

Chapter 451

Allison did not take her gaze off of him at any point. She desired to witness the hatred that he had built up for her within him over the course of two years. She believed she deserved it. So now she would have to face it.

Everyone remained silent. Only music came to their ears.

Teresa's voice was the first to be heard after a long time of silence among them.

"Let's move on." She then murmured while spinning the bottle.

It came to a halt right in front of Ethan. Teresa did not let Elora ask any questions this time. She took the initiative to inquire from him.

"Do you have any secrets that your future Luna doesn't know?"

Ethan was taken aback by the question. Allison frowned when she heard Teresa's question.

"What type of question is that? Why would Ethan have a secret? It doesn't matter how he gets it, he always gets what he wants. Because of this, he has no reason to conceal anything from anyone.' She thought.

Ethan grabbed a glass of drink and chugged it down. That indicated that he did not wish to respond to the question, and as a consequence, he drained a glass.

Elora scoffed at Ethan. "Dude, your answer is clear. It was just yes or no."

"You don't have to be concerned." Ethan retorted back.

Allison turned her head toward Ethan. 'Secret? What is it that you are keeping from me that I don't know?' She thought.

The bottle whirled and stopped in front of a different person. When it stopped before Allison, she got nervous.

Because though this game was popular and enjoyable for young boys and girls, it became a risky one for them. It was inconvenient the way Elora interrogated each and every one of their riddles with a list of questions.

"All right, Allison. It is now your turn." Elora said.

"Hmm."

"Have you mourned for any decision in your life? If yes, then what is it? You can give us a simple hint; you don't have to tell us much."

Allison did not want to answer it. She was about to grab a glass when Ethan's hand grabbed her wrist.

"I will take drinks on behalf of her." He said and chugged down one glass.

Allison stared at Ethan with a stunned face. She did not expect that.

"How romantic!" Elora let out with a sarcastic tone.

As time went on, Ethan continued drinking on Allison's behalf because she could not answer a single question.

Elira probed her with this kind of question that was directly tied to Ryan in some way. Allison felt really upset about why Elora was doing that.

The length of the game caused everyone to begin experiencing feelings of boredom with it.

"Not anymore." Ryan stopped Elora, and she nodded her head.

Ethan held Allison's hand and leaned on her ear. "Let's dance."

Allison had every intention of denying it, but she noticed Ryan was looking at them. Seeing that, she felt like going with Ethan.

"Sure."

Ethan led her out onto the dance floor, and they started to dance.

The loud music and the heavy smoke served as a kind of anesthetic. Allison made an effort to block out everything else and simply move in with the beats.

She wondered if she could also live a carefree life like the people who were dancing around them.

"Are you enjoying it?" Ethan asked while moving closer to her.

"Yeah." She replied.

The melody changed, and they moved inside the crowd further.

Ethan was quite drunk. But Allison desired to have the drunken sensation. She decided to let her guard down and just enjoy herself while she was at the club.

Because she was aware that from the following day on, she would be required to perform her Luna's duty once more. Why not make the most of the evening by treating yourself to some music and dancing?

Ethan placed his hands on her waist and pulled her closer, which caused her to be stunned.

"I will not take advantage of you. Don't worry. Just trust me." He raised his voice in an effort to be heard by her more clearly.

She believed him with it because, in the last two years, he had never tried to do that. He was the head Alpha. If he wanted, he could do many things with her.

They danced for a long time.

Allison was aware that someone was gazing at her, but she paid no attention to it and instead focused her attention on the dance.

When she felt that her legs were hurting like hell, she patted Ethan's shoulder.

Ethan gave her a hug in order to better hear her.

"What?" He asked.

"I am done with dancing. I am going to the washroom now."

Ethan moved away and nodded his head with a bright smile. He appeared to be in great spirits. "Okay."

He grabbed her by the wrist and took her toward a washroom, which was located in the far left corner.

"I can go by myself. You go and take a seat. You are drunk." She said and removed his hand from her wrist.

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah. I am not a kid."

"Okay. I am going to sit at the bar."

Allison wanted to tell him not to drink more. But then she refrained herself from taking care of him.

"Okay."

Ethan made his way to the bar and took a seat on one of the stools there.

Meanwhile, Allison walked to the corner and headed to the washroom.

After using the washroom, she took a moment to examine her appearance in the mirror. Because she continued to dance.

She combed through her messy hair and touched up her makeup as best she could. She prepared to go and turned around before opening the door.

She closed the door behind her. She was about to start walking, but she was abruptly stopped by a hand that grabbed her wrist and shoved her into a wall.

She was startled and let out a loud gasp. However, when she saw who pulled her like that, her body froze.

"R-Ryan?"

"Enjoyed dancing with him?" His dark eyes shot a glare at her, showing that he was not happy with what she had done with Ethan.

"Why do you even ask?" She mustered up some bravery to ask. This time around, she managed to avoid stammering.

"Stop trying to get my attention all the time." He gave her a warning.

She furrowed her brows. "I didn't do that." She said with confusion.

His eyes moved from her face and lowered down to her dress. "Yeah. You didn't." His tone was dripping with sarcasm.

Allison felt that he was referring to the dress she was wearing. 'Is he thinking that I wore this dress to get his attention?' She thought about it and attempted to clear up his misunderstanding.

"Look, I didn't."

He cut her off by touching the necklace on her neck. The sensation of his touch gave her a shiver all throughout her body.

She lowered her head and noticed that the necklace was no longer hidden. She forgot to hide it inside her dress when she looked at herself in the mirror. It came out because of dancing.

She gulped when his dangerous eyes observed the necklace.

"What is this?" He asked with a cold tone.

"I.. I-". She was at a loss for words to say anything. But she still tried. However, before that, he grabbed the pendant and pulled it with some force.

"Aahhh!"

She felt pain in her neck as the chain scratched against both sides of her neck with increasing force as it broke free.

He grabbed the necklace in his fist.

He darted at it and said,

"Your time is over. I wanted to ensure your safety by providing you with this necklace. But now I am here. Who will protect you from me?"

He looked at her and leaned to her ear, then whispered,

"That disaster about which everyone had warned you was actually me."