

CHAPTER 69

Winter POV

Kai's been a little on edge the last two days and I'm wondering about that, but he's also been secretive and avoiding me, which I'm hoping is for a very good reason. I walk out of the bathroom; thoughts whirling around in my head and stop short. There, lying spread out on the bed, is an outfit, one that astonishes me as I walk over and pick up the skirt and shirt, a smile on my face. He had to have chosen this out himself and that pleases me more than anything. Is this for our date? Are we finally going on one? I've been waiting with anticipation for it.

He's listened to me when it comes to dresses, then I think relieved. The skirt is gorgeous, a black leather one that flows out from the hips and stops just above the knees. There's a plain white camisole to go with it but the jacket he's provided stops me in my tracks. It's leather, the same black as the skirt, but short, ending at my hips. It's one of the most beautiful jackets I've ever seen and I admire it greatly, holding it up against my body, even twirling around in front of the mirror. It's so beautiful, but more importantly, I feel beautiful imagining myself in it. I can't wait to try these clothes on, I think awed.

There's a piece of paper on the floor and I scoop it up, knowing it must be from Kai. It must be a message of some sort.

It simply reads "Date night tonight, get dressed and wait for me to come to get you."

Short but sweet, I think, eagerly getting dressed and admiring myself in the mirror. Since I arrived at Kai's pack, I've gained some weight and filled out my curves. My skin has started to tan, a golden honey color that brings color to my face. As I stare at my reflection in the mirror, I see a pretty girl instead of the one I used to know. It's so astonishing how much I've changed, but it's been for the better. I'm growing as a person and becoming more like who I want to be, instead of the old Winter who was beaten and tortured. I never want to be the old Winter, ever again.

You look smashing Winter. My god, that man has good taste in clothes, hasn't he?

Isn't it beautiful Sabriel? I wonder what he has in mind for tonight? I wonder where we are going?

Something tells me it's going to involve dancing, or at least I hope so. We can get our jiggy on, and dance with him. Have loads of fun.

You're weird, but I love you anyway, Sabriel.

Love you too, Winter, but in a different way to Kai. I love him too.

I think I might love him as well Sabriel. I think I do.

The door slowly creaks open and I whirl around, my eyes meeting Kai's as he steps into the bedroom, a smile on his handsome face, and a bouquet of flowers in his hands. He holds them out to me as I gasp and I eagerly accept them, sniffing their fragrances while my heart thuds loudly in my chest. He's taken the trouble to bring me flowers. I'm already melting and we haven't even made it out of the bedroom yet. Sabriel is purring in my mind. She adores the flowers as well. Purple roses are one of my favorite flowers. How had he known? I think I only mentioned it once and it was in passing.

I couldn't help staring at Kai. He's made a special effort to dress himself in a suit today, black trousers, and a white shirt with a suit jacket, but it makes him look even more masculine and handsome. His scars stand out,

but truth be told, I barely even notice them anymore. I hope he doesn't get self-conscious while we are out. I want him to feel comfortable and have a good time as well. God, he's so damn gorgeous and it's like he doesn't even know it.

He gives me a smile. "You look beautiful," he tells me huskily as I glow at the compliment.

"Thank you for the outfit and the flowers," I said quietly. My voice has slowly gotten better over the last few days and, although it's still quite hoarse, I can speak a lot easier. It doesn't hurt as much either.

"You're welcome. Are you ready to leave?" he asks and I look at him, wriggling my eyebrows and making him laugh.

"Maybe, do you want to tell me where we are going?" I asked and he shook his head slowly, a small smile on his face.

"It's a surprise," he says firmly, taking hold of my hand, and I reluctantly place the flowers on the bed, on the way out of the bedroom. Hopefully, they don't die while we are gone.

He leads me down to the garage and opens the door to the nearby Mercedes, helping me inside like a true gentleman. I'm speechless. This is a side of Kai I've never seen before, but man do I really like it. He shuts the door and makes his way over to the driver's side, getting in smoothly and turning the engine on.

"Do you want some music?" he asks and I nod, watching as he turns the stereo on before he begins to pull out. It's country music and I grin. Nothing beats a good old country song when it comes to driving.

I lean back against the chair and relax, enjoying the peaceful drive and the scenery as we go past. But soon enough, we're pulling into the city and I give Kai a questioning look. I'm not used to the nightlife but he takes hold of my hand and squeezes it.

