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“That’s stupid.” Travis grumbled, lifting his eyes from his game boy for the first time in the past hour.

Letting her head lull against the back of the soft chair she sat in, Rebecca closed the thick story book around her thumb, effectively holding her place within the many pages. For the past half an hour she’d done what she did every night, after getting the energetic twin in their separate beds one of the twins chose a book for their nightly bedtime story.

Emma shot a glare across from her side of the room to her disagreeable twin. “Shut up, Travis.”

Turning her attention back to Rebecca, Emma clutched her stuffed orange and black striped tiger closer to the soft material of her purple Barbie nightgown. “What happened next, Becca?” her voice filled with innocent wonder.

“Maybe that’s enough for tonight.” Rebecca began to extract her thumb from the book, but was stopped by the sound of Emma’s cry of denial.

“No! I wanna hear more! Come on, Becca; you promised.” She cried out with a pout.

Rebecca winced when her gaze collided with Emma’s beseeching dark brown eyes. The same big eyed, pleading look a small puppy gave. Emma always knew how to guilt her into anything. Glancing down at her wrist watch, she affirmed it was well past eight-thirty, within the time the twins should already be asleep.

“It’s time for you to go to bed, Emma. We’ll read some more on Tuesday.”

Closing the book, Rebecca rose from her comfortable seat, replacing the book on the tall white bookshelf beside bedroom door. Tonight had been Emma’s turn to choose which book would be read; unsurprisingly she’d chosen “Beauty and the Beast, The Madame Le Prince de Beaumont version”. The very same book that Rebecca had given Emma as a gift, when she’d made the highest grade in her kindergarten class.

Turning around she made her way to Emma’s bed, where she still sat up clutching at her stuffed tiger, idly rubbing one of the orange ears. Sitting down on the edge of Emma’s flowered comforter, Rebecca reached for the small lamp that set in the large space between Emma and Travis’s twin beds. Turning the small switch and with a small click the bedroom smothering the bedroom in moonlit darkness. Almost

immediately a small crescent moon shaped nightlight on the bookshelf began to glow in the shadowy room.

“Why can’t we read more tomorrow?” Emma asked grudgingly, when Rebecca stood, pulling aside the thick comforter, Emma obediently crawled under it.

“Because tomorrow you guys are going to your Grandma’s and Monday night it’s Travis’s turn to pick the book we’ll read.”

Emma crunched up her face in disagreement. “He only likes video games.”

Smiling gently, Rebecca nodded her head in agreement. “That reminds me.” Walking across the room, Rebecca could clearly see Travis in the dimly lit room, the lit up screen of his game boy illuminated his small face. He still sat on top of his navy colored comforter; his blue eyes flickered back and forth across the screen of his black game boy. Coming to stop near his bed, her hands closed over the game boy, pulling it out of his two small clutching hands.

Travis made a hopeless grab for the game boy. “Hey! Give it back!”

Turning the game boy off, she folded the screen down. “Go to sleep.”

“I was almost to level twelve!”

“Well, Zeda can wait until tomorrow.”

“It’s Zelda.” Travis grumbled with a pout.

Her unflinching gaze settled over his stubborn one. A look no doubt he inherited from his even more stubborn father. “Go to sleep Travis.”

Giving her a pouting look, like his twin he crawled beneath his comforter and settled against the soft matching pillow. Laying the game boy down on top of the bookshelf, her eyes slowly swept over the twins bed one last time. Somehow both of Eric’s children always seemed to fall asleep the second their heads hit the pillow. Travis had lain down with his back toward her, no doubt put out with the confiscation of his video game. Emma snuggled on her side; in her sleep she continually rubbed the side of her face against her pillow in effort to get comfortable. Her stuffed tiger still clutched to her small body.

Deep in her heart, she knew that she wouldn’t always be needed for Emma and Travis. But in the past few months they both had found a way to weasel through her

armor and into her heart. How would she walk away from them afterwards? No doubt Emma and Travis could tell she wasn't a shifter like them, but they had done nothing but treat her like a member of the family.

Quietly closing the door behind her as she left, Rebecca slowly made her way down the short hall way and down the maroon carpeted stairs. Her eyes drifted over the collection of framed baby photos and other pictures that documented Emma and Travis's memories. She spotted several photos of the twins with Sarah, their grandmother. But there was only one picture with Eric. It was her favorite picture out of them all, because it was the only photo of them that she'd taken.

