

## Chapter 7 Getting Married In A Week

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The room went completely still.

It felt as though everything had stopped.

Evelyn blinked, certain the cold and strain had made her hear Elias wrong.

He had not asked her to stay and sleep with him.

He had asked her to marry him.

How could that be?

She had to have heard him wrong.

That was impossible.

It was almost as though Elias had seen straight into her mind. His searing hand caught her chin again and forced her face upward.

Then, he spoke in that calm, distant voice. "You heard me right, Evelyn, I want you to be my wife."

Evelyn's thoughts went empty. "Why?"

Elias stood at the very top of Sreles's power ladder.

His family held control over the industries that drove all of Sreles.

To call him powerful and impossibly rich would not have been an overstatement.

Women from wealthy families had done everything they could to win his attention.

A man like him was short of nothing. Why would he want her to be his wife?

Elias' eyes darkened for a moment before he looked elsewhere.

"I need a wife in name only," he said, making his tone casual. "Someone to handle my family and avoid needless trouble. You need NS1209. Your background is spotless, and you have no business connections that could cause issues. You are the most suitable choice for me. Like you said, this works for both of us. It is a transaction."

Hearing that, Evelyn understood the situation.

The tight knot in her chest slowly loosened.

"What? You don't want to do that?" Elias asked.

"No, that's not the case! I am willing to do that!" Evelyn answered without a pause.

She would not need to give her body as some temporary fix.

A marriage to Elias would be enough to save her mother.

This was a result she had never even dared to dream of.

Elias lowered his eyes. His face stayed calm, yet the hand at his side had curled into a tight fist.

"I am leaving the country tomorrow. In seven days, we will register our marriage," he said.

"Okay," Evelyn agreed.

Then, her voice grew rough. "Thank you, Mr. Martin."

She was thanking him for giving her hope when she had none left.

She stayed on her knees on the bed, staring up at him with tearful eyes full of gratitude.

At that moment, a bathrobe was the only thing covering her.

When Elias had tossed her onto the bed earlier, the robe had slipped out of place.

The front had fallen open, revealing the soft rise of her chest.

The desire Elias had barely kept down flared back to life.

He swiftly drank another glass of ice water.

But the chill barely helped.

His body below the waist was already tight with need.

The heat inside scraped at the last of his restraint and threatened to break it apart.

"Mr. Martin, if there's nothing else, I should go—"

Evelyn carefully climbed off the bed and headed for the door.

But before she could take more than a few steps, her feet left the floor.

By the time she understood what had happened, she was sitting on Elias' lap, pinned close against his bare, burning chest.

Evelyn gasped and tried to get up, but his hand kept her firmly where she was.

"Mr. Martin..." Panic swept across her face.

Elias bent closer until their breaths mingled.

His eyes stayed on her swollen lips. The heat in his gaze flared once more.

"How are you planning to thank me, Evelyn? Or were those words just for show?" he asked.

Evelyn was so rattled that she could barely get the words out. "I... I don't know how—"

Before she could finish speaking the man's voice came out rough and strained. "Help me with this."

Elias suddenly caught her wrist in a grip she could not break and drew her hand to the heat beneath his robe.

The instant her cool fingers touched that burning steel-hard length, both of them trembled.

Evelyn nearly cried out and tried to yank her hand away as though she had been scalded, but Elias kept it locked in place.

"Don't be afraid, I won't force you. Even if I sleep with you, it will be after we get married."

Elias' hold stayed firm and absolute as he dragged her against him.

A faint sound slipped from Evelyn as her whole body struck his solid chest.

In the next second, his mouth came down on hers with force.

His burning tongue pushed past her lips, overwhelming her.

Her breath broke apart. Her mind went blank. She could do nothing but bear the fierce pull of his desire.

Elias grabbed her waist and adjusted her until she was astride him, facing him fully.

The robe rested loosely on her body.

The parted collar exposed the soft curves rising and falling with her uneven breaths.

Elias' eyes turned red with desire, and a low, raw sound left him.

His hands on her narrow waist tightened.

The hard heat beneath her pressed firmly against her belly.

Evelyn sucked in a breath and struggled on instinct.

But the hands gripping her waist did not budge, hard and controlling, leaving her no way to escape.



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

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