

Chapter 801 The Imperious Mother-Daughter Pair

Elliana's fingers danced across the keyboard. "Who's been tormenting Bexley?"

Levi's response blazed onto her screen. "Amilia and Karlee—Edgar and Elsie's daughter and granddaughter. They're consumed with jealousy over Bexley's beauty and intelligence, over the affection Edgar and Elsie shower on her. So they've made it their mission to humiliate her at every turn."

Levi's fingers flew over the keyboard as he typed another message. "Amilia is Edgar and Elsie's only daughter, spoiled beyond reason from the moment she could walk. She's arrogant, domineering, with a reputation for outrageous stunts that would make your head spin. Karlee inherited every drop of Amilia's poison—just as arrogant, just as domineering, but somehow even more ridiculous in her cruelty."

Edgar and Elsie's only daughter? That single phrase detonated Elliana's suspicions into certainty. Years ago, when Maxine had stolen Rita away, she'd replaced Rita with another baby girl—Amilia—to fool the Thompson family. All this time, Amilia had been luxuriating in a life that belonged to Rita by birthright.

The absurdity of it crashed over Elliana like a wave. Her mother's life had become one of those melodramatic switched-at-birth stories she'd always rolled her eyes at, except this wasn't fiction—this was her mother's stolen existence. Her mother was the true Thompson heir, yet fate had twisted so cruelly that she'd spent a decade enslaved as a servant in her own parents' home, tormented daily by the impostor and her spawn. The injustice of it burned.

Elliana's fingers struck the keys again. "Who's causing that chaos downstairs?"

"Amilia and Karlee—here for their routine bully of Bexley. My advice? Stay clear of it. Amilia is reckless in ways that defy logic. If you defend Bexley,

Eliana smirked. "As if that has ever instilled fear in me."

Levi wrote. "I know you've never been afraid of such things, and you could handle them with your eyes closed. But I'm warning you—it's not worth making enemies of the Thompson family over someone who's supposedly nothing to you. Picking that fight will leave scars."

Pausing, Levi added, "Speaking of Amilia, her life reads like a cautionary tale. She has been married six times. Each marriage combusted spectacularly, ending in bitter divorce for one disaster or another. Eventually, no man would touch her with a ten-foot pole."

"Karlee was born out of wedlock—Amilia can't even identify the father. She has cycled through lovers like changing clothes, most of them forgettable one-night encounters. At one point, she contracted an STD and underwent extensive treatment. But recovery taught her nothing—if anything, she emerged more promiscuous than before."

Levi shifted the topic. "Well, I'll spare you the full catalog of Amilia's debauchery. We'd be here until next week. Let me tell you about Karlee instead. Without a father to speak of, Karlee grew up in the Thompson mansion, pampered and indulged from infancy. She's your exact age, actually. To save Karlee from repeating Amilia's mistakes, Edgar and Elsie had raised her themselves, praying she'd amount to something worthwhile."

"But Karlee's romantic exploits make her mother's escapades look innocent by comparison. It's genuinely disturbing. No one can rein her in. Recently, she decided she wanted a sex change operation just to experience life as a man. And between us, Karlee and Amilia are what drove Edgar to his sickbed. Edgar and Elsie are extraordinary people, and they're utterly baffled by how they ended up with a daughter and granddaughter like that. It sours their mood every single day."

After absorbing the messages, Eliana's mouth curved into a bitter smile. Where in the world had Maxine unearthed Amilia? Amilia's genetic lottery was a complete disaster. Amilia had been gifted the coveted Thompson daughter title—a status countless women would commit murder to possess—and she'd managed to torch her life into ashes anyway.

Eliana couldn't fault Edgar and Elsie. She'd be furious too if fate had

cursed her with a daughter like that.

The disturbance downstairs escalated, followed by the thunderous pound of footsteps charging up the staircase.

"Bexley, show yourself!" A shrill, girlish voice knifed through the bedroom door.

Terror flashed across Rita's face. She spun toward Elliana, her voice dropping to a desperate whisper, "I'll deal with this. Please, just stay here and don't come out."

Rita didn't fear Amilia and Karlee themselves—she feared the embarrassment of her daughter witnessing her being mistreated by those two malicious women. And she dreaded that Elliana might be targeted just because of her.

As Rita turned to leave, Elliana's hand snapped out, her fingers locking firmly around her mother's wrist. "Mom," she said, her voice quiet but steel-edged, "let me handle this."

As Elliana spoke, something lethal sharpened in her eyes. Amilia and Karlee had tormented her mother for ten agonizing years. Today, they would face their reckoning.

"Elliana, don't," Rita pleaded, her eyes widening with alarm as understanding of Elliana's intentions dawned. "I know you're furious on my behalf, but please, don't seek revenge. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson saved my life—I owe them a debt I can never repay. I can't wage war against their family. It would put them in a terrible position."

And in that moment, Elliana finally understood. This was why her mother—once so fierce and unbreakable—had endured a decade of degradation at the hands of Amilia and Karlee. Out of gratitude to Edgar and Elsie, who had pulled her from death's door, Rita had swallowed every scrap of pride and yielded, time after time, to Edgar and Elsie's insufferable daughter and granddaughter.