

Chapter 353 Lycanthropy

Everett's clean face started to change into the wild. His clear cheeks started to burn like coal.

"Everett!"

Delilah whispered his name.

The flames could be seen inside his orange eyes.

His claws came out. His arms started to fill with black fur.

He was shirtless. So Delilah could see the visible bloodlines in his upper bare body.

"Look at me. This is me. A Lycan. The beast."

He said as he looked at Delilah.

His canines came out and he looked at the full moon. He growled loudly.

Delilah stared at him. It was the creature everyone had been talking about.

If she didn't love Everett, she would have fainted again.

But tonight she did not feel anything like that. She calmly stared at him.

"Everett."

When she was about to get close to him, he growled at her and scratched a tree branch furiously.

The marks of his claws were imprinted on the tree.

Delilah felt that Everett was losing his mind.

"Listen to me, Everett."

"GO AWAY."

He yelled at her which she did not like.

Why would she go away from him?

"NO. I AM NOT GOING ANYWHERE."

She yelled back at him.

He looked stunned. "Why are you not looking scared?"

"Because I am not feeling scared of you, Everett."

She retorted back and made her way to him.

He shook his head. "You are just pretending to be brave." He let out and laughed.

"No, I am not." She said and stopped in front of him.

She touched his hands and he growled.

"Please, don't get mad at me." She requested.

"Why don't you go back?"

"Didn't you tell me not to escape? How can I leave you after seeing yourself? I love you the way you are. You are just more powerful than other werewolves. It's not a bad thing but a plus point for you."

"NO!"

He pushed her hands and she stepped back.

"This is not a plus point. For this..." He pointed at himself, then continued,

"For this rank, my father had to bear so many things. For this rank, I had to live my whole life alone. How can you say this is a plus point?"

He asked while glaring at her.

Delilah was shocked when he talked about his father.

"His father is a Lycan? Don't they call the king their Alpha King? Then what is he talking about?"

She was confused. Very confused.

But the situation was not to think about anything else. Everett was getting out of control.

"You are not alone anymore. I am with you now." She said as she approached him again.

He grabbed her arms. "Why can't you understand?"

"I don't want to understand anything, Everett. I know only one thing that I love you."

"Who are you? Tell me truthfully. Is there someone who sent you to me?" He asked while glaring at her.

"No. I chose to come to you on my own. It was our fate that made me come to you."

"Am I not looking harmful to you?"

Delilah shook her head. "No, not anymore. I fell for you when I saw you, but after finding your true identity, my love never became a bit less."

"Love love love! You are going crazy, Dellah."

"Dellah? Did he give me a nick name?"

She had the bravery and lifted her hands.

She then rested them on his neck and tiptoed.

He was stunned when her lips touched his lips.

Her soft lips brushed his rough ones and made them moist.

It was a small peck. She glanced at his cheeks and wanted to touch them.

But he grabbed her wrists. "It's a curse." He muttered.

"C-Curse? Who cursed you?"

His eyes were fixed on her lips. "A bad witch."

"How can you remove it?"

He moved away and shook his head.

"There is no way to remove it."

"What? Is it very painful?" She asked as she stared at his cheeks.

"Not much."

Delilah knew he was lying. If it was a curse, then it was surely an unbearable pain.

She wanted to stop this. She wanted to remove the curse from him.

She didn't realize it when she started to cry again.

"Why are you crying?" He asked as he stared at her glossy eyes.

"I am feeling pain." She replied.

His eyes turned back to black. His body became normal. Only her cheeks left marks.

He came to her and grabbed her arms.

"Where? Did you fall somewhere while coming here?"

Delilah saw concern in his eyes. For the first time, he didn't hide his emotions from her.

"Why don't you speak?" He asked as he searched her body to see where she got hurt.

She held his hand and pressed his palm on her heart.

"Here." She whispered. He frowned but heard her again.

"I am feeling pain here. I don't want to live as your slave anymore. Because I felt pain when I saw you in pain. I want to share your pain. I want to be your life companion, Everett."

Her eyes kept turning blue and black back and forth. It was a full moon so no werewolf could resist it.

Everett was a Lycan. Only a Lycan could control his shifting by his wish.

"There are so many things you don't know about me, Dellah."

"I want to know everything. I promise I will always be with you. I will never escape. I will never think about another man in my life. There will be only one name in my heart, and that's yours."

"You are digging your own grave. You have come to the beast and told him that you love him. Who gave you this courage?" He asked as his hand stroked her arms.

"You. You gave me this courage." She again tried to touch his cheeks.

This time he did not stop her, which surprised her.

She caressed his cheeks with both of her thumbs.

"You are so handsome but you said the beast is ugly."

"Because he is."

"No, he is the most handsome man I have ever seen."

Everett stared at her.

"You know what you are doing and saying, right?"

"I do."

"You want to be my life companion?"

"Yes."

"Then you have to remember one thing."

Delilah smelled a fear. What would be the one thing he would talk about?

"What?"

"I can never mark you as my mate."