

My Wife is a beautiful Officer Chapter 630 - Chapter 630: Just Go With The Flow (part two)

Chapter 630: Chapter 630: Just Go With The Flow (part two)

"Never mind. I don't care. Just go and leave me alone." Really? She didn't care? Jessica was not sure. She closed her eyes and was not in the mood to chat with Coco anymore. She didn't know whether she would be able to stay calm if she saw Edward again. She wasn't sure whether she would move on. But she was sure that no matter how hard she tried, Edward would never fall in love with her. Coco tried to say something, but she bit back the words. Sometimes when people did something wrong, their lives would be totally ruined. Luckily, Coco pulled herself back from the abyss before it was too late. Otherwise, she might have ended up like Jessica. She had such a panic attack after seeing Jessica's situation and she felt lucky that she was not that stupid. Sometimes, giving up on someone wasn't a bad thing. She was lucky that she hadn't provoked Edward. Compared to Jessica, Mary was a lot luckier. After all, her hair would soon grow back. As for being raped, she didn't care about that at all. She had always been a loose woman. So she was not sad about that.

She was more concerned with the fact that she was kicked out of the house. From now on, she was not the person from a rich and powerful family. Instead, she was merely an ordinary woman at the bottom of the society, living among the dregs.

"Mary, how could you be so stupid? Your father has often wanted to kick us out. Why did you do that? You know he cares about Daisy the most. Why did you provoke her? You were asking for this!"

Yakira had long lost her husband's love. What Mary had done put her into a more difficult position. Paul's appearance added to her misfortunes. She was in a sorry state, weighed down by numerous troublesome problems.

Stop yelling at me. I am the only one who was booted out. You still live with the family." Mary's heart broke when thinking of Leo's attitude after he knew the whole story. She had never expected her father to turn against her. She was also a victim, but her father ignored that and threw her out of both Ouyang Foreign Trade and the family.

Mary smiled bitterly, and thought to herself, 'After all, I'm not his own daughter. That's why I lost to Daisy in the game.' She finally understood that she was an outsider in the family. No matter how much Leo had lavished his love and affection on her in the past, he would show no mercy to her once she hurt his own flesh and blood.

"Do you know what a difficult position I'm in?" Yakira stole a glance at the cops outside the ward. She had stayed in the police station for almost two days before and she didn't

expect to deal with cops again so soon. She felt a spasm of panic and went rigid when she stared at the cops.

"Come on, you can depend on your son. But I have nothing." Brian's indifference towards her chilled her blood. She felt like an orphan, like nobody had ever cared about her.

"Bah! Do you think Brian treats me like his mother?" Yakira got angry whenever Brian was mentioned. What a sad character she was! Her own son even treated her like a black sheep.

"It's all your fault, and none of my business. If you hadn't seduced Leo, I wouldn't have ended up like this. Besides, I threatened that bitch just for saving you."

Mary hadn't realized her problem yet and still cast all the blame on others. It was she who tried to steal something that didn't belong to her. But she made so many excuses that it sounded like she was the victim. She was a monster of selfishness and never thought about what a terrible person she was. Yakira didn't try to stick up for herself. After all, she was the origin of all the problems. If she hadn't had an affair with Leo, she would not have ended up like this. As a result, she had no excuse and could only sit quietly during Mary's accusations.

The night hung low in the sky and a cool breeze brushed people's faces. The moment Yakira walked out of the entrance of the hospital, Paul blocked her way. He stared at her with a vicious smile.

"Paul! Why are you here?" It never occurred to her that he would find her so soon. She looked around, in an attempt to call for help, but he grabbed her arm and dragged her into his car.

"Why shouldn't I be here, Yakira? You never thought I'd come back, huh?" Paul taunted as he stretched out his hand to turn on the radio.

You shouldn't have come back from overseas! We made a deal!" Yakira turned off the music and stared angrily at him. If he had kept his promise, she wouldn't have been besieged on all sides.

"All my bank accounts are frozen. I live like a beggar these days, but you live an extravagant life. Do you think that's fair?" Paul rolled his eyes and explained.

