

Chapter 571 To Get Married And Have Children

Jason left the room and walked straight down the hall to find Ruben.

At that moment, Ruben was enjoying a peaceful break in his room, savoring a cup of coffee in the quiet afternoon light. When he looked up and saw Jason walking through the doorway, his hand froze halfway to his lips, the coffee cup suspended in midair.

Jason had been in training since he was six years old—shaped into the silent guardian of the Evans family. For twenty years, a mask had hidden his face from almost everyone. Only his closest relatives knew what he truly looked like, and even they rarely saw him without the mask. His discipline was absolute; he never removed the mask unless there was a compelling reason.

So when Jason appeared completely unmasked, Ruben felt like he'd been struck by lightning. It took him several long seconds to process what he was seeing.

Where Cole always dressed in sharp, expensive business suits, Jason's wardrobe was also mostly black but much more relaxed—a completely different vibe from Cole's corporate power look.

Right now, Jason wore tailored black pants, a fitted shirt, and a leather jacket. His freshly washed hair was slightly tousled, making his already striking features even more defined.

The Evans family had always been known for their remarkable looks, and the two men standing at its forefront embodied two different kinds of magnetism: Cole's dignified grace and Jason's dashing coolness.

"Grandpa," Jason greeted, his voice calm but steady.

Only then did Ruben manage to shake off his shock, quickly setting his coffee cup down on the side table. "Jason, what brings you here to see me?"

Ruben understood immediately that Jason coming to him like this—without the mask he'd worn religiously for twenty years—meant something significant had happened. Jason wouldn't have broken his own ironclad rule unless the situation was truly serious.

Jason had never been one to dance around a subject. He cut straight to the point. "Grandpa, I want to start living without the mask from now on."

Ruben's brows drew together in surprise. "You... don't want to be our protector anymore?" he asked, his tone careful.

Throughout the generations, those who served as guardians for the Evans family had always been required to give up certain personal freedoms. The most important sacrifice was keeping their true identity completely hidden from the outside world. This created an aura of mystery that helped intimidate potential enemies while ensuring their own safety.

So when Jason suddenly spoke of revealing his face, Ruben's first thought was that he wanted to step down. The idea unsettled him. If Jason gave up the role, who could take his place? Among the younger Evans generation, no one came close to his capability—except Cole. But Cole, as the family head, was bound to the family's business and future, and could not be pulled into security matters.

Jason seemed to read the hesitation in his grandfather's eyes. "No, that's not what I mean," he said firmly. "From the day I promised you—when I was six—that I would protect this family, my resolve has never faltered. And it hasn't changed now."

He paused, choosing his words carefully. "What I'm asking for is to continue protecting the family exactly as I always have, but I also want to live without the mask, like any ordinary man would. I want to be able to get married, have children, and give my wife and kids a completely normal life."

Ruben found himself at a loss for words. A while back, the Evans family had been discussing the possibility of a union between Jason and Death Thorn. They'd even considered making a formal trip to Delta for the match. But Cole had firmly opposed the idea, so they'd put the whole plan on hold. And now, Jason was speaking of marriage and children of his own accord.

A thought took root in Ruben's mind. "Jason, have you been in contact with Death Thorn? Or is there perhaps another girl who's caught your attention?"

"Grandpa, I'm not someone who changes his heart easily," Jason said firmly.

The implication was clear—his feelings still belonged to Death Thorn.

"I understand your feelings." Ruben nodded thoughtfully and then continued, "I supported the idea of you marrying Death Thorn before, and I still do. But what's making you want to take off the mask all of a sudden?"

Jason pressed his lips together, struggling with how to explain this to his grandfather without revealing too much. Death Thorn had come to Ublento using the name Lilah, and she probably didn't want anyone discovering that she was actually the legendary Death Thorn from Delta. He couldn't risk exposing her secret identity. So he definitely couldn't tell Ruben that his decision came from wanting to live the same kind of normal life that Death Thorn was currently living.

"I never have any problem with you marrying Death Thorn," Ruben added, "because I felt your situations were similar. You both carry this air of mystery about you, neither of you quick to show your true selves to the world."

He leaned back in his chair. "I figured if you two got married, you'd be perfectly matched and would understand each other in ways most couples never could. Your life together should be harmonious. But now that you want to live openly without the mask, would Death Thorn be okay with that kind of change?"

Since Jason couldn't give a complete explanation, he simply said, "Grandpa, this is a personal matter. I hope you can give me some room to work through it on my own. Once I get everything figured out, I promise I'll bring Death Thorn to meet you properly. Would that be all right?"

Ruben was perceptive enough to read between the lines immediately. Jason had definitely been in contact with Death Thorn, but whatever was happening between them wasn't something he felt comfortable discussing in detail right now.

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Being an understanding elder who trusted Jason's judgment and knowing that Jason had always been level-headed and would never do anything that would hurt the family, Ruben decided not to push for more information. He made a casual gesture with his hand, signaling that the topic was closed.



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