

Chapter 46

I turned around to him with wide eyes. He looked at me with a calm face.

"You almost scared me to death," I said as I placed my hand on my chest.

My heart was beating faster, and my wolf was jumping inside.

The two emotions made me feel strange at the same time. I tried to control my heart and compose myself.

"What are you doing in the ladies' washroom?"

Instead of responding to me, he moved over to me.

I tried to take a step back, but I found my body pressed against the counter.

"What are you doing here?" he asked as he stood in front of me.

He was very tall. So, in order to look at him, I had to raise my head.

"I came here with my friends, but what's that to you?"

"And who was that boy?"

I frowned at him when I heard his question. "Which boy?"

"The boy who led you to this washroom."

It was my assumption that he followed me to this washroom. The boy he was referring to was Nolan's friend.

"That was my friend."

He was silent. I could see his eyes looking directly into mine. I could not read them.

I started to feel unease inside me from his profound gaze.

"Why do you not want to go back to my company?" he asked.

I sighed as I realized his reason for following me here. He could not take no as an answer, so he came here to force me to go back.

"Alpha Bryan, I'm requesting you. Please don't make my life harder again. I'm not after you or your brother. As you can see, I am happy with my life. I'm really enjoying it. So please leave me alone. I am not going back to your company to gain your attention again."

I said what came to mind at that time. It was not my words but his words, which he told me on the very first day of my job when I went to his cabin to return his suit jacket.

His each and every word had pierced inside my heart, and I never forgot them.

Suddenly, his gaze darkened as his eyes shifted from my eyes to my left cheek.

I lifted my hand to touch my cheek. I turned to the mirror and saw that the wound was clearly visible now.

I turned to him and said,

"I think you should leave the washroom right now."

I wanted to fix that by applying makeup again, which I could not do in front of him.

I was stunned when he grabbed my hand and pulled it away from my cheek.

"What happened there?" he inquired.

I turned my gaze to him. He was observing my cheek.

I tried to snatch my hand from his hold, but he tightened his grip.

"I asked what happened."

I could not help but scoff at him. "Don't you know?"

His gaze returned to my eyes as if he really did not know where the wound came from.

"That day when you behaved so nicely with me, a photo touched my cheek to brush against it," I said with a mocking laugh. My words were sarcastic enough to make him angry.

As if he was able to remember that day, his expression abruptly changed.

I looked away from him and attempted to walk past him.

However, I forgot that he was still holding my hand.

He turned around and drew me closer to him.

My body collapsed with his. With a horrified expression on my face, I placed my hands on his chest and looked at him.

The closeness was too much for me. My wolf began to react within me at that moment. I shut her close inside me and asked Bryan,

"W-What are you doing?"

He stared at me for a while. The look in his eyes was neither dark nor soft, but he did not speak. I had the impression that it was the silence before the storm.

The intensity of his gaze caused my knees to begin to shake. Since our bodies were pressing against each other, he could feel it as well.

I felt a rapid heartbeat as he released my grip and proceeded to encircle my waist. I gulped at the feeling of his touch.

It was like magic. I almost wanted to close my eyes and feel it deeply. But I tried to stay conscious.

He lifted his other hand and brushed my bare arm with his fingers. It gave me the feeling of shivering all over my body. I parted my lips because of the sensation.

I gripped his black shirt, which he wore under his black coat.

"I did not know you could dress up like this, too," he muttered, moving his finger to my neck.

His gaze shifted to my dress, which hugged my body perfectly, showing all the curves in his eyes.

I grabbed his hand and stuttered,

"A-Alpha, Y-Yo-"

"Sshhh."

He placed his finger on my lips. My hand loosened the grip of his hand.

My lips quivered under his touch. He studied my quivering lips for a moment before meeting my eyes.

He chuckled as if he were enjoying the response my body was giving him.

He reached over to my cheeks and gently brushed his thumb over my wound.

I hissed in pain. I was an omega. My wounds needed a long time to heal.

In a blink of an eye, he turned my body to face the mirror.

My heart began to run faster when I felt his body press against me from behind.

He leaned down on my neck. As he grasped my right cheek, he tilted my head to bring my left cheek close to his lips.

I stared into the mirror with wide eyes. I almost stopped breathing when I saw him brushing his lips over my wound.

I tried to move, but he firmly wrapped his other hand around my waist to restrain me from moving.

"W-What are you d-doing?" I asked, trying to gather all of my strength to speak out.

Looking at me through the mirror, he licked my wound with his tongue and replied,

"Healing your wound."