

Hitched 1021

Chapter 1021

Watching those all-too-familiar eyes, Clayton's pupils dilated in shock, his mouth agape!

He couldn't believe his own eyes!

Frozen in place, his excitement made him incoherent, "You... you..."

He saw his Irene!

This was Irene!

Clayton wanted to recognize her immediately but feared the mistake would frighten her!

All he could do was tremble, shivering, trying hard to control his emotions to not lose control, his approach was so cautious it bordered on humility, "Miss, are you... are you..."

Elysia's eyes were red, tears streaming down her face!

This was her father!

The man who had brought her up, who had searched for her tirelessly for over twenty years!

Even though she had no memory of him, seeing him now felt incredibly familiar!

Seeing how careful and cautious he was in front of her, Elysia felt a pang of heartache and pain!

It's said that extremes meet. How strong must his feelings be, to be so nervous and humble upon seeing her?

He must have searched for too many years, faced too many disappointments, the yearning in his heart too intense! That's why at this moment of reunion, he was so cautious, afraid to trust his eyes, afraid to trust his instincts.

His cautiousness hid a father's love and the bitterness of years spent searching for his daughter!

Elysia's heart was heavy with sorrow, feeling not just for Clayton but also for herself.

In front of Tarquin, she was a mature wife.

In front of her children, she was a strong mother.

But in front of her parents, she was just a child.

Seeing her father, she immediately broke down!

The hardships she had endured in her childhood, the suffering she had faced, rushed out from the depths of her heart!

Which child doesn't need the love of their parents?

Which child doesn't cherish the love of their parents?

As a child, whenever she was beaten by Blake Thorne, insulted by Juliet, bullied by Daphne Thorne, she would cry and call out for her parents in her heart.

How she wished her parents would appear by her side, to protect her!

They say children with parents are like jewels, those without are like weeds.

As a child, she was just a weed, helpless, anyone could bully her.

If her parents had been by her side, she surely would have been enveloped in love, and had a carefree childhood...

Elysia looked at Clayton with grievance, her body shaking, her lips trembling.

A word 'Dad' hovered on her lips, but she couldn't utter it.

It wasn't that she was still trying to keep the bigger picture in mind, she was just too excited, temporarily losing her ability to speak.

"Bro! Mommy!" Evan's voice came from afar.

Having waited too long for them to come inside, Evan was a bit worried but didn't dare leave his grandma, so he brought her out to look for them.

He stood in front of the main building, calling out loudly.

Elysia snapped back to reality, regaining some composure.

She quickly wiped her tears and turned to look at Evan.

Pamela sat in a wheelchair, wearing a loose linen dress by Evan's side, curiously looking over here.

Elysia's breath hitched, "!"

From a distance, she couldn't see Pamela's face clearly, but she knew, that was her mother!

Longing to the point of illness, madly searching for her for over twenty years!

Because of madness, she was mistreated for a whole twenty years!

Elysia dared not think about how she had survived these ten thousand days and nights?

The agony of longing and physical pain, how had she endured it all?

Elysia's tears broke free again, her heartache reaching its peak!

Clayton stood not far from her, clutching his heart in turmoil.

He didn't know if Elysia's emotional outburst was because of them or because of Evan?

Seeing her cry, he felt heartache, wanting to comfort her, yet not knowing how.

Chapter 1022

Emmett was a picture of vulnerability, a lost child seeking comfort.

When Elysia began to cry, Emmett's own tears flowed freely. Breaking away from Clayton's embrace, he rushed to his mother's side.

"Mommy, mommy..." he sobbed.

Elysia bent down, pulling Emmett into a tight hug, her body shaking with sobs.

Elliot watched, his eyes brimming with tears, feeling nothing but empathy.

He understood the turmoil in his mother's heart. After being estranged for over two decades, finally seeing her parents yet unable to reveal her true identity must have been agonizing.

According to reliable sources, Elysia held 15% of Hawkins Sea-freight's shares. With her 15% and her father's 40%, they would have a majority at the upcoming shareholders' meeting, ensuring victory.

But with the meeting just three days away, revealing her identity now would only tip off the adversaries, allowing them to regroup and plot anew.

