

Chapter 12: The Morning After

Landon's POV

I was woken up by the sliver of sunlight peeking through the curtains covering the windows. It was the perfect position, shining directly into my eyes. Images of what happened last night came flooding back as I momentarily forgot where I was. I looked to my right and saw Quinn curled up in a tight ball, breathing lightly. Holy sh*t, how had we gotten so lucky for her to say yes to our date and then invite us in for the night?

"Because she can feel the bond between us," Ezra declared, pung out his chest.

"You do realize that with her being human, you're never going to mate with her wolf, right?" I wanted him to fully understand what he would get into if Quinn accepted us for who we were.

"Of course I know that," he huffed. "Being mates isn't all about s*x!"

"I just thought I'd make sure you understood," I said. Getting off the bed slowly, I decided to use the bathroom and see if I couldn't figure out how to make her some coffee. Pulling my jeans on, I remembered what Quinn had told me about her roommate. Creeping out of the room, I found the bathroom just down the hallway, which was empty. The vanity was cluttered with skincare products, while the wall caddy overrowed with several hair tools. Without much room, the two girls had to share their tiny space. I fixed my hair in the mirror, just throwing it up in a bun for now. Cutting it short seemed like a better and better idea as more time went on.

Once I left the bathroom, the scent of coffee and a more pungent human scent caught my attention. Brianna must be awake and in the kitchen already. I guess it was time for an awkward first meeting after spending most of the night making Quinn scream in ecstasy. As I rounded the corner into the kitchen, I saw Brianna. I recognized her from the other night when she came to rescue Quinn from outside. She was sitting at the small kitchen table with a coffee cup in one hand and a book in the other. Her eyes darted to me the second she heard my presence. A smirk spread across her face, and she set her coffee cup on the table.

"Well, well, well. Fancy seeing you here, Landon," she said.

"Hello again, Brianna," I told her, going further into the kitchen. She was staring at me, looking me up and down. She pursed her lips but then smiled. It seemed like maybe she had warmed up to me more.

"There's coffee if you'd like some," she said, pointing toward the black pot on the counter.

"Thank you," I told her.

"Cups are in the cabinet to the left of the sink," she said, sipping her mug.

"I was going to get some for Quinn, too," I added, walking over and taking two mugs down.

"If you're asking how she likes her coffee, just put in a few tablespoons of the almond creamer in the fridge. The hazelnut is her favorite," Brianna added.

"Thanks," I said, opening the fridge and grabbing the creamer. Her wildflower scent filled the kitchen before I filled our mugs. Quinn had rounded the corner in her matching teal pajama set. The top button had come undone while she slept, and her cleavage was showing, making Ezra drool.

"Good morning," she added, looking at Brianna and then at me.

"Good morning," Brianna told her. "Or should I say, late morning?" Brianna gave Quinn a sarcastic, knowing look, to which Quinn rolled her eyes.

"Good morning," I told her, handing her the cup of coffee with creamer.

"Thank you," she said, looking down at the mug and then back to me. I leaned down as she got on her tiptoes and kissed her lips softly.

"Aren't you two just adorable," Brianna laughed, wrinkling her nose at us. "Be less adorable before ten."

"Sounds like someone's jealous," Quinn sang, going over and wrapping an arm around her roommate.

"He** yeah, it's been a long time since someone railed into me like..."

"Briell!" Quinn squealed, cutting her off. She only laughed and took a big sip of her coffee. Quinn sat at the only other seat at the table while I leaned against the wall, taking in their apartment for the first time. It couldn't have been more than 800 square feet, but they had gotten bright with ways to maximize every space possible. Their cooking utensils were on the wall by the stove, held on with what looked like some magnet tape. Pots and pans were hung on a metal rack that protruded from the ceiling, while the top of the fridge was overrowed with bags and bags of snacks.

The space included a corner for their table and a living room with a large sectional, coffee table, and TV. There were pictures on the walls, some resembling old family photos and others more recent. One had Quinn and Brianna with large backpacks on their backs as they smiled and gave a thumbs up from what looked like the top of a mountain. She seemed so happy, smiling ear to ear, her arm wrapped tightly around her friend.

"Landon, did you hear me?" Quinn asked, bringing my attention back to her.

"Sorry, what?" I asked, having no idea what had been said or asked.

"I said we don't have much for breakfast if you're hungry," Quinn said, looking slightly embarrassed.

"That's okay. I'm happy to order something for all of us, or we could go out," I said.

"Da'n, for all of us," Brianna commented, sounding impressed I had included her. "I guess this one can say," she added with a wink at Quinn.

With the approval of Brianna, who said that I was a good person, I ordered all of us breakfast. The three of us ate together on the couch as we watched a movie Brianna had turned on. After only a few minutes, it was as if we had all been friends for a long time. Ezra was laughing with us, but we both kept getting distracted by Rob's constant phone calls and attempts to mind-link us. I knew I needed to get back to the pack eventually, but I was finding it difficult to move from my spot on the couch, where Quinn was snuggled into my side. After nearly twelve hours of blocking Rob out, I finally decided to open the link between us.

