

Chapter 113 Emmy Has Been Wronged!

"But..." Cathy looked him in the eyes. "How did you know I was at Misty Cottage?" And her exact location at that.

Adrian quirked a brow. "I sent you a message."

"What? When?"

He narrowed his eyes. "You didn't know that was me?"

Cathy frowned in confusion. "When..." Then it hit her, the text message from the contact named 'Dear'! It was a number she hadn't thought to check and had automatically assumed to be Quinn's!

"That message from the person named 'Dear'... That was you?" Cathy let out a dry laugh, then bit her lip in sudden realization. Oh god. All those cringy, lovey dovely text messages she had been sending to that number without knowing better. Just the thought made her scalp tingle with embarrassment, and she wanted nothing more than to hide her reddening face at that moment.

"Yes. Don't tell me, you mistook it for someone else?" Adrian leaned forward and trapped her between him and the car door, preventing her from moving. He bore his deep gaze into hers. "Seems like Mrs. Bolton here has other 'dears' in her heart, hm?"

"I..." Cathy was sure her face had completely flushed by now, but she hoped it would be too obscured by the shadows for Adrian to notice. How was she supposed to know he had also named himself 'Dear' in her contacts?!

Adrian was inching closer by the second, and her heart felt like it was about to burst. Screwing her eyes shut, she pushed his chest with both hands and blurted, "I don't! Those messages were meant for you and no one else!"

"Good." He drew back a little, smiling smugly at the way she heaved out a sigh of relief. But he wasn't going to let her go that easily. Immediately, he grabbed her jaw and crashed his lips onto hers.

Even in the heat of the moment, Adrian had somehow managed to lower the seat without much of a struggle. He laid her down urgently, his hungry lips never once leaving her body. They slowly trailed down to her neck, then to her collarbone.

"Don't..." Cathy pushed him away gently. But deep down, she was just as eager as he was. Perhaps it was due to the pent-up nervousness that needed release, or perhaps it was her dire need for a sense of security amidst all the chaos that was happening... Either way, her body was betraying her growing desires.

Time went by in a blur, and just when Cathy almost lost herself completely in pleasure, the car pulled up in front of the Bolton family villa. Without a second to waste, Adrian draped his coat around her half-naked body and carried her back to the bedroom bridal style.

The door to the bedroom swiftly opened and closed with loud clicks, then Cathy found her back pressed flat against its cool, mahogany wood. She bit her lip weakly. "Adrian..."

"Call me dear." He pecked on her earlobe, husky voice sending shivers down her spine.

"Dear..." she breathed.

He chuckled in her ear, nibbling around her earlobe. "Do you want it?"

She nodded shyly; her ears completely flushed pink.

The lights went out, and they both fell into a state of pain and pleasure. Somewhere in between, a large, calloused hand caught her chin in a firm yet gentle grip, forcing her to stare into a pair of piercing, obsidian eyes. They had her completely mesmerized until a deep, solemn voice drew her out of her trance. "I will never let anything happen to you."

The sincerity behind those unexpected words made her heart tremble, and she burst into tears instantly. She never thought he'd know about the troubles and fears in her heart. Stretching out her arms, she pulled him into a tight embrace. "Thank you."

Once again, she entangled herself in his arms, letting him take her through a night of sheer bliss.

"Mommy!"

"Mommy, mommy! Wake up!"

"Mommy..."

A familiar childlike voice called out again and again until Cathy woke up from her sleep. Her eyes fluttered open groggily to see Abner tugging at her nightdress. "What's going on?"

"There's a cop downstairs looking for you!"

A cop...? Ah. They're most likely here to ask her questions regarding yesterday's incident. She was kind of the reason Ember got arrested, after all.

Cathy quickly got out of bed and changed. When she headed downstairs, she was greeted by a policewoman sitting on the couch talking to Arius.

"Mrs. Bolton." Upon seeing Cathy, the policewoman stood up with a smile. "It was late last night. I didn't get a chance to collect your transcript. Do you have time to come down to the police station?"

"I'll go with you." Cathy nodded, tying her hair up in a gesture of preparation. Whether it's for Penelope or herself, she swore she would bring Ember to justice this time!

The policewoman reluctantly bid her farewells to Arius before leading Cathy out the door. "I really envy you, Mrs. Bolton. You have such handsome and intelligent sons," she said, stepping into her car. "When I first arrived at your house, I was shocked to see how beautiful those two kids were. It wasn't until I saw you that I understood where they got that from!"

Cathy blushed at the compliment. "They're actually not mine."

The cop's eyes widened in disbelief for a moment, then she laughed. "You're funny, Mrs. Bolton. Arius and Abner both have your eyes. How can they not be yours? Those were the first feature that stood out to me when I saw all of you."

Hearing that, Cathy subconsciously glanced at the reflection of her eyes on the window. Do my eyes really look like theirs? She had never noticed before, but she was sure to check once she got home.

Soon, they arrived at the police station. Cathy made a statement with the police according to the procedure, and truthfully told everything she heard and saw last night.

On her way out of the precinct, she bumped into Dorian and Marion came to pay Ember a visit.

"Cathy Shaw!" Marion stormed over as soon as she saw Cathy and grabbed her by the collar. "What the hell are you trying to do? Emmy is innocent in this, why did you have to wrong her?!"

She shook her head vigorously, crying so loud that passersby had begun looking at them. "Haven't we been kind to you?! All these years, we let you stay in the Shaw family despite your lowly, humble background. We treated you as our daughter even though you weren't related to us by blood. Even your marriage into the Bolton family was arranged for your sake! Because we saw how pitiful you were! And this is how you repay us, you ungrateful bitch?!"

"Is that so?" Cathy sneered, prying Marion's hands off her before flinging them away in contempt. "I must say, your acting has gotten better. Let me recount what actually happened. Didn't you let me stay in the Shaw household just so you could use me as your servant? The marriage you claimed to be for my sake; wasn't that only because Ember refused it, so you had me replace her? And we both know you didn't do it for my sake, but for your own. The marriage would've benefitted the Shaw family."

Onlookers had already begun crowding around at the commotion. Their gazes were mostly directed at Marion after Cathy's words, causing her face to burn with anger. She had always been a person with pride. So, there was no way she was going to lose, especially not to someone like Cathy. Fishing out a blade from her pocket, Marion charged it towards Cathy's face—

The blade never made it to Cathy as a large, rough hand suddenly appeared to block the attack. In the next second, Marion was forced to her knees, causing the blade to impale her palm and she screamed.

Cathy, who had been in defense mode all this while, finally came to her senses and stepped back a little. Her gaze shifted from Marion on the ground to the man standing before her. She frowned. The man appeared to be in his thirties with rough facial features and a bulky body.

The man turned to her after a while. "Are you alright?"

"Yeah. Thank you." Cathy nodded. She would've been able to do fine on her own, but she was grateful that someone stepped in to help, nonetheless.

"No need to thank me." The man smiled at her. "With your skills, I knew she wouldn't be able to lay a scratch on you. But just to be safe, you know?"

Cathy stared at him in shock. How did he know about her martial arts skills? She hadn't even made a move earlier. Unless he could tell by the way she raised her arms in defense...? That's too creepy.

"Mr. Bolton!" A voice yelled from the distance.

Cathy instinctively looked around in search of her husband. Ever since she married Adrian, she had been particularly sensitive to that form of address.

"Coming." The man responded next to her. He turned to her and gave a small nod. "Please excuse me," he said, before striding away in the other direction.

As Cathy watched him leave, she frowned. His last name is Bolton too? Coincidentally, she had also felt like he was related to the Bolton family from the moment she met the man...