It was a delicate situation. Keeping her identity hidden for a bit longer meant safety for Elysia and a chance for her to be with her mother without looming threats.

Elliot's gaze then shifted to a few servants lurking suspiciously around. They were Helen's minions, pretending to tend to the gardens while actually eavesdropping.

Helen had tried to force Elysia to remove her mask earlier, likely suspecting the resemblance between her and Pamela, eager to unveil Elysia's true face.

But she hadn't succeeded. If Elysia and her parents acknowledged each other now, Helen would know instantly.

Elliot's eyes narrowed. These people, Helen's lackeys, were about to find out who truly ruled the Hawkins household.

But silence didn't mean submission. The hunt was about to begin.

Elysia noticed the servants too, and clenched her teeth in determination.

Wiping her tears, she comforted Emmett, "Mommy's okay, I was just worried about your brother."

She then stood up, holding Emmett, and faced Clayton. With a heavy heart, she removed her mask, revealing a face that, apart from her eyes, bore no resemblance to Pamela's.

For the sake of their plan, Emmett had disguised her earlier. Their resemblance was too striking, too risky.

"Sorry, Mr. Hawkins, we arrived in Oceanopolis this morning and my son went missing. I was so worried, I lost my composure upon seeing him," she explained.

Clayton's heart sank at her words. The resemblance wasn't there.

It was a moment of profound disappointment for him.

"Understandable... understandable," he replied, his voice tinged with bitterness.

Elysia felt his pain and silently vowed:

Just three more days. After the shareholders' meeting, after the villains are exposed, we can be a family again.

Taking a deep breath, she said, "Mr. Hawkins, thank you for saving my son today."

Clayton hurriedly replied, "Don't mention it. I should be the one thanking you. Evan was a great help today. Without him, my wife would still be in distress... Come, let's go inside for a talk."

"Sure," Elysia replied, following Clayton to the main house, her eyes casting one last warning glance at Helen's minions.

Your days of scheming are over. From this moment on, the tables have turned.

Chapter 1023

Evan and Pamela were waiting right at the main entrance of the mansion.

The moment Pamela caught sight of Elysia, she was all eyes on her!

She tilted her head, scrutinizing Elysia from head to toe-one moment in shock, the next furrowing her brows.

"Pamela, this is Evan's mother, Ms. Thorne. Ms. Thorne, meet my wife, Pamela," Clayton introduced.

It was Elysia's first time meeting her mother. Her eyes brimming with tears, her voice choked with emotion, she managed a soft, "Hello."

Pamela didn't respond immediately, still intently studying her, suddenly, her eyes widened,

"Irene! Irene! My Irene!"

Elysia and her brothers, Elliot, Evan, Emmett, were stunned.

Clayton, taken aback for a moment, quickly said, "Pamela, calm down, you're going to scare her."

"Clayton, Irene's back, it's Irene! Our Irene is back!"

Pamela was beside herself with excitement,

"Irene! Irene! It's Mommy here! My Irene! My baby Irene! Clayton... Irene... Oh...my Irene..."

Tears started streaming down Pamela's face, her words tumbling out in a frantic mix of joy and disbelief.

She reached for Clayton with her hands, wrapped in bandages, and then clutched Elysia's arm tightly,

"Irene, where did you go, honey? Mommy searched for you for so long, I combed through the entire pier and still couldn't find you...you...you scared me to death! Why have you only come back now? Mommy missed you every day... Oh, you're finally back..."

Elysia, choked up, let her own tears fall.

Clayton, with red-rimmed eyes, apologized,

"Sorry, Ms. Thorne, my daughter disappeared over twenty years ago. My wife, her heart aching for her child, is a bit out of her senses now. You and Evan bear a striking resemblance to her, that's why she got so worked up seeing you."

Elysia shook her head, "It's okay."

Clayton tried to comfort Pamela,

"Pamela, please, calm down. This is Ms. Thorne, not our daughter."

But Pamela, desperate, insisted, "It is! It is! It's Irene!"

Clayton was about to say more when Elysia stopped him, "Don't upset her further."

Elysia knelt down, tenderly wiping away Pamela's tears, "Don't cry anymore, you're right, I am."

"Irene!"

"Yes, I'm Irene."

Pamela's excitement knew no bounds, turning to Clayton, "Clayton, it's Irene!"

