

The Kiss 1031

Chapter 1031

After Patricia was taken away by the police, both Dean and Alyssa couldn't help but sigh.

After all, Patricia had been their beloved granddaughter for many years, and now she was about to be sent to jail for some serious character remodeling. How could their hearts not ache?

However, they also understood that Patricia was not the little girl they used to know; she had to pay for her actions.

Balfour watched as the police took Patricia away with eyes full of mixed emotions.

He was both heartbroken and grateful that Ellinor was alive as he looked at the wound on her forehead that was wrapped in gauze.

He couldn't help but hug Ellinor, "Thank god, you're still here! Ellinor, I'm so glad you're okay! You know, you scared the hell out of me."

He tightly held Ellinor.

She didn't struggle right away and didn't show any resistance to Balfour's behavior, nor did she look happy; she just accepted it quietly.

She was okay. She just had some head injuries and lost a bit of blood.

Ever since she had a close call with a car three days ago, Ellinor had been on high alert. She had even sewn a ring of high-resilience sponge padding into her trousers to protect her belly from any unexpected accidents.

The head injury was neither severe nor light. Thankfully, the baby was just feeling uncomfortable from the impact. It was nothing serious; she just needed some good rest.

In the emergency room, she had the doctor come out and announce her 'death', so she could expose Patricia's true colors and get rid of her for good.

This way, she didn't have to constantly be on guard against Patricia. Even though her belly was still small right now, when it got bigger in the future, she wouldn't have time to keep an eye on Patricia.

Veronica had no idea about the real relationship between Balfour and Ellinor. She walked over unhappily, shoved Balfour away, pulled Ellinor to his side, and grumbled.

"Hey, Balfour, ever heard of the phrase 'men are from Mars, women are from Venus'? Even if you have any intentions toward Ellinor, you've missed your chance! Ellinor is my brother's girl! You better stay away from her!"

Balfour's eyebrows furrowed as he looked at Veronica. Although he was displeased, he didn't retort.

Dean and Alyssa shared a knowing smile; they had long noticed Balfour's unusual attitude towards Ellinor.

Just when Veronica was about to continue her rant about the Howard family, Ellinor pulled her away, stopping her from speaking further.

“Ellinor, why are you pulling me? I haven’t finished badmouthing the Howards! This time, it’s because of them that you had the accident and nearly gave Grandma a heart attack! I haven’t settled the score with them yet!”

Ellinor gave her a glance, “If you could just shut up, that’d be great. Let’s go check on Grandma. If she’s been frightened, it’s not good.”

Veronica was a bit dissatisfied, “Huh? You do realize it was you who frightened her, right? Couldn’t you have given us a heads-up about your fake death? Do you know my brother almost...”

Veronica was cut short by the sudden appearance of Theo in the corridor; she didn’t dare say anything more.

Theo was standing at the morgue door with his hands in his pockets while leaning against the wall.

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His expression was unreadable; he was just squinting his eyes and staring at her.

Veronica kept quiet. She had seen her brother’s reaction firsthand when he thought Ellinor was dead. She knew how much Ellinor meant to her brother and could guess that his feelings must be all over the place right now. It was best for her to stay out of it.

Ellinor approached Theo. “Theo.”

As she got close, she noticed Theo holding a cigarette, unlit.

She wasn’t sure if it was because he couldn’t smoke in the hospital or for some other reason.

It seemed like he hadn’t smoked in a long time.

The guy threw the unlit cigarette into a nearby trash can, took off his jacket, and draped it over Ellinor.

Without a word, he turned and walked away.

Ellinor furrowed her brow and followed him.

Even with her slow uptake, Veronica could sense the tension between them. She didn’t dare get too close, trailing silently and distantly.

On the way, Theo and Ellinor didn’t exchange a single word.

Meanwhile, in the morgue.

Quinton only dared walk in with his crutches when he saw the situation inside had calmed down. “Sir, the doctor said you shouldn’t walk on your injured foot.”

