

Chapter 320 Connection With The Beast

Her eyes moved from his eyes and fell on his cheeks. She narrowed her eyes. Those scratches looked like fresh wounds.

She lifted up her hand to touch his cheek. But he grabbed her hand.

"Have you forgotten what I warned you last night?"

She hissed in pain. She felt a pain in her wrist. He left her hand. He was about to turn to the other side but stopped when he saw her neck and collarbone.

He left so many traces there. Her sleeveless hand was full of hickies as if some hungry beast sucked her skin alive.

He tightened his fist, thinking about last night.

She noticed his reaction and hid her neck with her hair.

He closed his eyes and sighed.

"I am going back."

She mumbled and went to the way from where she just came.

She began to walk but felt him behind her. She turned her head and saw him following her.

She blushed and focused on her way.

Was he concerned about her?

They went back home.

"Let's have lunch." Delilah said and headed to the table.

"First go and change your dress."

"Huh?"

"I won't repeat myself."

Delilah realized her dress was torn up. She nodded and went upstairs.

His gaze was on her until she entered the bedroom.

Her limping did not go unnoticed by him.

Delilah changed her clothes and came downstairs. She saw him sitting on a chair at the table.

She went to the sink to wash her hands and sat in a chair beside him.

He was seated in the head chair, of course.

She served food on his plate and looked at his wounded hands.

'How will he eat with them?' She thought.

She bit her lips and glanced at him.

He raised a brow as if asking her why she was not giving the plate.

She used a spoon to take the food from the plate and raised the spoon toward his mouth.

He frowned. "What are you doing?"

"Both your hands are wounded. How can you eat? So I am helping you."

"I can eat my own." He said.

She put down the spoon and slowly pushed his plate at him.

She wanted to hit her head. How could she think that? She should have understood how much stubborn he was.

"Be careful." She alarmed him when he was about to grab the spoon.

"What am I? Five?"

"No, your wound. Hang on, you should see a doctor. What if you get an infection because of it? We should go to the village hospital."

He glared at her. "Just because I agreed last night to have sex with you, that doesn't mean you will think of yourself as my girlfriend or mate. Just mind your own business. Leave me alone in my own situations."

She was stunned by his words. She felt twisted in her heart.

She nodded her head. "Accept my apology, master." She replied and lowered her head.

As if he lost his appetite, he stood up.

"I am leaving now. Don't go out at night. No one will trouble you. I will come back late." He said and left the house.

Tears streamed down her eyes. She looked at his plate, he did not even eat anything.

She did not know what to say. His words hurt her.

She thought it was a thing last night. They were very close, together. They did something which she had never done with anyone else before.

She was afraid to give herself to anyone. That was why she ran away from her home. However, she felt safe with him and she wanted only him last night.

Was it wrong to think about him like that?

Didn't he say she would become his, once he did that with her?

She looked down at her chest, her belly, her legs over the dress, she could feel him everywhere.

How could he say just like that?

It was true that she was not his mate or girlfriend.

'Did he mean that he had a girlfriend?'

What about her then?

'I am a slave. He called me a slave last night. Will I always be his slave?'

She wiped her tears and put the food back in the kitchen. She was not in the mood to eat anything.

She went to the bedroom and tried to sleep for a while. Conor told her that she had a leave for two days.

What would she do in these two days? She would go to the hospital the next day. Otherwise, she would feel alone. All of her life, she only had to live alone.

She was depressed living like that. She wanted a companion to live her life with. She wanted only one man who would be with her forever. She did not want to go to someone else's arm but wanted to stay in only one man's heart. It was Everett's heart. She wanted to take a place in his heart now.

She woke up in the afternoon. As usual, alone in the whole house.

When it was late at night,

She looked outside while standing beside the window, thinking about so many things.

She heard the sound of the main door downstairs.

Everett entered the bedroom.

He saw her but did not say anything to her. He went to the bathroom and came after taking a shower.

He saw her still standing beside the window. She looked worried. Her side face was telling that she was thinking something intense.

He headed to the bed and asked,

"You haven't slept yet?"

"I have something to ask you."

He lay on the bed and replied,

"Do you think I am answerable to you?"

Delilah shook her head. "I am your mere slave, you are not answerable to me."

His eyes darkened. "Are you trying to provoke me by mocking me like this?"

"What did I say to provoke you?"

"Stop playing with words. Come to the point."

Delilah took a deep breath and turned around.

She looked into his eyes and asked,

"What is your connection with the beast? How do you know him? How can you live here in his kingdom without having any problems?"