

Chapter 803 A Kick

Rita was just as stunned by Elliana's bold move.

Karlee had been a handful since childhood. The moment she felt slighted, she would forget all about Edgar's fragile health and race to him, screaming until she got her way.

If today's outburst shook Edgar and harmed his health, Rita knew she would never forgive herself. With that fear clawing at her, she hurried forward and said to Elliana, "Dr. Atkinson, please let Karlee go."

Dr. Atkinson? The name cut straight through Karlee's wild shrieks, freezing her on the spot. She forced herself to lift her head despite the pain. The second she saw Elliana's face clearly, her attitude flipped, and she lit up like a starstruck child. "Oh, wow... You're cute!"

Elliana's disguise was seamless. Dressed as a man, she carried a calm, refined charm without a trace of femininity. She looked every bit like a polished young man.

Karlee was weak to good looks. She clung to any man with a decent face—so how could she resist someone as striking as "Milena"? One glance was all it took. Her legs went soft, and her mind filled with steamy fantasies of the two of them tangled in bed.

Elliana caught the hunger in Karlee's eyes and felt a wave of disgust. Levi had been right—this girl had no shame. For someone so young, her gaze was nothing but lust.

Repulsed, Elliana flicked her wrist and pushed Karlee aside.

"Ah!" Karlee yelped as she hit the floor.

But the pain barely registered. All Karlee cared about now was dragging Milena into her bed. She bit her lip, refusing to act hurt, then got up and swayed back toward Milena. After drinking in Milena's face, her voice slipped into a sultry whisper. "So you're the famous Dr. Atkinson Uncle Kaleb brought in. I thought you'd be some wrinkly old man... Not this."

She reached out, aiming to loop her arms around Milena's neck. "Why don't I buy you a drink?"

Elliana didn't speak. She simply stepped back, quick and sharp, dodging Karlee's touch.

Karlee grabbed at empty air—but she didn't mind. She liked the chase. The more a man pushed her away, the more determined she became. Winning was her thrill. Watching a man fall at her feet in the end—that was her favorite kind of victory.

She had played this game a hundred times and believed today would be no different. Everyone knew Milena was elusive, someone even the richest men failed to pin down despite the extensive search. Sleeping with him wouldn't just be a win. It would be quite something.

The idea made Karlee almost giddy. Her gaze burned hotter, and her tone dripped with seductive sweetness. She crooned, "Oh, Dr. Atkinson, I'm soft, I smell lovely, and I know exactly how to please a man. Are you sure you don't want to find that out?"

Before Milena could react, Karlee pressed herself against him and lifted her face for a kiss.

The servants were no strangers to Karlee's antics. She was always this brazen with any man who caught her eye.

Rita had seen this side of Karlee many times, but this time, a jolt of pure panic shot through her. The "man" Karlee was throwing herself at was her daughter. No. She couldn't let Karlee lay a hand on Elliana. Elliana was pure, and Karlee was filthy. The thought of those hands on Elliana made her skin crawl. It felt wrong. It felt dirty.

On instinct, Rita lunged forward to pull Karlee away. But before her hand reached them, Elliana's leg shot out, sending Karlee flying.

Elliana hadn't meant to injure Karlee. She had promised her mother not to cause trouble or risk upsetting Edgar. But Karlee was unbearable. The disgust came too fast.

Karlee reeked of strong perfume and caked-on makeup—a mix so heavy that it stung Elliana's nose. And that painted mouth reaching for a kiss made her stomach twist. She either had to kick or be sick.

The kick had been pure reflex, and Elliana hadn't held back. She'd put far too much force behind it.

The door to the room was open, and Karlee sailed straight through it, landing in a heap in the corridor.

"Ah!" This scream was different—sharp and full of pain. The earlier fall was nothing compared to this. Her voice cracked into agonized sobs. "It hurts! My arm! I think it's broken—I heard it snap! Ahhh!"

The servants panicked, rushing to her side.

"Miss Thompson!"

"Her arm is twisted—call a doctor! Hurry!"

"We're doomed!"

Rita stood frozen as everything erupted around her. Her gaze darted from the weeping Karlee on the floor to Elliana, who stood perfectly still. She rushed to Elliana, grabbed her arm, and whispered urgently, "Elliana, you broke Karlee's arm. Amilia will come after you. You have to leave now. I'll get you out the back door."