

Chapter 67

Daisy

Since I can't help myself, I let my eyes travel back to Matt while Lola is busy complaining about the eternal night. Matt isn't really my type, yet there's a stutter in my heart every time our eyes meet. 'Are you into surfer dudes now?' Sera snickers inside of my head amused by this new development. I ignore her, mostly because I'm not quite sure of the answer myself.

"C'mon, Lola, it's not that bad," Matt is saying now, his voice warm like a summer's day. His shirt clings to him in all the right places, and when he runs his fingers through his unruly blonde hair, I can't help but wonder what it would feel like to do it for him. It looks soft.

"You must be joking." Lola mutters before slurping on the last of her frappe.

"I'm not." Matt replies calmly. "I quite enjoy the darkness. It's cozy...but I suppose I can't ride the waves of the ocean without the sun to guide me out."

“Ah, and you’re a human, right?” Lola asks, and I roll my eyes to see an evil grin spreading over her lips. “Did it freak when you realized there were supernatural creatures? That the leaders in the world already knew? Oh, and wait, here is the best part: did you know that Daisy and I are werewolves? That we are a hundred times stronger than you’re human ass even though you’re a man?”

I expect Matt’s face to turn pale. No man wants to feel helpless, and it’s a harsh thing to realize that there are beings out there that could literally tear you limb from limb without so much as batting an eyelid. But instead of recoiling from the truth, Matt just leans back in his chair and chuckles, causing my heart to skip yet another beat “I’m quite confident in myself, and strong women don’t faze me,” he says, locking eyes with me, seeming to enjoy the fluttering surprise that must show in my expression. “Oh, and Lola,” he adds, turning his grin in her direction, “my human ass appreciates the concern, but I assure you that I can handle myself.”

Lola blinks at him, clearly taken aback by his carefree reaction, while I try not to laugh out loud. ‘I like him.’ I tell Sera. ‘He is very fearless.’ ‘That’s what I like.’ Sera chuckles. ‘I don’t think Lola agrees.’

I will have to agree with my inner wolf. Lola is chewing on her cookie while glaring at Matt. He just smiles, which seems to irritate her further.

“Bold words for a mere mortal,” she says dryly, eyeing him with curiosity now.

Matt’s eyes are dancing in amusement, but there’s something else—a challenge glittering in the depths of them. He leans back in his chair, crossing his arms over his broad chest “Boldness is not exclusive to supernatural creatures,” he retorts, his voice cool and steady. “But I’m curious...do you think a person’s worth is based solely on their physical strength?”

Lola, her eyes narrowing, doesn’t answer immediately. She chews thoughtfully on her cookie, her gaze never leaving Matt. I hold my breath and push back the sudden surge of apprehension, dreading where this might lead.

“No.” Lola finally says, setting down the remaining half of her cookie. “But strength, in all its forms, helps. You humans are amusing. You think bravery and a strong will can protect you from the supernatural world.”

Matt chuckles again, “Is that so?”

“It is.”

“Interesting...” Matt says, “By the way, If I were the stronger one out of us three, would you still dare to act like a spoiled brat? Do you expect every person that bow just because you’re a werewolf?”

Lola's face turns red. "Wh-what? That's not what I'm doing!"

"No?" a smirk spreads over Matt's lips." Then why did you feel the need to mention you guys were werewolves, hmm?"

Lola opens her mouth but closes it. She clearly doesn't have a witty comeback, and Matt says nothing else. I'm grateful for that. Soon, Lola changes the topic to the special werewolf we are trying to find. Matt seems very interested and hangs on to every word... until Lola excuses herself to visit the bathroom. "I will be right back," she gets up from her chair and shoots me a playful wink. It makes me deadpan because I know she is only leaving to give me some alone time with Matt. A sigh leaves my lips.

"I'm sorry about Lola. I didn't know she had so many reservations about humans," I apologize, tucking a loose strand of hair behind my ear. My insides squirm, unsure of his reaction Matt shrugs, his dark eyes softening.

"She's not wrong," he replies, his gaze holding mine, "In some aspects, humans are weak."

"Maybe physically," I counter, a surge of defensiveness welling up inside me." But what about emotionally and intellectually? There are different kinds of strength, Matt, and I don't think a person's species defines that."

A ghost of a smile flits over Matt's face. "Perhaps," he concedes, pushing his chair back and standing up, his tall figure towering over the table. "Thank you for the coffee."

"You're leaving?" He half-smiles while looking down at me.

"Unless you want me to stay?" Even though I don't know him, I want to tell him to stay. He must be able to feel it because the laughter in his eyes. disappears, his lips parting on an indrawn breath. His gaze grows slumberous, sliding to my lips and holding there. It feels like a physical assault on my senses. My heart pounds, my ears ring, and it doesn't stop.

"Daisy..." He gives me every chance to speak my mind. But I don't. I can't. I'm too confused, and that ends up with Matt turning around. He strides away, leaving me staring at his retreating form, my heart clenching in my chest until the pain becomes unbearable. I've watched Xavier walk away from me a billion times before-am I really going to make the same mistake? I start and then just blurt out, "Can I see you again?!"

To my surprise, Matt slowly turns around with a glittering smile. "Are you asking me out on a date?"

"Well...yes?" I shift in my seat. "I know it must be new to you, but that bond you feel when you look at me? It means that you're my second chance, mate." I tell him, even though I have no idea how I can have two mates.

“Bond?” Matt sounds confused. “What bond?”

Panic settles in my chest. “C-can’t you feel it?”

He studies me for a moment before playfully slapping his forehead with the palm of his hand. “Right! Yes...I do feel it...like a pull...is that what you mean?”

“Yes” I beam at him. “I was wondering what that was.” He shakes his head, a playful grin spreading across his face, “I thought I was just attracted to you for your sass.

My cheeks heat up at his words, and I can’t help but laugh, a weight lifting off my shoulders. “Well, maybe that’s part of it? I’m quite charming.”

“Well, we’ll just have to find out, won’t we?” Matt replies, his voice teasing. He turns to leave, but not before tossing over his shoulder. “I’ll pick you up tomorrow evening. Let’s say seven?”

“Seven?” I echo dumbly, watching as his tall figure disappears down the street. an ‘Uh-oh looks like there’s a new guy in town,’ Sera teases inside my head. ‘Also, don’t you have Alpha work tomorrow around seven? I can get done with it sooner than that! Or maybe delegate it to someone else?’ I retort, my mind already busy organizing a new schedule. ‘You’re really interested in this guy, huh?’ ‘Yes!’ ‘Despite him being a weak human?’ ‘His species doesn’t matter!’

No matter what. I can't miss my date with Matt! He seems like a nice guy, which is a nice change from how cold and cunning Xavier was in the beginning. While my heart might belong to Xavier, a date can't hurt, right? It's just one date; it's not like I'm marrying the guy. Besides, I'm pregnant, too, so this date is just for fun because that's what I need: something good to happen in my life...