

Chapter 280

Sophia heard the sound of closing the door. She bit her lower lip as tears streamed out of her eyes. She turned her body to the right side and fixed her eyes on the blank wall.

She was at a loss for words and emotions. She sobbed while thinking about what had just happened.

She wanted to hate Bryan more. Her heart was pounding inside.

She had witnessed a side of Bryan that she had never seen before. She felt weak in front of him. Because her wolf never wanted to go against her mate.

Her wolf kept telling her something that she did not want to listen to.

"If he wanted, he could force us. But he still loves us."

Sophia shut her eyes. She wiped her tears and cried silently.

She did not sleep last night, and today was a very exhausting day. She could not just process anything in her mind anymore.

She kept thinking about everything she heard in the meeting hall.

She had no idea when her eyes were closed, and she fell asleep.

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Sophia was wandering around the dark forest when her eyes caught a sight of a black giant wolf.

His red eyes were fierce, which could kill anyone in one glance. But what grabbed her attention was the wound in his chest.

Blood was oozing out of the wound.

Under the moonlight, she could see his wet black fur, soaked in blood.

When he began to walk, blood drops fell to the ground.

Suddenly, she felt pain in her own chest. She realized that she was not in her wolf form. Grasping her dress, she clutched her chest.

It was a pain that she had never felt before. It was like someone slowly piercing something in her chest.

But there was no blood coming out of her chest.

She glanced at the giant wolf again.

He came to a halt where the moonlight shone directly down on him.

He was standing under the moon, looking like a moonchild.

A giant body with black and shiny fur almost glimmering under the moonlight.

Sophia had never seen such a big and attractive wolf before. He looked strong, giving her the impression that he was the most powerful of all the wolves she had ever encountered.

The wolf raised his head to the moon and looked up at it, then howled.

Sophia's eyes widened when she began to feel more pain than before.

It was not because of the wolf's painful howl.

The howl trembled her knees, and the pain in her chest reached her heart. She fell to her knees in pain.

The howl grew more painful, as did the pain in her chest.

She did not understand why the wolf was howling like that. He could not recognize him.

Did she hurt him?

It was as if the moon goddess was angry at her for giving pain to her beloved moon child, so she made her feel the same pain in her chest.

Sophia shook her head, as she could not take it anymore. She could not believe that the wolf felt this pain. It was almost impossible for her to take it.

"Stop it."

She let out a crying scream. But the wolf did not stop howling.

"Please, stop."

She wept and almost begged from afar. She wanted to stand up and rush to the wolf, hugging him and telling him to stop. But she was no longer in a condition to ease his pain.

Grasping her dress with her fists, she uttered,

"Stop it."

When she felt the howling stop, she calmed down and looked at the wolf.

As if the wolf had heard her pleading, he ceased his agonizing howls.

Her heart raced when she saw him turning in her direction. But as soon as his red eyes met hers, she found them familiar.

The wolf began to make his way toward her.

She did not want to face those painful eyes, so she shut her eyes tightly.

"No."

She was scared that she would cause him more pain and that he would hunt her again. So she screamed,

"DON'T COME CLOSE TO ME."

After the screaming, she felt everything around her fall silent.

She thought the wolf had left her alone.

But when she opened her eyes, she found herself lying in bed.

Her whole body was sweating. It took her a few seconds to realize that she was having a nightmare.

She slowly sat up, and her blanket fell from her upper body. She was careless about it, as her mind was still in the dream, thinking about the black wolf.

However, when her eyes moved in the room, she let out a loud gasp.

Her eyes widened when she saw Bryan sitting on the couch in front of the bed.

He was holding a glass of wine, with the bottle resting on the coffee table next to the couch.

"Y-You!"

She mumbled in a low voice.

She remembered him leaving the room just before she fell asleep. She turned her gaze outside the window and realized that it was midnight.

The moon was shining brightly. It was then that the dream hit her mind, and tears began to well up in her eyes.

She recognized the red eyes. She realized the wound in his chest was caused by her, but the painful howls did not seem to come from a physical pain but from a pain in the heart.

She slowly moved her eyes toward him again. She kept her gaze fixed on him while he was drinking.

She thought about the incident before she fell asleep. He came close to having sex with her, but he refrained from doing so.

What made him stop?

If he wanted, he could do anything to her. There was no one to stop her. After all, she had no power over him now.

Sophia recalled the times when he gave her time before they had sex for the first time. Just like tonight, he let her go that night and told her to go to sleep.

The difference was that she gave in at the time, so he did not stop himself, whereas she refused tonight, so he could not force her.

She remembered every word that he said to her before leaving.

Everything came to her mind: the forbidden contract of marrying anyone else, the behavior of Victor, the contract of saving her if she did not marry Victor, and her brother's arrival with Moon Valley Pack's pillars' signatures.

She gripped her forehead, feeling a sharp pain in her head.

She was confused as hell.

Did he not try to hurt her mother and make her sick?

Did he ask her to be his mistress because he had no other choice? Did he ask her to be his mistress, not out of desire, but because he actually loved her and had no other way to be with her?

Was there something else behind his killing Victor's mate, and he did not rape her?

Was everything she was thinking possible?

She closed her eyes, feeling pain in her head and heart.

However, all the pain eased when she heard Bryan's voice.

"Don't worry. I won't do anything to you. You have humiliated me enough. By considering me a rapist, you made me realize where I stood in your eyes. You can sleep peacefully. You don't need to be scared anymore."

Sophia bit her bottom lip as she stared at him.

She would not be able to handle it if all that she was thinking was true.

She lowered her gaze and wrapped her upper body around the blanket.

Bryan spent the entire night drinking and did not even glance at her for once.

Meanwhile, leaning back against the headboard, she stared at him the whole night, lost in her thoughts.