

## Chapter 16

"What would you like to have, Miss?" the bartender asked me.

It broke my eye contact with the mighty man who was looking at me from upstairs.

I ought to express my gratitude to the bartender for it. Because Alpha Bryan had such a strong hatred for me, I should avoid looking at him.

Since my brother was still his gamma, I did not have to think about anything. I would stay away from him as much as possible.

I would make every effort to avoid coming into contact with him.

I glanced across at the bartender, who appeared to be flirtatious with me. I could see him grinning at me.

"Water would be fine," I responded to him.

"Water? I think it would be a good idea for you to have some drinks today," Sara said.

Both she and Nolan were standing right next to me, engaging in conversation with other people.

"But I don't drink," I said to Sara.

"You are an adult now. You can have fun in your life. Put all of your suffering behind you and take pleasure in the night. Let's have something to drink, shall we? Then we will dance." Sara declared with a delighted face.

Nolan nodded his head. "I will drop you off at home. Don't worry," he assured me.

"No, I got Auntie's permission. We will go to my house directly." Sara said it with a proud face.

"Not bad." Nolan gave a thumbs up to Sara.

At first, I did not want to drink, but then my thoughts wandered to everything that had occurred in my life up to that point. The blaring music was making my head even more messy.

"Okay," I replied to them.

While I was striving to keep my eyes from gazing upstairs, Sara placed an order for drinks for us to enjoy.

The bartender placed drinks on the counter. I reached for a glass and tried to chug it down.

A sour grimace appeared on my face.

"It's burning my throat!"

"It will ease soon. Try it again," Nolan said.

I nodded my head and tried to drink it again. My throat became accustomed to the flavor after I took some gulps.

It came as a complete surprise to me that I drank a few glasses.

The club around me started to look different to me. When I first entered the club, I was not a fan of the smoke or the music, but as time went on, I had a change of heart.

"Let's dance," Sara said and grabbed my hands.

"Hey! What about me?" Nolan asked.

"Do I need to invite you?" It was Sara who inquired. The expression on Nolan's face made me laugh.

Each and every person who had been invited by Sara made their way to the dance floor. A few girls were frowning at me. On the other hand, some boys were glancing at me. I assumed people did not like me.

Who cared? Because I didn't.

As if the drinks had truly taken control of my mind, I started moving in time with the beat of the music.

At this very moment, all I wanted to do was dance. I tried to forget everything around me.

I wanted the alcohol to make me forget my every pain.

Sometime later, a big cake appeared in a corner. After leaving the dance floor, we gathered in that corner.

From ten, we were counting backward, one by one. It would be midnight in a few seconds.

At the exact moment that we reached zero, the lights in the club were turned off.

Then we heard an announcement from the DJ.

"Let's celebrate the birthday of our birthday girl, Sara."

We all applauded in the darkness. As the lights came back on, everyone turned their attention to Sara.

Her expression was one of disbelief, as if she had witnessed a ghost. I shifted my sight to the direction in which she was staring.

She was looking at Nolan.

Her gaze brought back memories of my birthday. I understood what was happening to Sara. She found her mate.

There was a slight blurriness in my eyes as I clapped for Sara. I gave her a hug. "Congratulations!"

"Huh?" She looked stunned.

Nolan shifted his gaze from Sara to me. My expression was one of bewilderment. It seemed as though he was trying to communicate with me in some way.

I reached out and took his hand, and then I gently pushed him toward Sara.

After looking at him for a moment, Sara whispered,

"Mate."

Nolan then gave her a hug, and she responded by giving him a hug in return.

Who could resist the majestic matebond?

Not everyone was as vicious as the Morrison brothers. One of the brothers rejected his mate, and the other brother was feeling regret that he was unable to do the same.

Sara cut the cake. After she had fed me the first slice, she then fed Nolan. Because my new friends had been so kind to me, I was experiencing a range of emotions.

I went to the bar, leaving them to spend alone time. They had just recently come to the realization that they were mates. So they deserved some time to themselves.

The bartender continued to offer me drinks even after I had placed an order for one. Without allowing myself to be distracted by anything else, I consumed them one by one.

My eyes were on Sara and Nolan, who were now kissing each other.

I forced myself to avert my eyes from them. It reminded me of the times when Bruce and I were in a relationship. Everyone referred to us as love birds.

I was so happy with him that I wanted him to meet my mother. He had also proved to me that he was serious about me by introducing me to his parents.

Then how did things go like that?

Why?

What if he had never cheated on me?

I was lost in thought. I stood up to go out of the club. I wanted to have some fresh air. I started to feel suffocated because of the pain in my heart.

To my surprise, a man approached me and asked, "Where are you going?"

As best I could, I focused my gaze on him. However, I was unable to recognize him.

Why did this unknown person choose to talk to me?

As he pointed his finger in a certain direction, he stated,

"He is there."

I frowned at him. Did he think I was lost and trying to find someone?

I turned my head in the direction in which he pointed. I saw a man holding a glass while looking at the dance floor. He was sitting alone on the couch. He was wearing a black suit.

In my blurry eyes, I could only notice these few things.

My legs moved toward him without any delay. As if the alcohol began to have an increasing impact on me, I felt that my vision grew increasingly hazy.

When I stood in front of the man, he raised his head to look at me.

My knees trembled, and I ended up falling onto the couch next to him.

I felt his strong arm tighten its grip around my waist. I tilted my head to look at his side profile when I sat alongside him in a sluggish manner.

He looked familiar to me. But I could not see him clearly.

It seemed as though he was someone who was very close to me. My wolf began to react strangely, which I could not understand properly.

In blurry vision, I thought he was the person who broke my heart.

I could not remember anything at that moment. I felt pulled from inside, as if there was a string that connected us and pulled me closer to him.

I leaned my head on his chest and whispered to him,

"Bruce"