

## His Sunshine Baby Chapter 26 - Tips

A cold silence falls around us while everyone is shocked by the scene. Clark, still holding Xavier by the throat, is growling like a furious wolf. I get a chill and realize this is because of me, or because of my uncle's attitude towards me. I didn't expect Clark to get so mad...

"I'm fed up with your attitude!" Growls my godfather again.

"Uncle Clark..." Says Chris, a bit scared.

Next to me, Iris looks severe and even a bit annoyed at her dad. Did she notice his glare as well? The only one to keep her calm is Isabel. She knows Clark by heart and doesn't look any surprised. Instead, she turns towards the rest of us.

"Anyone but the Whitewoods, time to go home."

Nobody dares to discuss her, and soon enough, I'm left with Isabel, Clark, my cousins and my uncle in this tense situation. Xavier growls back as a reflex, but there is no way he can oppose Clark. He is the rightful Alpha, while my uncle is only Alpha of a sub pack, and by his will too. He eventually looks down and stops growling, submissive. But my godfather looks really pissed and only lessens his grip by a bit.

"I'm warning you for the last time. I've had enough of your attitude. Elena's father might not be there, but damn I am, and as long as I will be the Alpha of this Clan, you will not show disrespect to Sam's daughter!"

"I'm... Sorry..."

He can barely talk, but Clark finally lets him go after a while. My uncle massages his neck, still visibly shaken by what just happened. But Iris walks up to him and takes his arm, neither sorry for him or angry.

"Let's just go home, dad."

My cousin and her father leave without another look. We watch them get away, Clark still growling. Chris, who stayed behind with us, turns to Clark and I looking very sorry and uneasy.

"Sorry, Alpha... I don't know what's with my dad... You too, Elena, sorry."

“You’re a good kid, Chris. Don’t worry. Your father’s just a greedy and stupid man,” says Isabel, clicking her tongue.

Clark doesn’t even look his way, his eyes still glaring at the direction Iris and Xavier took. I sigh, tired by all this crap and the emotions from tonight.

“All I ask is he would leave me alone...”

“Don’t worry, kiddo. If that i\*\*\*t messes with you again, let me know.”

Clark finally seems to relax and ruffles my hair with a gentle look but a bitter smile.

“I miss your dad. Samuel knew how to handle his brother’s greed...”

“I still think you made a mistake with Xavier,” growls Isabel.

Is she talking about how he chose my uncle Xavier instead of my father to be the head of the Opale Moon? But Clark rolls his eyes and ignores her.

“You’ve said it enough times already, Isa. And I had my reasons. Anyway...”

He massages his shoulders, looking tired. My godfather is already in his fifties, but despite this, he is still a handsome man, with his snow-white hair and beard, deep husky voice and very muscular body. A lot of single ladies in the pack wish he would pick a new mate, but Clark doesn’t show any intent too, not since his wife passed.

“That was an interesting night,” he mutters.

“Right. You think those Black Brothers really were looking for someone?” Asks Isabel.

“Probably. The description was odd, though. Sapphire-blue eyes... And the scar thing, too. Let’s just see if they do the same with the other Clans.”

“I was surprised you accepted,” I say to Clark.

“I was curious to meet them. And since they reached out to us directly.... The Blood brothers may have a sh!tty reputation, but we have to give it to them, Silver City has never been so peaceful ever since the older one got rid of their father.”

That's true... I still remember how tense Silver City used to be back then. The Mad King was scaring everyone, and no Clan, no territory was safe. He would go on crazy rampages and kill a lot of people, Moon Goddess help those who were at the wrong place at the wrong time. He was strong, like no other Alpha ever was. Strong enough to chase the remaining vampires of Silver City out. I was younger then, but I still vividly remember the dark days, where we couldn't take a step out of our turf and strictly obeyed the curfew.

"True... They weren't as complacent as I thought."

I let them discuss the Brothers' actions between themselves a bit longer, but I'm eager to go home. At some point, Clark notices Chris and I standing there and sighs.

"Time to go home, kids."

He walks up to me and gives me a kiss on the forehead, and Chris gets a little pat on his head, making him all proud. We bid them goodnight and start walking north side by side. Chris looks a bit awkward until he starts speaking.

"Sorry about my dad."

"It's okay, Chris."

"You know, I think he's afraid Clark will name you to replace him. He wants me to be the next Opale Moon Alpha so much..."

I already kind of had thought the same too. Xavier's actions are so transparent, especially his hatred towards me. Everyone knows how he felt about my dad also, so it doesn't really come as a surprise that he sees me as a threat to his position.

"I don't really feel like being the Alpha, you know. I know I'm not that strong..."

"You would do great, Chris. And you'll keep growing and getting stronger too. Plus, you're understanding and patient. Everyone in the packs likes you."

I can't say the same about his dad. Things would be different if Xavier's jealousy weren't so obvious... Chris and I chat a bit longer until we finally split ways, him heading to his Dad's and I go to my apartment.

When I get there, it's past midnight, the whole place is in the dark and as I suspected, Danny is snoring on the couch, the TV still running some soapy telenovela. I try to walk in silently and turn it off, but the sudden absence of sound actually wakes him up.

"Elena?"

"Yeah, I'm here, babe."

He sits up drowsily, obviously still half asleep. I insist for him to get to bed, but Danny asks I tell him immediately about the dinner. Finally, I give up, take off my shoes, and sit next to him. We don't even bother putting the lights on, our werewolf night vision is plenty enough. I tell him everything about what happened, including my time with Nate in the bathroom, and Clark and Xavier's dispute. Daniel listens, obviously sleepy but all ears. He only interrupts me a couple of times to ask for precisions.

