

## Wife Mask 421

Chapter: 421

Elliana, sharp as ever, saw right through Jason's mind. Still, with her thoughts tangled up in the sudden shift in Cole's demeanor, she had no energy left for Jason's silent scorn. Without so much as a glance at Jason, she slipped into the car and sat beside Cole.

Cole kept his thoughts to himself, remaining silent all the way back.

The drive was uneventful, the car full of unspoken questions as they headed back to the mansion.

Inside the mansion, Allan and Manley were sprawled on the living room couch, deep in conversation. Their jaws dropped when they caught sight of the group.

"Cole, where have you all been? You look like you've been through a war," Manley asked, eyeing their messy appearance.

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Elliana's eyes dropped, her expression cooling to marble. "Stop dancing around your message."

Her indifference ignited Jason's frustration, but he continued, "Ruben had thrust you into Cole's life, wielding family tradition as his weapon. The whole family erupted in mockery—Cole bound himself to an incompetent, hideous creature. Even when you were later revealed as the Legendary Rosa, shedding your reputation for incompetence, the Evans clan remained unmoved. Your very existence continues to drag Cole through humiliation."

Impatience flickered across Elliana's features. "Explain how my presence in Podgend supposedly drew condemnation to Cole."

"Your appearance alongside Cole in public settings devastates the Evans reputation—that's the first catastrophe. Second, this region thrives on chaos and violence in business dealings. Your presence transforms Cole from predator into protector, multiplying his vulnerabilities. The elder generation now brands you a poison in his veins, declaring Cole an incompetent leader. One has even pronounced Cole unworthy of leading the family! Right now, Ruben faces assault from all sides—his brothers and their offspring circle like wolves. He's drowning under their attacks. Are you blind to this destruction?" Jason's accusations poured forth like venom.

Elliana's lips twitched. Had the situation truly reached such theatrical heights? Reputation destroyer, toxic influence, incompetent leadership-she recognized the game these ancient schemers played. They wielded her name as their excuse to seize the throne.

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Within this self-imposed tomb, Cole occupied the sofa like a statue carved from shadow, his anguished features nearly invisible in the gloom. His stare penetrated the darkness as his mind replayed that horrific night when his mother had an episode. The serpent totem materialized in his memory Like a monstrous claw, its grip tightening around his throat. Pain, suffocation, and the promise of complete destruction coursed through his being in endless, torturous waves...

Elliana rested on the bed, hoping to hear from Cole, but somewhere along the way, she dozed off. The weariness from the night before had finally caught up to her, pulling her into a heavy sleep that lasted well into the afternoon.

When she finally stirred, she blinked a few times, still disoriented, and then rolled over quickly to grab her phone. Even in sleep, her thoughts had been tied to Cole. Now that she was awake, her pulse picked up.

But the screen was blank. No messages. Not a single reply from Cole.

Elliana swung her legs over the side of the bed, stood up, and stepped into the hallway.

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Another woman might have faltered under the sting of Jason's words. But Elliana held her ground and met him head-on. "Jason, I've said it once, and I'll say it again. Stop pushing this. I'm not leaving Cole."

Jason stared at her for a long moment and then Looked away, the defeat heavy in his expression. He was truly worried about Cole. But if Cole was choosing to stay with a wife who didn't fit the mold, there was nothing left to say.

At that moment, the sound of footsteps echoed down the staircase.

Every head turned toward the stairs as Myles appeared, holding a folder in his hand. Since he'd just emerged from Cole's room, it was clear he had news. All eyes were fixed on him, waiting for something that might explain Cole's behavior.

Myles stepped closer, his gaze flicking nervously to Elliana before he extended the file and said quietly, "These are the divorce papers. Mr. Evans asked you to sign them."

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Myles materialized before her like a sentinel, his body blocking her path. "Ms. Marsh, Mr. Evans swore he never wants to witness your face again. If you force entry into his room, he'll destroy his own eyes rather than endure the sight of you..."

Agony pierced Elliana's heart like a dagger of ice. Cole would mutilate himself rather than look upon her again? She stared at Myles with hollow eyes, her voice barely audible. "Why? What transformed him into this stranger overnight?"

Myles's features tightened with apparent reluctance, but he steeled himself for the killing blow. "Mr. Evans discovered he had loved the wrong woman entirely. You were never his intended choice—everything between you two was built on catastrophic error."

Jason approached like a vulture sensing weakness. "Cole was blinded by archaic family traditions, trapped in this doomed Marriage with you. Now that clarity has returned to him, stop clinging to false hope, or you'll forfeit even my basic respect!"