Balfour didn’t say anything; he just calmly took the crutches and put them under his arm.

However, seeing this made the two elders of the Howard family anything but calm.

Alyssa quickly came over to ask, "What's going on? Balfour, what happened to your foot?"

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Balfour replied casually, "It's nothing, just a minor injury. It'll heal after some time. You don't need to worry, Grandma."

How could Alyssa not worry?

"If it was just a minor injury, why would you need crutches? This must be more than a minor injury!"

Knowing her grandson's character, she knew he would not be honest about his real condition. Alyssa, still frowning, questioned Quinton.

"Quinton, tell me! What happened to Balfour's foot?"

Quinton, of course, knew Balfour didn't want the two elders to worry, so he simply said, "Madam, the master's injury is really not a big deal. You don't need to worry too much. I will take good care of Mr. Howard and help him recover."

Alyssa felt something was fishy and didn't let it go, "I'm not asking you how serious Balfour's injury is; I just want to know how he got this injury? I've watched this kid grow up; he's always careful; there's no way he fell accidentally!"

Quinton was a bit embarrassed, "This..."

He looked at Balfour, seeking his opinion.

Balfour, however, was lost in thought, not really present, and didn't give Quinton any instructions.

Alyssa realized that Quinton was hesitant to speak in front of Balfour, so she made an excuse for Balfour to go to the car to get his grandfather's blood pressure pills.

Balfour, already distracted, nodded and left when he heard his grandmother's request.

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When Balfour stepped out, Quinton instinctively tried to follow, but Alyssa grabbed him tightly.

"Quinton, don't go. Hang out with us for a bit."

Quinton grimaced, "Well..."

At this moment, Balfour was filled with worry for Ellinor. He didn't notice Quinton being stopped by Alyssa and walked out alone.

Once Balfour was out, Alyssa started grilling Quinton, "Quinton, spill it! How did Balfour get hurt? Is it serious?"

Quinton, trying to keep Alyssa from worrying, couldn't just up and leave.

This place wasn't a real morgue, but a spare room in the hospital set up to look like one.

Yet, due to being unused for a long time, it was quite creepy. The two elderly people might feel uncomfortable here.

Quinton said, "Ma'am, I swear I wasn't pulling your leg earlier. Balfour's injury is not serious. As long as he takes good care of it, there won't be any major issues. Please don't worry; he won't be irresponsible about his own health."

Alyssa wouldn't let it go, "Quinton, stop beating around the bush! I'm asking how Balfour got injured!"

"Well..."

Without a doubt, Balfour didn't want him to spill this to Alyssa, but he couldn't just leave.

"This place isn't good for your health, especially at your age. Why don't I escort you somewhere to rest first?"

He purposely changed the subject.

Alyssa insisted, "We're not buying that! Tell me what happened to Balfour's injury now, or we're not leaving!"

Quinton had no choice but to spill the beans, "Alright, here's what happened.

In fact, Ellinor was attacked once before today's incident.

Three days ago, when Ellinor left the Howard residence and Balfour was walking her out, a car suddenly tried to hit Ellinor, and Balfour got hit trying to save her.

That's how Balfour got injured.

Balfour didn't want me to tell you this because he was worried you'd blame Ellinor. So, please pretend that you don't know."

After hearing Quinton's explanation, Alyssa felt even more uneasy. She and her husband exchanged worried glances, both feeling that something was off.

So, Alyssa asked again, "Why is Balfour so concerned about Ellinor? He's never been this invested in a girl before, except maybe Patri. Is he really trying to compete with Theo for Ellinor?"

Dean added, "Although we appreciate Ellinor, such a thing absolutely can't happen between our families! Balfour wouldn't abandon his principles for a girl. Quinton, why is Balfour so concerned about Ellinor? I remember he didn't like Ellinor before, so why did he get hurt trying to save her?"