Clayton thought Elysia was just playing along to calm Pamela down, his heart heavy, he nodded, "Yes, it's Irene."

Laughing through her tears, Pamela beamed, "Irene, my Irene..."

Elysia, with a lump in her throat, said, "No more tears, okay? Let's go inside."

"Okay."

Elysia personally wheeled Pamela into the mansion.

Once inside, Pamela was eager to head upstairs.

She led Elysia to the childhood room, pointing out everything from the wall-mounted crayon drawings to the bed sheets and pillowcases.

From the smallest hair tie to the largest chair and cupboard, Pamela wished for Elysia to see it all.

Clayton explained,

"This was my daughter's room when she was little. The crayon drawings were her own, the bed sheets and pillowcases were chosen by mother and daughter together. Even these hair ties and stickers were my daughter's belongings."

Pamela, thrilled, handed Elysia a rag doll,

"Irene, your doll, see, it's still here, your favorite!"

Clayton added, "This was my daughter's favorite doll, she used to sleep with it every night. After our daughter disappeared, my wife cherished it dearly, not letting anyone else touch it."

Elysia, with teary eyes, accepted the doll.

Everything in the room spoke of Pamela and Clayton's love for her.

Touched, Elysia looked at the joyous Pamela and said,

"Thank you, I love it now too."

Chapter 1024

Pamela was over the moon, patting the bed, "Tonight, right here, Mommy will sleep with you."

"Okay."

Clayton watched Pamela's joyful expression, deeply moved.

Elysia said, "Her condition is psychological, and it just so happens I know a bit about psychology. If Mr. Hawkins doesn't mind, I could take a look at her."

Clayton was surprised, "Ms. Thorne knows psychology?!"

Evan and Emmett immediately chimed in, "Our mommy is amazing, she even knows medicine!"

Clayton looked impressed, "Then I'd be grateful if Ms. Thorne could check on her when she has the time."

"Don't mention it. Would now be a good time for me to have a moment alone with her?"

"Of course, I'll be right outside. Just call if you need anything."

"Will do."

Clayton led the children outside, and Elysia quickly started to comfort Pamela, removing the bandages from her hands.

The realization hit her - her mother had been mistreated for so long, and her father was oblivious. The family doctor clearly wasn't doing his job right! They couldn't have properly taken care of her mother's wounds.

Even though Elysia was braced for it, she was still shocked when she unwrapped the bandages!

She trembled as she examined her mother's fingers, then removed the bandages from her legs... Elysia's eyes widened, she gasped for air, and couldn't help but embrace Pamela and cry, "Mom!" She understood traditional medicine; she recognized these injuries!

How could they be so cruel!

They were utterly wicked! Utterly despicable!!!

...

Meanwhile, in the west wing, a servant was reporting to Helen,

"She took off her mask, and she looks nothing like Pamela. It's clear she's not Irene! But that lunatic Pamela insists she is. Mr. Hawkins kept denying it, but she was adamant, nearly causing a scene."

Helen, who had just been crying, her eyes still red, huffed at the news,

"Desperate for a cure, they cling to any semblance of hope. Thinking any lookalike is her daughter!"

Then turning to her confidant, "Have you dug up anything on that family?"

The confidant nodded, "Just a regular family."

"What does her husband do?"

"Unemployed."

Mr. Bradford: Unemployed...

Helen scoffed,

"With no background or assets, and they dare oppose me. They really have a death wish! One son spilled the soup medicine Larry prepared, another called me a shrew, and another called me an old witch! Damn them!

Clayton even scolded me in front of everyone and banned me from the main house, all because of them!

If we don't teach them a lesson, they'll never learn their place!"

Her confidant immediately asked, "What do you have in mind, ma'am?"

A malicious glint passed through Helen's eyes as she whispered a plan, "..."

The confidant exclaimed, "Brilliant plan! Not only will it let us vent our anger, but it will also turn everyone's perception of that lunatic upside down. Who knows, even Mr. Hawkins might start to detest her!"

Helen felt better, "Go set it up. Wait for the right moment."

"Right away."

As the maid left, White, who had been lurking, silently slithered away.

White quietly returned to Evan's side, flicking his tongue in solidarity.

