

A Love That Waited In Silence novel

Chapter 2 Using Her Mother To Threaten Her - -

Outside the wedding dress shop, Evelyn stepped onto the freezing pavement with bare feet.

The night wind tugged at the thin dress clinging to her body and stole the last trace of warmth from her skin.

She didn't call for a cab. She simply continued walking.

From the bright, crowded shopping street into the silent residential neighborhood.

Each step stabbed like sharp needles, yet even that pain felt small comparing to the ache tearing through her chest.

At last, she reached the house she had lived in for five years.

The fingerprint scanner recognized her touch, and the door unlocked with a soft electronic chirp.

Darkness waited inside.

No warm lights glowed, and no one stood there to welcome her home.

She flipped the light on and remained in the foyer, looking slowly around the place she had once called home.

Every inch of it held memories of Carsten.

The sofa he always preferred in the living room, the coffee maker she had picked out for him in the dining area, the twin desks placed side by side in the study...

And hanging on the wall, an oversized framed photograph.

In the picture, she laughed heartily while resting against his shoulder, hereyes bright, glowing with happiness.

That brightness was gone now.

Evelyn stepped closer, rose onto the tips of her feet, and pulled the frame off the wall.

She then threw it. It crashed onto the floor with a violent bang.

Glass burst apart and scattered across the tiles.

She looked at the photograph, now split straight through the center, for a long while.

Then, she crouched down, picked up a jagged shard, and dragged it across the photo.

The sharp edge sliced into her fingertip. Drops of blood fell onto the photograph and smeared across Carsten's face.

She seemed completely unaware of the pain.

With slow care, she removed her half of the damaged picture from the broken fragments and blood.

After that, she tore it into pieces and tossed them into the trash.

When it was done, she turned around and walked upstairs to the bedroom.

As she packed her belongings, memories surged through her like a flood.

From their college years to the engagement, she had given Carsten seven years of love and loyalty.

She remembered the sweetness of those younger days. The vow that they would remain beside each other for a lifetime.

She had once believed they would grow old together.

But now, it all felt like nothing but a bitter joke.

Suddenly, the piercing ring of her phone shattered the silence.

Evelyn answered the call. Her best friend, Nicola Lambert, spoke through a trembling voice thick with tears.

"Evie, the Ward family transferred your mom out of intensive care. They've cut off her medication. They're letting her die..."

Evelyn's mind went blank instantly.

The phone slipped from her fingers and struck the floor.

After several frozen seconds, she picked it up, grabbed her car keys, and rushed toward the garage.

"Mom, stay strong. Please wait for me..." she muttered.

The car tore down the road toward the hospital.

Evelyn's hands trembled violently on the steering wheel. Her palms were damp with icy sweat.

Carsten had really crossed the line this time.

That was her mother!

When she had ruined her hands saving him and could never perform surgery again, he had held her while his eyes were red and had sworn countless promises.

"Evie, from today on, I will consider your mother my mother. I'll care for her for the rest of her life."

"Don't worry. As long as I'm here, nothing will happen to her. The Ward family's best medical care will always be reserved for her."

"When she wakes up, we'll bring her home. I'll hire the finest medical team to stay with her every day."

"Evie, just trust me."

For years, Evelyn had believed every word without question.

But now, he had betrayed her with another woman and used her mother's life as a weapon to pressure her.

A piercing horn screamed behind Evelyn at that time.

She turned the steering wheel abruptly.

Rubber shrieked as the tires scraped hard against the road.

Her car smashed straight into the guardrail at the edge of the street.

The airbags burst open in an instant.

At that exact moment, inside the hospital, the monitor beside her mother's bed released a single, endless tone.

Meanwhile, Carsten had just carried Violet to the house's guest room after she cried herself to sleep.

He stood before the tall window in the study and loosened his tie. Irritation lingered in his mood, yet he remained certain everything was under control.

Just then, the butler knocked softly and entered the room. "Mr. Ward, the hospital carried out your orders. Miss Curtis' mother's medication has been stopped. The doctor says if the treatment remains cut off for more than forty-eight hours, she likely won't survive."

Carsten lifted a hand to silence him, his voice indifferent. "Got it."

He turned around, his expression calm and icy.

"Has she come back yet?" he asked.

"There has been no news from Miss Curtis so far. Should we send someone to find her?"

"That won't be necessary." A confident smile appeared on Carsten's face. "Where could she possibly go? She'll just run to those useless friends of hers and cry."

He walked over to the desk, pulled open a drawer, and took out a freshly drafted prenuptial agreement.

The pages were packed with different clauses.

"When she calls everyone she knows and still fails to get a single dose of the medicine that could save her mother..." Carsten placed the document neatly on the desk. "She'll understand that the only person capable of saving her mother is me."

The butler lowered his head slightly. "And if Miss Curtis comes pleading for the medication?"

Carsten paused for a moment. The smile on his lips hardened.

"Then tell her this. If she wants her mother to live, she must bring the signed agreement over and apologize to Violet to get her forgiveness."

