

Chapter 700 Jason's Resolve

Now that Irene's carefully constructed mask had finally crumbled away, Jason stopped holding anything back. His eyes locked onto hers through the screen with unwavering intensity. "I want you to explain something to me," he demanded. "Exactly how did that chip end up inside Taylor's brain?"

A violent shudder ran through Irene's entire body. Terror consumed every fiber of her being. She couldn't begin to understand how Jason had managed to see straight through what she believed were flawlessly crafted deceptions. How had he possibly traced the connection between her and the chip that had been controlling Taylor's mind? What would Jason do to her now that the truth was finally out in the open? How could she possibly deal with this?

A million frantic thoughts crashed through her mind like a stampede, but every single one of them was completely useless. Jason was far too intelligent, his perception far too keen. He had systematically destroyed every last fragment of hope she had been desperately clinging to.

Irene pressed her lips together in a tight line, determined not to utter a single word.

Jason's mouth curved into a smile that held no warmth whatsoever. "So you're still planning to keep quiet, Mom?"

When she continued to maintain her stubborn silence, he deliberately tilted his phone's camera downward once again, showing her the deadly chasm that stretched endlessly below his feet. "I understand that everything you've done has been part of your grand plan to make me the family head, a position I had made it clear countless times that I never wanted. But if I were to throw myself off this cliff right now, would all those precious dreams of yours be destroyed along with my broken body?"

"No! Don't you dare jump down!" Irene's voice tore from her throat in a scream of pure panic.

Jason immediately swung the camera back to focus on his own face. His eyes had turned into frozen shards of ice, and his voice carried the



cutting edge of a finely sharpened blade. "If you don't want to lose me, you're going to answer every question I ask you."

Irene's voice came out in broken, trembling fragments. "Jason, please... I gave birth to you! How can you possibly harbor such terrible suspicions about your own mother?"

"The security systems I created for our family are absolutely impenetrable," Jason interrupted her, his words delivered with cold, mathematical certainty. "Not a single outsider could have gotten close enough to Taylor to pull off something like this. You, as my mother, were the only person who had the chance to strike. Suspecting you is the last thing I wanted to do, but I can't argue with the evidence."

Cornered with no possible escape route, Irene finally found herself unable to maintain her web of lies any longer. She forced the admission through clenched teeth like she was spitting out poison. "All right... Yes, I was responsible for putting that chip inside Taylor's brain."

The fear that Jason might actually carry out his threat made her words tumble out in a desperate rush as she explained the entire process of how she had managed to inject the chip into Taylor's head.

She concluded her confession with a desperate plea. "Jason, you have to believe me when I tell you that I was being manipulated by someone else! I did something unforgivable to Taylor, but I swear I never wanted him to die! I never gave him any command to jump off that cliff—that part wasn't my doing at all!"

"That still makes you an accomplice!" Jason's voice exploded across the phone line.

The raw power of Jason's rage hit Irene like a physical blow, leaving her speechless and staring at his image in complete shock. Throughout his entire life, Jason had been the model son—respectful, dutiful, and gentle with her in every interaction. Never once had he spoken to her with such burning contempt. A nauseating mixture of fear and wounded pride churned in her stomach, but she understood that trying to play the mother card now would only make things worse.

Hot tears began gathering in her eyes, though she was far too frightened to let them spill over.

In the past, a few well-timed tears from Irene had always been enough to soften Jason's heart and make him bend to her will. But not this time. This time, his gaze remained as cold and unforgiving as winter steel, filled with nothing but crushing disappointment.

Having successfully cornered her with nowhere left to run, Jason decided to push even harder. "That mysterious man who promised to help you eliminate Cole—what exactly did you offer him in exchange for his assistance?"

Fear had destroyed her ability to construct believable lies. The truth came pouring out of her. "He's searching for a bracelet. He claimed it used to belong to Sophie and that Jarrett is keeping it now. I have absolutely no idea why this piece of jewelry matters to him."

Jason went completely silent, his mind working rapidly to process this new information, before continuing his relentless questioning. "Apart from hiring those Phantom Mercenaries to attack Cole and having that chip implanted in Taylor's brain, what other schemes have you and that man been planning together?"

Irene's head shook back and forth frantically. "There's nothing else, I swear! That's everything we've done!"

Jason offered no response to her desperate denials. Instead, he pulled out a second phone from his pocket and began composing a text message to Cole.

"Cole, I've uncovered something important. That person calling himself 'Michael' claimed to have deep connections within the Griffiths family structure. Chances are, he's one of the Griffiths family, though I can't determine if he's still actively working for the Griffiths family. The crucial detail is that he's after a bracelet that once belonged to Sophie. Jarrett is supposed to have possession of it now, but I still haven't figured out what makes this bracelet so valuable to him."

Cole's response arrived almost instantly. "What's your current location?"

Jason stared at his phone screen for several long moments, his fingers hesitating over the keyboard, before typing out another message and hitting send. "I know my mother has treated you with nothing but cruelty over the years. I can't express how deeply sorry I am for that. If you discover that she's committed crimes that can't be forgiven, I'm begging



you, for my sake, please show her mercy. I'll take full responsibility for every terrible thing she's done."

Without waiting to see if Cole would respond, Jason closed the chat and composed one final text, this one addressed to Ruben.

"Grandpa, I need to apologize for everything. From the time I was six years old, you've poured your heart and soul into training me to become this family's protector. I have completely failed to live up to your expectations. I've disappointed you beyond measure, and I'm not worthy of the trust and guidance you've given me all these years. I can't continue serving in this role any longer. Please find someone with more strength and honor to take my place. Please take good care of yourself."

Jason didn't bother waiting for any reply. With a swift, decisive motion, he flung the phone out into the empty air, watching it disappear into the deadly chasm below.

Then, he turned his attention back to Irene's terrified face on his other phone screen, his expression set like granite and filled with unshakeable resolve.