

Don't Leave Me, Mate

- Chapter 4[772 words]

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I averted my gaze from Jan.

The white bikini girl emerged from the swimming pool. She picked up a black bathrobe and tied it. She approached Ian, kissed his cheek, and said something into his ear. He nodded at her with an indifferent face, showing that she was not so important to him but only a girl for tonight. The girl exited the pool area and went indoors.

I was shocked by these types of girls. How could Uiey sleep with him? Why did they do that? When they clearly knew that he would never make them, then why?

All of these girls were from well-known families. In fact, their parents knew about this, but they never stopped them. They were waiting to entangle their daughters' lives with the Alpha's only son. What if he preferred one of them for his future Luna?

I pushed all of my thoughts aside and got up from the couch. I should not be thinking too much. It would be better for me to stay as far away from Ian as possible.

"Where are you going?" Luke asked me. He was holding two glasses in his hands.

I assumed he had come to give me some time. He offered me one of the glasses.

"I need to use the washroom," I told him.

"Oh. Then let me lead the way." He stated this while extending his hand forward.

"Luke, where are you going?" One of his friends questioned him.

I glanced at his friends and then at Luke. "You can tell me the direction. I can go on my own."

"No, I can't trust others."

"I promise, I'll be fine."

I insisted. I was not the type of kid who needed a guardian outside to keep me safe.

He gave me the direction. I exited the poolside and entered the living room. I proceeded to walk in the direction that Luke had instructed me to go.

My eyes were drawn to the stairs as I made my way past the crowd. Luke suggested that I use the restroom, which was located on the upper floor.

But I decided not to do so when I noticed a couple kissing on the stairs.

I asked a girl about the washroom downstairs. She gave me a look but said it was in the right corner.

As I stepped there, a tall boy bumped into me, causing the liquid to run through my hair. I soon realized that it was beer. I had beer all over my hair, and it was completely soaked.

"You should have watched out," the boy told me.

I ignored him and proceeded to the right corner. I was startled when I noticed the entire corner was dark.

"Did that girl give me the right direction?" I mumbled as I moved towards a door.

I opened it, and luckily it was a washroom. I looked in the mirror and saw my wet, beer-soaked hair.

I quickly washed my hair in a sink before using the washroom.

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Before leaving the washroom, I took off my glasses and put them in my bag. I washed my face because it felt stinky from the beer drops that had rolled down it.

I walked out of the washroom, running my fingers through my hair. When I closed the washroom's door, once again the whole corner turned dark.

I took slow steps toward the direction I had come from. A bit off in the distance, I could see colorful smoke.

I began to stride, but I gasped aloud when someone caught my hand in the darkness.

I felt a pull and then found myself pressed against a wall.

I could not see the person in the dark, but I could see the silhouette of a boy.

"What took you so long to come out? Were you playing with yourself?". Hearing the deep voice, my eyes widened.

It was Ian!

He got close to me and sniffed. "Why do you smell so different right now? What kind of fragrance did you wear? "I liked it," he said, moving his face closer to my neck.

I was so shocked at that moment that I could not let out a single word.

The tip of his nose came into contact with my neck, and he slowly rubbed it against my skin. My chest tightened up. My breath hitched.

"Fuck! You smell so good."

I could feel his body pressing up against mine and his hands encircling my waist.

I could feel his warm breath against my cheek. I did not know what was happening. Why did he approach me and grab me like this?

But before I could say anything, my eyes widened in the darkness as I felt a pair of warm lips brush against mine.

He did not give me a chance to understand anything before smashing his lips against mine. 1