

The Formidable Son-In-Law: The Charismatic Lucas Gray

Chapter 6: My Daughter

“Don’t bother arguing!” Karen immediately screeched. “You were penniless and had nothing to your name back then. We were kind enough to let you marry into our family and provided you with food and a roof over your head. Yet you stole our money when we let our guards down and absconded!”

Lucas frowned and frantically explained when he thought of something, “No such thing! Back then, I did borrow fifty thousand from William. But I returned it on the same night...”

“Nonsense! You clearly stole it!” Karen interjected harshly before turning to look at Cheyenne’s father, William. “Tell us. Did you lend him the money, or did he steal it?”

“Hmph, he married into our family, so why would I lend him fifty thousand? He obviously stole it and then fled!” William insisted.

“There’s such a thing? You’re being too nice to him! If I were in your place, I would have long sued him and put him behind bars!”

“Exactly. I only found out about this today. This person is trash!”

“He stole fifty thousand, yet he still has the cheek to come back. Gosh, he’s too shameless!”

“Quickly, get a divorce. If he dares not to divorce, we’ll sue him!”

The relatives of the Carters were flabbergasted.

Lucas sneered in his head. *This couple actually fabricated a lie to frame me and accuse me of absconding with their money. Seems like they're out to ruin my reputation before chasing me out.*

“Hmph, if I really stole so much money from you, why didn't you say anything or file a police report after I left?”

Lucas looked Cheyenne's parents straight in the eye. Having stayed in the military camp for years, he had developed a menacing aura that was so domineering that the two dared not to make eye contact with him and instead shifted their gazes away.

“Well, we just don't want to air our dirty laundry in public. We helped save your reputation, but you're blaming us instead, you good-for-nothing?” William roared, but it was clear that he wasn't that confident.

“I believe you all know the truth in your hearts.” Lucas didn't say anything else. *Trying to threaten me with something fabricated? Impossible.*

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Cheyenne looked at their reactions. Having been brainwashed and fed lies about Lucas absconding with her father's money by her parents for years, Cheyenne had already begun to suspect something. *Is it possible that... he really didn't flee after stealing the money back then?*

“In short, hurry up and get lost!” Karen rushed forward to knock Lucas forcefully.

Lucas swayed from the impact while the little girl in his arms was frightened to tears by her ferocious and menacing gaze.

She hugged Lucas's neck and bawled loudly. “No! I want Daddy! Don't chase Daddy away!”

Karen chided furiously, “How is this good-for-nothing your father? What are you crying for?! Keep crying, and I'll lock you in the attic!”

The frightened little girl shivered violently in fear and burped as she sobbed, not daring to cry again, her eyes full of terror.

Judging from her reaction... she must have been locked in the attic before! As anger surged in his heart, Lucas glared daggers at everyone with an icy cold gaze that seemed to make the entire living room freeze!

Just as Lucas was about to lose his temper uncontrollably, a pair of hands carried the little girl away from his arms.

Cheyenne kissed her daughter's frightened little face. She was so heartbroken that she was on the verge of tears. "Mother, the last time you locked Amelia in the attic, she was so frightened that she had a high fever for days! Why are you scaring her again now? She's still young, and you're her biological grandmother. Don't you care about her at all?"

"I-I was just frustrated and said that to scare her! I'm not really going to lock her up. Seriously, it's her fault for being so biased toward her father at such a young age..." Karen muttered.

Her voice got extremely soft at the end, but Lucas had sensitive hearing and immediately grasped the keyword.

His heart was thumping fast, and he felt a lump in his throat. Trying to verify something, he asked Cheyenne, "She... Is Amelia... our daughter?"

Cheyenne bit her lips tightly. She wanted to shake her head and deny it. But when she saw the expectant gaze in the eyes of her daughter in her arms, she couldn't bring herself to say no.

Amelia had been clamoring for her father, and Lucas was indeed her biological father.

She nodded with a complicated expression.

Now that his vague suspicion had been confirmed, Lucas was inexplicably agitated!

He didn't expect the child who had pounced on him and called him 'Daddy' during their first meeting at the airport to be his flesh and blood!

The power of genetics is so amazing!

Lucas looked at Cheyenne and Amelia with a tender gaze that contained a tinge of remorse.

He owed them too much!

Lucas curbed his urge to go up and pull them into his arms. He nodded solemnly and promised, "Don't worry. Since I've come back, I won't let you two down again."

At the side, Karen rolled her eyes and exclaimed, "Hmph, talk is cheap! You're a penniless man who has nothing. You shamelessly came back, and you still want us to feed you? Dream on!"

She poked Cheyenne's arm forcefully, looking like she was expecting better from her. "I'm telling you, go and divorce this good-for-nothing later! Seth has already said that he'll get engaged to you on an auspicious date in the next few days. Do you hear me?"

Lucas's eyes were full of fury, and the temperature around him seemed to plunge several degrees!