This question made Quinton even more uncomfortable. He couldn't disclose Ellinor's real identity.

The boss once strictly warned that Ellinor didn't want anyone to know her identity for now. This couldn't be leaked, or Ellinor would be upset and ignore the boss.

"Quinton, what are you hesitating for? Spit it out!" Dean felt more and more that something was wrong and pressed on.

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Quinton felt immense pressure while facing Dean's harsh questioning, wo!

Dean widened his eyes, "Don't think I'm a fool, you'd better spill the beans, M you dare de to me, 191

Quinton felt cornered, Dean would find out sooner or later, He sighed helplessly, "Bay W

"Because she saved Grandpa's life, The Howard family owes her one!

Balfour's voice timely interrupted Quinton's impending confession,

Dean and Alyssa turned their heads and saw their grandson return on crutches,

Quinton let out a sigh of relief, Under Dean's pressure, he almost spilled the beans about the gun
them,&

Balfour leaned on his crutches, strolling casually to the old man and handed over be of ware Gods you
ge

Dean and Alyssa both fell silent,

How could he move so quickly with crutches? He brought back the medicine in no time,

In actual fact, Balfour didn't fetch the medicine himself,

He was distracted by constantly worrying about his sister's condition, and suddenly realized that his
goodmocker had sent him out on purpose,

So, he made a call to his driver to bring in the medicine,

Dean took the blood pressure pills, as he looked at his grandson with a puzzled expression, 'Batox, tel
genoss the tutti Eling

Balfour seemed to know what Dean was about to ask and he interrupted before Dean could finish,
"Gode ads onto think t Ellinor is a good girl. She saved grandpa's life once, and I will repay her on your
behat. You both must be tres go home

After saying this, he didn't give them a chance to ask further and turned to Quinton,

"Quinton, escort Grandpa and Grandma to the hospital entrance and then come back, I have a bob for
your

Quinton nodded, "Yes, sir!"

Alyssa's gaze darkened. She knew her grandson well, If Balfour didn't want to talk, no one could pry it
out of him

She had to forget about it for now,

Alyssa said with concern, "Balfour, your grandpa and I will leave first. Take care of your leg and recover
melk you se you COTE WENT to leave any long-term problems. It would be too late to regret,"

Balfour nodded with a smile, "Don't worry, Grandma, I'll take good care of myself,"

Alyssa was somewhat relieved after hearing her grandson say this.

“Let’s go.”

Although Dean was somewhat dissatisfied with not getting an answer, he didn’t want to stay here. So he followed Alyssa and let

When Balfour returned home, he will ask him thoroughly about Ellinor’s identity,

Quinton escorted the two seniors of the Howard family out of the ‘morgue

Balfour’s gaze became deep, and his eyes lowered as if he were contemplating something.

His grandparents seemed to sense something, but Ellinor was not ready to return home yet. If he were to reveal Elinors identity to them would they let her stay with the Blanchet family?

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If such a thing happened, it would probably give Ellinor a real headache.

Balfour knew deep down that he wasn’t exactly the best big brother. All he could do now was to do his utmost to protect her and stop her from getting into any more scrapes.

Meanwhile, in a high-end private room at the hospital.

Marissa was lying in bed, knocked out by the sedatives, but her brow was still furrowed. She was not even relaxed in her sleep.

By her bedside. Putnam sat in his wheelchair, deeply worried as he watched Marissa.

All they could do now was keep her away from any stress until she woke up. Once she did, she would definitely ask about Ellinor.

Damn, that little girl’s death was such a shame. How could she die so young?

“Grandpa, how’s Grandma doing now?”

Just as Putnam was sighing to himself, a girl’s voice sounded from behind him.

All his attention was on Marissa, so Putnam didn’t take much notice of the voice and assumed it was his granddaughter who had returned.

“Your grandma still needs a bit more time to regain consciousness.” He answered, turning his head to look at his ‘granddaughter.’

