

Madam Winters's Fight For Her Children Chapter 12

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The door of the meeting room opened, and a woman in a white suit walked in slowly.

She had long black hair falling behind her back and light makeup. Her eyes were long, same as her eyebrows, and her lips red.

"Isn't your corporation getting arrogant? How could you make your business partner wait for thirty minutes—"

Dew turned her head around while mocking the woman, but her voice died away halfway through her sentence.

The woman's eyebrows, eyes, and other features were the exact same as her sister's!

But didn't Adina die four years ago?

She might not have burned alive, but she had jumped into the river and drowned!

Why then... Why was she standing in front of her?

"A-Are you a human, or a ghost?" Dew's voice quivered, and her face drained of blood.

Even though she did not personally kill Adina, she had engineered her downfall and had nightmares over the past four years of her sister turning into a ghost and coming back to take revenge!

"Would you prefer if I were a human or a ghost?"

Adina walked over and sat down on the couch. She smiled coldly with a chilling glare in her eyes.

Her gaze was razor sharp when she looked at Dew.

"Y-You're not dead!" Dew shivered. "You're alive! Adina Daugherty, you're actually alive?!"

She did not die from a major blood loss during childbirth! She did not die in the fire!

And she did not even die after falling into a river!

Why did this witch cling to life so desperately?!

“Well, aren’t you sorely disappointed?” Adina said airily. “We’re sisters. Shouldn’t you be happy that I’m alive?”

She raised her chin, and her gaze was as sharp and aggressive as ever.

For some reason, Dew suddenly thought of Harold Winters.

He often did that, too, and his expression was identical to Adina’s!

If Harold ran into her... the consequences would be dire!

Dew’s heart raced, but she clenched her fists tightly and quelled her fear.

She blinked, and tears spilled down her face. “This is great, Adina! You’re not dead... Do you have any idea how much I regretted my actions over the past four years? I shouldn’t have left you alone in the warehouse that night. Dad misses you a lot, Adina. Why don’t you come back and visit him? If he were to learn that you’re alive, he’d be really happy...”

Adina sneered.

Before she turned eighteen, she really thought that father loved her.

But after her illicit photos came out on the second day after her coming-of-age ceremony, he slapped her.

A father who truly loved his daughter would not lock her in a warehouse after she suffered a major mental trauma nor would he leave her alone for eight months.

All the love he showered upon Adina since her birth had to have been because of her shares.

“Dew Daugherty, you’ve been living the past four years in peace. It’s about time that peace comes to an end.” Adina’s voice was laced with burning hatred. “I’ll take back all that belongs to me.”

Her gaze terrified Dew, and she took an unwitting step back.

The first thing she thought about were the two twins in the Winters family!

‘Does she want to steal them from me?’

“And I’ll make you pay for my children’s deaths!” Adina declared slowly.

Each word cut into Dew’s heart like knives, but then she froze.

‘That’s right! The two children are already dead to her! She thinks they died right after being born!

‘So, Adina can’t possibly have come back to steal the twins from me!’

Dew had never felt so fortunate before.

Thank goodness Duke Winters had never publicly announced the children’s existences before, or Adina would definitely figure out the truth.

If that time came, Dew would not be able to hide anything.

However, even if Adina didn’t know about the children, she could not be allowed to live!

The sinister look in Dew’s eyes faded away, and she said, “Adina, your children died the moment they were born. I’m their aunt, so how could I possibly have killed them? I buried them four years ago and even set up tombstones for them. I also sweep their graves every year during their death anniversary. How could you say that I killed them?”

Adina stood up swiftly and grabbed Dew’s collar. “Where did you bury them?”

“In the cemetery in the suburbs east of the city... It’s hard to describe the exact location, so why don’t I take you there tomorrow?” Dew said tentatively while hiding the calculative spark in her eyes.

Adina had dreamt of her two bluish-black children over the past four years and longed to see them again.

Even if she could only go to their graves to visit them, it would still soothe her pain a little.

Despite that, she would not forgive the people who caused their premature deaths...