

## His Sunshine Baby Chapter 31 - Tips

Moon Goddess, I want her.

I want that woman so badly, it's like I'm going insane. My whole body is craving for her. It's like an ocean of fire. I want to dive and drown myself in it. Every inch of her skin, I want to caress, taste, and embrace.

We stumble our way to the bed, kissing and caressing each other like there's no tomorrow. I grab her hair to keep her close, kiss those pink lips I've been dying to have again. They taste sweeter than any wine, and I can never have enough.

She takes off my shirt, and the next second, I'm the one taking that dress off her. She looked good in it, but I swear nothing suits her better than this black lingerie she has on tonight. The animal in me is going mad with desire, seeing her like this, slowly laying on the bed like some wicked temptation. I take a second to catch my breath and observe her like this.

Elena is a devilishly beautiful woman. With desirable curves, long legs and that sexiness of people who know what they want. And she is claiming me tonight, with those amber eyes attracting me stronger than gravity. It's like dancing with fire. She always acts so strong and determined, like she's in control, yet at times I find a c\*\*k in the armor, and she blushes bashfully again.

I lean over her, caressing her leg all the way up to her waist. She's breathing more heavily again and biting her lip. She pulls me to her, and we kiss again. How can it feel so good? I've embraced countless women, but none of them ever left me this taste of heaven on my tongue. Elena quickly takes off her bra, and I can't help but play and kiss her beautiful breasts. She moans a bit, she loves it. When I go back to her lips, she is even more demanding and impatient.

"Hurry... Please."

I'm at my limit too. I get rid of her last piece of clothing, open my pants, taking five seconds to put the c\*\*m on and join with her without waiting any longer. I was a bit forceful, yet she cries out not in pain but in pleasure. I swear, this woman... She puts her arms around me, and I find her lips again, kissing her as I start moving.

The oldest dance in the world, a carnal desire we forget ourselves in. I'm nothing but a body of fire and passion, chasing after her, blending our bodies together for more and more pleasure to spark between us. I don't need to think of anything else. We both know what we want, how fast and hard we want it like we have our own symphony that only belongs to the two of us. It's an ethereal experience, like we took a step back from reality to enter a world where nothing matters but us, making love again and again...

Three hours later, the moon is at its peak, and I'm smoking a cigarette on the balcony. The sound of the shower running is the only thing I can hear.

What have I become... It's like I can't restrain myself when it comes to Elena. I've always been the most serious of my brothers, the cool-headed one. Whenever Damian got mad, or Liam acted recklessly, I would be the one who takes the rational decisions and brings them to their senses. ...So what am I doing now?

I know how selfish I'm acting now. I'm putting Elena in an awkward position with her pack, ignoring Isaac's warnings, I'm binding people's tongues with threats and all that for my own pleasure. This is all the first time.

What would Damian say? He who is madly in love with his lost fated mate... None of us seem to be lucky in love. I bitterly remember Katherine, and it had been a while. Moon Goddess, am I not over this yet? Her cruel words still haunt me like a curse... I wish I could forget that woman once and for all. If I did, would I finally be able to move on? I don't think I'll ever be able to love again, but...

"Nate?"

Elena just came out of the shower, wearing nothing but the bathrobe. I wave at her from the balcony, and she comes to join me. Damn, even her wet hair is sexy. Is there anything about her that I don't find attractive? She notices the beers on the table and grabs one.

"I didn't know you were the kind of man to drink cheap beer," she says while sitting on one of the lounge chairs.

I smile.

"I wasn't always rich, you know. And I like a cold beer after a hot shower..."

She nods and opens hers. The floor we're on is so high, we can admire the City without suffering from the noises. But Elena's eyes are on the moon. I notice she is still wearing that sun necklace.

"Why would a she-wolf wear a sun pendant?" I ask, curious.

"It's a memento, from my birth parents."

"Birth parents?"

"Yes, actually I'm an adopted kid."

I had no idea. Elena seemed so natural while interacting with her peers, I never imagined. Is she really a candidate for the Pack's Alpha position then? Or did they take into account her natural Alpha disposition as well?

"Do you know what happened?"

She shakes her head.

"I wish... But there's this big mystery around my adoption, and no one back at my Clan is willing to talk about. I've been searching for answers, but... I didn't get anything."

She seems really dejected about it. I take a bit of beer and sit next to her on a chair.

"I could look into it if you want. I have contacts at the Police..."

"No!"

Her sudden yelling startled me. I stare at her, caught by surprise, but she tries to act normal.

"No, I... I appreciate, but I wouldn't want you to look into my past. Please."

I frown. That's... Why is she so against it? Would she be hiding something I shouldn't know? But Isaac is already planning on investigating her... sh!t, what do I say now? I don't want to lie to Elena, but...

"Understood. I won't."

fvck.

I had no intention to lie to her, but it would have been worse to confess that my best friend is already looking into it... Maybe Isaac won't find anything significant. I can just tell him I don't want to know. Yes, let's do that.

"Sorry I yelled..."

"No, that's ok. There are things about me that I wouldn't want to be made public either."

We stay silent for a few minutes, in a bit of an awkward mood. But Elena takes out her phone, and after looking for something, plays some music. For a minute, I wonder who is it from, until I realize there is no singing. I like it, though. The melody fits with the night sky and the scenery before us. I take a look at the phone to read the title. "Night Trouble"...

"...I've always hated the silence," she suddenly says.

"Why?"

"I don't know... Whenever it goes quiet, I have this feeling of fear that overwhelms me. As a kid, I needed a lullaby to fall asleep. Even now, I turn on the radio first thing if I'm alone. At night, if the house is too quiet, I put my headphones on and listen to something like this. I even love the sound of the rain."

It's intriguing... Most people like music, but they don't need it like Elena does. To be afraid of the silence is rather unusual.

"You're not into music?" She asks.

"Not really. Our mother loved a few old classics, but that's it. I let other people handle what we play in the clubs or the restaurants. It's not that I don't like it, I just don't have many tastes. The only time I don't listen to the news instead is when I workout, and I just play random playlists."

