

## Chapter 252

There was a knock on the door that moved Bryan's gaze from outside the window.

The door opened, and Beta Robert peered his head inside.

"May I come in?"

"No," Bryan replied.

Robert breathed a sigh of relief when he heard Bryan's calm voice. He opened the door wide, entered the office room, and then closed it.

"If you have to enter the office, then what is the point of asking?" Bryan asked, turning around to face him.

Robert looked at Bryan carefully. He was trying to figure out if he was angry. He was surprised by how much control he had over himself.

"I came to talk to you."

"About what?"

"What brought you here? You usually don't come to the pack house."

Bryan raised a brow and asked,

"Do I need to get my beta's permission before coming here?"

Robert ignored his question and asked once again, "Don't mind Mila's words. She looked drunk to me."

Bryan moved in his direction before walking past him. He reached for another bottle of wine.

Robert cast a glance at the bottle on the coffee table. He was about to tell Bryan that there was a bottle on the table, but a lipstick mark caught his attention. It prevented him from saying anything.

He understood it was Mila's lipstick mark, so Bryan did not touch it.

"Bryan, what are you going to do to Sophia?"

Robert's question paused Bryan. He looked at him with a frowning face.

The office had a huge space. The office had a large desk, a few couches, including a coffee table and several large bookshelves. For Alpha's comfort, there was a little bar, too, so that Alpha could ease his mind whenever he felt exhausted by his work.

"What is there to do?" Bryan inquired, bringing the bottle close to his mouth.

Instead of pouring the wine into a glass, he began chugging it directly.

Robert approached him and grabbed the bottle to stop him. "You should not drink. You quit drinking a few years ago. After that, you only drink at gatherings and parties. Why are you drinking so much today?"

Bryan pushed his hand and took a few gulps. After placing the bottle on the bar, he muttered,

"How is Gamma Raphael?"

Robert took a glass, pushed it toward Bryan, and motioned for him to fill it with wine.

Bryan poured the liquor into the glass while waiting for Robert's reply.

Robert took a sip from the glass and said, "His health is not good. I worry that he will not make it."

Bryan let out a deep breath, thinking about Gamma Raphael. He was his man. His father was a very important man for the Moon Valley Pack. When Alpha Lucas was the head Alpha, Bryan suggested he make Raphael the next gamma. Gamma remained the same while head Alpha's position changed. It was not easy to change the officials from their positions until they made some mistakes.

Robert noticed that Bryan looked disturbed by something. He knew the reason. That was why he sent Mila to her room, and he immediately came here to talk to him.

"Angelina called me a while ago."

Bryan listened to him without replying. It was as if he was unconcerned.

"She told me you met Sophia and all. But what made you so angry? What happened?"

Bryan shifted his gaze at him. "Nothing happened."

Robert grabbed his arm when he was about to walk away from the bar.

"Bryan, we have been friends for years. I know you really well. I can feel what is going on inside your head. But what Mila said was not a lie. You have been interested in Sophia for years. She was young, and you did not even know that she was your mate until she turned eighteen. But that day was really awful. It turned out to be your engagement day. All this time, I wanted you to admit your feelings for her. But now it appears that she is slipping out of your grasp."

Bryan glared at him, muttering,

"Why can't you all just leave me alone for a day? I am already in a mess. I am doing what I should not do. I came here to think about everything calmly."

"Think about what? How are you going to stop her wedding with Victor? But it would not stop her from moving away from you. As far as I am aware, she denied being your mistress. How are you going to convince her to stay with you? There is no way you can call off the wedding with Mila. She will have to be the Luna of our pack."

Bryan looked away from him and walked to the desk.

"Robert, bring me the contract."

Robert's eyes widened, and the hand that held the glass shook.

"W-What are you saying, Bryan?" he asked with a shaky tone.

Bryan grabbed the chair behind the desk and sat on it. His eyes locked with his, and he answered,

"You are thinking right. Take out the contract of years."

Robert walked to the desk with a terrified face. "Bry--"

He paused himself as he took a deep breath and continued,

"Alpha, I think you had a lot of drinks today. Let's not talk about this matter tonight."

Bryan stared at him, giving him a blank look. "I stopped drinking years ago, but that does not mean my body can not handle a few drinks of alcohol. I am not drunk. Just do what I am saying. I need to give it a check."

Robert understood what it meant. In the last five years, Bryan had never looked at the contract. If he wanted to check, it indicated that he was thinking about something.

He shut his eyes and exhaled. He took slow steps toward the bookshelves, grabbing the keys and opening the middle one. There was a small chest hidden behind the old books.

Robert entered the password and unlocked the chest. After taking out a black folder, he closed the bookshelf and returned to the desk.

He handed Bryan the folder after glancing at it briefly.

Bryan grabbed it and looked at Robert's terrified expression. He opened the folder and stated,

"Stop looking so scared. I am totally fine."

Robert lowered his head without responding to him. His eyes moved to the contract papers inside the folder that Bryan had just unfolded.

There were bold red letters that were clearly written words.

"Agreement of indemnification."