

## A Love That Waited In Silence novel

### Chapter 6 I Want You To Marry Me - -

"I swear I'll make you-"

Evelyn never got to finish.

A rough, strangled sound broke out of Elias' throat, dragged through gritted teeth.

The hand at her waist clamped down all at once, so harsh that it nearly ground into her bones.

Elias claimed her mouth with brutal force.

In that instant, the last bit of control he had been hanging on to fell apart.

He took control completely, one hand sliding up to cradle the back of her head as he pressed her face closer to him.

The kiss became wild and consuming, his tongue pushing in with a hunger that felt like it might swallow her whole.

His other arm locked around Evelyn's waist like burning iron.

Fire spread through Evelyn's mouth. His kiss drowned every one of her senses.

Her tongue throbbed beneath the harsh, unyielding pressure.

The wetness she could not even swallow slipped from the corners of her lips.

The solid proof of his desire pressed to her lower belly, throbbing through the drenched fabric, like it might drive even deeper any second.

Evelyn had spent seven years being with Carsten, but he had never once done something like this with her.

That strange mix of rising desire and raw, helpless fear made her shake. She tried to break free.

Elias stopped at once, the desire in him snuffed out in an instant.

Breathing hard, he drew back a little.

His reddened eyes caught the sight of her face, streaked with tears.

Evelyn was shaking in his arms, her lips puffed from the kiss, her eyes full of hopelessness.

A quiet, defeated sorrow sat in her gaze, cutting straight through whatever dream he had let himself believe.

Elias let her go without warning and shoved her away.

Evelyn staggered back, and her spine struck the icy tiled wall.

She looked at him, still trembling.

Elias turned away from her and planted both hands against the wet wall before switching the shower on again.

Even the pounding water failed to cover the sound of his ragged breathing.

"Leave," he said. "I won't lay a hand on a woman who doesn't want me."

"Mr. Martin, I-"

"Get out!"

Elias' voice was icy and final.

The order sliced cleanly through the steam. A chill ran through Evelyn's body. She did not have the nerve to get closer to him again.

She stumbled out of the bathroom, crushed with despair.

But just as her hand reached for the door, Elias' voice came again from behind the sheet of falling water.

"Don't leave the suite. Use the other bathroom. Wash up and wait for me."

Evelyn caught her lower lip between her teeth and replied in a small voice, "Yes, Mr. Martin."

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The rush of water finally died away.

Draped in a bath towel, Evelyn sat rigid on the sofa in the living room, still as carved stone.

The sound of steps came up behind her, snapping her from her daze.

Elias had already slipped into a black silk robe.

Its sash rested slack at his waist. The neckline gaped a little, exposing the clean lines of his collarbones and the solid breadth of his chest.

His face looked unreadable, though a faint redness still clung to his eyes.

The moment his eyes settled on her, they felt sharp enough to cut through flesh.

"Who let you in?" he asked.

"Your assistant, Mr. Wheeler," Evelyn replied.

She made herself hold his gaze. "I need NS1209 to save my mother. Mr. Wheeler told me that if you agreed to keep me here and let me help you tonight, my mother would get the medicine."

A quiet, mocking breath escaped Elias. "Henry is getting daring, deciding things on my behalf."

Evelyn swallowed hard and got to her feet, approaching him.

"Mr. Martin, you need a woman to ease your urges, and I need NS1209. Doesn't this work for both of us?" she said.

Elias lifted a hand and caught her chin, a thin, nearly merciless smile touching his mouth.

"So, would you sell yourself to anyone who had NS1209? Do you really think what you did earlier makes you fit to be my cure?"

The shame hit Evelyn hard, like a slap thrown straight across her face.

She pressed her nails deep into her palms, using the sting to hold on to the last bit of sense she had left.

"I just wasn't ready earlier," she said softly. "Please give me one more chance, Mr. Martin."

She raised her cold, rigid fingers and tried to loosen the sash of his robe.

Elias stayed where he was, not moving.

The knot fell apart, and the smooth silk robe opened, baring his muscles, still marked with a faint sheen of moisture.

He had a body that looked as though it held frightening strength beneath the skin.

Beads of water moved slowly down his chest, then vanished under the band of his briefs.

The shape beneath the fabric of his underwear was impossible to miss.

Evelyn knew exactly what it meant.

Warmth surged into her cheeks.

She snatched her hand back on instinct.

Before she could pull away completely, Elias' hand locked around her wrist and yanked it back.

His voice grazed her ear, thick and rough with pent-up desire.

"What? Didn't you just ask for another chance? If you don't do anything, how am I supposed to give you one, Evelyn?"

Evelyn went rigid and jerked her eyes up at him. "Mr. Martin... how do you know who I am?"

She had not told him her name after entering the room.

The moment the words left her mouth, something in Elias seemed to snap.

His hold around her wrist turned harsher, and he hurled her onto the bed without mercy.

He stared down at her, his face full of contempt.

"You're the fiancée of the man who runs the Ward Group. Everyone in Sreles knows your name. And you came here with that title attached to you to seduce me. Does your fiancé have no problem with this?"

Pain passed over Evelyn's face. "I'm not engaged to Carsten anymore," she said in a rasping voice.

Once the words were out, she drew back, feeling a bit embarrassed. "I'm sorry. If you really can't stand me, I'll leave..."

She had barely moved a single step when Elias' hand closed around her waist and dragged her back again.

"What did you just say?" His voice dropped low, thick with suppressed emotion, as it rang near her ear. "Say that again!"

"If you really can't stand me-"

"Not that!" His fingers caught her chin again and forced her face upward. "You said you're not Carsten's fiancée anymore. Why?"

Why?

Because she had trusted the wrong man and paid dearly for it.

A bitter look crossed Evelyn's face.

"There's nothing to explain. He means nothing to me now." Evelyn forced back the tears gathering in her eyes and lifted her face to Elias with silent desperation.

"The Ward family won't give my mother NS1209 anymore. But DeepBlue Biotech only supplied it to them. So, you're the only one I can beg! Please sell it to me, Mr. Martin. I'll pay whatever you ask. I'll do whatever you want me to do. I only want to save my mother's life."

Elias fixed his eyes on her, like a predator poised to strike.

It was as though he was weighing whether to keep his prey or let it go.

A tremor ran through Evelyn's heart without warning, and her body shrank back on instinct.

Elias shut his eyes for a moment, then released her and walked toward the cabinet.

Standing with his back to her, he poured himself a glass of ice water and emptied it in one gulp.

The cold water finally calmed the blaze inside him.

Evelyn then heard him speak. His voice was hoarse. "I can give you NS1209. However much you need, I'll supply it."

Evelyn's heart slammed against her ribs. She could barely believe what she had heard. "R-really?"

"But I have one condition." Elias put the glass down and turned back to her. His gaze locked onto her with purpose.

"I agree! No matter what it is, I agree!" Evelyn said at once.

Elias looked at the desperate hope on her face, at how tightly she held on to that sliver of hope he gave her. A dark look crossed his eyes.

She had come here by her own choice.

He swore he wouldn't let her walk away from him this time.

Elias moved toward Evelyn, his tall frame looming over her, his words slow.

"I want you to marry me!"