"Fu*king sh*t, it's about time! I've been trying to get a hold of you!" He huffed, trying not to sound angry but doing a terrible job of it.

"What do you need? I told you yesterday I wasn't going to be available for a while, and you and Evelyn were going to have to take care of any issues," I told him sternly.

"Well, you've been gone long enough; it's time for you to return," he scolded.

"This man is going to need a serious talking to when we get back," Ezra uttered in a low growl.

"It's Sunday, and unless there's rogues at the gate or a building on fire, you can handle it."

"What's going on with you and Quinn?" He asked pointedly.

"That's none of your business," I told him shortly.

"Are you with her now?" He asked.

"Yes, and I'm going back to focusing on her and not your nonsense," I added, cutting the link and putting my block back up. The three of us finished watching the movie, and when it ended, we began cleaning up the giant food mess we had made in the living room. It was now mid-afternoon, and as much as I didn't want to, I did need to get back to the pack.

"I think the pack would be fine if we just decided to stay here forever," Ezra said, looking down at Quinn, still curled beside us.

"As tempting as it sounds, we really should get home and check on the state of things and our email," I told him. We still had a large business to run that was never-ending. Brianna had left us to take a shower, so I wasn't going to get the chance to say goodbye, but I knew this wasn't the last time we were going to meet.

"Hey, I hate to say this because I've had such an amazing time with you, but unfortunately, I need to get back home," I told her, leaning down and kissing her temple.

"Yeah, I figured you couldn't stay here forever," she said, turning so she was looking at me.

"I wanna see you again. Can we have dinner tomorrow?" I asked, watching her eyes light up and a smile across her face.

"Sure, I work six to six tomorrow," she said.

"Why don't I pick you up right from the hospital?" I questioned.

"Alright, where are we going to go this time?" She asked, playing with my shirt collar, brushing her fingers gently along my chest. Ezra was purring, and I was fighting the urge not to take her on the couch, where Brianna could return any minute.

"You pick wherever you want to go!" I told her with a smile. Begrudgingly, I dragged myself from the couch to collect the rest of my things from her room. Quinn walked me to the door, where we said goodbye under the protest of a very irritated Ezra.

"I'll see you tomorrow around six," she said after I released her and her lips from my grasp.

"Count on it," I added with a quick wink. She blushed, and I walked from her apartment and out into the fantastic October afternoon.

The entire drive back home, I couldn't stop smiling. Things had gone even better than I ever expected with Quinn, and I couldn't wait to have her in my arms again. Our pack wasn't too far outside the city, so I was back home before I knew it. Parking in the garage, I walked the short distance into the pack house. Going to my office, I said hello to a few people who passed by. Many were outside enjoying the lovely autumn day since it was Sunday. Opening my office door, I noticed it was cleaner than when I left. The cleaning staff must have been inside.

The sitting room looked immaculate; the pillows had chop marks on the top, sitting lightly on the white couch. Books had been returned to the shelves surrounding the TV mounted to the wall, and fresh flowers stood in a tall vase on the coffee table. I went over to my sizeable dark maple desk and saw it had also been straightened up. The dust on my computer was gone, and someone had taken out the trash. This pack would be lost without all the people working so hard. I had only been in my office for a couple of minutes before there was a sharp knock on the door. It didn't take a rocket scientist to guess who it was.

"Come in," I said, trying not to sound pissed. Sure enough, Rob walked in with a somber look on his dened face.

"Alpha, I heard you were home," he said, coming to take the seat across from me.

"Yes, I've only been back a few minutes," I explained. "I'm just checking some emails quickly before I go back to my place for a shower."

"How was your time with Quinn?" he asked, trying to sound conversational.

"Everything went well; we had a great time together," I said.

"Did you tell her about who you are?" he questioned.

"No, I thought that might be too much for the first date," I told him.

"You might not want to wait too long. If she doesn't accept you, all you're doing is getting yourself attached."

"I understand that," I added, with a stern expression. He was toeing the line of inappropriate questions.

"I thought you'd like to know we figured out who was behind the rogue attack the other day," he said. At least we were off the subject of Quinn and onto pack matters.

"Who was it?" I asked.

"One of the men in the dungeon said the Rogue King sent them," Rob explained.

"Did he say why? It seems stupid to attack the largest pack in the States," I told him.

"He just said he sent a few groups to different packs. It's probably to test their defenses. There's no indication he'll do it again."

"I hope not; he's not going to have any warriors left if he keeps sending them here; surely he knows that," I said, crossing my arms over my chest.

"You'd think. Well, I'll leave you to your emails and such," Rob said, getting to his feet. He began walking to the door, but I called him back.

"Rob!"

"Yeah," he responded, turning around.

"Just so you're aware, if Quinn accepts me for who I am and wants to, I will make her the Luna of this pack."