

## Rewritten 23

### Chapter 23

"No need. There's no place for me in this house anymore. Coming back would just irritate certain people," Ethan said with icy aloofness.

Evelyn's gaze chilled instantly. "Who says so? The Arnolds only acknowledge one grandson- you. When you've grown up, you're to inherit the Arnold family fortune. If you don't return home, then who will?"

Ethan was not aware that Owen, after marrying Sylvia Shenley, had explicitly forbidden him to step foot into the Arnold residence. Even Forrest was not recognized by the Arnolds.

"Ethan, mind your tone. Is this how she's raised you all these years?"

Ethan's eyes flicked upward, his grip around his fork tensing, pale knuckles highlighting the tense veins beneath. "How she raised me is none of your concern, Father. I didn't intend to disturb you by coming here. I apologize, Grandma."

Upon noticing Ethan's emotional strain, Evelyn placed her bony hand over Ethan's. "What's happened? Has someone been picking on you? Tell me, I'll take care of it."

"No need." Ethan put down his fork and pulled out a napkin, wiping the corners of his mouth. He cast a glance at the man standing beside him. "Did you bring him?"

The butler answered, "He's right outside."

Ethan waved dismissively. The butler gestured to the bodyguards outside. Soon, two

bodyguards dragged in a man wearing a black t-shirt, battered and bruised, and dumped him onto the floor. Owen's eyes widened as he recognized the man.

"Forry?"

Forrest's face was covered in bruises, his hands twisted into unnatural shapes with broken bones. He lay helplessly on the floor in a semi-conscious state, his eyes blazing with a fierce light.

Unable to hide her revulsion, Evelyn snapped, "Ethan, what did you bring this ill-omened creature here for?"

Owen, noticeably flustered, blurted out. "Ethan, he's your brother!"

"Seeing the state he's in, I'm sure he knows exactly who he messed with," Ethan said, coolly watching Owen.

"If Father can't teach him a lesson, then I will. Just because he's been living with the Arnold family for a few years doesn't mean he can forget his place."

Owen's face turned pale, rendered speechless in front of his mother, and unable to do anything to Ethan.

Ethan continued. "Lastly, let me remind you, Father: I don't have a brother; my mother only had one son-me."

The butler, helping Ethan onto his wheelchair, glanced down at the battered figure of Forrest sprawled on the floor. "Remember, know who you can mess with and who you can't. This is the last time."

Ethan was helped into the car, and the butler glanced in the rear-view mirror. Seeing Ethan in the back seat with his eyes closed and brows furrowed, he asked, "Mr. Ethan, is your leg acting up again? Should we go to the hospital?"

"I'm fine, let's just go home." Ethan opened his eyes, suppressing his pain. "How's Madelyn doing?"

"Miss Jent should be up and about in a few days. The doctor says she's recovering well."

“Is that so? That’s good.”

“By the way, Miss Jent had a message delivered to you by the florist’s assistant. She said she really likes the flowers.”

“That’s good to hear,” Ethan murmured, a faint smile gracing his lips—because she liked them.

Suddenly reminded of something, he pulled out a small, exquisitely made black velvet box from his pocket. Opening it revealed a striking necklace of intertwined silver and gold letters, gently cradling a delicate, solitary pearl in their embrace. Each letter was from Madelyn’s name, intricately worked and artfully connected to create a beautifully crafted symbol of her identity. This was a gift he had planned to present to her upon their meeting. He eagerly anticipated the moment he could personally fasten the necklace around her neck.

The butler sneaked a glance at Ethan through the rear-view mirror. ‘It’s been a while since I’ve seen Mr. Ethan smile so happily.’

He could not help but think, ‘Not since the accident.’