

Chapter 2475



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This time, the injection did not bring the excruciating pain that once made Amber wish for death.

Her chapped lips trembled, and tears streamed down her face as she gazed deeply into Remy's eyes. He, too, looked at her, his expression unreadable yet intense.

Between them, no words were needed.

"Damien... Thank you..."

Though her voice was barely audible, the weight of her words sank deep into Remy's heart. For once, he did not object to being called Damien.

The truth was, ever since Amber had been taken, an unbearable pressure had settled over him, making each breath feel like a punishment—every day since had been plagued by self-reproach and regret.

If he hadn't stopped her that night and let her go sooner, could she have avoided Sheryl? Could she have been spared the torture and humiliation?

"You should know that those who enter this place never leave. Most don't even make it out alive."

Remy's gaze was unwavering. Taking advantage of the surveillance blind spot, he placed his rough hands over hers for the first time, squeezing tightly.

"So, hold on a little longer. Give me time to find a way."

Amber's heart pounded, warmth seeping through the cracks of her despair. She closed her eyes briefly, silently telling him she understood



and trusted him.

She had already been on the brink. More than once, she had considered biting her tongue just to end it all. But his words gave her something to cling to. Even if he failed, she wouldn't blame him.

Her life meant little.

But getting Damien back—bringing him to his senses and helping him recover his memories—mattered far more.

A sharp, rhythmic clacking of heels echoed down the corridor, growing closer.

Someone was coming—fast.

It was Sheryl.

Remy's eyes darkened. He lifted a finger to his lips, signaling Amber to stay silent.

Then, with a swift motion, he grasped her collar and yanked it open, baring much of her body to his view. Placing a knee beside her on the bed, he leaned down.

The steel door crashed open.

Sheryl stood in the doorway, a storm of fury radiating from her. Two of her black-clad subordinates flanked her.

Freshly released from detention, she had rushed here after receiving word from her informant—Remy had dismissed Amber's attending physician and entered alone.



Shock, rage, and, strangely, a thrill coursed through her veins at the thought of catching them red-handed.

Lately, she had made too many mistakes. Justin hadn't said anything, but she knew he was growing displeased.

If she could expose Remy, she could eliminate him once and for all—securing her position as Justin's only trusted lieutenant.

But what she saw made her freeze.

"Remy! What the hell are you doing?"

His lips hovered just above Amber's neck. Without moving, he shot Sheryl a sidelong glance. His voice was cold, indifferent.

"You've worked for Sir long enough. Can't you tell? Why would you barge in now and ruin my mood?"

Amber, too, played her part, sobbing softly beneath him as if drowning in humiliation.

Sheryl's expression twisted. Disgust flickered across her face, but so did doubt.

"She's a tramp who's slept with countless men. How can you even stand to touch her? Doesn't she disgust you?"

Remy scoffed. His calloused fingers tilted Amber's chin up, forcing her to meet his gaze. "I'm just taking care of my needs as a man. Got a problem with that?"

His lips curled into a smirk. "I'd rather touch her than you. Because you, Ms. Gillis, don't interest me in the slightest. What does that say about you



if I prefer a so-called tramp over you?"

"Why, you—" Sheryl's eyes turned red in anger as she ground her teeth.

But Remy was already pulling away, straightening his clothes with a lazy air. "Forget it. The moment's gone. I'm not in the mood anymore."

"Hold on." Sheryl narrowed her eyes and stepped closer. A sharp glint flashed across her gaze. "My assistant told me you gave her the injection this time. Where's the drug? Show me."

Remy's jaw tightened as he grabbed the used syringe from the bedside table and tossed it at her feet.

Sheryl bent down and picked it up. The syringe was empty, and Amber's arm bore a fresh needle mark.

Remy pulled out a cigarette from his pocket, placing it between his lips. "You're always suspicious, always jumping to conclusions. Be careful—you'll age prematurely."

He added, "I know exactly what you're up to. Remember, Sir called me a wolf, a hyena. Ms. Gillis, you'd be wise to consider the consequences of provoking me."

Sheryl clenched her fists, her gaze fixed on Remy's unnerving composure. The man's quiet confidence sent a shiver of unease down her spine.