

CHAPTER 101

Kai POV

I'm nervous. I can't believe it. All this time I've spent with Winter and I can't quite stop fidgeting with my hands. I get dressed in a separate room, so that she doesn't feel afraid of me, spending time smoothing my hair back and making myself look as presentable as possible. I knock on the door gently and wait for her to call me in.

Whatever you do, don't mess it up. She's vulnerable, remember.

Don't you think I know that, Storm? I know she's vulnerable. She's got amnesia for heaven's sake.

Well then, treat her gently, like fragile China.

I'm not going to treat her like she's going to break. She's stronger than you think she is.

Don't say I didn't warn you.

Enough Storm!

"Come in" she calls in that husky beautiful voice of hers.

I open the door and walk in, my mouth falling open. God she's beautiful. She has no idea just how much of an effect she's having on me. Her smile, those pearly white teeth of hers. Her slim legs clad in leggings. She's wearing a dressy blouse and the leather jacket I got for her. Her hair

cascades down her shoulders in waves. She's stunning and for a moment I'm speechless.

"Do I look okay?" she asks me nervously.

I gulp. She more than looks okay. "You look beautiful" I breathe, bending down and giving her a quick peck on the cheek. I'm not about to push it right now and try and get a long kiss, although I have to say it's taking a hell of a lot of restraint.

"Where are we going?" she asks curious and I smile and shake my head.

"It's a surprise" I remind her and she pouts at me. It's adorable, shaking her head so that her hair flies over her shoulder. I go to take hold of her hand and she flinches.

"Sorry" I apologize, I guess she's still not too sure about me. It stings a little bit, but I can't exactly blame her. I mean who knows how I would act if I didn't have all my memories.

"No, I'm sorry" she says softly, and takes hold of my hand, sparks flying between us "I didn't mean to."

"No harm done" I say with a friendly smile and begin to tug her out of the room. She giggles as we descend the stairs, laughing at my excitement.

"You'll love it" I promise her, helping her into the passenger seat of the car. She gives a small nod, buckling up her seatbelt and patiently waiting for me to get into the driver's side.

I start the engine and she reaches over to change the music, to country of all things. I know she likes that type of music and I'm willing to leave her to listen to it. She stares out the window, watching the scenery go by. She fidgets with both hands and I know she's nervous. I just don't know if she's nervous of me or of going out in the first place. Soon, we've started our way into town and her eyes light up with excitement as I maneuver

through the streets, parking in front of a club which I hope will be very familiar to Winter. The neon sign reads "Club 666" the same one I brought her to on our first date and the one that I am the proud owner of.

I help her out of her seat as she stands and grips my hand tightly, tucking herself in under my shoulder. "A club" she says anxiously "are you sure this is a good idea?"

"I promise you'll like it. If you don't, we can just go home" I suggest and that seems to cheer her up slightly.

I walk her down towards the line that's all the way up the street. It's great to see how many people are desperate to get into the club. I confidently head towards the front of the line, where my regular bouncer, Leo is.

"Leo" I greet him and Winter looks at him, biting her lip.

"Do I know you?" she asks him tentatively "you look a little familiar."

Success. She remembered something. I want to fist pump the air. Leo looks bemused. "We met the last time you were here, princess" he says charmingly.

I glower at him. No one calls Winter princess but me. He just grins, recognizing that he's pushed my buttons. Good thing he's an excellent employee.

"Oh," is all Winter says with a puzzled expression.

"Hey what's going on? This guy's pushing his way in, you're not going to just let him through, are you? We've been waiting for ages" a young teenager shouts from behind us, sounding extremely pissed.

Leo just shrugs. "I'm not telling the owner he can't get into his own club. You do it if you're game enough" he says calmly and the boy falls silent.

Winter looks at me. "You're the owner?" she asks eagerly.

I give her a wink. "I'm just going to take her through" I tell Leo smugly, gently pulling Winter behind me as we go inside.

Winter is fairly bouncing in her excitement now, listening to the loud music and watching couples gyrate and make out on the dance floor. There's a wide smile on her face. "What do you want to do first?" I ask her.

She thinks for a moment. "Can we get a drink?" she asks "I'm a little thirsty" she adds.

We go to a booth and sit down. A waitress comes up and this time Winter orders a Dr Pepper while I order a plain coca cola.

"I think I need sugar" Winter says quietly "I keep having this craving."

Come to think of it, now that I eye her, she does look a bit pale. Maybe we should have left tonight to a different day.

"We can leave if you want" I offer but she shakes her head and smiles, leaning back against the seat.

"No, I like it here" she says.

A cute goth girl comes up. She has makeup plastered all over her face, she's wearing a tiny shirt which shows her midriff off and a short skirt with a little chained belt, knee high boots and fishnet stockings. She had lovely brown hair in pig tails and would be roughly about Winter's age. She's also, very, very drunk as she stumbles slightly into our table.

"Sorry" slurs the girl and I frown, she's very inebriated. Surely the bartender should have cut her off by now? I make a mental note to check into that. In the meantime, the girl is staring down at Winter who is looking at the girl, completely fascinated.

"Can I just say" the girl continues tipsy and swaying on her feet "that you are the most beautiful girl in the room."

