

## Chapter 48 Forty-eight

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"I don't necessarily care, but since I had to bring you to my house, I might as well take care of what you'll be wearing back to work," I honestly replied, as she mouthed "oh".

We entered the boutique and walked straight to the first lady who welcomed us in. The boutique was too crowded for my liking as the smell of different people and their choking perfumes hit my nose. If I had known that this boutique was going to be this rowdy as early as 7 am, then I would have booked the whole boutique ahead of time.

"Anything wrong?" She asked as she tilted her neck to look at my face. She wasn't a short girl, but I wasn't just an average-heighted man either.

"No, why?" I asked as she shifted her gaze back to the different designs of clothes.

"There's a frown on your face. If you don't want to get the clothes for me, then you don't have to bother about them," she said, with her gaze fixed on the clothes.

"What would a single outfit cost me?" I replied as I walked away from her to give her the space to get whatever she wanted and wear it.

I've been having terrible headaches in my head since I locked my beast in for the second time in a row. I wasn't supposed to be doing that, and the risks of keeping my beast locked away for too long result in bestiality, as I could unintentionally kill humans.

"Are you sure your mood has nothing to do with these clothes?" She asked as we started the ride in the car.

"Mebel, let me drive in peace." I shunned her as I continued the ride. She seemed offended by my sudden outburst, but it was the only thing I could do to keep her mouth shut.

We arrived at work, and I didn't hesitate to get out of my car. I needed fresh air to breathe in. The smell of Mirebel was driving me crazy as I knew I couldn't afford to let my beast loose around her, despite the throbbing ache in my head. I was feeling light-headed and this wasn't supposed to happen. It's too late to release my beast right now.

"Perk the car" I said to the security guard as I tossed the keys into his hands and walked into the office without looking back at Mebel or anyone. I needed to deal with my shit alone until I can be able to release my beast.

It wasn't going to be satisfied with a mere run now and needed a fight, but my beto had always claimed to be too busy for a fight. I had no other option but to call him and beg for a fight. I was the one who had told him to never answer me whenever I asked for a fight, as I was trying hard to get rid of any werewolf attributes, but I couldn't. I was born a werewolf and not a human, so I could never be a normal human.

"If you're calling for a fight, then you should know I'm busy with work," he said the moment he picked up the call on the second ring.

Without being partial or picking any sides, I gave Mary her punishment and ordered both of them to leave my office, but Mary wouldn't stop talking. It angered me so much to the point where I let out a loud reverberating growl that left them scared. I was running mad.

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After they both left my office, I left for my house. I needed to be alone to think things through and not among humans.

Being alone helped a little, as I was able to settle my naked body in a hot tub for hours while the steam and fragrance from the petals in the tub were able to temporarily soothe my stressed mind as long as I remained in the tub. I remained in the tub as I pictured the soothing face of Freya and her beautiful smile. It was unfortunate that she had to leave me so soon and shortly after coming into my life. Perhaps if I had never doubted her, then I would have a lot of good memories of her to cherish rather than the haunting memories of her mistreatment that was solely caused by me.

I was revived from my thoughts by the loud jingling of my doorbell, but who could be here? If it was to be my beto, then he would have called me beforehand.

Standing up from the tub, the throbbing ache returned as I squinted my eyes in pain before walking towards the surveillance camera as I spotted Mebel standing outside my door while aggressively pressing my doorbell.

I contemplated whether or not to answer her, but on seeing the weather conditions and heavy wind, I decided to let her in, but heaven knows I would have ignored her out there if not for the disturbing weather.

I opened the door for her as her eyes lightened with hope, but what the hell could she be doing in my house this late at night?

"Why are you here?" I asked as I wasn't able to tell her intentions. The only thing on her mind was relief.

"Will you let me in or rather let me freeze to death?" She asked in her feisty Latino voice. Even though I wasn't clearly in the mood for her character, I had to just let her in to avoid long talks, but the minute she stepped into my house, the throbbing ache in my head increased as my beast tried to fight its way out. I was trying to be conscious to win the fight against my beast, but my vision was suddenly fading. I couldn't afford to let it out at this point. I couldn't afford to lose this fight, or else I might be putting her life in danger. I could feel myself talking to her and moving around, but my soul was in a bottle with my beast. A bottle that I eventually won but was still sucked up in my body. I was totally unaware of my actions.

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