

Broken Warrior 90

Chapter 90

Since I don't have training when I get home, I decide to take some extra time and get ready for tonight. I take a long soak in my

tub, using the scents that Rik got me as one of my gifts. I light the candles and when I'm done, I rub the vanilla lotion into my

skin. I take some time blow drying my hair into big thick curls and I put a bit of make up on. Not too much, I don't want it to be too

obvious that I'm making an effort.

I put on an olive colored long-sleeve sweater dress with a cowl neck and black leggings before adding brown knee-high faux

suede boots.

Last night when I had my idea to invite Rik for dinner, I had planned out my side dishes to go with our steaks. Since dad always

grills steaks on Thursday, I decided to add some truffle butter to melt on top when they first come off the grill. Dad had gone to

the store today and gotten everything on my list, which included what I needed to make lobster mac and cheese and a wedge

salad. It's not

still decadent.

Ethereal but by my home cooked standards, it'

When dad rolls into the kitchen, he stops in his tracks. "Cara?"

I turn to look at him, ignoring his questioning stare. "Thanks for getting the lobster and truffle butter dad."

"Cara? Why are you so dressed up?"

I could pretend I didn't know what he's talking about, but I'm still a terrible liar. "I invited Alpha Rik to join us for dinner tonight.

Apparently, he has been asking his father to join him at these dinners for years but Anders would never let him come.

Supposedly this is 'your time'." I make air quotes when I say your time.

"Is that why we're having a fancy dinner tonight?" He asks.

“Well, it’s his first time eating dinner here.”

Dad interrupts me. “And you’re first time inviting a man to come over for dinner.” z

“He saved my life dad.”

“Uh–huh. Is that the story you’re going with Cara?”

“Don’t you have some steaks to be prepping or something?” I try to change the subject.

A knock came at the door. I sucked in a breath and looked at my dad. “I’ll get it.”

+15 ROUNDS

I walked to the door and brushed my hands down my dress. Why am I so nervous? I opened the door, a smile plastered on my

face.

“Oh, Anders. Hi. Come in.”

He raises a brow at my welcome. “You were expecting someone else?”

I just smile and point to the kitchen. “Dad’s just getting the steaks out. If you hurry, you might be able to help with something.” He

laughs and moves toward the kitchen. I close the door and lean against it. I feel like my nerves are already shot.

I walk back toward the kitchen, and I hear Anders asking dad about our lobster mac and cheese. “Did I do something amazing to

deserve such treatment?” He asks, just as I hear another knock at the door.

Anders head whips up and his brows furrow. He must be able to smell Rik’s scent at the door. “I’ll get it.” I say and turn on my

heel heading back to the door.

When I open the door, Rik is standing there, holding a bouquet of roses, a smile on his face. “Hey beautiful. These are for you.”

He says, and hands me the flowers.

I take the flowers and step out of the way. “Red this time.” I say.

He walks up to me, kissing my cheek, “Mmhmm, red has a different meaning than white.” He looks at me and for a moment and I

forget how to breathe. “Son? What are you doing here?”