

Chapter 332 Just Like Others

"Are you okay? How are you feeling right now?"

Delilah asked the patient named Jenica.

She was taking deep breaths as she nodded her head. Delilah injected the tonic inside her body. She felt better.

A few minutes ago, when Delilah came to check on her, Delilah saw Jenica was trying to take a breath but she was having problems breathing. Blood lumps were visible on her full body.

Delilah remembered what she read a week ago in the report. She got some knowledge about this disease too. So she tried her best to handle the situation.

To her surprise, when she ran to call Miss Winters she was busy with another patient and told her to handle the situation by herself.

Delilah had to do something that her mind told her at that moment. Fortunately, she really did her homework as she memorized every potion.

It was kind of shocking that she got a big brain. She did not have to think twice before using any potion.

Jenica felt relieved when her body calmed down.

"Thank you." She said to Delilah.

"It is my duty."

"No, you are helping me more than the doctor."

Delilah was taken aback. "What?"

Jenica slowly nodded her head. "You may not know about it. I am a risky case. My disease is not that simple. I can die anytime."

"Don't say that." Delilah told the teenage girl.

"No, let me tell you. Doctors only read my report and told me to take a rest. The report only says my symptoms. But you gave me a remedy. And for the first time, I am feeling better immediately. Thank you."

Delilah was stunned. 'It looks like a critical case. Then why did Miss Winters give me a critical case like life and death? I am just a nurse. Does she believe me that much on me or is there something else?' Delilah thought for a second but came out of her thoughts when Jenica called her.

"Sister"

"Hmm?"

"Do you think I can recover soon?"

Delilah did not know what to reply. She did not know if Jenica would recover or not. But she believed she would because the report said that.

"Yes, you will."

A bright smile came to her face. "Thank you, sister."

"Don't thank me. I am not doing anything. I will talk to the lead doctor about you."

Jenica nodded happily. Delilah gave her a sleeping peel and told her to take a rest.

It was like Delilah was not a nurse but an intern here. Why was she treating patients? Was she a doctor? No. Then why?

Delilah got mad at the hospital.

'How irresponsible everyone here is! They let nurses do anything they want. What if I used the wrong potion? Someone could die by a single mistake.'

The day went by fast. She busied herself with otherpatients.

When it was afternoon, she changed into her clothes. She was hesitant to go back to the wooden house.

She could not escape the truth, but did she really want to escape?

She asked herself. Her legs were stepping ahead without her permission and she was going inside the forest.

The forest gave her a chill vibe. The sky looked clear orange. The sun might set soon. Birds were going back to their nests.

Many birds came into the trees she was passing. She tried to see their nests.

"Family."

She looked at two birds who had come back to their nest together.

She felt emotional and lowered her head. She walked silently. The crunchy sounds were audible when she stepped on the dry leaves while walking.

When she was close to the wooden house her eyes fell on the outside area.

She looked under a tree. She remembered how Everett shifted into a wolf who was insanely giant. He killed the man brutally and clenched out his heart.

She tried to find blood but everything was clean. It happened one week ago. He might clean everything.

She thought about that night when she lost consciousness. What happened after that?

She opened the main door as she held the key. She entered and made her way to the bedroom. The house was empty as usual.

It reminded her of Conor's words. He let her stay comfortable. That was why he left her alone in his house.

Delilah strolled to the bathroom. She changed her clothes and went downstairs.

She went to the kitchen and laughed at herself.

She could not show her anger by showing him that she did not cook for him. Because he did not come back home.

Delilah made herself busy while making dinner.

When it was evening time, she made a cup of tea for herself.

As she was about to mix sugar, she heard the door opening.

She glanced at the door and saw Everett entering the house.

She looked away instantly and continued what she was doing.

She would lie if she said that she did not feel afraid. She was shaking inside. He was not a simple person but a Lycan. A beast in disguise of a human form.

Others were also werewolves, but Lycans were rare and dangerous.

Her shaking hands were mixing sugar, making sounds of the spoon rolling inside the cup slowly.

He ignored her and went to the bedroom. She glanced at his back. He looked like a normal person.

She still could not believe that it was him.

Delilah averted her eyes from him and sipped her tea.

The tea felt bitter in taste. Was it really bitter or did she lose her taste?

She was in her inner conflict. How would she line up with him? She did not love him. She might have been infatuated with him since she became close to him, which she never did to another man before.

She convinced herself that she did not like him that much. Otherwise, what did she think of running away?

She stared outside as she sipped her tea. She sat on the couch for a long time.

Everett had not come down yet.

'Am I waiting for him? What would I say to him? How can he even face me after hiding everything from me? Does he even care?'

She was so lost that she forgot to put the empty cup on the table.

When she heard knocking sounds coming from the wooden stairs, she glanced there and saw Everett coming down. When his eyes caught her eyes staring at him, she felt off guard.

The cup in her hand fell on the floor as she loosened her grip in fear.

She looked down and started to clean the wooden floor with her hands.

"Ouch!"

A sharp piece of the cup pierced inside her palm. She hissed in pain.

At that time, she felt a hand grab her wrist.

"Don't touch me."

She immediately stood up and pushed the hand with her other hand.

She almost yelled but retained her loud tone.

He stared at her. She slowly raised her head to glance at him.

She was lost in his handsome face. How could this man become someone dangerous in a second?

She forgot that Everett was also looking at her.

She could see the emotion in his eyes. Just as she blinked, the emotion in his eyes was gone.

"Done staring?"

He asked as he grabbed her wrist again. His hand was warm. She felt warmth in her wrist. How she always wished to feel that again and again.

But now the situation had totally changed. He was someone she never wanted to be with. At the same time, he was someone she always felt at home with.

"Who are you actually?" She thought as she let him take her wherever he was taking her.

He stopped in front of the sink in the kitchen.

Then he washed her hands in the cold water. At that time, Delilah realized that her palm was bleeding.

"Beast"

He muttered. Delilah looked at him. "W-What?" She asked.

He didn't look at her and replied, "Didn't you ask who I am? I am a beast."

Delilah was shocked. Did she let out the question? She was just thinking. She never thought she would think so loudly.

From the moment she woke up, she was calling him a beast inside her mind.

But, when he called himself the beast. She did not like it.

After washing her palm, he wiped her palm and bandaged it. Delilah kept glancing at him.

He did not look harmful at all.

He did not look like he would hurt her.

She wanted to cry and wanted to ask why he was that person who she did not want him to be. Why did he have to be the beast? Why could he not be the simple Everett she liked? Why??

Everett let her hand go and looked at her. His eyes pierced her eyes.

She felt her heart beating faster. His dark eyes, she could not forget how they glowed that night.

Her eyes fell on his cheeks. The scratches were back to his cheeks.

She recalled the moment. Those cheeks were burning like he was a creature of fire.

Her eyes were showing how scared she was. He scoffed at her and muttered,

"You are just like others."