

Chapter 0015

Charles

She was going to be the death of me. I was going to burn up with want of her, and she didn't even seem to know it. I could still see her sitting across from me trying to recover a bit of her price, a bit of her sense of control. I wanted to rip it from her hands. 3

It seemed that I would be romancing her into bed rather than the other way around. The thrill of a challenge, business and personal, felt like a rush of adrenaline. It wasn't the deal I wanted, but it was the challenge I needed.

I slid into the back seat of the car. 1

"How'd it go?" George asked as he pulled the car away from the curve.

"Not the deal I wanted, but not unworkable."

I looked out the window. I would get what I wanted. The clouds started to rumble and threaten rain. The windows fogged up as we came to a stop, and I saw Grace sitting under the thin covering of the train station.

"Pull over." George did so. I grabbed my umbrella and hustled across the street to her. I opened it as she looked up at me, still clutching the package like a lifeline.

"Let me give you a ride," I said.

"I—"

A stroke of thunder blotted out what she was going to say. She winced and sighed before nodding as the frigid rain began to fall. I had forgotten how cold it was in the northern areas of the continent.

She stood, shivering a bit and let me escort her back to my car. I opened the door and made sure she was inside before getting in on the other side. Immediately, my gut clenched and my cock stirred with interest. Her scent, a musky sweet scent, had already begun to fill the space. This was going to be hell, but worth it.

"Where to, Alpha Wolfe?" George asked.

"Wolfe Medical," she said and looked at me. "I don't suppose ... we could sign that deal officially today?"

"Of course." I didn't need to check my calendar. I had nothing else to do. I'd made sure of it in the slim chance that I could entice her to pick up where we'd left off. "Will you want the goodwill funds transferred to you directly or to the company account?"

"To me."

I nodded and began to type a message to the lawyer of the Inter-Species Federal Bank and pretending not to want to gather her hair in my hand and drag her closer to taste her

mouth again. When we reached the building, she looked up at the face of the building. I got out of the car and opened the umbrella for her as she exited. We walked into the building. She turned from the elevator and led me up the stairs. Halfway up the stairs, she paused, leaning on the stairwell. I stooped beside her, scenting the dip in her blood sugar.

"We should have eaten at Apex," I said, steadying her as she swooned.

"I—Whoa!"

I lifted her from her feet, cradling her against me before I stepped onto the rail of the stairs. She threw her arms around me.

"W-What are you doing?"

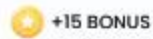
I smirked. "Indulging in the advantages of being an alpha lycan. Where is your office?"

"The top floor."

"Going up." I leaped and she squealed as we rocketed up the last few floors.

She shuddered as I landed gracefully on the rail of the top floor. A young woman stared at me, her sandwich halfway to her mouth.

"Your floor?" I stepped down and lowered her to the ground, but she was still clinging to me, shivering and shuddering.



Her heart was racing a mile a minute. I pulled her closer and hushed her gently.

"Forgive me," I whispered into her hair. "I didn't realize you had a fear of heights."

She said nothing as I rubbed her back and drew her closer, letting my warmth envelope her. I felt her tension start to ease until she sagged against me.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

She went still and pulled back, clearing her throat. She was still pale as she turned away from.

"I-I think you know quite enough about me for the time being. Shall we?"

I opened the door for her and allowed her to walk ahead of me. When we reached her office, I pulled the plush, knitted blanket and wrapped it around her before she sat at her desk. I pulled out my laptop and scanned the office for some way to get her something warm to drink, but there wasn't even a simple coffee pot in the office. As my laptop started up, I leaned out the door to where the young woman who had been eating in the stairwell was coming back.