

Geek Wolf Chapter 4 - Tips

Felix stood in front of the mirror as he shaved his face. He felt so nervous that he almost nicked himself. After he slid the final stroke over his neck, he washed the shaving cream from his face and slapped on his spicy aftershave.

He dressed in a casual suit he'd bought for occasions like business meetings and dates. He looked at himself in the mirror, liking what he saw. He knew that he was a good-looking man. Still, he hoped that his date found him attractive.

Felix certainly found Jasmine attractive. She had straight black hair, dark amber eyes, and delicate porcelain skin. Her curves went on for days. Just looking at her photograph made his mouth water and his wolf rumble in his chest. The beast howled the moment he'd seen her. Felix knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that Jasmine Flume was his mate.

He left his house and climbed behind the wheel of his SUV. Felix had a small acreage on the outskirts of town, not far from Patrick and Rebecca. He had a large parcel and that backed into the forest.

It was quiet and peaceful out there. The place gave Felix the perfect environment to concentrate on his work. One of the worst things about living in this new world was all the distractions. But he had a goal: to provide a good life for his family.

Just yesterday he'd been worried he would never find his mate. Now he was driving down the hill to meet her. She was staying at the Fate Island Lodge and had spent the day hiking.

As he turned the corner and approached the art district of Selkie, his heart fluttered in his chest. He had been waiting seventy-five years to meet his mate and today was the day he finally would. The streets around the gallery were packed.

Felix found a parking spot a few blocks away. He started down the street and smelled the warm air. As he rounded the corner, and he smelled the most divine perfume he'd ever experienced.

Felix looked up and saw her. Jasmine was dressed in a form-fitting black dress, her long dark hair swept back over her shoulders. He walked toward her, growing more agitated with every step.

Mate. Mate. Mate

His wolf growled. He had the most primal instinct to grab her and sink his teeth into her neck, claiming her right there on the street. Felix tried to banish the thought from his mind, but it was so intense that he found it impossible to push it aside. Heat rose in Felix's cheeks when he met Jasmine on the sidewalk.

“Jasmine,” he said in a low, throaty voice.

“Felix,” she said, reaching out to shake his hand.

He took her hand, cupping it with both of his. The instant their skin touched, a jolt of energy went up his arm, down his spine, and into his c0ck. He took a deep breath and let it out, trying to relax. His inner wolf was frantic, desperate for his mate. The wolf wanted to h.ug her, k!ss her, consume her.

“It’s good to finally meet you,” he said. “Have you been here long?”

“My ride just dropped me off.”

“Do you want to go inside?” he asked.

“I’m ready.”

Felix opened the door for her, and she thanked him as she passed. The smell of her was like nothing else he’d ever experienced: roses and sunsets and Christmas morning all rolled into one.

“Your brother’s mate is talented,” Jasmine said, her eyes widening as she took in the paintings. “These are beautiful.”

“I have one of her pieces hanging over my mantle. It really adds a dramatic touch to my living room.”

“I can imagine it would.”

“Felix,” Dalia said, hurrying towards them. Tate was right behind her with a big grin on his face. “I’m so glad you came.”

“Ah, Dalia, Tate, this is Jasmine Flume. We were matched yesterday on matedotcom.”

Dalia’s pretty face lit up with excitement as she turned to Jasmine. She took Jasmine’s hand in both of hers and squeezed.

“Congratulations,” she said. “You’re going to be so happy.” Then Dalia took a step back and held his and Jasmine’s hands at the same time. “Isn’t it wonderful, Tate?”

Tate wrapped his arm around his mate’s shoulders and looked down at her with loving eyes.

“I hope they will be as happy as we are,” he said, k!ssing her forehead.

Dalia turned to him and embraced him around the wa!st, her smile bright as the sunrise.

“Are you Jasmine Flume, the romance novelist?” Dalia asked, recognition washing over her face.

“One and the same,” Jasmine said, a pretty blush rising in her cheeks.

“Oh my God, I’ve read all your books. I know someone else who has too. Let me get her.”

Dalia turned around and disappeared into the crowd. A moment later she came back with Rebecca in tow. Rebecca’s face was bright red, and she could barely speak. The lawyer had never been at a loss for words in all the time Felix had known her.

“Jasmine Flume,” Rebecca stuttered.

“It’s nice to meet you,” Jasmine said.

“This is Rebecca Doolittle,” Dalia interjected. “She loves your books as much as I do.”

“That’s so nice of you. But I’m not the only artist here today. Your work... I just... I can’t even describe how beautiful it is,” Jasmine said.

“That means a lot to me, especially coming from you. You’re the one that made me believe that love was possible after everything I’ve been through.”

“Oh,” Jasmine said, pressing her hand to her heart. “To tell you the truth, I’ve been a little cynical about love myself lately.”

