

Hitched 451

Chapter 451

Tarquin grumbled to himself, swiftly removing his suit jacket and tie, then taking off his watch and rolling up his sleeves as he entered the kitchen. After expertly tying on an apron and washing his hands, he picked up a knife to finish slicing the potatoes that Elysia had left halfway done. His knife skills were impressive, the rhythmic chopping sounds creating a satisfying beat.

Before Elysia appeared in his life, he often cooked for Elijah, showcasing his ability to excel both in the boardroom and the kitchen.

The rhythmic chopping sound drew Elysia's attention away from her thoughts about the million dollars. She put away her bank card and turned to look towards the kitchen.

Truth be told, seeing someone aproned and busy in the kitchen was undeniably attractive. Standing nearly six foot three, with a straight and commanding posture, his black shirt tucked into his trousers and cinched at the waist by the apron, accentuated his physique perfectly. Broad shoulders, long legs, and a slim waist... definitely a sight for sore eyes.

Whether it was the million dollars or his attractive physique, Elysia found him slightly more bearable now. She approached him, "Need a hand?"

But-

Tarquin didn't even glance her way. "No need."

"Huh?" Elysia didn't catch his drift at first.

He looked up, casting her a cool glance, "You're too precious."

Elysia sensed the sarcasm and was about to retort when he dismissed her, "Off you go, don't be a nuisance!"

Elysia huffed, "Fine, I'll enjoy my free time then," and turned to leave the kitchen, her mind returning to the million dollars she had just acquired. Tarquin soaked the chopped potatoes in water and cracked three eggs into a bowl, whisking them smoothly with a fork. His comment about her being "too precious" was indeed sincere. A cut on his hand would just be a minor inconvenience, but for her, it was a different story. With Elijah always ready to dote on her, she had the luxury to be more delicate. If Elijah found out she got hurt helping him, he'd be beside himself with worry, and Tarquin would never hear the end of it. Thus, he insisted, "No need!"

But still, when Elijah came out for breakfast and noticed Elysia's finger was hurt, he was distressed and threw Tarquin several disapproving looks. Tarquin felt unjustly accused-it was her own doing, not his. But arguing with his son was out of the question, so he could only shoot Elysia a displeased look.

Elysia, enjoying her breakfast immensely, didn't seem to care. Today's meal was particularly to her liking, and she ate with gusto, cheeks puffed out, without a care for her image. Tarquin, watching with a mix of disdain and amusement, thought to himself how carefree she was.

"Mommy, is it good?"

"Mmm, who would've thought your dad could whip up such a delicious meal?"

Tarquin was torn between taking it as a compliment or an insult. Elijah, ever the peacemaker, said, "As long as Mommy likes it, we can have Dad cook every day."

"I'd love that."

Elijah was delighted and served Elysia a large portion, "Eat up, then."

Their interaction was the very picture of familial bliss. Tarquin, on the other hand, bit into his omelet with a sour expression. Even his drink tasted bitter to him. Breakfast ended with two happy diners and one decidedly less so.

Afterwards, Elysia mentioned that Elliot, Evan, and Emmett were off school and proposed taking Elijah to see them at Future Community. Tarquin didn't object. With some unexpected business to attend to, he arranged for them to be driven there. Knowing Elliot and Evan's capabilities, he wasn't worried about Elijah's safety with Elysia. They would surely look after them well.

Once at Future Community, Elysia politely thanked the driver and led Elijah towards the building.

"Elysia!"

Blossom suddenly appeared, bundled up in a thick down jacket and carrying a large bag.

Elysia was surprised, "What are you doing down here? Are you feeling better?"

"Yeah, just came down to throw out some trash and feed the stray cats in the neighborhood. Why are you guys back so early? I thought you wouldn't return until noon. Elliot and the others are still sleeping."

Chapter 452

Blossom bent over and playfully pinched Elijah's cheek, greeting him warmly, "Hey there, little Elijah, how's it going?"

Elijah was quite fond of Blossom. Even when she pinched his cheek, he didn't get mad. Instead, he blushed and responded, "Hi Blossom."