When I'm done, he shakes his head, and I'm surprised he's not even mad about what happened with Nate. I realize it's odd that he doesn't even react that much...

"Danny, what is it?"

He sighs.

"Well, I know I should be scolding you, but..."

He suddenly looks for something under our pile of mini-cushions, and finally finds his phone for me to take. I immediately see a bunch of notifications. Two missed calls from Boyan, and three times as many unread texts. I turn to him and notice his bitter expression. Oh, Danny...

"You ignored it all?"

"I left the phone there all night and tried to focus on this stupid show."

"I guess it worked...?"

"With the Captain's help."

I only notice now the bottle of rum and empty glass on the table. Seems like someone had a difficult time while I was at the dinner... I sigh and extend my

legs on the couch. Danny does the same, so his legs are laying on mine, and we are facing each other.

“What about you?” He asks.

“What? I shouldn’t go...”

“...But you want to.”

Daniel, as always, reads me like an open book. I sigh and nod, unable to lie to him. I grab the bottle and pour myself a glass. I’m not fond of rum, but as long as it’s alcohol...

“What about you?”

Daniel sighs.

“Girl, I fell hard. He’s... A fvcking\*g gem. And I’m a boring science nerd.”

“Come on, he loves you.”

“Yeah, and that’s the scariest thing, you know. Having the dream meeting, with a guy who claims he’s gay for me, sweet and gentle. And I swear, Babe, this guy is so good in bed, he’s making me even more gay if that’s possible.”

I chuckle. Stupid Danny... He’s a down-to-earth guy, never believing in fairy tales, and more often than not, he is right about the douchebags he meets. He takes the glass from me to have a new gulp while I sigh.

“Just go for it, Danny.”

In the darkness, I see his blue eyes on me, suspicious.

“Come on, this guy might be the man of your life. I don’t want you to stay a boring single lab rat all your life because of a few dumba.sses.”

“You know this smells like trouble... For you too.”

“I know...”

“But I’m more at risk than you.”

I frown. Why would Danny be more at risk than me? Daniel is a regular member of our pack, not a potential successor like me.

“My feelings are on the line. You, on the other end, are negotiating a se.x relationship. If the guy never falls for you, that should do the trick, right? No feelings, no way the past would repeat.”

“Danny, you wouldn’t be saying this if you were sober.”

“Probably, but I mean it. The thing is, can you not fall for Black?”

That’s a tough question.

I really thought I was over relationships, and the mess it is to fall in love with someone. I know I don’t love Nathaniel. I feel attracted to him, that’s for sure. I want him badly every time I see him, and se.x with him is like a d\*\*g, throwing me into my desires. So far, it’s been physical only. I don’t know anything but his name and how we fvck. Until tonight, I didn’t even know his brother’s name, or what he really does for work. I don’t really know anything significant about him.

“I don’t know,” I eventually admit to Danny.

That’s the truth. I want to say there’s no way I’ll fall for Nathaniel, but I know it’s not true. I’m not someone who can have se.x without feeling attraction, and I’ve felt this connection to Nathaniel from the start. Some passion that can’t seem to die out between us.

“I don’t want to. I’ll run away before I fall for him.”

Daniel nods.

“You better. I don’t want to see your heart broken twice, Elena. That’s the kind of pain you never recover from.”

“...What about you?”

He hands me the glass with a sad expression.

“I don’t know. I’m supposed to be the reasonable one in this room, but I want to take this phone and beg him to see me again. I’m an i\*\*\*t, babe, you know. I want to believe again, think this is the one and try. I’m just afraid of being wrong one more time.”

I finish the rum in one go.

“Let’s go for it, Babe. In another life, I’d be a virgin, and you would be in the closet.”

“You mean we would be fifteen years old again.”

“Whatever. I know this is wrong, I know this might hurt, but you know what? I don’t even care. We can’t expect to die without any bruises, right?”

## **His Sunshine Baby Chapter 27 - Tips**

“Man, you’re crazy.”

Isaac is observing me, slowly playing with the wine glass between his fingers. But I ignore him. I’m content with myself and enjoying this steak. We are face to face, having lunch in one of my restaurants, a stunning view on Silver City right next to us.

“Seriously, Nate... A White Moon girl...”

“Aren’t you the one who said to have fun?”

“I suggested having se.x with her once! Not to pursue her all the way there under her Alpha’s nose!”

“I didn’t pursue her...”

“Oh, really? How would you call it then?”

I don’t really know how to answer that. Sure, I did suggest the White Moon to Liam, and I may be a bit more persistent than usual when it comes to Elena. But I have to say, those stolen minutes with her in the bathroom were... Damn, I have to stop thinking about it before I embarrass myself in the middle of the restaurant.

“Nevermind, I’m not debating your choices. I’m just saying, I can’t blame her for being cautious, Nate. Sleeping with you is pretty much against any Clan’s rule.”

“Well, you missed the part where they tried to push another girl on me.”

“Really?”

That was rather annoying. What was her name? Violet? No, Iris. That girl kept coming at me obviously, and her father was just as pushy. Not only is she far from my type, with the innocent act and all, but I couldn't really notice any other girl than Elena. Damn, that red skirt... If it were just the two of us, I would have laid her right then and there, on that table.

“Earth calling Nate?”

Isaac is giving me the glare for ignoring him. I tell him more about the dinner, and the Opale Moon Alpha's attitude, but like me, he doesn't show much interest in the other girl. Eventually, the conversation circles up to go back to Elena.

“So, you're seeing her tonight?”

I nod. I'm not very satisfied with our exchange of texts. Elena sent me one Saturday morning, just asking where and when. Disappointed by how short and straight to the point her reply was, I added a few questions, asking basic things like her preferences and all. Then again, she eluded me, not giving me any details except a stupid melon allergy.

