

Chapter 301 Your Death

Delilah started to walk and an unknown fear was eating her alive.

She forgot to tell that old man about her seeing the beast.

She was afraid of him. Who knew when he would come after her again just like last night?

'I am still confused about how he did not harm me. I clearly saw his blood thirsty Orange eyes. Is he blind at night? I hope so.'

She thought and focused on her way.

Suddenly she heard a loud growl.

"AAAAAH..." She screamed but put her hands over her mouth. The growl echoed through the whole forest.

She shook her head in fear. She ran as fast as she could. Tears streamed out of her eyes.

'He will eat you alive.'

Naomi's words kept chanting in her mind.

She saw a little light in the dark forest. It was like a hope for her.

But it was far away from her. She made her way to it, avoiding the loud growls.

The growls stopped when she closed the light. She thought the beast was following her and would kill her.

Unexpectedly her right hand was caught by someone and she screamed,

"No, No. I don't want to die." She cried and struggled.

"What are you doing here?"

She heard a familiar voice.

She looked up and saw the familiar face. It was the man who she met in the morning.

Delilah's eyes widened and she hugged him in fear.

"Please please, save me. The beast is after me. He will kill me."

She felt warmth in his chest. But it was not time for thinking that. They were in a life and death situation. Anytime they would get killed.

The man grabbed her arms and pushed her.

She controlled her steps and looked at him. She could see that he was somehow angry. 'Is he angry because I hugged him? Why did I do that? I should not have done that. But I am very scared.'

"Didn't I tell you to go back?"

"I don't have anywhere to go." She mumbled and lowered her head.

Tears kept rolling from her eyes. She did not want to show him that. She immediately wiped her tears.

The man was silent so she glanced at him.

He was glaring at her. 'How can he be so cruel?'

"Who sent you here?" He asked with an aggressive tone.

"N-No one."

He stepped closer and she stepped back. "Really?"

She nodded her head and was frightened to look into his eyes. He was furious.

He grabbed her jaw. "How did you get this way and come here?"

Delilah stared at him. "Th-The o-old g-grandpa.."

He furrowed his brows. Delilah watched his expression carefully. She did not want to make this familiar stranger angry.

"Old man?"

"Yes, he told me to come here."

He nodded at her and stepped backward.

"If you want to die then it's your wish." He said and strolled ahead.

She saw he was also going toward the lights.

She followed him behind. She did not want to be alone where the beast was coming to hunt her alive.

He stopped. "Don't follow me." He muttered and made his way where he wanted to go.

Delilah kept crying and stared at his back. 'What can I do now? Where will I go? There is no one who can help me. I will get killed tonight by the beast.'

She looked down at her legs. Her shoes had gone. She walked so fast all day long that her shoes were torn and gone.

Her legs were bleeding because of the thorn in the ground.

Her dress was long but very thin. Dirt was here and there in her dress.

He felt homeless. 'Should I think about death?'

She felt shivering. She did not know why. Was it because of the chilling air or the fear of being killed by the dangerous creature?

Her throat felt numb and her head was hurting. She was feeling dizzy again.

"Mom, I don't want to die because you told me to live long. I promised you to live long." She murmured.

She tried to take a deep breath in the cold dark night but the air was so cold that she felt frozen.

Her eyes slowly closed and she fell to the ground. She lost her consciousness.

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When she woke up, she felt something warm wrapping around her. She felt the heat and pulled it more to her body.

She slowly opened her eyes and looked at the ceiling.

It was made of wood. A few yellow lights were set up on the ceiling.

She yawned and turned her head to the other side. Her eyes widened.

She sat up immediately. She was laying on the couch all this time. In front of her was a single couch and a man was glaring at her with his dark black eyes.

"Y-You?" She stuttered.

"How can an Omega come here? Who gave you the courage to come inside the forest? Where are you from?"

He asked her a bunch of questions.

She looked at the small scars on his face. With the light, she could see him properly.

He looked really powerful with his aura and his broad shoulder. She had never seen a man like him before.

They met thrice today.

Was he the one that the old man told her about?

"Why are you not answering me?"

"I-I was in the f-forest. Did you take me here?" She asked and looked around.

It was a two-story wooden house. It was small but enough for living.

There was no decoration but only pure furnished wood everywhere. The furniture was exceptional, it had an open kitchen too.

She could see the forest from inside. She remembered the lights in the forest. 'So those lights were coming from this house?'

Her eyes fell on the man again. He looked mad as if he would kill her if she did not answer all his questions.

Delilah was bewildered about him living in the middle of the forest without any fear.

"W-Who are you?"

He did not take the time to reply.

"Your death."