Blossom chuckled at his reaction. She adored Elijah's shy demeanor. His blushing face reminded her of a cool kid at school getting flustered by a flirt, giving her a sense of accomplishment.

Elysia asked her, "Are you coming home with us now, or are you going to continue feeding the stray cats downstairs?"

She knew Blossom was a cat lover but couldn't keep one for various reasons. So, she bought tons of cat food and cans, often coming downstairs to feed the strays.

Blossom replied, "Let's head back together now. I can come down later to feed them."

Just as they went upstairs, Axel appeared next to the trash can.

Wearing a mask and a baseball cap, he checked the trash bag Blossom had just thrown out and frowned.

Finding a secluded spot, he called Tarquin, "There were dead cats in the trash bag she threw out again today, same as the previous ones. Today, there were two."

Tarquin, on his way to the office, furrowed his brows, "Are you sure she's the one who killed them?"

"Not sure, but it's certain she threw them in the bin, and that those two dead cats were definitely killed by the mystery person."

Tarquin was skeptical, "If she was the mystery person, Elliot and Evan would have noticed by now."

"Maybe she's just good at hiding it."

"But the mystery person likes Elysia, he even said he wanted to take Elysia home as his wife. It doesn't sound like Blossom." Axel asked, "Should we probe her?"

Tarquin pondered for a moment, "Go ahead and probe, but be subtle. Since she's linked to those dead cats, there's definitely something up. Even if she's not the mystery person, she must have some connection. Try to probe her and quietly investigate her social circle."

"Got it. Elijah and Ms. Thorne just went upstairs with her, should we find an excuse to separate Elijah from her?"

"Not for now. Elysia's boys are no ordinary kids; they can protect Elijah."

"Understood."

After hanging up, Axel looked towards Blossom's home, pocketed his phone, and walked away, lowering his cap. Meanwhile, Nola had woken up in the hotel. Aileen was there, too.

Nola had no idea how she'd fainted, and even her bodyguard was clueless.

As for the posts she'd made, she thought her account had been hacked and wasn't too concerned for now.

What she cared about most was Elliot and Evan's appearance. She was convinced she hadn't been mistaken!

"Mom, I swear I saw it correctly! You have to believe me! That wretch Elysia has made her sons look exactly like Elijah! She's up to some trickery!" Aileen was skeptical, "Tarquin has seen those kids. If they really look exactly like Elijah, don't you think Tarquin would have reacted?"

"But I, oh! Mom, I swear I'm not wrong! Can't you just believe me for once?!"

Nola was almost in tears. Seeing Aileen silent, she got up to leave.

Aileen quickly stopped her, "Where do you think you're going?!"

Nola, gritting her teeth, "I'm going to confront Elysia and her cursed kids! I'm convinced they're plotting something! This rumor about my pregnancy and getting exposed online must be part of their scheme, I can't let them get away with it!"

Aileen said, "It's right not to let them get away, but we can't act rashly! There are many ways to get revenge, not just by fighting. Besides, they're under Tarquin's protection because of Elijah, how can you touch them?"

"I... So what do we do now? I'm so angry I could die! Waaah, I just want to kill that wretch Elysia and her damned kids. Just thinking about them makes my blood boil!"

Aileen frowned, a fierce look in her eyes, "Don't be impulsive. I'll make the arrangements!"

Chapter 453

In the quaint little town of Everwood, nestled between rolling hills and vibrant greenery, Blossom's phone rang unexpectedly, disrupting the quiet of an otherwise ordinary afternoon. It was from the head of Little Sprouts Preschool, informing her that Nola wished for a private meeting with Elliot, Evan, and Emmett.

The reason? A rumor sparked by Elliot's offhand remark about Nola being "pregnant" had gone viral, and now, Nola wanted to clear the air directly with the boys.

Blossom, known for her close friendship with Elysia, was tasked by the preschool to facilitate this sensitive conversation.

As soon as the call ended, Blossom shared the news with Elysia. Both of them were unaware of Nola's relationships with Elijah and Tarquin.

"No way, did Nola ask the school officials herself?" Elysia inquired, a mix of surprise and concern knitting her brow.

