

Wife Mask 151

Chapter: 151

Observing Raylan's indecision, Lenard's expression darkened with unmistakable disappointment.

Kristen, now frantic, rushed to Raylan's side and delivered a stinging blow to his face. "Imbecile! What causes your hesitation? Inform your grandfather immediately that you're severing ties with Paige!"

Raylan glanced at his mother, withering under her scorching glare. Reluctantly, he addressed Lenard, "Grandpa, I behaved inappropriately earlier, blinded by emotion. I'll resolve matters with Paige and terminate our relationship promptly."

Lenard remained silent. In truth, he had mentally dismissed Raylan's candidacy. However, upon noticing Orion's pleading expression, his resolve weakened. The weight of guilt regarding Orion once again compelled him to yield.

"Very well." Lenard exhaled heavily. "Since you've demonstrated willingness to rectify your mistakes, I'll extend one final opportunity. Address the situation with Paige swiftly and definitively."

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Raylan's mouth fell open in naked astonishment.

Kristen, seething with indignation, emitted a bitter laugh. "Quentin, your transparent desperation to usurp Raylan's position drives you to such obvious lies? No way you're cool spending your nights with that ugly woman!"

Quentin's smile remained undisturbed, his gaze profound and unwavering. "You possess no insight into my thoughts. Speculation serves no purpose."

"You!" Kristen felt like she'd swung and missed, her anger fizzling into frustration.

After a calculated pause, Kristen forced an artificial smile and addressed Raylan, "Your grandfather has a point. The heir cannot prioritize personal desires. Since he recognizes value in Elliana, exceptional qualities must exist. Marry her."

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To the art communities, Paige had become a running gag. Yet, to her online followers, she was still wrapped in digital perfection.

With a biting laugh, Elliana flung her phone aside and rose with deliberate ease, heading toward her clothes. Nothing could stop her from exposing Paige's meltdown from the night before—one post, and it would be all over. Still, she wasn't ready to end the game just yet. Making Paige and Kiara flinch with every move was far more satisfying than delivering a single knockout.

Rather than ending their little charade, Elliana watched them scramble to control the narrative. Every misstep they made gave her another reason to strike—and she never missed.

Dressed in her usual slapped-together outfit, Elliana shuffled into the bathroom to rinse off the night and smear on her grotesque version of makeup.

Annoyingly, the weeping from downstairs had only intensified, echoing through the walls like some private apocalypse was unfolding.

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Emerging from her reverie, Elliana redirected her focus to Barbara's predicament. Upon discovering the sinister poison -Scorpion King-in Barbara's system yet without Venacure pills at her disposal that day, she had discreetly employed treatments to contain the toxin. That intervention should have stabilized Barbara, not accelerated her demise. Something wasn't right.

"I'm heading downstairs to investigate," Elliana announced.

Paulina attempted to dissuade her, her tone gentle. "Mrs. Evans, everything's chaotic down there. You should remain here and rest. I'll arrange for breakfast to be delivered to your room."

Elliana paused, perplexed. "Paulina, I assumed the responsibilities of being matriarch of this household last night. With such a crisis today, sequestering myself upstairs with breakfast creates a poor impression, doesn't it?"

"You make a valid point." Paulina acknowledged with a nod. "But this situation is complex. It involves longstanding animosity between the Henderson and Evans families, plus a death. You're unfamiliar with our history. It's overwhelming, and the Hendersons are extremely agitated. I fear you might become entangled in their wrath if matters deteriorate. Please stay uninvolved. Mr.

Ruben Evans is addressing it downstairs with his legal team's assistance. I've summoned Mr. Cole Evans to return immediately. Please remain here for now."

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While Barbara was still alive, the two families could talk things out through dialogue. But with her apparent passing, the Evans family could only attempt to placate the grieving Hendersons. The Evans family's prestigious attorneys proved ineffective in this deeply personal conflict.

After prolonged arguments yielded no resolution, Eloisa's frustration peaked, and she redirected her wrath toward Ruben...

Eloisa's devastation had plunged her into a state of utter delirium. Whether confronting the Evans family or the president himself mattered not—she had transcended concern. "Ruben Evans!" She jolted everyone by directly bellowing Ruben's full name. "I once respected you as an elder, believing you embodied fairness and decency. Now your true nature stands revealed. You're nothing but a corrupt old scoundrel, a callous beast! You permitted your grandson to kill my daughter!"

