

Chapter 257

"As for the shares in your hands, how could I ever dare covet them? Mom, even if you don't like me and Luna, you can't accuse us like this!"

Even though Ginny had spoken the truth, Susan would never admit it. If anyone caught wind of their scheme, she and her daughter would be finished.

Luna wasn't married to Julian yet, and they still needed the dowry the family had promised. She had to endure a little longer. 2

Once Luna got Ginny's shares and carried her dowry into the Carter family, then Susan could finally rip away the mask and show her true color.

But for now, with nothing in hand, she couldn't afford to burn the bridge too soon, or everything they had done would be wasted. 1

Watching Susan cry, Richard felt only disdain. Every time trouble came, all she did was cry—it was maddening.

Still, despite his thoughts, he stepped forward to cover for her. "Mom, Susan didn't mean it like that. You know she gave up her job to take care of this family. How could she be as you say?"

"You've just been discharged, you can't let yourself get so worked up. Please, go back and rest." 1

Ginny's cold stare landed on Richard just as Irene brought her the cane. Taking it, she swung it hard against his leg.

Pain shot through him, and he instinctively stumbled back two steps—an action that only enraged her further.

"You still dare to dodge?" Ginny shoved her wheelchair forward, striking him again and again with the cane.

Each blow came with a furious scolding.

"I should beat you to death, you ungrateful son. To you, another person's daughter is more precious than your own mother.

"You knew I was being discharged today—why didn't you come help me with the paperwork?

"Not even a word to ask how my health was, yet that woman's daughter is suddenly more important than the woman who gave you life?

"Back then, if we hadn't been too poor, if we hadn't needed money for your schooling, why would I ever have married off your sister just to collect a dowry?"

The more she spoke, the angrier she grew, each strike heavier than the last.

"If you hadn't knelt and begged us to help you, why would your uncle have cut ties with us over your sister's fate?

"We sacrificed so much for you. And when your sister and her child died together, I regretted my decision every single day, but it was too late. 1

"And now you've made something of yourself, and you think you can forget your own mother? I'll beat the ingrate out of you if I have to!"

All the years of bitterness and regret she had carried in her chest came pouring out in that moment.

As she spoke of the past, Ginny's eyes turned bloodshot, tears streaming

down without pause. She truly regretted it all, but what use was regret now?

Her second son would never come back, and the third would never forgive her. She had shattered that bond of family with her own hands.

Her breathing grew more erratic, and even the strength behind her blows weakened.

Autumn rushed forward, pulling the cane from her grip. "Grandma, stop, please. Your health matters most. Don't make yourself sicker over people and things that aren't worth it."

She gently rubbed her back, helping her catch her breath, softly soothing her. Irene hurried over with the medicine.

After taking it, Ginny finally eased a little.

Just then, Hector suddenly barked at Autumn again. "Autumn, you got Dad beaten—don't you feel the slightest bit of guilt?"



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