

Chapter 572 Unmasked Features

"Very well, I honor your choice. Since you turned six, you've weathered relentless training with one sacred purpose—shielding this family from harm, and you've sacrificed far too much already. Now you seek to live for yourself without your mask, and I give you my blessing for that journey. Go forth," Ruben declared.

Jason bowed his head with deep gratitude. "Thank you, Grandpa."

Those words lingered in the air as Jason pivoted and departed Ruben's chambers, his footsteps carrying him straight toward the staircase.

Below, the gathering had yet to scatter. The younger Evans clan remained clustered together, their voices weaving through animated discussions about Lilah Taylor, who had endured Ruben's sharp rebuke before retreating upstairs earlier, had descended once more to rejoin the buzzing commotion.

As Jason emerged on the stairs, silence dropped like a curtain, and every face turned toward him in stunned bewilderment.

Jason hadn't revealed his true features for two decades, and now, clothed in pristine garments without his legendary mask, none of the younger Evans family members could place him.

"Heavens, who is this magnificent stranger?"

"No one entered from outside, and he descended from above, so he must belong to our Evans bloodline."

"If he's family, why have I never laid eyes on him before?"

"Neither have I. What mystery is this?"

The younger generation couldn't identify Jason, but Bertram and Irene, as his parents, recognized their son instantly. They stood frozen in equal

shock at witnessing him bare his true face to the world.

Irene shot to her feet, her finger trembling as she pointed toward Jason's features. "Ja... You..."

She faltered, uncertain whether to speak his name aloud, terrified he might have simply forgotten his mask momentarily and that calling attention to his identity would shatter his carefully guarded secret.

Bertram rose in equal astonishment, his gaze locked on Jason's unveiled countenance.

Jason remained perfectly composed, allowing his eyes to drift across each family member's face before offering Irene a gentle smile. "Mom, from this moment forward, I won't be wearing a mask again."

The younger Evans family members' eyes expanded in pure amazement. That voice belonged unmistakably to Jason! With that distinctive tone calling Irene "Mom," this mysterious figure could only be Jason himself.

The younger Evans members burst into excited chatter.

"Oh my gosh, Jason has abandoned his mask forever? What sparked this sudden transformation?"

"That's not even the crucial point. The crucial point is that Jason possesses a face capable of launching a thousand ships into battle!"

"Sweet mercy, I always believed Cole's features represented the pinnacle of masculine beauty, but I never dreamed Jason's face would prove equally breathtaking. Fortune smiles upon our family!"

Taylor interjected with admiration laced with wounded pride, "Hey, don't overlook me completely! Certainly, Cole and Jason are handsome devils, but I'm hardly a disappointment. I'm an Oscar-crowned actor, a premier heartthrob in the entertainment world!"

He didn't deny Cole's and Jason's striking looks and merely insisted on his own appeal. However, the younger members showed him absolutely no mercy.

"Taylor, you should be keeping quiet now."

"Precisely, Taylor. If I stood in your shoes, I'd avoid making any comment



at this moment. Comparing your looks with Cole and Jason? You'd only succeed in humiliating yourself."

"Even though you're reasonably attractive, Taylor, standing beside Cole and Jason resembles comparing a house cat to a majestic lion. You exist in completely different realms; their magnetism utterly eclipses yours!"

"Taylor, you might struggle to grasp this, so allow me to clarify. Cole and Jason radiate an aristocratic presence that you simply lack, ha-ha..."

Taylor seethed with indignation. Who could have predicted that the celebrated performer, worshipped by millions worldwide, would be deemed inferior to his own cousins?

Yet, no one spared attention for Taylor's bruised ego. After teasing him, the younger Evans members swarmed around Jason like moths drawn to flame.

"Are you truly Jason?"

"Jason, will you really be living without that mask from now onward?"

Jason, typically reserved and rarely engaging with the younger generation, beamed at them with newfound warmth, "Yes, I am Jason. I will be living without my mask from this day forward, so please feel free to introduce me when you venture into the world."

The younger Evans members erupted in excitement.

"Incredible, Jason is actually smiling! It's the very first time I've witnessed him smile!"

"His smile is absolutely mesmerizing!"

"Oh heavens, it's utterly enchanting!"

Bertram dispersed them with a wave. "Enough, children, cease this commotion. Go find entertainment elsewhere!" Then, he turned to Jason. "Jason, what prompted your sudden change?"

Jason's smile softened slightly. "Don't stress, Dad. I've already spoken with Grandpa about this matter, and he granted his approval. I have urgent business to attend to now. Excuse me."

With those parting words, Jason turned and strode toward the entrance.

Irene, still drowning in confusion, hurried after him with quick steps.

Outside the villa's grand entrance, Irene caught Jason by his sleeve.

"Jason, why this sudden decision to cast aside your mask?"

Jason paused, turned to meet her questioning gaze, and replied, "Haven't you always yearned for me to wed Death Thorn? Living without this mask represents my method of honoring your deepest wish. Ask no further questions and simply await the joyous news."

Irene stood there wearing an expression full of bewildered questions. She couldn't fathom how marrying Death Thorn connected to his dramatic unmasking.

But Jason granted her no opportunity for additional inquiries. With those cryptic words hanging in the evening air, he turned and walked purposefully toward his waiting car.