

Chapter 598 A Real-life Fairy Tale Transformation

The butler's lips curved into a polite smile as he mistook Elliana for just another one of Charles's admirers. She was striking—graceful, poised, and undeniably beautiful. Among all the young women who came seeking Charles, she stood out. But it didn't matter. Charles never entertained visitors like her.

Thus, the butler assumed the responsibility of turning her away fell squarely on his shoulders.

Before he could speak, Elliana's voice cut through the air. "Please, inform Charles immediately. I need to speak with him—it's urgent."

The butler, unaware of the real situation, wasn't convinced by her words. Every single girl who knocked on their door swore she had urgent business with Charles. He was completely sick of hearing that same line over and over again. Honestly, he wished they could at least try to be more creative with their excuses.

"Miss, Mr. Henderson is out of town on business. He won't be back for quite some time. You'll have to come back another day," the butler said smoothly, his lie rolling off his tongue with practiced ease.

Charles wasn't home? Disappointment flickered across Elliana's face, but she quickly regrouped. If Charles wasn't available, his parents would have to do. "Then I need to speak with his parents instead. Can you please tell Mr. and Mrs. Henderson that I am here to see them?"

The butler's eyes widened in genuine shock. Now that was definitely a first. In all his years of dealing with Charles's frantic admirers, not one of them had ever been brazen enough to ask for a direct meeting with Gatlin and Eloisa. Too bad it would be a completely pointless strategy. Gatlin and Eloisa never intervened in Charles's personal affairs. Even if they happened to adore a particular girl, it wouldn't make the slightest difference if Charles himself wasn't interested. Anyone who thought they could win him over by going through his parents was just fooling

Armed with that knowledge, the butler kept his polite smile firmly in place as he delivered his second lie of the evening. "Unfortunately, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson are also out for the evening. I'm afraid no one is available to see you."

Elliana's jaw tightened as her patience finally reached its breaking point. She had felt genuinely bad about showing up at their house so late at night. That was why she'd been trying to do things the proper way—asking the butler to announce her visit instead of just pushing her way inside. She'd thought it would be more respectful. But the butler was obviously playing games with her, feeding her one lie after another. She could see right through his act without even trying.

Yet, there was no time to figure out why the butler was being so difficult. She needed to reach Charles immediately, and if the butler wouldn't help her, she'd find another way. Without another word to the bewildered butler, she pulled her phone from her pocket and dialed Charles's number.

Upstairs in his bedroom, Charles was dead to the world, lost in deep sleep. The phone rang and rang before the sound finally broke through his dreams and jolted him awake. When he managed to answer, his voice was rough and confused. "Hello? Who's calling this late?"

"It's me," Elliana said simply.


Charles's ears immediately caught her voice, and excitement surged through him. "Ms. Marsh?" he exclaimed, barely containing himself.

The Hendersons and Evans families had always shared a close bond. After Elliana had healed Barbara and Charles, their relationship had strengthened further. When news of Elliana's supposed death reached the Evans family, the Hendersons heard whispers about it.

The thought that Elliana was "gone" had left the Henderson family deeply saddened, yet a flicker of hope remained—a hope that the news was false, that she might return unexpectedly.

Now, hearing her voice after so long sent a thrill straight through Charles.

"Yes, it's me," Elliana confirmed warmly. "I'm standing right outside your

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front gate. Could you please tell your butler to let me in? I have something very important I need to discuss with you."

Charles's voice practically vibrated with joy. "Of course! Absolutely! I'll be right there!"

Within minutes, Charles came rushing toward the gate, still wearing his striped pajamas and bedroom slippers. But when he saw Elliana astride her sleek motorcycle, his huge grin suddenly froze on his face.

He stood there completely speechless, staring at her in total amazement. The last time he'd seen Elliana, she'd been disguised with that wild, messy wig and covered in fake tattoos that made her look absolutely ugly. Now, seeing her real appearance for the first time, he could barely believe his own eyes.

"Ms. Marsh?" Charles asked uncertainly, as if he needed confirmation that this gorgeous woman was actually the same person.

Elliana's face lit up with a gentle smile. "It's me, Charles."

She pulled off her motorcycle helmet and shook out her long, silky hair, letting it fall in waves down her back. Her delicate features were revealed in all their natural beauty, looking like something out of a painting.

The butler stood there, absolutely stunned. He was completely blown away by Elliana's incredible beauty and in total shock over hearing Charles call her "Ms. Marsh."

The butler had accompanied the Hendersons to the Evans mansion when they'd gone seeking justice. He'd watched with his own eyes as Elliana had performed those amazing medical treatments on Barbara and Charles. But never in a million years would he have guessed that this stunning woman was the same person he'd once thought was so unattractive. It was like witnessing a real-life fairy tale transformation—an ugly duckling turning into a magnificent swan right before his eyes!

But no one was paying attention to the butler's amazement at that moment. Seeing Charles still standing there with his mouth hanging open, Elliana couldn't help but tease him a little, "Are you going to invite me inside, or should I just stand out here all night?"

"Oh! Right!" Charles snapped out of his daze and quickly stepped to the side. "Ms. Marsh, please come in!"

Without missing a beat, Elliana revved her motorcycle's engine and rode it straight through the open gate into the Henderson family's spacious courtyard.

Her riding style was absolutely captivating—confident, graceful, and fearless all at once. Both Charles and the butler found themselves completely entranced, following her every movement with their eyes as if they were watching a performance.

As Elliana smoothly parked her bike and turned off the engine, the butler leaned toward Charles, still looking completely bewildered. "Mr. Henderson, are you absolutely certain that's Ms. Marsh?"

"It's definitely her!" Charles confirmed, his voice full of wonder and excitement.