

Chapter 141

She closed her eyes as though the mere kiss of his lips had melted her entire being.

Slowly, all of the pain that had been in her heart began to wane. He pulled her closer to him and brushed his lips on the marks.

With his head turned away from her neck, Bryan turned his attention to her.

"I shouldn't have reacted like that."

She opened her eyes, and her gaze met his. The mysterious eyes stared into hers.

She had no idea why they always appeared to be either calm or angry. There were only two emotions reflected inside them. Why was it that she was unable to see what she desired to see in them?

She lowered her head and gave him a slight nod.

After straightening his posture, he exhaled deeply. He patted her head and said,

"It's late. You should go to sleep now. We will have to return our pack tomorrow."

Sophia lifted her head to look at him. It was then that he turned around and started walking.

She hurried over to him and took his hand in hers. "Mate."

He paused, turning his head toward her.

With tears in her eyes, she looked at him. "It's your birthday," she mumbled in a lower tone.

He turned around and took her hand. "I don't cut cakes on my birthday."

She was stunned. Why did he say that? What people did not like to cut cakes on their birthdays?

She remembered how Bruce always celebrated his birthday in the pack house. But she had never heard of any birthday party in the pack house for the head Alpha, but only the celebration around the pack members.

"Why?" she asked.

He shook his head. "It's kind of childish. I am not used to it."

She stared at him. Why did his parents not get him used to celebrating these occasions? He did not know how worthy this day was. It was his birthday. That was the day he was born.

Sophia felt that in front of her was a stubborn child who did not want to enjoy his life. It made her feel sorry for him.

"It looks like no one taught him how to live his life other than by working," she thought to herself.

She reached out and grabbed his arm, and then she began to move toward the couches. "I've worked on it for the whole day. Please cut the cake for me. You don't have to celebrate. I will celebrate for you."

She stopped in front of the table. There was a grin that appeared on her lips.

"I was wondering if you liked the cake. I spent two hours in the shop waiting for this cake."

Bryan's eyes slowly moved to the cake. It was a cake made with dark chocolate. But the eye-catching side of the cake was the golden crown on top. It was glimmering, demonstrating its glory.

"A crown?" he asked.

She smiled while looking at the cake. "Yeah."

She sat him down on the couch and sat next to him. "You are the head Alpha, the leader of the pack. But for me, you are my king."

Even though Sophia's voice was low, he was able to hear her very clearly. He turned his head toward her. She lowered her head and began to fiddle with her fingers.

"Mate, you apologized, and I accepted your apology. Now, please don't be moody and celebrate your birthday. I prepared all of this just for you."

"Okay."

Just that simple okay, spread happiness in her mind. She gave him a broad grin and held the plastic knife in her hand.

She handed him the knife and said,

"Wait, let me light the main candle."

She took the thin candle that was placed beside the cake and lit it. After putting the candle in the center of the cake, she spoke,

"First, close your eyes and make a few wishes, then blow it."

Bryan stared at the candles for a while. Sophia thought he was thinking about a wish. However, his action shocked her.

Using two fingers, he reached over and extinguished the candle's flame.

She gasped and looked at him. "What are you doing?"

"I have no wish to fulfill. I have everything I want," he replied, gazing at her.

She blushed and averted her gaze from him.

'Did he just talk about me?' she thought and tried to control her emotions.

He surely knew how to persuade her. She believed he said that because he still thought she was angry at him.

But the truth was, she let his rude behavior go. He was worried about her. That was why he reacted like that. She was happy that, at least, he admitted his concern for her.

Bryan cut the cake while she was clapping for him. She was the one who took a piece and fed it to him.

"Now it's my turn," she said, signaling him to the cake.

He took a piece and moved the cake toward her lips. She ate the piece and closed her eyes. "Umm. It's really tasty."

The corner of her mouth caught Bryan's attention. "Wipe the corner of your lips."

She listened to him and frowned in confusion. She wiped the other side and asked, "Is it okay?"

He answered by giving a small shake of his head.

"Mate, can you wipe it for me?" she said, glancing at the tissue box near the candles.

"Sure," Bryan replied with a smirk.

The smirk on his face left her bewildered, but she was taken aback when he moved closer to her.

"W-What?"

She moved back until her back pressed down on the couch.

"I was just asking you to wipe it with..."

He leaned down on her face and interrupted her.

"You asked to wipe. Now that's my call; how will I wipe it?"

Saying this, he tilted his head and used his tongue to wipe the corner of her lips.

Her eyes widened, and her cheeks became flushed. Her lips parted as his hand caressed her bare leg, which was exposed due to the cut of the dress.

He moved his head to her ear and licked her earlobe before whispering,

"I see. You prepared yourself for me."