“What's your plan?”

“What plan? A dinner, and then se.x.”

He scoffs, looking at me like I'm helpless. What did I say now? Isaac sighs, putting his glass down.

“Nate, I think you're getting ahead of yourself there.”

“What? She accepted the dinner, isn't that pretty much accepting a relationship with me?”

He scratches his head, looking for his words.

“Look, from what you've told me and what I've seen, Elena is a strong, smart and independent woman. And she is far from stupid. So, I would say she is probably still considering. The se.x might be great, but her reputation is at risk there. You might not see that kind of things because you're pretty much untouchable, but she has a lot to lose if this comes to light.”



Right, she mentioned that too... Honestly, I don't really care for that. Like Isaac said, this isn't the kind of concern I usually have. My previous partners were aware it would be a one-time thing only, so none of them were really afraid to be caught. Elena is the first to seem to care about it so much. But then again, she is the first one I want to keep this going with...

"Isn't it easy? This is my turf. If she comes here..."

"People talk, Nate. And they are not blind. If they see a pretty blonde coming in and out of the hotel every time..."

"I'll make sure they don't. You know me, Isaac, if I want people to shut up, the first one to open their mouth will regret it."

He sighs, but he knows I'm right. The best example, when it comes to my brothers' privacy, I'm a fvcking\*g monster. I destroyed the reputation of a journalist who took a picture of Liam once, and any employee who opens their mouth about Damian gets fired in a snap. If I say I'll protect Elena's privacy, I will.

"Alright. You're the Boss. ...But let me do a background check."

I glare at him.

"On Elena? Are you kidding me?"

"You know your brother will ask for it. And honestly, I'm curious too."

"Isaac, Damian doesn't need to know who I fvck. He doesn't need to know anything about my private life."

"Well, you tell that to the King when he finds out. I'm not going to snitch, but someone will sooner or later. So I'm doing that background check, whether you like it or not. But I promise I won't interfere. I'll just see if there's anything smelly, and if not, I promise I'll keep my hands off and let you have your fun. Deal?"

Whatever... I don't like the idea of him digging into Elena's matters. I'm barely getting to know her, why would Isaac get to know her shoe size or her love history before me! But I'm not discussing this any further. He can do whatever he wants as long as I get what I want with Elena.

So, a few hours later, I'm thoroughly showered, groomed, and well dressed for our dinner. It feels a bit odd to get ready as if this was a date, but I play to win. I'll convince Elena and put an end to her objections. If I do this right, we might even finish the night together, a few floors above...

I picked one of my hotels for this meeting and texted her the address earlier. One that is close to the border between our turfs, but high class enough to not be crowded. Not on a Sunday evening, anyway. Moreover, the staff is already warned and better keep their lips tight about whatever they see or here tonight...

Surprisingly, I found myself giving very precise orders for tonight. Our dinner will be in a private room of the restaurant, where no one can intrude or spot us, with a dedicated, experienced waiter. Am I getting into this too much? Probably. I feel like I'm playing a game, carefully placing my chess pieces to win this. It's strangely thrilling.

Finally, here I am, twenty minutes before our agreed time, having a glass in the Hotel Lobby, scanning any woman that comes in. The waitress came to see me five times for no good reason at all until I eventually asked the manager to be left alone. I regret it a bit though, now that my glass is half empty and I'm feeling a bit lonely. I check my phone often in case she might send a text to cancel, but aside from work-related emails, nothing.

Minutes slowly go by, and I feel like an idiot waiting alone. Why did I come so early? It would have been more impressive to play the busy man and come down a few minutes late. Or would she have left right away? I imagine several scenarios, my fingers dancing on the armchair.

My thoughts get more profound, and I now imagine what our conversation might be like. But the talking isn't my main objective. Flashes of Elena's body and reactions take me to more... salacious ideas. On this leather sofa, for example... Leather suits her slightly tanned skin. So did the red color. Though I can't forget about the tempting dress she wore on our first meeting. This was a quite unforgettable sight.

I check the clock on the wall again. Two minutes past seven. She's late... She wouldn't stand me up, right? I play nervously with my watch. I don't think I have ever waited for someone other than my brothers... And she is now five minutes late. I glance towards my phone, hesitant. Should I send her a text? No, it's only been five minutes, it's nothing. Maybe some traffic, or someone

holding her up. Perhaps she took too much time getting ready. I wouldn't mind that.

But... Wait, what if she had an accident or something? I didn't even think of how she would come here? By car? She mentioned she was using her friend's car. Seven minutes...

I grab my phone. Just a text, to check if she's alright. Someone late would at least have sent a message, right? Her profile status says she's been offline for an hour... I click my tongue and start redacting. How do I say this? Damn, I don't want to sound worried or annoyed. Should I...

"Nathaniel?"

I suddenly raise my head. Damn.

Elena is standing right in front of me, and a wave of relief splurges over me. I swear, this woman...! I put down my phone. Elena sighs and immediately apologizes.

"Sorry, a guy from my pack caught me near the border, I had to go a long way around. Did you wait long?"

"Not at all, I just got here."

...My dignity is officially on sale.

We both sit down after an awkward second of not knowing how to greet each other, and I signal the waitress to come over. While Elena orders something, I can't help but notice her outfit. This is the most casual I've seen her, but I like it just as much. She is wearing a brown dress with a camel belt and a denim jacket. It's a more bohemian style, but it still emphasizes her femininity.

Meanwhile, I realize I probably look a bit too dressed up compared to her. I focused on the dinner and picked a dark shirt and pants ensemble...

