

Chapter 701 Crazy

Earlier, as Jason bowed his head, thumbs moving swiftly across another phone screen, Irene had watched quietly. But when he suddenly hurled that phone into the abyss, her heart dropped with it. A cold dread wrapped around her.

When Jason raised his head and looked into the screen, the steel in his eyes made Irene stumble back. "Jason... Wh-what do you want to do?"

"Mom." Jason's voice was thick with sorrow, as if it aged him years in a breath. "I wished we could have stayed happy forever. But you ruined that. You blocked my path. I can't be your son anymore."

He exhaled a long, ragged breath. "Take care of yourself once I'm gone. Don't waste tears on me—give all your love to Jeff. Pretend I never existed."

His words cut as sharply as his stare.

Irene's lips quivered as she whispered, "Jason, are you disowning me?"

"You gave me life. My blood is yours. How could I truly cut ties?" His tone was heavy, bleak.

Her mind spun. If not cutting ties, then what was this dreadful finality in his voice?

Jason continued, "No matter how angry or heartbroken I am, I can't change the fact that you are my mother. I owe you a debt I'll never repay. And I could never raise my hand against you." His face twisted with pain. "I know why you did everything—the lies, the schemes. It was all for me. To seize the Evans fortune in my name. That makes me the root of it all. I am the original sin. If I vanish, maybe your obsession will die with me."

Vanish? The word struck Irene like a blow. Her eyes widened as horror sank in. "Jason! Don't you dare! Don't do anything foolish!"

But his gaze only hardened. "The day you sent the Phantom Mercenaries

after Cole, I warned you by using Lanny's death as proof of my resolve. But you brushed it off. Before the concert, I warned you again. I told you if you didn't stop, you'd regret it. Yet, you still carried on. Now Taylor is dead, and his blood is on your hands. What choice have you left me? I swore to protect the Evans family. But you're my mother—I can't harm you. The only way left is to atone for your sins with my own life."

He lifted his head toward the endless sky, drinking in one final glimpse of the world.

Tears blurred Irene's vision as she begged, her voice cracking. "Jason, no! Please, don't! I was wrong! I'll give it all up! Just come back—I can't live without you!"

But Jason stood indifferently, like a statue carved from grief.

The morning light spread across the horizon, streaking the sky with fire.

He gazed at it, calm and distant, as if Irene's desperate sobs were only the wind. At last, he released a deep sigh and looked back at the screen. "Goodbye, Mom."

Then, he leaned forward and surrendered himself to the air. There was no struggle, no fear—just a quiet figure falling into the void.

Irene shattered, her cries ripping the silence. "No! Jason! Come back!"

But it was hopeless. Time could not be undone. She could not reach through the screen to save him.

As Jason plummeted, he clutched the phone, his calm face framed by the camera, forcing her to witness every chilling second.

Then came the sickening crack. The screen went dark. Jason was gone.

A raw howl tore from Irene, wild and broken. Again and again, she screamed, until the house shook with the sound.

The door to her room burst open, and Bertram rushed in first. He found Irene clutching her head, rocking, her voice trapped in endless, wordless shrieks. "Irene! What happened? What's wrong?" He seized her shoulders, but her eyes were vacant, unseeing.

More people poured into the room, their faces etched with confusion and

alarm.

Terrified, Jeff tugged at Bertram's sleeve. "Dad... What's wrong with Mom?"

"I don't know," Bertram muttered, brow creased. "Call the doctor. Now!"

The doctor arrived quickly.

After a brief check, the doctor's face darkened. "She's suffered a severe mental shock. It's broken her mind. There's no telling if she'll ever recover."

"What do you mean?" Bertram demanded.

"To put it simply, she's lost touch with reality."

"You're wrong!" Jeff cried, his voice high with panic. "My mom won't go crazy! She's the one who makes others go crazy! Who could possibly break her?"

A son knew his mother best. His words stung, but no one argued. They had all seen Irene's ruthless strength. If anyone could bring her to this state, it could only be Jason. Yet, Jason had always been the perfect son, obedient and loyal. No one could believe he would ever harm her.