

Chapter 86

Sophia blushed as she lowered her head. She recalled the time when Bryan told her that she caught his attention. The way he always showed concern for her and took care of her safety, she believed he had feelings for her in his heart.

"I know," she mumbled in reply as she bit her bottom lip to stop smiling.

He raised her chin and made her look at him. She looked into his eyes and got lost in them. She wanted to stroke his thick brows, which showed her his mood.

She placed her hands on his chest and tried to feel if his heart beat faster with the closeness.

However, instead of him, she began to feel her heart sprint when he lowered his head.

His face came close to hers, and she shut her eyes. She was waiting for his lips to take over her soft lips.

But they never touched her lips. She opened her eyes to look at Bryan.

He was looking at her hands, which rested on his chest.

"What happened to your hand?" he asked.

She immediately moved her hands from his chest and hid them behind her.

"Nothing. Just a little wound."

He frowned at her and moved his hand behind her waist.

His hand lightly touched her lower back, and she let out a gasp in response. Her lips parted in shock as she felt his finger brush her back to get her hands.

His eyes were fixed on her. The way she reacted to his simple touch twitched him inside.

He grabbed her hands and drew them to look at her hands. He saw she got hurt in a finger of her right hand.

Without any warning, he put the finger into his mouth.

Her eyes were widened by his action. The way he licked her finger was too much for her to take. Instead of feeling pain, she began to feel unknown sensations.

Nevertheless, she attempted to draw out her finger, but he gazed at her, which caused her to become frozen.

She looked at him shyly, then her eyes shifted to his lips, which were devouring her finger.

Was he trying to heal her? But it was not a cut or a big wound.

Why was the process so intimating? She wanted to hide her face in shyness.

"I-It's okay. It's not a big wound," she muttered in a lower tone.

"Who said I was healing your wound?" he asked after removing her finger from his mouth.

She was stunned. "T-Then?"

After releasing his grip on her hand, he stepped closer to her. She retreated a few steps, but she came to a halt when she found herself leaning her back against the desk.

Upon observing that she was nervous, he smirked at her.

He put his hands on the desk beside her on both sides and looked at her so closely. A slight leaning back toward the desk caused her to come dangerously close to falling on the glass of the desk.

"It will be headed by an ointment anyway. I just wanted to do that. That's why I did it," he whispered on her face.

He attracted her with his warmth, his breath, and his cologne. She was, however, confused by the words that he had said.

"Why did you want to lick my finger?" she asked with a perplexed look.

As he looked at her with a raised brow, he chuckled and then stepped away from her.

Sophia stood straight and looked at him. After giving her a pat on the head, he grinned at her.

"You are still very young for me."

Sophia felt lost in his beautiful smile. The way his lips parted and he grinned at her, she wanted to watch it daily.

His statements, on the other hand, caused her to frown at him.

'By "young," what exactly did he mean? Was he referring to my age? I am not young. I'm eighteen now, and soon I'll be nineteen.' she thought.

She knew he was five years older than her, but that did not mean he would think that she was younger.

"I am not young. I am an adult," she replied, pouting her lips.

He tilted his head to the side and asked, "Oh, really?"

It seemed as though he took pleasure in her rage. So she gave him a slight nod. "Yes, I am."

Suddenly, he leaned on her, which caught her off guard.

"Then let me warn you, big girl. Prepare yourself for me. Because you have awakened the beast inside me. Even if you are observing me, I am not always as calm as I am right now."

Her face flushed red as she tried to process his words. Her heartbeat began to race, which was audible to him clearly.

He gently stroked her red cheeks with his knuckles.

"Relax. I won't hunt you alive."

She gulped and looked away from him. She did not know what to say. All she wanted to do was cover her face to avoid his gaze.

In an attempt to avoid being embarrassed, she carefully pushed his chest away and then fled from his cabin. He did not stop her, either.

Sophia patted her cheeks as her pulse ran too fast.

No one had ever talked to her like that. Not even Bruce.

The whole day, she was in her cabin and did not go to Bryan's office room again. However, she kept smiling alone whenever she glanced at her finger.

It looked less swollen, as if his saliva was a cure. She slowly lifted her hand and kissed her finger lightly while thinking about Bryan.

She covered her face when she realized what she was doing.

"He is making me crazy!" she said to herself.

When it was time to leave the company, she stood outside Bryan's cabin door.

Bryan opened the door just as she was about to knock on it.

She took a step back and looked away from him. He walked past her and started to walk toward the elevator.

She followed him behind with a flushed face.

When they entered the elevator, she thought Bryan would say something to her. But, surprisingly, he was silent.

He was observing her through the elevator mirror, and she became aware of his gaze. As she turned her head to the opposite side, she got the terrifying sensation that she had lost her mind.

When they came outside the building, Bryan's driver opened the door for her. She turned to look at Bryan. He motioned for her to get inside.

She got in the car, and Bryan sat next to her. While she was sitting next to him, she tried to calm herself by biting her lips.

She waited for him to say something. But throughout the entire ride, he did not speak a word.

When the driver came to a stop in front of her house, she opened the door in order to exit the car.

At that time, Bryan stopped her by grabbing her hand. She turned her head to look at him.

"Don't forget about the party tomorrow."

She nodded at him. "Yes."

He stared at her for a while, then said,

"I will take you somewhere after the party."