I feel a bit embarrassed until I notice she just checked me out too and blushed slightly. So she likes it, hm?

Her order arrives, a simple cocktail. The waitress gives me a new glass of whiskey, but at this rate, I'll be drunk before we get to the dessert, so I ignore it.

“This one is yours too, I presume?” She asks while looking around.

“Yes. How did you...?”

“Well, all of the staff is giving you glances every five seconds and not only the women, so...”

I chuckle. Her sarcastic tone is not directed at me but at the waitresses. Elena is probably a bit annoyed by all the attention I’m getting, so I bend towards her and get to the point.

“So, first, thank you for coming. I just want to discuss with you, and you’re free to go at the end of the dinner if you don’t like it.”

“Meaning I could also stay.”

“Well, I do own the hotel so...”

She has one of her little laugh, a discreet but charming one. I discovered her eyes seem to smile too when she’s sincerely amused, and there’s something strangely addicting in this vision. I only witnessed it a couple of times last Friday, but I want to see it again.

“Alright M.Black, let’s discuss then. What are you expecting of me?”

I frown. She is going straight to the point... And for some reason, it annoys me a little. Is she in a hurry to get this over with? I take a sip of whiskey.

“Well, if we are going to discuss the possibility of a... long-term relationship, Miss Whitewood, maybe we would need to know each other a bit better?”

Elena looks surprised and tilts her head.

“You said long-term relationship, but isn’t it... Just physical? Why would you need to know me any further than that?”

Damn this woman is not making it easy. I carefully pick my words, trying to find the best answer to that. Problem is, she’s not wrong. How do I put this...

“If that was a case, I could just pick anyone and not bother with a second or third time. But if this is to happen several times, I would want to know what kind of woman I’m dealing with. I think I have... A rough idea of who you are.

But that doesn't tell me why you are so against relationships, for example, or why I would be certain you will never have... Deeper feelings for me."

Here. This seems like a reasonable one, doesn't it? But to my surprise, Elena seems a bit hesitant and brushes away a bit of her hair before answering.

"You want to know why I can't fall in love anymore?"

"Well..."

I wouldn't really have put it that way, but...

"It's very common. Heartbreak, and scars that will never heal."

"Well, I guess everyone has..." I start, but she interrupts me.

"No, I'm talking about actual scars."

I almost drop my glass.

## **His Sunshine Baby Chapter 28 - Tips**

For a second, I'm too shocked to speak. Scars? I don't remember seeing any when we had se.x... And I did observe thoroughly. In my memories, Elena's body was absolutely perfect, with only a little birthmark on her nape that was obvious on her sun-tanned skin. But before I can even ask, she shakes her head.

"I really don't want to get into the details, if you don't mind."

"...I understand."

I have no intention to force her to say things she doesn't want to. I'm not the nosy type, to begin with, and I don't make a habit of peeking into other's people past. Unlike Isaac... Elena looks hesitant for a second and takes a new sip of her cocktail before talking again.

"I just had some really, really bad experience. It was someone who I trusted, and he trampled all over my feelings. So, I'm resolute not to make the same mistake twice."

"You intend to remain single...?"

She nods resolutely. Seems like she means it... I don't often come across a young woman like her, so young, beautiful and yet so vehemently opposed to love.

"Yes. I don't want any children for now either, and I'm already busy as it is."

"And what is it that you do then?"

She stops, visibly surprised by my question. She obviously didn't think I would be so curious about her life. Honestly, I didn't either. It's just that the more I hear her talk and reveal herself, the more I want to know. It's like the Elena I met last week is getting more and more attractive as I get to know her. She brushes a bit of her hair away, and I notice a little pendant around her neck. A sun? How odd for a she-wolf...

"I'm a senior student, for now, in Business Management. I also work as a trainer for my pack, and I do odd jobs from time to time."

I had noticed previously, Elena doesn't look too poor, but she is not showing any wealth either. Except for the sequins dress, all the clothes I've seen her with so far don't seem branded, her leather bag looks used, and she doesn't seem to apply makeup either. As a student, she probably has quite a lot to pay.

"Alright, enough about me, M. Black. You are some sort of CEO, right?"

Right, and she doesn't seem the slightest impressed by that. This is new, compared to the women I've interacted with so far. Most are often swoon easily by wealth, or on the contrary, intimidated by it. But Elena doesn't seem very impressed by money or fancy places, either. Even at the Rain, she looked to blend in effortlessly.

"Right, miss Whitewood. I represent my brother's company on several scales, but he lets me handle the parts I love most, so I don't complain."

"The Catering industry was it?"

"Right. I have a thing about cooking, so my favorite are my restaurants. All the service industry, to be honest. Restaurants, Hotels, Casino, Resorts, anything related to leisure and entertainment."

"Sounds like a lot for one person."

“I’m not alone. I’m just busy enough to have the right balance between office paperwork and the field.”

“I would go crazy, locked in an office all day,” she sighs.

“Didn’t you say you were in Business Management?”

“I don’t have any plan to enter a company. I want to do my own thing. Gather enough money, open my own shop, and have a modest life.”

I have to say, I’m a bit impressed. For someone young, Elena’s dream is rather... Well, down-to-earth. She smiles, just thinking about it too, so she must be honest. I watch her take a sip of her cocktail before my curiosity gets the best of me again.

“What kind of shop?”

“A Music Cafe. I’ve always dreamed of it. Somewhere people could come to study, relax or chat with their friends while enjoying a good homemade coffee and listening to some new music from all around the world. I want a corner where I could sell both independent and mainstream artists. I even know what I want it to look like.”

