

Chapter 289

When she arrived in the training hall, she noticed it was completely empty.

Her gaze wandered around before falling on Bryan. His wet locks indicated that he had a bath a few minutes ago. He was shirtless and wearing training pants at the bottom, which reminded her of the day she stabbed him.

Bryan was punching a wall with both of his hands in a fit of rage.

Sophia went to him and grabbed his fist when he was about to punch the wall again.

He shut his eyes and groaned,

"Not again."

Sophia noticed his knuckles were swollen.

She rubbed his knuckle while looking at him.

"Why are you hurting yourself?"

Bryan glared at her and replied, "That's none of your business."

His words really hurt her. But it was her business. She really cared for him. She knew she hurt him once, but that was out of misunderstanding. Now that she knew the truth, she felt even more hurt whenever she saw him hurt.

"I am your Luna. It's my business," she replied.

He looked away from her. "Go back to the pack house or go to visit your mother. I'm not in the mood for an argument right now. Just leave me alone."

Bryan turned around to leave her side.

At that time, Sophia's eyes turned ocean blue, as she wanted him not to leave her.

So she grabbed his arm and turned him around to face her.

"Why don't you just leav—"

Bryan paused when his eyes met her ocean blue eyes. He seemed to be frozen.

She took a step toward him and asked, "What do you think of me? You can not just pull me close to you and tell me you love me, only to push me away from yourself whenever you want. I am your mate and your wife. I will never leave your side, even if you want me to."

Bryan stared at her for a long time.

She did not break eye contact, either. Her wolf wanted to take over to get closer to her mate, as she wanted to shift and run with her mate.

Bryan averted his gaze from her and spoke,

"Sophia, just go. Leave me alone."

He took a few steps back. She frowned at his actions. Her eyes moved to his chest. Though his wound had healed, she could see a few stitches there.

"You are mad at me for what I did to you that day, right? You want to hate me? How long will you continue like this? One year? Just like I did?" She asked, approaching him.

He took another step backward. With an angry expression on her face and rage in her ocean blue eyes, she pushed his shoulder.

"Let's fight. You can defend yourself by hitting me. Let's end this battle today."

After saying that, she turned around to kick his leg, but he dodged it. She initially planned to hit him lightly in the hopes that he would hit her hard. But as seconds passed, she became engrossed in the fight.

She was surprised to learn that Bryan was aware of every move she was about to make.

How was that possible?

As if it were not Ken but him, who taught her to fight.

She tried to show her fighting skills as she continued to attack him, and he continued to dodge.

He smirked as if he was enjoying the fight, despite the fact that he was only demonstrating his defense.

"How do you know my next moves?" she asked, attempting to punch his arm.

He grabbed her hand and spun her around, pressing her back against his hard chest.

She tried to move, kick from behind, hit his stomach with her elbow, and all, but she was unsuccessful.

Because he successfully dodged her every attack.

She huffed and leaned her head back against his chest. Her body was sweating because of the fight, and the gown she was wearing was not helping her.

She closed her eyes for a while, holding his arms, which were wrapping around her waist.

She felt calm after a while of being that way. When she opened her eyes and saw how near they were, a smile crossed her face.

She raised her head to glance at him. She saw him staring at her. She blinked her eyes when he was about to unwrap her waist.

She immediately turned around and hugged his torso tightly.

"Why are you punishing me like this? I said sorry to you. Let's end this, okay?"

He looked at the blank wall behind her as his hands rested beside him. He did not reply to her.

She lifted her head and looked at him. Something crossed her mind, and she asked,

"Did you order Ken to train me?"

His eyes remained motionless as hers widened. So he was the one who instructed Ken to teach her how to fight?

She grabbed his cheeks and made him look at her.

"Why were you not telling me about all the things you were doing for me? Only if you told me—"

He interrupted her, moving her hands away from his cheeks, and said,

"I don't want to talk about these things again. It is better to forget about the past."

She saw him heading to the changing room, and she shouted behind him.

"You thought I was a weak omega and could not handle your truths. It is because you have never seen my wolf. I saw Angelina's surprised reaction. Why are you not surprised like her after seeing my eyes?"

Bryan's steps halted. He turned around and asked with a frown,

"What do you think about me? Who am I in your eyes?"

She could not understand his question. "W-What?"

"The first time you called me 'Mate,' I saw your eyes that night. And do you really think I left you one year ago thinking that you were a weak omega who would die heartbroken? I knew you were strong. I knew you would handle and protect yourself without me."

Her eyes grew larger. "Do you mean you knew that I was the one who—"

"Yeah. I knew you were the one who hurt the rogues. Otherwise, why do you think I caged them in my pack? They are rogues. I would be pleased if they flew away from my pack. But I locked them up so that no other Alpha would learn about you. If they had learned, th

ey would have come behind you to use you for their packs."