

Chapter 71 A New task from Brian

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AMALTHEA'S POV

"Hello, miss. Are you by any chance here to meet Mr. Gong Chan?" I heard a man's voice as soon as I entered the restaurant, and I looked at him from top to bottom before nodding my head.

"Tell him Little bird is here," I said, and he nodded.

"He is already waiting for you in the private room on the 6th floor. The room number is 604. Please go there and have a great -"

"Tell him I am not the one who called him here. I don't think I need to go by his words and arrangements," I said before looking out of the hotel to see if anyone followed me here.

"Are there other rooms available on the second or first floor?" I asked, and he nodded.

"Great. Give me the keys to a room on the first floor. You can ask that person to come and meet me there itself. And yeah, tell him to make sure he comes alone," I said before taking the keys from the receptionist and going towards the staircase.

'What is it, Amalthea? Why did you disagree with his arrangements? We can save a lot of time and hassle like this. You know with me you have nothing to fear, right?' Crystal said, and I hummed.

'It's not about fear. I suspect this guy's intention and legitimacy. He mentioned he needs me because I am perfect for this task. He also knows I am the famous rogue killer LJ. He has come to me with a business proposal when I am sure I left no hint of my real identity behind. But somehow, he knows about me. Second, I can't risk going into an



mentioned he needs me because I am perfect for this task. He also knows I am the famous rogue killer L.J. He has come to me with a business proposal when I am sure I left no hint of my real identity behind. But somehow, he knows about me. Second, I can't risk going into an unknown room that could be filled with numerous men, not to mention my enemies, too. As much as I know you will handle it, why take the risk?' I asked, and she hummed.

After settling on the sofa comfortably, I looked at my phone to read the pending emails.

"Well, you didn't have any reason to be so suspicious of me. I just came to propose a deal. Did you think I am here to attack you or something?" I heard a familiar man's voice as soon as the door opened, and it shocked me to see who it was.

"So you are the so-called Mr Gong Chan who called me about a new project? What? Was it a trick to call me here? It's really gutsy of you to think you can come in front of me, and I will let you go unscathed after how you tried to kill me," I said calmly, and he smiled.

"Well, I had to take the risk since I wanted to meet you so badly," he said, and I looked at him coldly.

"Why?" I asked, and he tilted his head in confusion.

"Pardon?"

"Why did you come in front of me when you knew I would try to kill you as soon as I laid my eyes on you? Why did you attack me three days ago when you clearly knew I would end you all? If it wouldn't have been for the Lycan King and others, I would've killed you. Why did you come to me regardless of the outcome? And more importantly, who told you I was in the area?" I asked, and he smiled.

"You have too many questions, don't you? Do you think you'll be able to bear with the information if I tell you who gave me the tip? Do you think you can take the low blow? Well, I don't think so," Brian said, and I took a deep breath to calm my nerves before looking at him, sighing dejectedly as my anger suddenly vanished.

"You used to be one of my best friends, but after Blake came into the picture, you ignored me like I was a plague. I was under the impression you did not like that I was spending more time with Blake than you, and it must've hurt you because you were my good friend, but later, you started attacking me. And this time, you even went to the extent of wanting to kill me? What did I do for you to hate me so much? As far as I remember,



I had left the pack to attend the university after our friendship broke," I said to know the answer to the question that had been bugging me for quite some time.

"You left after our friendship broke? Why do I hate you? Well, that's because you are the reason I don't have a mom today. She left me because rather than attending to her, I was running to say goodbye to you, to meet you, hug you and tell you how much I regret breaking our friendship. She died before you even took the flight, and it all happened because I wasn't there to take her to the pack doctor. I couldn't even say my last goodbye," He shouted, enraged, and I pressed my lips into a thin line, seeing the pain in his eyes.

He must've been having a hard time keeping it all inside, no?

"Brian, you were the one who told me you weren't interested in my friendship anymore and that you didn't want to have any connection with me. I came to your mother's funeral because I wanted to be with you, but you were the one who pushed me away. That's why our friendship ended, remember? You had come to my room after drinking and said -"

"That's because your so-called husband, Blake, enraged me. You think he was all, and he was so much in love with you all the time, right? I caught him kissing a girl in a pub, and when I asked him about it, he said he only wants you for your power. I came to you to tell you that, remember? But what did you say? You said I was blaming him because I am jealous of him," Brian said, and I remember something like that had indeed happened.

