

Chapter 77

A stunned expression appeared on Sophia's face as she gazed at him. Bryan directed his gaze toward the tie she was holding in her hand. She lowered her head and moved her hand toward his shirt collar.

She was blown away by just looking at his broad shoulder, which caught her attention. She had a difficult time concentrating on what she was doing. She was nearly drawn to him by the scent of his cologne.

Her wolf began to react to her as if she wanted to go close to her mate. While she focused her attention on the tie, Sophia took several deep breaths.

Meanwhile, Bryan continued to stand there without uttering a single word as he released his grip on her hand.

Sophia put the tie around his collar and started to fix it. She was so preoccupied with ensuring that she was doing it perfectly that she failed to notice the man who was staring at her.

Bryan's gaze wandered all over her face. Her beautiful eyelashes looked captivating when she flickered them. The sweetness of her lips, which he had tasted the night before, gradually came into his line of sight.

It was hard for him to control himself last night. Whenever she was in his presence, his wolf started to act in a way that was completely out of control.

"Done," Sophia let out with a smile on her face as she examined the tie.

She looked at him to see his reaction but was taken aback when she found him looking at her.

She gulped as she simply gazed into his intriguing eyes. They appeared to be hooked on her, as if they could see her soul.

"A-Alpha, I—"

She was unable to utter a single word before he abruptly turned around and started walking in the direction of the couches.

It was brought to Sophia's attention that there was a mirror located near the couches, next to the flower vase.

He stood there and looked at himself. She walked toward him and stood behind him. She also glanced at the mirror and saw his reflection, then at his expression.

He held the tie and loosened it a little, then said to her,

"Not bad. You have a good choice."

"Thank you, Alpha," she mumbled quietly.

He turned around and returned to his desk. Her eyes were following his every movement without moving.

He grabbed the bouquet of flowers and came back to her. She glanced at it to know why he took that to her.

He handed the bouquet to her and muttered,

"Take it."

She was surprised as she held it. She looked at him and said,

"It's your bouquet."

"I saw you glancing at it a while ago. I don't like flowers anyway."

Sophia stared at him for a brief second. Didn't he say to her in the message that he liked flowers?

Was he saying it so that he could give it to her?

She shook her head and replied,

"I can't take it."

She was about to return it to him when he spoke out to stop her. "Why?"

She cleared her throat while looking at the floor, and replied,

"That's not for me. It's your bouquet. I can't take the flowers that some other woman gifted you."

Her voice was low, but he heard her clearly. She bent to the tea table near the couch and placed the bouquet on the table.

"Thanks for offering, by the way."

Saying that, she turned to leave the room.

However, she paused when a strong hand wrapped around her waist.

Bryan pulled her to him, and her back pressed against his chest.

When she saw them together in the mirror, she came dangerously close to letting out a gasp. He was wrapping his arms around her waist from behind her, and it was a very intimate gesture indeed.

When his eyes met hers in the mirror, she averted her glance shyly and turned her head away from the mirror.

"A-Alpha."

"Why are you so upset today? What is bothering you?" he asked, enveloping his other hand around her waist to cage her totally.

"N-Nothing," she mumbled.

After making a frowning expression, he turned her around so that she was facing him. With an air of solemnity, he inquired, "What happened?"

Sophia slowly raised her head to look at him. She did not know if she should ask him the question.

What if it made him mad? Despite the fact that she liked the closeness that developed between them, she did not like to give herself false hope.

"W-Who was she?" She blurted out, then immediately moved her head away.

He was silently gazing at her.

She thought he would not answer her. If he could ask her about other boys, then why could she not ask him about other women?

Did her question offend him?

"It's okay. I'm sorry for asking that personal question."

She took a deep breath and held his hands to break the grip when she found him quiet.

But Bryan's grip tightened as if he were adamant about letting her go.

"She is my childhood friend," he replied.

She looked at him with a shocked face. She did not expect him to reply to her.

"As you saw, she is a witch. We were brought up together because her mother is my mom's friend. So she is just a close friend who likes to tease me."

"Oh," she mumbled while nodding her head.

She realized that she mistook his relationship with his friend.

"By the way, why were you asking?" he asked, lowering his head to reach her level.

Sophia blushed at the closeness between their faces. She remembered the kiss and turned her head shyly.

She felt him moving closer to her ear and muttered something, which gave her chills down her spine.

“I am not a womanizer who seeks out various women to satisfy my desire. But someone caught my attention, and I find it hard to let her go.”