She takes a sip of beer and doesn't answer. Am I a boring man? Aside from working out and cooking a bit, I don't have many hobbies.

"That's good. I get to choose the music then."

Her smile took me by surprise. I laugh a bit.

"Whatever you want. You can educate my poor ears."

“Challenge accepted!”

“...And I can teach you how to cook.”

She immediately frowns.

“Hell no. I don’t like cooking. I’m so bad at it, it’s dangerous. I’m only allowed to use the microwave!”

I laugh. Is she that bad? We chat a bit longer, none of us feeling sleepy yet. After a while of giving me funny experiences of her epic failures, we naturally cease the talking and watch the moon together.

I feel good when I’m with Elena. She is easy to talk with, smart and funny. Her personality shines fiercely when she speaks, yet one can tell she’s actually an introvert. I can still see the armor she puts on, like barriers she won’t let me through to protect herself. As if I only have scratched the surface of someone far more complicated than what she lets on. And it makes me all the more curious. I slowly finish my beer, lost in my thoughts. Would things have been different if Elena had been my fated mate? Probably, but no one can tell...

When I turn my head to ask her something, I realize she’s fallen asleep. Her phone is now playing some soothing piano music. I think I’ve heard it before, in a movie. I don’t want to wake her yet. I contemplate her some more, intrigued.

What else don’t I know about Elena? The scars she mentioned before... What has she been through before we met? Is she just like me, unable to have any faith in love anymore?

I don’t want to have to think about feelings for now. It’s like staring at a hole that might be too deep for me to handle. If what we have going on between us is enough, I won’t ask for more. I just want to keep it that way, enjoy it without bothering myself with questions. A physical, s\*\*\*\*l relationship only, no strings attached. No risks, no hurt feelings.

After a while, I gently carry Elena to the bed, letting her sleep. I need to get out of here, cool my head. I gather my stuff and leave the room. Downstairs, I just ask the reception to wake her up at six, no, seven, so she won’t be late or something.

I grab a bike and drive away.

I run away.

## His Sunshine Baby Chapter 32 - Tips

\*2 months later, end of August.\*

I slowly wake up, so drowsy it takes me a while to realize where I am. White sheets? I struggle to get up, but there is something... A man's arm around me? This familiar cologne smell... Oh sh!t, did I fall asleep in Nate's bed? I remember us coming to the suite last night, having se.x, then... Oh, Moon Goddess, I really fell asleep right after it. I'm such an i\*\*\*t!

"Nate. Nate, please move. Nate!"

I hear a gr0an, and I have to struggle a bit more for him to get off me. Seriously! I finally get to sit and reach out to grab my panties, forgotten at one end of the bed. What time is it? Gosh, I hope it's not late! I can't find my phone, so I eventually grab Nathaniel's smartphone just to read the time. I sigh. Not even 8 am...

I hear him move around next to me, and he finally turns his head.

"Something wrong, miss Whitewood?" He asks, his eyes still closed but with a little grin.

"It's not funny... I'm such an i\*\*\*t. I shouldn't have fallen asleep here."

He stops smiling and sits up too, to look at me very seriously.

"...It's not such a big deal."

"Yes, it is. Nate, we talked about this before. I shouldn't stay overnight," I answer while getting dressed up.

"Why not? If we set the alarm, you can leave early enough not to miss your training or whatever."

It's not just about being late... I am getting awfully at ease sleeping with Nate, and I don't like it. I even have a couple of clothes stored here in the suite, the hotel's staff recognizes me, and I have no idea how that happened. The more time we spend together, the more I get attached, and that's just terrifying.

I turn to him, still dazzlingly n\*\*\*d in this bed. So handsome, so early... Nathaniel is frowning, unhappy with my haste.

"I have to go," I just blurt out.

"You know you don't, it's Sunday, Elena. You're only having that brunch with your friend's family around eleven..."

Actually, I don't. I didn't even tell Nathaniel today's brunch with the Lewis wasn't happening. And it's not the first time, I've been making excuses to flee lately. Instead of adding up to the lies, I just silently put my dress back on, trying to avoid his stare. Damn, where are my shoes again...

"Elena."

His tone is not a good sign. I want to ignore it, but I just sigh and turn to him. Damn, he is still as handsome as the first night we met... His dark blonde hair, his mesmerizing blue eyes. I still can't believe I spent three to five nights in the week sleeping with this living god.

I thought the passion of our first meetings would somehow calm down after a few weeks, but as of today, it's hasn't. Whenever we meet, it's always the same sparks, the same hunger for the other's heat, and our inner wolves craving for each other.

But, more than that, we are getting definitely closer. With time, we have now come to share more and more about our own lives. If we meet on a weekday, Nate will let me know about how busy his schedule at work was, and I will naturally talk about the training or whatever I did that day with Danny. He even helps me with preparing for my upcoming classes in September if something is bothering me.

We text a lot too. I wasn't expecting it, but we have gotten very comfortable with sending each other random texts at any time of the day or night. He will let me know when one of his meetings is dragging on and boring him to death, and I complain whenever the kids are acting rudely at the training. On nights we can't see each other, we sometimes discuss what we will do next time we see each other, like the restaurant Nate wants to take me to or where we should meet.

Unless we didn't have time to meet earlier, we very rarely meet directly at the hotel too. Nate likes to invite me for a drink or a dinner before that. Sometimes we even go dancing together in one of his elite clubs.

It's a strange routine, like I've been experiencing a double life, and an even more peculiar relationship. We are closer than regular se.x friends, I guess. Though, we don't cross that thin line that involves our privacy. He still has no idea about my family situation, and he never talks to me about his brothers' lives or pack matters either. I guess this is some of the boundaries we are tacitly not crossing.

"What?" I ask with a sigh.

He grabs my wrist and gently pulls me back to sit on the bed with him.

"Nate..."

I want to protest, push him away, and get going, but he suddenly starts kissing me. I can't say no. I'm desperately addicted to this. Nate knows my body and how to caress it by heart. I breathe loudly when he takes out my panties again. Moon Goddess, I wanted to get dressed, not undressed!

