

Chapter 348 She Loves You

"I am talking about Delilah.

She fell in love with you."

Everett paused for a moment but then glared at Conor. His eyes turned black again.

"This is not the time for jokes."

"I am telling you what it seems like. She loves you."

"Stop all of this. I am already mad at everything."

Conor glanced at Delilah. "She is an Omega. She is a pure girl. She always talked about you to me. She is very curious to know about you, Everett."

"You don't have to treat her. Just go back. I will handle her wound." Everett said angrily.

"Everett, she loves yo-"

"She is just like others. She is afraid of me. You didn't see how she had reacted when she saw me like this." Everett bellowed in agony. His eyes turned flame orange. His cheeks started to burn.

Conor shook his head. "She is a young girl. Of course she would be scared when she saw any new creature."

"Not a new creature, but a beast who eats people alive."

"Stop saying that. She is with you right now. How did she get hurt?"

"I don't know."

"I am sure he thought your warriors were your enemy and attacked you, so she was ready to take your beat."

Everett felt something move his heart. He shook his head.

"Just go. I am not in a mood right now."

Conor did not want to argue so he told Everett that he should heal her fast by licking her wound.

When Conor left the house, Everett stared at Delilah for a moment.

He went to the bed and sat beside her.

He looked at her wound and sighed.

He ripped her sleeve and realized she was in a new dress.

She looked beautiful in that dress. Her pure and clean skin looked gorgeous in that brown color dress.

He did not waste any more time and caressed her wound. He could see the hole where the stake pierced her arm.

He licked the wound with his tongue. He had never done it for anyone before. It was something he had never thought of doing for anyone.

He was a Lycan. His saliva was so effective that it started to heal her wound fast.

In a few minutes, her arm was healed by him. It did not look like someone stabbed her arm before.

He moved away from her arm and stared at her face for a long time.

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Delilah opened her eyes. She felt heavy in her head. She sat up and looked around.

It was late at night. She felt hungry.

She was about to get out of the bed when her eyes fell on her ripped sleeve. She stared at the bloody sleeve and remembered everything.

She looked at her arm but gasped.

"How can it be possible?" She whispered.

"You are weak. Go and have your dinner."

She heard Everett. He came out of the bathroom. He looked like he had just taken a shower.

"Everett!"

She stood up and ran to him.

She tried to check his bare upper body. A few drops of water were falling down his chest from his wet hair.

She looked at his stomach and stepped back.

"Your wound?"

"Healed."

"Huh?"

She looked up at him with confused eyes.

"My wound has healed."

"What about mine?"

"It also healed. How? My healing power is almost like humans. If I got a cut from the knife, it would take four or five days to heal."

She saw Everett staring at her. She glanced at his stomach again, which was clean and clear.

"Didn't I tell you to go and eat?" He said calmly.

"Y-Yes."

"Then go and eat."

Delilah nodded and walked to the door but stopped and turned to him.

"I know you are not hungry but I don't want to eat alone. Can you have your dinner with me?"

She asked him as if she was begging him.

He looked away from her and nodded.

Delilah smiled at him and went downstairs happily.

"Please, sit here. I am cooking something quickly."

She went to the kitchen and he sat at the table.

While cooking she felt his gaze on her. She did not dare to look at him.

She felt it was like a nightmare when she felt stabbed in her arm.

She cooked a vegetable curry and steamed rice, then served it on the table.

She placed food on his plate first, then on her plate.

She ate quietly and kept glancing at him from time to time.

He was not a picky man. He never had any problems with her cooking. He always ate what she offered him.

After eating, when they went back to the bedroom Everett asked her,

"How are you feeling now?"

"I am okay. I am not feeling any pain, just a little bit dizzy. But after having dinner, I am feeling good."

"Hmm."

"What?"

"You lose blood so you will feel weak for a few days. Don't overwork. Try to come back early." He said without looking at her.

She was stunned by his concern.

"A-Are you feeling concerned about me?"

He frowned and turned his head to her.

"Why did you think that?"

"You must help me to heal my wound somehow. Now you are talking about this. It shows that you care for me."

She said but whispered the last sentence.

Everett was sitting on the bed. But when he heard her, he stood up and came to her.

Delilah tried to gather up her courage. She was not scared of him today by asking what she wanted to ask.

Havana had already told her many things. She wanted to know those from him directly.

"I-I have so-something to ask you." Delilah asked as she looked into his eyes.

He stepped forward and she stepped back. Her back pressed against the wall.

"First tell me one thing." He said as he came close to her face.

She felt her heart starting to race. She tried to calm herself but failed.

"W-What?" She asked with a shaken tone.

He smirked at her and asked,

"Conor told me that you fell in love with me.

Is it true?"