"I know you just turned eighteen a few months ago," he tells me quietly as I nod, surprised he remembers "And it occurred to me there's a lot of things you've not had the opportunity to do yet. So, I thought we would go to a club I know, it's the best in the city", he boasts and I laugh, feeling incredibly nervous. I've never been clubbing but I know plenty of people in school have. It just seemed to be so crowded.

I felt a slight sense of panic. I don't know how to dance. What if I embarrass him? Or what if other women try to take him away from me? Sabriel gets annoyed at that thought and I hastily cool her down. He seems to be reading my thoughts.

"For what it's worth," he says quietly, still driving, face gathered in concentration "I am not much of a dancer either. We can look awkward together" he chuckles.

That makes me giggle. This could be fun. In fact, the more I think about it, the happier I become. I might not be of the legal age to drink, but that doesn't mean I can't have a good time and I hadn't expected Kai to think of something like this for our first date. He was really putting in the effort. Especially since I can't see him actually liking big crowds like this.

He pulls into a carpark as I stare at the building in awe. It has large neon lights pronouncing the name "Club 666" and there's a huge line of people waiting to get through the door. It's going to take forever before we can get inside, I think to myself, a little deflated. Kai opens the door and takes my hand.

"Let's go have some fun," he says and I smile, taking his arm and letting him shut the door. Oh well, it will be worth the wait.

I fully expect us to both go join the back of the line but instead, Kai makes a beeline towards the bouncer, a small smile on his face, even as I'm hesitant. What is he doing? We can't just jump the line like that? Already the crowd is muttering and I can hear angry voices which make me cringe, even as Kai drags me to the front of the line where the bouncer is waiting.

"Leo," he says, startling me as he greets the bouncer. The bouncer is a large man, clearly, a shifter with muscled arms folded across his bulky chest, his head shaved, and sunglasses on his eyes. He's not fooling around when it comes to security. He looks like he takes his job very seriously.

"Alpha Kai", the bouncer greets him with a smile as I look back and forth between them. They seem to know each other, but I hadn't thought that Kai would be the regular clubbing type, so what was going on? Were they old friends from school or something?

"This is my date Winter". Kai introduces me and the bouncer shakes my hand, gently for someone with such large hands. He seems to be a nice person, even if he does look a bit scary.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Winter," Leo says.

"Nice to meet you" I stammered back, looking helplessly at Kai.

He takes pity on me. "Leo, is it cool if we go inside now? I want to get Winter out of the cold. It's freezing out here."

Leo gives him a wink. "Course you can," he says with a chuckle and a shake of his head. "I'm not about to tell the owner he can't get into his own club. I don't have a death wish" he jokes, undoing the rope and allowing Kai to drag me inside. Well, not drag, maybe gently tug me inside.

I'm in shock. I can't believe that Kai owns a club. It's freaking cool. As we step inside the interior of the building, my eyes widen and my jaw drops open. It's beautiful. It has a sense of luxury, with booths all around the dance floor and tables, and waitresses serving guests quickly. The dance floor is bright and the music is loud, people dancing everywhere, their hands on each other, several others making out. The atmosphere is bouncing and it's clear this is a popular club. It's totally wild and utterly cool. It's also making me feel completely out of my depth.

"I can't believe you own this," I say slowly and he grins and gives me a wink.

"There are lots of things you don't know about me," Kai says as he steers me towards a table and sits me down. "Trust me, I'm an enigma", he jokes and I giggle. He certainly is. But one that I was slowly getting to know.

I looked around wide-eyed, trying to take it all in. I've never been clubbing before and this is so exciting. My foot is tapping to the music as a waitress approaches. I frown when she bends over to speak to Kai, showing off her impressive cleavage and deliberately ignoring me. I feel snubbed. I also feel incredibly angry while I struggle to keep my cool. Not that the bitch notices or anything.

"What can I get you to drink" she coos, flipping her blonde hair over her shoulder and batting her eyelashes at him. My hands clench into fists under the table.

Sabriel is ready to lunge across the table and send the waitress flying. Kai, to his credit, doesn't even look at the waitress but instead turns to me.

"What would you like to drink?" he asks politely as the waitress begins to look disgruntled, sneering at me.

"I'll have a root beer please," I say, and he nods.

"I'll have a coke," he tells her and she walks off looking annoyed. Take that, I think to myself triumphantly. Kai hadn't even spared her a second glance.

"You're not going to drink?" I asked uncertainly.

He shrugs. "If you can't drink, then neither will I."

Then he sits back against the chair and observes me with those dark eyes of his, narrowing them as a small smile appears on his face.

"Tell me, Winter," he drawls as my heart skips a beat "what would you like to do now?"