"Yes, since the rumor started there, she reached out to them, hoping they'd connect with you," Blossom explained, her tone underscored with reluctance.

Elysia frowned, her protective instincts kicking in. "Can't I just meet her alone? I worry she might lash out at the boys."

Blossom shook her head, conveying Nola's insistence on meeting the boys. The dilemma was clear: refusing the meeting could not only impact Blossom's standing at work but also potentially jeopardize the boys' schooling. They had managed to get into Little Sprouts through some creative paperwork, after all.

Before Elysia could ponder further, Elliot emerged from his room, instantly sensing the tension. Upon learning of Nola's request, he dismissed his mother's concerns with a carefree grin.

"Let's meet her, Mom. No worries. She just wants to talk, that's all."

But Elliot knew better. Nola's intentions were likely anything but pure, yet he chose not to burden his mother with these suspicions. He also had some things he wanted to discuss with Nola, and this was a good opportunity.

Elysia worried, "I'm afraid she'll take it out on you."

"Mom, Nola is a big star, a public figure. She'll be mindful of her image. Don't worry, I'll talk to her. Where are they suggesting we meet?"

Blossom replied, "At the Slater family home. They want to avoid being seen in public and potentially getting photographed, which could lead to more gossip."

At the mention of the Slater family home, Elliot's demeanor shifted ever so slightly, though he maintained his reassuring smile for his mother's sake. "Mom, agree to the meeting. There's nothing to worry about," he said, helping Elysia feel more at ease.

After much thought, Elysia allowed Blossom to inform the school that they would attend the meeting.

Once back in his room, Elliot quickly gathered his brothers for a strategy session, informing them about Nola's request for a meeting at the Slater family home.

Evan was excited, "What's the wicked witch plotting now? Giving us a chance to get back at her?"

"Evan, no matter what she's planning, meeting her is a good idea. It'll put Mom at ease. Besides, I have some things I'd like to say to her too," Elliot explained.

"But... Nola is impulsive and malicious. She probably woke up furious and wants to confront us. It's not like her to patiently arrange a meeting at home," Elliot continued.

"Does that mean someone else is behind this?" Elijah asked, frowning.

"Nola's mother, Aileen, is known for being cunning and ruthless," Elijah added.

Elliot narrowed his eyes slightly, "No wonder. This doesn't fit Nola's usual behavior. Have you looked into Aileen?"

Elijah nodded, "While searching for Mom, I investigated Nola and ended up looking into Aileen too."

As the day of the meeting drew near, the brothers prepared themselves for whatever lay ahead, united in their resolve to protect their family and uncover the truth behind Nola's sudden interest in a face-to-face encounter.

Chapter 454

Aileen ascended the social ladder by becoming Donovan Slater's mistress, and in the second year of their affair, Donovan's first wife passed away. That same year, while she was pregnant with Nola, Donovan's son from his first marriage died in a tragic accident. But there was no evidence to implicate her in either event."

Elliot frowned, "Evidence or no evidence, it's clear that Aileen is bad news. Nola's scandal has already been suppressed, probably because Aileen pulled some strings behind the scenes. We need to be cautious today, and not let our guard down. Since we don't know their plan, it's safer not to bring mom along..."

Elysia, of course, wanted to go! When your child is in trouble, it's only natural for a parent to step in. But then, Elijah started acting strangely. He wasn't sick, but he sat by the window in silence, just like he used to.

Elijah was faking it to keep Elysia at home. Unaware, Elysia checked on him but found nothing wrong. Still, she couldn't leave him like that. Yet, she wanted to accompany her little ones to the Slater residence, torn between the two.

Blossom said, "Elysia, you stay with Elijah. I'll take Elliot, Evan, and Emmett to the Slaters. I'm their Aunt Blossom, it's just like you going."

Elysia was worried but had no better option, so she reluctantly agreed, leaving her kids in Blossom's care.

So, Blossom set off with Elliot, Evan, and Emmett to the Slaters. Upon reaching the Slater residence, the three kids managed to knock Blossom out. They were worried about Elysia's safety, and naturally, Blossom's too. Blossom was like a mother to them. They cared for Blossom and genuinely liked her.

