Chapter 7

CASPIAN.

I opened the door and let her into the room. Her eyes scanned the whole room, and I didn't miss the way she swallowed as her eyes fell on the big bed on the other side of the room. She was still stuck in her place when I approached her. My hand landed on her back again, pushing her gently forward.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

She shook her head and walked towards the table where the wine and a box of chocolates were sitting. "Are these yours? Can I?" She took a chocolate truffle from the box and wiggled it at me.

"You can eat those. They're complimentary wine and chocolates from the hotel."

"You don't need to pay anything if I drink this wine?" I chuckled at her innocent question as she picked up the wine bottle and looked at it.

She was worried about money all the time. But I couldn't blame her. She didn't have the same privileges Alia and I had growing up.

"No, it's free." I grabbed it from her hand and set it back on the table. " But I don't think you can take more alcohol."

"You're no fun. It's free! We shouldn't waste it! Plus, I just want to taste it." She winked at me as she placed her hand on her hips.

"Go change your clothes first. Unless you want to parade in your ball gown all night."

Her eyes widened as she gripped the hem of her gown. "Oh, Goddess! I forgot to grab some clothes from the car. Can we go down?"

"No. We're not going down." I went to where my luggage was and opened it. I picked up a big shirt and a new boxer before handing them to her. "You can use those for now. The boxer is new. I haven't used that."

She grabbed the clothes and went directly to the bathroom, stopping by the door. "Do you mind if I shower?"

"No." I almost croaked with that single-word answer.

My wolf flashed images of her under the shower, and I could feel something growing inside my pants.

I unbuttoned my shirt and sat down on the couch as I tried to calm myself, but I could hear the water cascading and it wasn't helping.

It has been too long since I've been with a female in close proximity, and my wolf, Zion, was fucking rejoicing in my head and decided that tonight was the best time to flash me obscene pictures of what he wanted to do with Andrea.

But I had no plans to take advantage of her. My fucking problem was how I would keep myself from getting an erection if she came out of the shower wearing my clothes.

I should have just agreed to pick up her luggage in my car.

I was in the same position from the time she entered the bathroom until it opened. She came out wearing my shirt that ended midthigh, a towel in her hand as she dried her hair.

"Your boxer is so comfortable to have. I think I should wear this instead of regular panties." She giggled as she continued to dry her hair, turning her back on me as she walked to the table with the chocolates. The movement of her hand over her hair was prompting her shirt to rise, giving me a glimpse of her upper thigh.

I grabbed my sweatpants and covered my front as I stood up, walking

straight to the bathroom. I needed to hide my fucking erection before she looked back.

I was almost at the door when she called me.

"Caspian, can you open the wine?"

Fuck! This was going to be fucking awkward walking there with sweatpants on my crotch.

"Can you pick up a shirt for me inside the luggage?"

She nodded and went to where I had my things as I rushed to the table, opened the wine, and immediately dashed back to the bathroom, closing it before she could even open my luggage.

I slipped off my shirt, dropped my pants, and positioned myself under the water.

I needed a fucking release. I closed my eyes only to snap them open when I heard her voice.

"Caspian?" She was knocking at the door, and I had my hand on my dick.

"Yes?"

"Your shirt."

"It's okay, I can take it later. Just place it somewhere there."

"Okay."

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I must have taken a long time in the shower because when I entered the bedroom, Andrea had drunk half of the wine and eaten half of the truffles in the box.



She was sitting comfortably on the single sofa chair beside the bed, scanning the TV channels while sipping her wine. I saw her eyes shift on me as she raked my body up and down. I was just in my sweatpants with no t-shirt.

"Are you trying to get drunk?" I asked as I leaned my naked back against the cold wall, crossing my arms over my torso.

"No. I'm trying to be brave."

"What? Why?"

"I haven't been in a room alone with a man." She gulped before she threw a hand over her mouth and started giggling. "But I think this is fun.

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I chuckled as I shook my head and looked at the wine bottle again, " You're drunk, Andrea. Maybe you should stop drinking."

"Maybe you should drink a little and stop being wuzzy-wizzy."

Wuzzy-wizzy? What's that supposed to mean?

I watched as she stood up and prepared a drink for me, handing me a glass before she tipped on her toes and tilted her head up, squinting her eyes as she smiled mischievously. "Don't worry, I'll behave. I won't touch you when you get drunk."

I laughed heartily at her words. She's fucking drunk and fucking adorable.

Andrea was like a breath of fresh air. I couldn't get enough of her. I let her do all the talking and just watched her let herself loose.

She kept drinking all the remaining wine, and by the time she was finished, she complained about being hungry. I called the front desk and was lucky that they had room service even at midnight, but when the food arrived, Andrea became restless.

"Why did you order? And why too many?" She asked me as soon as the server went out.

"It's complimentary. I don't need to pay." I was lying.

"You're lying." Tears started to well in her eyes.

"Andrea," I cupped her cheeks, my eyes taking in her beautiful face, "
What's going on? Where all this issue with money coming from?"

"You don't need to be bothered by me soon, I promise. I'll be out of your house and your life soon. And I promise to pay back every penny you spent on me. I don't know when or how, but I will pay you." Tears started streaming down her face, and my heart was crushed at the pain crossing her eyes.

"I'm not asking you to pay for anything I spent on you."

"I know you were left with no choice when you had to take me in after Papa died. So much so that you have to spend so much money to send me away just to get me off your back. I get it. And I'm sorry. But thank you. I'll be eighteen soon, and maybe if Riley will allow me to find work, I can raise the money to pay you."

I wanted to clarify everything she said about me wanting her off my back, but the minute her lips mentioned Riley, I totally lost it.

A low growl vibrated from my chest so that Andrea was stunned.

I could feel my jealousy rising within me and, from the fear I saw crossing her features, I knew that my wolf must be showing himself in my eyes.

"What the fuck Riley has got to do with this? With us?"

She stepped back until the back of her knee hit the bed, and she fell backward. She scrambled on her ass and moved to the end of the bed, far away just to get me off your back. I get it. And I'm sorry. But thank you. I'll be eighteen soon, and maybe if Riley will allow me to find work, I can raise the money to pay you."

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"What the fuck Riley has got to do with this? With us?"

She stepped back until the back of her knee hit the bed, and she fell backward. She scrambled on her ass and moved to the end of the bed, far away from me. And it just pissed me off more.

I wanted an answer. I wanted to know what she and Riley had.

"Who is Riley to you?" I asked, and I couldn't keep my voice from growling.

She swallowed and pulled her knees against her chest, hugging them, but she didn't answer.

"Again, who is Riley to you?" I asked, my voice higher this time as my hands coiled into fists.

She dropped her head to her knee and started sobbing, "He will claim me once I turn eighteen." Her voice came out low, almost inaudible, but it was enough to shatter my heart into pieces.

