

After All the Hurt, She Chose Herself

Chapter 12

“Ms. Rowan, according to the contract, the penalty for breach is three times the amount.”

The pot-bellied man eyed Aria with ill intent, pushing a small cup of liquor toward her.
“So, where’s your sincerity, Ms. Rowan?”

The high-proof whiskey was harsh and searing on the way down, and a wave of discomfort was already stirring in her stomach.

Aria had no choice.

Graham Adler’s hand rested casually on Aria’s thigh. She calmly pulled her leg away.

“I’ve worked with you before, Ms. Rowan. After a blunder this big, I imagine it won’t be easy to answer to Mr. Evernight, will it?”

“Why don’t you come work for me instead? I truly appreciate your talents, Ms. Rowan.”

Aria’s stomach churned with nausea. She fought back the urge to slap him across the face.

“I consulted a lawyer before coming here. Contracts with such a large price discrepancy can be deemed invalid.”

Aria dodged Graham Adler’s hand again.

“If you try to enforce the price on the erroneous contract, we can countersue you for extortion.”

Graham Adler’s expression soured.

Of course, he knew the contract was likely invalid; otherwise, he would never have agreed to renegotiate.

But was Aria really going to be this ungrateful?

The fact that he even showed up to re-sign such a major deal was already a sign of respect to her.

“What if I told you Henry already promised me that if we go to court, Evercrest Prosperity Holdings will compensate my company according to the original contract?”

The man displayed his call history with Henry.

Aria felt her heart drop into her stomach, the air suddenly turning thin.

How could Henry do that? Was he so determined to fight her that he would resort to tactics that harmed the company?

“Even if Henry agrees, Mr. Evernight won’t.”

A dull ache had started in her stomach, and Aria’s face had grown pale.

“If a mere secretary like Henry dared to agree, it must be with Mr. Evernight’s tacit approval.”

“It seems Mr. Evernight isn’t very fond of you, Ms. Rowan.”

Aria’s heart sank.

To force her to compromise and willingly bear a child, Gideon was even prepared to lose thirty million dollars.

His devotion to Lilith was truly profound.

“Why don’t you consider my company, Ms. Rowan?”

Graham Adler’s hand slid onto the back of Aria’s, his gaze lecherous.

“I could never bear to see a beauty like you suffer.”

The pain in Aria’s stomach was intense, and her lips had lost their color.

“Or, you could finish this bottle of whiskey, and I’ll agree to re-sign the contract.”

It was a full pint bottle.

“You’ll sign it if I finish this?”

Graham Adler sneered.

No sane man could chug half a liter of spirits without blacking out. Did Aria really have a death wish? Did Aria really think she could?

By the time she drank herself unconscious, he could do whatever he wanted...

He pulled out a pen and signed his name on the contract Aria had brought.

“Ms. Rowan, you could have taken the easy way out. Why put yourself through all this?”

Aria pressed a hand to her stomach. She thought of the doctor's warning, then of the thirty million dollars she owed Roxanne. Steeling herself, she gritted her teeth, grabbed the bottle, and brought it to her lips.

She had no choice.

Gideon was willing to forfeit thirty million just to force her to save Lilith, and the Rowan family adored Lilith...

She had nothing. All she could do was fight for herself.

The man's eyes widened, completely shocked that Aria would be so reckless.

He wanted to sleep with her, not kill her!

"Enough! Take the contract! You're insane!"

The man threw the contract down and hurried away.

Aria had chugged half the bottle. She quickly fumbled in her bag for her painkillers and swallowed them.

Her stomach was in agony, and a cold sweat soon broke out across her body.

Aria tried to make herself throw up, but her vision went black, and her limbs felt powerless.

She pulled out her phone and dialed 911. "I'm at the Elysion Grand, Suite 301... Help me..."

Before she could finish, the phone slipped from her grasp.

Gideon returned home early.

He was certain Aria would come back tonight to beg him.

"No herbal tonic tonight?" Gideon frowned, noticing the Western-style meal the servant had prepared.

The Evernight family had specialized in the medical field primarily because of a genetic disease that ran in their family, for which there was still no cure.

Gideon naturally had this genetic condition as well.

However, the disease had always been dormant, and aside from flare-ups, the root cause was nearly impossible to find.

That was why he had a medicinal meal every Wednesday to improve his health.

Gideon believed the diet was effective.

The servant looked awkward. “The madam always prepares the medicinal meal with her own recipe. She hasn't returned today, so...”

Gideon paused.

It was true that the special diet had only started after he married Aria.

Gideon sat on the sofa, for once thinking back on his years with Aria. She had always been so careful around him.

She would occasionally give him massages, and even when he told her to get lost, the smile never left her face.

At this thought, Gideon took out his phone and sent a message to Henry.

[You handle the contract situation. Tell Graham Adler to know when to quit.]

As long as Aria came back, apologized, and agreed to have a child, he could forgive her little tantrums over the past few days.

Just as Gideon was thinking this, his phone rang again. This time, it was from the hospital.

Worried something had happened to Lilith, Gideon swiped to answer.

“Hello, are you a relative of Ms. Rowan?”

“Ms. Rowan has been admitted for gastric hemorrhage. Could you come to the hospital to sign the paperwork? This is the ER at City General Hospital!”