

Chapter 6 Six

My head was becoming too heavy for me as I gulped down the glass of vodka in front of me before coughing out loud and requesting another bottle.

The bartender seemed to be worried about me, but I didn't need his fucking sympathy. I was angry at all of the things that had happened to me over the weekend and mostly at the fact that I had no funds for my school anymore.

"I need another bottle," I said to the bartender as my speech slurred, but he was reluctant to pour me some more shots.

"If you don't stop drinking, then you'll pass out." He cautioned me, but in a soft tone, and I was glad he didn't speak to me harshly, otherwise I might have thrown some fists at him, considering my current state.

I gulped down the whole glass of vodka once again and buried my head on the counter. I was drunk and couldn't even think straight anymore.

"If you were in my shoes, you'd have drank the whole bar." I responded to him, but he seemed to have rolled his eyes, or was it just me?

"Fuck!" I muttered when I realized I shouldn't have drank much because who the fuck would take me home in this state of mine?

My eyes weren't seeing clearly enough to order some rides, and it's fucking late. I could get kidnapped.

On realising my predicament, I lifted my head from the counter to look at the bartender, whose face looked like that of a kid but had the body of a hawk.

He seemed irked by the way I stared at him in an attempt to look cute as his brows cringed.

"Uhm, sir, do you mind if I spend the night here?" I flashed my teeth at him before rethinking what I had just said.

Why the hell would I want to spend the night in a bar filled with drunk people that could be capable of doing anything to me, considering the dress I was wearing today too?

"No way in hell would I let you spend the night here. Perhaps you should have listened to me and not drank as much as you did!" He hissed as he spoke in a harsh tone. I was quick to get angered by his words.

"Fine, I'll leave," I yelled while hitting my fist on the counter. He wasn't even bothered by my actions.

I slowly stood up from the stool and firmly carried my purse, but as I attempted to make the first step, I found it hard as I couldn't walk straight.

I tried to tell myself that I wasn't drunk and that perhaps if I walked straight, no one would want to cross me on my way out.

"Keep the change," I said to him while struggling to walk out of the bar. It felt like I had been walking for a long time, yet I was still in the bar.

"Change? You didn't even give a fucking tip!" He scoffed while I tried to focus on my steps.

I successfully made it out of the bar, but I was confused about which way to go until I decided to follow my instincts and chose any road.

I gracefully walked down the quiet street until I heard a car honk behind me and realised that the car had actually been following me from behind ever since I left the bar.

My body was instantly alarmed as I tried to walk faster or perhaps run away from the car. No matter how fast I seemed to run, the car was still behind me, and in a split second, I found myself on the ground after my head had hit a pole in the middle of the street.

It was hurting badly and my head was pounding, but my eyes were shut from the pain.

I could hear some movements as the car came to a halt behind me and the door of the car opened. I was scared, but there was nothing I could do. I didn't even have the strength to stand up or move an inch of my body.

"Why the hell did you have to drink that much if you knew you couldn't handle it?" A voice scolded me, but I was quick to recognize the voice. After all, it belonged to the sole proprietor of my misery.

I tried to say some hurtful words to him, but nothing seemed to be leaving my mouth as I lay helplessly on the floor.

"Now I'll have to carry you," he sighed before pulling me away from the ground and carrying me on his chest like a baby. I didn't want to be here, but it felt so good.

The warmth of his body was surprisingly comfortable, as I found myself pressing myself closer to his chest. I didn't want to do this, but then again, maybe I would blame it on the drinks.

I couldn't believe how my body willingly relaxed on him, like I shouldn't be alarmed by him. He carried me to the car and placed me on the back seat before shutting the door, and I found myself pouting because I wasn't pressed against his warm chest anymore but rather on the cold seat of the car.

My eyes were still shut but I could feel and hear the movements he made. The AC was immediately turned off and replaced with the heater as the door of the back seat opened again as he sat gracefully, and then the car started moving.

"Where do you live?" He asked, but I couldn't respond to him, and I could hear him sighing out in frustration.

I snuggled closer to him until he had no choice but to place my head on his lap and my senses were filled with the expensive cologne he was wearing as I slowly drifted to sleep.

Cyrus's POV

I realised she was stubborn and wouldn't give in for a ride home, so I decided not to bother anymore. It'll be better that way, since I won't need to hear her nag me in the car.

