

Chapter 672 You'll Regret It

Irene blinked, taken off guard by Jason's question. "Jason, what do you mean?" she asked.

His question seemed utterly baffling. Since when had she treated him as if he were a fool? He had been bright since childhood and was her pride.

Jason met her puzzled look but gave no long explanation. He spoke plainly instead. "Mom, I've said it before—I won't compete with Cole for the position of the family head. My job is to protect the Evans family. Please let go of your obsession."

Irene felt a chill at his serious tone. She was about to answer when Jason added, "If you keep pushing and try to harm Cole or the family, you'll regret it."

He was deadly earnest. "I'm not joking."

He fixed her with a long look, then lowered his eyes and sipped his soup.

"I've always loved this soup you make," he said softly. "I hope I can enjoy it for years to come—me as your son, you as my mother."

For a moment, Irene felt as if the son she knew had become a stranger. Jason rarely spoke so much. His words felt heavy and meaningful. Could it be that he somehow already knew her secret? No! That couldn't be possible. She had been careful. No one should know a thing. Even if Jason found out something amiss, his suspicion should never reach her. Maybe his heartbreak over Death Thorn left him moody and sentimental, and that explained his odd words.

Irene forced a light smile. "Oh, you big softie. You're my son. If you like the soup, I'll make it every day. No need to be so emotional."

Jason tipped the bowl to drink the last drop of the soup. He set it back on the tray and smiled at her. "The soup was perfect. Thank you, Mom."

Despite his stance on the position of the family head—which angered

Irene—seeing him thank her warmed her. Jason still filled a tender place in her heart.

Irene told herself it wasn't Jason's fault that he wouldn't vie for the throne. Ruben had raised him to be loyal to the family, not to fight for power. That didn't matter. If Jason wouldn't fight, she would fight for him. She would seize everything and hand it to him. Once she put it in his hands, he would have no choice. This dream had lived in her for years. Now, she was determined to make it real.

"Get on with your work. I won't bother you," she said, smiling again.

Jason returned the smile, but as Irene left the room, his smile faded. His eyes showed a deep, quiet sorrow.

Irene missed that sadness. As she walked away, her own smile slipped, and a glint of malice crept into her expression.

Once out of Jason's room, she gave the tray to a servant and hurried back to her room. She locked the door and made sure no one could hear her. Safe inside, she took out her phone and dialed a secret number.

The call connected. A smooth, magnetic male voice came through. "Hello?"

"Mr. Griffiths!" Irene greeted, voice oily with flattery.

Maxine had been right. The man causing trouble behind the scenes was Miguel—the same Miguel who had betrayed the Griffiths family and vanished years ago.

Miguel had grown powerful and dangerous over these past decades, engaging in activities that defy imagination.

"Why call at this hour, Mrs. Evans?" Miguel's voice was calm, as if nothing could surprise him.

Irene's voice trembled. "I must ask—could you really take Cole out this time?"

Miguel's tone shifted with a hint of annoyance. "Do you doubt me?"

"No! Of course not," Irene hurried to reassure him. "I'm just worried about unexpected twists. Last time, you hired the Phantom Mercenaries to



finish Cole, but surprisingly, Death Thorn interfered and ruined your plan. That split my son and me. If it fails again and I'm exposed, my son will hate me forever."

Miguel paused and then replied coolly, "Last time, I didn't expect Death Thorn's interference. But this time, I've prepared thoroughly. Cole will die in Yarnard, and Lilah will accompany him to the grave."

"Wonderful!" Irene breathed.

Miguel's voice returned to business. "Mrs. Evans, don't forget the terms of our cooperation."