Elliana's eyes narrowed into lethal slits. "Jason, disappear from my sight before I make you regret existing!"

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Secretly, Lanny had been carrying out Irene's orders to ensure Cole met his end in Podgend, and thus, he cared little for Cole's estranged wife. But now, with Jason's direct command to protect Elliana, he dared not afford a slip-up so soon. Panic set in. "Search everywhere! We cannot let that troublesome woman fall into harm's way!"

"Yes, sir!" The bodyguards scattered in every direction. Lanny remained where he stood, tense and waiting.

After nearly ten minutes, all the bodyguards regrouped, breathless but empty-handed. "Sir, she's nowhere to be found," they reported in unison.

Lanny's brow furrowed deep. "How is that possible? She's delicate—couldn't have gotten far. Did you even search properly?"

"We searched thoroughly, sir. No corners were cut," the bodyguards replied firmly.

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Dressed in a striking fiery red leather jacket, with black wavy hair flowing around her, and makeup that emphasized her sharp features, Adah exuded boldness and confidence. Her lips, painted in a vivid red, completed the look. She drove like she owned the road-fast, fearless, and full of flair.

Thankfully, the streets were mostly empty. Had there been more people, her audacious driving might have drawn more than a few stares.

With a screeching drift, the car slid gracefully to a halt beside Elliana. The window rolled down, and Adah leaned out, flashing a grin that was as dazzling as fireworks. She whistled loudly before calling out, "Hey, beauty queen! Hop in!"

Elliana didn't smile. She quietly opened the door and slid into the passenger seat, her face gloomy and her eyes heavy.

Adah glanced at her, surprised. "You okay? You look like someone kicked your puppy."

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Before Adah could summon a single word of response, Elliana had already escaped the confines of the car.

Adah lingered for a heartbeat before emerging herself, recognizing the storm clouds gathering in Elliana's demeanor and wisely choosing silence over interrogation.

Side by side, they crossed the threshold into the villa.

The Living room buzzed with tension as a man and woman faced off beside the table, their argument crackling like electricity.

Heather Byrd, devastatingly beautiful in her flowing blue chiffon dress, jabbed an accusatory finger at her opponent while her voice dripped with disdain. "Damian, are you even a man? Engaging in petty squabbles with a woman—aren't you terrified you'll spend eternity as a bachelor?"

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Clifton and his companions exchanged meaningful glances, their curiosity about their leader's troubles burning like embers, yet none possessed the courage to voice their questions.

Adah materialized at Elliana's side, capturing her hand with gentle insistence as she spoke.

"Tomorrow night's auction approaches swiftly. You've surrendered the entire day to sleep, which means rest will elude you tonight. Let me escort you into the world for some desperately needed joy and restoration!"

Before Elliana could mount any resistance, Adah had already begun guiding her toward the exit, her determination to resurrect her friend's spirits blazing like a beacon.

The Four Guardians harbored displeasure about Adah's bold intervention. Ever since Elliana had bound herself to the Evans family through marriage, she had maintained her distance from their operations, leaving them starving for her presence. Now that fortune had finally delivered her back to them, she was being spirited away once again.

Heather bounded toward Adah with infectious enthusiasm. "Adah, where are you taking Elliana for fun? Mind if we tag along?"

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Allan retreated two calculated steps, granting her space with gentleman's courtesy.

Adah stepped into the afternoon light, her wavy locks catching fire in the sunshine as she fixed Allan with a withering stare. "Sir, how does one manage to destroy another vehicle on a road this expansive? Did alcohol cloud your judgment behind the wheel?"

Allan's gaze devoured her like a starving man encountering a feast. She blazed with otherworldly beauty. Her features commanded attention with their sculptural perfection, and even her hands possessed an elegance that bordered on artistic masterpiece. When she swept those raven waves from her shoulders, her crimson-painted fingernails caught the light like drops of fresh blood, mesmerizing in their vivid intensity. Women like her set his soul ablaze—brilliant, fearless, and burning with the intensity of captured Lightning.

"Forgiveness, please—you escaped my notice completely," Allan offered, his apology wrapped in silk. "Your accent suggests Ublento origins, am I correct?"

Adah's laugh carried the sharpness of shattered glass. "Sir, trying to buddy up won't work. Shared geography means nothing when you've rear-ended my car. You bear complete responsibility for this collision and must provide compensation accordingly. That's fair, isn't it?"