I didn't want to have anything to do with her. I had no idea why I had to pick her out of the rest of the girls there, perhaps because I thought she was the only one that wouldn't want to be attached to me afterwards.

I had made a terrible mistake, but there was no way to correct it since it had already happened. But choosing my supposed mate for this was the worst part because I really didn't want to have anything to do with her. I didn't believe in the mating bond, nor did I believe in love. Not anymore.

I had thought that by leaving the pack then I wouldn't have to deal with any werewolf rites, but then this is happening. Something I have never heard of is happening to me because how the hell can I be mated to a mere human?

I wanted her out of my sight, but I couldn't just let her leave for reasons unknown to me. Maybe if I returned the help to her, then I wouldn't feel this way. Maybe I wouldn't feel guilty afterwards.

I tried to call her back, but I couldn't as I watched her stomping away from me in anger. I didn't bother to wait as I instantly got into my car to leave for my house.

I have some important things to do at work tomorrow, and I don't want to be too tired to do them.

I got into my car and ordered my driver to take me home, yet my mind wasn't settled. I wasn't bothered about calling off the wedding, nor did I think of Anna, but my mind was all concentrated on her.

I know this feeling called the "mating bond" but I honestly don't want it. I don't want to be attached to any woman anymore.

When I realized my mind wasn't going to settle even if I got home, I decided to trail her to wherever she was going to, and perhaps I'd be satisfied then I'd be able to leave her alone permanently.

I followed behind her and was surprised that she didn't notice she was being trailed. She was still fuming in anger. Perhaps that's why she didn't notice my car following her, or maybe she just has poor senses.

After some really long minutes of walking, she finally stopped at a place and entered the store. It was a bar, but why did I think she wouldn't be the drinking type?

I waited outside the bar in my car as I instructed my driver to keep watch in case she would leave the bar and come out, then I would offer a ride home, but she never came out, even after I had a quick nap in the car.

I was fighting the urge to go into the bar to check up on her, but then I somehow knew she was safe because I could feel it in me.

"Fuck!" I groaned out loud as I massaged my temples. This wasn't supposed to be happening to me. All of my hard work can't just go down the drain at this point.

The sky was now dark and I thought to myself that I had been wasting my time, but the moment I ordered my driver to leave, she came out of the bar unable to walk straight and I realised she must have been drunk.

Of course she would be drunk; she had been in the bar for hours. I slowly followed behind her in my car and was amused at how she didn't seem to notice my presence until some minutes afterwards.

She attempted to run away from me even though her steps weren't even straight. She wasn't focusing on the road, and I suddenly heard a thump. She had hit her head on a pole and fallen down.

Sighing out loud, I came down from my car to help her as I lifted her away from the ground and onto my body. She was quick to respond to my touch as she pressed her body into mine as my brows furrowed.

Did she know it was me or did she just not care about being kidnapped?

I carried her into the car and joined her in the back seat as I placed her head on my lap and her hands held my shirt tight.

I tried to avoid looking at her because she looked so fucking cute and beautiful, even in the drunk state she was in. I didn't want to be attracted to her either, but I guess it was too late as I felt a bulge in between my legs.

It has been so long since this happened to me, especially ever since I went to the doctor some decades ago. I had been able to control my sexual urges and it took a lot of work for me to get hard, yet here I am being turned on just by her mere face.

"Where do you live?" I asked after clearing my throat, but I knew the question was stupid since she wasn't able to talk.

Fortunately, she had an emergency contact on her phone, so I called the number and asked for the address. Apparently, she had been walking the opposite direction to her house. I doubt she would have survived if I hadn't intervened.

We arrived at the address, and I carried her on my chest yet again as I walked into the apartment complex while looking for her apartment number.

On getting there, I knocked on the door and was answered by a girl whose anger was quick to turn into a smile at the sight of me.

"Oh! Hi, she never told me she was seeing someone as hot as you." She squeaked in happiness, but I didn't respond to her as she directed me to her room. I placed her on the bed, but seeing her sleeping like a little baby seemed to have turned me on again as my hand on painfully poked through my trousers.

"Thank you so much for dropping Mirabel off. Please come again," her roommate said in happiness again, and I was starting to freak out.

She was acting like I was the first guy she had ever seen with Mirabel. I was going to not reply to her and walk out, but I just wanted to not be rude today.

"Do take care of her"

I forced a smile before leaving her apartment, but I could hear her squealing with happiness as I left. Weird.