“You and Felix are perfect for each other. I can see it,” Dalia said. “I’ve got to go mingle with my guests. But there’s champagne and hors d’oeuvres. Please help yourself and enjoy.”

Dalia, Tate and Rebecca disappeared into the crowd, leaving Felix and Jasmine alone in a secluded corner.

“I hope that wasn’t too much for you,” Felix said.

“No, it’s perfectly fine. I literally want to buy every single one of her paintings. I wonder if she’d let me.”

“I’m sure that you could get one or two, but it looks like they’re selling pretty fast,” he said, pointing at a red dot near the painting they’d been gazing at.

“What is this I hear about Felix being matched with Jasmine Flume?” Luna said behind him. Felix turned. Luna cupped her growing belly. Rex held her shoulder protectively. “I’ve been a fan of yours for so long. Every time you have a new release, it sells out

immediately. I could barely keep them in stock over the years. I own New Moon Books. It's a couple of blocks from here."

"Oh, a real book lover, then," Jasmine said.

"You and Felix were matched yesterday, right?" Rex asked.

"This is our first date," Felix said.

"You two need time to get to know each other," Luna said, patting Felix on the shoulder. "There will time for fangirling later." The two of them said their goodbyes and walked around the gallery wall.

"Would you like a glass of champagne?" Felix asked.

"Yes, please," she said.

At the refreshment table, he poured two glasses of champagne and handed one to her. They turned a corner and found Damian and Venus taking pictures in front of one of Dalia's massive canvases.

"Is that Venus Jacobson?" Jasmine asked, stopping in her tracks.

"Venus is my brother Damian's mate."

"Can you introduce me to her?" Jasmine asked.

"So the tables have turned," he said with a chuckle.

"I've dreamed of having her on a book cover."

"Come on, I'll introduce you," he said, placing his hand on the small of her back. They walked over to Damian and Venus and Damian looked up from the camera.

"Damien, Venus, this is Jasmine Flume. We were matched on matedotcom yesterday. Jasmine is a big fan of yours, Venus."

"Thank you," Venus said, leaning in to kiss Jasmine on both cheeks.

"Jasmine is a romance novelist. She wants you to pose for one of her book covers."

"I'd love to be on the cover of a romance novel."

"Really?" Jasmine stuttered.

"Especially if I could do the shoot with Damian."

The two of them embraced and started doing dramatic poses suitable for the cover of a romance novel. Jasmine covered her mouth and started to laugh.

"I think you two would sell a lot of books."

"This is going to be the best project we've ever done," Damian said. They high-fived each other, kissed each other on the lips, and laughed again.

"Felix found his mate?" Thorne said.

Thorne, his mate Heather, and her three-year-old Maggie approached them.

"This is Jasmine," he said, introducing everyone.

"It's so good to meet all of you," Jasmine said.

"Is Blake here?" Felix asked.

He wasn't sure if he wanted to introduce Jasmine to his younger brother. He had been nothing but a dark cloud since they'd come to Fate Island.

"He's sulking back at the house," Damian said.

"Can't you take him to your place, Felix, now that you've settled then?" Venus pleaded.

"I need to focus on my work," Felix said, drawing his eyebrows together.

"Please," Venus said, grasping her hands together in a pleading gesture.

"I guess so," Felix said begrudgingly. "But he really needs to get his life together. He can't just keep acting like everything is against him and not take responsibility for himself."

"You're preaching to the choir," Damian said.

"I should kick his ass," Thorne added.

"Thorne," Heather said, covering her daughter's ears.

"Sorry. But it's true," Thorne said.

Damian and Thorne nodded in silent agreement.

"I don't think beating him up is going to help him," Felix said. "He needs a purpose. He needs something to look forward to."

“He needs a mate,” Damian said.

“If he found his mate, everything would be different,” Thorne said. “But we can’t count on that happening. You can’t press fate—you just have to let it happen.”

After meeting his brothers and their mates, Jasmine purchased three paintings, and the two of them left the gallery.

“Your family is amazing,” Jasmine as they walked toward his car. “I can’t imagine what it must’ve been like growing up with five brothers.”

“It was interesting,” Felix said with a chuckle.

“I’m an only child, but I always wanted a big family.”

“Our bond is strong, stronger than even typical shifter pack. It is inevitable after the time we served together.”

“Time you served?” she asked as they approached his car.

Felix loosened his tie, suddenly feeling his throat constrict. Explaining the curse to a human had proven challenging to several of his brothers. He knew he would have to tell her eventually.

They climbed inside, and she gave him a scrutinizing look.

“Were you all in prison or something?” she asked.

“Nothing like that,” he laughed. “But you may think it’s worse.”