

Chapter 836 Backbone Of The Family

Cole's eyes traveled over Hugh, assessing him from head to toe before a sudden laugh escaped his lips. There was no joy in the sound; it was filled with pure disbelief. Hugh was practically morphing into a pig right before his eyes—without a doubt the heaviest bodyguard in the Evans family's history. With his round, greasy face, he wouldn't just be useless if trouble started—he might even make things worse.

Hugh, however, didn't think much of Cole's laughter at all. Seeing Cole smile made him grin even wider, and a silly "Heh!" slipped out.

With renewed excitement, Hugh pushed the donut toward Cole once more. "Go on, take one! Heather and I are tying the knot soon, and these donuts are bursting with good fortune. One bite, and all your dreams will start coming true. You'll be surrounded by blessings in no time!"

Those words struck Cole right where he was most vulnerable. He cast a look at Hugh, who seemed to shine with the unmistakable glow of someone freshly in love. He couldn't help but acknowledge the almost magnetic sense of luck surrounding Hugh, a kind of charm he felt painfully absent from his own life right now.

Without even trying, Hugh had managed to win Heather over. She adored him even as he grew heavier every day. The guy really was blessed.

Cole figured if he could borrow just a sliver of that luck, maybe things with Elliana would smooth out sooner than he hoped. That thought made him reach out, take the donut from Hugh, and take a bite, deliberate and slow.

Paulina, Myles, and Aron all stared in shock. Cole was famously picky and strict about what he ate. When had he ever touched something like a donut? And as for his obsession with cleanliness, no one could believe he'd actually eat something Hugh had just handed over.

They looked on in disbelief as Cole took another bite. Maybe it was a

little dry, because Cole scanned the table for something to drink.

Without missing a beat, Hugh poured a glass of milk and passed it over with a cheerful grin. "This milk's full of luck, too! Drink it with the donut, and your wife will stick by your side forever!"

At this, Cole let out a chuckle, his mood clearly improving. He sat down at the table, gripping the donut in one hand while reaching for the milk with the other. Taking a few long sips, he alternated between bites and drinks until every last bit was gone, leaving nothing behind. After all, he couldn't waste anything with so much luck attached.

Hugh looked absolutely thrilled. There was a time when he couldn't do anything right in Cole's eyes, earning nothing but criticism all day long. But today? Today, Cole had accepted his gesture, and he felt like he was walking on air. Heather truly was his lucky charm. Since meeting her, everything had seemed to go his way.

Hugh giggled and grabbed another donut, waving it in Cole's direction. "Want a second one?"

Cole hesitated; he wanted to soak up even more of that good fortune. But he was already full, so he simply shook his head. "No thanks. I'm all set."

Hugh set the donut aside, his wide grin still plastered on his face.

Cole reached for a napkin, wiped his hands, and then slowly turned his attention to Myles.

After Hugh's cheerful antics, Cole's mood had improved enough that he no longer wanted to rip into Myles, though the annoyance lingered beneath the surface. His most trusted aide, the person he relied on most, had given him unbelievably bad advice.

Myles fidgeted under Cole's sharp stare, forcing a smile that looked more like a grimace. "Mr. Evans, is there something I can do for you?"

Cole did not hesitate to lay into him. "Myles, maybe you and Hugh should trade places. Honestly, your family owes everything to Hugh. If things were left to you, the whole operation would've fallen apart by now."

Without waiting for a response, Cole got to his feet and walked out of the room.

Myles swiped the sweat from his brow, not sure if he was awake or dreaming. Had Cole really just let him off that easily?

Meanwhile, Aron bit down on his lip, struggling to keep his reaction in check. Did Cole seriously believe that Hugh was the glue holding their family together? Was this actually happening? In truth, Myles was the backbone of their entire household. Was he somehow living inside Hugh's dream, where reality bent to fit whatever Hugh wanted?

Desperate for clarity, Aron pinched his thigh hard. "Ow!" The yelp left his mouth before he could stop it.

"Is something bothering you, Aron?" Paulina asked, her voice full of concern.

Aron couldn't bring himself to tell the truth, so he mumbled, "It's nothing; just a leg cramp."

Aron glanced over at Hugh, half-expecting some grand display of how he "held the family together."

Hugh looked absolutely elated, standing tall and proud like a penguin showing off to the whole world.

Cole's remark had clearly gone straight to Hugh's head, giving him a ridiculous amount of confidence. He acted as though he alone kept the family from falling apart.

Aron's lips twitched, and he quickly averted his gaze. If he met Hugh's eyes for even another second, he worried he might actually lose control and slap Hugh.

Paulina shook her head, clearly entertained by the scene.

After a few moments, Myles finally pulled himself together. He turned to Hugh and, with a note of real sincerity, said, "Hugh, Cole was right. Our family truly does owe you. Without you, we'd have lost everything a long time ago."