

Chapter 250

"What are you say--"

Sophia could not speak as she closed her eyes and felt Bryan move his hand and run his fingers over her bare arms. She was wearing a sleeveless dress. So it was easy for him to touch her more intensely.

She was not sure if it was the loud music or the flickering lights that were driving her insane; she had not even drank today, so why was she feeling drunk? As soon as Bryan's lips touched her neck, her eyes flew open. She immediately turned around to look at him.

"What are you doing?" she asked him coldly.

He pretended he was not listening to her because of the loud music. He lowered his head close to her and muttered,

"I am doing nothing. You know what I can do. Do you think this is even something to count?"

Her body shivered at his words, and she shook her head, realizing she could not give this man control over her. She tried to calm herself as she stared at him coldly. His hands encircled her waist and pressed her body against his. His legs were moving, and she was trying to follow his steps on the dance floor.

"Why don't you dance without thinking about anything? There is no one who will recognize you. Even if they post a single article about us, I will burn the company."

She frowned her brows as she tried to look at this man carefully. She realized she had not seen this man closely for a long time.

When she thought about how much she had loved him in the past, she scoffed at herself in her mind. She had always respected him and had never spoken to him rudely. But everything was different now. He had changed his face, his heart, his home, and his safe place. He gave everything to another woman.

"What do you want, Alpha Bryan? You told me that revealing your secrets didn't suit me; I left that work. Now what? Why do you care if I marry someone else? Or is it just because of Alpha Victor?"

Bryan did not reply as his eyes caressed her face quietly.

If someone watched them from a distance, they would not believe they were no longer together.

"I want you to be mine, as simple as that."

Sophia's eyes grew icy as she exhaled.

"I told you before your engagement. That was your last chance, and like every time, you took me lightly."

She could feel his hands loosen after hearing her. She seized the opportunity and pushed his arms away from her waist.

"I don't want to dance anymore."

She left the dance floor and looked around for Ken. She found both him and Angelina. She noticed them dancing as if they were in another world. She did not disturb them and left the club after sending Ken a message about her leaving.

Meanwhile,

Bryan stared at the entrance of the club after Sophia left.

He turned his head and found Angelina smirking at him. He gave her an angry look. She laughed and hugged her boyfriend as she focused on her dance.

Bryan did not waste any time and left the club.

He noticed Sophia's car was not outside the club, indicating that she had already driven away.

When his driver noticed him walking out of the club, he opened the car door.

Bryan got into his car and told the driver,

"Pack house."

His driver started the car and drove directly to the pack house.

When Bryan arrived at the pack house, he stepped down from his car and went inside the house. He ignored everyone in the living room and went straight to the head Alpha's office.

That was his workspace. Whenever he was at the pack house, he worked there.

His mind kept playing back what Sophia had said to him. After grabbing a glass and a bottle of wine, he moved over to the couch.

His mind became jumbled as he poured the drink into the glass.

His face was calm, but he was fuming inside.

The door to his office room was opened while he was sipping his drink.

He thought it might be any of his officials, but instead of them, Mila entered the office.

Bryan looked at her with a frown. "What are you doing here?"

Mila closed the door behind her and stood silently. She gave him a quick glance as he was drinking. She lowered her head and did not say anything.

Bryan chugged down his drink and placed the glass on the table loudly. Mila flinched, but she maintained her silence.

"I am not in a good mood. I don't want to be rude to you. Just go to your room."

Mila lifted her head and looked at him. He turned away from her and poured another glass.

With slow steps, Mila walked toward the couch. She took a seat beside him. Bryan ignored her as if she were not there.

Mila cleared her throat and started speaking.

"The wedding..."

Just as Brayn was about to take a sip, his hand paused. He turned his head toward her and said,

"I saw how you tried to stop the wedding yesterday."

Mila's brow raised as she looked at him. "I-I was just--"

"I appreciate it."

Mila let out a sigh when she heard him. He gulped his drink and said,

"You raised your voice in front of him; I liked that. You did well."

Mila directed her gaze toward him. She noticed that the man was drinking while his eyes were fixed on the blank wall.

Everything stopped when he asked something.

"Do you think I will let him marry her?"

Mila's calm expression turned dark as she gazed at Bryan.

"Bryan, do you know who I hate the most after Victor?"

"Who?" Bryan inquired, chugging another glass.

His throat was burning from the alcohol, and his mind was going through a lot of different things at the same time.

However, he frowned when he heard Mila's response.

"Sophia Berge."

He gave her a look. She grabbed his arm with a bitter smile on her face. She leaned her head against his arm.

Bryan tried to move her away by saying,

"I think it's not me who is drunk but you. Go back to the room. It's getting late."

She shook her head and looked at the floor. "No, Bryan. Today, let me tell you what is on my mind."

"Mila--"

"I despised her for so many years. I have hated her for more than four years and you know the reason, don't you?"

He froze as his eyes moved slightly, which she noticed. She leaned away from his arm and examined him closely.

"How can I not hate her? She has been capturing my man's heart for a long time."