

Chapter 259

With Ginny backing her, Autumn finally had the courage she'd been waiting for. She had wanted to do this for a long time but never had the chance.

This time, she would unleash every ounce of grievance and anger she had buried inside. But on the third strike, Hector grabbed hold of the cane in her hands.

Grinding his teeth, he hissed, "Autumn, try hitting me again. Do you want to be cast out of this family? How dare you raise a hand against me."

He thought Ginny's words were nothing but an angry outburst, certain Autumn wouldn't actually dare. But he had miscalculated.

Autumn yanked the cane free, her eyes cold as she stared at him. "What's wrong? Now you're afraid? Where's all that arrogance you had when you were cursing me just moments ago?"

"If I remember right, every time I come back, you're always the loudest. If I don't hit you, who should I hit?"

"If you've got complaints, take them to Grandma. Talking to me won't help. Got it?"

With that, she swung again, the cane striking Hector hard, again and again, each blow full of force.

Her mind flashed back to the day her mother died—waiting and hoping, yet never seeing her sons come through the door.

They had been with the mistress and her daughter, ignoring calls, ignoring messages, vanishing as if they no longer existed.

And for the past three years of memorials, the same thing happened—they spent those days with the mistress and her child instead.

The resentment in her chest surged to its peak, and the cane only came down harder.

Simon tried to step forward and stop her, but Autumn caught sight of him and swung, leaving him stunned.

"Autumn, how dare you hit me too, are you trying to—"

Another blow cut him off mid-sentence, so heavy it made his brows knit tight.

Autumn let out a sharp laugh. "You deserve it too. When Mom died, none of you were there. Do you even know how much she suffered?"

"Even in the three years since, you've never come for her memorial. And you dared to say the dead don't matter compared to the living.

"For the sake of a mistress who destroyed our family, and the daughter she bore, you humiliated your own sister. Tell me, how is that not worth a beating?"

Her eyes burned red, her voice catching in her throat before she pressed on.

"You think your actions are so noble, don't you? I had no intention of dragging this out, but you're the ones who've cornered me over and over again.

"I only came back to see Grandma, yet you insisted on dragging me through the mud—these are my so-called good brothers!

"Fooled and led around by that woman and her daughter, too stupid to even realize it. One day, you'll be on your knees at Mom's grave, begging for her forgiveness."

With those words shouted, Autumn hurled the cane aside.

The weight in her chest—the anger and the hurt—finally poured out, leaving her feeling lighter.

Hector and Simon, beaten and disheveled, were still reeling when Susan finally seemed to snap back to her senses.

She rushed over to check their injuries, eyes red as she turned on Autumn.

"Autumn, how could you strike your own brothers like this? They've always loved you most. How can you be so heartless?"

"I know you're full of resentment and anger, but you could have taken it out on me. Why hurt your brothers? They're innocent."

"You can't just lash out blindly, hitting people without distinction. It's not fair to them."



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