

A Love That Waited In Silence novel

Chapter 5 Let Me Be Your Cure - -

The suite lay drowned in darkness, thick with the ominous reek of blood, whiskey, and danger that seemed to hang in the air like something alive.

Evelyn stepped inside, the door whispering shut behind her, sealing away every trace of sound and light from the world outside.

After a few seconds, her eyes began to adjust to the dark.

The living room was a wreck.

Broken crystal glasses lay scattered across the floor. The couch had been flipped over. Deep dents gouged the wall.

Every bit of damage told the story of a brutal struggle that had just taken place here.

The bedroom door stood open, but the room was empty.

Only the steady sound of running water drifted out from the bathroom.

After entering, Evelyn changed into a fresh champagne-colored slip dress.

The sleek silk hugged her narrow waist and skimmed every curve.

Her face, though, had gone even paler. She had bitten down on her lower lip so hard that it bled.

A cold wave of humiliation swept through her.

She had fallen so low that she was offering up her own body as a cure for a stranger.

But if she said no, her mother would die.

Her mother was the only family she had left in the world.

No matter the cost, she had to save her.

Barefoot, Evelyn moved toward the sound of the water.

She nudged open the half-shut bathroom door.

Steam swallowed her whole, along with the sound of restrained, ragged breaths of pain.

She lifted her gaze, her sight blurred by the haze of steam.

Still, she saw a tall man standing with his back to the door.

He stood beneath the icy rush of water. Droplets ran down the hard planes of his shoulders and back, slipping over carved muscle before vanishing at his lean waist.

His shoulder blades were drawn tight with strain.

Even through the fog and glass, his strength was evident.

And beneath the freezing water, his desire burned.

Evelyn's heart slammed wildly against her ribs.

She moved closer barefoot.

Water splashed across her face.

Her dress was drenched within seconds and clung tightly to her skin.

Elias did not turn, yet he knew at once that someone had come in.

His body shuddered beneath the stream.

"Leave!" he rasped, his voice cold enough to chill Evelyn to the bone.

Evelyn clenched her teeth. "Mr. Martin, Henry sent me-"

"Get out!"

Elias' words broke off in a roar that sounded almost inhuman. His voice carried such fury and menace that it made her shake uncontrollably.

She wanted to run.

But Henry's words rang through her head.

If Elias slept with her, her mother would live.

Evelyn shut her eyes, forcing herself to bear the shame.

She lunged forward and wrapped her arms around Elias' soaked waist from behind.

His body went rigid.

The soft heat against his back and the faint fragrance rising from her skin shattered what little control he had left.

The desire he had been forcing down erupted like wildfire.

His eyes went red with it.

Suddenly, he whirled around and hurled her away.

Evelyn slammed hard into the wet tiled wall.

Elias snapped, "Leave, right now! Go tell Henry I'm not doing this. And if he tries to pull another stunt like this again, he'll pay for it!"

In the fog, Evelyn couldn't make out Elias' face, yet she could feel the danger rolling off him.

If she stayed, he could really kill her.

But she couldn't walk away.

Tonight, she had to sleep with him, becoming his cure for the drug.

With bare feet, she moved through the haze until she stopped right in front of him.

She lifted her hand and shut off the water.

Her shaking hand then glided across his torso.

Her fingertips trailed from his neck down over hot, rigid flesh.

They found the front of his shirt. Then, with a slight press of her fingers, the buttons popped open one after another.

She lowered her head, trying hard to make her voice steady and sweet.

"Mr. Martin, do you really think a shower can quell your desires? No, it can't. But I can."

A rough, choked noise tore out of Elias.

Anywhere her touch landed felt like a spark thrown into fuel.

He had reached his limit.

No longer able to hold back, he yanked Evelyn by the hips, his grip so brutal that it almost hurt her.

His other hand clamped her throat and made her tip her head up.

"You're begging for death," he said, his voice flat and icy.

Evelyn winced in pain and looked up at him.

Their gazes clashed.

Their bodies shivered faintly against one another.

Only then did Evelyn notice how handsome Elias was.

His build was perfect, and his face looked striking.

Elias stared at the woman in front of him like someone jolted awake.

Now, he finally saw her face clearly.

He let go of her neck in a sharp motion, his voice raw and unsteady. "It's you..."

She was Evelyn!

How could she be here?

Yet Evelyn didn't catch a word he said.

Breath slammed back into her lungs, and she broke into harsh coughing.

Before she could calm down, the arm around her waist cinched tight again.

Her body was pulled closer against his.

His hardness pressed into her; it felt like a searing iron, with no hint of easing.

Evelyn's thoughts emptied, her body stuck where it was.

Heat climbed up her throat and spread across her face.

At that moment, Elias' deep voice grazed her ear.

"Tell me why you are here..."

Evelyn lifted her gaze to Elias' eyes, and her heart shook all over again.

Oh God!

What were those eyes?

They blazed like a hungry hunter sizing up its target.

They carried an intense desire.

Evelyn wanted to leave.

But she knew she couldn't.

This was the only shot she had to save her mother.

"I..." she muttered in a low voice.

Seeing Elias still not move, she sank her teeth into her lip with hesitation, then rose onto her toes.

Forgetting her embarrassment and fear, she pressed her cold, trembling mouth clumsily against his burning lips.

At the same time, driven by pure instinct, her hand slipped lower.

Her fingers moved through the soaked fabric and wrapped around the hard proof of what he'd been holding back.

"Mr. Martin, let me be your cure..."