However, the moment he saw the girl standing behind him, Putnam got a fright and even rolled back a bit in his wheelchair.

It was Ellinor!

Ellinor was wearing hospital clothes; her forehead was wrapped in bandages, and her face was pale, but her eyes were bright, and she seemed in good spirits.

What the heck was going on? Was she a ghost or something?

Seeing Putnam’s reaction, Ellinor quickly said in a hushed tone, “Don’t be scared, Grandpa. I’m real.”

Realizing that his reaction was a bit much, Putnam frowned, "What the hell is going on?"

Veronica stepped forward from behind Ellinor, "Grandpa, there's a reason for Ellinor's situation. It's a long story; I'll explain everything once we get home. Basically, Ellinor didn't mean to scare you or Grandma."

Putnam glanced at his granddaughter, then at Ellinor, as his expression slowly relaxed, but he still grumbled, "Such a troublemaker, can't we have one day of peace?!"

Ellinor smiled, "Sorry. I'm sorry for making you worry."

Putnam's expression froze. He lifted his chin and turned his face, "Who's worried about you? I'm worried you'll scare Marissa to death!" Ellinor looked at the still-sleeping Marissa, who was frowning deeply in her sleep and looking pained.

She felt a pang of guilt and went over to hold her grandma's hand, murmuring, "Grandma, it's me, Ellinor. Don't worry, I'm okay."

Marissa seemed to hear her, causing her eyebrows to twitch. She struggled to open her eyes, but when she did, her weary and worried eyes seemed to have brightened, "Ellinor, is that really you? I thought..."

Now that Grandma was awake, Ellinor quickly sat by the bed so Grandma could see her clearly, "Grandma, it's really me. I'm totally fine."

Marissa held Ellinor's hand in return, feeling the warmth of her hand, which slightly calmed her down, but she soon became worried again, "Ellinor, the baby in your belly..."

"The baby is completely fine too. We're both okay, Grandma. You can rest easy."

Finally relaxed, Marissa held Ellinor's hand tighter and tried to sit up.

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As soon as Ellinor saw the old lady trying to get up, she quickly lent a hand, propping up the pillow behind Marissa and making her lean against the bed more comfortably.

Once Marissa was settled, she gently patted the back of Ellinor's hand, "Ellinor, you're something else, you know. How could you not tell Granny you're pregnant? If it weren't for today's incident, Granny would still be in the dark about your pregnancy!"

Sitting by the bedside, Ellinor gave the old lady a small smile, "I didn't mean to keep it from you. I was just afraid you'd worry too much and that you'd restrict my activities."

Marissa furrowed her brows; her kindly expression was laced with sternness, "How could I not worry? You're Theo's wife, and the baby you're carrying is as important to me as you are. You didn't want me to interfere, and then you ran off and got hit by a car, didn't you? Thank god it wasn't anything serious. How do you think I could bear it otherwise?"

Ellinor obediently nodded, "I understand, Granny. I won't run off again."

Seeing that both Ellinor and the baby were safe, Marissa finally managed a small smile. Today had been a close call, and they would need to ensure Ellinor's safety in the future.

Putnam, seeing Marissa awake, was relieved. But he couldn't resist teasing Veronica, "Just look at your Granny now. Her whole world revolves around her daughter-in-law!"

After hearing her grandfather's somewhat jealous words, Veronica couldn't help but laugh and cry at the same time.

In the past, she would have been upset to see Granny showing so much concern for Ellinor. But now, knowing Ellinor's character and Patricia's true colors, Veronica had no prejudice against Ellinor. She thought this harmonious family atmosphere was nice.

Plus, Ellinor was pregnant with her brother's child. How wonderful!

Suddenly, Veronica glanced around the room, realizing that Theo wasn't there.

Wait a minute! Where was her brother?

After chatting with Marissa for a while and comforting her, Ellinor coaxed her into eating something.

