

## Love's Cruel Stroke Chapter 14

### Chapter 14 Shirley Yates' Real Intention

The spring breeze felt cold as it brushed past Rachel's skin.

After making sure that Casper and Olivia were safe under Elizabeth's supervision, she set off on her journey to the cemetery.

However, just as she was about to leave the residence, Casper suddenly called out from behind. "Mommy! Be careful out there."

She turned to look at him, only to see that he had a frown on his face as he gazed at her in worry.

At that moment, he had an unexplainable feeling that something bad was going to happen.

"Don't worry," Rachel reassured him with a smile. "Mommy will be right back."

She hadn't told Casper about her going to the cemetery. After all, her dead children were her most well-kept secret.

She didn't want Casper to know that he had two older brothers that had unfortunately passed away right after they were born.

Without further ado, she got into the car that Elizabeth had prepared for her and began driving in the direction of her destination.

She drove for a little over an hour before finally arriving at the isolated suburbs of Seaview City. Right as she was about to get out of her car, she saw Shirley, in a long black dress, walking toward her.

"Rachel, you are finally here..." Her melancholic voice rang out. Despite her best effort to put on a devastating look, it was all merely theatrics in Rachel's eyes.

Ignoring her sister's words, Rachel only told her to lead the way.

"Did you...come here alone?" Shirley probed.

"What do you think?" Rachel spat roughly.

She had cut all contact with everyone she used to know in Seaview City when she packed up her bags and left four years ago.

There was no way she could let the only person who stood by her—Elizabeth come to this kind of place and be sad with her.

Shirley quickly masked her joy with a heavy sigh when she heard that. "Ah! We even built your grave right beside the kids' because all of us thought you were dead! Dad has been crying every day since then. He was so happy when I told him last night that you are alive!"

"Is that so? Why isn't he here to see me, then?" Rachel called her bluff with no hesitation.

Shirley's expression instantly froze but she still managed to play her part of a caring younger sister. "Dad was so surprised last night that he had to go to the hospital this morning because of his high blood pressure. We didn't let Dad come because we didn't want to aggravate his condition. Why don't I bring you to the hospital to go see Dad after we visit the children's graves?"

Unable to find fault with her sister's words, she decided to keep quiet.

Shirley, on the other hand, didn't feel awkward at all for forcing conversations as they headed straight into the graveyard.

However, Shirley didn't stop at the main area at the site. "According to Seaview City's law, bodies of infants that aren't at least a month old cannot be buried along with the others. Dad put in a lot of effort and even used his connections to be able to finally find the best spot to have them buried in the graveyard. It is at that corner there. Come, let us go there."

She then hurried ahead, and Rachel could only follow after her even though reluctance was showing through on her face.

The further in they went, the more unattended the path became. Weed had covered any traces of a walkable path—if there ever was one. From the looks of it, it wasn't a place that people often came to.

Nevertheless, Shirley kept on walking ahead.

"Stop," Rachel sternly commanded. Her legs had already stopped moving as she threw a cold glance at Shirley. "Where are you taking me?"

"To your children's graves, of course," Shirley replied with a smile.

Snickering, Rachel said, "We have left the compound. What are you trying to do? Just tell me. I don't have time for your game."

"I'm not trying to do anything. I don't really remember the way because it has been some time since I last came here. No need to rush, Rachel. Let's take our time to look for the graves. We'll reach them eventually." Shirley's jaw began to clench at that. Why doesn't this b\*tch doing things in the way I planned? she fumed.

Rachel was starting to get impatient at her sister's antics as she no longer was the naive young lady she used to be. How could Shirley possibly think that she could get away with tricking her?

She only followed along obediently because she wanted to see the graves of her children as soon as she could.

Shirley, however, didn't seem to have the intention to make her wish come true.

If that was the case, there was no need for Rachel to waste her time here then.

With that, Rachel turned around and walked toward the direction they had come from.

“Why are you walking away, Rachel?” Shirley was beginning to panic. “Ah, I remember now. Their graves are right in front. We are only about a hundred meters away from them!”

Having that said, Rachel still continued walking in the opposite direction.

She could ask someone who worked here or get the Sinclairs to hire an investigator for her. Anything would be better than waddling around with someone as disgusting as Shirley.

Shirley forcefully bit her teeth when she realized that her words no longer had an effect on her sister.

At this point, she couldn't possibly let the plan she painstakingly came up with go to waste.

Her eyes sharpened with resolve then, and she coldly waved her hand.

Rachel had only taken a few steps away before she started hearing the sound of footsteps.

How could so many pairs of feet suddenly appear when Rachel and Shirley had been alone throughout their walk?

Did Shirley plan this? Rachel finally realized.

She wasn't surprised at all by the possibility of it as Shirley was the one who attempted to incinerate Rachel four years ago. Be it five years later, she would definitely still plot something again to get rid of her.

It didn't make sense in the first place for Shirley to oh-so kindheartedly bring her all the way to the cemetery.

Within the next moment, Rachel abruptly turned around and stepped forward until her hands were tightly wrapped around Shirley's slender throat.