Taken last month at the park, the photo showed Eric lounging on a blanket with Emma and Travis crawling over him in a mock of a wrestling match. Eric's handsome face glowed with happiness as his large arms wrapped around the two wiggling children. They really made a happy family. A family, Rebecca knew she'd never be a part of.

With her family gone, Rebecca found herself constantly marveling at the beauty of many family photos wherever she worked. But never had she stared at a picture of her employer the way she did now. She didn't understand the strange pull she felt towards him. It wasn't as if Eric even liked her. Several times she'd caught Eric looking at her, but it wasn't soon after meeting her gaze that he found an excuse to leave the room. No doubt; he found humans to be unattractive and beneath him. Maybe if she'd been a shifter...

Rebecca immediately shook off the thought before her idle brain could complete it. Eric was her boss and he would remain so if she valued her job and life. He would never see past her weak human form and she couldn't look past the vicious beast that she knew lurked beneath the surface.

After straightening up the slightly cluttered living room, she found herself near the end of her nightly chore list. Standing in front of the double sink, her hands moved quickly across the soiled dishes. When one dish was spotless, she deposited it in the other sink, filled with clear, rinse water. From there she plucked it out and laid it gently on the wooden dish rack beside the sink.

Finally finished, she grabbed a dish towel and dried her hands. Turning to the dish rack, she began putting the newly cleaned dishes where they belonged. Setting the last of the dishes away, her ears picked up the sound of several male voices coming from the porch.

Giving the clean kitchen one final look over, she headed to the laundry room located by the staircase. Taking the last load out of the dryer, she focused on ignoring the conversation that became louder as Eric and his visitors entered through the kitchen. Not wanting to interrupt or be introduced to anyone in her rumpled appearance, Rebecca stayed in the laundry room as she sorted and folded the last load of the night.

The sound of heavy footsteps nearing the dimly lit room made her heart begin to race. She prayed they were just heading into the living room to watch some TV and had no intention of coming near her. When the footsteps seemed to draw closer, she felt her heart race more.

Looking down at the polished red washier, Rebecca winced at her blurry reflection. Her high ponytail was crooked and many strands of her hair fell tangled around her face and her blue t-shirt was dirty and damp from dish water. She didn't want to meet Eric's colleges like this! Her only hope was that she could finish folding the clothes and put them away quickly, then slip out before being seen.

"There you are." Gasping in surprise, Rebecca closed her eyes, holding a hand over her racing heart as Eric's tall frame suddenly filled the doorway. "Sorry I didn't mean to scare you."

"You didn't." Dropping her hand from her wet chest, she roughly shoved her tangled strands of hair behind her ears. "I'm just finishing up and then I'm out of here." Gently setting the three piles of folded clothes in the square basket, she tried to slip past him; but he refused to move from his position in the doorway.

"That can wait a second."

Reaching out he tried to gentlemanly extract the tan weaved basket from her delicate arms. Rebecca repositioned the basket on her opposite hip, away from him, her eyes flashing challengingly at him. Moving toward her, Eric tried once again to take the basket from her and once again she stepped aside, evading him.

Glaring down at her, he held out his hands. "Give me the damn basket."

"No. I want to put these where they need to go so I can go home. Now if you'll excuse me." Before Rebecca could walk around him, his hand shot around her, snagging the basket from her grip. Ignoring her sound of frustration, he dropped the basket carelessly on top of the washier.

Grasping a hold of her wrist, he tugged her out of the laundry room, causing her to stumble behind him. "Come, I want to meet some people."

Futilely, she tried to reclaim her hand. “Eric, you can’t introduce me to your colleges with me looking like this.”

“Why the hell not?” coming to an abrupt halt, he turned to face her, His hand still shackling her wrist.

“Look at me. My clothes are wet and dirty, my hair is messed up—”

Raising a skeptic brow, Eric scoffed. “So what? It’s not as if they’d be interested in you anyway.”

Finally fed up with being treated like a dog being led by a leach, Rebecca jerked her hand from his grasp. Shocked that she was able to pull from his hold, Eric turned to watch her quietly. Raising her chin, definitely at him, her hand reached up to shove her fall dark hair from her face.

“Fine, I’ll meet your friends. But next time, I expect to be asked nicely and in advanced. Furthermore; you may be my boss, Eric; but that doesn’t give you the right to drag me around like a dog.” By the time she finished railing at him she was panting for breathe. Eric’s surprised face turned to his normal stern one.

