

# An Endless Night With Him Chapter 1

## 1 Chapter 1: The Mysterious Man

A row of luxurious black cars keeps a low profile and slowly stops at the entrance of Warm Hospital in Abbe City. Under the guise of the night, the scene emits a touch of mystery.

Someone announces respectfully, “Mr. Wilson, we’ve arrived at the hospital.” The backseat door opens, and a slender leg stretches out of the door. Surrounded by a group of well-trained men, Mr. Wilson slowly walks into the hospital.

In the hospital dispensary room, Katrina Miller puts alcohol, gauze, hemostatic drugs, scissors, and other materials into a tray before running out in a hurry.

Katrina Miller is a freshman nursing student at Abbe Medical University. Today is the third day of her summer vacation and the second day of her internship at Warm Hospital. She cherishes this opportunity a lot.

Ten minutes ago, a mysterious but distinguished patient had arrived at the hospital.

Although it was just ordinary skin trauma, the entire department was tense, and even the dean made an appearance.

“Head nurse, over here!”

In her pink nurse uniform, Katrina hurriedly carries the tray to the door of the ward, handing it over to the head nurse.

The head nurse takes a deep breath. When she is about to enter the ward to clean the patient’s wound, she’s stopped by the man in black standing at the door.

The man seems to be in his twenties. Wearing sunglasses, he looks serious and frightening, chilling people to the bone.

He takes a glance around the faces of several young nurses. He points at Katrina and says, “You go in.”

Katrina's face is full of incredulity. Her dark eyes widen, and she points to herself in astonishment. "Me?"

The man nods indifferently. "You." All the medical staff present are shocked, including herself.

Everyone knows that Katrina had only started her internship two days ago. She doesn't even have the skills to take care of a puppy or a kitten. What's more, the patient seems to be someone significant.

If she does anything wrong... Not only will Katrina get in trouble, but so will the entire hospital.

Showing an awkward smile, the dean says, "She's just started and lacks the experience. I'm afraid that she won't do well. Sir, how about choosing someone else?"

Farrah Jones, who is also wearing a nurse uniform, licks her lips and bravely volunteers. "Let me do it."

In any case, Farrah is a few years older than Katrina and has been an intern for a long time. Given her more skilled technique, it's definitely more appropriate that she replace Katrina.

At her words, Katrina knows Farrah had volunteered to protect her. She feels extremely grateful for her friend's concern.

But as soon as Farrah takes a step forward, she's held back by the man standing at the door.

The man keeps staring at Katrina, and his expressionless face brooks no argument. It seems that she was the only choice.

After a moment of silence, Katrina finally decides to compromise. "Okay, I'll go."

A row of young men in black suits and sunglasses is standing at the door of the ward. It's highly possible that she would be forcibly thrown in if she refused.

Katrina couldn't understand why such a distinguished but mysterious figure has chosen to let her treat him, despite her lack of experience.

She doesn't know if it will be dangerous. When she passes by, Farrah discreetly tugs her clothes in silent encouragement. Although she feels rather nervous, Katrina still tries to force out a smile to reassure Farrah. As soon as the door opens, Katrina is pushed into the room. The door closes with a heavy sound, and the darkroom overwhelms her a little. The oppressive and tense atmosphere engulfs her with the darkness.

## 1 Chapter 1 The Mysterious Man

People are most likely to feel fear in a dark or an unknown environment. In this case, the mysterious person waiting for her is definitely dangerous.

Katrina feels a little nervous; her palms sweating slightly. She gathers her courage to ask, "Sir, I'll treat the wound for you. Can I turn on the lights?"

The careful voice of the girl is soft and sweet. From the other side of the room, a low and cold voice calls, "Come here!"

It's as if the voice comes from some distant hell. Although it seems restrained, it still made Katrina shudder.

Katrina's eyes adapt to the dark environment with the help of the faint moonlight. She walks towards the bed, each step filled with trepidation.

Stopping three meters away from the bed, Katrina stutters, "Sir, where... Where are you injured?" Is he going to make her treat him in the dark? That's it, and a simple task instantly becomes difficult. Will she suffer a bad fate today? At that moment, Katrina really wants to cry. The man's voice is gloomy and cold. "Are you going to take care of me from that distance?"

Although she can't see the figure on the bed, she can feel two eyes burning a hole at her. He's like a demon crouching in the night, rushing to tear her apart.

Despite feeling extremely frightened, Katrina still moves forward and

asks with a tremble in her voice, “Sir...”

Before she could finish, a sudden force knocks the tray off her hands.

The tray falls to the ground, making a harsh sound.

Katrina is shocked. Did she not handle the tray carefully enough, or did the man just suddenly attack her?

When Katrina moves to bend over and pick up the mess on the ground, the man on the bed says coldly, “Take off.”

Take off? Did he just ask her to leave because she dropped the tray?

Unable to respond, Katrina is at a loss with what to do. “Take it off!”

Suddenly, something hard and cold—pressed against the side of her waist. The low voice is more like a whisper in her ear. She can clearly feel his hot breath on her skin.

Is the man making her undress?! Is he really injured? If he’s injured, how could he be strong enough to stand behind her and threaten her with a gun to make her undress?

Wait! She’s here to wrap his wounds. Why should she take off her clothes?

A sharp click from the gun echoes in the silent ward, this is the first time for Katrina to encounter such a situation. Her eyes suddenly widen in panic. She almost drops heavily to the ground from the fear.

“Take off your clothes. Don’t make me repeat myself again!” The man’s voice is low and hoarse, revealing something bloodthirsty.

The gun on her waist pushes harder, ready to shoot at any time.

A rush of anger and humiliation overwhelms her when she understands his intentions. But in the face of danger, she has no room to refuse.

Trembling, Katrina reaches out her hands. This is her first time to take off her clothes in front of a man, and she feels humiliated. She bites her lips, and her fingers shake slightly. After the pink nurse uniform is removed, a plain white dress appears. Reluctant, she stops.

The man pushes the cold gun more tightly into her waist, and in a

dangerous tone, he says, “Go on!”

Still trembling, she stretches her hand to the back and pulls down the zipper. Her white dress falls to the ground, and she’s left standing in her underwear.