

Chapter 2 Get Engaged To Me

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Emelia returned to her room with no intention of lingering. Swiftly, she took out some documents and identification from a secured drawer, placed them in her bag, and confidently walked out.

Before the Hewitts could take actions, a motorcycle zoomed away from their sight.

Andy, nursing his aching back from the chair thrown at him, gazed in disbelief at the unfolding scene. "Aw, hell no! She stole my freshly pimped-out motorcycle! How come she gets to ride mine and not yours?"

Bruce scolded, giving him a solid slap on the head, "Why didn't you pull out the key?"

The motorcycle thundered down the road.

The chilly wind dissipated the anger that surrounded Emelia.

She returned to her ward, as she had no immediate destination. She couldn't return to the Hewitt family's villa, and she had no desire to do so.

She reclined on the bed, memories inundating her thoughts.

Her five seniors recounted that when their mentor discovered her, she had endured a severe head injury. Without their mentor's extraordinary medical skills and the surgery he conducted, she might not have survived.

The words her mother had uttered moments ago in the villa's living room, labeling her as a jinx, resonated vividly in her ears.

Could it be that she hadn't been abducted by human traffickers all those years ago, but...

Her heart throbbed with pain, and she felt a numbing sensation.

Due to the blood clot in her brain, she had endured years of chronic headaches. Only through their mentor's meticulous efforts had she eventually found a cure.

Later, the mentor had chosen a life of seclusion, distancing himself from worldly matters. Although her seniors had urged her to remain with them, she insisted on searching for her biological parents.

She had anticipated that her parents, having lost a child, would be overcome with grief, and their reunion would be marked by warmth. However, the reality was beyond her expectations.

A tear traced down her cheek, yet Emelia managed a smile.

This tear fell for the innocent Emelia who had longed for her family's love.

The Hewitt family... The moment had arrived for them to face consequences!

Emelia sensed that the bottled-up frustration in her chest had significantly eased after confronting the Hewitts. She relished a restful night's sleep.

The following day, she woke up well after noon.

She leisurely enjoyed her meal before attending to the discharge formalities. Subsequently, she mounted her motorcycle and set off for her destination.

Before the main gate of Breeze Manor, she brought her motorcycle to a halt as its engine abruptly went silent.

The butler hurried over, eyeing Emelia in her hospital gown. "Who are you looking for?"

Emelia lifted her gaze and effortlessly identified the figure that consistently stood out, regardless of time or place. "I'm looking for that guy!"

Kian Gilbert, the big shot CEO of the Gilbert Group, with loads of influence in Cisburg.

Following Kian's approval, the butler guided her inside.

All the servants were excused.

The expansive garden descended into utter silence.

The man reclined in a wicker chair, engrossed in a book. His long legs were nonchalantly crossed, and the light gray home attire failed to conceal his innate noble demeanor.

His striking facial features, coupled with an air of detachment from worldly matters, contributed to an intimidating charm in his poised presence.

This was the man to whom she was betrothed.

Before her grandfather's demise, when he bequeathed the company's shares to her, he had referenced the informal engagement with Kian's grandfather. He had pressed her to wed Kian at the earliest opportunity.

However, Keira's love for Kian was all-encompassing, to the point of being all-consuming.

To preserve familial tranquility, Emelia had gone against her grandfather's desires.

Now that Hewitt family had forsaken her, Emelia approached Kian for assistance in ensuring the Hewitts faced consequences for their actions.

With time ticking away and no action from Emelia, Kian's attention moved from the book to her small visage.

His deep voice bore a chilly mockery. "Are you here to play the silent game, huh?"

The guy clearly wasn't a fan.

Oddly, Emelia's tense body seemed to relax in an instant. "I'll throw in 25% of the Hewitt Group's shares for free. I figure you could easily take the reins as its new boss!"

Kian arched an eyebrow slightly, placing the book he held on the stone table with casual ease.

His well-defined fingers lightly pressed on the armrest as he rose from his seat.

Kian, standing at a height of almost 6'3", emanated a commanding presence. He approached her.

Emelia instinctively took a step back, withdrawing a couple of steps before advancing once more. She endeavored to meet his gaze, her determination aligning with his imposing demeanor.

"If you think I'm not serious, I can sign the transfer agreement right now. We can get the transaction sorted out ASAP!"

Kian's dark eyes stayed unreadable, showing zero emotion.

But there was a little smirk playing on his lips, hinting at some amusement. "What's your condition?"

He seemed to drop a dangerous hint.

Emelia's long eyelashes flickered, and her small face tightened as she stated, "You've got to get engaged to me!"