

Snatched 861

Chapter 861 We Can't Take Revenge

Upon learning that the one who had beaten Alton and left him permanently infertile was Efren,

Rouston's face drained of color, becoming even more mortified than his now castrated son.

What was even more shocking to Rouston was that Alton further revealed. "Dad, he said that tonight

he's going to wipe us out and kill us!"

Hearing this, Rouston swayed on his feet, utterly shaken.

If it had been anyone else making such threats, he could have dismissed them as empty bluster.

But Efren Serrano...

This man held immense power in both legitimate business and criminal underworld alike. His words

were as good as deeds.

Rouston had only wanted to salvage his own family's enterprise. He wouldn't go so far as to endanger

the entire Wayne clan.

Just as despair threatened to overwhelm Rouston, Alton added vehemently, "Dad, we have to teach

that arrogant bastard a lesson he'll never forget!"

Rouston remained frozen, unable to respond. Seeing his father silent, Alton urged with ferocious eyes,

"Let's get some guys from downtown to grab Efren and cripple him!"

Though anesthetized for now, Alton felt sure his manhood was forever destroyed.

Efren had kicked him mercilessly, again and again!

He would have his revenge, even if it cost him everything!

But Rouston did not answer, his eyes distant.

Turning, Alton saw his father's wrathful expression had faded into a blank stare.

Not only that, he seemed to have aged in an instant.

"Dad?" Alton's thirst for vengeance wavered at this transformation. "What's wrong?"

"We can't take revenge, my son," Rouston murmured, gazing out the window. "It's impossible now."

"But... why?" Alton asked plaintively.

Efren was not actually from a top elite New York family, and the Serrano name did not seem particularly prominent in New York either.

So why did vengeance suddenly seem impossible?

Yet amidst his confusion, Rouston kept his gaze fixed ahead and murmured hollowly, "Alton, not only

can we not avenge this insult, pursuing it may cost our whole family their lives."

"What do you mean, Dad? How can that Serrano guy be that powerful? We've never even heard of any major Serrano figures around here."

Seeing his father act so grave, Alton grew increasingly unsettled.

"There may be no prominent Serranos in New York," Rouston said grimly, "but there are in Cloudville.

What's more, the entire Serrano clan relocated to Cloudville just over a decade ago. And within a few short years, they have not only taken root but become Cloudville's number one ruling family."

At this, Rouston turned to Alton with haunted eyes. "Do you understand what this means? It means the Serranos use ruthless, cutthroat methods. Even lifelong Cloudville locals fear crossing them."

"Dad, they're just another elite family. No matter how iron-fisted, they still must bow to the law," Alton protested.

He disliked his father inflating others' egos at their expense.

"But Alton, in Cloudville, Efren himself is the law," Rouston countered grimly.

"You don't know how many have shared your thoughts and defiance toward Efren over the years. They

and their clans vanished without a trace. Assets swallowed up by the Serranos..."

Chapter 862 Byron's Fury

Alton was clearly rattled by Rouston's dire warnings but tried to remain defiant.

"Dad, I don't believe he has the power to threaten our lives," he argued.

But Rouston insisted, "Believe it or not, we have to go to Efren and Georgia now, kneel and apologize,

beg for mercy. It's our only chance of saving the family."

"Now? But I'm still injured!" Alton gasped, horrified.

Bandaged and anesthetized, he could barely walk.

The shame of exposing his mutilation tormented him too.

Yet Rouston scolded, "You have no choice. Come with me!"

He fetched a wheelchair and pushed Alton into it despite protests from doctors and nurses.

"His wounds could still be fatal! He can't be moved!"

"Not going means we're all dead anyway," Rouston said grimly, wheeling Alton away.

At another hospital, Georgia lay pale and unconscious after having her stomach pumped.

Though the doctor assured him she'd be fine, his heart ached with worry.

He quickly called Cora, who arrived in minutes with Byron in tow.

"What happened? She was okay last night!"

Cora exclaimed, stricken.

Byron looked equally upset, especially at seeing Efren holding Georgia's hand.

"Food poisoning," Efren explained. "She ate something bad with scum. But they pumped her stomach.

She'll recover."

He squeezed Georgia's hand protectively as he spoke.

Byron's glare darkened.

"Scum? You?" He snapped.

This lecherous old man was seducing his niece!

Cora stroked Georgia's hair, sick with concern.

Hearing Byron's outburst, she rushed over.

"Watch your mouth!"

Though secretly, she'd thought Efren and Georgia were perfect for each other and had mourned for them previously.

Now, seeing them together again, she couldn't help hoping they would reconcile.

Byron pointed at their clasped hands.

"But look at what he's done!"

"Well..." Cora knew Byron was having trouble accepting his niece's suitor being his own childhood buddy.

So she wanted to gently urge Efren to let go of Georgia's hand for the moment, to give Byron some time.

But Efren held firm, meeting Byron's gaze.

"We're already together. Even your wife knows."

Byron stiffened, shooting an accusatory look at Cora too, for hiding this from him.

Relieved by Georgia's diagnosis, she'd just relaxed when Efren's words made her tense up again.

Though she'd hinted often enough, Byron refused to accept the truth about them.

But Byron wouldn't make their disagreement worse in public. He only scolded Efren coldly.

"How dare you touch a young girl!"

"I think you're the expert there," Efren retorted meaningfully.

As Efren responded to Byron, he glanced sideways at Cora.

Cora's sense of unease only grew.