



Chapter 18

A wave of panic hit the Fellows.

"Mr. Barron, please!" Leo cried out. "Don't do this! We were wrong, we know we were wrong! Give us another chance!"

They started begging, pleading, their arrogance stripped away, leaving only desperation.

My father was unmoved. "When I took you in, I had one condition," he said, his voice cold. "One. That you would protect my daughter. That you would be loyal to her. You couldn't even do that. You mocked her, you plotted against her, you stood by while this... this creature tried to destroy her reputation."

He shook his head, a look of deep disgust on his face. "I am so disappointed in you."

Javier was the first to accept their fate. He fell to his knees, his face streaked with tears. He slammed his fist into his own face, a sickening crack echoing in the silent room.

"Thank you for everything, Mr. Barron," he said, his voice choked. "I don't deserve to be a part of this family." He kowtowed, his forehead hitting the marble floor. "I will never forget your kindness."

He knew there was no going back. He stood, turned, and then fell to his knees again, this time in front of me.

"Elena," he whispered, his eyes red and raw. "I am so sorry. I let that woman poison my mind. I hurt you. I know you will never forgive me, and I don't deserve it."

He bowed his head to the floor again. "I will spend the rest of my life trying to atone for what I've done. My phone number will never change. If you ever need anything, anything at all, I will be there. I will die for you if you ask."

He stood up, his shoulders slumped in defeat, and walked out of the ballroom, a lonely, broken figure.

