

Chapter 347 Her Wound

"EVERETT!"

Delilah screamed. She saw the stake piercing his abdomen area as he turned to the side where Delilah screamed from.

Delilah started to cry and ran to him.

Another man threw another stake and Delilah did not notice it.

She ran towards Everett as she saw his blood coming out of his stomach.

She was about to go close to him when a stake pierced her arm.

"AAAHHH!"

She fell to the ground and screamed in pain.

Everett took off his blindfold and looked at Delilah who was on the ground now.

Everyone looked shocked. "How did this girl get in?" One of them shouted.

Everett bent down and Delilah looked into his eyes.

"Ev-Everett y-your w-wound." She tried to talk to him in pain. During that hurtful time, she was still thinking about Everett.

Everett pulled out the stake from his stomach and threw it to the man, who threw it at him before. The man caught it immediately.

Everett looked at Delilah's hand. "Who told you to come here? How did you come here?"

"Everett, your wound-"

"SHUT UP!"

He yelled at her while glaring at her. He looked angry. Delilah could not stop crying. Her hand was getting numb from the pain.

She felt him pulling out the stake.

"It hurts." She wept in pain.

Everett pulled out the stake in one go. She almost lost her voice.

She was losing her blood. Her wound looked worse. She was seeing dark everywhere and lost her consciousness.

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Everett stared at Delilah.

He could not believe she just came between his training.

He was in training a moment ago. His men were throwing stakes and he dodged them. But when he heard Delilah's scream, he lost his concentration and one of the stakes pierced his stomach.

However, he felt her running towards him. So he opened the blindfold immediately.

He was late because she had already been injured by one of the stakes.

He got mad at her. It was dangerous and she should not have come here. What surprised him was, she was wounded yet she still thought about his wound.

He yelled at her and pulled out the stake in just one pull so that she did not have to feel more pain.

When Delilah lost her consciousness, he glared at his men.

"Why didn't you stop when you heard a scream?" He asked them.

They kneeled in front of him. "My prince, isn't it the rule? We can not stop in the middle of a war even if someone screams to stop."

"Is this a war?"

"N-No, but everything happened so fast that we could not understand. Please accept our apology."

Everett did not reply to them, which made them scared. They saw him carrying the young woman in his arms.

They were stunned. They had never seen their prince so close to any woman except his friend Havana. But Havana was the soon to be gamma. She trained with men. It was natural.

They could not believe their eyes after seeing the young woman in his arms as if she was something soft or a feather for him to carry.

"Who is she, my prince?"

Everett did not stop but replied,

"My woman."

The sounds of gasping were heard there.

"Whoever threw the stake to her, get ready to pay for it."

He walked to the way of his house and heard cries of the man behind him.

"Everett"

Havana's voice came to his ears. She came out from behind a tree.

Everett turned to her. "Did you bring her here?"

Havana gulped as she saw his furious face.

He had never talked to her like that before. She could see his fierce eyes.

"No."

"Then how did she come to our secret place, Havana?" He gritted his teeth and asked.

"I-I think she followed me here."

Everett stared at her. He knew Havana was lying to him.

"You will become the gamma, how will you protect your king if you can not even hear foot steps who follows you behind?"

Everett saw her lowering her head. "I am sorry, Everett. I did not know this would happen."

"Why did you take her here?" He asked and glanced at Delilah's arm. Blood was rolling down her hands.

Havana coughed and said,

"She is losing her blood. Let's go back fast."

Havana walked ahead as if showing him the path.

Everett stared at her back for a moment, then walked that way.

He reached the wooden house in a minute, before Havana. He had so many powers that he usually did not use.

He went to the bedroom and lay her down on the bed.

He connected mind links with Conor.

"Come to my house."

"What happened?"

"Right now."

"I am on the way."

He heard Conor and disconnected the link. He remembered when she bandaged his hands with her clothes. So he took out a piece of clothing from the cabinet and wrapped it around her wound. He tied it tightly.

Havana came to the room while puffing. She was powerful but not powerful like a Lycan. Everett's strength was unmatched. He came so fast that Havana was shocked.

She looked at Everett and saw what he was doing.

Conor came and checked Delilah's wounded arm.

"You could have told me about the wound. I would have come with a potion for healing." Conor told Everett.

"Then go and come back with the potion."

"No, I can't."

"Why?"

"Her hand has already lost so much blood. Her blood circulation would be affected if we waited for some more time."

"Then what do you want to do?" Havana asked.

"Maybe healing her arm by lick." Conor replied but immediately heard a growl.

They glanced at Everett.

"What?" Conor asked.

"Don't dare to touch her." Everett replied with his glowing orange eyes.

"What do you mean, Everett? Why can't he touch her?"

Everett turned his head to Havana and roared,

"It's all your fault. Now you should go back to your home. I called you for a mission. You should focus on it, not on my woman."

Havana stepped back. Everett had never been rude to her before. She cried and ran out of the house. She left the forest.

Conor watched everything silently. Then he spoke out.

"What would you do to her?"

"Nothing." Everett replied while looking at Delilah.

"Everett, I think she likes you."

"I don't care."

"I am not talking about Havana."

Everett looked at Conor. "What?"

"I am talking about Delilah."

She fell in love with you."