"Nate, enough..." I sigh, but I know I'm not convincing at all.

"No. I'm not letting you go yet."

Of course, he doesn't listen. He pushes me gently on the bed, so I'm lying underneath him. I give up and finally answer his kisses. Nate takes out my dress again in a movement, taking me back to square one. But I don't care. I'm burning up and feverish under his hands, caressing my body here and there. I gasp and try to hold my voice, but he keeps going and attacks my neck with more kisses and biting.

"Don't. I want to hear your voice, Elena."

I try to hold on some more, but his fingers finally make me cry out in pleasure. He's a little forceful, a bit controlling, and I like it. Submitting to Nate's lead is easy, like submerging myself in freshwater. I don't have to do anything but let myself go, abandoning my restraints. When he positions himself and joins me, I'm already on edge. But he is the one to decide, and I'm not allowed to come yet. He starts moving without holding back. I'm pinned to the bed and totally



helpless, only responding to his speed and strength with my embarrassing voice...

About two hours later, I'm finally on my way home, a bit more tired than I was earlier. He really never gets enough... I sigh and take out my keys. However, when I finally get to my flat and open the door, I'm suddenly faced with Boyan.

Boyan, standing fully n\*\*\*d in the middle of our living room.

"Hi."

"...Hi."

Moon Goddess, this is so awkward.

"Boyan, dammit your clothes!"

Danny's panicked voice came from the kitchen. I do my best to look away while Bobo shapeshifts and my bestie runs here to scold him. I notice Daniel is only wearing his pajama bottoms too.

"Daniel, I really don't mind n\*\*\*d men at our place, but I would appreciate if you could keep it to your bedroom," I sigh.

"Sorry, babe, sorry!" He sighs with a cute pout.

I laugh a bit. I don't really mind, I've seen n\*\*\*d men before. It's just funny to annoy my ever so prude Danny with that. We both stay silent for a while and calmer. I take out my jacket and heels, and Danny brings me some hot coffee. Outside, a little summer rain starts slowly.

"How was it?" Asks Daniel.

"Still as incredibly awesome as ever," I sigh.

"...You don't seem to happy about it."

He's right. I like those moments with Nate, but... The more I see him, the more I'm scared. I'm afraid of what's to come, of the two of us betraying our promises. It's not only me. I'm aware that he doesn't act like a simple se.x friend either. I don't know what the exact rules are for this kind of relationships, but... I can tell Nate is going a bit overboard sometimes, in the way we talk, how we interact.

And it terrifies me.

“Babe, talk to me,” says Danny.

“I’m fine, babe. Things are fine with Nate.”

But he doesn’t believe me. After a second of hesitating, he finally speaks.

“Elena, I need to know if this is about Black, or...”

“Or what?”

He bites his lip, the same as me when I’m hesitating about what to say.

“Elena, I know the date is approaching.”

sh!t, I didn’t want to think about that. The mere thought that my ex might come back is enough to drive me nuts. I don’t want to think about it. I put my cup down angrily and shake my head.

“Danny, please, don’t. I’m over it.”

“Elena, I don’t think you are. We need a serious talk.”

“ Well, I don’t want to.”

“Babe...”

“Seriously, Danny, I can’t! Enough! ...I’m going to take a shower now.”

I’m sorry I yelled at him, but I just can’t. I get up and run to my room, closing the door a bit more violently than I intended to. Moon Goddess, I didn’t want to think about it. I tried to forget and pretend it wouldn’t possibly happen.

This is driving me mad. I was feeling so good just a while ago in Nate’s arms, and now I’m back to thinking about my ex again. Why do I have to feel so helpless! I don’t want to fall in love again, and I don’t want to reminisce about what happened five years ago either!

Still contraried, I grab whatever clothes and hurry into the shower to avoid Danny. I can hear him talking to Bobo from outside, but I don’t listen and focus on the hot water. Don’t think about it, don’t think about it. This is over, and he is not coming back.

About fifteen minutes later, I'm getting dressed up in a tank top and denim romper when I hear a soft knocking on my door.

"Babe... It's not about your ex, but I need to talk to you about something else. Can you come out? Please? I'm sorry, ok? I promise I won't talk about that matter again."

I sigh. It's not like I can ever stay mad at Danny long anyway...

When I walk out of the bathroom, Danny is there waiting for me, an apologetic look on his face. I feel like I'm about to abandon a puppy...

"Alright, what is it?" I ask with a sigh.

"Come here."

He takes my hand and pulls me back to our couch so we can sit down. To my surprise, he takes out his phone, looking for something.

"So, you know how my brother often comes late to the Main House to give his report about the patrol to the Alpha? Well, when he came back last night, Levi heard the Alpha talking with Reagan. They were talking about you. Listen."

What is this about? He plays an audio file, and after a few seconds of silence, I suddenly hear muffled voices. Someone manipulates the phone until we can actually hear properly. I instantly recognize my Alpha's voice.

"...won't be able to protect her, Reagan. I have to make a choice, and she won't understand unless we tell her the truth."

"I already said no, Clark!"

My mentor's angry voice surprises me. I knew Reagan had no problem arguing with the Alpha, but...

"You shouldn't have let her meet with the Blood Moon Pack, to begin with. I told you, Elena's existence must stay as concealed as possible!"

"She will soon be twenty-one, Reagan! Even I can't always control what she does! You know how stubborn Elena is. She is strong. If she wants to know the truth..."

“The truth is dangerous,” replies Reagan. “She is not ready for it, no one is. Making Elena one of your heirs was stupid, to begin with.”

“I did it to protect her. Moreover, you know very well she has every right to be. And without Samuel around...”

“You’re a bunch of idiots. You and Sam. You think this is just about the White Moon? Did you really forget where that child comes from? She is the only survivor, Clark! If they found out she is alive...”

I exchange a shocked look with Daniel. What the hell... What survivor? What is Reagan talking about? I was supposedly found in a forest! I’m barely breathing, waiting for every word and trembling. And who are those “they” she is talking about?

A long silence follows, but when I’m about to say something, Daniel signs me to stay quiet. Just then, I hear Clark’s voice again.

