

Chapter 576 Familiar Faces

Jason's pathetic stunt? Both Lance and Jeff exchanged looks of irritation, their faces hardening at once. To them, Jason's reputation was unshakable, and the idea of him stooping to anything pathetic was unthinkable. They weren't about to let anyone smear his name.

Jeff, being Jason's blood brother, bristled even more, unwilling to let Taylor throw dirt at Jason in his presence. His tone sharpened as he snapped, "Taylor, what kind of garbage are you trying to spread now?"

As Taylor's older brother, Lance often adopted a mature demeanor in front of Taylor, despite appearing less so to others. Now, with a cold expression, he reprimanded, "Taylor, are you stirring up drama?"

Already worn down by so much rebuke today, Taylor felt even more aggrieved when Lance and Jeff refused to believe him. "Of course, you don't believe me. When Jason cornered me and ran his mouth, neither of you was there. Fine—I'll spell it out for you..."

Taylor then recounted the events involving Lilah to Lance and Jeff. As he spoke, he laid it on thick, describing Lilah like some dazzling fairy, hoping the embellishment would spark their curiosity.

His efforts fell flat, though, because both Jeff and Lance were too preoccupied with one thing—Elliana's missing cat.

The moment Taylor finished, Lance leaned forward with urgency and asked, "Taylor, did you notice a cat running through here?"

Taylor blinked in disbelief, baffled that his brother would suddenly bring up a cat after he had just painted Lilah as some heavenly beauty.

Before Taylor could even answer, Jeff gestured with his hands to show the size and chimed in, "White fur, about this long, clever little thing. Did you spot it anywhere, Taylor?"

Taylor's eyes shifted from Lance to Jeff, and at last it hit him—they weren't even listening to what he'd said. Any further words would be a

complete waste of breath. With a quick gesture toward the ornate wrought iron gate, he remarked, "The cat slipped right through there and disappeared into the yard."

Both Lance and Jeff swung their heads at once, following the line of Taylor's pointing finger. What met their eyes was an elegant estate, its manicured lawns stretching wide and rows of trees lining the property. Beside the grand iron gate, the stone wall carried the carved name: Rosewood Villa.

The name Rosewood Villa wasn't unfamiliar to them, though neither had ever stepped inside. Even though they were used to lavish homes, the sheer grandeur of this mansion left them quietly impressed.

Every corner radiated luxury, a level of refinement far out of reach for common households. Whoever owned Rosewood Villa clearly belonged to the realm of the elite. Since this was no ordinary residence, entering uninvited was out of the question. If they hoped to recover the cat, proper manners and protocol were necessary to avoid offending the owner.

"So, how do we handle this, Lance?" Jeff asked, waiting for direction.

Straightening his jacket and running a hand through his hair, Lance strode to the gate and pressed the bell mounted beside it.

Jeff trailed after Lance, keeping close at his side.

Taylor hurried to catch up with them and blurted out, "Wait, you two are actually going in to chase a cat? Jason just walked inside with Lilah's invitation. If you barge in now over some cat, won't he take it the wrong way?"

Jeff shot him a puzzled glance and asked, "And why exactly would that upset Jason?"

Taylor smirked at Jeff as though the answer were obvious. "He's inside trying to impress Lilah, and you show up in the middle of it, hunting a cat. How do you think that's going to sit with him?"

It really wasn't the right moment to bother him.

Lance shot Taylor a furious look. "Why didn't you tell me that earlier?"

If they'd known Jason was already inside, they could have just sent a message or given him a quick call about the cat. Now it was too late. The doorbell had rung, and the interruption had already happened.

Taylor pouted, his voice full of complaint. "Lance, I've been saying all along that Jason uses his status to push us younger ones around, but neither of you ever listened."

Lance's temper flared in an instant. Taylor had definitely been running his mouth about Jason's supposedly shady behavior and even called Lilah a celestial beauty, but not once did he say that Jason had stepped inside. It was as if Taylor had talked endlessly without ever getting to the point.

The more Lance dwelled on it, the angrier he got. Finally, he snapped, "Get out of here!"

Taylor, weighed down by frustration, refused to back off. "Lance, can't you be a bit nicer to me? I'm a well-known actor, you know!"

Lance glared at Taylor but chose not to argue anymore. Just then, someone approached, and Lance quickly shifted into a polite smile.

The newcomer was Damian, though his appearance had changed. He now wore a black suit with a white earpiece, looking every bit the bodyguard of a wealthy family. To keep anyone from recognizing him, he'd even adjusted his eyebrows slightly and dyed his hair.

Because of the changes, Lance and Jeff didn't recognize Damian right away.

Damian, however, recognized Lance and Jeff instantly. After all, he'd lived with them at Regal Grove for some time to know them well.

Catching sight of the familiar faces, Damian quickly checked his reflection on his phone to be sure he wouldn't be recognized. Then, he walked toward the ornate gate with an air of calm indifference. "What business do you have here?"