"You should have called me first. And I would have paid you," Yakira roared, gnashing her teeth. They had made a deal that he must not come back no matter what happened. But now, he was back and was even caught by Edward. She was so bogged down in this.

"I wanted to call you, but I couldn't get through. Someone planned and controlled everything secretly. Since the person wanted me to turn up here in this country, he would do everything to force me to get here. It was like smoking out a gopher." After being imprisoned for a long time, Paul had thought it through. There must be someone who planned everything out. He must have been monitored the whole time.

"You mean Edward?" Yakira asked with a frown. She was reluctant to believe that everything was under Edward's control. She knew he was a powerful man, but she didn't expect him to be able to freeze foreign bank accounts.

Of course it's him. Who else could do this? Leo? Don't be such a fool! If Leo was so smart, he would have figured out everything twenty years ago. Just admit it, Edward is an amazing puppet-master. Come on, never mind that. Just give me money."

He had investigated Edward during the past few days, and then knew that Edward's wife Daisy was Grace's daughter. He finally understood why Edward confronted him.

"What should we do? We can't just sit and wait for the cops." Yakira panicked. After all, she was a woman. No matter how elaborate her schemes were, she freaked out when policemen were involved. Edward was a powerful man and wouldn't spare them.

"Come on, you've been to jail once. But you got released, right? We did that more than twenty years ago and we have eliminated all evidence. Rest assured, no one will find out. There is no Sherlock Holmes in this world." Paul snorted. He was amused by Yakira's reaction as he couldn't believe that Edward would find any evidence against them. Though he had left this country for more than twenty years, he still had channels he could go through for information. He had investigated many things over the past few days.

Don't think so little of modern forensic techniques or Edward. If he wants to do something, he would have it done for sure. Just look at what you are suffering now. He can even freeze your foreign bank accounts. He is a powerful man. We can never underestimate him." Yakira was not trying to rain on Paul's parade. She was deeply aware of the importance of money and power in today's society.

Chapter 631: Chapter 631: Seeing is Believing (part one)

"So why did you bother him in the first place? I just can't believe that he was just acting on impulse or that he hadn't been informed of what we might have done before." Paul was gripped by a fit of anger. He could have lived a comfortable and carefree life abroad. Now he was forced to come back to China to face a boatload of troubles.

"I'm not a fool. It wasn't me. I was in no mood to provoke him face to face. It was just that Mary wanted to be his wife and made a real mess."

How could their family have broken up if Mary hadn't clung to her silly and hopeless infatuation for Edward? She even ignored all the other guys who wanted her. So, extravagant and fruitless hope was a real bitch in life.

What's wrong with her, always making so much trouble? Twenty years ago she prevented you from marrying Leo. Now, she's the main problem. Everything crushing us now is her fault." Paul hadn't seen Mary since her childhood and he had lots of memories of her as a mischievous kid. Mary never made a good impression on him. Apparently he was a good judge of character.

"Forget about it. What's done is done. There's nothing to be done about it. Our next move should be the main concern. If you hadn't been such a fool as to blurt out everything while you were being recorded, we wouldn't be in such dire straits. We should be playing offense, not defense,"

Yakira sighed. Without evidence, they couldn't be accused or charged even if their enemies had known the facts. Paul had told them everything in detail, which was bad, because cops were more likely to investigate further, and the results might lead to them. When that happened, they would be doomed and there would be no way out.

Nonsense. What would you do if you were hung over a pond with ferocious crocodiles swimming in it? Could you stay calm? Come on, I like living." He had always been smart and bold. Nothing could scare him, except dozens of those beasts opening their wide mouths and waiting for him to fall. The prospect of him being torn apart and his body parts being chewed and swallowed by those nasty animals sent chill to his balls. Otherwise, he would never have given in and told them everything.

"What? Crocodiles?" Hearing his words, Yakira couldn't help taking a deep breath. The images in her mind's eye made her hair stand on end.

"Yeah. Now we understand each other, right?" Paul sneered. He had thought his cousin was afraid of nothing. Apparently, he was wrong. Someday she would be trembling in fear.

