

Chapter 252

When Autumn learned that Ginny's condition had worsened because of this bunch of idiots riling her up, her heart gradually calmed.

After struggling on the edge of death again and again, she realized more than ever that in the face of life itself, everything else was nothing but smoke and mirrors.

But when someone handed her their face to be slapped, it felt wasteful not to, so she shifted her strategy.

Instead of arguing with people who never believed her, she spoke in the calmest tone possible—saying words sharp enough to kill without consequence.

This way, she was no longer the one getting angry—it was them.

Since Ginny was sick, she would need to come back to the Lewis family often.

If she didn't sharpen her edge, these people really would drive her to death, and that wasn't worth it.

So, she chose to only “understand” certain things—anything unfavorable to her, she pretended not to hear.

Sure enough, Hector's face turned dark after hearing her words.

He jabbed a finger at her and demanded, “Autumn, is this how you speak to us? We're your closest family. Is this the attitude you take toward your own blood?”

“I think you've been out in the world too long. You don't even know

where you belong anymore—you can't even tell who's on your side, can you?"

He felt her skill at provoking people had reached a new level. Before, she'd hurt the enemy a thousand and herself eight hundred.

Now she spoke calmly, maddening them while she remained untouched, perfectly composed.

Autumn chuckled softly, coolly prying his finger away. "What? You can do rotten things, but I can't call you out? If I recall, some of you were barking the loudest just moments ago.

"And now, only a few minutes later, you've forgotten? So, I'm supposed to sit there while you slander me, but I'm not allowed to fight back?

"As for family—Grandma was just discharged today. You've been here over ten minutes already, has anyone bothered to ask her how she feels? What's the matter? Is she not your grandmother too?"

Her lips curled into a cold smile. "Luna catches a little cold, and all of you rush to fuss over her. But did any of you even remember that Grandma was lying in the hospital too?

"Even if just one of you had spared the time to bring her home today, I would've let this slide. But did you?

"Grandma worked herself to the bone for this family for decades. Did you ever care about her? Do you even know the truth of her condition?"

At the mention of Ginny, her voice began to tremble, and her eyes flushed red.

These damn fools weren't worthy of being called sons or grandsons.

Ginny was so ill, yet the whole family acted blind, as if they couldn't see a thing.

But when it came to Luna catching a mere cold, they panicked, rushing in droves to take care of her.

She wanted to say—wasn't the room already suffocating with so many of them crammed inside? Did they really think this was how normal people acted?

When Autumn recalled Irene sighing about Ginny's illness, she wanted nothing more than to tear these idiots apart.

But she couldn't let anger rule her. If she lashed out recklessly, they wouldn't be the ones destroyed—she would. That would be a loss not worth taking.

After all, she was the one sick. How could she possibly compete with these healthy people?

Richard stepped up to her, sighing. "Autumn, so this is all because we didn't keep Mom company? It's fine, we'll go see her later.

"She won't blame us. After all, she still has Irene and the nurse looking after her. You don't need to make a scene here, alright?"

This daughter of his truly gave him a headache. 1

She was never at peace, always stirring up storms every time she came home.