



CHAPTER-10: Deal with the Beast

"Marry you?" Helena whispered as she was still in a haze over the situation. "But why do you want to marry me?" She asked, Helena was stunned by his absurd demand. Why would the powerful billionaire ask such a thing from her?

Evan's lips stretched as He gave her an estranged smile before leaning back. "You don't have to bother with it, Miss Perez. All you have to do is agree to be my wife and I promise you that no one will be able to glance at you in a wrong manner let alone hurting you and your son will forever be yours."

Helena kept staring at him for a long minute before words finally found her voice. "I want to know why, Mr Hemsworth. What will you get by marrying me? I am nobody."

Evan's eyes sparkled for a moment, He gazed over her beautiful features. "You will be known as Mrs Evan Conan Hemsworth after marrying me. Is there any better protection for you than wearing my name behind yours as armour, Miss Perez?" He asked, setting his eyes on hers.

Helena still looked at him questionably. His demand was still itching in her mind. "Again, my question is Why, Mr Hemsworth? What will you get in return?" Helena was not the naive idiot like she was seven years ago who fell in love with Elijah, she stopped believing in goodness of heart when she witnessed the reality of the world. Her idealism died with her child and now she was a realistic person who knew that nothing in this world comes for free. You have to pay the price of everything.

Evan stared at her with his sharp vigilant eyes. He was right about her. Evan Conon Hemsworth was known to detect the personality of people at first sight. And about Helena He knew that she was a stubbornly conscious person.

"Do you need to know about it, Miss Perez? Is it not enough for you that you will be getting my protection!" Evan questioned her.

"Yes. It is Mr Hemsworth. I accept that I am in urgent need of your help and I will forever be thankful for it but I couldn't figure out why you want to marry me when I am ready to sleep..." She stopped and looked away as words once again failed her. Helena couldn't speak such low words about herself.

Evan was silent for a moment but then He hummed and gave her a nod before pocketing his hands. "Because I plan to contest the coming elections from the same constituency Rossi wanted to, Miss Perez. And being a married man with a child will enhance my image. Everyone likes a family man. Giovanni Rossi has been playing this image for a long time. You and your son will look great beside me supporting me during the campaign."

Helena's features tightened. "You want to use me and my son for your benefit?" The sharpness in her tone and anger in her eyes made Evan look at her intensely and He squinted his eyes.

He let out a deep breath and went back to his chair. "Nothing comes in free in my world, Miss Perez. You want my protection. I am ready to give it to you however you have to marry me and act like a doting loving wife in front of the whole world to present me as a loving husband and father to your son. You have to help me build up my image as a family man for my voters to see how good of a man I am,"

He said, leaning back leisurely in his chair and making a firm eye contact with her.

Helena clenched her jaws together. She didn't want her son to be involved in any of this. She hates politics. She was ready to sleep with him once and be done with it. She thought He would want only that from her but she was wrong. He wanted her to marry him. A marriage!

"I can't marry you, Mr Hemsworth," She answered, "You see it will affect my son. I can't hurt him."

Evan's eyes darkened hearing her answer. He curled his fingers in a tight fist. "I am not talking about hurting your son but protecting him. You are his mother so you should know what's good for him."

And The mother in Helena gave him a bitter glare. "He is a six-year-old child. He is going to be affected by this marriage deal you are offering. What will I tell him about you? And Liam is my son, I won't allow you or anyone else to use him for their benefit."

"Do you have any other option, Miss Perez? As you yourself told me Giovanni gave you two days' time. One of them is already over. Tomorrow he will come to take your son. Are you ready to give up your son to Rossis?" Evan asked coldly. He was tired of this jiggled conversation. "This marriage will serve us both the purpose we want. Think carefully Miss Perez."

Helena gulped down the sudden thickness that formed into her throat. He was right, she had no other option except to accept his offer. Giovanni Rossi will take Liam from her and nobody will help her. The law is in his pockets. Nothing could stop him from snatching Liam from her, nothing except for this man. Evan Conan

Hemsworth. A ruthless mafia disguised as a powerful billionaire.

But again, she couldn't risk her son mentality getting affected by it. She was stuck on both sides but Helena knew which one might be a little good for them. Inhaling sharply, she looked into his crystal blue eyes and nodded. "I am ready to marry you Mr Hemsworth but I have a few conditions for this marriage."

Evan gave her a curt nod. "I am ready for the negotiations," He said, waving his hand gesturing to her to put forth her conditions. "I will marry you but I want to continue working, Mr Hemsowrth. I do not wish to be financially dependent on you unlike the wives of other politicians."

Evan squinted his eyes at her confident features. He was not expecting this condition. "Not as a waitress, Miss Perez. It won't look good on me. You can work as my personal assistant."

"There is nothing wrong with being a waitress," she hissed at him. " But I accept your offer to work as your assistant. I would like to know my salary."

"Richard will inform you about it."

Helena nodded. "Where will I live after this marriage?"

Evan frowned at her question. "At my house, of course." He said as if the Question was stupid.

"My son will live with me," She stated with a finality in her tone leaving no option for any argument.

Evan nodded. "I never suggested otherwise. A child's rightful place is with his family. Now that your conditions are over, let's get married

tomorrow.”

Helena shook his head. “There is one more thing I want.”

“And what is it?” Evan asked, a frown appearing between his eyebrows.

“A wedding contract, Mr Hemsworth. I agree to marry you but for only six months,” She said and her words left Evan intrigued once more.

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