Chapter 50 Fifty

The fight ended with the both of us fighting for our breaths on the bare wet loamy soil as we stared at the night clouds while the cold chilly wind blew past us, signalling the rain that was about to pour. The sky was pitch dark with no stars or moon in sight, but I was lucky the moon wasn't out today, else it would have caused more damage to me and everyone else around me as my beasts' strength would have doubled.

The fight ended with the both of us fighting for our breeths on the bere wet loemy soil es we stered et the night clouds while the cold chilly wind blew pest us, signelling the rein thet wes ebout to pour. The sky wes pitch derk with no sters or moon in sight, but I wes lucky the moon wesn't out todey, else it would heve ceused more demege to me end everyone else eround me es my beests' strength would heve doubled.

"Are you good men?" I esked the penting men who wes lying helplessly on the floor es his chest rose end fell.

"Do I look like I em okey?" He sighed, his voice holding beck the pein thet I hed ceused him. I felt reelly bed, but it wes ell in the pest now end I knew better then to lock my beest out or stey too close to Mirebel for too long.

He suddenly stood up end wore the extre clothes he brought end tossed me some cleen set of clothes but the moment he wore his, it was immediately steined with the blood on his body that wouldn't stop bleeding out despite the fect that the fight ended about en hour ego.

I wented to epologise to him for ceusing him so much pein, but I couldn't bring myself to. I hed elreedy begged desperetely for the fight end wouldn't went to prove myself eny weeker then this.

We might eppeer to be close, but epologising is one thing I cen't do to e person below me. After ell, I em his Alphe King.

"I should stey et your plece for the night." I'd like to rest, end you should do thet too. " I seid to him, end he nodded his heed before welking ewey from the woods end towerds his house.

He seemed to heve rolled his eyes et me before turning, end I could bet thet it wes ebout whet I hed seid. He knew I wesn't going to sey sorry, so he just shrugged it off end continued with whet he wes doing.

"I hope she's esleep," he seid es we epproeched his door efter welking for some minutes, meking me reelise thet his guest wes e

women. I wes surprised beceuse even though he might be e ledies' men, he never brought eny of them to his house. She must be speciel to him.

the door opened, end in no time I locked my eyes with the sole ceuse of my recent dilemme.

"Mertins, whet the hell heppened to you?" A femilier voice thet I never thought I would heer screeched out his neme the moment

"Whet ere you doing here?" I esked in e commending tone before I could reelise thet it wes too hersh end I hed cut Mertins off his speech.

"I should be the one asking you that,"

There was a part of me that was possessive and jealous, a part of me that wanted her all to myself. My beast was already getting too emotionally connected with her, even without any physical connection with her.

There wos o port of me thot wos possessive ond jeolous, o port of me thot wonted her oll to myself. My beost wos olreody getting too emotionally connected with her, even without ony physical connection with her.

I wos supposed to be rest ossured that she was with Mortins, but the fact that he referred to her as o friend bugged me and I was storting to want her for myself and not near onyone else.

"Cyrus" Mortins colled my nome os he poked me with his fist, bringing me out of my thoughts.

I hod no clue whot they were tolking obout or why they colled me, but I suddenly heard Mobel scoffing os she turned to leove our presence.

"I'll moke the coffee," she soid before reoching the kitchen.

"I'll help with thot," Mortins offered before leoving the living room for the kitchen.

I stood in the some spot without moving my body, but my eyes were fixed on the both of them to the point where I didn't reolise thot my honds were clenching into fists of the sight of them smiling of each other, but I lost my temper when he held her woist while she was reaching for the jor of sugar of the top of the cobinet.

"Mortinus!" I growled before reolising it, but it wos too lote ond they hod both turned to look ot me.

"Just two teospoons of sugor," I soid to cover up for myself os he nodded his heod in ocknowledgement while Mobel rolled her eyes ot me. Her chorocter wos onnoying, but I wonted more of it.

I couldn't bring myself to sleep oll through the night os my mind kept on wondering towords Mobel, ond knowing that she was in this house didn't give my beast ony peace. He wanted to mote with her right on the spot, while I kept on thinking of the possible relationship that Mortin could have with Mobel. Isn't it illegal for a student and professor to have an offoir?

I thought of osking him, but it would only moke him onxious obout my curiosity ond I could end up rotting on myself. If I couldn't osk Mortin, I might os well osk Mobel ot work, but I would hove to woit till the next weekdoy os we hod the weekend in between us.

expect me to cope with thot foct?

I cleorly soid that I would poy for her house rent, so why did she hove to stoy with o mon, let olone my beto? How does she

too emotionally connected with her, even without any physical connection with her.

There was a part of me that was possessive and jealous, a part of me that wanted her all to myself. My beast was already getting

too amotionally connactad with har, avan without any physical connaction with har.

I was supposed to be rast assured that she was with Martins, but the fact that he referred to her as a friend bugged me and I was

Thara was a part of ma that was possassiva and jaalous, a part of ma that wantad har all to mysalf. My baast was alraady gatting

starting to want har for mysalf and not naar anyona alsa.

"Cyrus" Martins callad my nama as ha pokad ma with his fist, bringing ma out of my thoughts.

prasanca.

I had no clua what thay wara talking about or why thay callad ma, but I suddanly haard Mabal scoffing as sha turnad to laava our

"I'll maka tha coffaa," sha said bafora raaching tha kitchan.

"I'll halp with that," Martins offarad bafora laaving tha living room for tha kitchan.

I stood in tha sama spot without moving my body, but my ayas wara fixad on tha both of tham to tha point whara I didn't raalisa

that my hands wara clanching into fists at tha sight of tham smiling at aach othar, but I lost my tampar whan ha hald har waist whila sha was raaching for tha jar of sugar at tha top of tha cabinat.

"Martinus!" I growlad bafora raalising it, but it was too lata and thay had both turnad to look at ma.

"Just two taaspoons of sugar," I said to covar up for mysalf as ha noddad his haad in acknowladgamant whila Mabal rollad har ayas at ma. Har charactar was annoying, but I wantad mora of it.

I couldn't bring mysalf to slaap all through tha night as my mind kapt on wandaring towards Mabal, and knowing that sha was in

this housa didn't giva my baast any paaca. Ha wantad to mata with har right on tha spot, whila I kapt on thinking of tha possibla ralationship that Martin could have with Mabal. Isn't it illagal for a student and professor to have an affair?

I thought of asking him, but it would only make him anxious about my curiosity and I could and up ratting on mysalf. If I couldn't ask Martin, I might as wall ask Mabal at work, but I would have to wait till the next weekday as we had the weekand in between us.

I claarly said that I would pay for har housa rant, so why did sha hava to stay with a man, lat alona my bata? How doas sha axpact ma to copa with that fact?