

Chapter 89

Skylar

I woke up two hours ago, and my day is already a total disaster. My parents were supposed to pick up Lucas from the airport, but the local pack needed my parents' help to catch a rogue who'd been causing trouble. So, my parents decided Irma, and I would pick him up, but...Irma isn't here. She wasn't at home this morning, so I'm at the airport alone. It's nerve-wracking. I'm standing here holding a sign that says "Lucas" on it, but in reality, I would rather head home to hide. Why do I have to be the one to pick him up? As I wrestle with my anxieties, I see a sight that sends my heart into overdrive. A man appears from the crowd. Tall-at least 6'5 to my puny 5'1-broad-shouldered and gorgeous. His long strides are effortless and sure. Styled brown hair crowns his head and striking blue eyes that sparkle like the ocean on a sunlit day meet mine. It's not Lucas, but the guy beams at me when he sees me.

"You must be Irma!" he exclaims before taking my hand and shaking it violently. "I'm Jaiden, Beta Yato's son. I came here with Lucas since I'm a Beta in training. I haven't turned eighteen yet, but my time will come! Anyway, it's such a pleasure to meet

you!” My head is spinning, and my arm feels like spaghetti. This guy sure is hyperactive. It also doesn’t help that I hate having him. touch me. Panic is already settling in my chest But right when I’m about to scream for help, a deep voice cuts through the bustling noise of the airport,

“Jaiden, leave that poor girl alone. It’s not Irma, but a random child. Irma couldn’t possibly be that short.” Turning towards the voice, I see him-Lucas. He’s taller than I remember and more handsome, if that’s even possible. His dark hair is tousled from travel, and his mismatched eyes-one red and one blue- meet mine. Holy shit. Seeing him again is downright shocking. The boy I left behind has been swallowed up by a lean mass of muscle. It makes me wish I had never said anything about his height at his birthday party five years ago. I mean, he has to be at least 6’8, which is insane. I keep staring up at his angry face, and since he never rejected me back, I can tell the moment he feels the mate bond. His eyes widen slightly, and for a few seconds, he just blinks down at me as if in a daze before his mood darkens. It’s a scary sight to behold. Lucas is a freaking giant, taller than Jaiden and his own father, Xavier, which is baffling. What the hell do they feed him with? Horses?

“And how was I supposed to know?” Jaiden cuts in. “Irma can change her appearance just like you, and I haven’t seen her in five years! I just thought she had grown tired of being blonde and changed herself into a redhead. And this girl is cute, like really freaking cute.”

Without looking away from my face, Lucas mutters, “The person standing before us isn’t Irma, but Skylar.”

Jaiden’s eyes widen. “S-Skylar?!” To escape the awkwardness, I move my hand to Lucas’ bag. “Th-the car is right outside!” I stammer before attempting to lift up the large, hefty bag by myself.

Unfortunately, it weighs a ton-1 feel my muscles strain even before it has left the ground. How embarrassing. I drop the bag, ready to try again, but Lucas is quicker and easily sweeps it off the ground with one hand as if it were nothing more than a toy. He handles it like he’s been lifting boulders his entire life, his large arms flexing under his tight black t- shirt

“I prefer to carry my own bag. Thank you, Skylar,” he says in a cold tone before walking ahead.

I stand there, watching his broad back recede among the crowd, and a hollow feeling fills my chest. Something that’s half disappointment and half something else I can’t put my tongue out, Jaiden is staring at me like he’s seen a ghost.

“We thought you were dead, you know,” he says quietly after Lucas isn’t within hearing range. “After you disappeared from the face of the earth. Lucas was a mess. We tried to tell him that you were gone, but he kept saying he could still feel your presence through the mate bond. That you were alive. And when Caleb finally said he had adopted you AFTER he had

basically kidnapped you to Spain. Lucas was so relieved. He cares about you a lot.”

I wrinkle my nose and mumble. “Hard to believe.”

Jaiden chuckles, running a hand through his hair. “Yeah, I could see why you might think that. Lucas has always had a hard time expressing his feelings. It’s just how he is.” He is also scary, but I don’t tell Jaiden that. Instead, I motion for him to follow me and begin walking out of the airport. Lucas is already outside, and I pause when I notice two girls giggling by his side.