Suddenly, Veronica pulled Ellinor aside, "Ellinor, I need to talk to you."

Ellinor handed the plate in her hand to Marissa and followed Veronica, asking, "What's up?"

Frowning, Veronica said, "Don't just focus on my Granny. Haven't you noticed my brother hasn't come in?"

Ellinor knew Theo was mad at her, but Granny needed her comfort more. Theo, being young and strong, wouldn't be in any danger. Veronica seemed a bit angry at Ellinor's lack of a reaction, "Ellinor! I don't think you're showing enough concern for my brother. Do you have any idea how heartbroken he was when he thought you were dead? It scared the life out of me!"

Ellinor looked anxious, "Where is he now?"

She only now remembered her husband?

Veronica said with some annoyance, "I just went to look for him and found him smoking alone in the stairwell. You go find him. Don't worry about Granny; I'll take care of her."

Ellinor nodded, "Alright, you take care of Granny."

Leaving Veronica to look after Marissa, Ellinor left the room alone.

She searched around in the hospital corridor and saw the door to the stairwell. She walked slowly towards it.

When she opened the door to the stairwell, it felt a bit chilly, but she was wearing the jacket Theo had given her.

The stairwell was dark, and all she could see was a man's silhouette against the wall, his slender fingers holding a cigarette, taking a puff every now and then.

In her memory, Theo hadn't smoked for a long time since he found out about her pregnancy.

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“Theo.” She called out softly as she slowly walked towards him.

Theo turned his head towards her, silently putting out his cigarette.

Ellinor fixed her beautiful eyes on him, “Why are you hiding out here smoking alone? Aren’t you going to check on your grandma?”

Theo squinted slightly, and with his expression unchanged, he simply asked, “How’s Grandma?”

“She’s awake; she had some food; she’ll be fine.”

Theo nodded slightly, his voice indifferent, “That’s good.”

Ellinor was a bit unsettled by his demeanor and frowned, “Theo, am I disturbing your smoke? You don’t want to deal with me?”

Theo looked at her but didn’t answer.

Ellinor waited quietly for a while, but he didn’t say anything, making her feel a bit upset, “Sorry, I disturbed you. I’ll leave you to it then!”

With that, she turned around, ready to leave.

“Ellinor, do you find it amusing?”

Theo suddenly asked from behind her; his tone was low, and his mood was hard to read.

Ellinor halted; it took her a while to turn around and ask, “What’s amusing?”

Theo’s expression turned more serious, “Scaring me, do you find it amusing?”

Ellinor got his point. She pouted as she tried to explain, “Theo, I texted you from the ER; you didn’t check. I also messaged Collin; didn’t he tell you I was okay?”

Theo’s eyes were dull, and his jaw was clenched, “You still don’t see your mistake, do you? Ellinor, will my death satisfy you?”

Ellinor was taken aback, feeling uncomfortable, “...When did I ever want you dead?”

Theo pulled her into his arms, holding her tightly, “Right! Some little shit is after my life!”

Ellinor felt a mix of anger and guilt, “I just thought if I didn’t deal with Patricia, she’d keep causing me trouble. If I exposed her once and for all, I could finally have some peace.”

Theo scolded her sternly, “So you purposely got hit by a car?”

Ellinor frowned, “I didn’t mean to; I really didn’t think Haillie would use the same trick twice! She had already used the car accident ploy a couple days ago; who would have thought she’d use it again?”

Theo snorted, “You knew it was dangerous, but you still took the risk, right?”

Even though he was blaming her, his embrace tightened.

Ellinor sighed, “I was wrong; I won’t worry you again.”

Theo angrily said, "You think there's going to be a next time?"

Ellinor quickly replied, "No, there will be no next time!"

After hearing her say that, Theo's anger finally subsided a bit.

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Ellinor could feel his body slightly shaking, apparently still trying to recover from her fake death stunt.

She felt a tinge of emotion deep within her, something she had never felt before. It was the feeling of being deeply cared for by someone.