His forehead rippled with a deep frown and his full lips tensed in a hard line. Not bothering to answer her he continued the rest of the way across the living room and into the kitchen. Given no other choice, Rebecca followed him, all the while doing her best to straighten her appearance as the sound of male voices grew louder.

“Where’d you disappear to Alpha?” shooting a warning glance at Jason’s question, Eric flicked his eyes toward Rebecca. Silently cautioning everyone to watch what they said around the human in the room.

Walking past the three watchful wolves in the room, Eric headed to the fridge, while calling over his shoulder. “Everyone this is Rebecca. She looks after the house and my children.” Reaching into the fridge he withdrew a chilled bottle of water. Walking back to the group, he stood next to Rebecca and began introducing each male before her.

“This is Jason; he’s my... assistant of sorts.” He explained hesitantly. Rebecca’s gaze shifted to look up at Eric’s as he quickly averted his gaze. Through his cool exterior she could see that Eric was on edge with his pack members; or at least that’s what she assumed they were, around her. Perhaps he was concerned that one may say something to endanger their secret in front of her. Regardless what the reason for his strange demeanor, she had to play along.

As Jason stepped forward, offering his hand in greeting, Rebecca couldn't help but stare at his handsome face. His nearly black hair fell to his shoulders, pulled back tightly in a meager ponytail. She wasn't surprised to see his eyes mirroring the same richness of his hair color. With his dark olive skin color and his almond shaped eyes, she would guess that he had strong Native American Indian heritage in his family somewhere.

He smiled warmly down at her as his large hand cupped her smaller one. "So you're the elusive Rebecca? Eric talks about you all the time."

Rolling her eyes gently pulled her hand away from Jason's gentle grasp. "I'm sure it wasn't all good things. I have a habit of irritating people to the point of insanity."

Letting out a rumbling laugh, Jason's lips curved into a soft smile. "I doubt that."

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Clearing his throat loudly, Eric's hard eyes bore into Jason's, giving a clear warning for him to back away from the small human. Nodding his head at Eric in acknowledgement, Jason turned and settled down one of the kitchen table chairs.

Only after making one introduction, Eric was seeing that introducing Rebecca to his Beta's and Damon was the worst mistake he'd ever made. His eye flashing over all their expressions made it clear. Every one of them watched Rebecca with a look of hunger and longing. How dare they look at her that way! He should kick them all out now, including Rebecca! How dare she look so tempting, so...something! Somehow he couldn't fight the growl that rumbled deep in his chest, the feeling of protectiveness that flooded all his senses.

Mine...Only mine... the thought came from deep down, from his wolf.

Shock rocked him, nearly causing him to crust the plastic water bottle in his hand. There it was again, the invasive sound of his wolf's thoughts. How was that possible? A shifter's inner beast only fully emerged like that when a true mate was near. This confused him, causing his gaze to focus on Rebecca's. Growing impatient with the nonsense of his own thoughts he quickly finished introducing the last two, barely patiently waiting wolves before him.

"And Damon and Chris, Damon is an old friend and Chris is another assistant." His hand gestured to each one as he rushed out their names past his snarling lips.

“It’s great to finally meet you.” Just as Chris stepped forward to shake her hand, he was shoved back by Damon as he moved in front of him. Smiling charmingly down at her surprised face, his large hand engulfed hers. Rebecca felt her breath catch in her chest.

“Rebecca...” he murmured her name softly as his head lowered to her hand. His firm lips brushed gently against her soft skin.

Pulling her hand away from sinful attentions of the handsome man in front of her, Rebecca couldn’t miss the look of unrelenting anger that swam in the depths of Eric’s blue eyes. What was his problem?

“There.” Eric snapped, his eyes flashing dangerously at each of the moonstruck idiots in the room. “You’ve met her. Now let’s get on with business.” Looking down at Rebecca, he desperately tried to reign in his wolf before it broke free and he did something he’d regret. “You can go finish your duties now. Once you’re done, you can leave for the night, no need to inform me when you leave.” Ignoring the way her eyes narrowed at him in outrage, Eric motioned for the others to follow him as he made his way to his office. But no one moved an inch. All their attention was on Rebecca as she smiled friendly at each of them.

“It was nice to meet all of you. Good evening.” With a friendly wave goodbye she quickly left the drooling werewolves staring after her retreating form. Not that she was aware of her alluring effect on the three seasoned wolf shifters.

Chris let out a heavy, longing breath as he continued to stare in the direction vanished mortal. “I now see why you didn’t want any of us coming over unannounced.”

