

His Sunshine Baby Chapter 15 - Tips

“Elena, this time I’ll win for sure and make you my mate!”

Next to me, Daniel whistles.

“Man, you’re all fired up today. Like the twenty-six last times you tried, but hey, who’s counting?”

Daniel may find this entertaining to watch, but this is really getting old. Will he ever give up with this stupid idea? I turn around to face Eric.

Eric Solace is a big guy, a head taller than me, muscular and with broad shoulders. He is not the handsome type or ugly either, just your regular guy. But he does tend to talk loudly, and he would have a grizzly among his ancestors that I wouldn’t be surprised.

I cross my arms, annoyed already.

“Eric, you need to stop this now.”

“Backing off already? I want a proper duel!”

I roll my eyes. Damn, he may not be smart, but he sure is one stubborn wolf!

Since we met as teens, Eric has this stupid idea of making me his mate. I’ve rejected him countless times already, but he just doesn’t take no for an answer. Hence, I once told him that I would never date a guy weaker than me, hoping that would make him give up considering our strength difference. Not only it didn’t make him change his mind at all, now that i***t is set on the idea of winning a duel against me!

“Eric, seriously drop it. You’re a great guy; I don’t want to fight you!”

“Not great enough for you to accept me as your mate. So I want a duel to prove you I can do it!”

“It’s not about you; I don’t want a mate! Not you, not anyone! Why are you so set on that stupid idea?”

“I told you, I will make you my partner! You’re the only one I will accept as my girlfriend!” He blurts out.

I'm exhausted with him! It's been years since he first blurted out that idiocy, when will he ever learn! Moreover, now a few other guys from the pack made up this whole competition thing about whoever will be able to win against me. And some are not hoping for something as innocent as dating me as a prize! Not only this is stupid, childish, and annoying, it's also another reason for my uncle to resent me!

"You may as well get this over quickly, Babe. You know that i***t ain't going to let go," sighs Daniel.

I roll my eyes, but he's right.

"Come on, Elena!" Yells Eric, getting impatient.

What an i***t. I give up and nod, facing him. I don't even need to shapeshift to take care of this i***t. My inner wolf is annoyed at him too. Who does he think he is? Becoming our mate? Ugh, no way.

Eric jumps at me, but he's big and slow. I step aside at the last second, leaving him to fall face against the floor. Around us, some bystanders can't help but laugh at him. Seriously, Eric...

"If you're going to attack, do it seriously," I growl.

He growls back and turns around to jump at me again. Honestly, Eric may be big and tall, he's slow and attacks blindly. I could leave him to get tired just by ignoring and dodging his attacks like this, but that would take a while, and I don't like that so many people are watching and laughing at him. He may not be the smartest of the Pack, but he's still a good guy. When he attacks for the third time, throwing his fist forward, I bend over, jumping below his shoulder level, and throw a rotating kick right in his stomach. He loses his breath and struggles to get up, but I use this moment to get up and give him a punch in the solar plexus. My strength sends him a few steps back, and he collapses on his back, gasping for air. I sigh. Eric...

I walk up to him, crossing my arms. I put my foot on his torso, making sure he stays down.

"Eric, you really lack some basics. Why do you keep doing this? You can't even touch me!"

He suddenly laughs, though his voice is hoarse, due to the pain.

“I know... But at least I make you notice me!”

“You come right to my face to duel me, how am I supposed not to notice you? Idiot.”

He keeps laughing again. How can he look happy when I just ridiculed him in the middle of the day? Strange guy. I take my foot off.

“You had enough for today?”

“Yeah... Yeah... Damn, that hurts,” he whines, palpating his torso.

“Of course, that hurts. Just put some ice on it, you’ll have a bruise. And go get checked if it hurts again tomorrow.”

I sigh and turn around to join Danny, who is shaking his head while looking at Eric.

“Girl, that’s why he keeps coming back. You’re too nice to that i***t!”

“Eric is a good guy, Daniel, I can at least feel a bit bad for hitting him.”

“He asked for it, Babe. His problem, not yours.”

And with that, Daniel pushes me further down the street, leaving the defeated Eric behind us. If it weren’t such a repetitive scenario, I would have probably felt worse about this. But anyway, he’ll get back on his feet soon enough I guess.

Daniel takes me to a shop where he wants to buy some new CDs. He and I are the old-fashioned type, collecting CDs and vinyls of our favorite bands. The store is small but not empty, a couple of other people are there too. While Daniel goes to the 90’s pop section, I decide to wander around the Rock one. I like old English bands... Maybe I can find a good one to add to my dad’s collection.

“Elena!”

I turn around. Bianca, a young girl from the group I usually train, is walking up to me with a smile.