This is the first time I’ve heard her talk about something so much and so passionately. Her smile is contagious, too. I listen to her talk about her dream, and I can picture it also. So she is the kind of woman who would be happy just like that, with her own place and rhythm. I find it adorable.

When she realized I’ve let her talk for a little while, she suddenly stops and blushes a little bit. I watch her grab her glass to try and hide her embarrassment with a new sip. I smile and decide to save the teasing for later.

“That’s one exciting plan. And a good one, actually.”

“Don’t you steal it,” she says with a daring look.

“I wouldn’t dare to.”

It’s nice, having a simple conversation like this. However, I see Elena regularly glancing around her, though she tries not to look worried. I silently signal the waiter and stand up.

“Shall we have this dinner?”

“Oh... Yes.”

She stands up and takes her bag, following the waiter while I stay right behind her. We enter an elevator, and I have to suppress myself from putting a hand on her lower back, yet I really want to. I hadn't noticed before, but her dress is actually bareback... Her long blonde hair brushes unknowingly against her skin, and I have an urge to caress both... The elevator stops with a ding, and I notice she was slightly blushing. Oh, right, I almost forgot but our previous time in a similar configuration. A very hot memory, indeed.

“Your table, madam, sir.”

I notice Elena's surprise as we enter the room and feel a bit satisfied. As promised, I booked a private room, just for the two of us, but I picked one with a stunning view of the City once again. We still have a bit of time before sunset, too, so the sky is dazzling in shades of blue, pink and orange.

“You like it?”

“It's amazing...”

Even as we take our seats, Elena is still absorbed by the view, and only half listens to the waiter's suggestions, so I send him away. I know this hotel's menu almost by heart, so I only take a glance at it and put it down. Meanwhile, Elena frowns while looking at it.

“The prices are not on it?”

“Not on yours. It's a European custom that the person invited to the restaurant should not see how much the host is paying. Especially in this configuration, where the man invites the woman.”

It's my French roots and my mother's teachings about etiquette that spoke, but I do like that rule. This is also what helped make some of my establishments the most popular spots for couples. Elena seems to think about it for a second.

“I like it... I mean, not the man inviting the woman part, but the host's bill being private. If I'm a guest, I would feel bad ordering a lot or something expensive,



but since I have no idea, I can just order anything, and you can't resent me for that."

I laugh.

"Are you afraid I'll go bankrupt from treating you once? How much do you eat, exactly?"

"A lot! Daniel says I eat like a baby dinosaur."

"Daniel?"

"My best friend and flatmate. My childhood friend too... Well, he's my best for anything really."

Probably the guy she was dancing with last time, the thin guy with blonde hair. I can't help but frown a bit. She even lives with him?

"What do you recommend? I don't know half of the names in there," she says while frowning, still reading the menu.

I explain a few of them to her before she settles for a fish carpaccio for starters. She even lets me decide on the wine, as long as it's not red. Meanwhile, she mentions she hates cooking and is really poor at it. Looks like she is only good at making drinks from her experience as a barmaid when she was younger.

The waiter comes back, and I give our orders. As soon as he's gone, I turn back to Elena but notice she's glancing at the window again. The sunset is captivating her... And I'm fascinated by her. The sunshine's dazzle on her honey skin, and the gold in her hair. Her eyes, which were of a light brown before, now have this mesmerizing amber shade. The curve of her lips and the red tint of lipstick she put on them. That's all the makeup she needs. One can tell Elena's a natural beauty. And I want that beauty for myself. I don't recall ever being so attracted to a woman before. Well, aside from Katherine.

"What is it?"

She caught me staring, but she's the one blushing and embarrassed. It makes me want to tease her some more.

“I was wondering how do I get this beautiful woman to spend some more nights with me.”

She blushes again but doesn't take the bait.

“Me coming here doesn't mean I said yes.”

Isaac was right... So annoying. But now I want to make this dinner a success all the more. I smile and put my hand under the table with a smile. I knew where we would be sitting and our round table diameter. I knew she would be only a few centimeters away, within reach.

So I brush her leg with my fingers, and this time, she turns to me, surprised.

“You...!”

But the waiter comes in at this very moment, with our plates, and she doesn't dare to add a word. She glares at me while he explains our dishes, and I keep smiling, my hand still caressing her leg. She can't even get away, and we keep staring one at the other, in a silent fight.

“Do you need anything else?” Asks the waiter.

I caress her thigh again, pushing back gently the fabric of her dress with my fingers, and feel her moving slightly.

“No, we...”

But before she can finish her sentence, my fingers reach her panties, and she gasps. I smile while she tries to close her legs and glares at me again.

“Miss?”

“Did you want anything else, Elena?” I ask with a soft voice, acting innocent.

“No, I'm... I'm good.”

The red in her cheeks is delicate and enticing. I play with the satin fabric, my fingers dancing against the clothing. It's exciting to see her reactions while she desperately tries to hold back because the waiter is here. I'm wondering if I should keep this little game going when I suddenly hear her voice in my head.

Seriously Nate, stop it!

What the...? I'm so surprised I don't even know how to react for a second. Did she just... mind-link me? While not being a part of my pack? How did she...

I turn to the waiter.

"You can go."

"Yes, sir. Bon appetit."

The waiter leaves, and she grabs my wrist.

"Enough now!"

I take my hand off, still staring at her in surprise.

"Elena, how did you do that?"

## **His Sunshine Baby Chapter 29 - Tips**

Crap... I really hadn't planned to show him my ability tonight. Or any night else, for that matter! I just reacted so suddenly, I couldn't control my wolf. As the waiter leaves, I still feel Nate's stare on me, and I look away.

"Elena...?"

He wants an answer, and I don't know what to say... I sigh.

