

Chapter 251

I stood at the side and smacked my forehead. I did not understand what they were fighting about, so I did not know how to be the mediator. After some thought, I turned and went back to the ward. After saying goodbye to Cecilia, I left the hospital.

My initial plan was to have Theo accompany me to my yoga class after visiting Grandmother at the graveyard, but it seemed like he had to accompany Miss Reed now. I did not want to go to class alone, so I took a cab and went back home.

When the car was approaching the villa, I saw a familiar black Maybach from afar.

What was he doing here again? I felt a wave of irritation as my expression darkened. I made a beeline to the door.

Tyler came up to me with a smile. "Is this the right attitude to have when you meet your brother? Do you know that I've been waiting all day for you? Where's your phone? Why didn't you answer it? Where

...waiting all day for you. Where's your
●one? Why didn't you answer it? Where
have you been?"

I was annoyed at how he was bombarding me with questions like he was interrogating a criminal. A fire of rage rose from within me as I snapped. "Did I tell you to wait for me?"

"Wandy, I just wanted to come over and visit you and the baby." His tone was unusually soft, and the usual edge in his voice was gone.

"You've seen us. We're doing good. Now leave." I angled my body to walk past him, making my way inside.

He reached out his hand and grabbed mine. His expression was slightly pained as he barked, "Wandy, we're family. Are you going to treat me like this forever? I don't have any ill intentions, I just want to be a good brother to you. Why are you so against it?"

I suppressed the anger within me and calmed my emotions before I spoke again, "Tyler Schuman, family isn't something that exists because one person says so. Even though I'm not a big advocate of blood ties, I urge you to

●ocate of blood ties, I urge you to reflect on your past actions. After what you did to me, are you worthy to be called my brother?

"In the beginning when my mother brought you back, I was elated. I thought I was going to have another family member, but you hurt me again and again. Your selfishness, ruthlessness, and coldness made me acknowledge you as a demon. How could I think of someone like you to be my family?"

My words made his face contort with a complicated and pained look. "Wandy, I apologize for my past behavior. I was a bigot, but I really do consider you as my little sister. I can't live without you, and you're the only family I have left in the world. Are you really going to toss me aside like that?"

I saw how sad, remorseful, and helpless he was. A trace of compassion arose within me. I tried to calm down and said, "I'm not going to toss you aside, but we're both grown-ups now. We're no longer..."

Before I could finish, Tyler interrupted me, "That's great, Wandy! As long as you still have me in your heart, I'll treat you

Time's great, windy: as long as you
● I have me in your heart, I'll treat you ten times, no, a hundred times better! I'll make up for all the hurt I inflicted on you before."

His smile was pure and sincere as he pulled out a basket from his car, like a child excited to show off his treasure. "Look, these are roasted sweet potatoes from our village. I got them raw and roasted them using the charcoal from our village. You can heat them up and see if they taste the same."

I was stunned as I looked at the basket of sweet potatoes. "You're...?"

"I deliberately brought them over for you. You said you were craving sweet potatoes from our village, right? I told you, I bought our house from our village and renovated it. The surroundings of the house are still the same as before, filled with vegetables and fruits. They're all from the seeds that Aunt left behind. If you want to, you can go back and eat them anytime."

His lips were still curled up in a smile that was exceptionally dazzling under the sun.

sin.

I was confused. The Tyler before me was very unfamiliar.

Initially, I thought he was a demon that sought us out because he wanted to fulfill the prophecy he uttered when he punished us back then. Every time I saw him, apart from being fearful and terrified of him, I loathed him. I had never believed in anything he said.

However, seeing how he was doing all these, I felt lost. I did not know how much his temperament could change after all these years.

Tyler saw that my expression had softened. He grinned like a child as he brought down baskets upon baskets of fruits and vegetables from his car. He gleefully said, "These were all planted in our village with no pesticides. Take them and eat them. I'll send over more tomorrow. If you'd like to go back to the village and take a look at the old house, just let me know and we can go back together."

I watched him carry all those things into my yard. His footsteps were light even though he had to make many trips. A

my yard. His footsteps were light even though he had to make many trips. A warm sensation filled my heart, and I did not know what to say.

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All these years, Tyler must have felt very lonely. No matter if it was an obsession or emotional trauma, all he cared for was nothing but a home and a family.

