

Love and Hatred Run Bone-Deep Chapter 05

After learning the truth, Evan stared at the bracelet for half a day. He wanted to speak, but nothing came out of his mouth except for unintelligible noises.

He seemed to have lost his ability to speak.

Suddenly, he bent over and started to barf when Felix spoke, perhaps disgusted at the thought of how Cecilia and Peter gave him the bracelet, or maybe because he had kept the bracelet by his side for three years.

The driver tried to help Evan, only to be pushed away. Tears slid down Evan's cheeks. He grasped the bracelet so tightly that the veins on the back of his hand bulged.

After puking, he collapsed onto the floor in exhaustion and trembled from head to toe.

I stood quietly at the side and watched as he vacantly stared at the bracelet that had now developed a jade-like quality.

He did not respond to the driver. Finally, a phone call jolted him out of the trance. He picked it up.

"Evan, when are you coming back?" Cecilia sounded as gentle as usual. "I'm at Peter's studio, waiting to have dinner with you."

Evan swallowed hard. He rasped, "I'm still with my client. Go ahead and have dinner. Don't wait for me."

"Well, you can't skip dinner. I'll get the food ready for you when you're back home."

Evan grunted in agreement. He also heard Peter's laughter in the background, like many times before this.

After hanging up, he rose from the ground and said to the driver, "Let's head to Peter's studio."

Things were quiet in the studio as most employees were off work. Evan paced the entrance for a bit before entering the door passcode and tiptoed into the space.

Behind a closed door with lights on came a hushed conversation.

"Peter, how come that crazy bitch Jemima Brooking is back? I need an explanation!"

"How do I know?" Peter replied flippantly, "Who knows? Maybe Corinne is really back."

“Corinne has been dead for three years! Quit your bullshit!” Cecilia sounded angry. “You thought I didn’t know? You hired that appraiser! Felix Nichols wasn’t on the guest list. What exactly are you trying to do? You were the one who killed Corinne, and you suggested turning her bones into a bracelet!”

Evan stood by the door and choked in shock. He froze as if his soul had been sucked out of his body.

Peter chuckled. “Are you trying to deny your involvement? Who was the one who suggested murder in the first place? Cecilia, we’re in the same boat. You can’t escape the punishment if something happens to me!”

“Well, if so, why did you get that crazy bitch there? What about that appraiser? You know Evan is distrustful. Aren’t you worried that you’ll raise his suspicion?”

laughed. Oh, how Peter wished to raise Evan’s suspicion, as he did everything precisely to ruin Evan’s life. There was no way Peter would watch Evan enjoy a smooth sailing engagement with Cecilia.

Three years was enough time to destroy the evidence of the murder. Even if Evan wanted to reopen the case, he wouldn’t know where to start.

“Stop blabbering! You’d better spend your time thinking of a way to shut Jemima Brooking up.”

Peter replied indifferently, “I asked you to get rid of her but you said to leave her alone because you didn’t want Evan to suspect us. You are the reason we are in hot water now.”

“Why did you send me, then? And what about the bracelet? I think you had this all planned out, you wicked man!”

“Enough. You can either get rid of that bitch, or wait for Evan to find out the truth. Make a pick!”

Cecilia’s indignant cursing followed. Peter snickered but said nothing more.

Evan froze on the spot. It wasn’t until he heard footsteps from behind the door that he snapped back to reality.

In the 10 years I knew him, this was my first time seeing him flee the studio.