"Yes, I did mind-link you. Sorry."

"What are you apologizing for? Rather, I'd like to know how can you do that..."

"I don't really know... It's been an ability of mine since I was a kid. I can mind-link any other Alpha in Silver City whenever I want, whether they are from my pack or not."

Here, I said it. How will Nathaniel react...? He won't think I'm a freak, right? I scared a few other people when I was younger and did it unknowingly. I don't know how I would take it if Nate reacted badly too. But instead, he seems.... Impressed.

“That’s... Rather unique. Is it the only thing about you, or do you have another ability I should know of?”

What does that mean, that he should know of? It’s not like I’m so different... I sigh.

“Not really, other than that, I’m pretty normal. Alpha heritage, I’m strong enough to be a fighter.”

No need for him to know more, right? Why does he care, anyway? It’s not my wolf part he’s interested in. After a few seconds of awkward silence, he suddenly shakes his head, grabbing his fork to start eating. I watch him, a bit surprised.

“I’m not going to insist if you don’t want me to. I understand. Feel free to tell me what you want, but I have no intention to pry on your private life any further.”

“...Really?”

I feel relieved, but also, I can’t help but have a hint of doubt. It’s not like it would be the first time someone says they will keep it a secret and don’t... Did I become too doubtful overtime? While I’m still staring at him in disbelief, Nate puts his fork down to look at me very seriously.

“Elena, even with no strings attached, I’m not the kind of a ssh0le that will go around spilling our private affairs around. Whether it’s about you, me or us, I won’t. You can trust me. And you can even consider me an open ear if you want to talk. If we agree on this relationship, it has to be one where we can trust each other, alright?”

I suddenly feel a wave of relief wash over me. Maybe I was waiting for this. For some sort of comfort. A way to express if I could trust him or not. It’s not as if I would believe him with those few words, no matter how sincere they seem, but the fact that he just thought about it is...

Without thinking, I lean over to k!ss him, a brief but deep k!ss. When I back away, he’s staring at me, half smiling and half confused.

“What was that for, miss Whitewood?”

I can’t help but smile too.

“A thank you k!ss.”

“Hm. I don’t know what I did right, but I should do it more often...”

And with that, he leans over in my direction to come and k!ss me again. It’s a long, deeper k!ss than before. Something that tastes like... sweet whiskey. I like it and answer without overthinking. It’s not an innocent k!ss, but a passionate one, and soon enough, I feel his hand on my th!gh again. His l!ps go down to my jaw, and my neck, as I hear my breathing going a bit more erratic.

“Nate... We’re not...”

I struggle to talk, but he doesn’t care. His fingers are already venturing under my dress, back to where they left previously. This time, however, I can tell he’s only teasing me. And it’s a bit frustrating. Because I’m torn between the fact that we are in a classy restaurant, more or less in public, and the fact that I actually want more. I glare at him, but he still has this innocent smile that doesn’t match his electric blue eyes with a hint of l\*\*t in them.

“You still haven’t said yes...” He whispers against my ear.

“No.”

And with that, I gather my rational self and push his hand away, crossing my legs in the most defiant move I can think of. He pouts a bit but doesn’t insist. How surprising... M. Black is consistent about obtaining my consent.

I grab a fork and ferociously start eating my starter, while he smiles and gets a sip of that fancy wine he ordered. He is still giving me some glances, but we both start eating in silence, except for a couple of trivial comments on our dishes. I have to admit, it’s excellent. I understand the concept of putting quality before quantity, but I do hope my main dish will be a bit bigger... I finish my plate in no time.

“So, what exactly are you looking for?” He asks.

“About what?”

“Having se.x with me.”

I almost spit out my wine. Can't he be a bit less blunt sometimes! I put my glass down.

"You mean, like conditions?"

He nods and crosses his arms, looking curious.

"I want to know. What is it exactly you want us to agree on, and what do you need to accept me as your..."

"I get it! I get it...!" I say before he says something embarrassing again.  
"Alright, we can discuss this..."

I try to gather my thoughts for a moment. Truth is, I came here thinking I wanted to agree to it already. After discussing with Danny, it became clear. Even if this is going against my Pack's rules, I'm deeply attracted to Nate. Moreover, having a physical relationship with someone from a different Clan has its perks: no gossip in the pack, higher chances to keep this private, and no risk of wanting more either. Neither of us could afford that last one.

"First, I don't want to be at your demand only. If I don't feel like seeing you, I won't," I start very bluntly.

"Agreed. I have no intention to insist if you don't feel like it. Likewise, I might not be available all the time either. I tend to have big days. Any time that wouldn't be appropriate?"

"In the mornings, I train the young ones from eight to twelve. And not on Sundays around lunchtime, I eat with Danny's family or my pack members."

I don't mention it, but the training actually doesn't start before nine o'clock. However, I usually stop by the hospital to see my dad before that, and I don't want to mention it to Nathaniel. He nods.

"Agreed. For me, Mondays are a no-go, busiest day of the week. And I usually see my brothers on Sundays as well."

"Noted."

"Texting and calls are fine?" He asks.

"I prefer texting. And don't nag if I don't answer right away."

He laughs.

“I might be the one not to reply right away, so no worries.”

“Good. Also, don’t come to my territory again. Where should we meet?”

“I can text you the locations, but mostly in my Hotels, so I can control who talks or not.”

I notice he doesn’t mention going to his own place, but don’t say a thing. This is probably not what he wants if he doesn’t mention it. Going to hotels feels a bit cold, but I don’t think I would want to see Nate at my flat either. Especially if Daniel starts seeing Boyan, that might be super awkward...

“What about protection?” I ask.

