

CHAPTER 70

Kai POV

The club is loud and there are couples gyrating on the dance floor everywhere. I might own the club, but this really isn't my scene, not that I'm about to tell Winter that. Not when she's looking all over the place with awe, a large smile on that beautiful face of hers. She looks like she's glowing in excitement and I'm further surprised when she just orders a root beer to drink and sips at it, her face alight as she listens to the music, her foot tapping in time to the rhythm. She looks like any other normal teenage girl out clubbing.

For a while we sip our drinks, content to listen and be quiet, occasionally asking each other questions, but I can see Winter longingly looking at the dance floor. The outfit I chose for her suits her down to the ground and she even added leggings to it. She looks stunning, an absolute goddess, and easily the most beautiful woman in the room. I'm lucky to have her here with me, that's for sure. Especially given the envious looks of several other males who spot her. I smirk. She's all mine, fellas. Come near her and I'll murder you without a qualm.

I quietly place my drink down and turn to her with a small smile. "Would you like to dance" I offer and her eyes light up immediately as she stands up and almost drags me to the dance floor. I guess that's a yes, then.

We went to the edge of the dance floor. I prefer not to be in the center with all the gyrating bodies everywhere. Good lord, some of these girls are wearing almost nothing. Aren't they freezing?

I'm a little out of my element. I'm not much of a dancer and I'm also incredibly aware of my scars. I can see a few women pointing them out to each other and whispering and my face burns in embarrassment. But I was determined to make sure that Winter had a good time and that's what I was going to do. So, I put aside all my inhibitions and began to groove to the music, Winter laughing at my pathetic attempt to dance to a young person's music as I like to think of it. But at least she's having fun and that's what matters the most to me. I want her to be out here enjoying herself.

She's having a wonderful time, even cozying up to me and laughing as I twirl her around. But it's not long until I get hot from all the moving around in the crowd and, judging by the flush on her cheeks, she feels the same. We both need to cool down.

"Another drink?" I suggest and she nods gratefully, using her hand to fan her face as I lead her back toward one of the booths.

"Root beer?" I check and she gives a small nod. "I'll be right back," I tell her with a smile. I go and join the crowd waiting to be served.

We could wait for a waitress but it's gotten crowded now and they appear to be run off their feet. It will be much quicker to go to the bar and fetch them. I make a mental note to hire more waitresses as I make my way over and give the bartender a small smile.

"Root beer and coke please," I tell him and he nods, serving the drinks up quickly. The bartender is efficient. I'll give him that. Doesn't try to engage in small talk, as a lot of them do. He's also not trying to hit on any of the women which I like. This means he takes his job seriously.

He places the drinks in front of me and I take one in each hand, slowly maneuvering my way through the crowd to make it back to Winter. I frown. There's a guy standing in front of Winter, looking down at her, swaying slightly on his feet. He's clearly inebriated. I hesitate. Storm

wants to go over there and slam the guy's face into the table, but part of me is hesitant. I don't want to play the hero if she's capable of sending him away herself. Besides, she might not welcome my interference. I slowly walked towards the table, able to catch some of the conversations with my sensitive hearing.

"How are you doing, baby doll" creep a Zoids voice. He's definitely drunk and slurring his words. Asshole.

"I'm not your babydoll". Winter's voice, sounds extremely annoyed and angry, staring up at the man who's towering over her.

"You don't have to be like that" creeps voice. Determined fucker, I'll give him that.

"I'm here with someone so I'd appreciate it if you would leave." Winter's voice. She's standing up for herself. Good for her.

I growl at that. Still, I move closer in case she needs me. My whole body is tense. I'm prepared to step in at any moment and deal with this creep the way he deserves to be treated.

"You mean that man with those ugly scars", the creep's voice sneers, and I see Winter stiffen. She looks pissed off. Somehow, I'm not surprised that my scars get dragged into this, but Winter's reaction surprises me the most.

"They are not ugly", Winter's voice. "Please leave." She's starting to sound a bit angry now and I wonder whether I should stop this guy now or wait. Then I see red. The creep has taken hold of her arm and she's trying to pull it back to no avail. He's too strong for her and it shows. Bastard. I hate men who manhandle women. He's mine now, the fuckers going down. I began to move. Something's wrong. He has something in his pocket that's gleaming in the light. How the hell did he get past security? Son of a bitch.