"I wanted to protect you from all that. However, you were so blinded by love that you didn't even listen to me," Brian said before chuckling coldly, and I looked at him apologetically.

"Anyway, I am not here to talk about the past. You betrayed our friendship and chose an as*hole over our pure bond. Results? You are all alone right now, without your people to support you, your friends to motivate you, and what more, you even lost your pack that your father had worked so hard for," Brian said in mockery, and I growled at him, making him chuckle even more.

"Look at yourself, Amalthea. Look how pathetic you've turned. Who is by your side without any motive? Look in the mirror. How lonely are you? Blake was with you to get your position. The pack members were with you because they had no choice. Your friends were with you because you were the alpha's daughter and their future alpha, but now? Do they even call you? Care about you that you are gone?" He asked me, and I grit my teeth at the humiliation he was throwing my way.



I hated that, though he was humiliating me like this, everything he was saying was indeed right. I had turned into nothing but a lonely wench who is out there for vengeance.

"Oh, how can I miss your loyal dog, Caleb and Sophia?" He tutted before chuckling and shaking his head.

"Do you think you can trust them so much? Regarding who told me you were in the area? You have so many enemies that you can't even count them. Take a tip from me. The most betraying ones are the closest to you," He said before taking out what looked like a document.

"Today, I have reached out to you because I have a business deal. I want you to go to this particular pack and steal a gemstone from their dungeons. You might wonder why I am asking you to do this, and the reason is; that you are the best candidate for it. I will pay you ten thousand dollars for this work. All you have to do is go, steal the gemstone, and bring it back to me. The pack name, the details of the gemstone, and all the map is drawn out here," he said, and I hummed before standing.

"What? You are not interested in this project? Why? Is it because I am the one who is offering you this project, or is it because you don't think you have the capability? Let's not bring our old grudges into this project, okay? Besides, it's not like I wanted to kill you for real. I just wanted to scare you a little. They paid us for it," He asked me as he held my hand, and feeling the familiar feeling that I used to feel a few years ago, I sighed before looking at him.

"It's because you hate me that I am not doing this. I agree that things have been bad between us in the past, and you have valid reasons to hate me, but I am not going to work for someone who wants me dead," I said, and he hummed.

"Even when I tell you that those dungeons might have a prisoner, who can give you the answers to your major questions?" He asked, and I squinted my brows.

"What do you mean?" I asked, and he smiled.

"The truth about your past. Aren't you going crazy over that? Well, someone might be there who can help you. Anyway, it's up to you if you



want to work or not. I wanted to give you this project because I thought it would help you the most, but since you are not interested, I'll just -"

"I asked what you mean. The truth about what?" I asked, holding his collar, and he was about to answer me when I hissed loudly, feeling a piercing pain in my mark, making me lose his collar as I stumbled back.

"Hey, are you okay?" He asked abruptly before holding me in his arms, and I shook my head before distancing myself from him.

"I got it. GO," I said before turning from him.

Holding my mark, I bit my lips before supporting my body on the wall as the unbearable pain increased more.

"So that bas*ard is still hurting you, huh? And what are you risking it all for? That pack! So many years have passed, but you still can't let go of things you are adamant about even if they hurt you, right? I can't believe you, seriously!" he said and before I could say anything else, I felt something cold placed on my neck, making me open my eyes abruptly as I saw him applying some herbs and ice to my mark.

"Don't look at me like you want to kiss me just because I eased your pain. I am not interested in you like that," He said, making me smile as the friend that I had lost seven years ago resurfaced.

"Don't you dare think I am going soft on you or that I am going to be your friend again, okay? I just don't want to see my enemy in a pain that I didn't inflict," He said before blowing on my mark, making me sigh in relief.

Going back to the table, he wiped his hands with a handkerchief before turning to me.

"I am leaving the document here for you to read. If you want to work, send me a message. It will be for your good if you agree. Also, stop trusting the members of your pack, they aren't what they look like, especially the ones you call your best friend," he said before leaving, closing the door with a bang, making me look at the file on the table.

What did he mean by that? Did he mean someone close to me told him I was in the area? I am sure he wasn't talking about Blake and his mate. He clearly knows they aren't my friends, but if not them, then who?



I thought before placing my hand on the herb to keep it intact while opening the folder, widening my eyes when I saw the name of the pack.

"Black blood pack? He has got to be kidding me, right?" I thought, before biting my lips angrily as I looked at the door, wanting to pull that jerk from his collar and kick him.

Author's Note- Your comments are my only source of motivation. Please comment your views.