“God, I have never seen such a more tempting sight.” Damon smiled dreamily as he took a deep inhale, drawing her lingering scent inside his body.

“She’s not off limits, is she?” Jason asked with curiosity, leaning his face against his braced hand. Out of all three of them Jason seemed to be the only one retaining some of his sense.

Crumbling the plastic water bottle in his hand in restrained anger, Eric’s sharp eyes flashed dangerously. “Yes, she is.”

Tossing the demolished bottle in the small trash can, he couldn’t help but allow his gaze to follow the same direction as the others. When had she begun to smell so good? Her scent made his wolf want to rub against every part of her body, marking

her skin with not only his scent, but to brand hers into his also. Maybe she was wearing a new perfume?

Turning back the waiting trio, Eric let out a heavy breath. He couldn't wait for tonight to end. His body felt too strung while his mind was full of anxiety. Something in his life was unbalanced, the question was; what was it?

"Let's get this finished." Eric growled out.

Without another word he strode from the kitchen, not caring whether or not the others were following. One thing was for certain, he would never be introducing Rebecca to anyone ever again. Moments ago she had seemed to turn the most vicious werewolves he'd ever met, into obedient puppies. He just prayed that he continued remained immune.

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This had to be the third time in a half an hour that Eric's eyes had shot to the small clock that sat on the edge of his desk. Chris and Jason's voices seemed to drone on in the background of his mind. Gathered around his desk, they had been reviewing changes in the blue prints for the past half hour, but Eric couldn't seem to get his mind to focus. For reasons he couldn't fathom, his thoughts kept drifting to Rebecca. What was she doing right now? His keen sense of smell and hearing told him she was upstairs, moving quietly from room to room putting clothes away.

"Alpha," Jerking his eyes up to Jason's studying eyes, Eric mentally shook himself. He needed to focus on the matter at hand and not on the forbidden mortal woman in his house.

"Maybe we could just meet up later and finish these last details at a later date?" Damon suggested from his leaning position against the far wall beside the door. Stuffing his hands in his jean pockets, Damon's hopeful eyes trailed out into the living room, no doubt hoping to catch glimpses of Rebecca leaving.

"What's wrong, Damon? Are we making you late for a date? Don't you ever think of anything productive?" Chris mumbled as he wrote a measurement note on the blue print before him.

Damon smirked, "I'll have you know my thoughts and my actions are very productive."

“Spare us the details, Damon. You’ve put off his project long enough and I do have more important things to do with my time than run after you to get your final approval on these.” Eric indicated to the blue prints in front of him. “If we want to start building before fall comes we have to do it soon, so get over here and look at these damn papers.”

“I must say, Eric; you seem a bit testy tonight. Nothing a night in the naked arms of a beautiful woman wouldn’t cure.” Damon suggested teasingly.

Rolling his eyes, Eric let out a tire groan, “If I recall correctly, there are a few females within my pack that have been dying to get their hands on your address and cell number. I recall them not sounding like they were fans of yours.”

Holding up his hands in surrender, Damon crossed the distance between himself and the others. “Alright, Alright, Threats do not become you, my friend.”

Smiling softly Damon looked over the spread out blue prints of his future house, while Chris described the measurements and structural design of each area and Jason suggested the best materials to choose from. Eric wasn’t all that surprised when Damon asked as few as questions as he could. He knew the only reason Damon wanted this house built was so he had a place to live as far from his own pack as possible, not that he’d shared any further information beyond that.

“Do you have sample photos of what the living room windows could look like?” Damon asked curiously.

Eric as well as his Beta’s narrowed his eyes in suspicion. “Why do you want to see photographs of window designs, when Chris as several sketches of them in front of you?”

“I just can’t seem to picture it right in my head. Photos may help give me a better perspective.”

Rubbing his tired eyes, Eric nodded toward waiting Chris. Not wasting a moment Chris and Jason walked over to Eric’s tall black filing cabinet and began withdrawing several folders. As they flipped through each folder, Eric leaned his head against the headrest of his chair, none of them aware that Damon was quietly slipped from the room.

Opening his eyes, Eric rose to his feet to stretch. His irritated gaze falling on his Beta’s as they flipped through the photos in their hands. “Did you find it?”

“Yes, Alpha,” Jason mumbled straitening his collection of pictures.

“Alright, Damon, No more stall—” turning Eric was greeted by an empty space that Damon had previously occupied. Looking around the room, Eric let out a low growl. Where was that idiot now?

