

Chapter 152

Elora had just come back to the pack house with Teresa. She had no idea why Teresa suddenly wanted to go outside today. She took her to the shopping mall and bought so many things as if it were her wedding. When she told Teresa that she wanted to go back, Teresa told her that she desired to have dinner outside. She took her far away to a grand restaurant, and they had dinner there.

So Elora was super tired. She went to her bedroom and changed her clothes into a nightgown. The designers of this pack made quite an impression on her. They actually know what would look best on a woman like her.

She was dressed in a nightgown that was all black. She brushed her wrists together while applying perfume to them first. Then she rubbed them on the back of her neck. She gave herself a wry grin as she observed her reflection in the mirror.

"You can do it. Let's try once again." She told herself.

After leaving her room, she discovered that the hallway was rather silent. She made her way to the last room around the corner. The place where she was staying was meant to be the room that she and Ryan shared. However, he elected to stay alone in the last room.

The nature of his relationship with her was not at all what other people believed it to be. Even though she tried more than a few times to lure him, he never ended up spending nights with her.

She stood in front of the door and reached for the doorknob. But she froze when the sound of breaking things came to her ears.

She did not waste any time and opened the door right away. As soon as she saw the state the room was in, she was taken aback. Things that were broken were dispersed all over the floor in different places.

"Ryan!"

After spotting him grasping a vase with the intention of shattering it on the ground, she rushed to him.

She grabbed his arm and looked at him with shocked eyes.

"What happened to you?"

He turned his head toward her. When she looked up, she was met with a pair of the fiercest orange eyes. She gasped, and her hands loosened around his arm. She lowered her head in submission and said,

"Alpha"

"Why are you here?" Ryan asked her, and he smashed the vase on the floor.

Elora flinched, and her legs trembled as the color of her eyes changed to green.

"I-I just came to-" She bit her lips while looking down at the floor.

Ryan's eyes scrutinized her dress, and his eyes narrowed. "How many times have I told you to stop doing all of this?"

She raised her head to gaze at him and questioned, "How long are you going to be like this?"

"Forever." He replied, glaring at her.

"I also have some wishes. I also want you to be with me, standing by my side. Why is it that you can't just be mine? You said you would make me your Luna. Then why can't you just accept me and my body? It's all yours." She said while sobbing.

Ryan drew forward toward her and placed his hand on her jaw. She whimpered in pain but kept her gaze fixed on his.

"Don't try to do what you don't want to do. Your body is valuable, so take care to protect it. Don't try to use it in the same way as the women who sell their bodies on the market for the purpose of gaining money or powers."

She closed her eyes and slowly removed his hand from her jaw.

She knew what he was talking about. But she had no choice but to accept what was happening.

"I am sorry. I was so lost in making you mine that I forgot I have a value."

Ryan looked away from her and said,

"Get out. Leave me alone. Someone has already made me quite angry. I want to destroy the whole pack right now. I am coming to the edge of my patience."

Elora stepped backward slowly. She felt something pierce her right foot, and as a response, she clenched her fists tightly. She exited the room without making a sound or letting Ryan know about the pain.

When she came out of his room, she looked at her legs, and she saw blood coming out of her leg. She could feel that there was a shard of glass embedded in the skin there. To ease the pain, she would need to remove it as quickly as possible.

She wanted to go to Teresa's room, but it was already late at night. She did not want to knock and disturb a couple at this hour.

She gradually moved out of the way and made an effort to head toward the staircase to ask the maid if they could help her.

But the sight of Ethan emerging from his bedroom caused her to make a momentary stop.

After tearing her gaze away from him, she resumed her stroll.

"What happened to you? Why are you limping?" He asked as he observed her bare legs stepping slowly.

"Nothing." She replied.

When he noticed that she had blood on her leg, his eyes widened in surprise.

"Hey! What exactly happened with your leg? It's bleeding." He said and hurriedly came to her.

She tried to ignore his presence and stepped forward.

Ethan grabbed her arm, and she mistakenly put all of her weight on her injured leg.

"Aaahh!"

She moaned in pain and shut her eyes.

Ethan was stunned. "I think your wound is not a simple one. Let me check." He remarked this while bending his head to cast a glimpse at her leg.

But she pushed him and said,

"You don't have to care about me. Just take care of your fiancée."

Ethan's anger was stoked by her statements. He took a rigid stance and looked at her.

"Don't include her in our conversation."

"Why shouldn't I? I am sure that she said or did something to my fiancée that caused him to become so angry and destroy things."

He frowned when he heard her. "You are so arrogant about your fiancée, right? But he is no saint." He retorted back.

"At least he is not like you, who always lets his mate get in the middle of the way, who doesn't have the ability to accept his mate in any way."

Ethan froze at her reply. His brows shot up when he saw her hostile look toward him.

"You know about it?"

"About what? About how you rejected your ex-mate?" She asked.

"No. Don't change the topic. You know what I am saying. You know about it, don't you? But how? You are-"

"A hybrid?" She interrupted and chuckled while shaking her head.

"You thought I was a hybrid. So since I am a witch, I won't feel anything. Therefore, because I am a witch, I won't feel a thing. But you seem to have forgotten, Alpha Ethan, that I am a wolf as well."

"That means you can also feel that?" He could not help but let out a whisper.

She smirked at him bitterly and replied,

"Of course I can feel the bond, Mate."