

Chapter 46 Forty-six

Cyrus's POV

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Ever since my wolf helped her out in the club, it has been trying to prove its dominance over her and wants to be around her always, but I can't do that. I refuse to give in to the moon goddess and her unfairness this time. I'll never love again.

The thoughts in my head were enough to make me abandon Mirebel to her fate, but I couldn't bring myself to leave her. I knew if anything were to happen to her, I would forever blame myself, but maybe it wouldn't hurt as much as it did with Freya because I haven't gotten too attached to her.

Whatever happens with us, I must not get emotionally attached to her.

I finally gave in to my wolf as I took a turn at full speed to where she was. I could see the men from afar as they were trying to molest her, but I didn't wish to hurry to her rescue just yet. I was enjoying the show from afar, and it wouldn't be a bad idea to make an entrance by showing up when she thinks she's done for.

I spotted one of the men bringing out a spray bottle that smelt of chloroform as he slowly walked closer to her. She would immediately become unconscious if he sprayed it on her face.

I couldn't let them use it on her, so I figured this was the best time for me to make my appearance known.

"How about you just follow us for the night?" The guy with the spray said, but my wolf was instantly angered by those words. It wasn't going to sit back and let a bastard say nasty words to his mate.

"How about you all vanish before I force you to eat your organs?" I threatened them but meant every word that I said. I have done it before and wouldn't mind doing it again.

Mirebel's face and mind were clouded with both fear and confusion as she was probably wondering what I was doing here and if I would be able to face five men, but I tried to reassure her that she had nothing to worry about as I pulled her by her waist and shielded her with my body.

Her mood was quick to change as I started to sense some sensual tension in her. Knowing she felt that way made my beast happy, but I was sure I didn't want it. I hope I win this fight against my beast.

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I quickly changed into a comfortable grey short and nothing else. I was free to wear whatever the fuck I wanted. After all, it was my house.

I tried to leave for her room but wasn't able to come up with any excuse I could give. I wouldn't want to go there to seem like a desperate man, but luck was on my side as I heard the sound of a shower. There was no towel in the room and that might just be my perfect excuse, so I left.

With a white towel in my hand, I made my way to my ladies' room. It used to be the room where all of the ladies I brought home used to sleep until I gave up on my addiction.

I didn't bother to knock as I knew she was in the shower, so I walked in and sat on the bed waiting for her to finish with her bath.

"Fuck!" I groaned silently as my dick was suddenly aroused by the sight before me, while on the other hand, she was petrified.

"What the hell are you doing here?" She yelled at me as she tried to cover up with the clothes on her hands.

"Please don't cover up," my beast roared in my head as I sent it a dirty growl.

I tried to calm my hand on as I wouldn't want to be seen as a freak by the time I stood up to give her the towel, but my beast wasn't making it easy on me until I completely shut it out. He hates it whenever I do that, but I had no choice. He was becoming a nuisance.

"I thought you might have needed this." I handed the towel to her as she collected it with one hand while the other tightly held the clothes onto her body.

"Don't you have anything to do?" She asked, in an attempt to send me out of her room. I myself don't know what I was waiting for.

"Sure", I answered and left her presence but stood close by the open door as I watched her groan in frustration while throwing tantrums like a child.

"You look beautiful," I said before walking away from the door. At this point, I had already locked my beast out and he wasn't the one talking. I meant the words I said.

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