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My feet hate me. Rebecca thought to herself as she quietly walked out of Eric’s room. After today’s long day, she was looking forward to a long hot bubble bath and crawling into her warm bed. The aching of her feet made her so happy that she was off for the next two days. Emma and Travis were spending the weekend with their grandmother so obviously Eric would have no need of her until Monday.

Softly closing the door behind her, Rebecca was surprised when she bounced back against the door after running into a hard, warm wall in front of her, a warm wall, which came with a pair of large hands that wrapped around her arms to steady her. Looking up she was surprised to see the golden eye candy; Damon blocking her path.

He smiled warmly down at her. “Sorry. I thought you heard me call out to you.”

“It’s okay.” She murmured, pulling her arms from his strong hands.

“I’m glad I caught you before you left.”

“Why? Does Eric need something?”

Stepping closer, Damon reached out, stroking the arch of her cheek. “Don’t worry about Eric. It’s me you should worry about.” He whispered, his face moving closer and closer toward hers.

“Excuse me?” bewildered, Rebecca tried to put space between their bodies.

“You’re in danger of me kissing you right now. What do you think about that?” His lips hovered a mere few inches from hers.

Slapping her hand over his hovering mouth, Rebecca slowly pushed Damon out of her personal space. Laughing softly at his flirtatious words, she shook her head. “I think your barking up the wrong tree.” In more ways than one, wolf-boy,

Turning his face, Damon rubbed his cheek against the palm of her extended hand, causing Rebecca to jerk it back. Planting a hand on the wall beside her head, Damon leaned dangerously close to her. “Why do you say that? Am I not your type?”

“I don’t have a type and I don’t want to be used so you can gloat to Eric.”

“Trust me it’s you that I am interested in, not pissing off Eric. Are you free tomorrow night?”

Stepping around him, Rebecca turned to face him with her back to the stairs. “I’m not in a habit of dating men I just met.”

Stepping closer to her, he reached down and took possession of one of her hands, enfolding his hands around hers. His blue eyes bore into hers, beseechingly. “Then get to know me. I know a great Italian place.”

She shook her head, befuddled. What was it going to take for this guy to take a hint? “Damon—”

“What’s going on here?” a rumbling voice boomed from the stairs. Startled; Rebecca jerked her hand from Damon’s loose grip and spun around, coming face to face with seething Eric standing on the top step.

“Eric. Damon and I were just—” Before Rebecca could begin explaining the awkward situation she’d found herself in, Eric’s sharp gaze shot above her head to Damon.

“Jason has the pictures you need. Go take a look.”

Shrugging, Damon smiled teasingly. “I don’t need to see them. Everything looks great from what I see.” His eyes trailed over Rebecca suggestively.

Narrowing his eyes, a low growl unwillingly tore through Eric’s throat. “Wait downstairs, Damon. Now,”

Giving Eric a smug look, Damon made his way, slowly down the stairs. Eric’s now glowing, predatory eyes following Damon’s every step until he disappeared from sight. Moving with soft, graceful movements, Rebecca neared the steps and had almost slipped past Eric before his hand shot out toward the wall, blocking her path. His eyes flashed dangerous over her startled face. She was forced to step back as Eric advanced towards her, until she was trapped between the cool wall and Eric’s hot body.

His chest fell and rose with his rapid breaths, his hard features seemed to be carved out of granite. “What the hell was that?”

She shrugged her shoulders, unconcerned. “Nothing, we were just talking.”

“Talking? Talking about what?” he asked, his voice turning stone cold serious.

Cool and calm, Rebecca crossed her arms over the swell of her breasts, “None of your business.” She instantly felt on edge by his questioning. Why should she tell him anything? She hadn’t done anything wrong. “You’re the one that introduced me to him; it stands to reason that we would talk to one another.”

“Listen and listen carefully, Rebecca. I don’t care what you do in your personal time, but when you are in my house you will behave as though you actually possess some doctrine. I can’t have you distracting my workers with your provocative appearance.”

Letting out a gasp of outrage, Rebecca shoved past him. “Provocative! There is nothing provocative about my appearance. Damon came on to me not the other way around.”

“He came on to you? How?” Eric’s wolf leapt toward the surface at her words, giving Eric barely enough time to face away from her to hide his partial shifting features and glowing eyes. His wolf was enraged that another male had dared approach her and for some reason, Eric didn’t like the idea much either.