I felt my nose getting sore as my eyes welled up in tears. I wiped my tears away and looked at him. "Won't you feel tired if you have to send them to me every day? Go home, I'll take good care of myself and make sure I eat them."

In the end, I still had a soft spot for him.

Maybe, just like what he had said, we were both unanchored souls. We did not belong no matter where we were, and that was why we were destined to become family.

Tyler was flabbergasted. He stared intently at me with joy in his eyes. After a long while, he came over and hugged me tightly. "That's right, Wandy. Be a good girl and let your big brother protect you from now on."

I did not speak. I allowed him to hug me,

I did not speak. I allowed him to hug me, and I felt many emotions running through my mind. I was stuck with him anyway, so it would be better to have one more family member than one more enemy.

This was probably what my mother wanted to see. She was the one who used to tell Tyler and me to treat each other nicely. She asked me to treat him like my elder brother.

My thoughts wandered, and I did not realize someone was approaching me from behind until a force yanked me away. The strength was so great that I nearly fell to the ground.

When I came to my senses, Theo's punch had already landed on Tyler's face.

That punch contained all of Theo's strength, and after just a blink, Tyler's face became swollen as blood gushed out from his nose and the corner of his mouth.

I was not paying attention, so I did not realize when Theo came back. He must have seen us hugging when he came in, which was why he got furious and

●ich was why he got furious and mercilessly attacked Tyler.

Tyler did not retaliate. He raised his hand to wipe the blood off his lips and chuckled menacingly, casting a victorious look at Theo.

This silent mockery undoubtedly made things worse as it triggered Theo. In an explosive rage, he pinned Tyler down on the ground and his punches came raining down on Tyler.

I was anxious. With one hand supporting my waist, I went over in an attempt to break up the fight. However, Theo just glanced at me with his icy-cold eyes while saying coldly, "If you don't want him to be pummeled to death, stand back!"

His voice was stern, so I stood there, not daring to move. Tyler lifted his head with much difficulty, and with a smirk still hung on his face, he said, "Stand there, don't move. Don't get hurt."

After he was done, he turned to glare maliciously at Theo and snarled. "You said you want to pummel me to my death, right? Come on!"

death, right? Come on!"

One was daring the other, while the other dared to go all out!

With the flurry of punches thrown everywhere, I could hear Tyler's grunts. Even so, he was still adamantly raising his head and smirking haughtily at Theo.

Not only his mouth but his nose, eyes, and ears were bleeding as well. I did not understand why he would just lie there and get hit like this without retaliating. I screamed in fear, "Theo Grant, stop it! You're really about to pummel him to his death!"

"Don't be afraid, I'm not in pain. Just leave!" Tyler looked at me and tried his best to squeeze out a smile on his face.

I was stunned. What a familiar phrase that instantly brought me back to my childhood.

When Tyler first came to live with us, we were on pretty good terms.

Due to the fact that I was adopted, I was a target of mockery and bullying from my peers. They would corner me in an alley a t times and would not allow me to return home. When Tyler came to live with us, h

...they would corner me in an alley
● times and would not allow me to return home. When Tyler came to live with us, he could not escape such a fate as well since he was with me whenever we went to and fro from school.

Many times, we would be surrounded and attacked by our classmates. Tyler would act like how he was now, lying there on purpose so they could attack him. While he was getting hit, he would yell at me, "Don't be afraid, I'm not in pain. Just leave!"

Every time, he would end up limping home. There was once when things got so out of hand, he broke a femur and had to stay in the hospital for a month before he could walk again.

The past replayed in my head like a movie.

Theo showed no signs of stopping. Seeing Tyler on the ground, the timelines intertwined, and before my eyes was the scene from my childhood. I mistook the attacker to be the bunch of mischievous children from the past.

Instinct rose from deep within me.

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intertwined, and before my eyes was the scene from my childhood. I mistook the attacker to be the bunch of mischievous children from the past.

Instinct rose from deep within me. Despite the fact that I loathed Tyler, the past memories were something that I could not erase. Some relationships were so deep that it was etched onto the bones.

Without thinking twice, I grabbed a wooden stick from the ground and swung it hard at the silhouette that was serving punches to Tyler.

I swung with all my strength, and when the stick collided with the person, a loud crack was heard.



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Theo stopped mid-action and turned back to look at me. He had an incredulous expression on his face that also carried anger and pain.

I regained my composure, and my blurry vision gradually recovered. It was only then I realized it was Theo whom I had just struck with the bat. I subconsciously hurled it aside and wailed, "He's going to die!"

