

Chapter 6

Normal quickly went out the window as the Alpha came back the next day for breakfast. He sat down at one of my tables again, but not the same as at lunch the day before. I had to take almost all of Dara's tables to make her take his table. I worked my ass off and tried to keep an eye on him at the same time. I groaned when Dara tripped and spilled most of the coffee pot in his lap. Mrs Jones came out and apologised and I prayed to all the gods I knew she wouldn't make me take over the table. One of the gods apparently heard my plea, Mrs Jones took his table personally.

"Poor man, getting hot coffee all over his privates," she told me later, after the Alpha had left.

"Yes," was all I could say.

"And such a handsome and nice man. Not even a little angry or offended. He even gave a generous tip at the end."

"Probably because you charmed him," I said.

"Oh stop it," Mrs Jones said, blushing. Rich was chuckling. "Maybe hiring Dara wasn't the best decision," she added.

"Maybe not. But we won't find anyone else now. I'm sure we can survive the season," I told her.

"You're right. Let's just keep an eye on when she goes for the coffee pot." We all agreed. Dara didn't seem to realise what a commotion she had

caused. She was happy she hadn't needed to tend to as many tables as she usually did. Thankfully, Dara didn't work the lunch shift. CeCe came in and together we set the diner in order and CeCe told me the latest gossip. If it weren't for her and Mrs. Andersen, I wouldn't have a clue what happened in town. In the middle of the lunch rush, the Alpha came back and again sat in my section, but again at a different table.

"Please CeCe, can't you just take that table?" I pleaded.

"Why? I won't take it unless you tell me why you are so hellbent on not serving him," she told me.

"I don't know. I just don't like his vibe," I said.

"His vibe? Come on, Amie, there has to be something else," she insisted.

"I don't know, I just have a bad feeling about it. Can you take him? Pleeese." I tried my best at puppy dog eyes.

"Fine! But I'm only doing it because we don't get men like him that often and he's a good tipper. And god knows he deserves some decent service after what happened this morning," she relented.

"Thank you. I'll be forever grateful."

"If you really want to thank me, could you take care of Jessie?" she asked. I looked and saw that Jessie had sat down at one of her tables.

"Sure. Something wrong?" I asked. I knew CeCe and Jessie had a thing in highschool. A month of flirting leading to a one-night stand that fizzled out

into nothing. But neither of them had held a grudge and had been friends.

"Oh, eh, Well, I might have done something I shouldn't have the other night," CeCe said.

"You slept with Jessie?" I asked.

"Well, yes. I didn't mean to. It just sort of happened."

"Yeah, sure. You just stumbled, undid both of your pants and accidentally speared yourself on his meat sausage," I said, nodding.

"Shut up! And who says meat sausage?" CeCe giggled.

"I'll take Jessie and you take my table and everyone is happy," I said.

"Deal." I walked over to Jessie and saw him looking towards CeCe.

"Hi, Jessie," I said.

"Hi, Amie. Looking good today," he told me, but his usual line sounded flat.

"Thank you. Don't worry. She's a little freaked out at the moment, but give her a day to digest it and everything will be fine. Then you can ask her out for real," I told him. He looked at me like I was speaking martian.

"What?"

"I'm talking about CeCe. Don't pretend with me, Jessie. If you don't stop pretending and start acting like the adult you are, I'm going to have to kick your ass," I told him.

"Right," he said, a small blush on his cheeks. "So, a couple of days?"

"Yes, no more than two. Come in with a nice bouquet of flowers and be sweet to her."

"I can do that," he said with a nod.

"Of course you can. Do you want your usual, or are you ready to try something new?" I asked.

"No, I'll have what I always have. Thank you, Amie," he said.

"No problem." I handed the order to the kitchen and made sure my tables had what they needed and kept an eye on the Alpha. I needed to think of a strategy for dealing with him. It didn't seem like he would give up, but at the same time, he hadn't approached me. So I had no clue what he wanted. Again he left the diner without so much as a glance in my direction. Maybe I was overthinking things? Maybe he was just a tourist? I didn't even know if my lack of wolf and all the years living with humans had masked my wolf scent. To be on the safe side, I went straight home after work and stayed inside until just after lunch the next day. I had the late shift and was happy to see CeCe talking to Mrs Jones.

