

Chapter 4 Chaos Outside The Hotel Suite

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Emelia was taken aback, nearly losing her footing. "Tie... the knot?"

Her terror-stricken eyes were fixed on Kian.

Despite their ongoing engagement, the notion of marrying Kian had never entered her thoughts.

Weren't they in agreement just yesterday for a simple engagement?

This abrupt change was overwhelmingly surprising.

Kian approached her once more.

His breath was warm against her skin, devoid of any hint of emotion.

"You've got a choice. You can say no," he replied, casually flipping the equity transfer agreement in his hand.

The unspoken message was clear.

Refuse, and their engagement would fall through.

But the equity would still be firmly in his hands.

Emelia found the man in front of her utterly mysterious.

A pretend engagement had no real consequences, but a legal marriage was a whole different ball game. What was his real motive?

Could it be...?

She instinctively crossed her arms over her chest in a self-protective gesture. "I'm not having sex with you!"

Kian's face hardened in a peculiar expression. "No way! I won't lay a finger on you!"

His chiseled features tightened, revealing his annoyance.

His grandmother had nearly burst with joy during a phone call upon learning of his imminent engagement. She had hastily gathered the entire family to huddle around the calendar, eager to select the most suitable date for a wedding.

His attempts to clarify that it was only an engagement were met with a barrage of criticism. They accused him of evading responsibility.

The ceaseless chatter had persisted well into the night, leaving Kian with a throbbing headache.

Wasn't the engagement supposed to bring peace? How had it gone so awry?

In a moment of frustration, he opted to comply with their wishes and proceed with the marriage.

With the agreement lasting only a year, what was the real distinction?

He sought peace, yet this woman questioned his intentions.

For the first time, Kian's composure wavered under a woman's suspicion. He was somewhat exasperated.

Hearing his words, Emelia let out a sigh of relief. "Okay, I've got my ID. Let's get going."

She walked ahead.

Her quick departure seemed like a proclamation to Kian: as long as their marriage was only on paper, she was indifferent to the idea.

Subsequent events unfolded remarkably smoothly.

Kian left Emelia at the city hall with the marriage certificate in her hand. His rapid exit unmistakably conveyed his lack of intent to share a bed with her.

Emelia revved her motorcycle, intercepting the path of the elegant black Porsche Cayenne.

"Hey! I'm broke and have no place to crash. You wouldn't want your wife sleeping on the streets, right?"

They were legally married, at the very least.

Hadn't he offered her refuge just the previous night? How could he become so indifferent by morning?

Almost instantly, a black hotel key card slid out from the partially lowered window of the vehicle.

Emelia started to unwind upon entering the presidential suite of the Skyline Hotel.

Exiting the Hewitt family hurriedly, she had taken nothing except her essential documents and share certificate.

The bank card she carried was also provided by the Hewitt family, holding minimal funds sufficient only for a hospital stay.

After contemplating, Emelia chose not to return for her belongings in the Hewitt family villa, as she genuinely wished to avoid encountering those unpleasant faces.

Consequently, she sold the motorcycle and visited various banks and institutions, reissuing various bank cards and documents.

Unbeknownst to her, her movements over the past few days had been monitored.

Several days of tranquility were shattered by a barrage of forceful knocks on the door.

In the early morning, heated arguments echoed outside the suite. The door was pounded almost to the point of breaking, and she opened her eyes in irritation.

Thankfully, the ample sleep she had in this place had completely restored her energy.

Reflecting on the nine months at the Hewitt family villa, she realized she never truly had a restful night's sleep.

How could she have thought of such a cage as her home?

Emelia chuckled at herself, stretched lazily, and casually wandered around the room.

Soon, she noticed a mop the cleaning lady had temporarily placed in the bathroom. She picked it up, assessed its weight, and found the quality to be quite satisfactory.

Opening the door, she observed the Hewitt family and the hotel's security standing outside, the situation on the brink of spiraling out of control.

"Quite the scene. Should I dial up the journalists?" Emelia leaned casually against the doorframe, her face makeup-free but still stunning.

Keira couldn't help but feel a twinge of envy at Emelia's beauty, but she held back her emotions and intentionally complained in a soft tone, "Emelia, seriously, what's going on? Even if you're running away from home, you didn't have to sell Andy's motorcycle!"

Mom and Dad have been tearing their hair out looking for you day and night, and now you want to bring in the journalists to stir up more drama. Have you forgotten you're part of this family?"

Andy rolled up his sleeves. "Emelia, do you have any idea how much I poured into that motorcycle? You sold it for half a million. Are you out of your mind?"

"No need to talk to her!" Allen said, his arm wrapped up in a cast. He then turned and barked at the hotel staff sternly, "She swiped from our family. If you dare to aid and abet her, the repercussions for your hotel are crystal clear! Hand her over right now!"

The others echoed in agreement, reigniting the heated atmosphere.

Holding the mop handle, Emelia knocked it against the door with a clang, causing the Hewitt family members to collectively step back.

They were still fearful of being struck.

Briana pushed Allen aside and stepped forward, exuding an elegant demeanor. "Emelia, just come back with us. Whatever's bothering you, I've got it covered."

Emelia gazed at that gentle, caring visage.

That face had been her anchor through a grueling nine-month ordeal.

However, when Emelia lay writhing in allergic torment, spewing blood, it was this woman who observed her plight with icy detachment and cursed as Emelia's blood stained Keira's beloved fabric sofa.

The realization that her birth mother could be so heartless had always been too harsh to accept.

Now, Emelia tightened her grip on the mop handle as turmoil racked her heart, her frame trembling subtly. "Go back with you? What's the point? Face off against ten or maybe a hundred bodyguards? Mrs. Hewitt, I see through your act. Let's drop the whole 'family love' charade, okay?"

Briana's expression swiftly turned grim. "Alright, fine. If you want to break ties, go ahead. The family's money and everything that comes with it, you won't have to worry about anymore. Give up those shares you got from Shawn, and I'll throw in a cool million for your 'freedom.'"