“...You had said she might not be the only one.”

“I only said there was a possibility. When I got there, the other child was missing. I have no idea how she could have survived if she did. Moon Goddess bless her, but I already have my hands full with protecting Elena.”

“Reagan, I still think we should talk to her. Elena is...”

A furious growling follows, and I jump in surprise when hearing so much anger. Moon Goddess, is Reagan actually growling at the Alpha?

“Look at me very carefully, Clark. If you say a word to Elena, I swear you’ll regret it. I don’t care about Samuel or your pack issues. Nothing matters more than her safety. I made an oath, Clark. I took that girl from her dying mother’s arms, and I swore to her and the Moon Goddess that I’ll protect her child, even if it’s the last thing I do!”

Wh... What... She swore to ...my mother?

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I wait for more, trembling so much I can barely breathe, but the recording ends. Danny is staring at me with worried eyes.

“Babe, are you ok?”

But I’m... speechless. What the hell was that? Reagan said so many shocking things that I feel like I was just blown away by a bomb. I finally find my voice back only to urge Danny to play it again. This time, I take the phone to hold it close while he gets up and makes us some coffee. He probably listened to it several times too.

When the recording ends to the second time, I stay stunned, my mind overwhelmed with so many thoughts. I don’t even know where to start! Danny comes back to sit next to me, carrying two large cups of coffee.

“I called Levi right away last night. Apparently, they heard him, and he couldn’t learn anything more...”

“Danny, all this is...”

“I know, babe, it’s a lot.”

“Reagan knows my birth mother!”

This is what I’m the most surprised with. Reagan knew, she knew all this time who my mother was, and she never said a word about it! Why couldn’t she tell me the slightest thing about my real mother? I stand up. I need to talk to her! But before I can take a step, Daniel grabs my wrist and pulls me back on the couch.

“Hold your horses, babe. I know what you’re thinking, but that stubborn old hag won’t say a word. Even Clark can’t win an argument against her!”

“She has to! Danny, now I know that...”

“Now you know more than you’re supposed to, babe. Elena, think about it. Reagan never ever agreed to tell you a word about your origins. If you go there and blurt out that you know a bit more, how do you think she will react? She will kick you a\*s, and she still won’t say a word!”

Damn, Daniel is right... Worst scenario, Reagan might even leave Silver City for several months again. Once my mentor disappears, there is no guarantee that she will ever come back. And that would only lower my chances to know the truth...

"I know what she said about your birth mother is big news, but did you listen to the rest?"

"Yeah, she said I had survived something..."

"I think she was talking about your family, or maybe even your whole pack. More importantly, Elena, whatever killed them, might come after you. It's serious, babe. For Reagan to be this worried..."

Daniel looks very worried, but I am not. I don't feel like any of this is real. But the whole thing about surviving whatever it is, is nothing compared to the thought of learning the slightest something about my birth mother. Reagan said she was dying... With me in her arms. Why can't I remember any of it? How old was I really? Reagan always said she found me when I was very young, but could she have lied about that too? Why?

"You know, I always felt there was something odd about my memories. I can't remember anything before my fifth birthday."

"Most people don't remember their earlier years..."

"But you remember your mom being pregnant with the twins. Or when Levi broke his arm. And you were only two or three years old, Danny. I don't remember anything at all, not the slightest memory."

He nods with a sigh.

"I know... I don't see how Reagan could be responsible for you losing your memories, however. Maybe you have some sort of trauma or something."

I wish I knew. But it's a black hole whenever I try to remember before my fifth birthday with my adoptive parents. I finally grab that cup of coffee and let out a deep sigh.

"I'm just so tired of all those mysteries, Danny. Even if Reagan is trying to protect me from who knows what, this is just... A whole mess in my head."

"I understand babe. But I don't think there's nothing more we can do for now... Do you wanna search the forest again?"

I shake my head. I already know it's no use, though I appreciate Danny's efforts to comfort me. We searched that forest a thousand times already, and I

feel the answer isn't there anyway. Daniel gets up again to put some music on and prepare a brunch, but I stay there thinking.

What about that other child she mentioned? Is she from my pack too? Why couldn't Reagan tell about her situation? And what would have caused my family to die... Something that attacked them, and might come after me even today. What sort of threat could that be? Werewolves have so many enemies. Vampires, witches, even humans. Even another pack of werewolves could have been involved. If only Reagan finally talked... How is not saying anything protected me? From her conversation with Clark, it even seemed she was against me taking the position of Alpha. Why is she so insistent on concealing my existence? Is there really such a threat that I could be hunted all the way here? Is that why she trained me since I was young?

While I'm lost in my thoughts, my phone suddenly vibrates. A text from Nate.

Elena, sorry about this morning. I didn't mean to upset you. You can stay over if you want, but I won't force you.

I can't help but smile. As understanding as ever... He never forces me into anything anyway. I think long and deep before answering.

It's ok. Sorry, I lost my cool too.

Any plans tonight?

I could use a change of scenery.

I'll be at this address from 6pm on. Meet me whenever you want.

It's a location I don't know, on the outskirts of their territory. He sometimes surprises me like this, and it's nice. I already feel a lot better knowing that I'll see Nate later.

Danny brings two vegetarian omelets with potatoes and a new serving of coffee.

"Where is Bobo, by the way?" I ask when he sits down.

"He left. I told him I needed a private talk with my favorite girl, and anyway, he's busy with his pack these days, he can't stay that long."

"Something going on?"

Daniel grabs the tv remote and nods.

“More or less. They are still looking for that girl, remember? The one your man asked Clark about?”

“He is not my man,” I reply automatically with an annoyed growl.

“Anyway, it seems like they are still actively looking for whoever she is. The King is crazy obsessed about that these days. They have been visiting more packs.”

Nathaniel didn't mention anything... He never talks to me about his brothers, either. But I know when he has to leave abruptly, sometimes, because of one of them. The younger one seems to be a runaway kid, going off the map from time to time. The King, however, seems to have another kind of problem. I never see Nate as worried as when he has to go back to see his older brother. He never tells me why, though.