"Then how did you get away?" Paul's easy escape intrigued Yakira. She had a vague idea that Edward would never let Paul go so easily, and that Edward must be plotting something. Otherwise, Edward must have gone mad by letting Paul go unpunished.

Never underestimate him. He's playing cat and mouse with us. Trust me on this." Paul looked out of the window and wondered where those bastards were, were they stalking and monitoring him. He knew something was wrong, but he hadn't found out what it was yet. He had thought that he was just being paranoid, but the eerie atmosphere and unusual feelings had to mean something. He must stay vigilant.

Are you telling me that he let you go on purpose so that you'd come find me, and get me exposed? You bastard! Why would you do that? Why walk straight into his trap, get me

involved and put me in danger?" With these words, Yakira raised her Chanel bag and hit Paul with it, hard.

Stop. Don't lose your fucking mind and listen to me carefully. He won't get us, do you hear me? We've left no evidence to incriminate us. So, don't worry, we'll be fine." Paul blocked her attack with one of his arms, while he tried to talk some sense into her.

"Are you sure that there's no evidence? Could somebody have witnessed Grace's death?" Yakira had a good understanding of Edward's character, and knew that he would do nothing in vain. So, he must have gotten some evidence. 'What's on your mind? Edward,' thought Yakira to herself.

"If I recall correctly, a young couple passed by and might have seen something. But I don't know for sure. At that time I was too scared to figure out who they were. I had to get out of there as fast as possible. I vaguely remember that they weren't just ordinary man and woman. Both of them were beautiful and special." Paul's only and vague memory of those two potential witnesses couldn't lead him to anything, not their locations nor their identities, although Paul was impressed by what they looked like.

"Could this couple happen to be Jonathan and his fucking wife?" Some truths began to surface, when she recalled the strange behaviors of the Mu couple and their resolution to accept Daisy as their daughter-in-law. It couldn't be a simple story.

Jonathan, who's he? Why can't I remember him? Have I ever met him?" Paul was nobody before he went abroad, so there was no way that he could meet Jonathan. They didn't run in the same circles. He got confused and wondered how come he had never heard this name before.

"He's the former president of FX International Group, Edward's dad. Don't be ridiculous, you are too poor and uncultured to have ever met him. Yakira's mouth twitched slightly. She was being jealous of Cynthia and thought that woman must be a witch, knowing spells to keep her young forever. Yakira looked at herself through the car's rearview mirror and saw her face was a mess of wrinkles, with dark skin.

"Are they a problem for us?" asked Paul anxiously. If it was true that Edward's father witnessed the accident, it would actually mean a huge trouble to them.

Anyway, they are difficult to deal with. So, watch out and don't make any more mistakes. Now, get out of my car, I'm going home." Thinking of the ultimatum given by Leo, Yakira got increasingly worried and she frowned. She still didn't believe that Brian would be so cruel to his mother.

"Give it to me," said Paul, stretching out his right hand, while he massaged his nose with the other hand. He looked at Yakira seriously. "What?" asked Yakira, confused. She shot a disgusting glance at Paul, but she didn't overdo it.

"Don't play me. I need money. What else do you think I'm asking for?" Paul wielded his fist arrogantly, for which other people would have guessed that Yakira owed him.

"I'm short on money now. So, please don't spend all your money gambling, and save unnecessary expenses. Gambling is doing you no good. You know that?" Yakira took out a bank card from her purse angrily and threw it to him. She felt disgusted by her cousin's greed.

"Please, don't lie to my face. I'm not a kid. Did you just say that the wife of Ouyang Foreign Trade's president is out of money? I don't buy it. By the way, how much do you have on this card? I hope that you're not as mean as Brian," said Paul, smiling and wielding the card aggressively. He blurted out his recent meeting with Brian before he knew it.

"What? Did you talk to Brian and ask for money?" asked Yakira in a fury. She grabbed him by the collar and looked at him, her eyes blazing with anger.

"Don't make a scene. A half mil means nothing to your family or Brian. You can spare the cash for me. Am I right? Cousin?" Paul giggled. Paul removed her hand from his collar, and arranged it calmly, which further angered Yakira. She clenched her teeth, and tried hard to refrain herself from hitting him in the face.