“Hi, Bianca. What are you doing here?”

She shows me a pile of vinyl she gathered.

“I’m looking for new pieces for my mix.”

Oh right, she’s an amateur DJ. I’ve heard her sets a couple of times at Pepe’s nightclub. Not bad, though she might be going for a bit too futuristic style sometimes. Well, you can tell she’s the new wave kind of girl, with her blue hair and piercings.

“Elena, did you go see Granny Reagan?”

What? I almost drop the CD I was holding to face her.

“Wait, Granny Reagan is back?”

Bianca nods.

“She just came back this morning, I thought you knew!”

“No! Where is she?”

Bianca frowns, trying to think.

“I saw her at the main house this morning, but she didn’t stay long. She’s probably at the pub, you know, the one that belongs to Henry? She said she wanted to drink.”

I can’t believe that old hag is there and no one told me! I thank Bianca quickly and almost run to Daniel across the shop. We almost run into each other, but before he can protest, I yell first.

“Danny, Old Reagan is in town!”

“Wh...What? That old hag? Since when?” He asks while putting the records he had in hands back.

“This morning! Come on!”

We both run out of the shop, and head north of the territory. Henry’s pub is only a few meters away, I can’t believe I almost missed her!

Reagan is an old woman who left our pack many years ago. She hates to talk about it, so no one but the elders really knows what happened for her to

leave. The only thing I know is that she had a big fight with the former Alpha, nothing else. Now she lives on her own, like a wild wolf most of the time. However, she comes back from time to time when she misses a real bed and food. She's a grumpy old lady that complains a lot and doesn't like anyone. She doesn't have any family left in the pack, and only a couple of friends who can endure her constant bad mood.

To me, however, Granny Reagan is much more than that.

She's the one who brought me to Silver City and the White Moon Clan, almost eighteen years ago.

I reach the bar after a few minutes of running across the streets, Danny right behind me. When we enter the bar, Henry the barman and owner of the place raises his head.

"IDs?"

"Oh, come on Henry, you've known us since we were pups!" Sighs Daniel.

Ignoring them, I walk straight to the old woman by the window. She is drinking a pint of local beer. She looks exactly like in my memory. Disheveled grey hair, worn-out leather clothes, and bright green eyes. When she sees me, she rolls her eyes.

"You again..."

"Hi, Granny Reagan," I say while sitting at her table.

"Don't call me that and don't sit here, kid."

I don't move an inch, and even better, Daniel comes to sit right next to me. She rolls her eyes again and grumbles something very unpolite before taking a huge gulp of her beer.

"It's been a while," I say. "Why didn't you tell me you had come back?"

"Because if I did, you would come here pester me with your annoying questions, kid."

I growl. Old hag... Henry brings us two beers, and Daniel hands him a bill. But I really don't care about it for now. I cross my arms, staring right at the old woman.

“You know what I want to know.”

“I already told you, I forgot,” she says while avoiding my eyes.

“I still don’t believe you.”

She swears again, pissed.

I don’t know why she lies every time about this, but I won’t let go. I come closer to her on the table.

“Why won’t you tell me?” I ask.

“I already told you a lot, kid. Now stop asking.”

“No, it’s not enough. You only said you found me and brought me here when I was about three, but you never tell me anything else. Why? I want to know where you found me, Reagan, so I can go there and look for my birth parents.”

“I said no, kid. You have parents here.”

“My parents had an accident a few months ago, Reagan. Right after the last time you left.”

She puts her beer down, looking shocked.

“What...?”

“Car accident,” explains Daniel. “Elena’s mom didn’t make it. And...”

“My dad’s in the coma, Reagan.”

The old woman looks stunned, looking at me in disbelief.

“Holy Goddess Mother...” She whispers. “No one told me... I saw your uncle earlier, he didn’t tell me.”

“Well, he doesn’t talk about it at all,” says Daniel with a snort.

I stay silent, as Granny Reagan looks sincerely overwhelmed by the information. I’m not even surprised about my uncle not saying anything... He

avoids the topic half of the time and pretends he doesn't hear when someone brings it up.

She sighs, scratches her head, and drinks more beer.

"Poor people. Those good kids... I can't believe your uncle! That i***t Xavier will hear me when I get back!"

"Granny Reagan, you can scold my uncle all you want but first, answer me, please! You really don't want to tell me anything about my birth parents?"

"You stubborn little...! I'll keep saying what I said, they are dead! And I found you in the North, that's all I can say!"

"You've been living in the wild for years now, don't tell me you can't remember where you found a three-year-old girl, Reagan, you have to know! What is it that you want to hide!" I yell, annoyed.