

Love's Cruel Stroke Chapter 12

Chapter 12 How Are You Not Dead?

The door to the reception room was pushed open and a woman, clad in a baby pink suit, came sauntering in.

The red of the woman's lipstick contrasted her black locks that were tidily combed behind. Besides that, her beautiful eyes were accentuated by the light makeup she had on.

"Is this how arrogantly the Sinclair Group acts? How could you let your collaborator wait for nearly half an—"

Shirley's mockery came to an abrupt stop after she whipped her head around to look at the representative.

Her eyes never once left the pretty face that was gradually closing in on her.

From her eyebrows to the sharp and soft lines of her face, the woman looked just like Rachel, who was supposed to have died four years ago!

Even if Rachel hadn't perished in the fire, she should have died after drowning in the river!

How... How was it possible for Rachel to be standing in front of her right now?

"Y—You!" Shirley's voice was shaking so bad she barely sounded intelligible. The rosy hues of her cheeks paled in that instant. "Are you human? Or are you a...a ghost?"

Even though Shirley didn't directly cause Rachel's death, she remembered how she would often get nightmares after Rachel's 'death' four years ago.

In her dreams, Rachel would always return as a ghost that relentlessly chased after her for her life.

"Which version are you hoping for?"

After saying that, Rachel walked toward her before oh-so-naturally sitting down on the sofa.

With a snicker on her face, she turned to glare at Shirley with her sharp eyes.

At once, a chill coursed through Shirley's body as she looked at Rachel. "Y—You didn't die!" she exclaimed. "You are still alive! Rachel Yates, I can't believe you are still alive!"

Rachel didn't die from losing all that blood when she gave birth!

The fire hadn't killed her either!

Not even plunging into the river could take her life away!

How is this b*tch so stubbornly alive?! Shirley thought incredulously.

"Why? Are you disappointed?" Rachel lifted her gaze and coldly glanced back at Shirley. "I'm your biological sister! Shouldn't you feel happy about me being alive?"

As Shirley looked at Rachel, she was suddenly hit by the thought of Damian out of nowhere.

Damian would often have that same expression like the one Rachel had on her face now!

It would be the end of her grand scheme if Damian ever met Rachel!

Shirley could feel her heart thumping hard in her chest at that moment, and she only managed to calm herself down after digging her fingernails into the palm of her hand.

Swiftly after, beads of teardrops began to roll down her face as she blinked. "My dear sister! I... I can't believe you are still alive. I shouldn't have left you alone in the storehouse that night. I have been regretting it every day for the past four years. Dad, too, has missed you badly all this time. Let's go home and see Dad. He will surely be ecstatic if he knew that you are alive!"

Rachel only let out a snicker at that.

The younger her had always believed that her father's love for her was true. However, everything changed on the second day of her coming-of-age ceremony as he struck her across the face for getting her compromising photos taken.

No father who cherished his wounded daughter would lock her in a storehouse for eight months without visiting her once.

All the love and care he had showered her in the past eighteen years had been nothing but his plot to get Rachel's shares.

"Shirley, you have been living rather peacefully these four years, haven't you? Well, it is about time for your happy days to end." Rachel's voice was filled with hatred. "I will get back each and every single thing that belongs to me."

Shirley unconsciously took a step back when she saw the fiery gaze her sister was sending her way.

At that moment, the first thing she thought of was the two sons of the Fords!

Is this b*tch planning to snatch the children away from me? she fumed.

"Also," Rachel continued. "You are the reason my sons are dead. So, just you wait. I'll make you pay for everything you've done. An eye for an eye!"

Every word Rachel said stabbed Shirley like sharp knives, but Shirley just stayed frozen at that instant.

That is right! Shirley quietly cheered. Rachel thinks that the children had died right after they were born! She won't try to take the children away from me!

She couldn't be more glad that she had listened to Jordan when he told her to keep the children a secret. It would have been a terrible mess if Rachel ever found out the truth.

However, even if Rachel were to spare the children, Shirley figured that everything would be even better if her older sister were to be gone.

After suppressing the hatred that had gradually shown up on her face, she calmly lied, "Rachel, the kids had passed away right after they were born... I'm their aunt, for God's sake! I would never do anything to harm them. I arranged a proper burial for them and even set up their graves after they had passed away. I have been visiting them on their death anniversary every year. How could you say that I was the one who killed them, Rachel?"

Rachel was clearly uninterested in the sob story as she suddenly stood up and pulled Shirley by her collar. "Where did you bury them?" she growled.

"At...At the cemetery in the east of the city. I can't describe the exact location with words. How about I bring you there tomorrow?" Shirley carefully suggested with her innocent facade perfectly covering up her ill intentions.

And of course, Rachel had agreed without hesitation. The only times she had seen her dead children were in her dreams.

Just being able to stay around the graves of her dead children would definitely help ease the pain in her chest.

My children... I can't let you die such unjust deaths...