"All right. You can have the money. But what did you tell him?" said Yakira hysterically. She glowered at him and finally knew why Brian became meaner to her after she was discharged from the police station. Paul was a bastard who dared to make troubles for her.

"I told him nothing but the very truth. By the way, he doesn't look like your son, haha. He's so nice and kind." Paul was bold enough to get Yakira so riled up and shoot contemptuous glances at her. As far as he was concerned, Yakira was as evil as himself, being no better.

"Fuck off," said Yakira indignantly, pointing to the car door and asking him to get out of the car. A woman, no matter how evil she had become, would never show her dark sides to her kids.

Chapter 632: Chapter 632: Seeing is Believing (part two)

"Don't be mad. I'm leaving. But before I go, give me the password." Paul shrugged his shoulders, hoping against hope that his cousin wouldn't be too angry to take the bank card back.

"Just go. Get out. Never let me see you again." Yakira found that her maternal dignity had been ruined and was gone completely. How could she stand in front of Brian and call him son?

"You're crazy." Paul got out of her car in a hurry to avoid further provoking her. This woman could be more terrifying than a villain if she went insane. So, he decided to disappear before it was too late.

Yakira didn't care what Paul thought. She started the engine and pulled away before Paul could stand up outside the car and say goodbye. She disappeared down the street, while Paul cursed and screamed.

The city was enveloped in a curtain of darkness and some stars were twinkling in the sky. Brian pulled over beside the Mu Family's villa. After some hesitation, he got off the car. He leaned against the car door, and stared at the grand house standing before him. Honestly speaking, he was ashamed of knocking at the door and getting inside. However, he was engulfed by worry and remorse. So he drove his car here before he knew it.

He blinked and his loneliness was replaced quickly by his usual optimism. He took a deep breath, smiled with self-mockery, opened his car door and was about to leave, ready to head back home.

"What's wrong? Come on in," said Edward, smiling wryly, hands in his pockets and leaning against the wall lazily. He looked at Brian, intrigued.

"Is Daisy all right?" Brian stopped and asked timidly. Although he had been informed what happened to Daisy, he was also discouraged from coming over and visiting her, especially after his father was refused by the Mu family. He wasn't sure whether he would be kicked out of this villa or not. Anxious and worried as he was, he was too ashamed to knock at the door, after all Daisy's suffering and accident were deeply involved with himself.

"Seeing is believing. Come on, you can come inside. Don't be shy," said Edward. His mouth twisted darkly. He turned round and walked to the villa without looking back at Brian. He knew Brian would surely follow him and come inside.

Brian hesitated, debating whether it was a good idea to visit Daisy or not. At last, his worry and love towards Daisy won over his shame and timidity. He got in the car, started the engine and drove through the villa gate. It closed slowly after he went inside.

"Go upstairs. Your sister's on bed rest. She's not allowed to move around right now," Edward said warmly, leaning against the staircase. He went to check the cameras when a guard called in and reported that a stranger was hanging about outside the villa gate. He had wondered who it was until he saw from the screen that it was Brian standing there, hesitating and looking indecisive. He knew what Brian was thinking and worried

about. He knew that Brian was important to Daisy, so Edward came out of the house and invited him in. Edward thought Brian should be flattered, because anybody would be thrilled when Edward personally came out and invited him or her in. What an honor it was to be Edward's guest.

"Thank you," said Brian for his intrusion. He looked at Edward apologetically before he started to walk up the stairs.

Edward remained still. He didn't follow Brian up. Instead of that, he walked to the living room and sat on the couch, since he knew Brian and Daisy had a lot to talk about, and he had better leave them alone.

"What's up? Is Daisy upstairs alone?" asked Jonathan in a rich, baritone voice. Maybe his coldness and brutality did that to his voice.

"What about you? Why did you leave your wife alone? Shouldn't she enjoy your company?" said Edward indifferently. Edward shot a defiant look at Jonathan. After their several conversations these days, they weren't as hostile as they used to be. Although they weren't as intimate as other fathers and sons, they could finally exchange some jokes and feel relaxed.

