

Chapter 260

Today Autumn truly seemed mad—she had actually dared to strike both of the Lewis brothers.

Didn't she fear the family would ban her from ever setting foot in the house again?

But then Susan thought better of it.

If Autumn never returned, that would be even better.

It would mean all of Ginny's shares would fall to Luna, with no one left to fight them for it. The very idea made her pulse quicken with excitement. 1

The next second, Autumn bent to pick up the cane from the floor and gave it a sharp swing in Susan's direction.

Susan's neck shrank back at once, her whole body trembling.

Autumn's gaze was ice-cold. "Well, well. If you hadn't stepped up, I might have forgotten you in all this. Funny, when they were being beaten you kept quiet, but now you suddenly find your voice.

"Those were your words, weren't they? That I should take my anger out on you. If I let you off now, wouldn't that make me ungrateful for your offer?

"So yes, you deserve a beating too. My mother treated you so well, and you repaid her by climbing into my father's bed behind her back. That's how you showed gratitude for her kindness?"

With that, Autumn's cane came down hard across Susan.

"You ungrateful, backstabbing mistress. You robbed my mother of her dignity, kept her from seeing her sons one last time before she died.

"You and your daughter weren't content with destroying her life—you tried to take mine too. But you never imagined I'd live to see the day I could fight back, did you?"

Her mind flashed to the day of the divorce, when that mother and daughter marched into the house with smug, false smiles.

And then to the last three anniversaries of her mother's death, when they repeated the same shameless tricks again and again.

The thought of it made Autumn's hatred boil over, her arm swinging harder and harder.

Stars burst in Susan's vision. Dizzy and reeling, her eyes rolled back and she collapsed into unconsciousness.

Richard hurried forward, lifting her into his arms.

He gave Autumn a bitter, accusing look. "Autumn, now you've beaten the whole family. Are you satisfied?"

Without waiting for an answer, he carried Susan out toward the hospital, not sparing Autumn so much as a glance.

To him, her response no longer mattered at all. Nor did he spare a word for Ginny's frail condition.

Hector and Simon also slunk away to tend their wounds.

Ginny gently took Autumn's reddened hands, rubbing them as she asked with concern, "Autumn, does your hand hurt? Should Irene bring some

ointment for you?"

Autumn shook her head, crouching down so she was eye level with Ginny.

"I'm fine, Grandma. What matters is that you rest and take care of yourself. I'll come by often to see you."

Now that she knew Ginny's health wasn't good, she was determined to visit more often.

Her grandmother's greatest wish was to see her happy with the man she loved.

Autumn thought she'd find the right time to ask Keith if he could come meet Ginny—just the three of them sharing a meal, enough for Ginny to see him with her own eyes.

Ginny squeezed her hand. "Good. I know you're devoted. Next time they give you trouble, just tell me. I'll make it right for you."

All these years, no matter what Autumn endured, Ginny had seen it and felt it in her heart.

If the family hadn't gone so far this time, she never would have asked Autumn to strike them.

She knew her granddaughter carried years of bottled-up anger, and she hoped this release could free her of it. It would be better for her health.

Her Autumn deserved the best the world could offer. How could she ever be the worthless girl they saw her as?