

Chapter 802 Teaching Karlee A Lesson

Elliana grasped that Rita had put up with harsh treatment for years, all because she felt she owed Edgar and Elsie too much to complain.

While Elliana understood why Rita stayed silent, watching her endure it was unbearable—especially when Rita was the real Thompson daughter. Today, Elliana was ready to shake things up.

"Elliana, please... Listen first," Rita said quickly, grabbing Elliana's hand when she saw the stubborn look in her eyes. "Edgar and Elsie saved my life. They've shown me nothing but kindness. I can't cause them any trouble. Edgar's health is fragile. Even a little stress could put him in danger. That's why Kaleb went all out to find Milena."

After a brief pause, Rita added, "I'm not lying. Edgar and Elsie have treated me like family. Years ago, they even talked about making me their goddaughter, but Amelia threw a fit and threatened to hurt herself, so they let it go. But titles aside, Edgar and Elsie have loved me like a daughter all this time. I can't turn my back on that."

Elliana felt her anger loosen. Hearing that her mother had been treasured by Edgar and Elsie eased some of the bitterness.

After thinking for a moment, Elliana chose to respect her mother's wish—for now. She fixed her wig and adjusted the fake Adam's apple, slipping neatly back into her disguise as Milena. She was still inside the Thompson estate, and too many secrets were hanging in the air. A rushed move would only make things worse.

But as soon as Elliana finished adjusting her disguise, the door burst open with a loud crash. A woman in a bright red dress stormed in, fury burning in every line of her face. Her tone was rude. "Bexley!" she snapped. "I told you to run my bath! Why did you leave halfway?"

Elliana's eyes turned cold as she looked at the woman. She didn't need an introduction—this had to be Karlee.

Karlee and Elliana were the same age, yet worlds apart.

Elliana possessed a quiet grace and a calm maturity far beyond her years, carrying a powerful aura that commanded respect.

Karlee, on the other hand, looked like a caricature. Heavy makeup, a low-cut backless dress, and impossibly high heels. She exaggerated every step, looking less like a Thompson daughter and more like a loud, glittery party girl.

Having come specifically to bully Bexley, Karlee didn't even notice Elliana standing a short distance behind.

Maintaining her composure, Rita smiled gracefully. "Karlee, Kaleb temporarily reassigned me here. I've already handed your tasks over to another servant."

"How dare you?" Karlee hissed, her arrogance rising. "I told you—do what I say, no excuses! Now, go run my bath. After that, you'll give me a massage and wash my feet. Do you hear me?"

Wash Karlee's feet? The thought alone made Elliana's blood boil. Did this spoiled brat know who she was speaking to?

Before Elliana stepped in, Rita answered calmly, still holding her dignity. "When I first joined the Thompson household, Edgar told me clearly I wasn't to do such things. I'm the housekeeper. My job is to manage the other servants."

"What? Are you using my grandpa to defy me now? You bitch! Don't think that just because my grandparents like you, you get a free pass. As long as my mother and I are here, you'll never have a peaceful day. We'll keep you under our feet forever!" Karlee snapped.

Karlee raised her hand to slap Bexley, her insults spilling out. "Who do you think you are? Just because my grandparents once wanted to make you their goddaughter, you think you belong in this family? Dream on! Compared to my mother, you're worth—Ah!"

But the slap never landed. Instead, a shrill scream tore from Karlee's lips.

The servants behind Karlee froze, staring in shock.

Elliana had caught Karlee's wrist mid-air. She stood like a shield in front of Rita, refusing to let her suffer another insult.

Elliana's hold looked effortless, yet it felt like steel—far more than a pampered girl like Karlee could endure.

"Ah! It hurts! Let go! Let go right now!" Karlee shrieked as tears streamed down her face. She was convinced her wrist might break. She was the prized jewel of the Thompson family. No one had ever dared offend her like this.

Elliana only looked down at Karlee, expression icy. Taller than Karlee to begin with, the sight of Karlee crumpling in pain made her seem even smaller—like an insect under Elliana's cold gaze.

Snapping out of their shock, Karlee's servants rushed forward. "Who do you think you are? Do you know whose wrist you're holding? Let go and get on your knees to apologize now—or you'll regret it!"