

CHAPTER 68

Kai POV

When Winter strips naked in front of me, I'm taken aback at how nonchalant she is. There's no self-consciousness at all in her movements and the sight of her beautiful body has my cock twitching in my pants and Storm going absolutely crazy in my mind. I can't stop myself from staring at her, knowing I should look away but my body refuses to cooperate, my eyes widening. I can see the scars on her body and I so badly want to touch them, trace them with my fingers but I don't want to frighten her or cause her to shy away from me either. Those scars are part of her, and if anything, they show just how brave she is.

She shifts and I'm blown away again by her beautiful wolf as she sits on her haunches. I blink in disbelief as I stare. It might be my imagination, but I swear her wolf has grown by several inches. It looks bigger to me at any rate, but then I could be wrong. Clearly Winter wants to go for a run and I can tell she's waiting for me, her little tail wagging. It's adorable. Well, if she wants to go for a run with me, who am I to stop her? In fact, right now I can't think of anything better I would like to do. Storm is more than game to go for a run; he's practically dancing in my mind with excitement.

Hell yes, it's been so long man. Look how cute our mate is, she's tiny, like so small but sooo cute

I don't think you should tell her that though Storm, she might take it the wrong way.

Can I tell her she's beautiful? That nothing can compare to her beauty?

Yes, I suppose you could. Women like that sort of thing, so I imagine a female wolf would love it too.

Ah, sweet. You know you should take a leaf out of my book.

Steady boy. You sound lovesick.

That's because I am Kai, that's cause I am.

Storm, you have so much self-confidence, it's astounding.

I begin to peel off my clothes and smirk, realizing she's not looking away from me either. I'm not self-conscious, in fact I take it as a compliment that she can't stop staring at me. I hope she likes what she sees. Storm is raring to go for a run with our mate and I'm hard pressed to keep him from taking over as we shift to our large black wolf form, easily towering over poor Winter. She's not afraid though, coming over and nuzzling us to Storm's ecstasy. He's really pushing hard and reluctantly I mind-link Winter, for the first time, since I marked her. It's relatively easy to my

surprise, there's no resistance at all from her, even though this is the first time we have mind-linked each other.

Winter, Storm really wants to take over and run with your wolf if that's possible. I understand if you say no though. It's entirely your decision and how comfortable you are with it.

That's okay, Sabriel really wants to run with Storm. I've had to warn her no funny business though, you might want to say the same to Storm. I'd rather not have sex in wolf form, no matter how horny Sabriel is. That's not a joke by the way.

Hear that Storm? No funny business or I take back control.

Fine but if she jumps me, I'm not saying no he grumbles and I sigh. Storm is going to lose control if he so much as attempts to do the naughty without Winter's consent. I suspect the same goes for Sabriel.

I give Storm control and Winter does the same with Sabriel. It's always a surreal feeling being in the back of my mind like a passenger in a car seat, but it's cool at the same time. Sabriel takes off at a run and Storm trots to keep up with her. Because Sabriel's still quite small, Storm doesn't have to fully run to stay in stride with her, but he doesn't care he's fully enjoying himself. I watch as my big bad Alpha wolf, turns to putty in Sabriel's hands, nuzzling her constantly and licking her neck. Sigh, I'm almost embarrassed at my wolf's public display of affection. Not that Storm cares. He just smirks at me.

They run together, through the trees which pass by in a blur. For fun they track down a nearby buck and scare it, rather than eating it. According to Sabriel, Storm tells me, Winter would rather not eat anything raw. I agree. I've never liked eating animals in wolf form, but when hunting and travelling it was a necessity and I understand that. Storm's a little disgruntled, he loves to eat animals but he respects Winter's wishes, knowing that she might take control otherwise of her wolf and he would lose his time with Sabriel.

The hours pass by as they frolic together, play fighting and enjoying the outdoors but even wolves get tired eventually, it must be said. Storm is sad to stop and so is Sabriel but Winter and I are starving by now, as well as tired ourselves. We need food to replenish our strength and soon. Not to mention fluids.

We make it back to our clothes and I shift first, Winter seconds later. I finish dressing and turn around to see that Winters cheeks are bright red. Is she blushing? I give a slow grin. She must have been checking me out while I dressed. Not that she'd admit it. But still, I feel a sense of satisfaction. I should have dressed more slowly and teased her.

"Hungry?" I ask teasingly, holding out my arm and feeling a glow inside as she takes it, nodding her cute little head firmly.