He looks a bit surprised, but shrugs.

“I don’t mind using condoms, but I would like it better without it.”

“We can get tested. I’m on the pill anyway.”

“Alright.”

Funny he doesn’t seem more curious than that about contraception. But then again, we are both adults, and so far, he didn’t make any mistakes.

“What about other partners?”

This time, I’m a bit surprised. I decide to answer it honestly.

“I probably won’t have any if I start seeing you. I have my hands full enough as it is. ...You?”

I hold my breath, waiting for his answer. Somehow, I know I wouldn’t really appreciate being just a name on a list. Is that question to see if he can see other girls? Isn’t he used to one-time things?

But to my surprise, he has a light smile.

“Same for me. Actually, I would like it better that way. I’m not a fan of sharing. But if you do end up seeing someone else, I would appreciate it if you’d tell me. I’ll do the same.”

Surprising... Why would we need to inform each other? Oh, probably about the safe se.x thing. It would become annoying if we start sleeping around. I just nod. It's not like I have anything to say about that anyway. I doubt I'll see anyone else for a while if I'm busy with secret rendez-vous with M.Black...

"One more thing," says Nate. "I would appreciate it if we could also share more moments like this from time to time."

I frown, a bit confused.

"You mean, like dates?"

"I wouldn't call it dates. More like dinner between friends, once in a while. I feel like it might get boring to only see each other for the se.x, and I do appreciate spending time with you so far."

"You do realize our conversations have been mostly about se.x, though?"

"I also learned your best friend's name, what you do for a living and your aspiration for the future. I don't mean to pry, but I would like to have someone to talk to who doesn't actually work for my family or me."

I stay silent for a while. I did not expect that. Wouldn't it become... Ambiguous, though? What a strange request from him. But I think I do understand what he means. Not just be se.x partners, but se.x friends?

The waiter comes back, taking our empty plates away, while another one brings in our main dishes half a minute later. My steak looks terribly delicious, but for now, most of my brain is focused on Nate's request. I take my time to think until the waiters are gone again.

"...Alright. Actually, I could use someone to talk to as well. But I'm not just coming all this way for chit-chat, alright?"

He smiles like a cat.

"Oh, don't worry about that. I have no intention to let you go without touching you."

That pervert.... I raise my head, suddenly think about one important thing.

"Then, I'll agree."



“Really?” He asks, surprised.

“On one condition.”

“What is it?”

“Promise you won’t fall in love with me. And I won’t fall for you either.”

For a second, he looks stunned. He stays speechless for a few seconds, then slowly nods.

“Alright, I promise.”

My heart tightens inexplicably for a second, but I take a deep breathe in and answer in my calmest voice.

“...Thank you,” I whisper.

“Then, that’s it, right? You accept?”

“...Yes.”

He puts his fork down.

“Then, I want you. Now.”

## **His Sunshine Baby Chapter 30 - Tips**

After a second of surprise, I gasp. Here, now? Has he gone crazy? But before I can even formulate any word, Nathaniel suddenly grabs my chair to pull me closer to him. We are now dangerously close to each other, his eyes staring right at me with that mischievous look of his. I blush unconsciously.

“Nate, we are in public,” I protest again.

“No, we are in a private room...”

With this, his lips suddenly start attacking my neck, deliciously nibbling on my skin and giving me hot chills. I feel his hand back under my skirt, playing with my panties and gently pulling on it. I breathe out and relax myself a bit, but Nate finds his way back to my lips, and his tongue drives me nuts. Moon Goddess, he is so good at kissing... I’m drowning in this sweetness.

I answer his kiss, the last strings of my willpower snapping. He makes me crazy... I don't resist it and grab the collar of his shirt, pulling him closer. I feel his smile under my lips. He likes my willfulness, I know it. Nate's arm grabs my waist, and I move from my chair to his lap. We keep kissing, and it's more intoxicating than that bottle of expensive Bordeaux wine. It's addicting. Our lips collide, caress, and mess with each other. I want more, always more, like I've become some kissing junkie. And his hands flirting on my skin... One is on my nape, playing with my hair, grabbing it gently between his fingers. The other is caressing my thigh, going back and forth under the fabric of my dress.

Why did I wear a dress in the first place...? I had somehow I figured I should make an effort for this and prepared myself a bit more carefully than the usual, but I had no idea things would lead there so quickly. Yet, Nate is caressing every inch of my skin, ignoring my dress to reach for my underwear. I gasp when he gets rid of it in a movement. It's so embarrassing, not to wear anything under my dress!

But Nathaniel doesn't let me any second to think. His kisses are all I can focus on for now. Even so, I don't want him to be the one leading it all. I reach out for the buttons of his shirt and swiftly undo them one after the other, despite my trembling fingers. I love his torso... He obviously works out, to have such muscles. Moon Goddess, he looks like a gravure model. And I have it all for me to enjoy right now... I caress his chest and pull until I can get his shirt off. Finally, I have him half-naked in front of me. Or rather, under me. And I can feel the hunch in his pants, right there. His breathing gets shorter, and our eyes meet. Our flaming desire is palpable. I want him so bad...

After a few seconds, our kissing resumes, even more passionate, harder. It's like we are hungry for each other's lips... My hands go down, and I undo the first button of his pants with febrile hands. Meanwhile, one of Nate's hand is on my lower back, holding me, but the other one is back under my skirt, and caressing me. I have a hard time concentrating as his fingers dance against my intimacy. Where the hell did he learn that... I'm already on edge when I finally release his member from his pants. I breathe in before leaning in for a new kiss, Nathaniel's lips welcoming mine unconditionally. I hear torn paper, and after a few seconds, he pulls me closer to him. I can't wait. I gasp and take him in, with a long moan of relief I don't even try to hold.