Eloisa's voice intensified, her eyes glowing crimson with unbridled fury. "You brandish your wealth and influence, behaving as though my daughter's existence were inconsequential! If we cannot reach you through justice, I'll ensure this opulent residence of yours is painted with blood!"

With that declaration, Eloisa hurled herself headfirst toward the table's jagged edge.

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Eloisa, disregarding the crimson rivulets streaming from her head wound, staggered upright and lunged for Jeff. "I don't want any financial compensation! I demand this demon pay the price for my daughter's life!"

"Ah!" Jeff attempted to flee in panic.

Desperately, Jeff clutched Trinity's arm. "Trinity, protect me! I beg you!"

Eloisa, with disheveled hair and bloodshot eyes, resembled someone possessed—ferocious and utterly terrifying.

Trinity, fearing entanglement in this volatile situation, wrenched her arm free and retreated hastily.

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"You're overthinking this. I have no intention to entangle myself in Jeff's predicament," Elliana responded coolly.

In stark contrast to Eloisa's unrestrained fury, Elliana maintained the serenity of a blooming rose, her voice flowing like honey.

Elliana went on. "Justice must prevail. Jeff injured your daughter and paralyzed your eldest son, so your pursuit of Jeff is warranted. I support your cause. However, rather than forcing him to kneel in a coffin, I suggest administering a more severe punishment."

Jeff, still gripping Elliana's leg, gazed up with terror-stricken eyes at her chilling suggestion. He had found Eloisa frightening, but Elliana existed in an entirely different realm of intimidation. The mere thought of Elliana's idea of "more severe punishment" sent tremors through his small frame. Traditional disciplinary methods paled in comparison. This must be pure vengeance.

A wail erupted from Jeff as he released Elliana's leg as though it scorched his skin. "No! Put me in the coffin to kneel instead! I reject any harsher lesson!" he sobbed uncontrollably.

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Each sentence Elliana had hurled at Irene echoed in Eloisa's heart, lancing the pressure she'd been holding in for too long. Now, her eyes shimmered with unshed tears, the fury replaced by something far gentler: gratitude toward Elliana. She felt like a coiled spring finally released, the tension melting away and bringing a sudden sense of relief.

"Elliana, thank you," Eloisa said, her voice trembling with emotion.

Elliana offered a soft, almost serene smile. "I only spoke the truth. There's no need to thank me."

Eloisa let out a heavy, trembling sigh, "The Evans family is lucky—truly Lucky—to have you." Her voice faltered. "If only If only my Charles.." She couldn't finish. The words crumbled on her tongue, and she turned away, broken by grief.

Across the room, Trinity stiffened. Eloisa's praise landed like a slap, and a surge of dread knotted in her chest. Her eyes darted from face to face, silently gauging their reactions. Were they all beginning to see Elliana in a different light?

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"Fine!" Eloisa snapped, eyes blazing. "Your family loves to throw your weight around, don't you? Well, guess what? I'm not afraid of you!"

And with that, Eloisa surged toward Lance.

Elliana had managed to calm Eloisa, and for a moment, it felt like the storm had passed. The Evans family exhaled in relief, thinking they could finally settle things with reason. But just as the tension began to ease, Eloisa's gaze locked onto Lance with pure fury, her body coiled like a spring.

Before Eloisa could move, Ruben stepped in. With surprising speed, he swung his cane and struck Lance hard across the back. "You arrogant brat!" he snapped. "On your knees. Now!"

Eloisa halted, stunned.

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Gatlin stepped closer, his voice unsteady. "What do you mean?"

Charles rolled forward in his wheelchair, his voice quiet but firm. "Please don't mess with us or give us false hope. My mom's barely holding it together."

Trinity saw a chance to knock Elliana down a peg and jumped in. "Elliana, even top doctors couldn't save Barbara. You're not a surgeon. I get it-you want Cole to notice you-but don't spread lies."

Irene, pale and rattled, held Jeff tightly. "What is this, Elliana? Are you trying to make things worse?"

"Enough!" Ruben's voice boomed across the room. He then turned to Elliana with firm eyes. "Keep going."