

Chapter 620

Misunderstanding

Fuming with anger and desperate to catch Lilah in the act, Cole stormed out of the Evans estate and jumped into his car. He left his assistant and bodyguards behind, slamming his foot on the accelerator. The engine roared, and the car shot forward like a rocket about to take off.

In the study upstairs, Ruben stood by the wide window, a smile tugging at his lips as he stroked his gray beard, watching the scene play out.

Beside him, Bertram and Emmanuel exchanged glances, half amused.

The three of them had heard every word Cole threw at Taylor. Anyone could tell—Cole was burning with jealousy. Cole, the current head of the Evans family, a man usually as cold as stone, had once again lost his composure over Elliana.

As Cole's car vanished into the distance, Ruben chuckled softly. "Some things are simply written in the stars."

Bertram and Emmanuel nodded with faint, knowing smiles. They hadn't believed in fate before, but now, they were convinced. No matter the twists and turns, Cole always circled back to Elliana, losing his composure over her again and again.

Cole had fallen for Elliana once more, and Elliana's heart hadn't changed. For the Evans family, this was a blessing. As the true daughter of the Campbell family, Elliana's marriage to Cole could finally bring peace between the two houses—a perfect ending to years of feud.

The thought filled Ruben with delight. Hands clasped behind his back, he paced the room, even humming cheerfully under his breath.

Bertram and Emmanuel watched in silence. It had been years since they had seen Ruben so full of joy. Happiness had returned to the family at last.

Suddenly, Ruben stopped and turned to Bertram. "Tell the kitchen to prepare more dishes, especially Elliana's favorites. She's joining us tonight, and I have to make sure she enjoys herself!"

Then, he looked at Emmanuel. "And you, don't just stand there. Arrange for more flowers to be delivered immediately. Elliana loves them. I want every corner of this house filled with blooms. She must feel welcome!"

"Yes." With smiles, Bertram and Emmanuel accepted the orders. Knowing how eager Ruben was, they didn't dare waste time and hurried off to make arrangements.

Normally, Irene managed all the household matters, but this time, no one informed her. Bertram and Emmanuel took charge themselves.

Irene was baffled. What could be so important? Confused, she went to find Bertram.

Since Elliana's true identity hadn't been revealed, and considering how harshly Irene had treated her in the past, Bertram gave nothing away. "We're expecting an important guest," he said vaguely.

"Who is this important guest?" Irene pressed.

Bertram shot her an impatient look. "Why so many questions? Just do your work."

With that, he brushed past, leaving her seething.

Irene was furious. The family was preparing for an important guest, yet no one thought she deserved to know who it was. The insult made her want to scream. Still, she knew better than to pick a fight with Bertram.

Stewing silently, Irene spotted Jason coming downstairs and seized her chance. "Jason, do you have any idea who this important guest is?"

Jason certainly knew. The day before, Elliana had asked him to seek Ruben for the truth. He had done so, and Ruben, who trusted him completely, had told him everything.

Jason now understood Elliana was the Campbell family's daughter and was on her way back to Cole. But since her identity was still a secret, he couldn't say a word. He only gave Irene a faint smile. "You'll find out

soon enough."

Irene let out a sigh. Though still annoyed, she didn't push further. Instead, she changed the subject. "Jason, didn't you say yesterday you were done with the mask? Why are you wearing it again?"

"That was a moment of foolishness. I've come back to my senses," Jason said lightly.

The meaning behind his words was lost on her. "But what about Death Thorn? You said you would find her. What happened?" she asked.

Jason's lips curled into a bitter smile. "That was just an misunderstanding. Forget about it."

"What do you mean, an misunderstanding?" Irene's voice sharpened. She had counted on Death Thorn to stand by Jason's side and help him snatch the position of the Evans family heir. How could he just dismiss it as a joke? Moreover, she had already brought up the possibility of their marriage to the rest of the family on several occasions! How could the whole prospect of the match be a joke?

A sharp pain cut through Jason's chest, but his mask hid it well, shielding every trace of emotion. He lowered his head, meeting Irene's frantic eyes with calmness that felt like ice. "It means Death Thorn never cared for me. It was just my wishful thinking."

"But—" Irene began, but Jason's voice cut like a blade. "If you want to spare me further humiliation, drop it."