Daniel puts on some tv show he's been watching, but I'm not much into it. Instead, I grab some of my study books to get back on track before I resume classes in a couple of weeks. It's not thrilling, but I just want to stop thinking about those other annoying matters. The mystery around my birth, my asshole ex-boyfriend, and my relationship with Nate... Each and every one of these matters is giving me a headache...

Cold stone and people screaming. A warm embrace is protecting me, and someone is whispering a prayer. I'm so cold... I want to cry, but somebody's rocking my tiny body, trying to keep me quiet. A warm man's voice says everything will be alright, he will protect us. He loves us. A woman weeps quietly next to my ear. She doesn't want him to go, but there is no choice.

We are left alone. It's suddenly quiet and terrifying. I'm so scared, I'm shaking. A cold voice is talking, but they can't find us. The gentle voice is whispering again. They don't know our secret, it will keep us safe. ...A violent light comes in!

“Elena! Elena, babe! Wake up, babe!”

I finally open my eyes, out of breath. I'm trembling all over, and it takes me a few seconds to recognize Daniel, holding my wrists with panicked eyes.

“Are you ok, babe? Moon Goddess, you scared me!”



“Da... Danny? What happened?”

“I don’t know, I think you were panicking... You kept crying and shivering. Did you have a nightmare?”

A nightmare? Now that he says it... Something vague is floating in my mind, but I can’t remember exactly. What was that about? That dream felt so familiar... And I’m feeling terribly cold and lonely. I grab the blanket laying at one end of the couch and wrap myself in it, under Danny’s stupefied eyes.

“You’re cold?” He asks.

He puts a hand on my forehead to check my temperature, frowning.

“How rare... You’re never cold, usually? Do you want me to get you some medicine?”

“No, nevermind Danny. I’m feeling sluggish. My period might be coming, that’s probably the reason. You know I always get unwell before that.”

“What?”

He gets up to check on our calendar hanging in the kitchen, checking. But it’s no use, my periods are so irregular and unpredictable, any attempt at tracking it as been useless so far. Daniel comes back, looking contraried.

“It’s been a while... sh!t, and I’ll be away on that seminar for five days from tomorrow on too!”

“Seriously, Danny, it’s ok. I’ll just wait for it to pass.”

I grab my phone and text Nate that I can’t come that night. I don’t give him any details, just saying something came up. As usual, he doesn’t ask for any more explanation. Daniel, however, is watching me with blue eyes filled with worry.

“I don’t want to leave you alone when you are like that...”

“Danny, I’m going to be fine, stop being such a worry heart. You have been waiting for this seminar for weeks, too. Don’t worry, I’ll just text Eric to ask him to take over the training for now and stay home until I’m better.”

That doesn’t take off that bothered look from his face. I know why he’s so concerned about me, but I shake my head.

“Danny, I...”

“You should see someone, Elena. To get checked.”

“Daniel, stop it. I’m over what happened back then, ok?”

“Then why are you so afraid to check if you can still have children or not?”

I glare at him.

“We are not talking about it, Danny. I don’t want kids anyway.”

He sighs.

“Alright... Sorry, babe. I... I’ll go check what we have in the Pharmacy, ok?”

Daniel leaves the room, and a heavy silence falls. I’m so tired... Is it because of the rain or my nightmare? I’m feeling so gloomy all of a sudden. I’m almost regretting canceling on Nate tonight.

I close my eyes, trying to chase the darkness away.

I’m sorry, Angel, but I don’t want to think about you now, it’s still too painful...

## **His Sunshine Baby Chapter 34 - Tips**

“Boss, they won’t even listen to us. They...”

“I said, try again.”

Neal looks desperate. He gives me a glance, helpless, but I’m not sure what else I can do at this point. I don’t have any better chances to convince them, and Damian’s Beta probably already gave it his best shot. But the Sapphire Moon is like an iron wall and stubbornly refusing any form of communication with us. They hate us to the core and won’t let any room for compromises.

The only person more stubborn than that is my brother, especially when it involves his fated mate. He has been driving all of us nuts these days. I don’t know if things have gotten worse for that girl, but Damian is more adamant than ever about finding her. I wish we had any kind of lead to begin with. We visited five packs in the last two months, without any luck.

“Let’s try again, and check other packs meanwhile, alright?” I offer, hoping to calm my brother down.

“I’m pretty sure we can negotiate something with the Violet Clan,” adds Neal.

“That would be easier if Liam didn’t spend half of his time sneaking into their territory,” growls Tonia.

Neal’s younger sister gets a glare from me. Can’t she shut up for once? I respect Tonia a lot as one of our best fighters, but sometimes she doesn’t know when to stay quiet... Moreover, she is the one with relations in the Violet Clan, she should know better. Neal reprimands her for being insolent, but I’m focused on Damian. My brother looks like a scary shadow... His aura is growing darker and darker these days, even the Betas are starting to be unsettled around him. He is not moving an inch, standing still like a statue in the middle of the room, his silver eyes glowing in a scary gleam.

“I don’t give a damn which Clan is next. Just find her.”

We all nod. Moon Goddess help us if we can’t find that girl soon...

Neal and his sister leave the room, and I’m about to do the same when Damian holds me back.

“Nathaniel, we have to talk.”

To talk? He only calls me Nathaniel when it’s serious... What does he want now? Is it about work again? I sigh and only go to close the door, as there’s only the two of us left now. Damian still looks as imposing, but he leans a bit against his desk.

“I had a talk with Isaac this morning.”

sh!t, what did Isaac say? Why would these two talk without me there?

“You have been seeing someone?”

“Damian, I...”

“You don’t need to justify yourself, Nate. I don’t really care who it is, and Isaac didn’t tell me either. My thoughts are, if you haven’t told me before, it’s because you have been protecting my feelings, or seeing someone you shouldn’t be seeing. Or maybe a mix of both.”

sh!t. He is painfully right on the mark. How the hell did he know... Damian knows me too well, only at times like these does he remind me that he is the older brother. I sigh and nod, a bit embarrassed. This is why I keep my private life separate from the Pack and my brother's matters... To avoid having to explain myself.

