

## 5. Coffee

I wake up to a figure looming over me.

"Goddess!" I exclaim, clutching my racing heart.

The figure chortles and it sounds very much like Ray. "Get yo ass off the bed, princess. Just 'cause you hooked up with the boss don't mean you get to sleep in!"

Hooked up with who? I jerk into a sitting position, looking around with bleary eyes. My head is pounding and the colours seem all too bright.

The events from last night come running back and the last thing I recall is fleeing from the elevator. I peer down at my legs. Tucked in. I raise my fingers, turning them over as I stare with a frown. Clean. No blood.

"Ray," I mutter, pushing back the covers. "What happened last night?"

She snorts, prying open my dresser and hurling a towel at my head. "I should be asking you that, girl. How was it?!"

Brows furrowed, I pull down the towel, ignoring the pounding in my head. "How was what?"

She looks back at me incredulously. "No, girl. Don't play dumb with me. The sex! How was it?! Is he as good they say he is??"

I blink. "What on earth are you talking about?" I'd almost gotten myself shipped back to Lycanthia--Goddess, I had almost died, and she's asking me about...sex?

She closes my dresser and leans against the door, hugging her chest. "I'm out there searching high and low, thinking something awful happened to you. Then Owen spills the beans that you left with some dude. I'm like, 'She's a grown woman, she'll be fine.' But nooo, by 2am, who shows up at my doorstep? Sinclair--fuckin'--Winchester, holding yo passed out ass! And to top it off, you're sporting his clothes! Girl, you're something else!"

I look down at myself. An oversized black shirt clings to my frame. A quick sniff has my insides turning warm. A lacy bra I don't recognize peeks out from the undone buttons and I'm not sure what to feel. Embarrassed or mortified. He'd changed my underwear too? Did he stare at me? Did he take photos for later? Did he paint my naked body--because I wouldn't put it past him.

Don't let them take me back.

I groan, pulling the covers over my head. What else did I say to him?

"He got you that bad, huh? Damn girl--"

I hurl a pillow at her before she can suggest more things. "Nothing happened!" I yell, even if I'm not entirely sure about that.

"Sure."

I lick my lips. "Did he say anything before he left?"

Ray's perfectly carved brows rise. "Like what? Take care of her?"

My eyes widen. "He said that?"

"Hell nah, girl, but he did drop this off," she says, strolling to the make-up table. She grabs a white sheet off it and hands it to me.

"What's this?" I ask, cheeks heating up as I unfold the paper. Surely, he didn't drop a love--

I scowl at the elegant scrawl that looks almost calligraphic. "Don't be late, Ms. Sullivan. And I like my coffee scalding hot."

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After six returns to the Café to get Mr. Winchester's order, I arrive at the door to our office a couple of minutes after six.

I stand outside for a moment to catch a breath and get my act together. I let out a breath and push the door with my free hand. "About last night--"

The heady scent of arousal slams into me, cutting me short in my sentence and I look up to find a half naked woman sprawled on my desk, moaning loud enough to bring down the glass walls.

And right there, between her thighs, Mr. Winchester dallies, eyes on me as he...

Fuck. "I'll be outside," I say quickly, running out.

The woman runs out a few minutes later, giggling with eyes so bright, they could blind a crowd, and my snarl at her is not intentional.

"Come in, Ms. Sullivan," I hear HIM call to me, and I push the door aside begrudgingly, storming for his desk. I slam the cup of coffee on his table. "There's your scalding hot coffee, boss."

"It's not hot."

"Throw it away, then," I snap, yanking out tissues from my purse to wipe pussy-juices off my desk.

"I'll have you know you can't speak to me that way."

"Fire me then." I toss the tissue into the trash can and feel for another.

He is quiet for a moment, and I don't even hear him approach until he is behind, gripping my shoulders and spinning me around to look at him. "You rejected me. Why does it affect you so?"

I say nothing. He isn't worth the hassle. Or my time. Or my venting. It's not that I found him between another woman's legs that bothers me. It's not the sound of her moans that got to me. It's his absolute lack of respect. His audacity. His shamelessness.

Of all the millions to get paired with in this world and mine, it had to be him. I have once been this way. Years ago, for Rune. I'd wanted him so badly, I'd have done anything to get him where I wanted him.