Disappointment emerged on his face briefly, but the murderous intent in his eyes was clear. His irises were deep like bottomless pools of jet black. He parted his lips to speak but not a single word fell from the tip of his tongue.

Tyler lay motionless on the floor in a supine position.

I dared not linger another second by Theo's side, so I dashed over to Tyler and squatted down beside him, examining his injuries.

At present, he looked nothing like the

Present, he looked nothing like the handsome young man I knew. His lips were swollen to the size of sausages and not a single inch of his pale skin remained intact. Theo certainly did not go easy on him.

“Get up. I’ll take you to the hospital.”

Amid my panic, tears rolled down my face uncontrollably. I reached out in an attempt to help him up.

He slowly forced his eyes open and pulled his lips into a hideous smile. “Don’t cry. I’m fine.”

His strained smile tipped me over the edge and I burst out crying. “How can you say that you’re fine when you’re in this condition? Quick, get up. I’ll take you to the hospital.”

Without caring about my own body, I tried my best to support his weight.

Theo strode forward and hauled me aside. In his deep voice, he instructed, “Leave him alone and come back with me!”

At that moment, I knew that his heart housed immense wrath. However, I could not simply abandon Tyler and leave him to fend for himself in this state. I whipped

not simply abandon Tyler and leave him to fend for himself in this state. I whipped my head to look at Theo and roared, "How could he possibly be fine? Can't you see all the blood on his face? Theo Grant, how can you be so cruel? You should've come at me if you're angry at me!"

He tossed me a cold glance. I could tell that the ball of fury he had been suppressing was about to erupt again.

Fearing that he would initiate a second round, I tugged at his shirt and pleaded, "Theo, I beg you! Leave him be. He's almost dying."

"Wandy... Don't beg him. I-I'm fine!" Tyler struggled to climb to his feet, but with every movement came a pang of pain that was accompanied by fresh blood gushing out of his mouth.

Fear consumed me. I tried my best to wriggle free from Theo's grasp, but I could only dream of surpassing him in strength. He clutched both my wrists tightly in one hand.

I was pissed. My brows were knitted together in a frown as I glared daggers at him. "Let go!"

mm. Let go.

He did not speak a word. Instead, he only showed me his terrifyingly icy gaze and tightened his grip on me.

Once again, Tyler shut his eyes. The way he was sprawled out on the floor unmoving did not make things seem optimistic. Without a second thought, I lowered my head and got ready to bite the back of Theo's hand. I peered up at him, signaling that I would bite him hard if he decided not to let go of me.

As I continued to sink my teeth into his skin, his eyes flickered but his calm expression remained. He did not spare a glimpse at his hand while he stared fixedly at me. "Is this what you really want?"

"You left me with no choice," I slurred.

"Very well. Don't blame me for this."

With a swift flip of his palm, he pinched my lips between his thumb and pointer finger. Despite applying minimal force, the pain brought tears to my eyes.

Nonetheless, I gave it my all to endure it. Swallowing the cries that threatened to escape, I glared unblinkingly at him

without a word

ape, I glared unblinkingly at him without a word.

Eventually, he still caved in and released his grip on me.

As though spotting an oasis amid a desert, I latched onto him and howled bitterly, "Theo, I beg you to let me go, please! I promise that I'll return as soon as I drop him off at the hospital. You can decide what to do with me then."

"You never cease to amaze me, Wanda Lane. Are you actually kneeling in front of your husband for the sake of another man? What do you view me as?" His rage peaked, and he gritted his teeth. His widened eyes were locked onto me.

Disregarding his annoyance, I took advantage of the opening to fling myself free. I fled over to Tyler, squatted down by his side, and lifted him into a half-seated position in my arms. Sobbing, I cooed, "Get up slowly. Let's go to the hospital."

From afar, Miss Woods ran over from inside the house. The scene stupefied her, but she quickly recovered and joined me in helping Tyler up.

helping Tyler up.

With her help, we finally managed to prop Tyler onto his feet and lead him to his car one step at a time.

At that point, I no longer had the courage to meet Theo's eyes. I turned to Miss Woods and muttered, "Miss Woods, thank you."

With that, I climbed into the driver's seat, started the engine, and steered the car downhill.

"Young Mistress, please be careful. Don't stay out too late..." Miss Woods called out with unrest from behind me.