

Chapter 49

Lola

The sun has gone down, but I still stare up at the sky for a long moment before opening the car door for Caleb, “Okay. It’s safe to leave the car now.”

“Thank you,” he swiftly steps out of the car. “It’s going to be nice sleeping in a bed again. The floor inside the pack dungeons was nasty.”

I immediately feel bad for Caleb. It couldn’t have been easy being a prisoner and always burnt to a crisp by Isabella, but now he is finally free. Alpha Xavier has allowed Caleb to stay with me in the old pack house after discovering that he can mask his scent. To be honest, I’m surprised by this outcome. I never thought it would be this easy to convince Alpha Xavier to let Caleb leave the pack dungeons. But, apparently, my Alpha trusts Caleb not to hurt me despite him being a vampire, which is shocking. I mean, I’m attracted to Caleb (who wouldn’t be? He is gorgeous), but even I don’t trust him fully after learning he isn’t a werewolf.

“Man, it feels good to be fully healed,” Caleb says as he walks up the first step and stretches on my porch, his t-shirt riding up his toned stomach. I follow his movement and get an eyeful of

his six-pack. Oh god, he is so hot it isn't fair. My heart picks up speed and I immediately busy myself with opening the door not to let him see the effect he has on me, I'm too attracted to him for my own good. "Y-yeah... I'm glad my blood was able to....help you." "It was really nice of you to offer me your blood." I flush as the door flies open, eyes cast on the floor as I kick off my shoes in the hallway. "No problem." "This is such a nice house." "I guess it is." Caleb clears his throat behind me. "Can I come in?"

"Uh, yeah?" A laugh leaves his lips. "You need to invite me, Lola unless you want me to sleep in the garden?" "Oh. F*ck, sorry." I turn around and meet his eyes, which are no longer brown now that I know his true identity. They are red and slightly glowing. It makes me swallow hard. If Caleb wants to take advantage of me after I've invited him inside, he is free to do that. I wouldn't be able to beat a vampire in strength or speed.

Hopefully, he won't betray my trust. "You may come inside," I tell him. "You're invited."

"Thank you," he says, crossing the threshold. His figure seems to tower over the room as he takes in the homey surroundings.

"I'll show you to your room," I stammer. He c*cks his head to the side, eyeing me with a concerned expression.

“Are you telling me you don’t want to share a bed with me?”
There is a hint of sadness in his voice. “F*ck, am I that scary to you?”

“No, it’s not that,” I say, taken aback. “I just thought... you’d want your own space after being cooped up in the dungeon. And anyway, it’s not about being scared. It’s about being cautious.”

He smirks at me, his red eyes twinkling with hidden amusement
“Cautious? Is that what we’re calling it now?”

“Stop teasing me,” I mutter, feeling a blush creep up my face.

His smile grows wider, and he reaches out as if wanting to touch me, but he stops himself at the last second. “Sorry,” he mutters. “I won’t touch you until you trust me again.”

Guilt pierces my heart. Before I knew Caleb was a vampire, I had no trouble with him touching me. Now? Now I’m afraid he will snap and eat me alive. I clear my throat. “I’m giving you the room upstairs.”

“Whatever you’re comfortable with, Lola.” Hearing my name on his tongue sends shivers down my spine, but I’m not ready to accept my own emotions, so I lead Caleb upstairs to one of the guest rooms. The room is sparse – just a bed, an old dresser, and a small attached bathroom – but Caleb doesn’t seem to

mind. "This will do nicely," he says quietly before gripping the hem of his shirt and pulling it off in one swift motion.

Oh my god... His well-defined muscles ripple under the dim light, and I swallow hard, my eyes involuntarily tracing the lines of his sculpted abs. I could look at him for days, but he turns around and my face immediately turns a billion degrees when a playful smile curls his lips.

"You can go now," he says. "And you should because if you keep staring at me like that, I can't guarantee I'll be a gentleman much longer."

I flush bright red at his confession, my eyes widening. "R-right," I stammer out before quickly turning to make my escape. But not before I see that smirk of his, the one that says he knows exactly what he's doing to me. I hurry down the stairs, my heart still pounding in my chest from being so close to him. There's no denying it: being around Caleb is dangerous for my sanity. Just seeing him shirtless leaves me in a state of breathless fascination. I retreat to my bedroom and close the door behind me, leaning against it as I take a deep breath. My thoughts are overwhelmed with images of Caleb, his strong body, and his irresistible smile. Even now, in the safety of my own room, I can't escape him. For a few moments, I let myself indulge in imagining what it would be like to touch him-Part of me yearns for it for him – while the other part screams at me to remember what he is: a vampire, an entity with strength and speed that far surpass mine. Sighing, I push myself away from the door and

head to bed, praying for sleep to come quickly and bring some relief from these thoughts. But the first thing I see in my dreams is the same thing I'd been trying to escape: Caleb. His bewitching smile, that rakish smirk, and, of course, his chiseled abs.

In my dreams, he's no longer the vampire I fear but the man I remember from before-kind, compassionate, and irresistibly charming. He's standing by the porch of the pack house like he did earlier today, his shirt riding up his toned stomach. Only this time, he is looking directly at me with an intensity that stops my breath. His red eyes burn brighter as he steps closer, every muscle in my body screaming in anticipation.

"Lola," he says in a voice that sends shivers down my spine. He reaches out to touch me slowly as if asking for permission.

"Yes," I hear myself whispering, though I'm surprised by how bold I sound.

"Can I touch you?"

"Y-yes..."

He steps closer, towering over me, until his head dips low to kiss my lips. His mouth tastes like bubblegum, and I moan into his when his hand cups my breast. I've never been touched by a man, let alone by my fated mate. Instant need shoots through me, and I lean against his touch, demanding more.

He chuckles against my lips. "So needy..."

"I can't help it." I sound breathless, but while I should feel mortified, I'm far too busy to touch Caleb's abs to care. Without stopping, I lift my chin to meet his red eyes. "I just want you."

Those red eyes of his darken with desire. "I want you too." His fingers brush against my skin, sending a fresh wave of electricity coursing through me. It's intoxicating. I close my eyes to savor the feeling but when I open them again, Caleb has disappeared.

"No," I cry out involuntarily, reaching for him but grabbing onto thin air instead. I wake up with a start in my bed, panting heavily. It was just a dream – a very vivid one at that. But it felt so real that for a moment there's a pang of disappointment. And my next discovery is even worse: my nipples are hardened, and my panties are soaked. I blush furiously and bury my face into the pillow, feeling completely mortified. I've never had such an erotic dream before, let alone about a vampire.

"Damn it, Caleb," I mutter, kicking off the covers in frustration. "You're ruining me."