"Would you like to play some chess with me?" asked Jonathan. Instead of answering his question, Jonathan sent out an invitation. Then, he sat at the table. His handsome face and dignity were like Edward's. He was more of a brother to Edward than a father, even though he seemed to be more shrewd and serious. It was no wonder that many people thought of Jonathan as Edward's big brother.

"Good idea, if you aren't afraid of losing." Edward raised his eyebrows, and looked at his father with a teasing smile.

"Son, I'm not as stupid as you are," said Jonathan, annoyed. He took out the chessboard. Although feeling a bit uncomfortable, he never thought that one day he could sit at a table and play with his son, without argument nor hostility.

Edward smiled wryly and remained silent. He lazily leaned against the armrest, as arrogant and condescending as any playboy could be. He was also touched by this unexpected game of chess with his father.

Brian rapped on the door to Daisy's room. His face remained blank, and nobody could tell from his facial expression what he was thinking. However, when Daisy answered the door and said 'come on in', he felt relieved and then elated.

"Brian, I didn't expect to see you here," said Daisy in surprise when she found that her caller was actually his brother. She tried to get up from her bed to greet him.

"Sis, don't bother. Stay put. You need some rest." Brian hurried over to her to prevent her from getting up.

"I'm fine. I have been lying in bed, like forever. I had better get up and move around the room," said Daisy. Daisy had not expected Brian to appear in her room suddenly. Anyway she was pleased to see him again.

"Then, I can help you up." Brian did care about Daisy. He helped her by supporting her arms as tenderly as he could, for fear that he might accidentally touch her wounds and hurt her.

Stop fussing. I hate being treated like a pathetic patient." Daisy grimaced in pain, since she forgot the wound on her face and smiled.

"What's wrong? Did I hurt you?" Seeing the painful expression on Daisy's face, Brian panicked, and didn't know what to do next. Daisy, severely injured, was as fragile as a vase, thought Brian to himself.

Brian, thank you. Your visit makes me feel like I still have my family with me," said Daisy. This kind of feeling was different from what she got from the Mu family, because it came from the same blood flowing in their veins.

"Sis, I felt ashamed when you thanked me," said Brian, embarrassed and sad. He knew that he was in no position to be thanked by Daisy. Although he didn't hurt Daisy personally, the perpetrator was closely related to him by blood. He didn't deserve forgiveness.

"Brian, I know you better than you think, and I'm a reasonable woman. So don't blame yourself for what you didn't do. It's not your fault. You're my only brother no matter what happens."

Daisy stretched her hand and fondled Brian's hair. If there was anything in Ouyang Family worth her memories, it was Brian. Nothing else mattered to her anymore.

"Daisy, don't you hate me for all your suffering and pain?" said Brian bitterly. Then, he raised his head and saw the comforting glance from Daisy. When he noticed the bandage tied around Daisy's head, his heart trembled with remorse and shame again.

Have you done anything to me that you should apologize for? Or have you done anything that hurt me? Asked Daisy observing Brian's face carefully.

No, I haven't. I would never do that to my sister, Brian blurted out before he was interrupted again.

Then, you shouldn't feel ashamed. I don't like this kind of weird relationship between brother and sister. We should be closer. You're too hesitant, and it's gonna make us feel embarrassed and drive us further apart.

Daisy knew Brian's worries and his unusual sensitivity. However, she never refused her brother nor blamed him for anything. On the contrary, she almost felt sorry for what had happened to him.

Chapter 633: Chapter 633: She is My Sister (part one)

"Okay, I won't hold back anymore. So be prepared to see all my shortcomings. You might not like what you find. I'll annoy you till you are sick of me." Brian buried his head in her neck to hide his reddened eyes because he was incredibly touched.

"That's not going to happen. Because all this time, you never upset me. So how could you even annoy me?" Patting his back, Daisy's eyes were also a bit red. To be honest, she was willing to lose everyone in her original family except Brian. He was the only one that she didn't want to lose, because he was the only one who shared blood with her that she still cared for.

