

Chapter 306 Same Bed

"I made dinner, can we eat together?"

There was a frown between his brows, departing two brows by a thin line.

"Did I tell you to cook for me?"

"No, Master. But... Can we eat together? Eating alone is really boring."

He wanted to scold her but when he saw she was running towards the table and pulled out a chair for him, he did not yell at her.

He walked to the table and sat down. She immediately took a plate and served him dumplings.

"Please eat vegetable soup too." She recommended as she pushed the bowl to have a plate.

He stared at his plate for some time.

Delilah sat down on a chair beside him slowly. She was afraid that he would not like her cooking.

However, her step mother always told her that she cooked well, otherwise she would not let her stay in the house.

She tasted the soup to see if everything was okay or not. 'Everything is okay. Then why is he not eating anything?' She asked herself.

With curiosity, she asked him,

"Don't you like these dishes? I am sorry, I don't know what you like or dislike."

He looked at her. "Just eat quietly."

She looked away and nodded. She hurriedly started to eat without looking at him.

What if he started to behave like he did at noon?

She glanced at him. He was eating. She felt relieved.

He gave her permission to stay here and did not try to harm her. He even bought cooking ingredients for her without asking for money.

So she should do something for him.

"I think I can do cooking and cleaning. So don't worry about this. I will work for it." She let out confidently.

He paused eating. "Who told you I am worrying about cleaning my house?"

"W-Well. No one. But I have nothing to do here. So I thought..."

"You thought?" He interrupted.

She looked down at her plate. She shook her head. "Nothing."

She did not know what to do. She told him to let her stay with him but how many days would she stay there?

Everett stood up with his plate.

She stood up too. "Give me your pla-"

"No need."

He went to the kitchen and cleaned his dishes.

She looked at the man's back. He looked very strong. His muscles were moving as he was washing the dish. His eyes focused on his plate and water. He looked like a portrait to her.

He came out of the kitchen and went upstairs.

After cleaning the table and her dishes, she headed upstairs.

She looked down at her clothes. It felt comfy but it was his clothes. He scolded her today for that. But did not have anything to wear except his clothes.

"Thank God he forgot about his clothes." She thought.

When she entered the room she saw him lying on the bed while looking at the ceiling.

Her legs stopped.

He was in the bed. Where would she sleep now?

When he saw her he closed his eyes as if he did not want to be get disturbed by her.

Delilah cleared her throat. "W-Where will I sleep?"

Everett opened his eyes. "Why? Can't you see the bed?"

"But you are sleeping there."

"Do you mean I should leave my bed for you?"

"No. You sleep here. I will go downstairs-" She paused.

"What?" He looked at her.

She was hesitant to say anything. But what happened today came across her mind.

She was outside and she heard something as if someone was following her.

"I don't want to sleep downstairs." She requested with a shaken voice.

He stared at her. She felt that he wanted to know why she did not want to sleep there.

"I went out of the house for some time today. Just outside. But I felt someone was following me."

He narrowed his eyes. "Who?"

"The beast."

He sighed. "Stop talking nonsense."

"Please believe me. I heard the crunching sound but when I turned to that side, I saw no one was there. I think he is following me."

Everett looked angry. "I have no time for your nonsense talk."

"I think he wants to kill me. I saw him looking at me angrily." She muttered. She was trying to convince him to not let her stay there.

She felt she was asking too much of him as if he was her closest person and she could ask anything of him.

"I am sorry I am too afraid of him." She spoke again.

He glared at her. "Stop talking about the beast. The moment you came here, you only talked about him. Are you in love with him or something? If yes then go and find him, don't disturb me at night."

"I am sorry. Please don't be angry with me." She wanted to slap herself for making him angry.

"Come here." He ordered her.

"Hmm?" She was stunned by his sudden order.

She made her way to him with slow steps. His eyes were scanning her every reaction.

Her legs were shaking when she saw him looking at her.

She stood in front of him beside the bed. He did not sit up, only looked at her.

"Y-Yes?"

"Get on the bed."

"W-What?"

"I said, get on the bed."

She bit her lips nervously. She did not know what he wanted.

But she was not prepared for anything right now. She did not know what he would do to her. He was dangerous enough to do anything to her with the sharp stakes.

She went to the opposite side and sat on the bed.

He pulled her by her waist and she fell on him. Her eyes widened.

Her heart started to beat fast. His hand was roaming around her waist. She pushed him slightly but his grip tightened.

She struggled under his arms but failed.

"L-Leave me."

He replied with a fierce tone,

"Why? Aren't you the slave who agreed to warm my bed?"