

Chapter 170

"Mate? How dare you call him mate?" Mila spoke out in the same loud tone that Sophia had used.

Bryan looked at Sophia, warning her not to create any drama there. But she could not stop herself anymore.

She could hide her closeness with him from others but not from the woman who was hugging Bryan a while ago.

"I want to talk to you alone," Sophia said, ignoring Mila completely.

She had nothing to do with that woman.

Mila turned her head at Bryan and said,

"See? Just because you made her your personal secretary, she is thinking of herself as a queen now."

Mila was startled when Bryan moved his hand away from hers.

With a look of disbelief, she slowly stood up straight. "Bryan."

Bryan looked at her calmly and said,

"You should go to the pack house now. Robert is on the way. Go to the lobby and wait for him there."

Mila did not move as her eyes were fixed on Bryan. She tightened her fists in anger when she noticed Bryan had not changed his mind.

"If you want that, then okay. Come to the pack house early today. It's been a long time. I have so many things to talk about."

Mila turned around and her gaze fell on Sophia again. With a fierce glare in her eyes, she stormed out of the cabin.

She angrily shut the door loudly behind her before leaving the cabin.

Bryan turned his gaze from the door and shifted to Sophia.

Meanwhile,

Sophia did not move from her place. She was only staring at the man sitting behind the desk.

Why was he so cold? What had she done to him?

Bryan stood up from his chair. Sophia assumed he would approach her.

But she was wrong. Rather than coming towards her, he moved over to the couch.

He took a seat on the sofa, lit a cigarette, and exhaled smoke.

His eyes returned to her gaze, and he let out,

"Speak."

She felt a pang in her heart from his distance. He did not even approach her like other times.

Was it because of the sudden arrival of his ex-fiancee?

Sophia slowly took steps towards him until she reached the couch where he was sitting.

"Mate," she mumbled.

Bryan fixed his gaze on her as he said,

"You should not address me like that in front of her."

"Why? Why can't I call you that in front of her?" she asked right away.

Bryan did not reply to anything as he stared at her. Looking into his face, she tried to read whether he was angry.

She was still thinking about him, not about herself.

She suddenly became self-conscious. She lowered her head, considering what would happen if Mila had taken him away from her.

The mere thought of Bryan leaving her shook her heart.

She stepped forward and knelt down in front of him. Before he could say anything, She leaned toward him and rested her head on his thigh.

She closed her eyes to control her tears and mumbled,

"If I do something again to make you angry, then you can punish me, Mate. But please don't let the woman get close to you again."

Bryan looked at her head. He raised his left hand and put it to her head. While smoking, he lightly stroked her hair.

He did not reply or respond to her request. Sophia felt a tear roll down her eyes. She wiped it before it could come into contact with Braun's pants.

Her other hand rested on his other thigh, caressing it with her thumb as she closed her eyes.

Even just his light touch on her hair made her feel at ease.

She had forgotten all the things that she had witnessed after entering the cabin.

The reason was that she did not want to lose this man.

She was her mate and the second chance of her life. After what Bruce had done to her, she would never be able to take it if his brother also did the same to her.

She wanted to hold this man in her life by hook or by crook.

After a while, she opened her eyes as Bryan's voice reached her ears.

"Stop thinking about anything else. Just concentrate on your work and studies.

She lifted her head to look at him. "What about us? Is everything okay between us?"

He frowned when she asked that. He leaned down to look at her closely.

His eyes caressed her face. Her upset eyes caught his attention. He moved his hand and placed it on her cheek.

She leaned near his hand, closing her eyes.

But then, she stood up right away and sat on his lap. He abruptly moved the hand that was holding the cigarette away from her; it almost burned her.

However, when she wrapped her hands around his neck and rested her hand on his shoulder, he remained silent.

Sophia hugged his neck tightly and mumbled,

"If you break me, I swear no one will repair me this time."

His hands wrapped around her waist. He nuzzled his nose against her neck and muttered,

"Nothing will change between us. No one can deny that you are my mate."

She bawled her fists on his shirt when she felt the touch of his nose. He knew her soft spot, and he was doing that purposefully.

She tilted her head. Her lips came inches close to his. She moved her hands and cupped his cheeks.

She shut her eyes when her lips touched his. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she began to kiss him.

He kissed her back as his hands tightened around her waist.

Sophia kissed him desperately. She did not want to lose him. She would do everything to keep him in her life.

When she felt breathless, she broke the kiss and pressed her forehead against his.

She huffed as her eyes slowly opened. Bryan's predatory eyes were staring at her soft orbs.

Sophia could not wait any longer. She could not wait for a better moment, a better place, or a better way to express her feelings to him.

With a smile on her face, she finally confessed to him.

"I love you, Mate."