

Love's Cruel Stroke Chapter 8

Chapter 8 Justice for the Children Who Lost Their Lives

Numerous gazes fell on Tiana as soon as those words left her mouth.

Even amongst the many eyes on her, she could instantly tell who the most piercing pair had belonged to—Elizabeth. Her scrutinizing gaze was full of dissatisfaction as she stared at Tiana. From the looks of it, the only reason why Tiana hadn't been whipped by Elizabeth's cane was because they weren't alone at the moment.

Tiana unwillingly took a step back as she gulped. However, she stepped on her son, who was on the floor, instead of the ground. The child then immediately burst into tears and started to wail at the top of his lungs.

Seeing her son cry, she slapped the boy across his cheek. "What are you crying for? Did someone die?" she impatiently hissed.

Five-year-old Theodore Ashe only sobbed harder at that. Brokenhearted, he cried, "Momma, you meanie! Momma is a poo-poo head! I don't like Momma anymore!"

Tiana was already in a foul mood to begin with, but it worsened when he started giving her a hard time. It made her so infuriated that she itched to send another slap his way.

The mood in the living room gradually dampened as the two of them argued between themselves.

Elizabeth's face had fallen after spectating the interaction between the mother and son. "Come with me to the study room after you sign the agreement, Rae," she suddenly said to Rachel, who only nodded in response.

After leaving her signature on the document, she slightly bent toward her son and instructed, "Casper, can you take care of Olive while I'm gone? I will be back in a jiffy."

"Leave Olive to me!" Casper announced with a grin. "Trust me, Mommy!"

And trusted her son, she did.

Casper had always been his baby sister's protector ever since he grew into a sensible little adult two years ago.

There were a lot of things that she couldn't afford to concern herself with when she worked abroad.

Whenever Rachel had to head off to work in the morning, Casper was the one who took care of Olivia. The child had already learned how to be an older brother to his younger sister at only four years old.

Rachel then followed after Elizabeth, and as soon as they were in the study room, she held Rachel by the hands and let out a long sigh. "I know it has been hard on you these past four years. I had always thought that you ran away from home out of spite. If only I had known the truth four years ago... I didn't think that useless Francis would lock you up for eight whole months! Rae, the shares that were rightfully yours had all been transferred to your stepsister, Shirley after the Yates announced your death. Now that you are back, it is about time they return it to you!"

Carefully leaning against Elizabeth's thigh, Rachel couldn't help but notice how lovingly the older woman treated her—both now and when she was younger.

That had been one of the reasons why Rachel brought Olivia back to her home country since she wanted Olivia to receive love from more people.

Rachel earnestly hoped Elizabeth would care for her child as much as she did Rachel...

"Grandma," she answered gently. "I don't want you to have to worry about something like this at eighty-three years old. Rest assured, I no longer am the naive young miss I once was. I want to fight for justice for the two innocent children who lost their lives. And for myself too... I want the justice we deserve."

As she spoke, she could almost see it happening all over again.

It had been a horrible day when she discovered the lifeless bodies of both her first and second son lying on the cold ground of the storehouse.

The children, with their faces purple from the lack of oxygen, had quietly passed away and she didn't even know where their bodies were buried...

At the thought of that, Rachel's eyes were already wet with tears.

"Rae, my dear, that is all in the past now. Don't cry..." Elizabeth patted her on the back. "Since you are here at the Sinclair Residence, treat this as your own place and have a proper rest."

Rachel wordlessly nodded at that.

Despite John being the head of the Sinclair Residence, Elizabeth was the one who wore the pants in the family. Rachel wouldn't have to worry about her stay as long as Elizabeth welcomed her.

Of course, she didn't intend to stay there without repaying the Sinclairs. With the chip that she had developed, the Sinclairs would definitely be able to further improve their reputation.

She didn't have to feel guilty about staying with the Sinclairs if she had something of equal value to give back to them.

As they chatted, they were interrupted by a sudden wailing from outside the room.

"Is Theodore crying again?" Elizabeth asked, a frown appearing on her face.

Theodore, Tiana's son, was someone who would always cause a commotion everytime he and his mother returned to Elizabeth's place.

Thinking that it was Theodore, Elizabeth couldn't be bothered with it and she continued to talk to Rachel.

Rachel, however, had a bad feeling about it.

She immediately went to the door and yanked it open to have a complete view of the living room. Tiana was standing in front of Olivia with a raised hand.

Olivia, on the other hand, was unaware of the incoming slap. She only stood there with a blank look on her face.

“Stop!” Rachel angrily shouted while dashing toward them.

Upon hearing her cousin’s voice, Tiana squinted as she swung her hand with even more force.

Tiana had always despised Rachel. It didn’t make sense that someone who was not a part of the Sinclairs had grown up enjoying the privileges only the family had whereas Tiana, the true Young Lady of the Sinclair Family, had all the attention robbed off her by Rachel.

Tiana’s hatred for Rachel was finally redeemed when Rachel had her unglamorous photos splashed on every corner of Seaview City after going to bed with a random man.

The cherry on top was when Rachel gave birth to the little b*stard and even later attempted suicide by lighting herself on fire.

That was exactly why she never thought Rachel would ever come back alive.

And to make matters worse, the first thing Rachel had to do after returning was to pick a bone with her!

Huh! Tiana huffed. Does she think that just because I can’t do anything to her, I won’t lay my hand on the kid?

With that thought in mind, her palm soon made contact with Olivia’s cheek.