The outcome of it had only solidified my belief in the saying, What is yours will find you.

I can't believe this piece of shit found me. I can't tell if this is punishment for wishing death upon Rune's mate. The Moon Goddess does have a cruel sense of humour.

"You are way in over your head if you think your antics affect me. Let go. This pile isn't going to clear itself out," I say, levelling a cool stare at him.

His hand shoots out and closes around my throat. The tissues slip from my hands and I hold my breath as he leans in, breath tickling my skin. "Tell me, Gin," he breathes, scent of mint and rum eroding my senses. He walks us back until my rump hits the desk that still reeks of cum. "Tell me what I have to do to get under your skin."

His voice is a wet dream and I shiver against him as he leans in, tongue flicking over my ear. I shudder again, swallowing the abominable sound rising up my throat. The lust I feel standing this close to him is unbearable. I want to lean into him. I want to pull his head down and suck the mint off his tongue.

I want him sprawling me on the table too and--

Stop it, Ezra.

She yowls before going completely quiet.

"Get the fuck off me."

He lets out a small laugh as he pulls back, and his eyes sparkle like stars in the night sky. "Get ready. I have a meeting in ten."

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The figures are alarming. Mr. Winchester says to get familiar with the sales report as well as production with every company he's partnered with...which at this point is well over two hundred. Quite a lot to monitor for someone whose only main aim in life is fucking.

I sound pained, I'm aware, but you would be too if your boss says he's headed for a meeting, and you've been outside a hotel room waiting for the meeting to be over while being subjected to listening to moans and grunts.

I flip the page as I wait, memorising the names of the companies. Clubs, bars, hotels, hospitals, jewelry and clothings lines, pharmaceuticals, automobiles, hotels, realty, mining, transportation, food production--there is not a single line of business Sinclair Winchester isn't involved in.

Investments, tons of them, with absurd amount of profits that'd last for an eternity, and he's in there banging an old hag to finalize another deal.

At this rate, I can't decide if he's a sex addict or he's a mentally unstable sex addict.

The woman leaves first, and she is literally glowing when she walks past, lost in whatever dreams Mr. Winchester must have placed in her, along with his stupid dick. She even says hello.

I don't respond, pretending to be engrossed in the file I'm glossing through.

"Come, Sullivan. Quickly," he says, adjusting his tie with a haunted look in his eyes. I follow closely behind him, noting the tightness in his shoulders and muscles as he moves. He seems a little off and distant.

He is quiet for the entirety of the elevator ride and though, I try to ignore it, it's obvious something's wrong.

The doors part, ushering us into a different lobby in the hotel. The attendants at the counter perk up upon sighting us and I can tell he's been here many times. Probably banged them too from the smarmy smiles on their faces.

"Which?" is all he asks, grabbing a key card from the perky brunette.

"The third, sir."

It's a little hard to keep up. He walks very fast, even for my Lycan swiftness. We take another elevator several floors up, and as we wait, he says, "Do not speak, even when spoken to. Stay by my side at all times. Do not so much as blink in his direction, or breathe in his direction. You do not see us or hear us."

"Who is he? And why bring me along?"

He doesn't turn to look at me as he says, "I saw what you did to the lycans last night. If anything goes wrong, I know you can hold your own against human males. Elijah likes to have witnesses through meetings. Hostages to force me into complying with his demands."

I hear the words he doesn't say and the hint of danger lurking underneath. "What demands, and has there ever been a situation where something went wrong?"

He says nothing, and I don't push it. The air between us is thick with tension and unspoken words. An argument will only make it worse. So I ask something else that has been bothering me the entire day.

"Last night, did I..." My voice trails off as I recall my claws ripping through skin and bones.

"I handled it."

I have a feeling that I don't want to know what handled means.

"Did you..."

"If you're asking if I fucked you in your delirious state, no. I have my lows, but never that."

I wasn't going to ask that. I'd know if I was touched. I didn't feel any different down there this morning. I was going to ask if he handled the other male. As well as the one that had been outside, waiting in the car. Just to be sure that no one reports back to my uncle that I had help.

But my lips snap shut at his words. He'd saved my life. That's all that matters. So I tell him, "Thank you."

He doesn't respond.