

Chapter 137

Sophia cleared her throat to speak.

"I'm the sec—"

She paused, thinking she should not reveal her identity as Alpha Bryan's secretary. What if she ran into one of his enemies?

She shrugged her shoulders and said,

"You don't need to know who I am. I don't talk to strangers."

She walked past him, looking for another way. She had thought to ask him about the direction. Nevertheless, she was unable to inquire about anything because of his gloomy attitude.

A short while after she had been walking, she turned her head to take a look at the man.

It came as a surprise to her when she noticed that he was looking at her. She immediately turned away from him.

"Why is he looking at me?" she mumbled to herself while looking in another direction.

As she began walking forward, she made a turn to the left. She saw many one-story houses. She saw people leaving for work or possibly returning for lunch.

"It's okay, Sophia. Don't be nervous. They are ordinary wolves. Not any hungry Alpha wolves."

She gave herself assurance. There was no way for her to determine the path that she had taken.

When she thought about Bryan, she experienced a range of emotions.

"I am lost here, Mate. Now, what should I do?"

She came to a halt on the road and sat down beneath a tree that was nearby. This village was only a short distance away from the forest.

For the very first time, she found that she did not like the forest side. The reason for this was that she was unable to go there to run. She was concerned about her own safety.

She sat there, her head resting on her knees. She was on the verge of bursting into tears. She was still a young girl. On top of that, she was an omega.

How would she manage to survive there? What if Bryan was not able to find her here? What would happen if her mother became ill after she found out that she had gone missing? What if she had to stay here forever?

She heard the sound of a horn while she was busy making assumptions. When she looked up, she saw a blue car stop in the middle of the street next to her.

Shining like a beacon in the sunshine, the majestic car glistened.

Sophia stood up immediately. She thought about asking for a lift.

She wondered how such a car could be available in a village.

She made her way to the car and knocked on the window a few times. "Excuse me? Could you please give me a ride to town?"

She was taken by surprise when the window rolled down. It turned out to be the same person who had bumped into her earlier.

"You!"

The man was sitting in the driver's seat.

He turned his head at her, and his eyes met hers once again.

Every worry in the world seemed to melt away from his expressionless eyes. If someone were to look into his eyes with great attention, they might notice something strange in them. They were not clam but not cloudy either.

He motioned her in the direction of the passenger seat and said,

"Get it."

She was surprised. Did he really mean he would help her?

As he put on his sunglasses, he spoke to her again.

"Don't waste my time."

As quickly as she could, Sophia made her way to the opposite door and climbed into the passenger seat.

"Thank you so much," she said with a low tone.

He did not respond, as if he had not heard her. He started the car and turned it around the opposite way.

Keeping her eyes fixed on the road, Sophia maintained her silence. Seeing the expressions of shock on the faces of the villagers, she was left bewildered by the situation. They bowed their heads with shaken bodies when the car drove past them.

Slowly, Sophia turned her head in the direction of the man.

"Is he someone powerful? What was the reason that the villagers were bowing down to him?" she pondered.

"Stop staring at me like that. I have already booked a woman for tonight."

His statement astounded her. "E-Excuse me?"

Did he think that she was a prostitute?

The man turned his head toward her to glance at her. She looked at his face and realized that he was quite handsome.

But she felt that no one could match Bryan's handsomeness.

Turning her gaze away from the man, she uttered,

"You are misinterpreting me. I am not a girl who—"

"Then why were you following me?"

"Sir, I wasn't following you. I was just lost."

"Lost? I see."

Sophia kept her mouth shut. Rich people only thought of one thing, and that was how to get into bed.

She could not believe that someone could misunderstand her for just asking for a lift.

She wondered if other women really used this tactic to trap rich guys.

"Which pack do you belong to?" he asked.

Sophia lowered her head as she realized that he knew she was not from this pack.

"The Night Shade Pack," she replied, glancing at him.

He remained composed. He did not react to her reply at all.

"Does he even know about my pack? It's one of the largest packs in the states," she mumbled to herself.

A chuckle came out of his mouth. It was a dark laugh.

"I see you don't know about the place where you have come. You don't have any idea about the size of the packs here."

She was surprised after hearing that. There was no way the River Moon Pack was as large as the Night Shade Pack.

Then what pack was he talking about?

Suddenly, she felt curious to know about his identity. It took her some time to muster up the courage to ask him,

"By the way, who are you?"