

Chapter 253

Though he didn't like this version of Autumn, at the end of the day she was still his daughter, and he didn't want things to get too ugly.

Even if she had made mistakes, they weren't beyond forgiveness. Over the years, he had neglected her too much, and he knew he bore plenty of blame.

Autumn gave a cold laugh. "A nurse? Then when you're old and sick, let your children go take care of someone else and just hire you a nurse. I hope by then you'll be just as understanding.

"After all, the way water runs off the roof never changes—how you treat Grandma now is exactly how the next generation will treat you.

"Don't you think I'm right, Mr. Lewis?"

These people were so sickeningly hypocritical.

She couldn't fathom what kind of poison Susan and her daughter had fed them to make them forget even the most basic duty of family.

Susan came forward then, her eyes red as she looked at Autumn.

"Autumn, say whatever you want about me and Luna—we're not your blood. But you shouldn't say such things about your father and brothers. 

"They're your family, your own flesh and blood. How could you speak of them that way?

"I know you don't like me and Luna, so maybe you hold some bias against them too. But they truly love you, they really do. You shouldn't break their hearts like this."

Inwardly, she sneered.

Ginny's health was failing fast, and she probably wouldn't last much longer.

Honestly, Susan hoped she'd die sooner rather than later.

That old hag never liked her or Luna, forcing her to tiptoe around every day in this house. The sooner she was gone, the sooner they'd be free.

Best of all, if Ginny left a will before she went, then everything—her shares—would go straight to Luna. 

She'd heard long ago that the shares would only pass to granddaughters, never to grandsons.

And the Lewis family had already said it themselves—once Ginny died, those shares would belong to Luna.

She didn't know exactly how much stock Ginny held, but something was better than nothing.

Over the years, she had learned one hard truth: the only security came from what she held in her own hands. Rely on others, and sooner or later, they'd let her down.

At that moment, Hector also stepped forward, his voice harsh.

"Autumn, you're getting more and more out of line—shouting at everyone like this. Do you think we're just letting you walk all over us?"

"We only didn't visit Grandma because we were taking care of Luna. Was that really worth you scolding Dad like this?"

"A person like you, with no respect for your elders and no manners, has no right to talk about filial piety. Don't you dare insult that word."

He never expected Autumn to attack indiscriminately, even dragging their father into it.

For her to say something so outrageous—it was as if she'd thrown her upbringing to the dogs.

Thinking of her behavior, he wanted to put her in her place. But he wasn't her match. When she lost control, she could be terrifying, so all he could do was think about it.

Then Simon, who had been silent until now, finally spoke. "Autumn, hurry up and apologize to Dad and Susan."

He had seen everything just now. Yes, they had made mistakes too, but Autumn was still the younger one.

Showing disrespect to elders was no small matter. How could she go on about filial duty while openly defying her seniors?

It was a joke.

Autumn's gaze turned icy as she looked at Simon. "Trying to guilt-trip me with morality again? Too bad mine was eaten by the dogs long ago. I don't have any left—so there's nothing for you to use against me."