

Chapter 9 Carsten's Call

Silence suddenly settled over the line.

Bill clearly had not been ready to hear that from Evelyn, who had once done whatever Carsten wanted.

She had actually just humiliated Carsten!

A moment later, Bill's enraged voice burst from the other end of the line. "Miss Curtis, do you have any idea what you're saying? Mr. Ward has already been far too kind to you. You have no parents, no background and no standing at all. Even so, he was prepared to wed you and give you the title of Mrs. Ward. What else could you possibly ask for? Violet is pregnant with the Ward family's first heir, and she has still chosen to remain beside him without demanding a title. That is what true dignity looks like. Compared to her, don't you feel even a little ashamed? You've kept testing his limits because he cares about you. When he loses his patience for you and calls off the wedding, don't come back begging him in tears."

After yelling all that, he caught his breath and waited to hear Evelyn beg for forgiveness.

What came instead was the crisp sound of the call being cut off.

Evelyn had hung up the phone.

Bill's face turned pale, then red with fury. He immediately called Carsten.

An orphan like Evelyn had actually dared to hang up on her.

Fine. She would be taught a proper lesson soon.

Evelyn threw her phone aside after ending the call.

Once her temper cooled, revulsion and hollowness rolled through her.

She had given seven years of her life to Carsten and the Ward family for nothing.

Just thinking of it made her chest draw tight.

Just then, a faint sound came from the bathroom door.

It slowly opened.

Evelyn lifted her head on instinct.

Her long lashes trembled.

Elias emerged from the bathroom.

He had just had a shower.

A white bath towel rested low around his waist. His hair was still wet and slicked back, laying bare a striking face that carried a dangerous kind of pull.

Droplets ran over the hard lines of his chest and stomach, then slipped beneath the towel.

His eyes swept over Evelyn, who was sitting on the bed among creased sheets, looking like she was in a daze.

Warmth flared across Evelyn's cheeks.

Broken flashes from the previous night crashed back into her head.

Her shaking fingers in the half-light, the hushed sound he let out while holding himself back, the searing warmth of his body...

The soreness in her wrist told her it had all been real.

Evelyn dropped her gaze at once and gripped the sheet slightly.

Elias noticed every bit of her awkwardness. A faint shadow passed over his face.

He walked to the wardrobe by the wall and faced away from her. He then let the towel fall and got dressed at an unhurried pace.

When Evelyn looked up again, she ended up seeing far more than she should have.

Her breathing caught. Her heart hammered against her chest.

At that moment, Elias' casual, roughened voice floated through the air.

"What are you so flustered about? You already saw my body last night. You'll be looking at it every single day from now on."

Evelyn's cheeks turned even hotter.

Once he had put on his pants and left his shirt undone, Elias made his way over to her.

He caught her hand and set it against the hard plane of his stomach.

"I remember your hand being quite bold last night"

As he leaned to her ear, he drew her fingers lower. "You were staring just now. Didn't you get enough last night? Were you hoping to pick up where we left off?"

Evelyn jerked her hand away in alarm. "N-no, Mr. Martin. I would never dare think something like that."

She knew what had happened the night before was because of the drug.

It was not because he wanted her.

Rumors had long spread through Sreles that Elias was merciless and impossible to approach.

He had no interest in either women or men.

More than a few women had tried to get close to him.

But not one of them had met a good end.

Evelyn knew exactly where she stood.

She was nothing more than a shield he had chosen to keep trouble at bay.

They would become husband and wife, but to her, he was more like an

employer.

Unless she had truly gone mad, she would never think otherwise.

The moment those words left her mouth, Elias' face turned cold.

The temperature in the room seemed to drop at once.

A smothering pressure closed around Evelyn's chest.

Just then...

The phoneyling on the pillow suddenly started buzzing again.

Evelyn grabbed the chance to escape that crushing tension. Without even looking at the screen, she answered the call.

"Evie!"

The deep male voice from the other end of the line made her chest clench, and her brows knitted together.

The caller was Carsten.



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

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