gripping it tightly.

Maya immediately grabbed the other side of her hair, trying to save it, and yelled, "Toby, if you rip my hair out, I'll kill you!"

The two of them glared at each other, trading threats.

With a vicious expression, Toby yanked hard, tearing off a chunk of her hair.

Maya froze for a second as she saw the strand in his hand.

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Her mind went blank except for one thought.

I got stronger, but I got balder...

Balder...

Bald...

Aaaahhh!!

Maya completely snapped.

She grabbed the cake from the table beside them and slammed it straight into Toby's flawless face.

Then she planted it there with perfect accuracy.

Cream exploded across his entire face.

It smeared into his black hair and expensive cashmere sweater, covering his features in white.

He looked like a snowman come to life.

Both of them were a complete mess.

It really was a satisfyingly brutal fight.

Watching from the side, Alfred had originally gone to grab a rope, planning to tie Toby up.

But after observing for two seconds, he came to a conclusion.

Toby, that weakling, isn't even a match for Maya.

So he quickly went upstairs and grabbed a camera instead.

Pointing the lens at Toby, pinned to the floor with cake all over his face, looking like a human snowman, Alfred pressed the shutter.

"Say cheese, Toby."

Toby glared at him.

Damn it.

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