

## Chapter 19 Bandaging my wound

Lila's POV

I hadn't even realized I was cut until I saw the look on Enzo's face when he told me I was hurt. Then I felt a small sting on my forehead and the blood trickling down the side of my face.

His eyes were dark and fixated on my features.

I've honestly had worse injuries; this was minor in comparison. But I don't tell him that. Instead, he does something I wasn't expecting.

He wrapped an arm around me and lifted me into his arms, cradling me like a child. My heart leaped in my chest and my eyes widened as I gazed up at him. He was going to walk me back to the packhouse.

"I can walk you know," I tell him.

"This will be faster."

Before I could ask him how on earth this would be faster; he starts to run. He wasn't even in his wolf form; he was just sprinting with me in his arms. I wrap my arms around his neck to steady myself, pressing my face against his chest and breathing in his amazing scent.

Val was in complete bliss.

I had to keep reminding her that this wasn't the guy we wanted as a mate. Based on what Dee had said, he was incapable of real love.

I could only imagine what we must have looked like to those passing by.

We quickly made it back to the packhouse, and Beta Ethan was the first to greet us when we entered.

"I thought I told you to keep her here," Enzo muttered as he passed his Beta.

"I didn't know she had left..." Ethan said in return. I'm sorry..."

Enzo ignored him and walked with me up the stairs, keeping his hold on me and not letting me walk on my own. I thought we would have gone into the bathroom or something, but instead, he took me right back to the guest room.

He finally released me onto the bed. Without saying anything, he went into the attached bathroom. I took in a deep breath to steady my rapid heartbeat and my anxious wolf. My palms were growing sweaty; this feeling wasn't something I was familiar with, and I didn't particularly like it. Especially when it contained Enzo.

I wanted to ask him why he hasn't rejected me yet, but then there was a part of me that feared what he would say. I wasn't sure I wanted to know his answer.

It would only hurt Val.

Enzo returned moments later with a cloth, a small bowl of water, and a first aid kit.

He sat the supplies beside me on the bed and grabbed a chair so he could sit in front of me. I said nothing as he soaked the cloth in the warm water before placing it on my wound. The warmth of the water felt nice, but his fingertips grazing my skin felt even better.

It was like small electric jolts, like tingles, that spread across my features. It brought goosebumps to my arms and a small chill down my spine. But the chill wasn't a bad feeling; it was like a tickle. It was my wolf wiggling in delight, I could tell how pleased she was.

Enzo looked so focused on cleaning my wound, there was a small crease between his brows as he fixated his gaze on my forehead. He bit onto his bottom lip gently as he concentrated. I couldn't help but stare at his full lips and bite my own.

He was so close to me that I thought for sure he would be able to hear my heartbeat. He smelled so amazing. I wanted to lean over and kiss him. I remembered how soft and delicate his lips were when I kissed him that time in the hallway.

I thought that was a waste of a first kiss, I didn't know he was my mate at the time.

But maybe—

"What are you staring at?" I heard his deep, and almost husky, tone asking, bringing me out of my trance.

I blinked a couple of times, meeting his eyes. My face warmed under the intensity of his gaze.

"Nothing," I said. "You really don't need to do this..." I say, reaching for the cloth that he had placed on my head. My fingertips touched his and they froze.

"It'll heal fast," he said, keeping his eyes on mine. "But I don't want it to get infected. Your father would have my head. I promised I would get you Elysium safely..."

Of course, he was doing this for my father.

I gave him a small smile and didn't say anything more as he smeared some clear jelly on the wound. I was hoping the disappointment wasn't showing on my face, and if it was, he didn't point it out. He placed a bandage on my forehead and gave it one last look.

"What part of 'stay out of trouble, 'didn't you understand?' " He then asked, narrowing his eyes at me.

He wasn't seriously upset with me, was he?

"What?" I asked, raising my brows.

"What were you doing out at this hour?"

"I wanted fresh air," I told him. "I don't like staying inside for long."

"It was stupid," he muttered.

He then pulled away from me to clean up his supplies.

I stared at him dumbfounded.

"Excuse me, but if I hadn't had left, I wouldn't have found that woman who—"

"You wouldn't have gotten hurt."

"I saved that woman's life... a 'thank you' would be nice," I shot back, trying not to get too angry with him.

I knew he was just worried that something would happen to me because my father would kill him. He was doing his job protecting me; I couldn't fault him for that. But still, I saved that woman's life. The least he could do was thank me.

"I would have had that handled," he said; he was purposely not meeting my eyes.

"By the time you showed up, it would have been too late. You saw the state of that woman. It was worse when I got there. "

He looked like he wanted to argue more, but he didn't. Instead, he took his supplies back to the bathroom and cleaned up. When he returned, I had curled up on the bed with my legs pressed to my chest. I was feeling sad all of a sudden; my heart was heavy, and I just wanted to cry. I should be happy that I was seeing my family tomorrow, but I didn't feel happy right now. I just felt... sad.

I didn't want to cry in front of him though; I held back the tears. He was staring at me for a long while like he was trying to read my face. There was a small frown on his face, and he cocked his head to the side.

He sighed, shaking his head.

"Thank you. "

I glanced up at him, surprised by his words. His eyes had softened.

"What?" I asked, unsure if I heard him correctly.

"Don't make me repeat it," he muttered. He turned to the door and grabbed the doorknob but paused. "If you weren't there... things would have been worse. I'm glad you were there... even if you did get hurt."

I was quiet, unsure of what to say. I wasn't expecting this from him. So, I stared at the back of his head with my mouth hanging open.

Just as he pulled the door open, I couldn't help but ask, "Why haven't you rejected me yet? "

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