

Chapter 4 Are You Threatening Me

Gerard stepped forward swiftly to take the keys, assuming the role of driver without hesitation.

Freya yanked the passenger door open and slid inside, her gaze fixed straight ahead—ignoring Kristian entirely.

A knot of dread tightened in Gerard's chest. What if Freya said something outrageous? The thought made his fingers clench around the wheel.

After a weighted pause, he ventured, "Mrs. Shaw, you—"

"Drive." Her reply was a blade, sharp and final.

Gerard flicked a glance at the rearview mirror. Kristian's expression gave nothing away. Swallowing hard, he pulled out of the parking area.

Silence smothered the car like a thick fog.

The tension was unbearable. Gerard's shoulders tensed, his grip on the steering wheel turning his knuckles white.

Neither Kristian nor Freya spoke. Both radiated a frost so deep it could've cracked the windows.

Gerard knew Kristian's moods well—but Freya? She'd been almost cheerful earlier. What the hell happened?

He bit back a sigh. Questions wouldn't help now.

In the back seat, Kristian's gaze drifted unbidden to Freya's profile. Something unfamiliar twisted in his chest—an emotion he refused to name.

Thirty minutes later, the car halted at the hospital entrance.

Kristian seized Freya's wrist, dragging her toward the VIP ward. His grip was iron, unyielding.

She winced, her voice dripping with mockery. "At this rate, I won't be the one charged—you'll be arrested for assault first."

He dropped her arm like it burned him. Angry red marks circled her skin.

Freya shot him a look so scathing it could've melted steel.

Guilt flickered in Kristian's chest—brief, unwelcome. It vanished the moment Ashley's bruised face flashed in his mind.

"Follow me," he muttered, turning on his heel. He didn't wait to see if Freya obeyed.

The door swung open. Ashley lay propped up in bed, her face lighting up at the sight of Kristian. "Kristian," she breathed, voice sweet with devotion.

He was at her side in an instant, fingers brushing hers in silent reassurance.

Freya strode in, took one look at them, and smirked. "Should I leave? Give you two some privacy?"

Ashley flinched. "Ms. Briggs, it's not what you think! We're just—"

"Let go of his hand," Freya interrupted, "and that lie might actually stick."

She closed the distance to the bed, studying Ashley properly for the first time—soft features, delicate frame, eyes wide with practiced innocence.

Ah. Now she understood. This was the woman Kristian loved.

"Kristian..." Ashley's fingers tightened around his, her lower lip trembling.

Freya nearly rolled her eyes. The act was transparent.

Ashley wanted her to explode—to play the jealous wife and give Kristian another reason to despise her.

Kristian misinterpreted Ashley's grip as fear. His voice softened, a rarity. "It's okay. I'm here."

Freya's laugh was brittle. "Kristian, I'm right here."

The audacity. Flaunting his affair in her face—did he think she'd just take it?

He ignored her, murmuring something to Ashley that made her blush.

Freya's patience snapped. "Gerard," she called, not turning from the bed. "How long will you lurk by the door?"

Gerard stiffened. How had she even noticed him?

"Get your phone out." Her tone was lethally calm. "Record your boss cozying up to his mistress. Let's see how Shaw Group's shareholders enjoy the scandal."

Gerard paled. He never intended to be pulled into this.

Ashley gasped, recoiling from Kristian as if burned.

"Freya. Enough." Kristian's voice was winter itself. He didn't look at Freya, his hand still resting on Ashley's back. "You're here to apologize."

Freya pulled out her phone, tapped the video recorder, and smiled. "Funny. I thought you brought me here to witness your cheating in person."

The room plunged into silence.

Freya saved the video with a deliberate tap, then slid her phone into her purse. "What do you think your mother would do if she received this?"

Kristian's face hardened into marble.

Still handsome, Freya noted absently. Even fury couldn't dull the sharp lines of his jaw—the man was unfairly attractive.

"Are you threatening me?" His voice was dangerously quiet.

"Just admiring the view." She waved a hand toward them. "You're both so ... photogenic. I could frame every shot." Her gaze lingered, mocking. "But is this really how you want to handle things?"

Kristian didn't budge. His stance screamed loyalty—to Ashley, not Freya.

"Fine." Freya dropped her purse onto a chair with a thud.

Confusion rippled through the room, except for Gerard. His stomach dropped. He had a hunch she was plotting something.

And he was right.

Freya seized Gerard's arm, her tone breezy. "Let's make this quick. Gerard and I have business to discuss later."

Gerard's composure shattered. "Sir, I swear, Mrs. Shaw and I, it's not what it—"

"Why so nervous?" Freya patted his sleeve, a viper's smile curling her lips.

"Miss Bradley isn't flustered, and she's the one clinging to my husband."

Gerard choked. Kristian's glare could've frozen lava.

Ashley's fingers twitched under the blanket, her sweetness cracking to reveal something darker.

Kristian's jaw clenched. Gerard's arm in Freya's grip suddenly seemed... wrong.

"Gerard." The warning in Kristian's voice could've toppled empires.

Gerard yanked his arm—once, twice. Freya's grip didn't yield.

How was she this strong?! Panic scrambled his thoughts.

"Sir—" His voice cracked. "Nothing's happening here, I—"

Kristian's eyes went arctic.

Yet he adjusted Ashley's pillow and pulled his hand away from her.

Freya released Gerard with a smirk. She sank into a chair, crossing her legs.

Gerard exhaled like a man granted a last-minute pardon.

Ashley watched them, her nails biting into her palm under the sheets.

"Miss Bradley." Freya laced her fingers together. "My darling tells me you've accused me of hiring your attacker—with evidence." She stressed the word, gaze locked on Kristian. "Care to share?"



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