

Chapter 809 Disgrace

As soon as Elliana finished speaking, she placed her phone on the table.

A video was already playing—raw footage of Karlee trying to seduce Milena in the bedroom.

Elliana had dared to put Karlee in her place on Thompson territory, stand up to Amilia, and even provoke Kaleb—naturally, she had come fully prepared.

Earlier, when Karlee had barged into the bedroom to make things difficult for Bexley—and later tried to harass Elliana—she had been too wrapped up in her own ploy to notice the phone quietly recording. The fawning servants hadn't noticed either.

The room went still as everyone watched the footage. Amilia and Karlee stared blankly at the screen, their shock leaving them speechless.

Kaleb, Edgar, and Elsie, however, showed no reaction at all—as if they had expected Milena to bring undeniable proof.

While everyone focused on the video, Elliana studied Kaleb, Edgar, and Elsie, surprised by their steady calm. They truly carried themselves like people used to power, unmoved by the ugly scene unfolding before them.

After witnessing Amilia's and Karlee's shameless actions, Elliana had almost abandoned the idea of revealing her mother's true relations to the Thompson family. With Amilia and Karlee being this rotten to the core, she had assumed the entire family was cut from the same cloth. To her, a family so vile wasn't worth another moment. She was ready to take her mother home and leave the Thompsons behind for good.

But seeing Kaleb, Edgar, and Elsie now, Elliana realized they were very much different from Amilia and Karlee. Kaleb and Edgar seemed grounded and principled, and Elsie was a woman who still valued reason. It was clear the corruption lay with Amilia and Karlee alone, not with the Thompson family as a whole.



With that understanding, Elliana chose to give the rest of the Thompsons a chance. When the moment felt right, she would tell her mother the truth and let the latter decide whether to mend the bond.

Just as Elliana made up her mind, the video ended. Karlee's crude behavior and foul words had been exposed. No one could deny what they had seen.

"I..." Amilia choked out, her voice full of panic. Her plan to leverage her position and frame Elliana and Bexley was now in ashes.

Karlee stumbled backward, her eyes wide with terror. Seeing the thunderous look on Kaleb's face, a primal urge to flee took over. She pushed a servant out of the way and lunged toward the door.

She didn't get far before Kaleb's voice sliced through the air, cold as steel. "Karlee Thompson, try running, and I'll have your legs broken."

A shiver ran through Karlee, and she froze on the spot.

"Come back here," Kaleb ordered.

Karlee turned slowly, trembling. She didn't dare take a step closer. "I... I know I was wrong," she stammered. "P-please, just forgive me this once!"

But Kaleb's face didn't soften. He stared her down. "Stand in front of me. You have three seconds."

Terrified of disobeying him, Karlee rushed forward. But instead of going to Kaleb, she dropped to her knees in front of Edgar and Elsie. "Grandpa, Grandma! Uncle Kaleb is going to kill me—please save me!"

A sharp slap rang out. It came from Elsie, who had struck Karlee hard across the cheek. The room fell silent. No one expected the gentle, refined physicist to show such fury—let alone raise her hand against the granddaughter she had cherished all her life.

"Ah!" Karlee cried, collapsing to the floor. She landed on the arm Elliana had broken, and white-hot pain spread through her. She curled up tightly, her face twisted in agony.

Amilia's heart clenched. She rushed over and pulled Karlee into her arms, glaring at Elsie. "Mother! Karlee is my only daughter! If she dies, I'll die

with her—and you'll lose us both!"

A second slap cracked through the air, louder and fiercer than the first. Edgar had struck Amilia.

"Ah!" Amilia cried out, falling beside her daughter. Both women now lay on the floor with red, swelling cheeks, all their earlier arrogance stripped away.

The slap seemed to drain the last of Edgar's strength. The frail old man began trembling, overtaken by a violent coughing fit.

Elsie hurried to his side, gently rubbing his back. "Edgar, calm down. Don't strain yourself. Let me deal with this," she whispered.

But Edgar couldn't keep his temper in check anymore. He jabbed his cane toward Amilia, his voice trembling with rage. "I couldn't fathom why you've turned out to be this rotten despite our efforts to guide you properly. Ruining your own life wasn't enough. You dragged your daughter into this shameless mess! You've disgraced us!"

His anger only grew as he spoke. His breathing turned rough and uneven, and a dark, purplish shade crept over his face. He looked moments away from losing consciousness altogether.

