

Chapter 340 Havana

"Then why don't you get a mate for yourself?"

Delilah looked at Everett to hear his answer. Was it possible? Would he ever mark her as his mate?

Everett scoffed at Maverick.

"Why are you always so curious about me? If you are so interested, then come to my forest at once. I will answer you at that time."

He paused and glanced at the king and queen.

"One more thing, I am just trying to keep myself calm for that old lady. So don't force me to get back to myself. Otherwise, those rumors about the beast are not false. A man who can kill his own mate can kill you too."

Others looked stunned by his words. Maverick glared at him.

"The day you try to attack my family, your head will be in my hand, beast." Maverick gritted.

"Maverick!"

Amanda yelled at her grandson.

Everett laughed and replied to Maverick. "Will see."

Everett glanced at his grandmother the last time and then left the royal palace while grabbing Delilah's hand.

Delilah kept staring at Everett.

"Why did his brother just say such cruel words to him? Why does he want to kill him?"

Delilah bit her lip and looked away. She was sad, very sad.

"Why am I feeling so sad inside my heart? I am feeling angry at myself that I reacted to him like that before. He is mad at me now. I want to know him. I want to be with him now. I don't care about his rank or wolf. I just want him now."

She could kill all the fear inside her and be with him.

"He must be really upset about what his family said." She thought and stopped her steps.

Everett turned to her and asked,

"What happened? You want to live there?"

Delilah shook her head and lowered her head.

"Let's go back." He muttered and dragged her with him.

They came out of the palace area. Delilah saw the old man who took them to the palace, standing there with that carriage.

He opened the door for them. Delilah quietly got into the carriage.

When she saw the door of the carriage was about to close, she stopped it by taking hold of the door.

"Are you not coming?" She asked Everett.

Everett shook his head. "I have some work to do."

Delilah looked at him with a pair of sad eyes.

"Where are you going?"

He looked into her eyes. "Don't try to escape. I will be back at night." He said and closed the door shut.

Delilah stared at the door. When she felt the carriage was starting to move, she moved to the window and tried to look at Everett.

She could see him going the other way.

Didn't he always stay in the forest? Then where would he go alone? Did he know someone there?

Delilah sighed and looked at the changing scenery through the window.

Her life was messed up before. But now, it had become unpredictable. She did not know what was happening to her.

How she came to this route where she knew there was no future at all.

The way she wanted now was something she could not explain to herself either. What she wanted was something she would never get.

When the carriage was crossing the village where she worked, she closed the small blind of the window. She did not want anyone to see her going to the forest.

When the carriage stopped, the door opened and Delilah got out of the carriage.

"Thank you."

Delilah said to the old man.

The old man smiled at her and nodded. "I am the butler of the old lady. I usually come here to talk with the prince about the palace and the old lady. So there is nothing to thank for."

Delilah was amazed but nodded back at him.

She entered the wooden house and went to the bedroom. She changed her clothes and lay down on the bed.

All the things that happened in the palace came to her mind.

The way Everett's parents insulted her, that might be normal for the royal people. But how could they mock Everett? Why didn't they convince him to stay with them? Why was he so angry at his family members?

Delilah remembered Everett telling her once that his parents were dead.

Why did he lie to her?

Why did his brother talk about killing him?

Delilah pulled her hair. "Aaarrggg!" She groaned.

Her head was hurting thinking about so many things. Her mind was exhausted.

She forced herself to get up and went to the kitchen. She was hungry. She made something hurriedly and ate it.

When it was late at night,

Everett came back. Delilah looked at him and asked,

"You came back late."

"I told you I would be late."

Delilah nodded as she saw him going to the bedroom.

When she saw him coming out of the bathroom, she asked,

"Dinner?"

"I am not hungry."

"But let's have dinner."

"I won't repeat myself." He interrupted her and went to the bed to sleep.

Delilah did not have her dinner because she was waiting for him. When he said he would not have dinner, she lost her appetite.

That night she also did not eat anything and went to sleep.

"Where were you?"

Delilah whispered. She knew he would not answer her or scold her, but still she gave it a try.

"To find someone."

"Someone? Did you find that someone?"

"No, but soon."

He replied. His eyes were closed.

She glanced at him in the dark. She wanted to apologize to him for how she behaved all those times.

She realized her mate wanted to cage her as a sex tool and he might have sold her to others after using her. So what Everett did was right. Her mate even cheated on his fiancée. He was not a good person. And Everett set her free by killing him.

Every impression of Everett was starting to change in her mind. What she found scary yesterday, now she had started to feel good today. Everything he did looked fine to her right now.

The next day, Delilah was making breakfast while glancing at the stairs.

When she woke up today, she saw him in the bed. That was not what he usually did. He was sleeping peacefully, which mesmerized her mind. She came to make breakfast and from then she was waiting for him to come down.

She wanted to have a good conversation with him. She would ask him about his family.

"There is no hurry, Delilah. Let him sleep. It's very rare that he sleeps for a long time. It's good for his health."

Delilah was done making breakfast and lunch. She would go to the hospital so she prepared lunch too for Everett.

She was wiping her hands and was about to come out of the kitchen when she felt something rush like the wind and went to the main door. She saw it from the glass beside the door.

"Who?" She asked and headed to the door.

She slowly opened the door and looked around.

She felt something pass her and entered through the door. She stepped back in fear.

She felt scared though Everett was sleeping in the bedroom of the house.

She slowly turned around and asked,

"W-Who?"

A woman suddenly came in front of her and she gasped.

The woman looked young and beautiful. She frowned at Delilah.

Delilah asked, "Who are you?"

The woman narrowed her eyes and asked Delilah back while pointing her finger at her,

"You tell me first, who are you?"

"I am Delilah."

"Delilah? Delilah who? And what are you doing here? In this house? Who let you come in?"

She threw a bunch of questions to Delilah.

Delilah was startled by her sudden inquiry. She did not know who the woman was and why she had come to the wooden house with such confidence on her face.

"Where is he?" The woman asked.

"Who?"

"The owner of this house."

"He is sleeping." Delilah mumbled with confusion.

"Sleeping? Does he even need sleep?" She asked as if she could not believe it.

"Why are you making noise?"

They heard a voice coming from the stairs.

Delilah saw Everett coming downstairs. She could see his wet hair, which told her that he had taken a shower just now.

Everett came down and looked at the woman.

"Still noisy!" He muttered.

The woman did not reply to him and directly ran towards him. She hugged him tightly and said,

"I can't believe I am seeing you again."

Everett patted her back and they broke the hug.

Delilah could not believe her eyes that Everett had just hugged that woman back. Didn't he always tell her not to touch him? Then why did he hug that woman?

"Brother told me you came to my house yesterday. Is it true?" The woman asked.

"Yes, Havana."

"I know you can't live without me." She said and chuckled.

Delilah saw both of them talking while chuckling. She felt like she became a third wheel watching them from a little far.

"Havana? Who is she?"