“Just tell me something, Eric.” She continued, her voice was soft; but strung tightly. “What is so provocative about my appearance?”

Taking a calming breathe he was able to shove his resistant wolf back down within his soul. Turning to face her, he pointed at the rumpled and dirty blue t-shirt and jeans, thankful that his hand was normal and not covered in fur and claws. “This outfit is...inappropriate.”

Planting her hands on her hips, Rebecca looked down at her food smeared and wrinkle ridden clothes. “How so?”

Her question caught Eric off guard. He hadn’t expected her to inquire beyond his response. Her clothes weren’t really inappropriate. They were sinful. Her t-shirt, though it was just a plain, high collar t-shirt, it cupped and molded against her full breasts and the soft curve of her stomach. His eyes traveled down to her faded blue jeans. They were made for her, hugging and cupping the meaty curve of her buttocks and strong thighs.

More than anything he wanted to peel her figure hugging pants down and sink his teeth into her meaty flesh. She was becoming too much of a temptation for him. But still he fought against his baser instincts.

Unsure how to deal with his willful human, he lied, “You look like a street walker, if you weren’t dressed like this; you wouldn’t have to worry about Damon coming on to you. Remember to dress more appropriately from now on and we won’t have to worry about you attracting unwanted attention from my workers.”

His wolf practically wagged his tail at the sight of fire leaping into her eyes; he had become very fond of her temper. It had become his greatest ally in fighting this new born attraction to her that he couldn’t fathom, and was the only thing that kept him from reaching out and taking her as he wished to.

“A street walker?” advancing on him, Rebecca now had Eric backing up, startled. “Let me tell you something, Eric; I will not apologize for how I look and if it bothers you so much I’d be happy to scratch your eyes out!” she raged, her finger jabbing into his chest warningly.

During watching her rage at him, something shifted inside him. Some strange invisible force seemed to make being this close to her unbearable. As if he’d go mad if he didn’t touch her. The scent of her anger rose from her pores mixed with her personal alluring scent. Eric suddenly couldn’t get enough.

Before either of them knew what was happening, Eric’s hands gripped around her upper arm, jerking her stiff form against his. Bending down his lips covered hers in breathless urgency. Shocked; Rebecca froze under his assault. His tongue swept past her lips and into her gasping mouth.

His hands moved from her arms up to grip her unraveling ponytail and holding the back of her head still for his exploration. Leaving the haven of her mouth, his teeth nipped and pulled at her bottom lip before his tongue swept teasing over the plump flesh.

Rebecca felt herself being pulled inevitably closer to Eric through his kiss. How long had she wanted this? How long had she dreaded this? Her body softened against his hard frame, warm sensations from his gripping hands in her hair and the soft scratching of his nails against the back of her skull began to pour over her, causing goose bumps to rise on her arms.

As he broke away from her swollen lips, the temptation to pull him closer almost was her undoing, until Eric’s husky voice broke through the heavy fog that covered her brain.

“Rebecca.” Her name whispered from his parted lips, as his chest rose and fell with exhilaration.

His eyes burned over her flushed features and panting lips, his green irises illuminated in the darkness of the hallway. Instead of being fearful of the unnatural glow, Rebecca felt herself being drawn closer by the beautiful glowing orbs that gazed gently down at her.

Forcing his glowing eyes to darken to normal, Eric strived to put some distance between their desire ridden bodies. “You invite too much unwanted attention, causing males do things they would never do otherwise.”

Jerking away from his warm hand that still held the back of her head, Rebecca rubbed furiously at her lips as she tried to rid herself of the delicious taste of him. The overwhelming desire for his strong body quickly turned to self loathing.

Did he mean that he wouldn't have kissed her if she hadn't enticed him in some unknowing way? How dare him! He was the one to kiss her! Ignoring his still glowing eyes, Rebecca swung her hand at his face before giving it a second thought. Her hand stung as it met Eric across his face. Not waiting around to see his reaction, Rebecca raced down the stairs. Stopping in the kitchen to grab her purse she was surprised to see Damon leaning against the bar pulling a water bottle from his firm lips, a questioning look on his face.

Setting the bottle on the bar, he slowly began to approach her. “Are you okay?” His eyes filled with curious concern.

Glaring up at him as she snatched her purse off the bar, releasing a huff of breath. “You can pick me up at eight.” Without another word she opened the front door, slamming it behind her for good measure. Storming over to her car, she jerked the door open in anger.

Inviting unwanted attention? I'll show him unwanted attention!