

Chapter 104

Skylar

Salt and water get inside of my eyes and nose. I can't breathe and flail with my limbs as I struggle to find something- anything to grab onto. The thought of being left alone to die in the ocean fills me with a dread that drowns out any remaining laughter from the fun I had with Lucas. Suddenly, strong arms snake around me, pulling me out of the water's icy grip. Lucas. Of course. Even though he's the reason we're in this mess, I can't help but feel relieved. His grip is firm and comforting against the relentless assault of the waves.

With a powerful kick, he propels us back to the surface. We both gasp for air, coughing and sputtering as we try to regain our bearings amidst the chaos of the seascape. I glare at him and cough water.

"This...this is your fault!"

"Okay! Lesson learned!" Lucas shouts above the crashing waves. His sunny grin is a stark contrast to the grim situation, but I'm still mad at him.

“You think?!” I gasp out, clinging to him like my life depends on it-which it does at this point.

He laughs again, a laugh that sends chills down my spine despite its warmth. “Sorry.”

“Sorry doesn’t cut it, mister.”

“I will make it up to you. I promise.”

“That’s a promise I will make sure you keep.”

“Alright, let’s get you back to shore,” he says soothingly, beginning to swim back towards the beach with me in tow.

When the water is shallow enough for Lucas to walk ashore, he pulls me to his chest and lifts me up into his arms. Since I’m tired, I loop my arms around his neck and let him carry me. He doesn’t mind and chuckles. “Do you even eat? You weigh nothing at all, nerdy girl.”

“Shut up...” He just chuckles again and keeps walking. It feels nice being able to relax, but the moment doesn’t last for very long. Lucas steps on something, and the next thing I know, he falls onto his ass in the sand with me still in his arms. “Fucking shit...” He mutters as the waves crash against his back, and I freeze when I realize I’m staring into his pectoral muscles.

Geez, they are huge! I must refrain from grabbing them or burying my face in the space between them. Remember your self-control, Skylar, I tell myself. You have seen TV series where the guys have huge boobies. Henry Cavill, for example. You saw him half-naked, and you didn't lick the TV screen. You can be strong around Lucas.

"Are you okay?" Lucas' voice comes out gruff and concerned. I stay silent for a moment before managing to lift my eyes up to his worried ones. His blue eye reminded me of the sea we've just escaped from, charming and beautiful, while the red one speaks of flames and desire. My heart thuds in my chest like an offbeat drum as I gaze into them.

"Yeah." I finally manage to whisper, tucking a stray lock of red hair behind my ear. "Thanks to you."

Lucas gives me a crooked smile, his eyes twinkling under the setting sun. "As long as you're safe," he mumbles, running his hands up and down my back in a soothing motion that has me melting against him. With a sigh. I lift my head to rest my chin on his shoulder, the rhythm of his heart beneath my ear lulling me into a sense of peace I haven't felt in ages

"Next time." I say quietly, "let's stick to dry land." He chuckles softly at that, his chest vibrating against mine in a way that sends warmth pooling into my stomach. "Deal"

We sit like that for a while, wrapped up in each other while the seagulls fly in the skies above. It's noisy yet really nice listening to it, or maybe that's just because Lucas is holding me?

Regardless, this is everything I've ever wanted from a moment like this. Suddenly, Lucas' stomach growls loudly, breaking the silence. I laugh, pulling back so I can look at him. His cheeks are flushed, and he looks somewhat embarrassed.

"Hungry?"

He nods sheepishly, rubbing the back of his neck. "I didn't have lunch," he admits with an awkward grin.

"You big oaf," I tease him lightly, about to get off his lap when a group of girls walks by.

"Stay." Lucas mutters. "I don't have anything to cover up with down there."

My laughter is louder than I intend it to be, attracting the attention of the passing girls. I hastily squash it down, pressing my face into Luca's neck to hide my grin. His cheeks darken a shade more, if that's even possible. "Fine," I mumble, trying to resume my serious demeanor but failing miserably. "But you owe me big time."

Lucas sighs dramatically, making a show of how much this is costing him. "Fine, anything for you," he drawls out, wrapping his arms around me tighter as though he's afraid I'll change my

mind and hop off anyway. He knows me too well. As the girls pass by us with curious glances and whispered giggles, I close my eyes and pretend not to notice their interest in Lucas. It's not easy. Lucas is handsome more so than anyone has any right to be. But it's his charm that makes him irresistible. He is annoyingly sexy when he teases me, even more so when he laughs at me.

After what feels like an eternity, but probably was only a couple of minutes, the sound of giggling and footsteps fades into the distance. It's then that Lucas finally loosens his grip on me and lifts his head back up. "Safe to dismount," he announces, grinning as though he's just won some sort of grand victory.

I roll my eyes at his antics but release my hold around him. Sand sticks to my wet skin as I rise to stand above him, dusting off what I can from my swimsuit. "Alright," I announce. "What now?"

Lucas cocks his head to the side. "Well, I can't walk back naked, and we don't have a towel, so...would you mind if I shape-shifted into some small animal you could carry?"

I laugh at that. "Sure, why not?" I mean, what could possibly go wrong with this plan? Alot, I realize the second Lucas shape-shifts into an adorable black and white kitten. For fuck's sake, he isn't playing fair! How am I supposed to resist him!! I glare down at him, but my heart melts the second he walks up to my leg and begins stroking himself against it. The tiniest little

“Meow” leaves his mouth, and I’m a goner. “You won this round,” I mutter as I pick him up. There is a very satisfied look on his face. Little fucker. As I carry him towards our stuff in the sand, I can feel his purring against my chest. I know he is doing it on purpose, the purring. It’s adding to his overall unbearable cuteness. He’s enjoying this-every second of it, especially the part where he has won me over yet again.

When Irma sees us, her eyes grow huge. “Oh my god, where did you find that little thing? Can I hold it?”

Jaiden chuckles. “Trust me, you don’t want to hold that kitten. It only loves Skylar and would claw anyone who tried to take it away from her.”

Irma frowns at him, confusion replacing her initial eagerness to hold Lucas. “Why would you say something like that-“

Before she can finish her sentence. Lucas chooses that moment to meow again, pushing his tiny head into the crook of my neck in a show of affection he’d never dare to show in his human form. If Irma’s eyes were big before they’re practically bulging out of her head when Lucas tries to hide from her prying eyes.

“How...how did he...did he just tell my sister not to let me take him from her?”

Jaiden snorts. “That’s Lucas.”

Understanding dawns in my sister's eyes. "Oh.." She shakes her head, a smirk playing on her lips. "What have you got yourself into, sis?"

"I wish I knew," I sigh, rolling my eyes at Lucas, who is busy purring at me. Why do I get the feeling he isn't going to leave my arms willingly?