

Chapter 813 Unspoken Pull Of Blood

"You're nothing but a liar!" Amilia's voice cracked like a whip as she pointed at Elliana. Then, she swung toward her parents. "Father, Mother, you can't possibly trust this impostor. With the influence our family holds, we could hire any doctor we want. Why should we bow to the threats of a fraud?"

Karlee jumped in right away, eager to add fuel. "That's right! Every top physician who visits us treats our family with the highest respect. But this one? He struts around like he's above us. Someone that smug needs to be shown his place."

Her tone softened dramatically as she turned to Edgar and Elsie, dripping with sugary concern. "Grandpa, Grandma, please don't worry. I'll personally find someone far more capable. We don't have to rely on him. We can still save Grandpa."

They acted as though their little performance was airtight, yet everyone watching could see the truth. Not even Edgar's failing health was enough for them to tolerate the slightest slight to their pride. After all, who didn't know about Milena's miracle cure for former King Howell?

Tons of specialists in the world had admitted defeat in former King Howell's condition, but Milena had succeeded where they could not. His reputation alone proved his brilliance. Yet to protect their image, Amilia and Karlee dismissed him as if he were nothing. They didn't care that their insults might drive him away and leave Edgar without a doctor at all.

Edgar remained silent. His gaze dropped to the floor as a long, weary sigh slipped from him, heavy enough to carry years of disappointment. Amilia, his own daughter, had squandered every ounce of love he had ever given her. Karlee, his granddaughter, had proved no different. Everything he had poured into them had been wasted on hearts that never deserved it.



Elsie closed her eyes for a moment, fighting the ache in her chest. Amilia and Karlee had spent their lives chasing foolish whims and ignoring every warning she had ever offered. She had once tried to guide them, to pull them back toward something better. Now, she was done. They had become wild, ungrateful creatures who refused to learn. There was no sense in worrying over them anymore.

Elsie figured her love would be better spent on Bexley. Even without blood between them, Bexley had shown genuine warmth, devotion, and gratitude, giving Edgar and Elsie the comfort of what a real family should feel like.

At that moment, Kaleb's patience finally reached its end. He lifted a hand in a quiet command toward the bodyguards. "Take them to the basement."

No more illusions. No more chances. Amilia and Karlee were to stew in solitude and face the mess they had made, kept far from the rest of the family they had wounded.

The bodyguards obeyed instantly, seizing Amilia and Karlee and pulling them toward the door.

"No! Not the basement! I'm not going down there!" Fear erased every trace of Amilia's and Karlee's earlier bravado, and both women broke at once. "We'll do whatever it takes! We'll kneel. We'll apologize to Bexley!"

Their cries went unanswered. Kaleb had already closed his heart to them. Their sudden willingness to bend had nothing to do with concern for Edgar. It sprang purely from fear, a selfish desperation to avoid punishment. People that cold-hearted had no right to the Thompson name, and the family had no reason left to hold them close.

Amilia and Karlee were soon dragged out of the room, and at last, a heavy yet welcome stillness settled over the living room.

Kaleb faced Elliana with a solemn expression. "Dr. Atkinson, I apologize for that disgraceful scene. I am deeply sorry for what Amilia and Karlee did. I truly hope you can overlook their behavior and still treat my father. Our family would be forever grateful."

Rita, terrified that Elliana might still harbor resentment, quickly added, "Dr. Atkinson, please believe me. Amilia and Karlee are the only ones like



that. The rest of the Thompson family is kind and principled. I hope you can forgive them and treat Edgar."

Seeing the worry etched across her mother's face, Elliana felt a moment of quiet shock. Rita still had no idea she was a Thompson, yet her concern for Edgar came straight from the heart. It had to be the unspoken pull of blood.

Elliana acknowledged that Rita was right. Amilia and Karlee were the outliers. Everyone else in the family had shown genuine decency, and she had witnessed it herself. She refused to let the shamelessness of Amilia and Karlee overshadow the goodness of the rest. Edgar and Elsie were her grandparents, after all. And Jenifer and Kaleb were her aunt and uncle. They had sheltered her mother for ten long years, and for that alone, they deserved her respect.

With that, Elliana rose and offered a polite, formal bow. "I also apologize for my earlier behavior. Please forgive my directness."

A collective sigh of relief swept through the room. They had all feared that the famously proud Milena would refuse to treat Edgar after enduring such harsh insults. Yet, he appeared far more gracious than any of them had imagined.

Kaleb stepped forward, eager and grateful. "Thank you, Dr. Atkinson. Truly. What do we need to do to assist you?"

Elliana took her place beside Edgar and performed a thorough examination. When she finally finished, she lifted her head and spoke, but her next words had nothing to do with Edgar's condition.