

Chapter 20 Irrational

A shiver slid down Leon's back.

Crossing Elias was something no sane person would ever attempt.

"Of course not," Leon answered at once. "I had a pressing issue to deal with, so I headed back without notifying you or your people in advance. I also appreciate you handling the documents for my return. In return, I'm willing to put you in contact with Zero."

From the other side of the call, the measured breathing faltered for a moment. "Zero is prepared to accept the case?" Elias asked.

Leon hesitated. For his sake, Evelyn would probably agree to take the case, right?

"Yes, but it will have to be a month later," he said.

"That's too long!"

Leon paused. "Then... what about two weeks?"

Silence answered him.

"Seven days. That is the earliest possible." Leon tightened his jaw. "Zero is occupied with other matters and cannot accept any work at the moment. There will be no opening for at least seven days. I can only arrange the introduction. Whether treatment or surgery goes ahead will be entirely Zero's decision. I have no say in that."

"Alright, Deal!" Elias replied.

In Meridia,

Elias ended the call. His face stayed calm while his fingers tapped the desk in a slow rhythm.

"Mr. Martin, we've confirmed it. Mr. Carter is currently in Sreles. Should we arrange the earliest flight back?" Henry asked.

Another assistant spoke up. "Mr. Martin, there is also a business negotiation here that needs your attention. Since we are already here, perhaps—"

"We should return to the country," Elias suddenly interjected.

He couldn't wait any longer.

At the Ward family's estate.

Carsten rubbed his aching temples and sank back into the broad leather chair.

Seated opposite him were his parents, Levi Ward and Jenessa Ward. Violet sat beside Jenessa, her face a bit pale.

"Carsten," Jenessa began, a porcelain cup in her hand, clear displeasure sharpening her voice. "Where is Evelyn? How many days has she been throwing a tantrum? She ignores every call, and no one knows where she has gone. Does she still respect this family or you at all?"

Carsten kept his expression rigid and did not answer at once.

He had not expected Evelyn's anger to drag on this long.

Three full days had passed without a single message or phonecall from her.

She had not even appeared at the office, a place she had never once missed before.

Even though Ward Innovations operated under the Ward Group, it had been created through the shared effort of Evelyn and him over five exhausting years.

Evelyn had poured more dedication and passion into that company than he had.

But now, simply to oppose him, she was even willing to walk away from

it.

She was really being irrational!

"Carsten, you've ignored Evelyn long enough" Levi said from the head of the table. "After all, you're the one who had a child with Violet. It's natural for Evelyn to lose her temper because of that."

He paused for a moment. "I think you should call Evelyn, give her a way out, and allow her to come back and continue preparing for the wedding. Women, after all, always need a bit of coaxing. And you know your grandfather is very fond of her as his future granddaughter-in-law. If things become too unpleasant, it will be difficult to explain the situation to him."

"No way!" Jenessa objected immediately, placing the cup down on the coffee table with force. "She is the one who refuses to see the bigger picture. All she knows is jealousy, and she lacks the composure and tolerance expected of a member of this family! She should be the one apologizing. There is no reason for Carsten to give in first. If we allow that now, won't she walk all over him in the future?"

As she spoke, her eyes shifted toward Violet, and her voice softened with warmth. "In my view, Violet is clearly the better choice for Carsten. She knows how to behave properly and always places him above herself. Even when she is treated unfairly, she endures it quietly and carries this child without asking for a title."

Violet was dressed plainly and kept her gaze lowered. Her palm settled instinctively over her stomach at Jenessa's words.

"No need to speak so highly of me," she murmured with shy embarrassment. "Being able to carry Carsten's baby is already more than I could ask for. Besides, the child is mine as well, and I cherish it deeply —"

Before she could finish, she lifted a hand to cover her mouth and gave a muted retch. Her brows knitted together as pain spread across her face.

"Violet, what is it? Are you still feeling sick?" Carsten stood up at once and pulled her into his arms.

"It's nothing" Violet answered with a forced smile. "It's just a bit stuffy in here." A light sheen of sweat appeared along her temple.

