

Chapter 296

The sensation of his warm breath touching her face caused Sophia to take a deep breath. She had seen how concerned this man was for her over the last few days. Last night might have been a disaster for him.

"Can I ask you something?" she asked in a low tone.

"Hmm?"

"I want to hear about your past. I learned this from Alpha Lucas. But I want to hear it all from you."

After hearing her, he stepped backward. She thought he got mad at her, but she felt relieved when he turned to the kitchen and said,

"Let's prepare lunch while we talk."

She followed him when he entered the kitchen. She thought back to the day she had come here with him. That day, she refused to make him food. She came to regret it.

"Let me prepare lunch for you," she said, walking past him.

He paused his steps and asked, "You don't have to. You are not my maid."

She turned to him and gave him a sad look.

"I am deeply sorry for that day. I was just..."

She could not find the words to express it. He chuckled at her before placing his hand on her head.

"It's okay."

She smiled when she saw him smiling. She had a feeling she wanted to see this man smile all the time. He would go above and beyond for her.

While cooking for lunch, they had a conversation about his past for the first time.

"I went to the Moon Valley Pack for a visit years ago. I caught Mila crying in the pack house as Victor dragged her to his room. She was really young at that time, and she did not have the courage to complain about Victor since their grandfather really loved him."

Sophia cast a glance at him. "I think Mila... she loves you."

Bryan raised an eyebrow at her remark. While leaning his back against the kitchen counter, he shook his head at her in response.

"No. She doesn't. She is just infatuated with me. I rescued her. Because of this, she always considers me to be her savior. His parents also think that. I told Bruce everything last night. I am glad he was willing to accept Mila after learning about her past. I just hope in this one month they get closer and realize the bond."

She could see hope in his eyes. "Then?" she asked.

"Then I complained about that bastard to his father and grandfather in front of some key members of that pack. Maybe that hurt their ego, and they planned to ruin my reputation."

"It's okay if you don't want to tell me about Victor's mate," she said, assuring that she did not need to know.

He smirked at her. "Why? Do you think I have had any encounters with her?"

She was taken aback. "No," she hurriedly replied.

Bryan's eyes observed her reaction, and then he let out a laugh. "Don't be scared. I was in my right mind, even though I was drunk. She tried to drug me with an aphrodisiac and wanted to sleep with me. She herself said that Victor had sent her to many other Alphas to get some projects that his grandfather wanted. However, that woman is just like his type—a whore. I warned her that I would kill her and then let her go. Nevertheless, the following day, she showed others the photos of me and her while we were in the bedroom of that pack house. She claimed that I had raped her. I told others that I was not lying. But who would believe me? Of course, they believed her because she was a woman and talked about her dignity. But I knew they were plotting against me. I got mad and killed her in front of everyone."

Sophia stared at him when he was talking. She could see how fierce he was while talking about the incident.

She hissed when she realized she had a cut on her finger. It dawned on her that she had been staring at Bryan while she was chopping vegetables.

She dropped the knife and shook her finger in pain.

Bryan immediately grabbed her hand and brought her finger close to his mouth.

She gasped when he put her finger in his mouth. He licked her finger to heal her wound.

She bit her lower lip when he glanced at her. He let go of her hand.

She curled her fingers when she noticed the wound had healed quickly.

She returned to prepare lunch. In half an hour, she had the table set. Bryan helped her, and they sat at the table together.

The entire time that Bryan was eating lunch, he was staring at her. On the other hand, she blushed and ignored his gaze.

When the sun began to set,

She thought about changing her dress. But she came to the realization that she could not bring her clothes with her to this place. They only had Bryan's luggage with them.

The focus of her attention shifted to Bryan, who was smoking on the balcony.

She thought about something and rushed to the bathroom.

When she came out, she was in a long white shirt. She felt embarrassed, wondering if Bryan would mind if he saw her wearing his shirt.

She went to the balcony and hugged the man from behind.

Bryan crushed his cigarette and placed it in the ashtray that rested on the railing's stand.

He then turned around and faced her.

Sophia hugged his torso and asked,

"Are you still mad at me, Mate?"

She raised her head after unwrapping her hands from his body.

His eyes moved from her face and shifted to his white shirt that she was wearing. The shirt appeared to be too big on her. But she looked ravishing.

"No, I am not," he muttered.

"I know why you are behaving well with me. It's because I am dying, right?" she asked.

He cupped her cheeks and replied,

"You can't die. I will never let you die."

Gazing into his profound eyes, Sophia uttered,

"I love you, Mate."

He moved his thumb away from her cheek and placed it on her lips instead. She closed her eyes when he swept his thumb over her soft lips.

He closed his eyes and leaned down to her lips, and they were inches away.

But then his eyes flung open, and he turned his head away.

She was stunned. "W-What happened?"

He let out a deep breath and asked, "Did you really disgust me with my kiss and touch that night?"

Instead of responding to his question, she stood on tiptoes and pressed her lips against his.

It was just a smooch. She flushed and backed down.

"I swear on my life. I never felt disgusted by them. I was merely enraged because I misinterpreted you and—"

As if he had already gotten his answer, he did not let her finish and smashed his lips on hers.

His lips engulfed hers completely.

After giving her a passionate kiss, he sucked her lower lip and whispered,

"I just want to forget the image of that man kissing you. You have no idea how badly I want to kill that man for everything."

She wrapped her hands around his neck and asked,

"How will I remove the memory from your mind? What if I kill him in front of your eyes? Will it work?"

A sly grin appeared on his lips as he tightened his grip around her waist and pressed her chest against his, then replied,

“That will do, I guess.”