Ever since her mom passed, people treated her like a pet while they looked after her. But she had never experienced this kind of worry and care from someone.

"Theo, what would you do if I really died?"

Xenia thought everything was set in stone. She was chilling in her apartment with a face mask on, waiting for some good news from her daughter. But bam! What she got instead was news of her daughter getting arrested.

She was completely out of her wits, pacing back and forth in the living room like a headless chicken, trying to find someone to help rescue her daughter from jail, but no one capable was in sight.

Her daughter's arrest was known to Balfour and his parents, but they didn't lift a finger to help. It was clear that the Howard family had given up on her daughter.

What should she do?

What could she do?

She couldn't believe that Ellinor would stoop so low as to fake her own death to trick her daughter into spilling her true thoughts. It was outrageous!

Xenia was freaking out until her phone rang. It was a call from her son, Byran.

Like grabbing a lifeline, she immediately picked up. "Byran!"

Yes, she still had Byran, the youngest son of the Howard family.

Byran had some pull in the Howard family, so he could help get her daughter out.

Over the phone, Byran's voice was a bit raspy. "Mom, where are you?"

Xenia quickly replied, "Byran, I'm at my apartment. Where are you?"

Byran asked in confusion, "Mom, when did you get your own apartment?"

"Byran, I don't have time to explain everything now! I'll text you the address. Come over. We've gotta talk about your sister's situation."

Without saying much else, Byran agreed and hung up.

Xenia immediately texted her apartment address to her son and started anxiously waiting.

She could've explained everything over the phone, but she learned from her mole in the Howard family that Ellinor had sent her daughter to jail using a recorded phone call.

So she was scared of talking about such matters over the phone.

Ellinor was too unpredictable. Who knew if she could get her hands on her call with Byran? Her daughter had already been screwed over by her. Byran absolutely couldn't have any accidents.

She was banking on Byran taking over the Howard family and making her proud in her twilight years.

Before Byran arrived, Xenia was still pacing around the living room, unable to calm down.

As she walked back and forth, she suddenly felt like someone was watching her. She looked up to see a pair of big eyes peeking at her through the bedroom door.

Xenia frowned, immediately realizing what was going on. She rushed over and threw the door open

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Baber was knocked down by the force of the door swinging open, landing flat on the floor and bursting into tears.

"What are you up to, you little rascal? Snooping around, are you?" Xenia accused him loudly.

Baber, frightened and looking wronged, stammered, "I wasn't peeping..."

He hadn't been. He just didn't know what was going on and was too scared to step outside, so he peeked through a small crack in the door.

Xenia was in a foul mood. She already found this unprofitable kid annoying, and now that she had no outlet for her simmering anger, she decided to take it out on Baber.

She gave Baber a vicious kick, then snapped at him, "You're nothing but trouble! Ever since we adopted you, everything's been going wrong. We should've never taken you in. You're a disaster!"

Baber doubled over in pain, clutching his stomach.

He'd been enduring this kind of abuse almost daily. Whenever Xenia was in a bad mood, she'd take it out on him. In the past, she was careless and hit him whenever she felt like it.

But when her son started showing concern for Baber, she became more cautious and started hitting him in places hidden by clothes to avoid detection.

Now, with no more concern from her son, Xenia treated him with absolute disregard.

Today, when his mom left the house, he thought he could finally breathe without any fear of a beating.

But then his grandmother started abusing him again.

This house was terrifying. Everyone in it was terrifying.

He wanted to leave and go back to the orphanage in his own country, where he was always hungry and cold. It would still be better than here.

Seeing Baber still crying, Xenia became even angrier. She picked him up and slapped him hard, "Stop crying! You are nothing but trouble! Do you know that you got your mom arrested by the police? If you cry again, I'll kill you!"

Xenia vented her anger on the child, beating him until he was on the verge of passing out, with no intention of stopping.

