

Chapter 568 An Angel

Ruben wasn't particularly upset about Taylor's decision to abandon high school for the glittering world of entertainment.

The Evans clan sprawled like a vast oak tree, branches heavy with descendants, and beyond Taylor, Ruben treasured countless grandchildren. He refused to demand cookie-cutter perfection from each one; instead, he cherished watching them bloom into their authentic selves.

Taylor had carved his name into showbiz, transforming from a family dreamer into a celebrated screen legend. Pride swelled in Ruben's chest whenever he thought of Taylor's achievements, and each homecoming brought pure joy—the old man would beam with affection, sometimes even joining the younger crowd in their starry-eyed celebrity worship.

Now, witnessing Taylor endure his parents' harsh words, protective instincts flared within Ruben. His weathered features darkened with disapproval.

Taylor recognized that familiar spark of protectiveness in his grandfather's eyes and seized the moment. He stepped forward with theatrical sadness. "Grandpa, thank heavens you're here! I simply mentioned finding a beautiful girl attractive—haven't even pursued her—and suddenly the entire family treats me like a criminal!"

The moment Ruben claimed his spot on the plush sofa, Taylor knelt beside him. His hands worked gentle circles against his grandfather's tired legs while he poured out his wounded heart.

"Grandpa, you cannot imagine the torture I've endured!" Taylor yanked at his collar, exposing angry bruises that painted his chest in shades of purple and blue. "Look at this evidence! Cole and Jason launched my phone at me like weapons. And the physical assault was nothing compared to their verbal attacks."

His fingers raked through disheveled hair, revealing tender spots where hands had connected with skull. "And here—Dad and Mom's handiwork.

My head still rings like a bell."

His accusatory finger swept toward the younger Evans family members scattered throughout the room. "Even these little troublemakers joined the assault, all attacking me verbally to curry favor with Cole and Jason."

Taylor's voice cracked with manufactured anguish. "Grandpa, this family has become my personal nightmare!"

True to his reputation as a masterful performer, his acting reached Oscar-worthy heights. Within moments, crystalline tears traced silver paths down his cheeks, transforming the usual confident boy into a pitiful victim crushed by the entire family.

Emmanuel and Louisa watched their son's exaggerated display with mounting fury, their palms itching to deliver fresh punishment. Yet, Ruben's presence served as an invisible shield, forcing them to swallow their rage.

Ruben's heart sang an entirely different tune—this sweet-tongued, devastatingly handsome grandson held special sanctuary in his affections. And Taylor's wounded expression melted his resolve like butter under the summer sun.

"My poor boy!" Ruben's gentle fingers traced Taylor's injuries while concern colored his voice. "What did you do to provoke Cole, Jason, and your parents into taking turns to hit you?"

If it were merely Emmanuel and Louisa disciplining their son, Ruben would have risen as Taylor's fierce champion without hesitation. But Cole's and Jason's involvement demanded a better grasp of the situation before he rendered judgment.

Both Cole and Jason possessed wisdom far beyond their years—they would never reprimand a cousin without substantial provocation.

Taylor's tears flowed like a broken dam as he protested, "Grandpa, I've committed no heinous crimes! I'm twenty years old, dreaming of marriage and children. Surely, that's not unreasonable, right?"

Ruben's weathered palm settled against Taylor's head with grandfatherly tenderness, his voice warm with approval. "Nothing unreasonable about that, my boy. I'm thrilled you have such thoughts."

"I knew you were the most open-minded and understanding soul in this family, Grandpa," Taylor crooned with calculated charm. "You've always yearned for great-grandchildren, so I've been paying attention to every eligible young woman, hoping to discover someone worthy of our family name. Today, destiny finally smiled upon me."

Taylor's phone materialized in his trembling hands, Lilah's photograph glowing on the screen like captured starlight. "Look, Grandpa—doesn't she look like an angel? My taste isn't off, right?"

Ruben's gaze fell upon the digital image, and time seemed to crystallize around him. His entire world narrowed to that single, luminous face. Elliana? Could this truly be Elliana?

Ruben's hands shot forward, claiming the device with desperate hunger as emotions crashed through him like thunder. He studied every pixel with the intensity of a scholar deciphering ancient scripture, desperate to confirm whether this girl was indeed Elliana.

Among everyone gathered, only Ruben had gazed upon Elliana's authentic beauty, leaving the others mystified by his sudden transformation. They assumed Ruben had simply fallen under Lilah's spell—another victim of her ethereal allure.

After all, genuine beauty possessed universal power to enchant. Though Ruben had weathered more than seventy seasons, his spirit still danced with youthful appreciation for life's most exquisite creations.

Taylor sneaked a glance at his grandfather's transfixed expression, a secret smile playing at his lips as he continued, "Grandpa, you agree this girl just looks like an ethereal angel—not a terrorist menace, correct?"

Ruben's eyes were still glued to the glowing screen, his silver head bobbing with unconscious agreement as emotions built like storm pressure within his chest. "Absolutely right—she embodies pure celestial beauty!"

No shadow of doubt remained in Ruben's mind—the girl captured in digital amber was indeed Elliana! Elliana had survived death's grasp and returned to Ublento wearing Lilah's identity like protective armor.

Ruben's heart hammered against his ribs with the wild rhythm of rediscovered hope.

Taylor, oblivious to the true source of his grandfather's excitement, interpreted the reaction as validation and pressed his case with renewed confidence. "Exactly! Any rational person would reach the same conclusion! But Cole and Jason..."

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