After making sure Blossom was okay, Emmett quickly took out the makeup kit they had prepared and started disguising Elliot and Evan. Soon, the three kids arrived at the Slaters' mansion. The gatekeeper informed Aileen, and they were let inside.

Nola asked Aileen, "They're here?"

"Yeah, just the kids. No adults."

Nola scowled, "After such a big mess, only the kids are sent over? What is Elysia thinking? Is she taking us lightly, or does she not care about her sons?"

Aileen replied, "Let's not worry about her. Today, we focus on the kids. Stick to the plan and control your temper. Think long-term, not just about getting even."

"I got it, Mom!"

Nola agreed but lost it upon seeing Elliot, Evan, and Emmett, "You...no, no, no! You don't look right! You're not supposed to look like this! What has that Elysia done to you?!"

Huh? Dare insult their mom! Evan wouldn't stand for it, furrowing his brow and firing back, "You're the one who's low! Your whole family is! What, did you eat something nasty? Your mouth reeks!"

"You...Mom, listen to this! This is what Elysia's teaching her brats, no manners at all."

"Of course, we can't expect manners from the Slaters, spewing filth and making a five-year-old want to curse your ancestors!"

Aileen watched Evan with a thinly veiled displeasure, "So young and already so bold. Does your mommy not discipline you?"

"Yeah, she does. But if someone insults us, we hit back! What, you can insult my mom, and we can't respond? It's wrong for kids to curse, but it's right when you do it? What are you, hypocrites?"

Aileen's eyes narrowed slightly at Evan's retort, "Quite the temper for a little one."

Chapter 455

Evan scoffed, "Sure, I can be nice, but why should I pamper you? My mom could give me a beating, and I wouldn't get mad. I'd just worry about her hand hurting. But who do you think you are?"

Nola was furious, "You come into my house and act like you own the place? You really think you're bold, don't you? Believe me, I could make you regret it so fast, you'd wish you were mute!"

Evan narrowed his eyes at her, "I've always thought violence can't solve anything. But it sure can handle those who start it. If you want to go down that road, I won't hold back. Let's see if it's my tongue or your hands that get taken out of the game first!"

"You... Security!"

Nola called for security, aiming to deal with Evan, but Aileen intercepted.

Aileen glared at Nola, "Go cool off. You're too grown to be squabbling with kids."

"Mom!"

Aileen shot her a look that ushered her away.

Turning to the kids, she smiled, "Nola's actually a sweetheart and loves kids. She's just upset about something she saw online, so don't take it personally. All the snacks and toys on the table are for you. Feel free to treat this place like home. Relax."

Elliot inwardly rolled his eyes. Acting, who can't do it?

He chimed in with a smile, "Evan's just being Evan. He tailors his chat to his audience, so don't mind him."

Aileen shot him a look, "Am I not a person?"

Frowning slightly, then shaking it off with a smile, Aileen said, "At my age, I'm not about to start petty fights with kids. Elliot, tell me, has your mom ever... you know, taken you guys for a little cosmetic touch-up?"

"Not at all. Why would we need that? Only someone really insecure would go under the knife."

Aileen, who had her own history with cosmetic procedures, took a moment to sip her iced tea to calm herself, then asked, "Why did you publicly claim Nola was pregnant today?"

Elliot responded, "Her outfit looked a bit puffy, so we just assumed."

"Assumed? So, it was a misunderstanding?"

"Yeah."

"It wasn't something your mom put you up to?"

"Of course not. She didn't even know we were going to the daycare."

Aileen squinted slightly, "Did your mom ever mention Elijah's dad to you?"

"She did. She's been taking care of Elijah, making sure he's fed and clothed."

"Did she ever mention wanting Elijah's dad to be your dad?"

Elliot bit his lip involuntarily, "No, she never said that."

"No? But Elijah's dad is quite the catch. Your mom's not interested?"

"Not interested."

Aileen was half-convinced, "Why not?"

