

Chapter 93

Skylar

I stand there in shock, thinking of what to do next. The Skylar Alvarez of yesterday would hide underneath her blanket and not chase the Alpha, who happens to look like a New York City billboard model, but I've had the last straw. Skylar Alvarez has been pushed over her limit, and I'm going to murder Lucas!

Without wasting a second, I storm out of my room and find him walking down the stairs a few steps ahead of me. A hiss leaves my lips. "Lucas!"

He turns around, giving me an innocent look that would fool any woman who didn't know he was evil. "What?"

"Give it back!" I spread my hand towards him. He raises an eyebrow at my desperate attempts to reach for his arms. The bastard is almost two feet taller than me and smirks down like the Cheshire Cat. "Give what back?"

"My underwear!" The words escape my lips louder than I'd intended, and I quickly clamp a hand over my mouth, glancing

around to make sure my mom didn't hear me. Luckily, she is sitting in the kitchen. It's just me and this big guy who is shamelessly grinning, looking more pleased than ever.

"What? Is this what you want?" He pulls out the piece of lacy fabric from his back pocket and twirls it around a finger. His eyes flash with amusement as I gape at him, my face burning hotter by the second.

"You absolute jerk!" I growl out, lunging at him to retrieve the stolen item. But Lucas, with the agility of a cat, sidesteps me easily and dangles my underwear high above his head. I'm left flailing angrily in the air, my fingers barely brushing the edge of the fabric. He laughs whole-heartedly now, bending over with mirth while still keeping my target frustratingly out of reach.

"Come Skylar. You gotta try harder than that."

"Lucas!" I grit my teeth, seething with fury. "You give those back right now!"

"Skylar," he says back teasingly in the same tone I used, waving the pair of underwear around my nose as if looking for a fight.

"Where's your sense of fun?"

"That is not 'fun' Lucas!" I bark at him. "It's an invasion of privacy! Now, hand them over!"

But Lucas only shakes his head, wagging a finger at me like a schoolmaster scolding a naughty child. “Tsk tsk tsk. Such impatience,” he says. “I will give them back to you.”

“Thank you.”

“After I’ve used them.”

My eyes almost bulge out of the sockets, and I shriek, “U-used them? What do you mean?!”

“Well, I need them so I can get a good night’s sleep,” he replies, wicked gleam in his eyes. “The scent of you helps me relax, remember?”

“You are disgusting.” I glare at him, my fists clenched at my sides. But my bravado falters slightly when he starts to chuckle.

“I didn’t mean it that way, Skylar,” he says, the laughter clear in his voice even as he manages to keep a straight face. “I meant that I’ll use them...as a pillow. You know, to sleep on so I won’t shape-shift in my sleep.”

He tosses my underwear into the air and catches it with a flourish before stuffing it back into his pocket. His grin widens when he catches what must be a stupefied look on my face. My whole skin is burning with embarrassment at the thought of him snuggling with my underwear as though it were a precious treasure. “Are you done with your little show, Lucas?” I hiss

through gritted teeth, my hands itching to grasp the infuriating werewolf by his throat to choke him. His laughter echoes through the house again, making my skin crawl with irritation.

“Oh, Skylar,” he says, still chortling. “You’re such an easy target. Maybe you should try to loosen up a bit.”

Ignoring his comment, I lean forward, trying to snatch my underwear from his pocket. But he’s quicker and instantly steps back, dodging my hand with a grin. “What’s the hurry?” he teases again, grinning like a devil. “I’m not going to run away with them...”

“That’s it!” I shriek, lunging at him again. But as always, Lucas is taller and faster. He steps back, grinning madly, while I end up hitting the wall behind him. “Ouch,” I mutter, rubbing my nose, which took the brunt of the collision. Lucas looks like he’s about to die with laughter, but I don’t care. That won’t stop me from taking back what’s rightfully mine. “Give them back now, or you’ll regret it,” I threaten, aiming for a menacing tone.

“Oh, I’m terrified of the little 5-foot-nothing werewolf. She might kick my ankles down where I can’t see her!”

Since I don’t know what else to do, I glare at him before coming out with an idea. Ever so slowly, I take a few steps back on the stairs so I’m eye-level with the infuriatingly enormous Alpha. He gives me a curious look that turns into pure fright when I lunge at him. My small frame slams into him with more force than

he'd expected. The surprise on his face is priceless, his eyes wide and his grin dropping from his lips. We both tumble backward, my momentum taking us to the floor.

"Got you!" I yell triumphantly, managing to snatch my underwear from his grasp as we fall. Lucas hits the ground with a thud that probably hurt him while my landing is cushioned since I land on top of him.

For a moment, he stares up at me before he starts laughing again. But it's different this time-there is no mockery or teasing jests. He's genuinely amused, and I freeze when I see a smile breaking across his face, mirth lighting up his eyes.

"Well, aren't you forward?" he teases in a dark tone, nodding at the one hand that is resting on his broad chest while the other triumphantly waves my underwear in the air. Oh no! My eyes flash to the hand that's gripping his t-shirt, and I quickly snatch it back as if he's made of hot coals, my cheeks burning with embarrassment. I was almost touching his abs!

My whole face is aflame when I speak. "D-don't flatter yourself, Lucas," I stammer, trying to regain my composure even as I scramble off him and victoriously stuff my underwear into my pocket. Lucas reaches up from the floor to gently rub the back of his head where it hits the ground, wincing slightly. But there's no malice in his expression, only a glimmer of amusement in his eyes as he watches me.

“Are you hurt?” I ask, my voice softer than I intended, as my gaze fixes on where he rubs his head. He chuckles at my concern and hoists himself up from the floor, brushing off the bits of dirt and dust on his shirt.

“I’ll survive, Skylar,” he responds, giving me a lopsided smile that sends an unexpected flutter through my stomach. He steps closer to me until I can smell the woodsy scent of his cologne. My heart hammers in my chest, threatening to jump out as he reaches out towards me.

My breath catches as his hand moves past my face towards my pocket. “But these—” his fingers pluck out my underwear from my pocket, “are coming with me.”

I gasp, frozen in shock, as Lucas turns and bolts down the hallway, my underwear waving like a flag from his clasped fist. A growl escapes from my lips, but this time, I don’t follow him to pick another fight. My heart is pounding way too fast, and it sucks to acknowledge, but Lucas is the culprit. Damn it. I have to be very careful around that boy since my heart is something I can’t give to anyone. Why? Because a crush leads to love, love leads to kissing, and kissing leads to what I can’t stand; sex.