Evan, hearing his mommy's cries, was already upset. But now, his brows furrowed in anger.

The old witch was at it again, before he could even settle the score!

Thinking she could rule over the Hawkins family's backyard?

Wanting to teach them a lesson? Well, she'd get her chance!

Evan wiped away his tears, made up an excuse to Clayton, and took White out with him.

Chapter 1025

In the backyard, Evan and White, had been searching around before they made their way to the west wing of the estate.

Spotting Helen by the lakeside gazebo, Evan gritted his teeth and commanded, "White, go."

White immediately leaped forward, swimming through the bushes into the lake waters.

At that moment, Helen was in the gazebo, attempting to unwind.

However, the online news she stumbled upon only served to fan the flames of her anger instead of calming her nerves.

She had never paid much attention to the online chatter about her and Pamela before. But after Elliot brought it up today, she was curious.

How could strangers claim Pamela was the epitome of grace and kindness?

Bored, Helen decided to do a little digging online.

And what she found was infuriating!

A search for Pamela yielded nothing but glowing praises.

People lauded her for her majestic beauty, calling her a beacon of Eastern charm.

They praised her for her literary elegance, dubbing her Oceanopolis's number one classy beauty.

They reminisced about her youthful radiance and optimism.

They admired her for being dignified and gracious post-marriage, always treating others with kindness.

Some even spoke of the profound maternal love they saw in her, despite the tragedies she faced.

Clayton hailed her as a wonderful wife, the Patel family praised her as a dutiful daughter, and even the old lady from the hills called her the best daughter-in-law in the world!

In essence, she was perfect in every way!

But when Helen searched for her own name, the contrast was stark.

Critics branded her as petty and spiteful.

Accusations of jealousy and an inability to see others succeed followed her.

Insults about her lack of intellect and pretense at being cultured were rampant.

And comments about her lacking in beauty but not in vanity were the icing on the cake.

After much searching, not a single compliment could be found!

Fuming, Helen turned to her confidant, her voice icy, "Why haven't you told me about these comments?!"

Her confidant shared her frustration, "Like you, I hadn't been following these. Had I known, I would've informed you sooner."

Helen clenched her teeth, "This must be the Patel family's doing. They're deliberately tarnishing my reputation!"

Her confidant agreed, brows furrowed, "Absolutely! The Patel family is known for this. They find it too easy to discredit someone online. Haven't you noticed? Pamela's brothers have always detested us. Every encounter ends with them giving us death stares, seeing us as archenemies!"

Helen's jealousy surged anew.

Pamela had it all - her parents' love, her brothers' affection, and even her sisters-in-law treated her well.

The Patel family adored her, and Clayton was unwaveringly loyal!

If only Pamela hadn't insisted on staying in her daughter's room, refusing to return to her parental home, Helen would've had no opportunity to torment her!

In contrast, Helen's own family situation was dismal.

The Murphy family's daughters were merely pawns for profit. Without any potential gain, the Murphy family wouldn't bother with them.

Knowing what was on her mind, her maid flattered, "Madam, don't be upset. What use are online praises and family affection? She lost her daughter and her mind! Her life is nothing compared to yours now. You're high above, and she? She's nothing but a bug in the mud!"

Helen felt slightly better, her resolve hardening, "If I had known the Patel family would dare to treat me this way, I would've made Pamela pay even more dearly! Just wait, the Patel family will have their day of tears!"

Her confidant quickly added, "Pamela has been out of her mind for over twenty years, and the Patel family has been troubled all along. If Pamela were to die, the Patel family would be devastated. Perhaps her parents would die of grief."

Feeling uplifted, Helen inquired, "Is everything for the plan arranged?"

"All set. We just need Pamela to fall into the trap. Oh, and about the Thorne family's three sons, which one should we choose?"

Chapter 1026

Helen pondered for a moment, then made her choice.

"Let's go with the one named Evan! Of all the kids, only he got nabbed by kidnappers, which means he's the easiest to handle. Clearly, the slowest sheep in the flock!"

"Right!" Her confidant immediately got on the phone to make arrangements.

Leaning back in her chair, Helen closed her eyes to relax, feeling a bit peckish. She reached out for a snack, expecting something crisp or perhaps a bit juicy.

