

## A Love That Waited In Silence novel

### Chapter 4 The Only Cure - -

The Paradise Suite at Nocturne stood silent under dim gold light.

Henry Wheeler had been reviewing company reports, when the door burst open.

A tall figure staggered inside.

Two bodyguards followed close behind, panicked, wanting to help but not daring to touch him.

The man's steps were unsteady. Heat flushed his face. His shirt collar had been torn open, exposing the sharp line of his collarbone.

Yet the red haze in his narrow eyes could not hide the cold indifference beneath.

This was the infamous tyrant of Sreles's business world.

Elias Martin, the head of the Martin Group.

Henry froze for half a second, then hurried forward and caught his arm. "Elias!"

Elias shoved him away and collapsed onto the couch. His voice sounded rough and strained. "All of you. Out."

Henry turned to the bodyguards. "What happened? He was fine before he left."

One guard answered in a low voice, "Mrs. Martin slipped him a specialized aphrodisiac this time. The doctor said there was no antidote. He either endured it or found a woman."

"Find a woman?" Henry's face darkened.

The guard nodded.

"I will arrange it." Henry turned toward the door.

"Stop."

Elias' voice cut through the room like ice.

He leaned back against the couch. His eyes burned red, yet his expression remained distant and regal, like a king who refused to bow. "It is Wednesday."

"Have you forgotten my rules?"

Henry stiffened.

Every Wednesday, the Paradise Suite remained completely sealed.

No one was ever allowed inside.

"But..."

"No buts." He closed his eyes. His voice stayed low but absolute. "Leave. Lock the door." "Without my order, no one comes in tonight."

Henry hesitated.

No one understood better than they did how ruthless his mother could be.

For years, she had treated tormenting him as entertainment.

If she had administered the drug, it would never be mild.

Even if he endured it, the damage could be severe.

"Sir, perhaps we should still..." Henry said.

His eyes snapped open. Desire burned within them, yet the chill beneath was sharper than steel.

"Henry. Do not make me repeat myself." "Out."

Henry swallowed his words and left with the guards.

"I will stay outside," he said quietly. "Call if you need me."

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Outside Nocturne.

Evelyn looked up at the neon lights and drew a steady breath.

Her laptop hung from her shoulder. The thin evening dress clung to her in the wind. She slipped to the side of the building, found a blind spot, and opened the computer.

Her fingers moved fast across the keyboard.

"Access granted.

Security bypassed."

She shut the laptop, gathered her long hair into a loose knot, and stepped inside in her heels.

No one stopped her.

Her regal demeanor and striking beauty prevented anyone from approaching or questioning her, instead drawing several admiring glances.

An employee hesitated for a moment, intending to inquire, but Evelyn proceeded directly to the only golden elevator in Nocturne.

She swiped a card, and the elevator doors opened.

Expressionless, Evelyn entered.

Wow! Whispers broke out behind her.

"That's the elevator to Paradise Suite! I've heard only Nocturne's supreme VIPs can go up!"

"Who is this lady? I've never seen her at Nocturne before."

"You definitely haven't! If I'd seen such a beauty before, I wouldn't have forgotten!"

... At this moment, Evelyn reached the door of the suite on the top floor.

Before she could step closer, two guns lifted and aimed at her.

"Stop!"

Evelyn froze in place.

"Who are you?" the left bodyguard asked sternly.

"I urgently need to see Mr. Martin." Evelyn forced herself to remain calm. "Could you please let him know?"

"He does not receive visitors today. Leave immediately." The bodyguard said coldly, stepping forward.

Leaving?

That was impossible.

Her mother was waiting for NS1209 to survive.

She tried to push forward. "It is important. I must see him tonight."

"Important?" The guard sneered and grabbed for her shoulder. "Every woman who wants his bed says the same thing."

His rough hand closed in on her shoulder.

Compared to the bodyguard's tall and muscular build, Evelyn seemed so small and fragile, as if a single slap could end her.

Yet, his hand grasped only air.

She twisted past them like water and rushed to the door.

She pounded against it with all her strength.

"Mr. Martin! I need NS1209. Please! Please see me. If you agree to my request, I will do anything you ask. Elias, come out!"

The door remained shut.

The guards seized her arms and forced her to the floor.

Pain shot through her shoulders.

Her injured hands could not fight back.

Her cheek pressed into the carpet.

Humiliation burned through her, but despair burned hotter.

Mom! This was her mother's only hope for survival.

Was she just going to watch her mother die?

Evelyn's tears flowed freely as she muttered, "Please, let me see Elias, please..."

The bodyguard dragged her like a rag doll toward the exit, pulling out his phone to call for Nocturne's security.

But just then, a deep voice sounded from behind. "Wait!"

Evelyn lifted her head, her eyes suddenly lighting up.

She recognized this man from photos.

He was Elias's personal assistant-Henry.

Henry stepped forward, looking down at Evelyn, who was restrained by the bodyguards.

Evelyn was in a sorry state, her elbow scraped and bleeding slightly.

The wound on her forehead had long since reopened. Blood trickled down, mingling with her tears, making her look especially disheveled.

But those eyes...

Henry's heart skipped a beat.

In the deepest drawer of Elias' study, a photograph had been locked away for years.

It showed a woman in a lab coat and mask, only her eyes visible.

The resemblance struck him.

If it was this woman...

Perhaps she was the only cure.

"My name is Evelyn Curtis," she said hoarsely. "My mother needs NS1209 to live. Please let me see Mr. Martin."

"NS1209?" Henry considered this. "The formula exclusively supplied by DeepBlue Biotech to the Ward family?"

"Yes!"

"No one defies Mr. Martin decisions. If he said it only goes to the Ward family, then it only goes to them." Henry frowned.

The thought of Carsten's cruelty made Evelyn tremble with anger.

"The Ward family cut off my mother's supply. Without it, she will not survive tonight. Please, let me see Mr. Martin! Just give me the NS1209, and I'll be willing to serve him in any way!"

Evelyn bit her lip and said, "Believe me, this deal won't be a loss for the Martin family. I will be very valuable!"

Henry focused only on her eyes. Those eyes that bore such a striking resemblance to the woman in the photo.

"You just said..." he began slowly. "You're willing to do anything?"

Evelyn did not hesitate to answer, "Yes!"

"Even if it means to sell yourself?"

Evelyn was stunned by that.

It took her a long moment before she asked, "What do you mean by that?"

Henry spoke in an even tone. "My boss has been drugged and needs someone to satisfy his desire. I want you to find a way to let him accept you as his cure. If you can do that, I'll have NS1209 sent to your mother's hospital right away. I can authorize a few days' worth of the medication. After that, whether my boss will continue to provide NS1209 depends on you."

He looked down at her trembling body and calmly asked, "Miss Curtis, are you willing to accept this deal?"

Evelyn trembled all over, biting her lip until she tasted blood.

She closed her eyes and drew in a deep breath.

When she opened them again, the fear and shame in them were gone. Only resolve was left.

Then, she heard herself say, "Yes."