Seizing the moment, Elliot said, "Elijah's dad is great, but we're leaving Jindale City soon. We're not staying long, so there's no chance for them to be together."

That was the message he wanted to send to Nola and her mom.

He hoped to divert their attention. Only by making them believe their mom was leaving, and wouldn't be with Tarquin, could they stop seeing her as a threat.

It was his way of protecting his mom from their harassment and harm.

Sure enough, Aileen was intrigued, "You're leaving Jindale City?"

"Yeah, coming to Jindale City was just for Mom's work, not to settle down." "When are you leaving?"

Chapter 456

"Once Mom wraps up her errands, we're out of here."

"What's she got to do?"

"No clue, but I know for sure we're leaving.

"

Aileen's eyes sparkled with excitement at the news, visibly lifting her spirits.

She pressed on, "Did your mom tell you that herself?"

"Yep."

"Does Elijah's dad know about it?"

"He does."

"But... Elijah needs your mom's care, doesn't he? Will Elijah's dad really let your mom leave?"

Elliot squinted slightly, realizing this old lady was sharper than Nola, hitting right on the mark with her questions.

Elliot responded smoothly, "Of course, he would. Elijah's much better now, he doesn't need my mom to stick around all the time. Plus, if Elijah needs anything after we leave, his dad can just call my mom for advice. There's no need to keep my mom tied down by Elijah's side. We've got our own lives to live."

Aileen nodded in agreement, fully convinced by Elliot's logic. Her curiosity satisfied, just then, the maid burst in, brimming with excitement, "Ma'am, the coral and jade sculpture you ordered has arrived."

Aileen's eyes lit up at the news, clearly delighted with the sculpture. She hurried them, "Bring it in carefully, please. It's a precious piece I've spent a fortune on."

"Right away!"

The maid dashed off to relay the instructions, and Aileen, casting a glance at the kids, said, "We've got a few ponies in the back. If you like, you can go for a ride. I know things have been tough financially for your family, and you've probably never ridden a horse. Since you're here, go have some fun. Don't be shy."

Elliot's eyes flickered with an odd light at her words. Horseback riding? Was this her way of changing the subject after all the questions? How convenient, he thought, his own agenda also complete. It was time to turn the tables.

Led by the staff, Elliot, Evan, and Emmett headed to the stables.

Aileen called Nola, "The kids are off to the stables. You can let off some steam, but remember, no fatalities! And don't be overly harsh on purpose! I've installed cameras there, you know what I mean?"

Nola was thrilled, "I got it, Mom! You mentioned it this morning, installing cameras to cover our tracks. Just in case anything happens to those kids, we can prove it wasn't our doing. Don't worry, Mom, I'm on camera. I know exactly what to do. Don't forget, I'm an actress, the best at putting on a show!"

"Good, I know you've been fuming these past days. Take it out on those brats. But remember, you can hurt them, leave them crippled, but try to spare their lives. If it does lead to a death, even if we avoid legal trouble, it won't look good for your reputation."

"Understood."

After hanging up, Aileen looked disdainfully at the space where the kids had been sitting, calling over a maid, "Change these cushions. Kids from poor families carry a stench of poverty. We don't want it rubbing off on us!"

The maid hurriedly complied, while Aileen muttered, "And keep them far away!"

Just as she finished, a maid escorted several men inside. They carefully carried in a sculpture covered with a red cloth, handling it with utmost care. Aileen's eyes shone with delight, "Be careful, right here."

Meanwhile, at the stables, Nola watched the three kids being led in by the staff, her teeth clenched, a mix of fury, satisfaction, and malice flickering in her eyes.