Well, that wasn't something I saw coming. Winter looks at me helplessly, wondering what to say or do. I'm trying to stifle my laughter.

"Would you dance with me?" the girl asks hopefully.

Poor Winter looks like she's about to faint. Enough of this.

I stand up and come over to Winter's side, laying a possessive arm on her shoulders. "I'm afraid that I don't share" I drawl "but my partner thanks you for the compliments."

Winter nods profusely. "Yes, thank you" she says blushing.

The girl looks disappointed. "Well, if you change your mind" she says with a grin "then come find me on the dance floor."

"Okay" Winter says quietly, both of us watching as the girl staggers away.

The second the girl is gone we both burst into laughter. Winter laughs until she cries. "Oh, that was funny" she chortled "especially considering I was sitting with my partner. She's really ballsy" she continues with admiration.

"Well, if you don't mind" I joke "how about dancing with me?"

She's up in an instant and we're both on the dance floor. I have to admit, I'm not much of a dancer, but Winter doesn't mind. She on the other hand can really move to the music, her hips swaying in time to it, her body pulsating on the dance floor. It's a complete turn on and I have to work hard at a certain part of my anatomy not popping up in my tight trousers. It takes a lot of effort and self-control.

Several dances later, and several women glared at by Winter for daring to approach me, and we're both pooped and ready to relax in a booth. Winter fans her face which has turned slightly red. I give her some cold water and

she drinks it down, throwing it back in several gulps. "Thirsty" she wheezes.

I laugh. "You're not kidding."

She grins. "Dancing is hard work."

Man, she looks hot right now. Her body on that dance floor, my god I've got the biggest hard-on.

Storm, have you ever heard of giving too much information?

But we're bros so we can say whatever we want to each other.

Still, I don't need to know you have a hard on!

Why not? I know for a fact you were getting one while you were dancing with her.

Okay, that's enough, goodbye Storm.

I cut Storm off and put up a block before he can tell me anything else. Damn that mutt. Bros indeed.

"Can you order me a dr pepper again please?" Winter asks, standing up and looking slightly unsteady on her feet "I just need to go to the bathroom."

"Do you want me to walk you over there?" I ask, glancing at the bathrooms which are in a hallway off the dance floor. She shakes her head. "I'll be fine. I just need to freshen up a little" she says weakly.

I'm not so sure but she starts to walk off anyway and I keep a close eye on her to make sure she makes it into the bathroom. Only then do I flag down a waitress and order Winter and myself a cool drink. I'd give anything for a nice refreshing beer right now, but seeing as Winter can't drink, I'm not

going to either. I'm not that much of an asshole. Give me some credit at least.

The drinks come. Still no sign of Winter. I'm concerned she might be sick in the bathroom. My fingers drum along the table top as I sip at my coke. I don't want to embarrass her by trying to get in or getting security to check on her. I take a glance at my watch. It's only been five minutes; I'm clearly getting carried away. I settle back in my seat and sip my drink, watching the dancers on the dance floor.

A drunken man is shouting obscenities at the bar tender and I hover, wondering if I should go investigate, and possibly step in. He hasn't threatened violence but as I listen, it's clear that the bartender has cut the man off from drinking, rightfully so. It's standard policy and I'm appreciative that he's following it. The security team step in, so I don't have to and I watch as the man is dragged away, kicking and yelling all sorts of things, before his voice fades away as he's dragged outside. The bartender looks relieved. I don't blame him. No one wants to have to deal with that crap, and bartenders have to on a daily basis. How hard is it to stop drinking when it's clear you've had enough? Too hard for some people apparently.

Where the hell is Winter? I glance at my watch and begin to get concerned. It's been a little while now. What do I do? I can't exactly push into the ladies' room myself. Hell no, not even as the owner. There had to be a member of security who was female who could check on her for me. I turn my head to look and sigh. They're all outside still. I turn back and almost have a heart attack. Winter is standing there, pale, her eyes red and puffy. I hadn't even heard her approach, let alone smelt her scent, but there were so many people in the club it would have been easy to miss it.

"Are you alright?" I ask, leaning over to grasp her hand. God they're so cold and clammy. I try to warm them with my own.

There's a tremulous smile on Winter's face. She swallows and then speaks. "I'm not feeling the best, is it okay if we just go home?"

If she's not feeling well, then of course we're going home. That's not even a question. I get up hurriedly. "Let's go" I say crisply and begin to drag her behind me out of the club. She feels so cold. It's odd.

"I didn't mean to ruin anything" she says in a whisper.

"You haven't" I say firmly "I had a great time tonight and there'll be other nights as well."

She gives me a small smile and nods.

I help her into the car and place the heater on for warmth. She curls up in the seat and rests her head against the window, watching everything passes by. By the time we make it back to the pack house, she's fallen firmly asleep.

I frown. She must be sick or something. I gently gather her up and cradle her to my chest, walking up towards the bedroom. I debate whether to put her in a separate room again but she's cold and I figure my body heat might help. I place her in the bed and take my shirt off, climbing in beside her, pulling her up against me as she sleeps and resting my head on her shoulder. This is where she belongs, where she's meant to be. I close my eyes. For now, I would have to be content with her company and pray that her memories come back soon.