

## Chapter 36: Time For Play

Jonathan led Amelia directly out of the restaurant, leaving a flabbergasted Gabriel behind. Truth be told, Amelia didn't mind leaving with Jonathan at that moment because things were getting a little too tense and confusing between herself and Gabriel and she was unsure of how to react.

"You can ease up a bit on the grip," Amelia complained. Jonathan was holding her hand a little too tightly. She could sense he was angry, but she had no idea what about.

Men, she sighed to herself.

"Okay, we're safe now," Amelia said sarcastically. They were outside the restaurant. Jonathan dropped her hand and she rubbed it. "Now please tell me what you're doing here."

"You've been gone for two days. From the office. Olivia said you were here."

"Uh...okay. But you'll need to elaborate a little more. Why did you come here?"

"I heard Gabriel was here," Jonathan said bluntly.

Jonathan had his eyes fixed on her. It made her somewhat uncomfortable. He was always direct, and she appreciated that about him, but she felt like there was something he wasn't saying.

"Jonathan, help me fill in the blanks here. I'm just a little confused. You appeared out of nowhere. I wasn't expecting you."

"You can't go back to him," Jonathan blurted out. Then he seemed embarrassed by what he said. He rubbed his temples with his fingertips. Amelia waited patiently for him to continue. "I heard about it. All of it. What you went through. When you were with him. It's not – it's not right. It's not responsible. For him to keep hurting you."

Amelia nodded. "He's not hurting me anymore. I left him."

"I know. But I just, I need to make sure. I just want to – to protect you. To make sure you're not getting hurt again."

Amelia's stomach did a flip-flop. There was something very vulnerable in his words, although she couldn't quite pinpoint it. An innuendo – something under the surface, left unsaid.

"So you came here to protect me?" she asked, a half-smile on her face.

"Yes. You could say that. And for business."

"And for business," she repeated.

He came here to protect me...

Jonathan cleared his throat but said nothing more. It was getting awkward, just standing there, so Amelia came up with an idea.

"What do you say we mix a little business with pleasure?" She raised her eyebrow, a mischievous smile on her face.

"What do you have in mind?" Jonathan asked.

"Water sports!" she exclaimed.

"Water sports?" He was unsure.

"Yes! Come on. It'll be fun. Both Stormfang and Moonstone are forest, rock-dwelling packs. I never get to play in the water. Let's let our hair down. Relax a bit! This is one of the best resorts around! Let's take advantage of it."

Jonathan could tell she wasn't going to take no for an answer. He sighed.

"Fine. But no water skis. I draw the line at being dragged along behind a boat."

Amelia clapped excitedly. "Perfect! Pick your poison. Paddleboarding? Sail boating? Scuba diving?"

Jonathan thought for a moment. What the hell! Why not go all out.

"Well, I've always wanted to try those little boat things that motor across the water," he confessed. "I can't remember what they're called."

"You mean jet skis?" Amelia laughed.

"Yes. Jet skis. They look like fun? No?"

"You really DO come from a forest pack. Yes. They're a blast. Let's go!" Amelia grabbed his hand and before Jonathan knew what was happening, he and Amelia were sailing through the water on jet skis.

It felt so good to let loose. The sun was shining, the water was cool and refreshing, and they were enjoying each other's company. They chased each other around the water, occasionally spilling off. But then Amelia motioned for him to follow. They zipped all the way down the shoreline until they found a little piece of private, unoccupied beach. They pulled up and sat in the sand.

"That was fantastic," Jonathan smiled, wet and out of breath. "I'd forgotten how fun water sports are."

Amelia nodded. Her cheeks were a little burnt and her hair was damp and askew. She'd never looked more beautiful. Jonathan was relaxed, his long legs spread out, sand in his eyelashes. He'd never looked more handsome.

"Time to talk business?" Amelia asked. Jonathan nodded, grateful for the distraction. "Well, I found out some more intel on Mandrake," she said.

"Spill," Jonathan replied.

"I think they might be a mixed company, like ours. Lucas is a werewolf, so I don't think they're only human. And get this. I think they might have an underground business. Something to do with weapons."

Jonathan had been running sand through his fingers, but he stopped suddenly. His shoulders tightened for a moment. "Is that so?" he asked, his voice a little unnatural. Amelia noticed his discomfort but just assumed it was because he was shocked by the news. She decided not to get into details about Lucas and the whole drugging fiasco – it might set Jonathan off and she wanted to stay focused on the task at hand. So instead, she told him about the resort and the short-comings she'd found.

"We can definitely address some of these problems. If the acquisition goes well."

"Are you still leaning towards Mandrake, then? As the better partner?" Jonathan asked.

"I think so, but I still need that meeting. Has your friend responded? Mandrake is still our best option, but I need to know more."

"Well that's also why I'm here," Jonathan said casually. "We're going on a trip tomorrow to Skylit Estates. That's the residence of their head. Didn't I mention that?"

"No! No you did not," Amelia said, her eyes wide.

"Ooops. Guess I forgot," Jonathan shrugged, feigning innocence. Amelia laughed and punched him lightly on the arm.

"Kind of an important detail to leave out." She smiled at him.

★ +25 BONUS

"I promised you a meeting. And a meeting you shall have."

The sun was starting to get lower on the horizon and the shadows on the beach were long.

"Guess it's time to be getting back," Jonathan sighed. "Our rental time is probably up."

Amelia nodded. But then she said, "Five more minutes?"

Jonathan smiled. "Five more minutes."

LIMITED OFFER:50 BONUS FREE FOR YOU!

Click to get it

🗨️ Comments

💎 Vote (579)