

Wife Mask 141

Chapter: 141

Louisa didn't even flinch at Irene's glare. She kept smiling at Elliana like nothing had happened, her voice still as sweet as syrup. "Who would've guessed Rosa's actually one of us? I can't contain my excitement! Elliana, any chance we get first dibs on Rosa's new seasonal drops? That's not too much to ask, right?"

Elliana smiled and said, "Of course. If everyone in the family's such a big fan, I'll make sure you get early access to whatever Rosa puts out next. And if anyone needs something custom, just reach out. I'll throw in a 20% discount, no strings attached."

Louisa clapped her hands with glee. "That's awesome!"

"Really appreciate that, Elliana," Trinity chimed in. Even though she was fuming under the surface, she managed to keep her act together. She'd never openly beefed with Elliana before, so she had to play nice.

But Irene was a whole different mess. Days of bad blood with Elliana made it impossible to pretend. Her scowl could curdle milk.

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After hearing Elliana's account, Ruben nodded with genuine admiration. "No mentor, difficult upbringing, and yet you've achieved remarkable success at ten through' sheer determination. You're truly extraordinary!"

Noticing Jeff's sullen expression, Ruben struck him lightly with his cane. "Elliana became a star at ten years old. You're eight, doing nothing but eating, sleeping, and playing around. What a disappointment!"

Jeff was stunned. How had he become the target of criticism simply for remaining quiet?

Ruben showed no concern for Jeff's wounded feelings. He turned toward Irene, his voice firm and unwavering. "Tomorrow, transfer all your responsibilities to Elliana. She manages a major brand. She's more than capable of leading our household. No need for an extensive transition period."

Upon hearing this directive, Irene's heart sank with reluctance, but she dared not object, responding obediently, "Yes."

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Everyone observed the power struggle between Irene and Louisa, yet nobody dared to comment.

"I wonder how Cole is managing. Did he encounter any difficulties last night?" Trinity suddenly interjected.

Trinity, unwilling to let Elliana bask in her Rosa fame, cleverly mentioned Cole to redirect everyone's attention.

The room was buzzing with chatter about Elliana's story of rising from hardship, but when Trinity dropped Cole's name, it was like someone flipped a switch. The vibe went sour in a heartbeat.

"Cole got suckered into tying the knot with Elliana. Talk about a rotten deal!" Jeff sneered. He was already stewing, and Trinity's jab gave him the perfect opening to tear into Elliana, letting his resentment pour out. "Cole's always been a straight shooter, never chasing skirts. If he got desperate Last night and tangled with someone who wasn't his wife, he's probably gutted. He might never set foot in the Evans house again."

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Stepping out, she felt Like she'd shed a heavy skin—no caked -on makeup, no wig, just her real self shining through.

Elliana figured Cole would stay gone for a bit. She'd shot him down twice, and his pride wasn't exactly made of rubber. For now, she had this plush room all to herself, and honestly, she was pretty jazzed about it.

Cole was getting all bossy and hard to predict. She wasn't sure she could handle him. Keeping her distance felt like the smart play.

Drying her damp hair with a towel, Elliana sauntered into the walk-in closet to snag some cozy pajamas.

But once inside, she didn't change right away. She parked herself in front of the mirror, giving her reflection a long, hard Look.

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"Called it perfectly!"

Seconds later, Adah's incoming call appeared on Elliana's screen.

Elliana answered promptly.

"So, what's the aftermath like after dropping your Rosa bombshell today?" Adah asked with undisguised curiosity.

"Nothing particularly dramatic," Elliana replied with measured casualness.

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Elliana mentioned with calculated casualness, "I've actually encountered your fiancé, Allan. He moves in the same circles as Cole."

"Really?" Adah responded, genuine interest animating her voice. "Paint me a picture of him. What sort of man is Allan?"

Elliana conjured Allan's essence and offered Adah a few choice descriptors. "Handsome, steady, classy."

Elliana paused thoughtfully and then elaborated, "He projects this polished, suave exterior, but beneath that facade? Complete control freak. Possibly even a charismatic rogue with questionable intentions."

Adah cracked up. "Your assessment couldn't be further from my preference," she replied, amusement still dancing in her eyes. "You know I gravitate toward those tender-hearted, affectionate men who cherish me like royalty."

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"Rest well," Jason said softly. "Goodnight, my son," Irene responded.

After disconnecting, Irene's lips curved into a calculating smile. Though Bertram might disregard her entirely, she possessed an exceptional son. With Jason supporting her cause, she would maintain control within the Evans household. If Elliana anticipated a smooth tenure as matriarch, Elliana would first require her blessing.

Meanwhile, chaos engulfed the Jones residence.

Paige had returned from the gallery battered, her face bruised and her attire disheveled. She had fled to the Jones estate and remained secluded since.

Currently, Paige slumped dejectedly on the sofa, still wearing her damaged clothing, tears streaming unchecked. Her customary elegance and confidence had vanished completely. She resembled someone utterly defeated.

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Kiara's arrogant demeanor, sustained through Merritt's influence, had tormented Darin endlessly. Right now, Darin refused to restrain himself any longer, desperate to expel days of accumulated resentment.

Understanding she was out of moves, Kiara didn't fight back. She simply shielded her face while retreating, tears streaming uncontrollably. "Darin, I beg you, restrain yourself..."

Yet, his rage had merely begun to surface, fueled by long-suppressed grievances. "You've systematically destroyed everything worthwhile!" he exploded. "I've warned you about Elliana's intelligence, reminiscent of Rita herself. But you just dismissed Elliana as inconsequential and poisoned my perspective against her! Behold the consequences! Elliana has emerged as an internationally acclaimed designer without our knowledge! Her connections could have elevated the Jones Group immeasurably. Thanks to your interference, communication between us barely exists. How are we supposed to capitalize on her success now?"

Seething with uncontrolled wrath, Darin violently kicked Kiara, sending her crashing across the floor. "You've contaminated every potential opportunity!"

Kiara collapsed painfully. Glimpsing Darin's preparation for continued violence, she desperately scrambled upright and confronted him with raw desperation. "Darin, confront reality! Is your fractured relationship with Elliana entirely on me?"

Chapter: 149

Now, Raylan's fixation on marrying Paige and plunging into the realm of reality television with her had ignited a wildfire of gossip, further infuriating Lenard.

"You've dragged the Hudson name through the gutter, you imbecile!" Lenard's voice thundered across the room, berating Raylan before the entire assembled family.

Raylan stood motionless, eyes fixed on the floor.

Due to Orion's circumstances, Raylan had received an abundance of affection during his formative years compared to his cousins, which had cultivated a sense of entitlement. Therefore, even when Lenard explicitly forbade his relationship with Paige, Raylan had defiantly gotten engaged to her anyway.

Yet, with the scandal surrounding Paige exploding into public view and the Hudson family caught in its fallout, Raylan found himself too mortified to offer any defense.

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Since childhood, Raylan had been groomed as the designated heir, always assuming the Hudson empire would inevitably become his domain. The prospect of losing it now seemed inconceivable.

Kristen had married Orion banking on Lenard's partiality toward Raylan. If that advantage dissolved, what purpose remained in tethering herself to a wheelchair-bound husband?

Lenard, exasperated by Raylan and Kristen's protestations, dismissed them. He turned his attention to his youngest son, Quentin Hudson. "Quentin, should I prepare you to assume the mantle of the Hudson heir, would you rise to the challenge?"

Sharing his birthday with Raylan by coincidence of fate, Quentin had arrived as Lenard's twilight child from his second marriage.

Though both Quentin and Raylan had reached twenty-four years, Quentin towered above Raylan in every measure that mattered.