

His Sunshine Baby Chapter 11 - Tips

I keep driving, trying to remember the Nightclub's location. I have the address from the text I received this morning, but I don't need it. I have a good memory, and I can find my way back from what I saw yesterday while Nate was taking me there.

That Nightclub... I know why I'm going there. I mean, I could have gone to any club on our territory, even another territory, but I chose to go to this one. Half of the reason was to piss off my uncle and go against his stupid order. The other half... I sigh, and my anger slowly turns into some excitement. I know exactly what, or who I'm coming for.

His little number from yesterday hasn't left my mind. I'm curious. I don't really care if it's just about se.x, but this attraction I felt towards Nathaniel Black was no joke. I want to see if this is real. Just for once, follow my instinct and let go. I haven't forgotten that spark of his fingers reaching my skin when we moved our bodies real close, the feeling of his hands on me. I feel myself getting hotter just thinking about it.

A few more minutes, and I park in front of the Nightclub. It's Saturday, but the place doesn't look very crowded. There's only a small queue, not even a dozen people. It is quite early after all... I take a deep breath, and for a few seconds, observe the place. What stupid thing am I about to do... No matter how stupid it is, I'm not about to stop. I need this.

Just like yesterday, I manage to get in quite easily. The bouncer just takes a look at my ID, but there is no reason for him to refuse a girl alone. Once I'm inside, I actually hesitate. There aren't many people on the dancefloor yet, but my interest is more on the upper floor, the VIP area. Last night, Nate got us in without an issue, but tonight, I don't know if they would let me go upstairs... I decide to get to the bar, order a honey-flavored whiskey, and observe it for a while. Once again, there are very few people. But I don't see Nate.

How stupid... Why did I assume he would come two days in a row? I take a sip, and observe the dancers. The music is a more savage, se.xier beat. I stay sitting at the bar, observing them absent-mindedly. The barmaid who was wiping glasses comes to me with a smile, as she doesn't look too busy either.

"Waiting for someone?"

"Maybe..." I sigh.

“A pretty woman like you won’t stay alone too long...”

I give her a smile as thanks, but my heart’s not really there. I give another glance upstairs.

“He’s in the Clouds area?”

“Clouds Area?”

“That’s the name of the upper floor. Do you have an invite to get there?”

“I went just yesterday, but I was with someone. But it’s fine, I’ll just wait here and... And see if he comes or not.”

“He’s got a name, honey?”

I hesitate for a second. The name “Black” is somewhat of a taboo in Silver City... The name of the brothers, name of a scary king and a reign of fear. Most people fear that name, and with good reasons. The Black Brothers aren’t known for being nice, either. Yet, here I am, waiting to meet the second of them. What kind of an i***t I am?

Seeing that I’m hesitating in my answer, the barmaid goes first.

“I suppose that’s not a name you can call out loud, then. Just go upstairs, he’ll be there soon.”

I frown. How did she understand who I meant? And why would she let me go to the Clouds area without any sort of pass, or even a good reason? She shrugs while I’m still confused, and gives me another glass to replace my empty one.

“I have a good memory. I saw you with the Boss yesterday, honey. If you’re there to meet him again you might as well just go upstairs. And my name is Kylie. Just tell Garry I let you go.”

“Ok... Thanks, Kylie.”

“Have fun, honey.”

I nod and grab my glass to head towards the stairs. The gorilla-looking guy guarding the entrance frowns, but I explain to him Kylie said ok. He looks

hesitant, but just one look at the bar seems to be enough. Once Kylie gives him a nod, he steps aside and I can finally climb those stairs.

Yesterday, Nathaniel took me through the whole floor in a flash, and I barely have any time to look. But now that I'm on my own, I have plenty of time to observe my surroundings. Purple shades of velvet, leather sofas, fancy glasses... You can tell it's another kind of customer wandering there. All of a sudden, my denim skirt seems a bit out of place. Thank god I applied make up. I quickly put my hair in a bun, hoping that would be enough not to get me stares.

Since I already have my drink, I pick an empty spot to sit down, my eyes on the dancefloor below. Everyone here is in a flirty mood, mostly women in brand clothes playing hard to get, and guys showing off their wealth. That's definitely not my world... I don't belong here. I just sip my whisky, reflecting on what I'm doing there. Something stupid, as I mentioned, and most likely a very bad idea... I take a glance at Kylie, busy pouring drinks downstairs. She said he would come, right?

I want to check what time it is, but I don't have my smartphone! What an idiot! I probably left it in the car, since I came in a hurry. I vaguely remember grabbing it when I came down from our flat. I sigh. Nevermind, I can always mindlink Danny if needed, and I don't really feel like talking to anyone else right now.

"Are you alone, miss?"

