

Chapter 319 Why Is He Alone?

"Wait."

Delilah looked down at his hand which was grabbing her wrist.

"Y-Yes?"

She asked shyly. He stood up. She did not look at him but looked at the floor while pushing her hair strands behind her hair. She was actually nervous.

She was not in her senses last night. But she remembered everything in the morning.

He made her sit down on the couch and went somewhere.

She looked perplexed. Where was he going?

He came back with a box from the kitchen. He took a box and put out an ointment, then gave it to her.

She took the ointment. She realized it was the ointment for bruises on the skin. She thanked him.

He nodded and left the house.

She stared at his back when he left.

"Where does he go? He likes to stay out all the time." She mumbled and pouted.

She was happy that he did not raise last night's matter. It would have felt awkward to talk about that.

She bit on some fruit and stood up.

She moved to the kitchen while limping.

She placed food on the table and went to the door.

She opened the door and felt the fresh air.

She smiled and closed her eyes to feel it for some time.

Suddenly the old lady's words and the orange eyes came across her mind. She opened her eyes immediately.

How could she forget that?

She shook her thoughts. 'No, I have a man now. He will always protect me from anything.'

She told herself and went outside.

"Everett?"

She called him. He was nowhere to be seen.

She closed the door behind her. She started to walk to find him. It was day time, the beast would not come out now.

She called Everett and started to search for him.

After a few minutes, she stopped. She did not go far when she saw the route was the other way from what she knew.

She did not want to lose her path again, so she turned around.

However, she heard the sound of a beating.

She paused and turned to that side. She walked to that side while clutching her dress.

'What is happening? Where is the sound coming from?'

She stopped when she saw a little far.

Everett was punching a very big tree. His hands were bleeding but he kept punching it as if he was angry and punching someone.

Delilah's eyes widened. She ran to him.

"Everett"

He did not stop punching.

"What are you doing here?" He asked her without looking at her. His face looked grim.

"Ever-"

She paused when he glared at her.

"Master, stop punching the tree. Y-Your h-hand.."

She looked closely and saw there was almost a hole where he was punching as if he had punched the tree so many times before that it made a hole.

"Go back."

"No, your hands are bleeding."

When she saw he did not stop punching, she tried to stop him by grabbing his wrist but he was very angry.

When he felt her touch, he angrily charged at her but his fist paused just in front of her face.

She was startled and closed her eyes tightly. She was shaking with fear.

He stared at her frightened face and looked away from her. He put down his fist and asked,

"What do you want?"

She opened her eyes slowly. She felt relaxed when she saw him calming down.

"Master, let's go back, okay? Look at your hands. You need to bandage them."

"I don't need it. Just go back."

"Please listen to me."

"CANT YOU JUST MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS?"

He yelled at her. She flinched at his yell.

She looked at him with her parted lips. She bit her lip as she tried to stop her tears.

She cared about him that was why she came to stop him. She did not have any other intention.

"Just go back. Leave me alone. Can't you understand why I always leave my own house? It's because of you. I need privacy but you intervened in my privacy. Just go now. I left the whole house for you now why did you again come to disturb me?"

His eyes were hurting her the most, more than his yelling.

Didn't they become close after last night? Why was he reacting like that? Was he angry because she asked him to do that with her?

She averted her gaze from his furious eyes, which gave her a chill. Her eyes fell on his bloody knuckles.

She blinked a few times to get the tears away from her eyes.

She felt hurt because of his pain. She did not know why but she felt hurt for him.

A strange distress rushed to her and jabbed her heart.

She shook her head. No, she could not leave him alone in that state.

He helped her, and always came to save her.

How could she leave him?

This man was too arrogant to go back with her to treat his hands. So she had to do something right then.

She looked around and could not find anything.

Her long dress caught her attention and she thought of an idea.

Her dress was a full sleeve dress.

She pushed her hair behind and tore one of the sleeves.

"What are you doing?" He frowned.

She did not reply to him but ripped the sleeve into two pieces of clothing.

Then she grabbed his right hand.

He became furious. "Didn't I tell you to leave from here?"

She looked up at him. "Can you please calm down and let me do what I am doing?"

There was a slight bit of irritation in her voice. She was annoyed by his behavior. Why was he giving pain to himself?

She wrapped the cloth in his knuckles. Then she took his other hand and did the same.

She did not see how his eyes turned orange when she was bandaging his hands.

When she looked up after finishing. His dark black eyes were glaring at her.

"Done."

He was silent. She felt anxious. She kept looking into his eyes. The way he was staring at her, it felt like he could see her soul. She felt naked in front of him though she was in her full clothes.

So many questions popped into her head for him.

'How is he living here alone? Where is his family? Why did he kill his own mate?'