"It's nothing serious, Damian. Nothing you need to concern yourself with or be curious about."

"Nate, stop acting like that."

"Acting like what?"

"Like you don't care. Don't think I haven't noticed. You have been different lately. You look... more serene."

More serene? Is that what I've been giving off? ...Indeed, I do feel a lot lighter every time I get to see Elena. Spending the night with her seems to be the best remedy against tiredness and tension from work. And I'm not just talking about the se.x. I genuinely love discussing even the most trivial matters with her. I never get bored during our dinners, she is a smart and broad-minded woman. I look forward to any of our rendezvous, or even her texts. It's refreshing, being able to reach out to her any time.

Damian is still observing me. Damn, how can he be so sharp-witted about such matters... I feel a bit embarrassed.

"Right, it's... nice. But it's not what you think, Damian."

"I don't think anything. As long as you look happy like this, I won't oppose it. You deserve some happiness, Nate."

His words shock me. Happiness? It's a word I haven't thought about in a long time... I never thought of myself as unhappy, or lacking anything before. I've been content with my life as it was. My luxury apartment, a job I love, enough spare time to enjoy a workout or any hobby of mine, and as many mistresses as I wanted.

But all of this isn't enough anymore. My mood lately has been dictated by whether I could see Elena or not. If we haven't met for a couple of days, I get irritable and moody. When I know I'll see her soon, I get impatient. And once I finally see her, everything seems great again.

Damn, know that I think about it, what a simple-minded i\*\*\*t I've become...

"...Should I meet her?"

"Hell no!"

Is he crazy? Why would I introduce Elena to my brother? He is getting protective again, isn't he? There is no way and no reason for them to meet. There is nothing serious between Elena and me.

"I told you, Damian, it's not like that."

"Don't think you have to stay a bachelor, Nate. You can..."

"Why don't we focus on your mate, for now? Why are you so curious about my love life all of a sudden?"

"Precisely because we have been focusing on myself for a long time. Being worried for my mate doesn't mean I can't be concerned about you or Liam."

Damn, why does he have to experience big brother feelings now... I sigh.

"I'm fine, Damian."

"Then why aren't you moving on?"

I freeze. Not because of my brother's cold tone, but because I didn't expect him to bring that matter on the table again. I massage my neck. Don't we have enough drama going on already without bringing up old ones? I thought we were over that discussion.

"It's not about Katherine, Damian. I just don't feel like having a new mate, alright?"

"It's been years, Nate. I never see you getting serious with anyone, and it's not like you don't see women anymore, from what I've heard. So what's the problem?"

fvck Isaac and his chatterbox... How is Damian so insistent? Is it because I've seen Elena more regularly compared to others? I hate being questioned and I hate being the one he's worried about. Doesn't he have enough to concern himself already with his mate and Liam?

“There is no problem. Why can’t you and Isaac just accept the fact that I’m fine being free and single? I’m over what happened with Katherine, and whoever I’m seeing is nothing you need to concern yourself about, Damian.”

He stays silent, and I take it as my signal he’ll let me leave now. I head for the door, but just when I’m about to step out, my brother’s voice elevates again behind me.

“Whatever you decide to do, you know I’ll back you up without reserve, Nate.”

I stop.

That’s the Damian I know. The older brother, the protector. Just like when we were kids. The one who had no hesitation standing between our father and us, who wouldn’t flinch when taking a hit. I know we had nothing but each other, but he was the one who made all the sacrifices. He would kill anyone without hesitation for us. He already did, and he would do it again.

“...I know.”

Just with that, I finally exit the office. This conversation with Damian left me with a weird feeling.

Since I started this relationship with Elena, things were crystal clear. No strings attached, just se.x. We had both agreed on it and swore it wouldn’t change. After a few weeks, it became clear to me that Elena had a past, a complicated history she didn’t want to talk about. I didn’t want to talk about mine either, and we left it at that. There was no reason to put our feelings on the line.

I ride my bike home, reminiscing about our time together on the way. Elena and I never talked about our feelings after that. Like a thick line that neither of us is ready to cross. I had never even taken the time to think about it. Because everything was so simple. We would have se.x when we felt like it, we could talk without reserve, and there was no reason for things to get complicated.

However, things were slightly changing. I never cared about her sleeping over until Elena mentioned she didn’t want to. And then it bothered me because I actually like sleeping beside her. Waking up with her honey skin next to me. Having se.x again in the morning or just finding any reason to caress her. But Elena refused me, and it came as a shock. What was so bad about sleeping

together? I thought it over. Then, I realized. se.x friends don't sleepover. Lovers do.

Elena was the one still thinking straight, and I was the one acting unreasonably. Though, I couldn't put words on it. I just felt dejected when we couldn't see each other, but I figured it wasn't that big of a deal. When I thought I could have any girl I wanted, the only one I fantasized about was Elena again.

So, after thinking long and hard, I just decided it didn't really matter. There was no need to analyze it too deeply. If I wanted to see her, I could. If I wanted to text her, I just did. Maybe I'm just a coward, but anyway, that's what I decided. Stick to the promise and don't involve my feelings in it. All I have to do is act the same, and do what I want.

So, when I finally reach my flat, I take a long shower, and text Elena when I'm done. We haven't seen each other for a few days now, so I'm expecting a long night of wild se.x. I wait a bit and grab a pair of jeans. Still no answer. Is she busy? I pour myself a whiskey when the notification finally comes in.

...I reread the text. Not feeling well? Is she sick? She's never refused to meet up with me straight out, not without proposing another day first...

After a minute of hesitation, I send a new text, asking her if she is sick. Nothing too nosy, just a friend asking about her well-being. I don't think I've ever heard her complain anytime, not even when she was covered in bruises from her training sessions. Is she mad at me for some reason? I read the text again, looking for a hint, a clue to what she's thinking. And she is not answering... Don't tell me she's really ignoring me? The notification comes in, she read the text, but she's not answering.

After a couple of minutes, I can't hold it anymore and call her. Is she going to answer? If she doesn't, it means she...