Moon Goddess, I missed this... I take a second to adjust, indulging myself in this moment of guilt and delight. He completes me entirely, so perfectly my own body is trembling in pleasure just from being joined with his. I catch my breath, savor this, and put my arms around his neck. Nate, facing me, lowly

groaned from it too. His eyes are closed, and like me, he takes his time to enjoy this. I smile and put a kiss on him while he's like this. He smiles and gently pulls me towards him for a new, longer kiss.

Like this, he starts moving. His first back and forth took me by surprise, but when he keeps going, I join him, moving my hips to his rhythm. I don't even need to focus. It comes naturally, the right pace for us. I don't care about anything else but colliding with him at this moment. This is so crazy and erotic... Riding Nate on a chair, in a restaurant. I must be insane. But Moon Goddess, I don't care. All I can think of is this craze between us, the tension of his body fiercely stirring mine, the flow of his back and forth inside me. I pant and breathe hard. The sounds of our flesh pounding against each other, his breathing against my ear, my own moans... This melody is so obscene, yet so satisfying. I don't suppress my voice anymore. I can't think straight, not with Nate doing what he is doing to me.

It gets more savage, with both his hands on my hips, guiding me, and the two of us moving fast and hard. I'm panting, lost in a whirlwind of sensations.

"Elena..."

Hearing my name from his lips is so unbelievably erotic right now. But he repeats it again, again and again, as his moves get more jerky, unpredictable and deep. I cry out, unable to hold it. I feel it coming. I hold on to his shoulders, and a couple of bangs later, finally unleash in a mind-blowing orgasm.

"Hn...!"

I'm still trembling when I hear Nate groan too, his whole body stunned by pleasure. At this moment where fire meets ice, my mind is totally empty. I'm numb. The fire dies out, while we both slowly regain our senses. I lay my head on his shoulder, still catching my breath. He puts gentle kisses on my neck and caresses my hair.

"...You ok?" He whispers against my ear.

"Hm..."

That's all I can formulate at this moment. Moon Goddess, I could have some of that anytime... I sigh and raise my head to face Nate. He smiles, with this impossible sweet look. It's a bit strange that instead of feeling awkward, this

all feels so... tender. He gently pulls me in for a new k!ss. When we separate, he chuckles. I frown.

“What is it?”

“Just... Gotcha, miss Whitewood.”

This satisfied expression of his is a bit annoying! But I only roll my eyes, since I'm smiling too. I k!ss him, biting his lip also, like a little play between us. He doesn't even complain and gets back at me with a little slap on my b.utt.

“Alright, now we should go back to our meal. We have to feed the baby dinosaur.”

“Moon Goddess, my steak!”

I totally forgot about it! I get off of Nate's lap to look at my plate as if it could have vanished meanwhile. Of course, it's still there, and looking as appetizing as ten minutes ago. Next to me, Nate bursts out in laughter.

“Elena, you look like you haven't eaten meat in ages!”

“Hey, try living with a vegetarian, and then we'll talk.”

“A vegetarian? Seriously?” He asks while picking his shirt off the floor.

“Yeah, Danny is that kind of weirdo that only eats meat once a week. And I can't cook, so... But he does some awesome veggie stuff, so I got used to it.”

I put my panties back on, and we get back to our seats. Nate left his shirt open, though, and I don't know if he did it on purpose, but it's hard to concentrate with those perfect abs right in front of me...

“Well, it's a trend these days. And I do know of a few vegetarian dishes that are indeed quite good.”

“I would still like to eat more red meat from time to time...” I sigh.

Especially if it's as good as this steak! It's melting in my mouth, along with the perfect red wine sauce. Gosh... For a while, we eat and chat idly, just like friends would. When the waiter comes back to pour us more wine, I feel a bit ashamed and wonder if that guy has any idea what we just did. I mean, Nate doesn't seem embarrassed by his messy appearance at all. Even his messy

hair is a dead giveaway. I probably don't look as neat as before either. Are they just pretending not to see? Because he is the boss, or out of professionalism? Perhaps a mix of both. When he leaves, Nate wipes his mouth and looks at me with a smile.

"What?"

"Nothing. I'm just... Satisfied over winning this."

I scoff.

"You didn't win me, it's a win-win situation."

"Obviously."

There he goes again with his cat smile... I finish my last -delicious- piece of steak while we playfully sneak glances at each other.

Hey Babe, how is it going?

Great. I officially have a se.x friend, and I'm literally having the best dinner in town. How's yours?

This date is a dream, babe. He took me to the movies. The movies! I mean, I don't really care about the Lion King but being able to cuddle in the dark...

Bobo deserves a top score.

Oh, girl, I'm gonna give it to him as soon as we get home. Any se.x on your menu?

You bet.

Attagirl! I want a full report first thing tomorrow.

Danny...

No buts. I get the flat, you get to stay out. Have fun!! But safe se.x!

I mentally roll my eyes. Danny... I'm glad he is finally having fun. I don't know if I have enough fingers to count how many heartbreaks he's gone through. Sometimes over innocent crushes, sometimes over the real relationships,

ones he had poured all his trust in. That Bobo guy better take care of him or, Blood Moon Beta or not, I'm slicing him.

"Elena?"

Absorbed by the mind-linking with my best friend, I didn't listen to Nate's question.

"Sorry, you were saying?"

"I was wondering if you wanted some cheese?"

I shake my head. I've never been too much into dairy products, the only time I get cheese is on pasta or pizza...

"No, thanks."

He gives me a smile, with something like a little hint of I\*\*t in it.

"Then, wanna get some dessert upstairs?"