

## Chapter 11 Call Her Mrs. Martin

The temperature in the room seemed to drop all at once, and Evelyn could not help but shiver.

"Mr. Martin?" she called carefully, not knowing what she had done this time to offend the man again.

Elias got up at an unhurried pace and put on his clothes with neat, measured movements. While straightening his cuffs, he spoke lightly, yet the command in his voice was impossible to miss. "From this moment on, you are my wife. If you keep calling me Mr. Martin, do you want everyone to know this marriage is nothing but a pretense?"

Evelyn blinked. If she could not call him Mr. Martin, then what was she supposed to call him?

She fell silent.

Elias fixed her with a deep, unreadable look.

It was obvious he was not pleased.

What was she meant to call him?

She did not have the nerve to use his first name.

And calling him honey was simply out of the question.

Just then, a careful voice sounded from beyond the door.

"Mr. Martin."

Elias' brows drew together faintly. He pulled back that icy look and opened the bedroom door.

Evelyn released a slow, deep breath at that.

At last, the tightness in her body began to loosen.

Henry was already waiting in the living room. He could not help flicking his eyes toward the bedroom, his whole body stiff with unease.

"What are you trying to look at?"

Elias' freezing voice made Henry jolt. He immediately pulled his gaze away.

"How should we make arrangements for Miss Curtis?" he asked, his voice shaking despite his effort to remain steady.

He had actually wanted to ask whether Elias had used Evelyn as the cure last night

But he didn't dare do that.

Elias hated subordinates who took matters into their own hands.

Even though Henry believed he had acted for Elias' sake, he had still overstepped.

He was afraid he would soon be sent off to some distant branch overseas as punishment

But instead of that, Henry heard an even, unwavering order.

"Don't call her Miss Curtis anymore," Elias said.

"What?"

"Call her... Mrs. Martin."

Henry went completely still.

The shock left him unable to say a word.

Mrs. Martin?

Elias was going to marry Evelyn?

But was it truly marriage, or was he only planning to keep her beside him as his lover?

That thought had only just surfaced in Henry's mind when Elias continued,

"Go to the old house and bring the necessary documents. When I come back to the country, Evelyn and I will register the marriage immediately."

Henry's eyes widened, his emotions in chaos.

Relief hit first. His gamble from the night before had worked.

The cure he brought had been used.

He would not be punished

Then came disbelief.

Elias was not intending to keep Evelyn as his lover.

He intended to marry Evelyn properly.

That meant Evelyn would not simply carry the title Mrs. Martin on the surface.

She would be Elias' legal wife, with the right to claim part of the assets if they ever divorced.

But how could the Martin family ever accept a woman like Evelyn as Elias' wife, who didn't come from a powerful family?

Henry hesitated, not daring to voice his thoughts.

Elias changed the topic without missing a beat. "What's the progress of the investigation abroad?"

"We still haven't found any sign of the surgeon called Zero. But we did track down Professor Leon Carter, the person who guided Zero into medicine years ago. Professor Carter said he cannot handle the condition himself. Only his late teacher or Zero would be certain enough to perform that operation. Zero's identity is still unknown. She disappeared two years ago. If we want to find her, we will most likely need Professor Carter's help. The trouble is, he refuses to tell us where she is, and he will not come back to the country with us. We are at a loss as to what to do..."

Elias lowered his gaze, hiding the chill in his eyes. "He won't speak. Fine. I'll talk to him myself."

"The clearance for the private jet has come through. Do you want to set off now?" Henry asked.

Elias gave a slight nod and threw one last look toward the bedroom.

Seven days.

He would give Evelyn seven days to change her mind.

If she still did not run away by then, she would become his wife.

And after that, she would never be able to leave his side again.

Elias turned and walked away.

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At Ward Medical Center.

"Evie, you're finally back!"

Nicola hurried over from the bedside and wrapped her arms tightly around her friend. "Are you okay?"

Evelyn nodded and looked toward her mother lying in the bed. "How is my mom?"

"She's out of danger now. Last night some men brought NS1209 and said you were the one who sent them. After I gave her the shot, her condition stabilized." Nicola hesitated after saying that.

She did not mention that the men in black suits who arrived the night before looked like people who lived with danger at their backs, like seasoned mercenaries, exuding an intimidating aura.

"Evie, how did you get NS1209 last night?" she asked.

At the thought of what had happened the night before, Evelyn's ears burned red.

She forced herself to stay calm. "I just... asked Mr. Martin for it."