Chapter 457

The three little ones slowly approached the ranch. Emmett, bundled up in a long down coat that reached his ankles and wearing the fluffy hat Blossom had gifted him, said in his babyish voice, "Wow, their place is huge, and they even have a swimming pool." Evan snorted, "Don't be jealous of them. If you like it, I'll get you a place even bigger than this one someday!" Elliot chimed in, "Over the years, since Nola saved Elijah, the Slaters have been under Tarquin's wing. Ny percent of the Slaters' fortune has been thanks to Elijah." Evan clenched his teeth, "Hmph! They don't deserve it just because Elijah made money. Sooner or later, I'll settle the score with them!" Elliot agreed, "Exactly, we need to settle things properly. Every penny they've swallowed over the years, they'll have to cough up. Not a cent less!" If Nola had been honest and straightforward, it would be one thing. But they even thought about harming our mom, so they can't blame us for not being polite! Because of the money Elijah made, they must give it all back, even the principal! "Elliot, Evan, and Emmett, come here." Nola saw them enter the ranch and immediately switched her demeanor, greeting them warmly. Emmett was still afraid of her, blinking his small eyes timidly. Evan squeezed his little hand reassuringly, "Don't worry, Emmett. We've got your back!" Then he asked, "What's up with this wicked lady now, acting all nice?" Elliot mentioned, "There must be surveillance in the ranch. She's just putting on a show. Be careful with what you say later, Evan." "Acting in her own home, she must not be afraid of getting tired. Don't worry, brother, acting? I can outperform her." Muttering among themselves, the three little ones made their way to Nola. Nola was very enthusiastic, "I wasn't very nice to you guys before, and I want to apologize. Don't be upset or nervous. To show my sincerity, I've arranged for some ponies for you to play with. Do you like them?" The three little ones turned to look at the ponies Nola was talking about. Indeed, they were young ponies, small in stature with glossy coats, both cute and beautiful, showing no signs of aggression. Evan's eyes lit up, unable to resist running over to take a closer look. Evan loved animals. After mastering skills from a mentor in the mountains and being unable to find a worthy opponent, he started

practicing on the wild beasts of the forest. He would casually stroll into tiger dens or pick fights with lions. Sure, he fought, but the kid wasn't exactly honorable, often resorting to sneak attacks! He'd always claim it was a fair fight, but whenever he lost, he'd cry so loud you couldn't console him! And after a loss, all the beasts in the forest knew they wouldn't have a moment's peace for a long while! As a result, Evan had a bit of a reputation among the forest's beasts for being a sore loser. But, having spent so much time with animals, he saw them as friends, as brothers! Evan walked up to a pony, tiptoed to stroke its head, and the pony gently swished its tail in response. White was coiled around Evan's wrist at that moment. Initially tasked with protecting Elysia, White immediately stuck by Evan's side upon her return home. White loved sticking to Evan; their bond was incredibly strong. White's calm demeanor indicated the ponies were safe, posing no danger. Evan turned to Elliot, "Come on, bring Emmett over. Let's ride the ponies together." Knowing the ponies were safe, Elliot led Emmett over.

Chapter 458

Nola watched as the three kids took the bait, a smirk flickering at the corner of her mouth. She approached them, feigning concern, and said, "Remember, safety first. Put on your gear before riding. It's all fun and games until someone falls off."

She signaled the servants to help the trio into their riding gear, then turned to address the maid, "Is everything set up as I instructed?" "Yes, but miss, isn't this a bit dangerous? Could someone get hurt?" the maid responded nervously.

Nola's brow furrowed, "Any trouble caused isn't yours to worry about, so keep it shut!"

"But... what if something goes wrong? Our horses could get hurt too..." the maid protested.

"Enough! They're just animals. If they die, they die! Say another word, and I'll cut your tongue out!" Nola snapped.

Terrified, the maid clamped her mouth shut, not daring to speak further.

Soon, the kids were all geared up and ready. Nola, playing the part of a caring big sister, helped them onto their horses and even assigned a few men on tall, strong horses to escort them.

The ponies led the way, with the protective horses flanking them. As they started, everything seemed normal. However, the horse assigned to protect Emmett, named White, suddenly opened its eyes wide. It reared, displaying a red flash as if it were a snake's tongue.

In the next moment, a large black horse neighed and charged towards Emmett. The rider, sensing danger, shouted in alarm, but the black horse ignored him, throwing him off its back with a powerful buck. Mad with panic, it charged straight for the pony Emmett was on. The pony, terrified, dashed forward, nearly throwing Emmett off.