“You’re so tall.” one of them exclaims. When Lucas doesn’t respond, the other girl grabs his arm. “Do you have a girlfriend?”

He squints at her, obviously unhappy with her touching him. “No.” A smile spreads over her lips before she bats her eyelids.

“Is there any chance I could be your girlfriend?”

Jaiden sighs. “Seriously, I can’t take him anywhere.” He mutters before glancing down at me. “Lucas has been working extra as a Calvin Klein model ever since his parents said having a part-time job is part of growing up. Unfortunately, the girls recognize him everywhere. Drives him nuts, but it’s great for his portfolio.”

I can’t help but giggle at the image of Lucas as a model. It’s not that I doubt his capability-he’s strikingly handsome, and his

body is toned to perfection. But the mere idea of Lucas, the most intimidating man I've ever seen, posing in front of a camera, trying to look seductive or passionate strikes me as comical

"Hello, are we going or not?" Lucas suddenly barks. "Why are you guys just standing there?!"

I wince at his tone and immediately start walking "Th...the car is right this way!" Jaiden nudges me gently, whispering. "Don't mind him. He's just frustrated because he can't get rid of his fan club." He gestures surreptitiously towards the giggling girls, who are still staring at Lucas with star-struck eyes.

I shoot him a smile, Jaiden doesn't seem that bad, but once I see Lucas' impatient face, I quicken my pace to lead them to any tiny red car It's an old Fiat that has seen better days. The paint is chipping off in various places, and it takes some time to start the engine, but it's mine, and I love it. Jaiden is kind enough not to comment on its state as he hops into the back seat. Lucas merely grunts and folds his tall frame into the passenger seat, his large body taking up most of the space. I can't help but sneak a glance at him, his smoldering eyes clashing with my own. The tension in the air nearly suffocates me as I fumble to ignite the engine. The car stutters, and I guide it slowly onto the road, occasionally glancing in the rearview mirror to check on Jaiden. He's relaxed, looking out the window with a small grin playing on his lips. It's a sharp contrast to Lucas' rigid posture. He is grumbling under his breath about the

fans waving us off, and to be honest, he looks like he could crush the vehicle if he wants to

“I’ve never been to Spain before.” Jaiden suddenly pipes up, breaking the silence that has enveloped us. “What’s it like?”

“Well, Spain is different,” I start slowly, mentally flipping through a catalog of memories and impressions. “It’s vibrant and full of life. The people, the food, culture... everything is so rich and warm. It’s like every day is a celebration of life itself.”

There’s a pause as Jaiden absorbs this, “Sounds wonderful,” he murmurs. “How are the beaches?”

“Wonderful.” I forget who I’m speaking to and smile as I imagine myself reading under the shade of a palm tree while handsome men play volleyball.

“Wonderful, huh?” Jaiden asks.

“Y-yeah. The water is warm, the sand is white, and every guy is ripped and tanned,” I finish, catching myself too late. A heat rushes to my cheeks, and I quickly add, “Not that I’ve been paying close attention or anything!” I shoot a quick sideways glance at Lucas. His brows are furrowed, his fingers drumming irritably on the dashboard.

Jaiden chuckles, his eyes twinkling with amusement in the rearview mirror. “Well, I’m sure I’ll enjoy it.” He brushes off an

imaginary speck of dust from his shirt and leans back into his seat.

“After all, what’s not to love about a beach full of guys showing off their six-packs? If you’re lucky, you might even get a chance to see mine.”

Lucas lets out a low growl that speaks volumes. He is clearly unamused by the banter. “Do we have to keep talking about the beach? Or can we focus on getting home first?” he grumbles, glaring at the road ahead.

“I’m just making conversation, Jaiden retorts. “Is there something wrong with that?”

Lucas looks like he is about to say something, but then his eyes meet mine, and I shiver in my seat. It makes his lips turn into a thin stretch on his face before he looks away. “Whatever...” he finally mutters, his eyes locked on the palm trees we are passing. With Lucas focusing on something else, I can finally breathe in peace. Lucas is far too intense for my liking, and although he is the most beautiful person I’ve ever seen, he is also the scariest because I know how easily he could overpower me. A shiver races down my spine as images of know it’s going to be hell living under the same roof as Lucas. Since I’m still not entirely over my past. Big, scary men are e the worst.