"Kid, you know you're making me a little jealous?" Edward's eyes were smiling, but his tone suggested otherwise.

"That's what I want. What, are you really that jealous? Come and bite me." Brian didn't move away from Daisy, and he even pressed his face to hers, looking at Edward playfully.

"Huh! You must be in need of some tender loving care, given what's going on in your household. I'll lend my honey to you to hold for a while." Edward was wearing casual clothes. The neck of his shirt was a little low, showing his tight, fair muscles, making him look a bit wild and enticing.

"Lend? She's my sister. Watch your mouth, jerk! I won't warn you again." Brian was still clinging to Daisy without a care, again fighting with Edward. It seemed that this was their way of getting along. Because Daisy was caught between them, they would never get along well with each other. They were like Duke and Kevin, only Duke was obsessed with his younger sister while Brian was obsessed with his older sister.

"Don't forget that your sister is now my wife, the one who's going to be by my side for life. But you, you'll eventually belong to another woman in the future. So you tell me, who will win in the end?"

Edward didn't take the bait at all. His face was still relaxed, while his eyes glittered with spirit. With just a few words, he brutally crushed Brian's pride.

"So what? I'm her only brother. While husband... husband can be swapped out at any time. Lots of women treat their husbands like potato chips -- they can't have just one." Brian only felt dejected for a second. Then he quickly struck back. He didn't know the reason, but he always felt happy when seeing Edward at a loss for words.

"Brian, are you trying to make me mad?" Edward squinted his eyes, giving Brian a sidelong glance. He wouldn't mind any other jokes, but jokes about his honey were definitely a no-no.

"What do you think?" Brian's face was very serious too, because in his heart, Daisy was also his only family member, the others were nothing to him. That was why he cared so much where his sister was concerned. He only wanted the best for her, it was just that he couldn't see eye to eye with Edward sometimes.

"Enough! What do you have against each other? Why is it that every time you're together a fight breaks out? It hurts me to see you at each others' throats. Do you even think about how I feel?" Daisy couldn't help but roll her eyes. These two were not young boys. Why were grown men acting so childish? Her loud shout stretched out her wound, making it hurt again.

Sis, it's not my fault. He started it." Brian smirked at Edward, very pleased with himself that he said it first.

"If you hadn't kept digging at me, I wouldn't have given a damn about you. Besides, it's time for you to go home." Edward was quite the jealous type. Once he fell in love with a woman, he would cherish her with all his might. He wouldn't let another man get his hands on her, even if the man was Brian. He wouldn't compromise at all, so his words also showed his dominance.

"Who says I should go home? I've only been here for a little while. Besides, we still have a lot to talk about -- in secret! What do you say, Daisy?" Brian was very smart to drag Daisy into this. In this way, Edward couldn't do anything to him no matter how angry he was.

Ummm... I plead the fifth?" Daisy raised her head and looked at Edward. She jokingly invoked the legal right to remain silent. Facing his smirk, she couldn't help but flinch. How did she get dragged into his mess? Why were they both waiting for her to answer at once?

"Of course, Daisy." Edward smirked, that was exactly what he wanted. His eyes shone with delight. It looked like that this little woman had learnt to notice things and be tactful. His meaningful smile was an unspoken threat. Actions had consequences.

"It seems that married sisters are indeed like spilled water. Old sayings do have some relevance after all. That's why my sister is plotting against me with an outsider." Brian

looked upset, like he had been really hurt by his sister's behavior as his words suggested.

Enough, stop playing the victim now, and don't speak like a book with me. I don't know anything about your old sayings and I don't ever want to know."

Edward was not being kind to Brian's act, and that was just how he was. Only he could trash others, and it was impossible for others to judge him in return.

Looking back and forth between the two men, Daisy was completely at a loss for words. How did they get back to the beginning again? It seemed that if she wanted them to get along well with each other, she had quite a long way to go.

