

Chapter 0017

After school, I drop Jason off and finally arrive at home after lugging my flowers around the rest of the afternoon. I have to admit they made me smile often. No one has ever done something like that for me. I've been wracking my brain to figure out who it could be, but honestly, the opportunities are nearly endless. I just have no idea, but I haven't given up, not by a long shot.

As I walk in the door, I hear dad from the other room, "Welcome home sweetheart, how was your....well, well, well, what have we here?" He asks, eyeing my flowers.

"Oh? This ol' thing?" I give him my best fake surprised look, then smile. "They are flowers. Apparently, I have a secret admirer." I look at the flowers again.

"White, huh?" He asks. "You know what white roses mean, don't you?"

I look at him confused. "The color of the rose means something?"

"Yep and white means something like loyalty and

purity.”

“Well, my admirer knows I’m a Guardian, so the loyalty fits. Not sure how many people know I’m ‘pure ’ but maybe this person is hoping?” I wiggle my eyebrows at my dad and we both laugh.

“Go get dressed for training, Car. I’ll meet you outside.”

That night, I looked at my beautiful roses, wondering who my mystery man could be.

My phone beeps and I see a text from Liam.

Liam: So, I hear I have some competition.

Me: If by competition you mean that you owe me flowers, then sure.

Liam: Mmhmm. You realize this is someone staking a claim, right Cara?

Me: It was flowers, not a romantic dinner. And did you know the color of flowers means something?

Liam: The color of roses means something. White meaning purity and innocence.

Me: Dad said it means loyalty and purity. And the person obviously knows I’m a Guardian, so the loyalty definitely fits.

Liam: If you need some help removing the purity, you know where to find me.

Damn, the thought of Liam removing my purity has me getting wet. I'm going to have to rub one out again tonight. 1

Me: Believe me, if you're my mate, my purity, innocence and virginity are all yours.

It's a few minutes before I get a response.

Liam: Now I need a cold shower. Go to bed Cara. Talk soon. Sleep well. Dream of me.

Me: Goodnight Liam

I take quite a ribbing at training the next morning. All the guys are asking who gave me flowers and offering to run them off if need be. I eliminated most of the guys from training after these conversations. These guys are more like my brothers, or brother's-in-arms when we have to fight. The only one that I can't scratch off the list is Trevor.

At school, I'm on a mission. I'm watching everyone. I don't see anyone that stands out and I'm frustrated when I get to the cafeteria for lunch. Jason walks in with me and we're walking up to get food when a woman dressed in a three piece suit and heels steps

up to me.

“Cara Nelson?”

I frown at her. What is this?

“Yes.”

“Excellent.” She turns and grabs a rolling cart with a plate covered with a silver dome and some other paraphernalia.

“Go ahead, I’ll follow you to your table.” She says as she stops to wait for me.

“Erm, what is this?” I ask because, seriously, what IS this?

“Your lunch.” She states as if it’s obvious.


“I didn’t order a special lunch.”


“It was ordered for you.” She smiles at me again.

“By whom?”

“There’s a card, but I was instructed not to give it to you until you were seated with your food.”

Uh-huh. Okay.

I turn and head to my usual table. Jason is looking at me wide-eyed. Lacey sidles up to me and hooks her arm through mine. “What’s going on?” 

 +15 BONUS

I look at the waitress over my shoulder. “Apparently, I had lunch ordered for me.”

She raises an eyebrow at me, “By whom?”

I give her a fake smile, “I don’t know. I apparently don’t get my card until after I have my meal in front of me.”

We get to the table and I turn to the waitress. “What’s your name?”

“Tamara.”

“Tamara, this is the table I usually sit at.” I point to the table and pull my bag off my shoulder and begin to set it on the table.

“Just one moment.” She says and I pull my bag back.

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