Wife Mask 471

Chapter: 471

Answering the call, Elliana pressed the phone to her ear just as Adah's excited voice rang out. "Elliana, you won't believe what's happening today. It's like the world turned upside down!"

A small laugh escaped Elliana. "What's got you so worked up?"

Adah wasted no time. "We were going head-to-head with Blaze Wildfire on ten different projects, but out of nowhere, they've just backed out of every single one. No competition left."

Elliana's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "They've pulled out of everything?"

"Every last project," Adah responded. "And here's the kicker -they're actually treating our people with courtesy now." She broke into a laugh. "Honestly, I'm starting to think Blaze Wraith might be Daniel-maybe you scared him so badly that he decided to hide!"

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Damian's gaze swept the massive room. "Wow, this place is enormous! Seriously, you should think about getting some bodyguards."

Heather interjected with a nod, "Right! And a housekeeper! You know I'm a whiz in the kitchen-I could take care of everything." She gave her chest a proud tap. "You'd never go hungry with me around."

Damian showed off his arms with a grin. "Let me handle security. I promise, not even a mosquito gets past me!"

Elliana shot Heather and Damian a look somewhere between amusement and disbelief, and then turned to Clifton and Kieran. "So, what about you two? Any special talents?"

Kieran didn't miss a beat. "I'm pretty good at cleaning."

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Trust came easily to Elliana with such a crew in place, and she soon slipped into a peaceful nap.

By evening, Jason returned to Ublento from Podgend. The private plane came to a smooth stop on the private airstrip that was carved inside the Evans family's sprawling estate.

Jason had spent hours scouring Podgend for Elliana, only to hear-right as exhaustion set in-that she'd somehow made it home. Shock rippled through him. He just couldn't understand how she'd managed that dangerous journey alone, especially after nightfall.

As the jet doors opened, a worn-out Jason stepped onto the tarmac. Just as he was about to head for the house, Trinity stepped out from the shadows of a nearby tree.

A radiant smile lit up Trinity's face as she hurried over. "You're finally back, Jason!"

Chapter: 474

Rage began to swell within Trinity, but she managed to keep her emotions in check. On the outside, she forced herself to appear calm. Falling apart wasn't an option—not now. After Merlin's assault, the Craig family stood on the edge of ruin, and she was the only hope keeping them from toppling over. The weight of their survival pressed squarely on her shoulders, and she knew that whatever came next rested entirely in her hands.

With that thought in mind, Trinity wiped away the evidence of her tears and made her way toward the mansion, steeling herself for what came next.

Unbeknownst to her, someone else had witnessed everything from the shadows. Lance had been there all along, hidden behind the branches of an old tree. Earlier, he'd seen Trinity slip away on her own and, driven by worry, had decided to follow her. He never imagined he'd witness her pouring her heart out to Jason.

Lance had spent years misreading the signs Trinity sent his way. Each smile, each thoughtful gesture had convinced him she cared for him. Yet today, she'd confessed her feelings to Jason, admitting she'd loved him since they were kids.

Bitter realization dawned on Lance. All that tenderness she had shown him seemed like nothing more than a clever performance, as if she had simply wanted him as her backup plan. All the while, she chased after someone else. He finally saw it now. He'd been hopelessly wrong, mistaking her kindness for something deeper. He decided he was finished with her, no matter how long it took to let go.

Chapter: 475

Elliana might be the face behind "Rosa," but that only showed she had an eye for art and design. Trinity had no doubt that when it came to IQ and SAT scores, Elliana didn't stand a chance against

her. With the Evans name gone and a disastrous test result looming, tomorrow was destined to be Elliana's undoing.

Eagerness fizzed in Trinity's veins as she played out the scene in her mind, wishing the hours would hurry along and morning would finally arrive. Not a hint of her anticipation leaked out; she masked her excitement well. The rest of the family stayed transfixed by Cole, unable to move past the shock of his divorce news.

The silence was finally broken as Jason asked, "Cole, is Elliana okay? Any injuries?"

A man of strong principles, Jason felt a weight of responsibility. If Elliana had been harmed during her time in Podgend, it was on him, and he needed the truth.

"She's fine," Cole replied flatly, understanding his concern.

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Cole watched Jeff's figure shrinking in the distance, a sharp irritation building in his chest. The urge to haul Jeff back and set him straight nearly overpowered him.

In the past, Jeff had always snuck around when visiting Elliana, tiptoeing like a thief for fear of running into Cole. But since news of Cole and Elliana's divorce had spread, Jeff no longer bothered with caution. Now he had the nerve to publicly declare he was off to Elliana's place—to win her heart as her future husband.

The whole scene left Cole stinging, as if someone had deliberately ground salt into a fresh wound. Frustration churned inside him, heavy and suffocating.

A pointed cough cut through the tension. Lance spoke up, voice steady. "It's the middle of the night. Not exactly safe for Jeff to wander around alone. I'll drive him over."

With that, Lance bolted out the door after Jeff, barely pausing to glance back.

Chapter: 477

The instant Elliana's hands were dry, Heather swooped in, sliding a knife and fork into her grasp. "Hope you enjoy the meal."

Elliana let out a laugh at their attentive service. If they kept fussing over her like this, she'd end up hopelessly pampered in no time.

The house overflowed with cozy laughter and easy conversation.

Out in the dim guardhouse, Damian sat by himself, loneliness twisting in his chest. Scents of dinner drifted his way, teasing his empty stomach until it gave a plaintive rumble. He pressed a hand to his belly and shot a wistful look toward the glowing windows. If only he could slip inside, join Elliana, and enjoy the warmth with everyone else.

At that moment, a black sedan glided to a stop at the curb. The passenger door swung open, and a boy with a shaved head hopped out, a cat tucked beneath one arm, a rolling suitcase trailing behind him. With the gate left ajar, the boy sauntered right in, whistling under his breath.

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"You blond weirdo! That was way out of line!" Jeff blurted out, planting his fists on his hips in protest.

Not interested in further drama, Heather strode back toward the villa.

Leaning back in his chair by the gatehouse, Damian stretched out and watched Jeff's outrage with a lazy grin.

Gripping the iron bars, Jeff pressed his face between them and shouted, "Hey! Blond weirdo! I'm ordering you to open this gate right now!"

ALL he got for his trouble was Damian flicking a finger in his ear and pretending not to hear a thing.

Chapter: 479

Even more arresting was the wolf mask Jason wore, obscuring half his face and lending him an unmistakable authority. The mask's presence was as striking as the man himself. It was obvious he'd grown up training, a fighter through and through. Once the strength fully returned to his body, he would be an opponent no one would want to cross.

"Who might you be?" Damian asked, playing dumb, although he already knew the answer.

Jason didn't rush to answer. Instead, he scrutinized Damian for a moment before countering, "Shouldn't I ask you the same question?"

"Security for this place," Damian answered with a shrug. "What brings you here this late?"

The mask concealed Jason's expression. His reply carried no warmth. "My name is Jason Evans. I've come to take my brother Jeff home."

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Steel groaned as Damian swung the iron gate shut once Jason had crossed the threshold.

A brief pause stopped Jason right outside, his eyes drifting back to study Damian. Oddly enough, something about this guy's features nagged at his memory, as if they'd crossed paths once before.

Damian, catching the intensity in Jason's stare, began to fidget. Maybe Jason was starting to figure things out.

Curiosity sparked in Jason. He asked, "Mind telling me your name?"

Caught off guard, Damian blurted out a lie, "People call me Clover."