She decided she might as well just kill him. Now that her daughter was arrested by the police, there was no way she could marry into the Blanchet family after getting out of jail. And with this kid around, no good man would want her.

Just then, the doorbell rang. Xenia finally let go of Baber, closed the bedroom door, and went to answer the door.

As she opened the door, sure enough, her son was there. Xenia threw herself into his arms as tears began streaming down her face.

"Byran! You're finally here! Did you know? Your sister was arrested because of that Ellinor. You must find a way to save her!"

Byran stood stiffly at the door. He was being tightly embraced by his mother but was still motionless. He had complicated feelings towards his mother.

As a son, he couldn't ignore his mother's tears, but he knew his sister's actions were related to his mother.

He didn't understand why his closest, most beloved sister and mother could be such people.

They were cold, ruthless, and hypocritical.

Why was he the son of such a woman?

His mood was getting worse. Byran snapped out of it, pushed his mother away, and said, "Enough! This is all sister's own doing. Mom, wake up and stop making more mistakes."

Xenia looked stunned after being pushed away by her own son. "Byran! What did you just say? Are you saying your sister brought this on herself? She's your sister and she's always been the kindest to you. How can you side with outsiders and treat your sister like this? Byran, you mustn't do anything foolish."

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Byran wiped his tears and spoke, trying not to have a breakdown. "Mom, you know what? My sister herself told me about her deeds and the real thoughts she had all these years.

I always thought she was the kindest and gentlest girl in the world and deserved the best. So I once picked a bone with Ellinor. But my sister did so many bad things behind the scenes. She even took advantage of all the people who loved and trusted her.

Now she's made her bed, and she has to lie on it. Neither I nor you can help her.

Mom, I just want you to follow Grandpa's arrangement, go stay in the countryside for a while, reflect on yourself, and come back when Grandpa, Grandma, and Dad have cooled down. Stop thinking about helping my sister. She should pay for what she's done."

Xenia, after hearing her son's words, pointed at him furiously, "You good-for-nothing! Your sister and I have been planning so much for you

in the Howard family all these years, yet your grades are nothing to write home about, and you have no ambition.

You are all children of the Howard family; why can Balfour inherit the family business but not you? Are you okay with that? Byran, are you out of your mind?"

Byran furrowed his brows, "Mom, my brother is the eldest son of the Howard family, the first son of Dad and his first wife. He is excellent in all aspects, and it's only right that our family has high hopes for him.

I don't want to inherit the so-called family business, nor do I want to compete with my brother. Even if I did, I couldn't win. So stop dreaming about unrealistic things; I won't compete for the inheritance with my brother."

Xenia was so angry that she almost blacked out, "How could you be so useless?! Tell me, how did I give birth to such a good-for-nothing

son?!

I was also a campus beauty and was pursued by many. But in your father's eyes, I could never match his ex-wife, Marlinie. Now, even my son can't match her son. Why?!"

Byran sighed as he looked at his mother with both pity and helplessness, "Mom, I brought our family's servants here; you should go to the villa with them to rest. Don't worry, I'll make sure they treat you well."

Xenia was taken aback, not expecting her son to not only refuse to help but also betray her, "You ungrateful waste of space! How could you treat me like this?! You don't even have half of your sister's ambition; I really wish your sister was a boy!"

Byran didn't want to argue with his stubborn mother anymore; he turned around and ordered the servants, "Take good care of my mom; take her to the villa."

The servants nodded politely, "Alright."

Then Byran left without looking back; he didn't have the heart to take another look, worried that seeing his mother's angry eyes would break his heart.

Both his mother and sister should be held accountable for their actions; he couldn't speak for them just because they were his family, and he didn't want to indulge them.

Noticing that her son was leaving her behind, Xenia screamed in despair and lost control, "Byran! Byran... Come back! You can't just leave your mom like this; you can't..."

She tried to catch up to her son, but the Howard family's servants stopped her.