But what she touched was unexpectedly squishy.

What on earth?

Opening her eyes, Helen was met with a pair of tiny eyes staring right back at her.

For a brief moment, time stood still. Then, Helen screamed in horror, leaping up from her chair, "Ah!"

A rat, the size of a dinner plate, had somehow made its way onto the fruit tray, scaring the daylights out of her!

The moment she jumped, the rat scurried up her body, squeaking madly.

Helen, disgusted and terrified, stumbled backward, shrieking, "Where did this rat come from? Someone get it!"

The maids, equally grossed out, scrambled around, hesitant to approach.

But the rat had its sights set on Helen, climbing up to her head as she screamed in pure terror.

She slapped at herself, trying to dislodge the rat, to no avail.

Suddenly, a large black cat leaped into the fray, swiping at the rat-

It missed, leaving a deep scratch across Helen's face instead!

A long, painful mark stretched from her cheek to her neck.

Helen was in agony, but before she could react, the cat went at it again, leaving multiple scratch marks.

Caught in a chaotic dance between the cat and the rat, Helen was the unfortunate playground. The rat burrowed into her clothes, with the cat enthusiastically clawing at it through the fabric.

Failing to catch the rat, Helen ended up covered in scratches.

Her face was marred, her body scored with wounds.

Driven to the brink, Helen stumbled and fell into the lake with a splash, the rat and the cat tumbling in after her.

Cats detest water, and this one was no exception. It clung to Helen, its claws sinking deep into her flesh as if she were a lifeline.

Helen was in excruciating pain, crying out for help, "Get off me, you beast! Help, someone, please help..."

Unable to swim, she flailed in the water, screaming.

Suddenly, her eyes widened in pure terror, she shrieked hysterically, "Ah-Help! There's something in the water... Help me!"

The maids, unable to see what was in the water, were now panicking, "Madam! Someone help, the madam has fallen into the water!" Before the bodyguards could react, Evan was there first, holding a litter box at the shore.

"Oh dear, how did you end up in the water? Don't worry, I've got you."

With that, Evan dumped the contents of the litter box-cat litter and cat feces directly onto Helen!

The maids on the shore couldn't bear to watch, all starting to gag.

Anyone who's had a cat knows how foul cat feces can smell.

While the maids were busy gagging, Evan quickly snapped a few photos, choosing the one he liked best to share online. He even crafted a caption:

"High Society Secrets: A certain wealthy lady adores eating cat feces, a peculiar taste shared by her family!"

After posting, he made sure to get in touch with Elijah,

"Elijah, I just put something up online. Can you help me spread it? Let's make sure everyone in Oceanopolis gets a peek."

Chapter 1027

Elijah's lips twitched when he saw the photo and the caption.

Only Evan could come up with such a prank.

He had noticed that Evan had a peculiar fascination with toilet humor, which he had exploited numerous times while dealing with the Hawkins family in Jindale City!

Emmett and Baby seemed equally amused; every time the topic of toilet humor came up, they would burst into laughter, thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Elijah wondered if it was normal for kids their age to find such things interesting...

"Leave it to me."

It only took a flick of Elijah's fingers to get the job done.

Before Helen could dry off from her dip in the pool, the rumor that the Murphy family had a penchant for eating cat poop had spread like wildfire throughout Oceanopolis.

Initially bewildered and then furious, the Murphy family was at a loss for words: "..."

Unable to reach Helen by phone, they called Larry for an explanation.

Rushing to the west wing, Larry was just as confused. He had heard about a giant rat scare that resulted in Helen falling into the water. However, the high-resolution photo circulating online showed Helen in the water, eyes closed, seemingly savoring a piece of cat poop. And investigations confirmed that the photo wasn't doctored-it was real!

This was a difficult situation to navigate!

"I'm on my way to see Helen. I'll have her call the Murphy family back once I find her."

The person on the other end roared,

"She needs to clean up this mess online immediately! The Murphy family is in the culinary business. With this kind of scandal, how are we supposed to continue? Does she want to bankrupt us?!"

A renowned culinary family rumored to indulge in cat poop!

Good Lord, who would dare dine at their restaurant or buy their products now?

Online speculation was wild, with some even questioning if cat poop was a secret ingredient in the Murphy's products!

