

Chapter 15 Protecting Her in the Forbidden Zone

Kevin was like a neurotic hound, rampaging through the luxurious but cold living room, rummaging around roughly. He even tore open the heavy velvet curtains of the floor-to-ceiling windows harshly, but found nothing at all.

Fury burned in his eyes, and his bloodshot eyes darted to the half-open frosted glass bathroom door with faint steam remaining. He clenched his fists and strode over quickly.

Without any hesitation, he pushed the bathroom door open violently. Only lingering warm steam filled the room, and the shower head was still dripping slowly. There was no one inside.

Not far away, Cedrick leaned lazily against the bedroom door frame, tall and cold, with no emotion on his face. He just watched his nephew's ridiculous behavior indifferently, exuding an oppressive aura that kept everyone away.

Kevin ground his teeth and backed out of the bathroom unwillingly. His scarlet eyes fixed on the last hiding spot in the living room – the closed bedroom door, his last hope.

Ignoring Cedrick's icy gaze, he walked straight past the man and stepped into the bedroom. His feet sank into the thick, soft wool carpet silently, but every step felt like it was heavy on Isidora's heart who was hiding in the dark, making her hold her breath completely.

Isidora curled up under the duvet on the bedroom bed, surrounded by total darkness. She squeezed her eyes shut tightly, clutching the bed sheet so hard that her knuckles turned white, not daring to breathe

Kevin was like a neurotic hound, rampaging through the luxurious but cold living room, rummaging around roughly. He even tore open the heavy velvet curtains of the floor-to-ceiling windows harshly, but found nothing at all.

Fury burned in his eyes, and his bloodshot eyes darted to the half-open frosted glass bathroom door with faint steam remaining. He clenched his fists and strode over quickly.

Without any hesitation, he pushed the bathroom door open violently. Only lingering warm steam filled the room, and the shower head was still dripping slowly. There was no one inside.

Not far away, Cedrick leaned lazily against the bedroom door frame, tall and cold, with no emotion on his face. He just watched his nephew's ridiculous behavior indifferently, exuding an oppressive aura that kept everyone away.

Kevin ground his teeth and backed out of the bathroom unwillingly. His scarlet eyes fixed on the last hiding spot in the living room – the closed bedroom door, his last hope.

Ignoring Cedrick's icy gaze, he walked straight past the man and stepped into the bedroom. His feet sank into the thick, soft wool carpet silently, but every step felt like it was heavy on Isidora's heart who was hiding in the dark, making her hold her breath completely.

Isidora curled up under the duvet on the bedroom bed, surrounded by total darkness. She squeezed her eyes shut tightly, clutching the bed sheet so hard that her knuckles turned white, not daring to breathe heavily. Her heart was pounding so hard that it almost burst through her chest.

Kevin walked slowly around the large king-size bed, his dark eyes scanning the bottom of the bed sharply. But the bed was solid wood and floor-standing, with no gaps underneath, so no one could hide there,

heavily. Her heart was pounding so hard that it almost burst through her chest.

Kevin walked slowly around the large king-size bed, his dark eyes scanning the bottom of the bed sharply. But the bed was solid wood and floor-standing, with no gaps underneath, so no one could hide there, and his search failed again.

He stood up slowly, and his sharp gaze finally fell on the dark gray duvet on the bed. The duvet was unusually fluffy, and its shape looked unnatural, something was clearly wrong at a glance.

Dead silence fell over the bedroom instantly. Only Kevin's heavy, ragged breathing and the faint sound of the air conditioner vent could be heard. The air was so stagnant that it was suffocating, with tension filling every corner.

Kevin stared at the duvet, his fingertips trembling slightly, and shouted in a morbidly excited voice: "She must be hiding in there! I found her!"

As soon as he finished speaking, he took a big step forward, raised his right hand sharply, and reached straight for the duvet, about to lift the fabric that hid everything.

At the moment his fingertips were about to touch the corner of the duvet, Cedrick, who had been watching indifferently, finally moved.

He moved so fast that it was almost invisible to the naked eye. He stepped to the bed in a flash and kicked Kevin's knee pit mercilessly with fierce force.

Caught off guard, Kevin had no time to dodge and let out a shrill scream. He lost his balance completely and knelt heavily on the wool carpet at the edge of the bed, sharp pain shooting through his knee.

Cedrick then sat down on the edge of the bed smoothly. His steady weight pressed right on the edge of the duvet, cutting off all Kevin's



paths to lift it, protecting the person under the duvet thoroughly.

Isidora, curled up under the duvet, clearly felt a scorching hot temperature coming through the thin fabric – it was Cedrick's thigh. A strange sense of security instantly overwhelmed the panic in her heart.

Cedrick looked down at his kneeling nephew, all the playfulness in his eyes gone, replaced by bone-chilling coldness. It was the unhidden, fierce killing intent of a Wall Street tycoon who had been offended.

He spoke in a cold, piercing voice, warning word by word: "It's already a death penalty for you to trespass and search my living room. Now you dare to touch my bed? Who gave you the courage?"

Kevin was sweating in pain, with blue veins popping on his forehead, but he still refused to give up. He pointed at the bed and roared: "There's someone in there! Uncle, there's definitely a woman hiding in there!"

A chilling low chuckle escaped Cedrick's throat, his gaze contemptuous and icy. He retorted: "Even if there is a woman in my bed, it's my private business. Is it any business of a family waste like you?"

This sentence was like a heavy hammer, shattering Kevin's so-called moral high ground as a fiance instantly, leaving his face pale and all his confidence gone.

He stammered in a flustered defense: "I-I just want to drag out that ugly monster who ruins the family reputation. She doesn't deserve to stay in Garrison Manor!"

Cedrick leaned down slightly, his hostility growing stronger. He looked at Kevin as if he was looking at a worthless corpse, and said coldly: "You look crazy and embarrassed right now, and you ruin the family reputation more than anyone else."

Isidora under the duvet was trapped in extreme tension, her nerves stretched to the limit, and her body trembled slightly involuntarily, the

movement so light that it was almost undetectable.

This extremely slight tremor was accurately transmitted to Cedrick through the mattress. His eyes darkened instantly, the air pressure around him dropped lower, but he remained calm and protected her more secretly.

Unfortunately, Kevin caught that faint movement on the duvet sharply. His eyes widened instantly, and he jumped up from the ground like a madman, ignoring the sharp pain in his knee, and lunged at the bed again.

He roared Isidora's name, his hands grabbing the corner of the duvet tightly, his face ferocious: "Ugly monster, get out of here!" With one hard tug, Isidora under the duvet, along with her carefully disguised appearance, would be completely exposed under the harsh lights, with no way out.

