

## Chapter 810 Twisted Accusation

When Edgar began to falter, Elsie quickly handed him a pill. Kaleb hurried over, placing a reassuring hand on his father's shoulder. "Dad, try to stay calm. Let me take care of this."

Rita, anxious herself, rushed to get some water and held the glass to Edgar's lips. "Here, have a sip."

Edgar leaned against her hand, drank slowly, and only then did a bit of color return to his face.

All the while, Amilia and Karlee stayed on their knees, sulking defiantly. Neither offered the slightest help.

Both Edgar and Elsie exchanged weary sighs, disappointment weighing heavily between them. Despite years spent showering their daughter and granddaughter with affection, neither woman showed an ounce of kindness or gratitude. Yet Bexley, unrelated by blood, always treated them with genuine care. There were moments when they found themselves secretly hoping that Bexley could have been their daughter.

After ensuring Edgar was out of danger, Kaleb shifted his focus to Amilia and Karlee. Fury burned in his eyes. Their heartless behavior and blatant selfishness had pushed him right to the edge of his restraint.

But before anyone could react, Amilia unleashed another vicious outburst. "Bexley, you filthy tramp! You're always pretending to care just to win over my parents, fooling them into loving you more than their actual daughter! You have no shame—ah!"

A sudden kick sent Amilia sprawling, silencing her instantly. Kaleb had reached his breaking point and kicked out. He couldn't stand to hear another vile slander against Bexley.

No one knew better than Kaleb did how deeply Bexley appreciated Edgar and Elsie for saving her life, how she'd spent a decade serving them



loyally and without complaint. In sharp contrast, Amilia never showed an ounce of care toward her parents, choosing instead to attack Bexley at every turn. It was beyond infuriating.

In that moment, Kaleb seriously considered cutting ties with Amilia for good.

Kaleb's kick had real force behind it. Amilia doubled over, coughing up blood onto the floor. Shakily getting to her feet, she shot Kaleb a look of utter disbelief. "I'm your sister! How could you do that to your own flesh and blood because of that worthless Bexley? Are you in love with her or something?"

Before Kaleb could say a word, Amilia sneered, "I never pegged you for someone so shallow. You think she's pretty and want to keep her as your mistress, so much so that you'd abandon your own family for her! You make me sick! Does Jenifer know about your twisted obsession?"

"You!" Kaleb's jaw tightened, fists clenched. He was stunned that Amilia could come up with such absurd notions.

Kaleb genuinely cared for Bexley, but his feelings were rooted in the kind of protective warmth an older brother feels for his little sister, nothing beyond that. He couldn't quite say why, but from their very first meeting, something about Bexley had felt instantly familiar, as if she truly belonged in their family. It never occurred to him that Amilia would twist this innocent affection into something ugly just to wound him.

Right then, Jenifer Thompson, Kaleb's wife, entered the living room, catching Amilia's venomous accusations mid-sentence.

Seizing the moment, Amilia tried to stir up more trouble. "Jenifer, you're here just in time! See what your beloved husband is up to? He's fixated on Bexley and wants to keep her around as his mistress, right in front of you!"

But Jenifer, the formidable younger sister of former King Howell, was not someone easily rattled. She wouldn't stand for any talk of infidelity in her marriage, and Amilia's intent to sow discord was obvious.

Amilia's plan unraveled instantly.

Jenifer didn't take the bait. Her voice was sharp and unwavering as she told Amilia, "You're not a child anymore. How can you still act so irresponsibly? I know exactly the kind of man Kaleb is, and I have



complete faith in him. I also trust Bexley. Don't you dare try to smear her name or drive a wedge between me and Kaleb."

Amilia was left speechless. She had counted on distracting everyone, turning Kaleb and Jenifer against each other so that the attention would shift away from her and Karlee. She never expected Jenifer to remain so composed.

What few realized was how close Jenifer and Bexley truly were. Outwardly, their relationship appeared that of mistress and servant, but in private, they were confidantes, sharing secrets as though they were sisters.

After finishing her scolding, Jenifer gave Bexley's hand a reassuring squeeze. "Don't worry. As long as I'm around, lies like these won't stand."

Rita offered a grateful smile in response.

Then, with Bexley comforted, Jenifer told Kaleb, "I've heard about everything that happened. We can't let Amilia and Karlee get away with this any longer. They need to learn there are consequences."

Kaleb agreed and turned a steely gaze on Amilia and Karlee. His voice was firm and commanding, "Both of you, apologize to Dr. Atkinson. Right now."

All this time, Elliana had been quietly watching from the sofa, never stepping into the fray. Observing the family's dynamic revealed everyone's true nature. She admired her grandparents' sense of justice, respected her uncle's calm authority, and appreciated her aunt's remarkable composure.

A small smile flickered across Elliana's face. Suddenly, she found herself feeling a sense of belonging in her grandfather's home.

However, Amilia and Karlee took her smile as a smug challenge.

Instantly, Karlee lashed out. "So, you think you've won, do you? Don't get too comfortable! You want me to apologize? In your dreams!"