

Chapter 804 Plausible Excuse

Heartache crashed through Elliana as she studied the worry carved into her mother's face. Before the amnesia had stolen everything, her mother had blazed through life as a brilliant doctor and relentless fighter—proud, unshakeable, bold enough to stare down any injustice. But ten years of servitude in the Thompson household had ground her down, leaving behind only timidity and caution. Her mother's wisdom hadn't vanished. She was simply trapped by gratitude to the Thompsons for saving her life. To repay that single kindness, she had choked down countless humiliations.

Today, Elliana swore that her mother's life of degradation would come to an end. With that resolve, she gently squeezed Rita's hand and offered a reassuring smile. "Don't worry, Mom. I'll take care of everything."

Downstairs, chaos erupted. A woman's shrill scream tore through the floorboards like a knife through silk. "Who the hell dares lay a hand on my daughter? Show yourself!"

Elliana's eyebrow arched. The voice belonged to Amilia, Karlee's mother. Excellent timing. She'd been anticipating meeting the impostor who had stolen her mother's life.

At the sound of Amilia's voice, Karlee's wailing surged to new heights. Servants propped her up as she lurched toward her mother, her cries climbing toward hysteria.

"Elliana..." Rita's voice trembled with mounting concern. Yet, beneath her worries, something deeper stirred—an instinct that whispered her daughter possessed the strength to set everything right.

They had only just found each other again. Rita carried no memories of her past, no knowledge of her daughter's life, but the trust ran absolute—pure, unshakeable maternal instinct. She glimpsed something familiar in her daughter's eyes—that same unruffled confidence that had once breathed courage into others.

"Come on, Mom," Elliana said, her voice calm as still water. "Let's see



what all the noise is about."

Rita wavered for only a heartbeat before nodding, a fragile smile touching her lips. "Alright." She made her choice in that moment—to trust her daughter without reservation, to let Elliana guide them through whatever storm waited below.

Together, they descended the stairs.

Downstairs, they discovered Karlee sobbing into Amilia's shoulder, painting Elliana as a vicious, contemptible monster. She didn't stop there. Her lies spread like poison, dragging Bexley's name through the mud as well.

In Karlee's warped retelling, Bexley had been a willing accomplice, egging Elliana on. The truth—that Bexley had desperately tried to defuse the situation—vanished from her account. Now, Karlee demanded her mother deliver a savage punishment to Elliana and Bexley.

Amilia's reckless past had exacted its price. A devastating illness years ago had destroyed her ability to bear children. Karlee was her first and only child, the sun around which her entire world orbited.

Throughout the years, Amilia had spoiled Karlee beyond reason, ready to pluck down the moon and stars if her daughter asked. She supported every whim blindly, never bothering to find out the truth beyond her daughter's side of the story.

So now, inflamed by her daughter's theatrical sobs, Amilia didn't spare a second for questions. She wheeled on the bodyguards she'd dragged along, her voice thick with malice. "Teach those two a lesson! I don't care if you kill them or break them beyond repair—I'll take full responsibility!"

The moment Amilia had heard her daughter was injured, rage had detonated inside her. She'd rounded up more than a dozen bodyguards in minutes.

Now, at her command, the bodyguards lunged forward, preparing to descend on Elliana and Rita like wolves.

Levi threw himself between them. "Amilia, stop! This is Dr. Atkinson—the specialist Kaleb brought to treat Edgar. If you hurt him, how will you explain yourself to Kaleb?"



While the Thompson family wielded enormous power in Yruzias, they understood the wisdom of showing deference to the royal family. But Amilia, spoiled by years of getting exactly what she wanted, looked down on everyone. She saw Levi as nothing but an orphan, despite him being the nephew of retired King Howell. She dismissed him entirely.

Amilia flicked Levi a contemptuous glance. "Levi, I suggest you step aside," she sneered. "When have I ever let anyone who harms my daughter walk away unpunished? I don't care who he is—he won't leave this house breathing!"


She spun back toward the bodyguards and barked, "Attack! I want to hear them beg for mercy! And as for that Bexley..." Her eyes gleamed, venom dripping from every syllable, "Shatter both her arms and legs!"

For years, Amilia had nursed a corrosive jealousy toward Bexley, hunting for any excuse to destroy her but never finding a believable one. Today, fortune had finally smiled on her. Her daughter's arm was broken. If she crippled Bexley in a fit of righteous maternal fury, how could her parents or Kaleb possibly condemn her? Damn that Bexley! A pathetic, memory-less shell of a woman. What right did she have to bask in so much adoration from her parents and brother? She would discover how quickly that affection evaporated once Bexley became a mangled cripple.

A venomous light glinted in Amilia's eyes, her face twisting into a malicious mask as she repeated her brutal demands to the bodyguards—Bexley was to be left dead or destroyed beyond healing.

This had never been about avenging her daughter. This was about releasing a decade of festering jealousy.



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