

Chapter 94

Lucas

My brain feels like it's been through a blender, and I'm starting to think I need a doctor...or an exorcist. I don't care as long as I get Skylar out of my head! I came here to reject her. Not to fawn over her eyes. Not to feel flutters whenever she touches me. Fuck, I'm weak.... I'm the Alpha of the Bloodmoon pack. I'm supposed to be cold-hearted and mean, yet here I am, stuck in a one-sided love story like a fucking sap. Gah! I don't date I don't do relationships.

Before I met Skylar, I was doing just fine staying single without any romance in my life. Most women who approach me are just after my looks, wealth, or Alpha position. And Skylar? That girl is terrified of me. She can't even look at me without looking as if she might shit herself, yet here I am with her underwear pressed to my nose to get a good night's sleep-it's fucking pathetic.

Since when do I get hung up on girls that don't like me back?! The worst part? I woke up five minutes ago, rock-hard, after having an erotic dream about Skylar trying to seduce me. What

is the matter with me? The freckled redhead isn't even that pretty! okay, that came out wrong. Skylar isn't ugly, that's for sure. She might not look like a model, but she is adorable with big cheeks and huge eyes. Before I can stop myself, I grab my cock, stroking myself while sniffing her underwear that's lying on my pillow. What I'm doing is wrong. But I can't resist doing it.

"Fucking mate bond..." I mutter before I can no longer hold back. I come all over my eight-pack. Hard. My whole-body jitters while I try hard not to breathe too loudly since Jaiden is sleeping in the same room. After cumming like a sissy, I walk out of my room and enter the bathroom to wash myself. It's then I hear something gruesome. Caleb and Lola-talking on the other side of the wall.

"I'm getting older..." Lola sighs. "Are you sure you don't think my wrinkles are unattractive?"

Caleb sighs. "No, honey. You only grow more beautiful every single day, but if my appearance makes you feel self-conscious, I could always add a few wrinkles to myself."

"No, but...I have another favor to ask."

"What?"

“I want to feel young. Caleb... Can’t you turn into an older version of yourself, but with huge muscles and tattoos everywhere? I want you to pretend to be part of the mafia!”

“Like an older mafia boss?”

“Yes!”

My eyes widen and I quickly leave the bathroom. Fucking hell, those two are worse than my parents! I hurry towards my room, freezing, when I see Skylar coming down the stairs with her eyes half-closed. She is probably headed for the bathroom, and I should leave her alone. I know better than to bother her. Yet I don’t move. This is so weird... What am I doing? I stand completely still to make sure she doesn’t miss any single step.

She is tiny, so it’s a possibility, and when she FINALLY stumbles, I’m there to play the hero. I catch her. She responds with a small yelp, her eyes shooting open to look at me in surprise. Before she can say anything, I straighten her up, making sure she’s steady on her feet. “Careful,” I mutter, trying not to stare too long at her flushed face.

Skylar nods, her wide eyes reflecting the moonlight that streams in from the nearby window. She swallows hard, casting a quick glance towards the bathroom before looking back at me. There’s a certain vulnerability in her gaze something deep within me.

“L...uh...thanks,” she stammers before hurrying past me and into the bathroom. Since I don’t want her to go, I open my big, fat mouth.

“I need more things that smell like you.”

She stops and shrieks at the door opening. And I feel like puking when I realize I’m actually smiling. FUCKING SMILING while talking to a girl. Seriously, where did my balls go?

“Y-you’re not getting any more of my dirty clothes!”

“I am,” I reply in a cold tone before digging my hands into the pockets of my sweatpants. I wish I weren’t wearing a t-shirt right now...

“Hell no!”

She whispers the last part, and I tilt my head. “You’re going to have to speak louder if you want me to hear you.” Skylar just glares at me, and I snort in amusement before turning around. “Have a good night, Skylar.”

I walk back to the guestroom and lie down in my bed. Minutes later, my phone vibrates. Odd. I pick it up and stare. There is a text from an unknown number.

Unknown number : This is Skylar. Save this number on your phone.

My lips curl into an evil smile.

Me: So I can harass you in text messages instead?

I save her number and patiently wait for her response like a total loser, tingling all over when those three dots jump over my screen.

Tiny Girl: No! It's so you can call me if you need a ride...or something.

Me: Or something? What other services do you offer?

I have to press a hand to my mouth to prevent myself from laughing and waking up Jaiden. I can just imagine Skylar's reddening face... My phone vibrates, and my eyes dart to the screen faster than lightning.

Tiny Girl: There are no other services!!!

Tiny Girl: I'm going to sleep now. Good night!

My lips curl into a smile at her annoyance, and I rake my fingers through my hair. "I'm such a loser for thinking it's funny to tease her..."

With that in mind, I smack my own cheek to get rid of my stupid smile. I'm an Alpha, goddamn it. I am not a teenage girl in love-I need to get a grip and start acting like a man. "Perhaps I should

book a time with a therapist?" I whisper up at the ceiling with tired eyes. "This warm feeling in my chest can't be normal."

The ceiling doesn't have any answers, and I turn my head....only to dip my nose in Skylar's underwear. Not that I mind. She smells nice, and I close my eyes. For the first time in forever, I fall asleep without my wings trying to force their way out of my skin. I'm not in pain. Instead, I'm perfectly calm with these strange flutters in my chest that don't seem to go away. Romance is for pussies, I know that, but I don't hate this warm feeling in my chest...