Yakira hurriedly ran upstairs once she got home. She had a feeling that she needed to explain something to Brian. But much to her surprise, nobody was home at the moment. Yakira slowly walked over to the bed and sat down. In fact, she hadn't been in this room for quite a long time, and she was too ashamed to tell anyone the reason for it. She was forbidden to enter this room by Brian because he didn't like anyone in his room. Yakira's smile was bitter, because in her own son's eyes, she was just some random person. She raised her head and looked at the night table beside his bed. Just one look was enough to turn her sad face into a visage full of fury. She quickly stood up, picked up the photo frame and threw it on the ground. She then heavily stomped on the beautiful face on the photo, letting her anger all out. The glass cracked, shards were left on the floor.

Why, why did he only keep that bitch in his heart, and avoid his own mother like she were some terrible monster? Why in hell was there a photo of Daisy in her own house? Why did her own son keep her photo in his room like she was some kind of saint? She couldn't accept this no matter what.

"What are you doing? Also, who told you that you could be in my room?" Brian glanced coldly at Yakira, eyes full of fury and nothing else. His eyes fell on the photo frame that she had smashed in her anger, giving off a frozen aura.

Brian, you... you're back." Yakira raised one hand to fix her hair, which had gotten messy because of her rage. She looked at her son in surprise. She didn't think that he'd be back this soon. Not only was she freaking out, she also held a slight grudge against him.

"I said, what the hell are you doing?" Brian asked, frowning. His voice was stern and cold. Yakira had never seen such a cold side of him, so she couldn't help but shiver.

"I..." Yakira moved her feet belatedly, too awkward to answer his question. It wasn't a very good feeling to be caught red-handed.

To be honest, your behaviour is disgusting. It's just a photo, why are you angry over that? You've gone off the deep end. Brian walked closer step by step, then bent down to pick up the photo, but got cut by the broken glass. However he didn't say anything, just silently drew a few tissues from the napkin dispenser to wipe the dirt off the photo. He frowned, not caring what Yakira thought at all.

You said yourself that it was just a photo, then why do you care so much? So your mother isn't as important as a photo? You're the one with mental issues.

Chapter 634: Chapter 634: She is My Sister (part two)

Yakira glared at the photo in his hand, eyes full of hate. Until this moment, she finally knew clearly that not only had she lost to Grace in the eyes of Leo, she had also lost to the daughter of that woman in his son's eyes. This was a fact that she didn't want to accept no matter what.

"If you want to embarrass yourself so much, I can't stop you. To me, this photo is way more important than you." Brian snorted. He wasn't throwing off the responsibility of being her son. It was because what his mother had done totally disappointed him. For the life of him, he really couldn't care less about the mommy card when facing her.

"Why? Brian, I'm your mother!" If there was anything that could take the wind out of Yakira's sails, it would be her shattered relationship with Brian.

"Do I have to remind you of what you've done? You know, damn you! How come you think you still have the right to call yourself a mother?"

Brian raised his voice a little, probably because he was quite agitated. He then gently closed his eyes for a moment. His heart was bleeding, slowly but steadily. He really wanted to be a good son if possible, and he also wanted a close relationship with his mother like everyone else. But cruel reality forced him to bow his proud head.

"You know, you know everything. That's why you hate me so much, right? You don't think that I deserve to be a mother, right? But if I hadn't done what I did, do you think you would still be here now disrespecting me? No! You wouldn't even be born!"

Yakira stumbled, face pale, staring at Brian, a trace of sadness starting to show on her face.

I really wish I hadn't been born. Honestly. Every time I remember that I was born at the cost of the blood of others, my heart gets cold. Do you really care about my feelings, for once?" He then carefully put the photo in the drawer. His eyes were sad, but what he felt more was guilt.

If I tell you that it is just an accident, would you still hate me so much?" Yakira's lips trembled, and she fell onto the edge of the bed, looking up at Brian, hoping he would give her his hand.

"Accident? How convenient! Didn't you sabotage the car?" Brian was so indifferent. He glanced coldly at her, then finally looked at the window. Yakira killed Daisy's mother about twenty years ago and Mary had almost killed Daisy this time. Wounds covered her body, and it would take a long time to recover. But the fact was that Mary and Yakira were both his relatives, as much as he didn't want to admit it. Nothing could change that.