"Yes" she rasps, laughter in her voice. She seems to have enjoyed herself.

We make it to the kitchen and I make her sit down, noticing that except for the flush in her cheeks, she looks extremely pale.

“How does omelets sound with some chicken?” I ask and she looks at me in surprise.

“You cook?” she says incredulously.

I pretend to be offended. “Of course I cook. Not all of us men are hopeless in the kitchen” I tell her gruffly.

“Sounds good” she gets out and I grin, whipping up the ingredients in no time. I do make a mean omelet if I do say so myself. Although contrary to what I told Winter, it’s one of the few things I’m competent at. I’m not so good with complex recipes, but she doesn’t need to know that. This will impress her and that’s what I’m after.

I slide the plate in front of her, sitting across from her and watching with delight as she picks up the fork and takes her first mouthful, moaning in delight. fuck, my dick twitches at the sound and I squirm in my seat, hurriedly beginning to eat in the hopes of distracting myself. It doesn’t work and I continue to shift, trying my best to stop myself from hardening.

There’s silence as we eat, but it’s not the awkward type of silence. Rather it’s comfortable silence and before long, I push my plate away, Winter’s still half full and she glances at me sheepishly. I guess I gave her too much to eat.

“I thought you were hungry” I comment a little nonplussed and slightly panicked. What if she didn’t like it and was just being polite? Maybe I could offer to make her something else? A sandwich, or crackers or something?

“I’m not used to eating large portions” she admits dryly and my heart stops.

Of course she’s not, not with all the abuse she told me about. I decide not to make a big deal about it, not wanting to make her uncomfortable. Still the mood is slightly awkward now.

I grab the plates and place them gingerly in the sink, returning with two sodas, one of which I hand to her as she looks at me grateful and begins to sip. There’s an idea playing around in my mind and I don’t know whether it’s a great idea or not. Still, I can’t stop myself from mentioning it.

“I know you want to go on a date” I say delicately as she nods “and I very much want that too, but there’s something else I want to ask you about while I have your full attention. It’s important to me and I want to get your opinion.”

She waits patiently, hands on the table as I ponder what to say. Stuff it, I’m just going to tell her.

“Theres’ an annual meeting every year with us Alpha’s. We take our partner to the summit and there’s dancing, talking, just a casual sort of thing. Would you mind attending with me? I can show you off to the other Alphas” I say, feeling a bit hopeful that she might agree to it.

She looks pensive, sipping at her soda, while I wait on tenterhooks. Is she going to agree or have I moved way too fast for her liking?

Finally, she gives a wide smile. “I would like that” she says hoarsely as I reach over and grip her hand, a smile on my face.

“When is it?” she asks.

I stop and think. s**t. It’s actually not that far away. Hopefully that won’t matter. I meet her eyes feeling sheepish. “It’s in two weeks’ time” I say slowly “which means we need to organize a dress for you before you go.”

Winter looks at me and shakes her head. My heart plummets to the ground. Did she not want to go with me now? Was it too soon for her liking?

“No dress” she tells me and my heart begins to speed up again “I don’t like them.”

It’s unusual but if she doesn’t want to wear a dress, I’m not going to make her. But I can’t help myself from asking “what would you like to wear?”

She shrugs. “A skirt maybe, not sure.”

Fair enough. Why shouldn't she be comfortable in her own skin and clothes? I guess we men have it easy in that respect. It's easier for us to get dressed and go. I want her to dress however she likes, even if it means sweatshirt and pants. She looks beautiful no matter what she wears.

“In the meantime, I'll get started on this date of ours” I say with a wicked wink as she giggles “are you going to be okay if I go and do some business?” I ask. “You could always sit in the study with me” I add, my eyes lighting up.

“Can I come with you?” she asks uncertainly.

“Oh, you bet you can” I growl, picking her up and carrying her down the hallway. I place her on the couch in the corner as she watches, sitting on my computer and doing the bare minimum I need to do for today.

I'm still contemplating date night, when I finally close the laptop and glance over at the couch. Winter's asleep, tossing and turning slightly as I walk over. Do I wake her? Or let her sleep? She looks so innocent and childlike, I can't help but reach over and touch her face, her pale lips partially open and her soft snores filling the room. It's so endearing.

Quietly, I gather her up and begin the long trek upstairs, careful not to wake her. Date night was going to be the best damn date Winter had ever been on, I determined, looking down at my beautiful mate. It was time I

started making everything up to her and showed her just what a great mate I could be and show her my adoration at the same time. Make up for all the crappy things I've done to her.