

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1003

He was stunned. "Why did you insist on registering Amy as a citizen? Are you planning to use this to threaten me in the future? All the while, the kids who leave our village had never been registered, but their families got paid. I heard if I were to register my child and got forced to sign some agreement, I won't get a cent even if you harm my child! I'm not a fool!" he declared.

I was speechless at how ridiculous his conclusion was. Frowning, I told him in all seriousness, "Don't you worry. I will pay you what you deserve. I want you to register Amy as a citizen for her own future. She's your daughter. You won't want her to stay in the mountains forever, right? Without a proper status, she wouldn't be able to survive out there."

Ronald remained unfazed. "No worries. She will marry someone from the neighboring village. Why would she need to go out there? This is her life, her fate. I won't register her as a citizen. If you disagree, just send her back to us."

I couldn't understand what was going on in his mind. After a brief hesitation, I offered, "If you agree to register Amy's birth, I'll pay you an extra fifty thousand. Your son is in high school, right? I believe you want him to succeed in the future. If he is capable enough, I can offer him a job so he can make your family proud. How does that sound?"

Clearly, my offer caught his attention. He paused before answering. "No. The girls are going to earn money for me. Well..."

"Damn it! I'll teach her a lesson the minute I find her!" someone was cursing outside. Soon, Ronald's wife hurried in frantically. "Frit's family are saying that Ann killed him after a few days! She's missing now. The Wolfsens are coming to our family to demand an explanation!"

Ronald stood up in shock. "Killed him? Who's dead?"

"Who else? Her mentally retarded husband! Hurry, shut the door. They are coming to kick a fuss up!" Ronald's wife locked the door to their house hastily.

Worry spread across Ronald's face. As he sweated profusely, he muttered, "What should we do? She killed him, so they won't forgive us. We've already spent the money. What should we do?"

Seeing how anxious her husband was, tears rolled down the woman's cheeks. "Damn you, Ann Weeder! You're nothing but trouble!"

That piece of news took me by surprise. I thought Ann would give in instead of killing her husband and escaping from that household. Looks like I've underestimated her determination.

As a commotion sounded outside, the villagers gathered around Ronald's house brandishing weapons such as sticks and knives. They yelled, "Ronald Weeder, your daughter killed my son! Come out now! I want my son back! If you don't come out, I'll burn your house down!"

The deceased's parents and the rest started hurling curses at Ronald. As they criticized Ronald's doings, I pieced together bits and pieces of accusations I had overheard.

The deceased's name was Fritz Wolfsen. He was born with an intellectual disability, so he had a low IQ as an adult. As he was in his thirties without a wife, his parents collected and borrowed around one hundred thousand to buy him a wife from the neighboring village—Ann Weeder. The reason they were willing to spend that much on her was so she could give birth to Fritz's offspring, but to their dismay, she kicked up a fuss and even accidentally killed Fritz. Immediately, they hurried to Ann's family to demand an explanation.

Ronald was scared out of his wits. He sat in the chair and bit his filthy fingernails nervously.

Meanwhile, his wife urged, "What should we do? Huh? We've spent all the money they gave us, so there's no way we can pay them back now. That b*tch just spells trouble!"

Ronald had spent a few hundred thousand so his son could go to school in the city.

No wonder he rejected my fifty thousand earlier as it was too little for him. Initially, I wondered why he was so frugal after selling his daughter. It was because he had spent all the money on his son.

I didn't see his son even though I had been here twice. Clearly, he had sent his son away before I even got here. I could understand why, though. Every parent wished only the best for their children. They hoped their children would lead a different life from theirs.