



43 Chapter 43 Bitter Aftertaste

Elara 1

I nearly choked at Dominic's suggestive comment, coughing violently as my face flushed deep red.

Dominic pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and offered it to me, but I instinctively swatted it away. His half-smile disappeared instantly, his expression cooling several degrees.

Realizing how my reaction must have looked, I quickly backpedaled. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to..."

"It's fine," Dominic cut me off, his eyes now distant. "Perfectly understandable. Anyone would be disgusted after being kissed by a supposedly gay man, right?" His voice carried a sharp edge that made me wince.

"Don't worry, I get annual physicals. I'm perfectly healthy and safe, so you don't have to be quite so... repulsed."

I tried to explain myself, but Dominic had already stepped on the gas, speeding away from the nursing home.

The entire ride back to our apartment, Dominic



drove like a crazy person. His jaw was clenched tight.

By the time we pulled into the driveway of the Alpha mansion, my face had turned ghostly pale.

I grabbed the door handle with white knuckles. My stomach felt terrible from all the sharp turns and sudden stops.

Dominic stormed into the house with barely contained fury radiating from his broad shoulders. I wasn't far behind, but for entirely different reasons.

The moment I made it through the door, I bolted for the nearest bathroom and violently emptied my stomach.

My legs shook as I threw up everything. I could taste the bitter chicken soup mixed with stomach acid. Cold sweat beaded on my forehead as acidic bile burned my throat.

After everything was out, I collapsed weakly against the cool porcelain, finally registering the concerned knocking at the door.

"Elara, open up. Are you alright?" Dominic's voice carried an unmistakable hint of worry beneath his Alpha command.



The worry in his voice just made me madder. Anger flashed through me. If he hadn't driven like he was in a race, I wouldn't be in this miserable state.

Using the wall for support, I hauled myself upright and yanked the door open. My hair was messy, my face was white as a sheet, and I probably looked awful. But I didn't care.

"What the hell is wrong with you, Dominic? Were you trying to be a race car driver back there? Were you in such a hurry to get away from me?"

"I am never getting in a car with you again!"

All the bad things from today came out at once. All the frustrations of the day, my grandmother's heartbreak, Nadia's mind games, the fake kiss, the real feelings it stirred, everything exploded out of me like a shaken soda bottle.

Dominic's angry look disappeared the moment he saw me. His expression softened immediately when he saw my reddened eyes, completely misreading my nausea-induced tears as emotional ones.

His shoulders dropped. "I'm sorry. I was..." He ran a hand through his hair, looking confused.



The words seemed to catch in his throat as his eyes darkened. "I shouldn't have driven like that."

Without warning, he bent down and scooped me into his arms.

The moment his arms wrapped around me, my body responded instantly. Heat pooled between my thighs despite feeling sick.

I was too weak to fight back, and honestly, being held felt better than I wanted to admit. My wolf loved his touch, which annoyed me.

Dominic placed me gently on my bed as if I might break. "I apologize for driving so fast. It won't happen again," he promised, his voice uncommonly soft. "I'll have Linda make you some chicken soup." 1

He disappeared briefly, returning with a small medicine box. "I mindlinked the pack doctor. He said these will help with the motion sickness."

He placed the pills in his palm and offered them to me along with a glass of water. "Do you need me to help you?"

His fingers brushed mine as I took the pills, sending electricity straight through me. Even



sick as I was, my body wanted more of his touch.

I pressed my lips together, taking the medicine myself and washing it down with a sip of water. "Thank you," I mumbled.

Dominic remained standing there, his dark eyes fixed on my face with an intensity that made my skin tingle.

The silence grew uncomfortable until I finally cleared my throat. "I should rest now."

Unable to meet his burning gaze, I looked down and quietly added, "About that kiss today... I wasn't disgusted or anything. I was just caught off guard."

The tension in his jawline instantly relaxed. Dominic leaned forward, bracing his hand on the bed beside me, his lips curving into a dangerous smile that made me shiver.

"That's all right," he murmured, his voice dropping to a husky timbre that sent shivers down my spine. "Practice makes perfect, after all."