

Heiress's 413

Chapter 413

Ryan was not in a hurry to leave after walking out of the lounge. Instead, he wandered around the place.

He looked like he was taking a walk, but something was cooking.

Ryan hoped to spot the tiny figure with her always-downcast head.

He was no angel.

However, he always had a soft spot for that delicate girl.

“Young Master Ryan? What are you doing here?” Running to Ryan,

Wilma drew close and asked in shock.

“Uh... Erm... Um...”

Ryan looked awkward as he stumbled for words. Finally, he plucked the courage to ask, “Where is Carrie’s room, Wilma?”

Wilma looked at him in shock.

She could never, in her wildest dreams, associate the man with

“What do you want to do, Young Master Ryan? Ms. Carrie doesn’t comfortable with strangers. Don’t scare her.”

Ryan furrowed her brows. "Wilma, you know me. I grew up with Justin."

"If you ask me, this is what I think about you and Young Master Justin." Wilma gave a thumbs up.

"But you with women..." Wilma gave him a thumbs down.

Ryan had a face-palm moment.

It took a lot of persuasion on Ryan's part to whitewash his image as a playboy before Wilma finally took him to see Carrie.

"I'll keep watch at the door. Make it quick before others catch your here." Wilma stood in front of the door and urged him sternly.

Ryan did not know what to say. "We are not doing anything illegal,

Wilma. Don't be so uptight about it."

He took strides into the room and closed the door behind him.

Once Wilma snapped out of her thoughts, her eyes bulged in rage. "You little brat! What did you say to me?"

Ryan was surprised upon walking into Carrie's room.

Bethany's room overflowed with princessy opulence, while Carrie's room embraced stark minimalism. Carrie did not have any personal furnishings beyond the manor's bare necessities.

Ryan heard some noise coming from the bedroom, so he tiptoed his way there.

With the door left ajar, he slipped inside.

He could see Carrie's slender back against a wide desk. She was scribbling something.

As his eyes darkened, Ryan crept behind her and craned his neck to see what she was doing.

His heart skipped a beat.

With pursed lips, Carrie sketched a portrait, and the model was him.

"All done." Carrie put down the pencil and admired the portrait with a smile.

"When are you planning on giving it to me?"

"Ah!"

Carrie let out a scream and jumped out of the chair. She tried to cover the drawing, but it was too late.

Acting quickly, Ryan curled his lips and snatched the drawing from her grasp.

"G-Give it back!" Rosy-cheeked, Carrie got on her tiptoes and tried to retrieve it.

Since the man towered over her, Carrie gripped his collar in rage and sneaked around him to snatch it back.

"Cough! Let go! Let go! You're going to strangle me to death."

Ryan gasped for air. Left with no choice, he bent over and scooped Carrie up to put her on the table. At least then he could breathe.

“Give it back! That’s my drawing!” A tearful Carrie refused to give up.

“You drew me. Technically, you violated my rights.”

Ryan’s eyes were intense when their gazes met. “As compensation, why don’t you give the drawing to me, Carrie?”

Blushing in the face, Carrie yanked on the man’s collar.

Ryan fell forward with widened eyes and squashed Carrie under him.

Their lips were nearly touching.

“Uh... It tickles.”

Carrie looked away as the man’s tobacco-filled breath smothered her.

Her heart was beating fast.

Ryan was in a daze.

It took everything in him to stop the fire in his loins. He straightened his back and got up.

His eyes welled up, and his breathing grew heavy.

Although Carrie was of age, she looked petite and delicate, all curled

up on the table.

She hid half her face between her knees and extended her arm to the

man. "Give it back."