"There she is," Mrs Jones brightly said.

"Hey guys, what's up?" I asked.

"CeCe has just been filling me in on your dark, mysterious hunk of a man," Mrs Jones told me.

"Who?" I don't think I fooled anyone.

"Mr hot coffee pot in the knee," Mrs Jones reminded me.

"Oh right, him. What about him?"

"He was here for breakfast, and lunch, seemed disappointed not to see you here," CeCe told me.

"Oh please. He doesn't know I exist," I said.

"I don't know. I think you have a new suitor," Mrs Jones said, sounding giddy. I just shook my head and got on with work. If the Alpha had come in twice again today, I could scratch the idea that it was just a coincidence. What did he want with me? Did he think I was a rogue? There were no packs in the area, so he couldn't be worried I was going to poach on his pack's territory. My thoughts occupied me all through the dinner service. The Alpha hadn't come in. Maybe he didn't do dinner service. Could I talk to Mrs Jones and be put on the late shift everyday for a couple of weeks? I was just trying to figure out a good reason to ask when the door opened and the Alpha stepped inside. There went my new plan out the window. As usual, he sat down in my section.

"CeCe," I started, but before I could say anything else, she held up a hand.

"No, Amie. It's time to put on your big girl panties and deal with him. He is obviously trying to get you to wait on him. He is always sitting in your section, each time choosing a table he has seen you serve. Now, put on a smile and go over there and see what that hunk of a man wants," CeCe said.

"I don't want to," I objected.

"Too bad. Now shoo, I have my own tables to handle. I'm only doing this because I love you," she told me. Okay, so I needed to do this. It would be alright, I was in the middle of the diner and nothing could happen to me here. The worst he could do was to talk to me. I took a deep breath and walked over to his table.

"Hi, I'm Amie and I'll be your waitress today. What can I get for you?" I said in my cheerful work voice.

"Hello, Amie. I'm Finlay and you are one hard waitress to get hold of," he said in a rich and soothing voice.

"Excuse me?" I said. He chuckled.

"Nothing. I'll have the pork chops," he told me.

"Sure thing, and to drink?"

"A Coke please."

"Coming right up," I said, grabbing his menu and disappearing to hand his order to the kitchen. I gave him his Coke and then his food. We were polite to each other, but he didn't try to start a conversation. I felt relieved, I had overreacted. Nothing was going to happen. That was until I brought him his check. The dinner rush had been over for a while and the diner was almost empty except for a couple of locals sitting around, drinking coffee. I walked up to his table and put down the check. I was just about to leave.

"Amie, wait a moment," he mumbled, low enough not to be overheard, but loud enough for me to hear. I froze and turned back towards him. "I think we need to talk," he told me.

"I don't think we do," I said, using the same low voice as him. A smile appeared on his lips. It didn't make him look even sexier. Not even a little.

"I don't mean you harm, little wolf, I just want to talk," he said. I scoffed. Little wolf, my ass.

"So talk," I dared him.

"Not here. Too many interested ears. Someplace, private."

"Yeah, I don't meet strange men, especially strange wolves, alone. I don't have a death wish."

"I promise you are safe with me," he told me.

"Said no predator ever," I remarked. It made him chuckle again.

"I guess you are right. Is there a public place we can talk then?" he asked. I sighed. I didn't want to talk to him, but on the other hand, I had a feeling he wouldn't leave me alone until I did. I could tell the sheriff that Finlay was stalking me, or I could tell Jessie. Either way, I knew they would try to run him out of town. The operative word was try. There wasn't much they could do against an Alpha.

"Fine. Behind the library there is a trail leading to the lake. There are some picnic tables there. No one uses them before noon," I told him. He nodded.

"When can I meet you?"

"I have tomorrow off. Meet me at ten in the morning."

"I'll be waiting for you, Amie," he told me.

"Okay, that isn't creepy at all," I said and walked away. I could hear him chuckling. He left shortly after, leaving a good tip. I sighed. It felt like I had sealed my fate.

Roxl G

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