

## Chapter 811 Kneel And Apologize

Elliana simply met Karlee's rage with an unreadable, almost amused smile, as if watching someone fumble through a bad performance.

The sight of Milena's calm only made Karlee's anger boil over. If she hadn't been reeling from a broken arm and the sting from Elsie's slap, she likely would have charged across the room to beat Milena up.

Amilia was no less furious, her voice rising into a wild, piercing scream. "My daughter and I carry Thompson blood! Our status is noble—why should we be forced to apologize to some quack? Is he even worthy of it?"

Amilia's and Karlee's defiance and lack of remorse suggested they saw nothing wrong with their own behavior, which left everyone speechless.

Edgar and Elsie both flushed with anger and shame. If blood ties didn't bind them, they might have thrown Amilia and Karlee out long ago.

Kaleb's face darkened, while Jenifer could only sigh in weary disbelief. The only reason Amilia and Karlee hadn't been cast out was their Thompson blood. Without it, their actions would have cost them dearly.

Kaleb finally turned to Elliana, his tone apologetic. "Dr. Atkinson, I'm sorry you had to witness this."

He then barked at the household staff, "Take the two to the basement to reflect. I don't want to see either of them until they're ready to kneel and sincerely apologize."

Without hesitation, the bodyguards stepped forward, grabbing Amilia and Karlee to escort them away.

The basement, more than just a storage space, served as the family's place for discipline and punishment.

Karlee immediately broke down in loud sobs, thrashing against the



guards. "No, don't take me! It's freezing and miserable down there, and the bed's like a rock! I can't stand it!"

Amilia joined in, matching her daughter's desperation. "It's disgusting down there! The food's inedible! I'll waste away in that place!"

Wrenching free from a bodyguard's grasp, Amilia crawled on her knees to Kaleb, grabbing onto his trouser leg. "You can't do this to me! I'm your sister! Please, I wouldn't survive in that place. Just let me go this time!"

Karlee, following her mother's lead, latched onto Kaleb's other pant leg, wailing, "Uncle, please show some mercy. I can't stand it either!"

Kaleb pulled free with a look of utter disgust. "Then kneel before Dr. Atkinson," he commanded. "Ask for forgiveness."

Both women froze, recognizing the finality in his words. They caught the unshakable determination in his gaze, and in that moment, they knew their pleas would change nothing. Given the option of being thrown into the basement or dropping to their knees to apologize, they reluctantly settled on the apology.

For Amilia and Karlee, kneeling was a brief humiliation that would remain hidden behind closed doors. The outside world would never hear of it; their reputation could easily be maintained.

Weighing her options, Amilia was the first to cave. "I... I'll kneel and apologize to Dr. Atkinson," she stammered.

Karlee, seeing her mother surrender, quickly followed. "I'll apologize to Dr. Atkinson as well."

The scene was almost pitiful. If they had chosen the basement, at least it would have shown a hint of backbone. But this cowardly retreat, motivated purely by their dread of a little hardship, was nothing short of disgraceful. Their apologies carried no hint of sincerity, only cowardice.

The Thompson name once stood for unwavering integrity, but these two seemed determined to tarnish that legacy.

Unable to bear the sight, Edgar and Elsie turned their heads. Due to their family ties, they could never bring themselves to punish Amilia and Karlee more harshly.



Kaleb's frustration deepened; it pained him to see the family honor dragged through the dirt.

Brought before Elliana, Amilia and Karlee cast her one final, venomous look before steeling themselves to drop to their knees.

Just as their knees touched the floor, Elliana's calm voice stopped them. "Hold on a second."

Both women froze, their confusion plain as they glanced up.

Elliana's expression remained unshaken. "Yes, your behavior was unacceptable," she said evenly. "But I broke Karlee's arm and dealt with your bodyguards. I hardly came out the loser here. Making you kneel to me seems unnecessary."

At these words, Amilia and Karlee exchanged sneers. It turned out that Milena really was all bark and no bite. He'd strutted around, acting bold enough to snub Kaleb himself, but now he was backing off, clearly too scared to push the Thompson family any further.

Amilia and Karlee braced themselves for a clumsy excuse to dismiss the whole incident.

But Elliana wasn't finished. Instead, she made a demand that stung even worse. "Your insults toward me are one thing." Her voice sharpened. "But you've repeatedly tormented and defamed Bexley. She deserves your apology. You'll kneel and beg for her forgiveness."

"What?" Karlee's jaw dropped. "You want me to get down on my knees for that lowly servant?"

Amilia's rage, which had momentarily subsided, roared back to life. "Are you out of your mind? You expect us to kneel before Bexley? Do you think before you speak?"