We did rig her car, that I'll admit. But if she hadn't lost her temper and driven so carelessly, the accident wouldn't have even happened!" Yakira screamed hysterically. How could Grace, a dead woman, still have an impact on her happiness? More than ever, it seemed she made the right decision to get rid of her.

"Haha! That's really funny! The whole time I've been alive, that's the first time I've heard someone so easily blame someone else. I'm so impressed how deluded you really are!"

Brian had tears in his eyes, these were the tears of deep sadness and the feeling of powerlessness. Because he could choose anything else in his life, but he couldn't choose his own parents.

"Brian, no matter how bad I am, I'm still your mother. That's the truth. So no matter how much you deny this fact, it won't change anything." Yakira no longer cared about Brian's feelings, so she didn't hide her heart anymore. She was cruel, and she laid that cruel fact before him, and he had nowhere to run. Truth was truth, no matter how much it hurt.

"You're right. I can't deny the fact that you're my mother, and I can't change it either. But I can choose not to have you around. Please get out. I need to rest." Brian turned his back on her, his words were calm and cold, making her feel unfamiliar and alienated.

Yakira watched him for a bit. No matter how much she didn't want to leave, she still had to go. He'd made it clear where he stood, but the fact that he hated her still stung. Before she walked out, she still hatefully glared at the broken photo frame on the floor.

Brian sighed deeply, wondering if this was the time to leave. He would start again and do something he liked, rather than stay here, facing the people and the things that made him feel awful every single day. After all, he'd been back for quite a long time, and his company badly needed his attention. He took out his phone and started looking up flight information.

To be honest, he didn't think of himself as a responsible man. He always chose to leave instead of solving problems when they popped up. But no matter how dismissive he could be, he still couldn't erase the fact that Yakira was his mother. So in this dilemma,

leaving was his best choice. So Daisy didn't have to worry about him, and his mother could no longer use him as an alibi.

The days passed by quickly and silently. The weather in the late autumn was no longer hot, instead, it was a tad cold in the mornings and evenings. After Brian left, many things changed. First of all, Hero alone took the fall for all the crimes. Then Daisy's wounds healed nicely. All these things followed each other in turn, as if they were connected. In fact, they were.

"Congratulations, Daisy. The wound on your face has healed nicely, and there's no scarring. Am I good or what?" This would be the last time that Tom put the ointment on her wounds. She ran her hands over her face. He really did it, her face was the same as before. So his efforts during her recovery weren't wasted at all.

"Tom, thank you so much for what you did, sticking by me and making sure I am all better. Without you, I'd never heal so nicely." Daisy had a small smile on her face. To be honest, she didn't care about her looks that much, what she really cared about was Edward, and what he thought.

"You're welcome. I just did what any doctor would do. You really don't have to thank me. It makes me feel like a stranger." Tom put all his ointments back very carefully, because these ointments were quite pricey. Fortunately, there was a very rich sponsor backing him, or he couldn't afford all these.

"You are an outsider after all. Don't try to pretend that you're close to us." Edward's mouth was definitely the reason why it was always so easy for him to offend people. Every word he said just made people gnash their teeth in hatred. But they couldn't do anything about it because of his status. Tom had that same feeling of helplessness right now.

"If we're not close, then next time something happens, you won't need my help. We're not that close anyway." Tom glared at him, feeling annoyed with his smugness. He'd love to wipe that smile off his face.

Don't worry! You always ask more from me than I do from you." Though Edward said these words, deep in his heart, he was really thankful for all the things Tom had done for Daisy. But there was no need to say 'thank you' between those two; they just engaged in playful banter as usual.

"Come on boss! Would it kill you to let me have the last word sometimes?" Tom couldn't understand why he was always the odd man out. It really came down to money. All of his experiments needed Edward's support after all. If Edward pulled the plug, then where would he turn for funding? So Tom could do nothing but back down from him every time.

"Yes, it would. Because the word 'lose' doesn't show up in my dictionary. Edward's eyes gleamed, he slyly looked deep into Tom's eyes for a second. But he returned to his calm cold self, like he had never been any other way.