

Chapter 3 A Beauty In His Shirt

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Kian's gaze had slightly narrowed as he raised his hand to cradle Emelia's chin. He scrutinized her as if assessing an object. Eventually, he let go of her chin, displaying clear disdain. Retrieving a disinfectant wipe, he proceeded to cleanse his hands meticulously.

Emelia sensed a slight coarseness in her usual skincare routine by contrast.

However, that wasn't the moment to dwell on such matters.

One of her seniors, Edward Thatch, had advised against showing weakness in negotiations, especially against a formidable opponent, to prevent everything from falling apart.

Inhaling deeply, she moved towards the stone table, imitating Kian's gestures. She commenced wiping her chin with a disinfectant wipe.

Then, she dabbed away the lingering moisture on her chin.

However, Emelia detected roughness.

It was her skin.

The Hewitt family had thrust Emelia into the entertainment realm, disguising it as familial bonding, casting her as a mere contrast to Keira's brilliance.

Emelia's third brother, Jayson, had presented her with an assortment of cosmetics.

Initially, this gesture had filled her with joy.

However, the cosmetics proved ineffective, worsening her skin condition.

Reflecting on this, Emelia chuckled softly, her eyes tinged with desolation and self-deprecation.

Unaware, she failed to notice Kian's gaze fixated on her, now with heightened interest.

A quarter of the Hewitt Group's shares, valued at one billion dollars, were effortlessly surrendered by this girl.

If it wasn't about money, what was the origin of the sorrow in her eyes?

Was it the Hewitt family?

That intrigued him.

Kian's eyes narrowed as a flashback struck him—his recent visits to the family estate, echoes of his family's complaints about him still being single resounding in his ears.

They were relentless, thoroughly exasperating.

Now she was making such a request...

"I'm on board!"

Emelia was thrown off, not expecting such a quick win in the negotiation.

She was surprised.

When their eyes met, her refined features showed a pleasant confusion.

"You... Really? You agreed?"

Kian nodded. "You threw in a pretty sweet deal. No reason for me to say no."

A mere billion could influence Kian, whose value was a hundredfold greater?

Emelia harbored skepticism. "Got any other requests?"

Kian asked, "Aren't you the one pitching this engagement? Shouldn't you be laying out the terms?"

His words brought a blush to Emelia's cheeks.

She wasn't in the mood for games. Tired and craving a good night's sleep, she declared, "Alright, we will split after a year! Agree to that, and I'll sign right away!"

Kian was mildly surprised.

The Hewitt Group and the Gilbert Group had perennially competed, but the Gilbert Group's acquisition of the Hewitt Group was inevitable.

His agreement to the engagement stemmed from weariness of his family's pestering.

Originally planning to uphold it for just a year, he didn't anticipate her articulating his unspoken thoughts.

"Alright. No complaints on my end. It's a deal!"

"Phew!" Emelia breathed a sigh of relief.

Grabbing the share transfer agreement from her backpack, she quickly signed it and handed it over to Kian. "Mind if I crash at your place tonight? I'll take over tomorrow!"

She looked a bit worn out. Having left the Hewitt family's villa with barely anything, the money she had with her was spent in the hospital.

Plus, it was too late to find a place to stay today, and she genuinely had nowhere else to go if Kian didn't agree.

Kian cast an indifferent glance at her, seemingly piercing through her present situation.

Under this scrutinizing stare, Emelia feigned composure. Just as she contemplated fleeing, the man instructed the butler to arrange a room for her.

The guest room was impeccably clean. Emelia promptly took a shower to shake off the remnants of illness.

Lacking alternative attire, Emelia opted for a bath towel, draping herself with it and climbing into bed.

The hospital gown was something she vehemently avoided.

The plushness of the bed and the subtly fragrant pillow induced drowsiness in Emelia, still on the path to full recovery.

Abruptly, a maid knocked on the door. "Miss Hewitt, dinner is served downstairs."

Emelia quickly agreed, glancing at the hospital gown before turning her attention to the wardrobe.

Descending, Emelia found Kian elegantly seated at the dining table, gracefully consuming his meal with a fork. It resembled a beautiful painting.

Emelia was captivated by the scene.

Caught in her discreet glances, Kian, now relaxed into his meal, decided not to let her ruin his appetite.

"Got something on your mind?" He locked eyes with her.

However, his gaze fell on her wearing his white shirt, its hem covering her thighs, revealing slender legs.

An involuntary swallow gave away Kian's reaction, and he looked away, a hint of irritation in his expression.

Emelia rushed to explain, "I ran out of clothes, and the hospital gown was a mess. Your shirt was the only thing in the wardrobe... I'll wash it and give it back."

"Sure," Kian replied.

Quickly finishing his meal, he headed upstairs, unable to shake the image of her in his shirt from his mind.

Witnessing a woman in his shirt was an unprecedented sight for him. He discovered himself captivated by... an unforeseen charm.

Kian closed the door with a resounding thud, sealing off the intrusive thoughts.

Emelia pressed her lips together, contemplating Kian's potential displeasure. She committed to making amends with a new shirt later.

Emelia denied herself the luxury of sleeping in. The following morning, she woke early, determined to bid farewell.

Upon opening her room door, she found a set of women's clothing arranged for her. She dressed, preparing to depart.

Downstairs, Kian sat in the living room. As Emelia cleared her throat to bid farewell, she nearly choked on her saliva when the man delivered his bombshell.

"You had no plans today, right? How about we make it official and tie the knot!"