The Murphy family's rivals seized the moment to heat things up, declaring proudly that cat poop was not a food ingredient and assuring that their own products were free from it.

The Murphy family was on the verge of a breakdown; their website was practically paralyzed by the scandal.

Understanding the gravity of the situation, Larry quickly assured,

"Alright, alright, I'll speak to Helen as soon as I see her."

By the time Larry reached the west wing, Helen had just been pulled out of the water, barely alive.

Evan was there, directing Helen's personal maid,

"Don't just stand there, give her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation! She's drowning!"

The maid, noticing the cat poop still on Helen's lips, instinctively gagged.

Just as she was about to delegate the task, Evan chided,

"You're not disgusted by her mouth, are you? I thought dogs loved that stuff. You're not proving to be a very good dog. Wait till she wakes up; I'll tell her how you felt."

Ah, this maid had not missed an opportunity to torment the grandmother alongside Helen; she couldn't be let off easily!

Fuming, the maid retorted,

"You little brat, calling me a dog? You're asking for it!"

With a flick of his wrist, Evan sent a pebble flying accurately at the maid's knee.

She screamed and fell to her knees.

Evan pointed at Helen,

"If you don't give her mouth-to-mouth now, she'll die."

Considering her future, the maid clenched her teeth and bent down to do it.

The other servants and security guards started retching at the sight!

Even Larry, not far off, couldn't help but vomit into the bushes, throwing up his breakfast!

After cleaning himself up, he hurried over to assist in Helen's rescue.

Helen vomited a lot of dirty water before regaining consciousness, looking utterly miserable.

The west wing was a scene of chaos that day, from Helen to every servant, everyone had their share of vomiting!

The commotion was undeniable!

Not wanting to delay any further with the Murphy family's urgent situation, Larry didn't give Helen any time to recover, blurting out,

"Ma'am, there's trouble. The Murphy family is furious, and they've been calling me non-stop."

He showed Helen the online news on his phone.

The story of the Murphy family's alleged fondness for cat poop had gone viral, sparking widespread discussion and reaching a fever pitch!

Chapter 1028

Helen's eyes nearly popped out of her skull. She pointed at Evan, stammering in disbelief. "You...you..."

That rotten trick, it was this little devil who pulled it off!

Evan chuckled, "No need to thank me. If you really wanna show gratitude, thank your litter box. If it hadn't been for it keeping you afloat, you'd probably have drowned. Once you're better, you really should treat it like a treasure. I'm just curious, though. How's the taste of 'kitty surprise'?"

Helen trembled with rage, turning to her trusted aide with a murderous look. "Kill...kill..."

The aide got the message loud and clear - a death sentence for Evan.

She, too, was seething with anger towards Evan, nodding in agreement.

"Madam, please, calm down. We've caused quite a stir here, and I just got word from the main house. Elysia came looking for her son, and Pamela, not wanting to be separated from her, left the main house with her. Our chance has arrived!"

Helen, grinding her teeth in fury, commanded, "Do it!"

"Right!" The aide signaled to the house's security guards with a meaningful glance, "Kick this brat out!"

Understanding their orders, the guards menacingly moved towards Evan, barking, "Scram!"

Evan knew this was the beginning of their sinister plan. Without resisting, he shoved his hands in his pockets and sauntered off, humming a tune under his breath.

Bring it on, all your dirty tricks. I'm ready for you!

From now on, dealing with you lot is my only agenda!

Nearby, by the riverbank, a rat was still bouncing around in front of White, as if seeking praise.

White ignored it, glancing into the water before slithering towards Evan.

When Larry attempted to escort Helen back to her room, he noticed her knee was bleeding profusely from several bites.

Panicking and unsure how to proceed without worsening the situation, he yelled at the guards, "Call 911, now!"

...

Meanwhile, Helen's goons had taken Evan to a blind spot in the surveillance and after a brief scare, left him there.

No sooner had they left than two burly men jumped over the wall from outside.

Masked and menacing, they charged at Evan with clear intent.

Evan, readying himself for a fight, was taken aback when a shadowy figure darted in front of him!

In the next instant, the two men were down, without even a chance to scream.

