

## Chapter 148

Allison frowned at Ryan when she heard him.

She sent Teresa to him? When?

Allison came to the realization that her best friend had made an attempt to solve the conflict that existed between them, which was now hopeless. She could not help but feel miserable.

'Why did you tell those things to him, Teresa? You gave me your word that you would not tell anyone else. For the past two years, I have kept all of this to myself as a secret.' She thought and sighed.

"When you see you don't have any chance now, you managed to get her to talk to me." Ryan said it with a cold tone.

"Stop accusing me of every single thing. I didn't send her to you."

"Really? Then why did she come to me?"

"I don't know."

Ryan scoffed at her and released her arm. "Get out."

Allison gave him an angry look and said,

"Listen, I didn't tell anyone to come to you and talk about me. And I will leave this room, but I want the answers to my questions. Why did you heal me the night we went to the club? You were the one who hurt me. If you wanted to hurt me, then why did you remove my pain? How did you manage to get into my home?" Allison barraged him with a plethora of questions all at once. She paid close attention to the expressions on his face.

But he was indifferent.

"Done? Now get out."

"I didn't get my answer yet. I won't leave this room before getting your reply."

"Fuck your answers."

He then remarked before turning his back. He headed to the closet, where he was looking for something.

Allison observed him pulling a black t-shirt out of the closet. He was about to put it on when she rushed to him and stopped him by grabbing the t-shirt.

"What are you doing?" He asked.

"You are injured. How can you wear it without applying something to it? Your skin is already swollen. If you don't use any tonic, you are going to end up with blisters."

He let go of the t-shirt and it remained in her hand. She got the chance and went to the bathroom. She found the first aid box and returned. She saw him sitting on the couch while holding a file.

When he felt her approaching, he looked at her.

"Did I tell you that I want to treat it?" He asked.

She stared at his chest in the wounded area. The red line in his chest bulged up and turned a darker red shade.

She knew he was a stubborn man, and she was aware that she could not see this man be in pain. Therefore, she mustered up some courage and sat down next to him.

She knew that he could insult her once again, but she decided to ignore it this time.

He threw his file on the table, and she flinched. He glared at her when he saw her opening the box and taking out an ointment.

She closed her eyes and mumbled to herself,

'Just for this time.'

She opened them and peered into his piercing eyes.

"What do you think you are doing?"

"Treating your wound." She replied and placed the box over a file on the table. She grabbed his shoulders with both of her hands and turned them toward her.

"Now don't move and let me do it."

She thought he would oppose her again. But it surprised her when he kept quiet and let her do what she wanted to do.

She took a cotton ball and a tonic for the burn since the whole first aid box was full of tonics set up by Doctor Linus.

She applied a small amount of the ointment while hissing. She felt like she was the one who had been hurt, rather than him.

She blew a little while rubbing the tonic lightly.

"You forgot that I am an Alpha." He spoke out.

"Yeah, but no wound can be removed magically. It will take some time to recover, but until then, you will have to endure the pain."

"Not everyone is a weak Alpha like your Ethan." He mocked her.

She ignored his remarks and kept treating her wound.

She was a trained Luna. She learned many things in different sectors. She gained a lot of knowledge. Not only in the techniques of combat but also in aspects of medicine.

Because who knows when Alpha would get attacked by someone and in urgency she would have to treat his wound.

"You look like an expert. Perhaps you do this to him regularly." He muttered under his breath.

His breath touched her forehead. She realized how close they were.

She raised her head and looked at him. "He never gets wounded." She replied while looking into his eyes.

"How could he? He never goes to war like me. Do you know how many wounds I have to heal by myself?"

"How many?" Her tone came out as a whisper.

"You can't even count. It's not a movie where you go to war and come out without wounds, like a hero. In reality, every single wolf's target is the head Alpha. They will jump on you together. But it will be your skills that determine whether or not you survive."

As she attempted to grasp the meaning of his words, she blinked her eyes. Her thoughts flashed back to the battles that she had seen portrayed on film. She had no combat experience whatsoever. Since the pack had not been attacked by anyone, she was unaware of the situation. However, after going through the training, she knew the war was not a walk in the park. It was something disastrous. The passage of time allowed people to move on with their lives, but those who had suffered the loss of members of their family could only live with regret.

She felt his face getting closer, and at a distance of one inch, he paused and said,

"I could heal every wound in my body. But there is one wound that I haven't healed yet. It is raw, and someone rubs salt daily over it. Do you know what wound I am talking about?"

"W-What?"

"The wound you gave me two years ago."

Hearing him, her eyes widened as if she were lost in his eyes but had regained consciousness just now.

She immediately stood up from the couch and looked everywhere except at him.

"T-The things Teresa told you, that's n-nothing. No one forced me or anything. Don't take it seriously and leave it." She said as she tried to remove the animosity toward her father from his head to keep him safe.

He was silent after hearing her. So was about to walk towards the door to leave the room. But before that, he rose up and grabbed her hand. He turned her to him, and her body pressed against his.

"Do you think I'm a fool? Didn't I ask you who was blackmailing you that night? I knew that man would create problems one day. My friends even told me to forcefully take you away from this pack.

But do you know what I felt that night? I realized how weak you are. You could not stand with a man who your parents didn't like. You could not stand with a man who loved you more than his parents. You failed to stand with a man who was not powerful like the head Alpha.

I felt that night that you didn't deserve to be my Luna."