Emmett, frightened, began to cry, "Brother, brother!"

Evan's brow furrowed, "So, the wicked witch begins her play. Good, I've been waiting for this!"

"White!" Evan called out. White, as if understanding, lunged at the black horse! Just as it was about to collide with Emmett, the black horse fell to the ground with a thud, motionless after a few twitches.

Seizing the moment, Evan intercepted White, and Elliot was already there, quickly lifting Emmett off the pony. Clutching Elliot's neck, Emmett sobbed, "Brother, brother, sob sob..."

"It's okay, I'm here. Don't be afraid," Elliot comforted.

Still atop his horse, Evan looked at the tearful Emmett with heartache, "Brother, take Emmett out of here. White will protect you. I'm going to make them pay for scaring Emmett!"

Elliot frowned, "This must be Nola's doing, aiming to use these grown horses to hurt us. No doubt she's tampered with these few horses in the stable. Be careful."

"I know! Emmett, don't cry. Wait for me, I'll make things right!" Evan reassured.

No sooner had Evan spoken, another tall horse charged at them. With a fierce look, Evan leapt onto its back, hugging its mane tightly as he spurred it away.

Emmett, still frightened, whispered, "Evan, Evan..."

Elliot comforted him, "Don't worry. We've faced wild beasts in the forest and came out fine. These mad horses are nothing."

As Elliot finished, White climbed onto Emmett's shoulder. Elliot softly said to White, "White, thanks for saving Emmett. You'll get an extra treat tonight."

White flicked its red tongue at Elliot, settling on Emmett's shoulder, their little guardian.

Chapter 459

From a distance, Nola watched in fury as the mighty horse collapsed to the ground and Emmett, the saved boy, lay beside it. Grinding her teeth, she spat out,

"What the hell happened? Why did that horse just keel over?!"

"I... I don't know, everything was set up perfectly. Could it be the dose of the sedative was too strong?"

"Idiot!"

Nola cursed, her gaze then shifting to Evan, who was now running wildly around the stable. She let out a cold laugh,

"Let that little brat live if he must, but make sure this one ends up dead! This kid deserves it more than anyone!"

"Don't worry, miss. With such a small kid on a big horse like that, he's bound to fall off. If the fall doesn't kill him, the hooves will. And if by some miracle he survives that, he'll be nothing but a cripple!"

Nola's eyes gleamed with malice,

"I'd rather he doesn't die too quickly. Dying fast would be too kind. I hope the horse tortures him to death! ...What? What is he doing now? Why is he running into the stable?!"

Before Nola could comprehend the situation, Evan emerged from the stable riding the big horse, leading a stampede of other horses out with him! Evan in the lead, the herd of horses charged out of the stable in a mighty rush.

Nola was stunned, "What?!"

What on earth were they planning?

A stampede like that could demolish her family's estate!

Realizing the gravity of the situation, Nola shouted desperately, "Stop him! Someone stop him!"

But the Slater family's security guards and servants, trembling in fear, weren't about to intervene. A single kick from one of those towering beasts could be fatal, especially with some of them hopped up on stimulants!

Despite Nola's cries, not a single Slater family staff member dared to step forward, each of them dodging hastily to avoid being trampled!

Evan, riding the lead black horse, stormed into the backyard first.

The backyard, home to chickens, ducks, geese, and even pigs, all raised for the Slater family's consumption, was his next target.

Evan broke through the fence, releasing them all and herding them toward the main building.

Inside, Aileen was admiring her latest acquisition, a piece of coral jade.

This was a treasure she had won at a major auction in King City, for a whopping half a billion dollars!

Half a billion!

The thought alone was painful.

But to Aileen, it was worth every penny.

Jewelry like this represented not just wealth but status as well.

This piece of coral jade had become famous among the circle of wealthy wives.

The moment its picture was released, it had caught the attention of all the high-society ladies, each of them eager to possess it.

In the end, it was Aileen who secured it with her half-billion-dollar bid!

Remembering the envious glares from the other wives, Aileen couldn't help but burst into laughter,

"Call me a homewrecker all you want, look down on me all you like. Still, you'll watch me with envy and jealousy!