I turn my head but face deception. Some tall guy with a smile worth any toothpaste ad is shining at me with confidence. Before I can even answer, he sits on the empty space next to me. I slide a bit away. Why do they have to be so blunt? The guy takes a look at my drink obviously looking for any way to engage the conversation.

"Whisky. I like a woman with some character!"

So what, we have to drink a "manly" drink to actually have some character? What would he have said if I had been drinking a mojito? Is it a "se.xy" drink? I ignore him, showing my annoyance, but the guy doesn't get the message.

"Which pack are you from? You have to be someone, in this area, to come up here. I'm an attorney, Joey, by the way."

“Great. Now instead of just “I’m not interested”, I can say, “I’m not interested, Joey”, I answer.

“Oh, don’t worry, I’m fine with just talking! What happened to gentlemen, huh? I know, you must think I’m one of those douchebags who just come to fish out pretty girls. But I...”

“Actually, I think you’re one of those men who don’t get what not interested means. I don’t need someone to keep me company, nor a gentleman wannabe. You can move on,” I answer with a growl this time.

“Hey, you don’t need to be rude! I was just trying to be friendly, yet you won’t even give me your name! You think you’re some princess, just answering me like that? I come with honest thoughts and you...”

I’m growling again, seriously annoyed now, but before he can finish his sentence, someone suddenly grabs his neck and puts his face against the balcony guardrail. Joey, totally confused, struggles to break free, but the man holding him doesn’t flinch.

“How about you fvck off and be friendly outside my Club before I get mad?” Says an ice-cold voice.

“Wh... What..?”

Pearls of sweat run down his temples. Everyone around us interrupted their conversations to look at the scene. I’m holding my breath. Nathaniel pushes the guy next to the stairs with a growl, where the gorilla guard grabs the poor Joey to take him outside. It’s over within half a minute, and like a silent order was given, everyone resumes to their conversations.

Nathaniel runs his fingers through his hair, regaining his composure like nothing happened. I notice a black wolf by his side, but he just turns around and leaves us.

“So you really came back,” he says.

He’s still standing, tall and handsome right in front of me. I gasp for some air. He’s even more handsome. He’s wearing a grey silk shirt and black pants. His hair is half-wet like he just got out of the shower. A drop slides from his ear to his chest.

“I needed a drink,” I answer.

What a poor response, Elena. I could’ve done better, but his sudden appearance surprised me a bit too much. I take a new sip of whiskey to give me some more confidence, the sweet taste adding so red to my cheeks and warmth to my body. Nathaniel has a glass too, some translucent liquid.

He finally takes a seat next to me, dangerously close, but I don’t back off this time. I’m feeling bold, strong and defiant. My skin is getting hotter, as his is a few inches away. His face is so close, I can see every detail of his traits.

“Good place to get a drink... I was hoping I’d see you again.”

His honesty surprises me, but I don’t think twice before giving out my response.

“...Me too.”

He smiles, and a chill runs down my spine. Gosh, his se.xiness puts me on a fvcking*g edge, my stomach’s about to burst out. Something urgent is chiming in my head, something I need now. Suddenly, his fingers reach for my drink, and he takes it away without a word. I’m about to protest, but before I do, his l!ps are on mine.

It’s a delicious surprise, I answer his k!ss without thinking. Like yesterday, his movements are so precise and measured, I lose myself in his expert moves. I k!ss him back, and Moon Goddess, it feels wrong and so good. I’m aware people might be watching us, that we are in a crowded Nightclub, and I don’t give a damn.

I just want his l!ps on mine, the touch of his tongue and the fire of his hands caressing my skin. His fingers run on my th!ghs, my neck, and through my hair. It feels like fire and desire taking over me. I forget and give up on anything else. I want more, I want to feel that good forever.

It’s innocent and se.xy. We’re adults, both human and animal, losing ourselves in something half fvcking***n. I gasp for some air, and his l!ps reach out for my neck. Without realizing, I put a hand on his arm, fl!rting with his skin too. When we slowly stop, I’m feeling just great. Shame and hesitation are way behind as he smiles at me.

“I take it that you haven’t changed your mind...” He whispers.

“I haven’t.”

I reach out for my glass and finish my whiskey in one go under his amused eyes. It would take a lot more to get me drunk, but this sweet taste definitely helps in making me feel lighter. He finishes his too, and we get up at the same time. He doesn’t take my hand or touches me, just leading the way as we get down the stairs.

One night, he said. One night I really need, one night when I can be someone else, someone’s one-time lover.

Like yesterday, we leave the nightclub in a flash, no one holding us back. He takes my hand when we get outside, and takes me to his car. We sit inside, and just before he turns the engine on, he sighs and turns to me with a frown.

“No turning away?”

I can’t help but laugh. This question is so sudden and random!

“No, not this time,” I answer with an amused smile.

“Good,” he says with a smile too.

He starts the car, heading further into the Velvet Moon territory.