

Chapter 21 Evelyn Blocked Him

Watching this unfold, a surge of pity for Violet rose in Jenessa's chest, and she turned sharply toward Carsten. "Just look at how considerate Violet is! Now compare that with Evelyn! I truly cannot figure out what on earth you ever saw in that woman!"

Mentioning Evelyn's shortcomings suddenly reminded Jenessa of another matter.

"Oh, and another thing the sleep-aid herbal brew I drink every month has run out. Why hasn't Evelyn sent it over yet? Without that tea, I haven't been able to get a proper night's rest these past few days. She used to bring it punctually every single month, yet now, simply because she quarreled with you a little, she cannot even bother to deliver the tea on time. What exactly is she trying to do? Is she deliberately doing this to upset us? Tell me, what kind of future daughter-in-law behaves in such a rude way?"

The more she spoke, the more her irritation flared. Yet remembering how restless her nights had been without Evelyn's soothing brew, she eventually restrained her temper and directly instructed Carsten, "Never mind, call her this instant! Tell her our family is willing to give her one final opportunity. If she brings the herbal tea over right away and personally prepares those nourishing dishes Violet enjoys as an apology, we'll overlook everything for the moment!"

Hearing this, Carsten felt his chest stir faintly.

It sounded like a decent way out, a chance for Evelyn to come back without losing face.

Still, he wondered whether making the call himself might give Evelyn the impression that she could push boundaries without consequence.

But he dismissed the hesitation soon; trying to placate her was worth the attempt.

A faint smile lingered at the edges of Carsten's eyes and lips as he found

Evelyn's contact and placed the call.

Yet instead of her voice, a mechanical female voice echoed from the phone.

"Sorry, the number you have dialed is currently busy..."

Carsten knitted his brows and tried calling several more times.

The reply did not change.

Jenessa demanded impatiently, "What is going on? What exactly is that woman doing that she will not even answer her fiancé's call? Could there be another man she is seeing?"

Carsten's expression turned grim as he opened WhatsApp and typed a message to Evelyn.

"Evelyn, pick up your phone!"

Yet the moment the message went through, a glaring red exclamation point popped up on the screen.

Carsten stared at it, stunned. His fingers darted across the display as he fired off several more messages.

One by one, the red exclamation marks appeared in a tidy row, reminding him that he looked like an utter idiot for doing this.

Evelyn had actually blocked him?

So it wasn't that Evelyn was busy on another call; she had completely blocked all his contacts.

How dare she do something like that?

"Carsten, what exactly is happening? Evelyn actually has the nerve to ignore your calls?" Jenessa bristled with anger. "Does she honestly think she's some sort of princess? Acting like this and throwing a fit at you!"

Levi also voiced his disapproval, saying, "Carsten, you have spoiled your fiancée far too much. It's acceptable to dote on a woman, but you must understand where the boundary lies, or she will start believing she can do whatever she wants."

Carsten's expression grew darker than ever.

He did not tell his parents that Evelyn had done more than just ignore his calls; she had severed every possible way he could reach her.

What exactly was she trying to do?

Was she truly prepared to take things this far? Was she not afraid that he might genuinely leave her for good?

A fragment of memory suddenly surfaced in his mind—the composed, distant look on Evelyn's face at Moonlake Villa when she had said, "We're even." A strange unease stirred in Carsten's chest.

No. He had to talk to Evelyn face-to-face. He needed to ask her how much longer she intended to keep this up.

All at once, Carsten felt an intense urge to see Evelyn, to... seize something

But just as he turned to walk away, a piercing cry sounded behind him.

"Ah!"

Spinning around, Carsten saw Violet clutching her head, her delicate face drained of color as she slid painfully from her chair and collapsed onto the floor.

"Violet!" Without hesitation, Carsten rushed over and pulled her into his arms. "What's wrong?"


Violet's voice quivered through her tears. "Carsten, I feel terrible... Help me... Please call a doctor... quickly!"

"Violet, what's the matter? Don't frighten me like this! You're carrying Carsten's child; nothing must happen to you." Jenessa's voice trembled with panic.

Chaos broke out inside the Ward family's residence.

Moments later, a car shot out from the estate, speeding straight toward the hospital.

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At the Ward Medical Center.

"What did you just say? Violet has a blood clot in her brain and an aneurysm that requires surgery?"

The doctor studied the scans before giving a solemn nod. "The operation should be arranged as soon as possible. Otherwise, in the best-case scenario, she could lose her eyesight; in the worst-case scenario, she could suffer paralysis or a cerebral infarction."

Violet's body wobbled faintly, the color draining completely from her fragile face.

Jenessa had only one thing on her mind. "What about the baby? Will the surgery harm the child she's carrying?"

The doctor knitted his brows. "Naturally, the pregnancy would have to be ended before the operation can be performed."