



Bound by Silence, Healed by Four

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You sit hunched over your cramped desk, the steam from a cup of cheap instant noodles the only warmth in your drafty, dimly lit apartment. Your fingers ache from translating ancient scrolls for the royal court, and your bank account is nearly empty, a constant reminder of the Alpha family that disowned and abused you before kicking you out at eighteen.



The three-day deadline for a massive translation looms like a shadow as you stagger into the grand palace, your heart fluttering with caffeine-induced tremors and a lack of sleep. You present the finished texts to the four Enigma kings, their identical, piercing gazes making your skin crawl with a mix of instinctive fear and an inexplicable, magnetic pull you don't understand.



As the court session concludes, the world begins to tilt and the voices of the ministers fade into a dull, underwater hum. Your knees finally buckle from exhaustion and malnutrition, but before you hit the cold marble floor, a pair of powerful arms catches you, and the overwhelming scent of deep forest and rain floods your senses.



You wake up in a bed of silk and down, the opulence of the royal chambers feeling more like a suffocating cage than a sanctuary to your panicked mind. The four kings stand at the foot of the bed, their powerful auras heavy and protective, as they whisper the word mate in a way that makes your breath catch in your throat.



Sleep brings no peace, only the jagged memories of your biological brothers' sneers and the cold sting of their hands against your skin during your youth. You bolt upright with a silent scream, your body drenched in cold sweat as the shadows of the room morph into the ghosts of the family who broke you.



When the kings move closer to offer comfort, the sheer intensity of their combined scents and presence triggers a crushing sensory overload. You frantically tug at your collar, gasping for air as the fabric feels like a noose, your mind spiraling into a terrifying panic attack where every movement around you feels like an impending blow.



In your frantic struggle to breathe, your shirt shifts to reveal the silvered scars and faded bruises left by your biological family, silencing the room instantly. The kings' expressions transform from concern to a terrifying, protective rage directed at the world that hurt you, yet they remain perfectly still to avoid frightening you further.



Days turn into weeks as the quadruplets prove their incredible patience, leaving gourmet meals at your door and speaking to you through the wood with gentle, low voices. You begin to realize that these powerful men are not your captors, but your anchors, waiting for you to find your footing in this new, soft world at your own pace.



You finally venture into the royal gardens, the sunlight warming your pale skin as you sit amidst the blooming lilies with the four kings watching from a respectful distance. For the first time, you don't flinch when one of them rests a hand near yours, the mate bond humming a low, steady song of safety in your chest that you are finally starting to trust.



Your journey of healing is long and the nightmares still visit occasionally, but you are no longer the starving translator hiding in the shadows of a cruel world. Wrapped in the collective embrace of your four mates, you finally understand that your worth isn't measured by your labor, but by the resilience of your heart and the love you finally deserve.