

## Chapter 13 Burning Her Things

"That's great!" Nicola flung her arms around Evelyn, tears streaming down her cheeks. "Evie, you have no clue how long I've been waiting for this day! You were born to be fearless and untouchable, the sort of woman who commanded every room the moment she stepped inside. Why should you ever make yourself smaller for trash like Carsten? He was never worthy of you!"

After laughing and crying with Evelyn for a while, Nicola was called back to work.

Evelyn turned on her laptop and started typing at full speed.

A while later, she sent out a message.

Before the person on the other end could answer, her phone rang with a WhatsApp alert.

She tapped the screen.

It was a message from Violet.

There was not a single word, only two photos.

One showed a man's and a woman's legs tangled together on a bed, both of them naked.

The other photo showed a heap of belongings tossed across the living room like rubbish with clothes, cosmetics, and piles of papers all mixed.

Evelyn knew at once what she was looking at.

That bed was meant to be the one she and Carsten would sleep in after their wedding.

And the so-called rubbish in the living room was the half-packed luggage she had not gotten the chance to take with her.

Another message came right after that, this time a voice message.

Violet's soft, honeyed voice drifted from the speaker, laced with ridicule. "Evelyn, Carsten said this pile of junk was ruining the look of our new home, so I will take care of it."

Evelyn's grip tightened around her phone.

She did not even look to see whether her laptop had gotten a reply. She rose to her feet at once and headed out.

Those were not junk.

Some of the dearest things she owned were in there.

Among them were things her father had left her.

There were also items from her family and friends.

What gave Carsten and Violet the right to lay a hand on any of it?

On the way to Moonlake Villa, Evelyn called Violet.

The call went through. Violet's sugary voice came over the line, soft but plainly taunting.

"Evelyn, I'm sorry. I really don't know why Carsten suddenly told me to move into Moonlake Villa and stay in the master bedroom with him. I said no more than once, but he refused to listen. He said I'm pregnant and he wouldn't be comfortable letting me sleep by myself. He also said he needed to hold me through the night. But I truly can't stand having another woman's belongings in my room. Carsten said that if I hated it so much, then all your things should be thrown out. You're not angry with me, are you?"

Evelyn took a slow breath. Her voice went glacial. "Violet, I don't care which bed you and Carsten crawl into. But those things belong to me, and you have no right to touch them! I'm on my way to take them back right now!"

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By the time Evelyn arrived at Moonlake Villa, a column of thick black smoke was already pouring up from the backyard behind the ornate iron gate. The air was thick with the biting smell of melted plastic and

scorched cloth.

Her heart lurched. She ran straight in.

In the back garden, a metal trash barrel on the lawn was filled with raging fire.

Violet stood nearby, leaning against one of the gazebo pillars, giggling with another young woman.

Evelyn recognized the woman, too.

It was Yara Ward, Carsten's younger sister.

Two youngmen she knew were also standing there.

They were the sort who followed Yara around all day, always trying to win her attention.

Both of them had long sticks in their hands, and every so often, they jabbed at the flames, hooking up half-burned things just to watch them catch fire again while they laughed out loud.

Evelyn saw a white coat shriveling inside the blaze.

Carsten had given it to her back in college with the very first money he had ever made.

The cut had fallen out of style years ago, yet she had never once been able to part with it.

Now, it was blackened and ripped apart, no different from trash.

Evelyn looked at it once, then turned her eyes away.

Yes, it was indeed trash.

She didn't feel reluctant to let it burn.

More of her belongings were scattered all over the grass.

Her cosmetics were smashed to pieces. Documents were streaked with dirt.

Fury boiled inside Evelyn.

She lunged forward and sent the flaming barrel crashing over with one hard kick.

Sparks burst in all directions, making Violet and the others shriek at the top of their lungs.

"Evelyn, what do you think you're doing?" Yara snapped in anger, "Do you realize those sparks nearly flew onto me?"

Evelyn paid them no mind, hurrying to smother the flames and dig through the ashes.

Everything else could be ruined, but not her father's keepsake.

Her mother had placed it in her hands on the day she turned eighteen.

She had been told that whatever was inside that box had to be protected with her life.

"Evelyn, are you deaf?" When she saw she was being ignored, Yara stamped her foot in anger. "Do you want me to tell Carsten about this? You nearly hurt me, and you put Violet and her unborn baby in danger. If Carsten hears about this, he will never forgive you!"

Evelyn slowly turned, her gaze icy and merciless as it fell on Yara and Violet.

In the past, she had treated them with nothing but genuine care.

Yara had always been spoiled and reckless.

Every trouble she caused had been dealt with by Evelyn.

But all that care had never melted the Ward family's frozen hearts.

Yara had never once accepted her as family.

She always ordered her around and looked down on her, yet she treated Violet with kindness and closeness.

More than once, she had said right to her face that she wished Carsten would marry Violet instead.

Yara had never been met with such a cold, cutting look from Evelyn before.

Her face reddened with anger. "Evelyn, who do you think you are, looking at me like that? I'm warning you. You'd better apologize to Violet and me this instant, or I'll call my brother and tell him you—"

A hard slap cut her off.



"Help me, and I'll give you a special reward!"

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