Staring in disbelief, Evan recognized the shadowy figure as a scar-faced brute!

Confused, Evan wondered, What's his angle? Helping me?

Despite their shared animosity towards his mentor, and by extension, him, here he was, switching sides?

That didn't add up. Was he trying a softer approach after failing to extract my mentor's whereabouts?

Evan hadn't figured it out when he saw the brute about to deliver a fatal blow and hurried over, "No killing!"

The brute, about to snap their necks, paused, considering Evan's plea,

"Mercy to an enemy is cruelty to oneself!"

"Just incapacitate them, that's enough. Killing them is against the law, my mom said so. We live in a society governed by laws!"

"Such naive views won't get you far!"

Evan furrowed his brow,

"I'm warning you, don't you dare insult my mom! You have no right! My mom is an angel, the best there is!"

Disgusted, the brute let go of his grip.

The two men, scared witless, lay on the ground, checking their necks to make sure they were still intact.

They thought they were just dealing with a kid, but out of nowhere, a brute appeared?

Despite their confidence in their own skills, they were no match for the brute, not even lasting three seconds, without a chance to scream.

Had it not been for the kid's intervention, they'd have been dead by now!

The men looked uneasily at Evan and the brute, "Who...who are you guys?" The brute, with his aloof demeanor, wasn't about to waste words on them.

He stood aside, watching them coldly.

Evan approached them, crouching down to their level.

Chapter 1029

The little guy stared at the two hitmen for a moment, his face contorted in disdain.

"Seriously? You two think you can take me down? Might wanna take a long look in the mirror next time, preferably over a toilet bowl. Your skills are mediocre at best, but I'll give you this: you've got guts, taking on any job that comes your way. Well, looks like you've bitten off more than you can chew this time. You're way out of your league trying to mess with me."

Evan had just finished his rant when his smartwatch buzzed. It was Elliot calling.

He quickly got up to answer it,

"Bro, was just about to call you. Are Grandma and Mom already out of the main house?"

Elliot was following Elysia and Pamela, speaking in a hushed tone,

"Yeah, Mom heard about Helen's mishap, and that you were in the west wing. She's worried sick about you, wants to check on you herself. Grandma insisted on coming along, didn't want to be left behind, so Mom's pushing her wheelchair out here."

"What about Grandpa?"

"Grandpa had just left when he got an urgent call. Said he'd be here later."

Evan snorted, typical!

Helen must've arranged everything ahead of time. As soon as her plan was in motion, she'd find a way to distract Grandpa, keeping him away from any blind spots in the surveillance.

That way, Grandpa would never find out that it wasn't Grandma behind the whole mess!

"Listen, bro, no matter what path you guys are on right now, the maid's definitely leading Grandma into a surveillance blind spot.

Helen, that wicked witch, got a tongue-lashing from Mom and Grandpa today and has cooked up a nasty plan for revenge!

She's arranged for someone to try and take me out, then pin the blame on Grandma. It's a two-for-one deal for her: not only to torment Mom but also to tarnish Grandma's reputation!

I'm in the blind spot right now. Took care of Helen's goons she sent after me. What's our next move?"

Evan was skilled, but not as shrewd as Elliot.

When it came to big moves, it was always Elliot calling the shots.

Big brother was always big brother, and they all listened to him!

Elliot's brow furrowed upon hearing Evan's words. People could be truly monstrous, scarier than any ghost!

She had actually come up with something so vile!

If Evan hadn't been so capable, he might've been history by now!

By luring Grandma into the blind spot, seeing Evan's supposed corpse would definitely rattle her, maybe even making her try to shake him, hoping for a miracle.

Then, the household staff would swarm out, pointing fingers at Grandma, saying she was the one who had done it.

Given Grandma's condition, she wouldn't be able to defend herself. Whatever they said would be taken as truth.

Even with Elliot and Mom as witnesses, the rumor mill would go into overdrive.

A lunatic killing might not be punishable by law, but a lunatic brutally murdering a child would still attract universal condemnation. Grandma's reputation would be in tatters!

After this, no one would remember her as the dignified, well-read lady, gentle and kind to all. Instead, they'd only wish for her swift departure from this world, to stop her from harming the innocent!

Seeing the maid leading Elysia and Pamela towards a certain path, Elliot's frown deepened.

