

Chapter 303 Where Is Your Mate

"You are digging your own grave."

That voice was something she did not expect. That was very in-depth. Something that could kill her alive.

She was losing her mind thinking about what was happening around her.

The weakness was eating her slowly. Her frozen body needed warmth.

She wanted to open her eyes but was not able to do it.

Lifting her hand she wanted his support.

Then she felt the warmth she wanted. A tear rolled down from her closing eyes.

She sobbed. "Will you give me shelter?" She asked as she tried to stand up while taking support of his hand.

It was like she knew him for a while as if he was her nearest person to offer her protection from her family who wanted to sell her as a prostitute, from those men who wanted to destroy her.

For a moment, she felt like staying with him as he wanted to be with her.

Questioning this sudden thought, she considered it was all because of her dizziness.

Or was it really her fate?

She could not stand up but was about to fall, he scoffed,

"I have never seen a foolish girl like you before. You came to the mouth of death and asked for shelter to let you stay alive?"

She did not retort to him back.

A pair of warm arms wrapped around her legs and her waist. He lifted her up and went inside his house.

The heat from his body embraced her thoroughly. This type of warmth she had never felt before.

Was it called a woman's safe place?

Different thoughts came to her dizzy mind. She put her head on his chest.

She heard him. His voice was getting lower and almost unbearable.

"What is wrong with this girl? Every time she saw me, always fainted."

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Delilah could hear the sound of birds, their chirping was something like angelic. As if those birds were very close to her.

The smell of forest and rain clutched her nose.

A smile scrambled on her soft lips. She did not want to wake up. It was like she was in a dream. She had never slept so peacefully before.

She opened her eyes. She stared at a wooden ceiling for a while.

Then she sat up and glanced around. She was in a room.

The room was big enough for two or three people. There was a cabinet and a tool besides a wall.

She looked down at the bed where she was sitting. It was a soft and cozy bed.

She was wrapped in a blanket.

She immediately looked under it to see if she was in her full clothes.

When she saw she was in her clothes she let out a sigh of reassurance.

"What am I doing here?"

She glanced at the large window beside the bed. The forest was visible through it.

She could see the dark green trees. The leaves of the trees were moving in the wind.

Such beautiful scenery of nature amazed her eyes.

Every memory before she lost her consciousness came across her mind.

She remembered how she told the man that she would be his slave so that she could convince him to let her stay here.

She gasped.

She put her hands over her mouth.

"What have I done?" She thought.

She cursed herself.

'How could I say that for living in a house? Mother wanted to sell me and I did not want to let them use my body and here I am. How could I say that to him? What will I do now?'

She was so sick at that time, she almost died of a cold. So she did not know what she was saying.

Now that she was conscious, she regretted it.

However, she did not forget the warmth when he lifted her.

She slowly got down from the bed. She made her way to the door and headed to the stairs nervously.

When she reached downstairs, she saw that man sitting on the floor doing something.

When she went close she saw him sharpening a wooden stake with a sharp knife.

Delilah clutched her dress when she saw the wooden stake. 'Will he kill me with it? Why is he making a killer weapon? Isn't it made to kill werewolves?'

She shook in fear. She looked at him carefully.

He looked dangerous for sure. But his handsome face was something that made her think that he was not that harmful until he looked at her.

His eyes were full of clouds. Her heart almost stopped looking into his eyes.

He averted his gaze. His hands never stop working as if he used to do that for years.

Delilah cleared her throat. "W-Well...Good mor-morning?"

She lost her words and greeted him in the morning. She slapped his head in her mind. She was behaving like a fool.

He did not reply to her as if she did not exist.

"I-I just w-woke up." She started to speak again.

"Three days." He spoke out.

"Hmm?"

She was confused. Three days what?

He replied, "You woke up after three days."

She was stunned. She was sleeping for three days? Was her fever that high?

"I am so sorry for this inconvenience. I never had that high fever before. By the way, I am Delilah."

She explained and tried to converse with him.

He did not care to respond. He put down the wooden stake he was working on and took another one.

Delilah realized there were three more stakes like that spreading on the floor beside him.

What would he do with those stakes?

There was no sound in the house but only the sound of scratching the wood was audible.

"W-What is your name?" She asked. She did not know what more she could ask him right now.

He was doing his work without answering back. She thought he did not like to tell her his name.

But he let out with his cold voice,

"Everett."

Delilah did not know why but she felt her heart beating faster. She stared at the unknown man who she didn't even know but thinking to stay with him in a small wooden house and did not know for how much time she would stay there.

She pronounced his name in her mind.

'EVERETT'

Suddenly a question arose in her heart. She could not help but ask him.

"Where is your mate?"

He looked young but Delilah could understand that he was older than her.

'He looks like in his mid-twenties. He must have his mate. Is she living here with him? Was that why he was angry when I told him to let me stay here? But I can't see any of her traces here. Where is she?' She thought.

His hands paused hearing her question.

A shiver ran down her spine when she heard his angry voice.

"I killed her."