

## Chapter 8 I Will Not Marry Carsten

Elias' breaths came fast and harsh as he held Evelyn tight against him. He used every ounce of control he had built to fight the drug raging through him and the emotions he had hidden for seven long years.

He had waited for her for so long.

And now, she had fallen right into his embrace without the faintest clue about what she truly meant to him.

He could not risk frightening her into running away.

"Stay still," Elias said, his tone deep and taut. "If you don't, I can't swear I'll be able to control myself."

Evelyn went rigid, too frightened to move.

She lifted her gaze nervously and met his reddened eyes.

"It's all right," Elias tried to reassure her. "I told you I wouldn't claim you tonight. But don't forget, Henry sent you here to be my cure. You're the one who set this in motion."

He caught her hand once more and guided it to the stiff, feverish length hidden under his robe. Heat beat hard against her palm.

When he spoke again, his tone was hoarse, with the faint pull of persuasion in it. "Evelyn, you still have to help me with this tonight."

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Evelyn's phone would not stop buzzing on the nightstand.

She pried her eyes open.

Then, she reached for the phone but her arm ached and was drained of strength.

Her thighs stung as she moved.

Evelyn jerked fully awake and stared at the strange, lavish bedroom she was in.

This was not her place.

This was the Paradise Suite!

Everything from the night before came flooding back, and warmth climbed straight into her face.

Elias had not actually slept with her last night. But he had still used her as his cure.

He had used her hand to release his desire.

She could still recall that searing weight and the steady, merciless throbbing.

In the end, she had been so worn out that she drifted into a hazy sleep in Elias' arms.

Evelyn drew in a slow breath, forced the shame back down, and picked up the call.

"Miss Curtis, I hope I didn't wake you."

The caller's voice was one she recognized at once.

It belonged to Bill White, the butler from the Ward estate.

Even though Bill began with an apology, there was clear irritation in his voice.

"There are several matters concerning next week's wedding that need your decision right away. Please come to the estate immediately. Also, Miss White specifically asked for Juliet roses to be flown in from abroad. She said she had already told you about it. Why hasn't anything been prepared? If I hadn't checked again today and she ended up upset on the wedding day, who would be held accountable? And as for the reception menu, Miss White needs proper meals because of her pregnancy. She added several special dishes. But she does not trust anyone else to

make them. On the wedding day, you will have to cook for her yourself..."

As Evelyn listened to the stream of blame and orders from the butler, a scornful smile tugged at her lips.

The event was meant to be her wedding to Carsten, yet every word Bill spoke was about Violet.

Before, she had been a fool.

She had believed Carsten just treasured Violet as a friend so much that even the wedding was planned around her tastes.

She had thought that it was all because Carsten owed Kevin a life.

So, she believed she shared that debt since she was about to become Carsten's wife.

At the time, it had seemed only fair to indulge Violet a little.

Even when her own wedding was planned completely around Violet's preferences, she had forced herself to endure it.

But now, the truth had come out at last.

Violet had never been merely a friend to Carsten. She had been the woman in his bed.

That wedding had never been hers in the first place.

It had always been meant for Carsten and Violet.

"That's enough," Evelyn said coldly, cutting the butler off. "This wedding has nothing to do with me. Arrange it however the Ward family likes. And don't contact me again."

Bill's voice sharpened with instant disapproval. "Miss Curtis, what sort of attitude is that? It's your wedding. If you won't take responsibility then who will? Mr. Ward runs a big company. Do you expect me to bother him with such minor matters?"

A frosty laugh slipped from Evelyn's lips. "My wedding? Since when does a wedding follow another woman's wishes instead of the bride's? And what kind of bride has to cook for another woman on her own wedding

day?"

Hearing that, Bill fell silent for a moment, but quickly answered firmly, "Miss White is carrying Mr. Ward's child. How could she possibly not matter? You're about to become part of the Ward family. It is your place to be generous and sensible. You should be taking care of Miss White without needing to be told."

Evelyn almost laughed at how ridiculous his words were.

Carsten had cheated on her with Violet. But now, she was the one being preached to about dignity and manners.

The Ward family still expected her to welcome a mistress and a bastard child with a smile.

Did they really think she would agree to that?

Evelyn's voice went cold as ice. "You're right. I should know what to do."

"Good. At least you understand—"

"I will not marry Carsten." Evelyn drew in a deep breath and spoke each word with perfect clarity. "The wedding Carsten... I want none of it. It all belongs to Violet now. Tell Carsten this for me. I wish he and Violet stay together even in hell."