

## Chapter 812 Cornered Them

"I can't stand watching good people get pushed around," Elliana said, facing Amilia and Karlee without a hint of fear. "You hide behind your family's influence, acting like everyone else is beneath you. You insult and smear people whenever you feel like it. You call Bexley lowly, but the truth is, the two of you are utterly rotten."

She leaned closer, her voice sharp. "Rotten, right down to your souls."

Her words settled heavily, and Edgar, Elsie, Kaleb, and Jenifer all turned to look at her, their eyes filled with new respect. None of them had expected this young "man" to carry himself with such quiet strength—steady in chaos, sharp enough to calm a storm, and guided by a firm sense of right and wrong. He didn't stand there like just a doctor, but like someone born to lead, someone hiding many skills behind a calm face.

Edgar felt his admiration deepen with every passing moment. A thought even drifted through his mind—if only this young "man" belonged to the Thompson family, it would be a blessing.

Rita watched from the side, pride warming her chest. Her daughter never failed to surprise her.

Elliana ignored the stares and fixed her eyes on Amilia and Karlee. "If I hadn't witnessed this myself, I would have stayed out of it. But I did. So I have to speak up." She pointed at Rita. "She deserves an apology from you on your knees."

But her words sparked no remorse or shame over their misdeeds in Amilia and Karlee. Instead, they only fanned the fire in the two's hearts.

"Yes. I insulted her. Big deal!" Karlee snapped. "And I slandered her. What of it? She's a lowly servant. She just has to bear whatever I do to her!"

"Exactly!" Amilia echoed, her temper climbing. "People would kill for the chance to work for the Thompsons! She works for my parents and even gets to attend to them personally—she's been blessed beyond measure. A simple scolding is nothing. If she wants to stay here, she should learn



to crawl at my feet like a dog."

Elliana laughed, cold and sharp. "Sometimes your shallowness is so thorough that it's almost like depth. You think you're superior, but you are probably a prehistoric imbecile."

Edgar and Kaleb shifted uneasily. Elsie's face burned. Amilia's and Karlee's absurd thinking brought disgrace to them and had no place in their family.

Elliana continued, her voice firm and clear, "Everyone is born equal. You don't even have the right to insult a beggar on the street. Today, I'll teach you the basic respect you somehow missed out on during your upbringing. And you'll taste what it feels like to be treated the way you treat others."

Amilia scoffed, "Hah! And who exactly would dare force me to apologize to Bexley?"

Karlee glared at Elliana with a sharp, angry huff.

A slow smile curved on Elliana's lips. "I suppose no one would force you." As a daughter of the Thompson family, Amilia lived wrapped in layers of protection no one dared cross.

"But I'd like to make you a deal," Elliana said smoothly. "If you kneel and apologize to Bexley, I'll treat Edgar for free—and I promise you I'll cure him. How does that sound?"

Silence dropped over Amilia and Karlee, thick and electric. Elliana had cornered them neatly. If they agreed, they would kneel before Bexley and break their pride. But if they refused, what would everyone think?

Elliana studied their shifting expressions with the quiet interest of a hunter. "I'm sure you will agree for the sake of Edgar's health?"

Every eye in the room locked onto Amilia and Karlee, waiting.

Edgar and Elsie watched, making no move to intervene. A quiet ache tugged at them as they wondered how much Edgar truly mattered to Amilia and Karlee.

Elsie remembered a moment years ago, when her car had crashed by a cliff. Stranded with no signal and bleeding badly, she had thought she might die. Desperate for help, Bexley had dropped to her knees in the



middle of the road, begging every passing driver. She had bowed to stranger after stranger until one finally stopped and helped take Elsie to a hospital.

Bexley, who shared no blood with the Thompson family, had thrown away her pride to save a life. Now, Elsie and Edgar wondered if Amilia and Karlee—family by blood—could give up even a fraction of their pride for Edgar.

Kaleb and Jenifer also waited, their silence heavy. This moment was a test—one that would show whether Amilia and Karlee had any conscience left.

Seconds crawled by, each one heavier than the last. Under the weight of every watching eye, Amilia and Karlee shifted uncomfortably, as if their backs were lined with needles. They would rather die than kneel to Bexley, the servant they had tormented for years.

The stillness stretched unbearably long, until finally, Amilia spoke.