I am Mrs. Slater, the mother of Tarquin's benefactor! My status and wealth are beyond your reach! Everything you desire ends up in my hands! Ha!"

Aileen's rise as the other woman was no secret among the elite, and the legitimate wives detested her the most.

They looked down on Aileen, the homewrecker, and refused to associate with her.

This angered Aileen greatly!

Fortunately, the protection and high status provided by the Slater family restored her dignity.

As Aileen was laughing heartily, a rooster suddenly flew in, its wings flapping wildly.

Aileen was taken aback.

Before she could react, the rooster landed on her head, clinging to her scalp as if it had found a lifeline, crowing in panic.

The scent of chicken droppings hit her, and her eyes nearly popped out of her skull!

Chapter 460

"Beast! Get out!" Reflexively, she swung her hand to shoo the rooster away, but the more she tried, the tighter it clung onto her. Aileen's face twisted in pain as she yelled at the servants, "Someone! How could you let this happen in the backyard, letting chickens get into the main house! Useless! All of you, utterly useless! Someone get here!"

As soon as her voice faded, a whole bunch rushed in!

Not a single person, though. What stormed in were chickens, ducks, geese, and pigs that were kept in the backyard.

A massive 400-pound pig, in a frenzy, ran amok and sent Aileen flying.

Aileen crashed into the wall and then thudded heavily onto the floor.

The next second-

Evan charged into the living room on his horse, followed by an equally imposing entourage.

And then...

Crash!

Boom-

Crackle!

Amidst the terrified squawks and quacks, the room was left with nothing but the sound of things breaking apart.

The newly purchased coral sculpture? Shattered!

The famed paintings hanging on the wall? Ruined!

The antique figurines in the display cab? Completely destroyed!

The room was a total mess, filled with the stench of animal droppings...

After Evan and his troop grandly exited, the once luxurious living room had turned into a dump.

Aileen, her hair a tangled mess from the rooster, slumped in a corner watching the chaos unfold, "Ah-"
With a scream, she fainted.

And, unluckily, landed in a pile of pig manure.

Evan's brigade wreaked havoc not just in the main house but also in the west wing where Nola lived.

Nola's carefully tended, expensive flowers were uprooted by the pigs!

Nola's favorite portraits were trampled by horse hooves!

Nola's collection of limited-edition perfumes and lipsticks, kicked and scattered by a young colt... The display shelf knocked over, its contents shattered on the floor!

Not to mention Nola's bags, shoes, and clothes... none were spared.

They were like bandits, leaving nothing behind.

Even Nola's princess bed became a gathering spot for the chickens, ducks, and geese.

The whole Slater family was in chaos!

Such a spectacle!

Nola rushed back to her room, facing the dire scene, her vision darkened, nearly fainting if not for the maid's timely support.

Nola cried out, "Call the police! Call the police! Let them arrest these rascals! Waaaah... They did this on purpose! I want them to pay! I want their lives as compensation! Waaaah..."

Hearing Nola's heart-wrenching cries, Evan stuck out his tongue, "Serve her right for messing with me!"

The little guy, perched on his horse, was in high spirits, his fighting spirit soaring.

Today was indeed sweet revenge.

Just as he was about to command his 'little buddies' to flatten the Slater family, a tall figure suddenly lunged towards him.

Before Evan could react, he was swept off his horse.

The man held him securely, landing a few meters away.

Evan, with wide eyes, took a serious look and his face immediately darkened, both surprised and displeased.

It was none other than Tarquin!

Why was he here?

Evan didn't like him, scowling as he struggled, "Let me go, don't hold me!"

"Don't worry, you're safe now," Tarquin said softly.

Safe? He was always safe, okay?!

Just as Evan was about to argue back, Tarquin suddenly turned angrily to Lowell, saying, "Find out what's wrong with these horses, why they suddenly went mad?! Take control of everyone in the stables, interrogate them one by one.

Bring Donovan and Nola over too, investigate in their presence, question them in front of them!

I want to see if these horses went mad on their own, or if someone intentionally made them do it!"