"What?"

Her annoyed tone is speaking for itself. Damn, I feel a bit stupid now.

"Hi. Sorry, I was just... Are you sick?" I ask again since she ignored my text.

"...No, I'm not."

“...Are you mad at me for some reason?”

I'm really puzzled right now. Elena just sounds pissed, not sick. After a few seconds of silence, I hear a faint sigh.

“Why would I be mad at you, Nate? I'm just having a sh!tty day. I'm tired, and mother nature is reminding me of my female condition with those damn cramps!”

I stay stunned for a couple of seconds. Damn, I didn't even think about that. I feel so stupid now, but a bit better still. What am I supposed to say now? But before I can think of anything appropriate, Elena speaks first, with another sigh.

“Sorry you thought I was mad at you or something. It's just that it's been a while and I have very nasty ones. I'll be better in a couple of days, ok?”

“...Is it that bad?”

“Seriously, Nate, I'm not discussing my period with you!”

I can't help but chuckle. Even when she is in that state, I find her embarrassed answer terribly cute.

“Alright, alright. ...Do you need anything?”

“Unless you have some miracle solution to make time pass faster, no... Danny is away on that stupid seminar anyway, so I'm just going to wait at home for it to be over.”

She does sound tired, over the phone. I just nod, feeling useless.

“Ok. Call me if you need anything, alright?”

“Yeah, thanks. I'll text you later.”

“Bye.”

She hangs up, and I stay there, a bit clueless. So, that's one mystery solved. But now I'm feeling even worse about not being able to help in some way. I don't know much about it...



I lit a cigarette and do a quick search on my phone. "Painful periods." I wander a bit on some websites, but the more I read, the luckier I feel about being a man. The exchanges on some forums are even worse. Women have a lot to deal with, and I had no idea it could be that bad...

After twenty minutes of educating myself about womanly troubles, I quit the website I was on and hesitate a bit. I keep remembering Elena's tired voice, and she sure didn't sound well. I sigh and pick up my phone again, resolute. I'm sure I saved his number before... Ah, there it is.

"...Hello?"

"Daniel? It's Nathaniel Black. I need to ask you something."

## **His Sunshine Baby Chapter 35 - Tips**

I may have hung up a bit too abruptly... I look at my phone, but Nate doesn't send anything after that. Moon Goddess, I feel like crap... I barely slept last night, and today, the pain is killing me. I have no energy. I've been glued to the couch all day long, I don't even feel like getting up to eat or change clothes.

Moreover, it's dark and pouring outside, as if the day needed to be any gloomier. I don't know what time it is, and I don't care. I'm just dozing off and waiting for my hellish period to be over with...

I wake up to a faint knocking on the door. What the...? I don't even remember falling asleep, but it's still a downpour outside. Who would possibly come in this weather? They're knocking again. Damn... I get up, only grabbing my kimono to cover myself a bit. It's probably only one of the neighbors anyway.

However, when I finally open the door, I'm shocked to see Nate standing there. Moon Goddess! What the hell? His hair is dripping wet, and he is carrying a backpack and his helmet.

"Nate? What... What are you doing here?"

"I came to see you. Can I come in?"

I grab his wrist and quickly pull him inside. I can't believe his nerve!

“You shouldn’t be here! Are you crazy? This is the White Moon territory!” I yell while closing the door.

“Calm down, no one could have possibly seen or smelled me with this rain. And you don’t live that far from the border anyway.”

“Still! If anyone had seen you...”

“You would know already. Elena, calm down.”

Moon Goddess, how could he be so reckless... I stare at him, still under the shock, and suddenly realize what I must look like. An unsexy mess! I undo my stupid bun and push my hair back, embarrassed. I haven’t even taken a shower!

“How are you feeling?”

Nate’s gentleness surprises me. He puts down his backpack on the table, and I wonder what is inside. I’ve never seen him with any bag. He’s not wearing a suit today either, just a plain t-shirt and a worn-out pair of jeans, which is quite unusual for him on a weekday. And he’s awfully sexy with those wet clothes... I try to organize my thoughts a bit better than that.

“Not the best...” I admit.

He just nods while putting his motorbike helmet in a corner. Damn, and this place is so messy too... I’ve been too tired to get any cleaning done since Danny left, and my things are all over the place. There are dirty dishes in the sink, a few clothes lying around, and even my study papers I had meant to organize are scattered on the table. I would have at least tried to hide the mess if I knew he was coming!

“Nate, what are you doing here?”

“I came for you. I was worried.”

He was worried about me? But he already called... I don’t even know what to answer that. Nathaniel is disarming me with that honesty of his. But he is acting like usual, looking around and curious about my place.

“Sorry I... I haven’t done any cleaning lately,” I sigh with embarrassment while trying to gather the clothes.

“Elena, stop, stop.”

He takes them off my hands, and brings me back to the couch, making me sit. I’m so confused, but he just kneels down to be at my height and smiles gently. Why is he acting like this? This is so troubling! He puts a hand on my forehead, frowning.

“You’re feverish... Do you have any medicine here?”

I push away his hand, ignoring his question to address him very seriously.

“Nate, what are you doing?”

He sighs and takes my hand. Again...

“I told you, I was worried. I came to watch you, alright? You didn’t sound good over the phone, and I didn’t feel good about letting you be alone when you’re like this.”

“Nate, you don’t have to take care of me! This is not what we agreed on...”

Nathaniel rolls his eyes, annoyed at me.

“Elena, stop being so stubborn for once. I came as a friend, because I was worried about my friend, all right? se.x friends imply some friendship too. Daniel was worried, too, so he gave me your address.”

“What? You even called Danny?”

“Yes, Boyan gave me his number a while ago.”

I’m going to k!!! Daniel. And Boyan too. Those traitors! Without any words left to protest, I have to watch Nate take some stuff out of his backpack. Why the hell is he carrying shredded cheese and tomato sauce... He takes it to the kitchen and comes back with a mug full of hot water.