"Listen you little bitch. Do as I say or I'll knife you right here and now..." he begins and that's it. I drop the drinks and storm towards them both, my eyes turning pitch black in my anger. How dare he? I think furiously, but then I'm stopped in my tracks. Winter's handling it.

"I asked you more than once to leave me alone," Winter says icily, "and you still continued to bother me I'm not going anywhere with you, you son of a bitch" she hisses and pulls her arm free. In one smooth movement, as I watch in disbelief, she reaches over, grasps his head, and slams it on the table as he gives a shocked cry, blood pouring from no doubt what is now a broken nose. I'm speechless and in awe. She freaking slammed his head into the table, and the man more than deserved it. Way to go, Winter!

I see him starting to get back up and come over, gripping hold of the man's arm as security approaches. They should have been a bit quicker, I think to myself, slightly annoyed at them. Did they not see what was happening over here?

"He was pawing the lady, get his ass outta here," I tell them. "Make sure he leaves and never returns. Oh, and he has a knife on him" I growl, watching as they begin to pat him down.

They give a nod and I turn to Winter, who is pale and shaky but still looking absolutely furious. She looks absolutely adorable. I keep that thought to myself though. I don't want to make her even angrier. I just hope she doesn't want to go home yet and call the date over.

"Are you alright?" I asked softly, grabbing hold of her arm, where he'd taken hold, and softly rubbing it as she looked at me, a troubled look on her face.

She gives me a small nod. "He wouldn't leave me alone, I had to do it," she tells me worriedly, biting her lip. "Am I in trouble?"

I laughed, my shoulders shaking in amusement. Why on earth would she be in trouble when all she'd done was defend herself against a creep who was manhandling her? If anything, she'd done the club a favor in getting rid of a predator. She should be proud of herself.

"No, I saw the whole thing" I muttered. "You did well. I'm actually really proud of you Winter for standing up for yourself like that. It was amazing."

"Really?" she says in a small voice "I haven't wrecked the date?" she asks timidly.

Is that what she's worried about? I feel a warm glow inside of me. She hasn't ruined anything. There's no way I would say this date was ruined. Not when it's only just begun. Poor thing.

"Of course not," I said with a grin. "Do you want to leave or do you want to go and dance some more?" I really hope she wants to dance again, I'm desperate to have her in my arms again.

She cocks her head and gives me the tiniest smile. "I would like to dance" she breathes and I lead her to the dance floor, twirling her around and ignoring the mutters and looks. All I can think about is Winter and how she had defended my scars against the creep who'd approached her. She didn't have to but she'd done it anyway, not aware that I could hear. My heart skips a beat. I've fallen in love with this girl, completely and utterly, but I had yet to say the words, at least in an official matter. Would she accept my feelings or would she think I was moving too fast? I decide to wait, closing my eyes and resting my head on hers as we slowly move in time to the music, grateful just to hold her in my arms and breath in her delicious scent. This has been the best night of my life and it's all because I got to spend it with my mate. I'll never forget this date for as long as I live. I hope it's the same for Winter. But I'll never know unless she tells

me. At least I know it's the first date she's ever been on. Surely that would make it special, wouldn't it?

Later, I'm driving and keeping a wary look on my sleepy mate. She stares out the window, watching the scenery, her eyes barely staying open as I force back my grin. There's no way she's going to be awake when we make it back to the pack house. Not that I mind. It means I get to hold her again when I put her to bed. But I say sternly to my wolf who's prancing around in my head, it would only be putting her to bed, not the other thing. Storm whines but accepts it. The poor girl's almost comatose, that's how tired she is.

"Kai" she mutters, slurring her words from how tired she is, "can we go back again and dance together?"

Of course, we can. We can do whatever her little heart desires if it means I get to hold her in my arms again or kiss her. Man, I'm becoming clingy, aren't I? Yet I can't seem to help myself, not when it comes to her at any rate.

"Anytime you want, so long as there's nothing else going on" I promised thickly. She's already planning on going out with me again. I gave a cheesy grin. The next date will be even better, I promise myself.

She puts her head on her shoulder and her soft snores begin to fill the silence in the car as I smile, carefully driving slowly, wanting to prolong this date for as long as I possibly can. I can't help wanting to be this selfish. It's the most quality time I've ever managed to spend with Winter. That's my fault though, not hers.

Then she utters the words and I almost swerve the car in my shock, in her sleep. "I love you."