That was the path to the surveillance blind spot!

"Evan, those two hitmen, are they cooperating?"

"They wouldn't dare not to."

"Good, here's what you do..."

After quickly laying out a plan, Evan nodded in agreement, "Got it, I'll do as you say!"

After ending the call, Evan approached the two hitmen again,

"Want to live?"

The hitmen were taken aback, hearing such a question from a kid felt surreal!

Under normal circumstances, they'd have laughed it off. But not now.

After all, they were keenly aware of the influential figure standing right beside the kid, who could easily end their lives.

The two men nodded frantically, "Yes, yes, we want to live!"

"Alright then, call Helen now. Tell her you've succeeded, that I'm dead."

The hitmen were dumbfounded, "What?!"

"If you want to live, do as I say. Otherwise, I'm washing my hands of this, and you can deal with him."

Chapter 1030

Two hitmen gave the boss a simultaneous glance, their bodies shivering in fear. They hurriedly fished out their phones from their pockets.

"But... we don't have Helen's contact," one stammered. "It's always her minions who get in touch with us. What now?"

Evan furrowed his brow, hardly surprised.

That old witch, Helen, had some brains. In the dirty business of murder, she'd never dirty her hands directly. She'd make sure she was squeaky clean.

No matter, chopping off one of her hands would still make her scream.

She thought she could wash her hands off this mess? Not a chance!

"Whoever contacted you, call them back. Make Helen believe I'm already dead. And if you dare slip up, you won't like what I'll do!"

The hitmen nodded frantically and immediately called Helen's personal assistant,

"The job's done. When do we get the rest of our money?"

"Are you sure the kid's dead?" Helen's assistant inquired.

"Absolutely sure."

"Send a video."

"A video? After the deed, we heard some noises nearby and had to climb over the wall to escape. You didn't say anything about a video."

The assistant glanced at Helen before asking, "Was it brutal?"

"Yeah, just like you wanted... we... we sliced him up a hundred times and even cut off his tongue."

Helen, listening in, felt a wave of satisfaction.

Cutting off Evan's tongue was her command, a revenge for the humiliation she suffered from Elysia and her sons!

Helen gave her assistant a look, who then asked,

"Did you gouge out his eyes? Did you slice his nose?"

The hitmen involuntarily glanced at Evan, trembling.

Evan, with a cold glare, thought: Cutting tongues, gouging out eyes, slicing noses... 'Evil' was an understatement for this old witch!

He gestured for the hitmen to reply.

"Yep, gouged the eyes, sliced the nose, and even chopped off his hands and legs—just as you requested. Now, hurry up with the payment; we need to get out of here. And don't think of crossing us."

The assistant frowned, looking back at Helen.

Annoyed, Helen waved her hand, and the assistant quickly assured the hitmen,

"The money will be transferred immediately. Just keep your mouths shut!"

Soon enough, the hitmen received a notification: \$100,000 deposited into their account.

Evan was speechless. "My life is only worth \$100,000??"

"It's... it's \$200,000. They paid \$100,000 upfront."

Evan pursed his lips and rolled his eyes, speechless. Here he was, a genius Evan, valued at just \$200,000?

He turned his attention away from them, looking towards a scar-faced boss,

"Come here, I need a hand!"

At the hospital, Helen felt as if she'd released a huge burden.

As soon as the call ended, she said, "Quick, lure Pamela here!"

"Our men have already guided her there, but... madam, if this happened at the old mansion, will Mr. Hawkins lock down the news?"

Helen frowned.

"He definitely will. That's why we can't give him the chance. Are the reporters still at the door?"

After the scandal of Helen's peculiar dietary preferences came to light, numerous reporters had camped at the Hawkins family's doorstep, eager for a

scoop.

"They're still there, not willing to leave without seeing you."

A sly look crossed Helen's eyes,

"Get a doctor here to check on me. Once I'm done, I'll head back to the Hawkins family to stir up some trouble!"

The doctor arrived and declared Helen's leg wound was from a fish bite.

Helen was frustrated. The fish in that lake were her own, none known for being aggressive. How could one have bitten her?

But she had no time to ponder. After a quick treatment, she rushed back to the Hawkins family, ready to make waves.