I’m about to protest that I don’t drink tea until I recognize the characteristic smell of my favorite flavor. How did Nate know that lemon tea is the only one I like? Without saying anything, he hands it to me, and leaves the room again, headed for the bathroom this time. When he comes back, he is frowning, holding two boxes.

“Is this one alright for fever? The other is past its expiration date.”

“Yeah...”

He hands me the right box and simply throws away the other under my reduced eyes. He is acting so natural, and I'm just speechless! But he is off to the kitchen again, and I grab my phone meanwhile. I send a very rude text to Danny. I need to unleash at someone. But against my expectations, he doesn't read right away like usual. Oh, right, that stupid seminar! Right when I'm swearing silently, Nathaniel comes back.

“Elena, did you take it?” He asks, pointing at the medicine.

“Uh, no, not yet.”

“Well take it now so you can sleep a bit before dinner.”

“Nate, how am I supposed to sleep with you here!”

“It's not like I'm going to attack you!” He replies with a laugh.

“You know what I mean!”

“Seriously, Elena, you're making a fuss for nothing. So just take that damn pill and sleep!”

I want to protest again, but he hands me the mug and the pill first. That stubborn man... I swallow it with a frown. I can't believe this man's nerve.

“I am not sleeping.”

“Well, you can watch tv then.”

Ignoring my grouchy face, he turns on the tv with some stupid show on, before leaving the room again. Why the hell is he going to the kitchen for!

“Nate, what are you doing?” I ask exasperated.

“Just making myself a coffee.”

I don't believe him. I can hear him rummaging the fridge and using the sink. What is he doing... I want to check, but I'm too tired to move. That idiot...

I slowly wake up, drowsy. I'm still on the couch... But someone covered me with another thicker blanket. The tv is turned off, but gentle music is echoing

through the stereo. I recognize an old jazz classic. Something feels different. I move my head a bit and notice someone cleaned up the earlier mess. No clothes lying around, and my papers are put more orderly on the table. The whole room seems a lot brighter now.

I finally see Nate, actually sitting right beside me but on the carpet, his back reposing against the couch. He is working on his laptop, but notices right away I'm awake. He gives me his gentle smile.

"Hey. How are you feeling?"

"Better... I slept long?"

"Only about an hour or so."

It felt longer than that... The medicine totally knocked me out. I sigh and sit up, keeping the blanket wrapped around me. I feel bad, but not because of my period this time. My crappy attitude with Nate earlier wasn't right at all.

"Sorry about earlier..."

He shakes his head.

"It's fine. I was prepared for a lot worse, considering what you're going through."

"Still..."

But Nate leans over to kiss my forehead, putting me at a loss for words. Why does he have to be so painfully gentle...

"Don't worry. Do you want to sleep more? You still look tired."

"No... I need to go to the bathroom. And I want to change too, I'm all sweaty."

"Okay."

I get up and walk to my room, going through my wardrobe to find something comfortable to wear. After hesitating a few seconds, I pick an oversized top and some cotton leggings. It's not like Nate cares much about what I'm wearing at this point... I also take a few minutes to brush my hair a bit and put it in a proper bun. At least I look a bit better now, despite the dark circles and sickly complexion.

However, when I go back to the bathroom, I surprised to see Nate there.

“You prepared me a bath?”

The hot water is still running, but the bathtub is almost full. I can't believe him... Nate turns it off and nods.

“Yeah, I read that it was good for you. You don't want it?”

“No, it's great actually. Thanks...”

I just don't know how to react! I never imagined Nate would be so... thoughtful and considerate! But again, he just smiles as if it was perfectly normal.

“Good! Take your time then.”

And with that, he leaves me alone in the bathroom. I swear that man has to be from another planet. It cannot be otherwise. Honestly, I don't care anymore at this point. I get n\*\*\*d and step in with delight. Moon Goddess, it's so hot and good... I haven't taken a bath in ages, I'm usually too much in a hurry or impatient. I stay there a while, thinking about Nate's behavior. Why is he acting like this? It's not that he has never been gentle before, but for him to be this considerate... I'm a bit lost. How should I react? It doesn't feel right, but it's agreeable. Should I just treat it as a friendly attitude, like he said...?

When I finally get out of the bath, feeling a lot better, I quickly put on the outfit I picked and go back to the living room.

I'm feeling a bit shy towards Nate. We are alone at my place, I'm not dressed with any effort, and he basically came here despite the sh!tty weather just to take care of me. As a friend, he said...

When I step into my living room, my heart feels a bit heavier than usual. Behind the window, the sky is clouded in a dark grey, with the rain still falling heavily. But in the middle of the room, Nate turned on the light bulbs and is on his computer again. Did he coming here cause trouble for his work? However, when seeing me enter, he turns it off right away and gets up.

“Hey, how was the bath? Just wait a sec.”

He goes to the kitchen, and when he comes back, I'm speechless. He is carrying a plate with a freaking pizza on it! I'm so shocked I can only try to hide my embarrassing laugh behind my hand.

"Moon Goddess, you made me a pizza?"

"Well, to be honest, I had the dough done in the Italian restaurant, and only gathered the ingredients here to cook it..."

"You made a freaking pizza!"

I can't believe it! It looks all hot and just out of the oven too. He laughs at my shocked expression and puts it down. I look at that pizza again. Mushrooms, onions, chicken, peppers... All my favorites!

"Danny told you?"

He nods.

"I had no idea you could crave stuff like pizzas on your periods..."

"Yeah, it's one of the only things I can swallow."

Actually, I'm barely resisting the temptation of jumping on that pizza right now. But the thing is, what I want to jump most isn't the pizza. I'm still dumbfounded by Nate's attitude. All of this is so new and... Unsettling. A part of me is overwhelmed by his gentleness, and the other part is scared. What is that all supposed to mean? How can I not melt when he does stuff like that!

But how can I tell him? Hey, could you stop being so kind and gentlemanly because I'm freaking out about my feelings for you? Damn, that i\*\*\*t is klling me in the softest way possible, and he has no idea. I stare at him, for a few seconds, with my heart on the edge of my lips. I can't resist.

I take a few steps and grabs his face to k!ss him passionately.