

Familiar Stranger

But there was no answer.

Life seemed to lose all meaning as Elena cried, and unknowingly she fell asleep.

When she woke up, she realized it was dark outside.

Elena's eyes felt heavy, swollen from the tears she had shed.

No, this could not go on.

When had she, Elena Walker, ever been in such an embarrassing state?

She would not allow herself to suffer the grievances while the adulterous pair moved freely with no remorse.

She pushed herself to her feet and went to the bathroom, determined to wash away the traces of her distress.

Staring at her reflection in the mirror, Elena saw a glimmer of strength in her eyes.

The defeated woman from the past was now replaced by someone strong and determined.

She would gather evidence of Andrew's infidelity, irrefutable proof that would expose him as the liar and cheater he was. Sue him for adultery and strip him of every penny until he begged on the streets.

Not that she cared about this little of his money. But if she didn't hit him where it hurt, she'd be going too easy on him.

As for Chloe, she would make sure that the other woman paid dearly for



destroying her marriage.

A knock rang on the door, interrupting Elena's thoughts.

She opened the door and saw the maid standing there, looking impatient.

"What's the matter?" Elena asked.

"The Eldest young master will be coming over shortly, get ready for dinner," the maid informed.

Elena wanted to refuse, but the maid interrupted her, "It's an order from Elderly Sir,"

Elena's heart sank at the mention of Thomas, Andrew's grandfather.

Despite the raging storm within her, she couldn't bring herself to defy the patriarch, who had the final say in the family.

Reluctantly, Elena nodded.

Dressed in a simple yet elegant dress, she descended the grand staircase.

Her eyes scanned the room, and she noticed Thomas talking with a man whom she assumed was the eldest young master, Lucas.

Talking about him, Elena felt sympathetic towards her brother-in-law, whom she had never met before.

Though he was the eldest young master, his last name was not Elliot.

Back when she and Andrew dated, the latter had not entered the Elliot family.

Andrew had told her that his father had abandoned him and his mother



for a third party.

It was only when Elena entered the gates of the Elliot family, did she discovered that the so-called third party her husband spoke of was his mother, Samantha!

Lucas was only eight years old when the family learned about his father's affair, as well as Andrew's existence.

Thomas was still in charge of the Elliot's corporation and he refused to let a mistress be the main wife or even acknowledge Andrew.

No one knew how Samantha did it, but after years of persistence, she had successfully driven the legitimate wife out of the house, thus securing the title of Mrs. Elliot.

And when Lucas learned about Samantha and Andrew's acceptance into the family, he was so angry that he immediately severed all ties with the Elliots and even changed his last name.

Since then, Lucas never visited Auburn Hills again.

Thomas was the only one who would reach out to him and meet up occasionally.

As Elena stood near the living room, her heart skipped a beat.

Lucas's back was towards her, so she could not see his face, but something about him seemed oddly familiar.

Elena's mind raced, trying to discern where she might have seen him before.

She strained her neck, hoping to glimpse his face.



But the angle prevented her from seeing anything more than his broad shoulders.

The sound of an engine roared outside, announcing Andrew's arrival.

Elena pushed the familiar feeling at the back of her mind.

The thought of facing Andrew made her feel a sinking feeling in the gut, and she wished she could avoid it.

"Andrew, you're late," Thomas admonished the moment he entered inside.

However, Andrew wasn't embarrassed.

Instead, he strutted arrogantly. "You know how it is, Grandpa. As the director now, there are a lot of things waiting for me to oversee."

By mentioning this, Andrew wanted to assert his authority before Lucas.

So what if Lucas was the legitimate son?

In the end, wasn't it him, Andrew Elliot, who held the position of the director of the company?

But, to Andrew's dismay, Lucas did not even take another glance at him.

In his eyes, Andrew was nothing more than a clown, a mere pretender to a throne he would never occupy.

Now that everyone was present, it was soon time for dinner.

"Jenkins, serve the dinner," Thomas instructed the butler.

Elena entered the dining area and found that everyone had taken their



seats.

Her eyes swept over the room, lingering briefly on Andrew's face before moving on to others.

But when her gaze landed on Lucas, her eyes widened in shock and she turned pale in fear.

Time seemed to stand still as she stared at the person in front of her.

Because her supposedly brother-in-law was none other than the stranger, she had a one-night stand with!

Why was it him? How could it be him?

Elena felt as though she had been struck by lightning.

Across the table, Lucas' eyes flickered in surprise when he looked at the woman in front of him, but it was only for a fleeting moment.

His countenance remained calm, but there was a storm brewing behind the facade.

As she struggled to regain her composure, Elena felt a wave of dizziness wash over her.

She instantly grabbed for the nearest support and took a seat that was beside Andrew.

Suddenly, without warning, Lucas's countenance turned frosty.

His eyes narrowed into dark slits, and the air turned somber.

A chill ran down Elena's spine as she met his penetrating gaze.



Others, however, were unaware of the tension between the two.

Thomas turned his attention to his precious grandson. "Lucas, it's been too long since you last visited. Don't you miss your grandfather or even care about these old bones?" he chided gently.

"I've been busy with work," Lucas replied.

"Work can wait. Family should always come first," Thomas asserted, his gaze shifting towards Andrew and Elena. "And speaking of family, it's time you settled down. Look at Andrew, he's younger than you but already living a happy married life."

Hearing this, Lucas let out a sardonic chuckle. "I can see that," he mused, his words laced with mockery.

His cryptic remark went unnoticed by the others, but Elena felt a knot of fear tighten in the pit of her stomach.

She understood the hidden meaning behind Lucas's words and struggled to maintain her composure.

God forbid, if he chose to expose anything about last night, it would be disastrous for her.

Elena remained composed, but her sweating palms still gave away the fear in her heart.

Samantha didn't want to miss the chance to perform her role and chimed in. "You're right, father. I know a few suitable candidates in our circle. If you allow, we can schedule blind dates for Lucas."

"Who allowed you to interfere in my affairs?" Lucas suddenly interjected coldly.