

Chapter 573 Gifts

Once Jason walked away, Irene stayed frozen in place, too stunned to speak. Several long seconds passed before she finally shook herself out of the daze. Not until Jason's car disappeared from view did a slow, self-satisfied smile form on her lips.

Jason had claimed he'd removed his mask for Death Thorn. To Irene, that could only signal progress between them. What other reason could there be for revealing his face unless he intended to see Death Thorn in person right away?

The idea sent a wave of satisfaction rushing through Irene.

Cole's behavior of late had been baffling—forgetting Elliana entirely right before her death, then, just as Irene was fuming over his engagement to the Campbell daughter, news broke that he and Eva had already fallen out.

While Eva had never truly been welcomed by the Campbell family, a falling out still meant the last thread of any marriage alliance between Eva and Cole had been cut.

Irene smirked as she surmised that Cole's prospects for securing a powerful match were in shambles, but Jason's path seemed far brighter. He stood at the threshold of marrying Death Thorn.

Once Death Thorn became part of the family, Irene was certain she and Death Thorn could align their efforts to drive Cole out. Removing Cole would clear the way for Jason to claim the position of Evans family head without resistance.

The more Irene envisioned it, the greater her delight. Her thoughts turned to how she could charm Death Thorn into seeing her as the ideal mother-in-law, and from there, how the two of them could work together to "shape" Jason into the perfect successor.

When Irene reentered the living room, she carried herself with her usual arrogant presence. She swept a cold, imperious glance over the others

before making her way up the stairs, humming a cheerful tune under her breath.

Bertram's brow creased as he followed her retreat with his eyes. Whatever plan she had formed, he was still in the dark.

The rest exchanged wary looks. Irene had rushed out earlier with anxiety written across her face, yet a short talk with Jason had brought her back brimming with smug confidence. The shift was unsettling. What could Jason have told her?

For a brief moment, the mood in the room grew thick and uneasy.

After Irene disappeared upstairs, Taylor rose from his seat and left the estate.

Given his erratic work schedule, no one questioned it, assuming his agent had called with yet another demand on his time.

The reality, however, was nothing like that.

Taylor had a nagging sense that something about Jason was off, and his instincts kept linking this oddness to Lilah. Acting on impulse, he slid into his car and began following Jason.

Having just wrapped a film shoot overseas, Taylor had no upcoming projects or set schedules. Restless and craving a bit of thrill, he decided that shadowing Jason to uncover his secrets might be the most entertaining way to pass the time.

Not long after Taylor left, Jeff rushed out of the estate as well—his target was Darling. Earlier at four o'clock, Darling had been playing with him without a care, only to suddenly dart away from the house and refuse to return despite his repeated calls.

Afraid the cat might end up a stray again or meet some other misfortune, Jeff had sprinted after it. The chase dragged them farther and farther from the estate grounds.

Darling kept racing ahead, seemingly tireless, while Jeff struggled to match its pace. By the time Jason reached the estate gates, he was doubled over and gasping, every bit of energy drained.

Just as the cat was about to vanish from sight, Jeff stamped his foot in



frustration. His expression twisted with worry, and tears threatened to spill from his eyes.

That was when Lance's car appeared. He hit the brakes, lowered the window, and called out, "Jeff, what's going on?"

Spotting Lance like a lifeline, Jeff flung open the passenger door and scrambled inside. "Quick!" he blurted out, jabbing a finger toward the road. "We need to catch Darling!"

Lance's gaze followed the direction of Jeff's frantic pointing until he spotted the cat racing ahead, running off to an unknown destination.

Determined to keep the cat safe, Lance swung the car around and pressed hard on the accelerator, giving chase.

And so, the road became the scene of an unplanned pursuit.

Jason's car sped ahead, making its way toward Rosewood Villa. He had found out that Lilah was staying there, and now he was on his way to see her.

Keeping well back, Taylor followed with sharp focus, intent on prying into whatever secrets Jason might be hiding.

Darling, having slipped away from the Evans estate with the single-minded goal of returning to Rosewood Villa for the night, was sprinting in the very same direction.

Behind them, Lance and Jeff drove hard without realizing they were heading to the same place, their attention fixed entirely on the fleeing cat.

Elliana, unaware of the trail of the Evans men drawing closer to her place, was at Harmony Estate with Arthur and Milton. The three of them had just given blood for a DNA test, and an hour later, the results were ready.

Nothing in the report came as a shock. It confirmed Elliana was Arthur's biological daughter and Milton's biological sister.

For Elliana, the test had never been about uncovering the truth—it was the formality of the act, a symbolic moment to mark the start of their life together as a family.

Once the official report was in her hands, they marked the occasion with their first photograph as a family.

Arthur then produced a share transfer agreement and, without delay, signed over ten percent of his Sun Group holdings to Elliana.

The Sun Group was no ordinary business. It was a massive global conglomerate with assets in the trillions, and a ten percent stake represented a fortune an average person could never amass in a thousand lifetimes.

Elliana stared in disbelief. "Dad, this is... It's too much. I can't—"

She didn't get the chance to finish saying no before Milton slipped another share transfer agreement into her free hand, offering her an additional ten percent of his shares.

The pair of crisp documents she now held felt far weightier than their appearance, carrying a fortune so overwhelming that it took the breath right out of her.