

## Chapter 410

Ryan's fingers paused in his hair for a moment. Then he rubbed his bangs and shook his head.

"Nothing."

Allison knew he was clearly lying. Because she had just noticed something on his forehead.

She got on her feet and went to him.

"I said it's nothing."

Ryan attempted to convince her, but she was persistent enough to hear him.

She cupped his cheeks and turned him to look up at her.

"Let me see." She said and brushed his bangs away from his forehead.

Her jaw dropped. There was a big scar on his forehead. It was a raw wound as if he had just been injured.

"How did this happen?" She asked with a shocked tone.

His eyes scrutinized her reaction. He did not let out a word but only observed her expressions.

"How did you get hurt?" She asked softly while stroking her thumb over the scar.

He hissed, and she gasped as she thought he felt pain. "D-Did I h-hurt you?"

He laughed at her reaction. She frowned at him and hit his arm.

"How dare you make fun of my feelings? I thought you felt pain." She said with an angry tone and was about to hit him another time on his shoulder, but before that, he grabbed her waist.

She struggled in his grip. "Let me go. You always make me feel like you are serious. But the next moment you act like a brat."

He pulled her close, and she fell on his lap.

Her eyes dilated when she realized that she was sitting on his lap.

She slowly looked at him. His hands were wrapped around her. She tried to move, but his grip tightened.

"Someone will see us like that. Leave me."

"As if I care." He replied with a smirk.

Her eyes moved to his forehead again.

"How did this happen? You did not reply to me."

"I just got a small cut before returning here."

"How?"

"A small fight with an old buddy."

"What type of friends have you made? How come a friend hit another friend like this?"

The wound looked serious. She felt upset after seeing that.

"Relax, Baby." He assured her and patted her head.

She unknowingly rested her head on his chest. She had a sudden desire to hug him. So she wrapped her hand around him and closed her eyes.

He stroked her hair. "You did not get much sleep last night. I disturbed you."

"No, I was happy that you came to meet me."

"Really?"

"Hmm."

They were quiet for a long time. Allison felt that the way she felt in Ryan's arms was something very strange and satisfying.

She had never felt anything like that with Ethan.

The way Ryan made her feel shy with his blunt words and, at the same time, the way he gave her comfort, he was the only one for her.

She had a very strong assumption about Ryan.

She thought that he only liked intimacy and coupling. However, with her, he had never talked to her about those things. He was very patient with her and behaved warmly toward her.

She had never thought that Ryan could make her this comfortable.

She glanced at the side where a few waiters were coming their way with a trolley of food.

She tried to stand up before they could see her on his lap.

But Ryan refused to let her go. He grasped her tightly. She hid her face on his chest to avoid embarrassment in front of others.

Those waiters cleared their throats and asked politely,

"Sir, sorry to disturb you. We came to serve the main dishes."

Ryan gave a nod at them and gestured to them to serve the dishes on the table.

They thought Allison was sleeping, so they quietly placed dishes on the table and took the leftovers on their trolley. After that, they left the floor and went downstairs.

"They are gone." He whispered in her ear.

She turned her head and saw that there was no one around them.

She let out a sigh and pressed her hands on his chest. "Let me go back to my chair."

She thought he would not let her go, but to her surprise, he released her.

She stood up and walked back to sit on her chair. She looked at the table full of dishes. All of the dishes were the restaurant's signature dishes.

"Let's eat." He told her.

She blinked her eyes a few times as she thought about how she was sitting on his lap a few seconds ago, then focused on her plate.

She glanced at him. He was already eating.

"What?" He asked as he gazed at her.

"Nothing." She replied and began to eat.

When they were done with their meals, it was already evening. The sky was already dark.

A few waiters came to clean the table. They placed a bottle of red wine in the middle of the table with a black velvet box.

Allison's eyes fell on the red wine and the box beside the bottle. When the waiters left, she asked him curiously,

"What is this?"

Ryan opened the bottle and poured two glasses of red wine.

"You know I don't drink." She said.

He pushed her glass toward her and said,

"One sip won't make you drunk."

She nodded her head. She believed in him. The last time she had a drink was when she went to the club for Owen's birthday party with him.

She sipped on it and put the glass on the table.

She saw him grabbing the black velvet box.

He rose up from his chair and approached her.

He got down on his left knee.

Her heart began to race as she realized what he was about to do.

When he opened the box, she saw what was inside.

It was a silver-colored chain braided in the middle with a little wolf pendant dangling from it. The trinket appeared to be antique.

Her eyes froze on the beautiful necklace, and she heard his deep voice,

"I can't give you a ring right now because I am reserving that for a special day. But this is a very special thing to me and I want to give it to you.

So, will you be the sunshine to light up my world?"

Her heart skipped a beat by his statements.

He fixed his eyes into hers and asked with an alluring tone,

"Allison, will you be my girlfriend?"