

## Chapter 14 He Is Giving The House To Violet

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Yara went still for several long beats, her lips parted a little. Then, she slowly raised a hand to her stinging cheek.

Her eyes flew wide with shock.

Evelyn had really struck her.

"You bitch, how could you lay a hand on me?" she exclaimed.

Violet rushed over at once. "Evelyn, you went too far. How could you slap Yara? I know you can't stand me. If you need to vent, do it to me. Why pull someone else into it?"

A crisp smack rang through the garden again.

Violet reeled back under the impact.

She covered her throbbing cheek with one hand and looked at Evelyn as if she could not believe what had just happened. "You... you slapped me?"

A chilly laugh slipped from Evelyn. "Violet, drop the act. You told me to take it out on you. I only did what you asked for."

Violet exchanged a glance with Yara.

A bright red print stood out on both of their faces, one on one side, one on the other.

As the moments slipped by, their skin began to puff up.

The matching bruised symmetry looked almost absurd.

Both of them were convinced Evelyn had gone crazy.

Before, Evelyn had always been the soft, compliant one.

Whenever they demanded something she gave in. No matter what they did, she swallowed it in silence.

But now, she actually dared to hit them.

Yara shouted in fury, "Evelyn, have you lost your mind? Who do you think you are to hit us?"

Evelyn answered in a voice that stayed even and icy, "You took my things without asking. That is theft. You set fire to what was mine. That is deliberate damage. One slap was already me showing mercy to you."

She faced Violet. "Give my things back. If you won't, I'll report it to the police."

Evelyn had already looked through the ruined heap.

What had been burned was only clothing and some papers.

The costly jewelry and the keepsake from her father were missing.

Violet had no intention of handing anything back.

Instead, she grabbed at her belly and gave a faint little whine, acting as if she were hurt.

Yara's temper surged all over again. "Evelyn, you hit us and still expect to get your things back? Dream on. Everything under this roof belongs to Carsten. None of it is yours."

As the words left her mouth, smug satisfaction crept across her face. "Evelyn, maybe nobody's told you yet. Carsten has already chosen to sign this house over to Violet. Once this place becomes hers, everything in it becomes hers, too. So what right do you have to ask for anything?"

Evelyn's face turned dark at once. "Carsten is giving this house to Violet?"

"Exactly." Yara tipped up her chin with arrogance. "That was settled ages ago. The Ward family is giving it to her as both a reward and compensation. What, he never mentioned it to you?"

Evelyn's fingers curled tightly at her sides.

This house had been the very first place she and Carsten bought after

the company found its footing.

It had been meant as the home where they would build their future.

They had once stood in those empty rooms and pictured the life waiting for them.

They had spent so many quiet mornings and late nights there together.

And yet, Carsten had already decided to hand their home to Violet.

It was absurd and revolting.

But maybe this was a good thing.

The moment she learned this, every last bit of feeling she had still carried for the so-called home vanished for good.

Yara studied her face and looked even more pleased. "You think calling the police will let you accuse us of stealing? I could have you reported for trespassing."

She touched her swollen cheek. Anger came flooding back into her expression. "This woman forced her way onto private property and attacked us. Why are you all still standing there? Hit her back ten times harder!"