

His Sunshine Baby Chapter 5 - Tips

I step out of the restaurant, walk to my car and sit in it, throwing my suitcase on the back seat. I can finally undo my necktie. What a nightmare day... I massage my neck and grab my cell to call Damian.

"Nate."

"Hi, Damian. How are you?"

"I'm fine."

A short sentence, but his voice is cold and neutral as usual. Good to see him back to his usual self... Though he probably terrorized the whole company staff all day. I sigh.

"Ok. Let me know if anything comes up. I'm checking out for today, I'll be drinking at the Rain with Isaac.... You wanna join us?"

"I'm good. Don't drink too much, Nate."

"I know, I know. Get some sleep tonight, ok?"

"Hn."

And just like that, he hangs up without adding a word. I sigh. Do I ever get a break? Between Damian's issues with that girl, his unknown mate, and Liam causing trouble any chance he gets, I can never rest. Being the middle brother is tiresome at times, but I still care more about those two, way more than I would be willing to say. The three of us made it this far together after all...

My phone rings again. Seriously, it hasn't been two minutes... I check the number.

"Yes, Isaac?"

"I'm delighted to announce this is officially the weekend, sir. So the HR Director is clocking out, and your best friend is telling your a*s to get dressed and handsome because those ladies need to get swoon and you need to get laid. Meet me at the Rain in two hours, ok?"

"See you there, Isaac."

I'm not sure if I feel like partying, but damn, first, off I need a shower. I drive home, enjoying the evening breeze. This time I left my bike in my brother's garage to take my car. The best feature of my Mercedes is definitely the convertible... Driving fast without a roof in the middle of Silver City's buildings has something thrilling. Maybe I should get the same for Damian's birthday. That i***t never enjoys himself or buy anything like this.

We are freaking billionaires, but my brothers never really seem to care about it. Damian's penthouse is cold, empty, and only used for sleeping. He's got the best view of Silver City, and the man doesn't even eat there! Liam's even worse, spending half his time in the streets and wearing the same old overused clothes... One is living like a prisoner, the other like some street punk. Well, I'm not like them.

I picked my apartment a few blocks away from the Company Building, in a luxury residence with waterfront and city views. We spent the first years of our lives in utter poverty, and now, I have a 600 square feet place of my own, with a 24-hour concierge service, an indoor pool, a gym, and any chic amenity rich people can enjoy.

"Welcome back, Mister Black. Happy Friday."

"Thanks, Harry."

I step into the elevator and finally reach my apartment half a minute later. Home sweet home...I take my shoes out, walk in, and leave the lights off to use my wolf's eyes and enjoy the night lights of the city.

Moon Goddess, this is great. I love this life of mine. Going to work every day, partying on the weekends and living without worry. Aside from my brother's matter, barely anything ever worries me. We are the most powerful wolves in the City. No one to step on us anymore or disrespect us. The dog days are over.

My shower taken, I take my time getting ready and enjoying a couple of cigarettes on the terrace. My apartment is my sanctuary, I've never brought anyone but my brothers and close friends up there. No guest, no girls. Just me enjoying my bachelor life.

I finish getting dressed up when Isaac sends me a text he's on his way. I pick my favorite Armani white shirt, leaving a few buttons open, a dark jean, and

put on my silver cross necklace. Once my hair is styled, and I'm satisfied with my look, I grab my keys, wallet and get going.

I bought the Rain a few weeks ago, to expand the Velvet Leisure Group. We had quite a few Nightclubs already, but I wanted something new, more mainstream and that would attract more people from different classes. It's the biggest one to date, and we hired the best team to redo the complete nightclub decoration over these few weeks. I saw it a week ago before the official opening, but tonight is the first I get to see it with the public and everything.

I meet Isaac on the VIP parking, and as usual, my best friend went all out, with a colored shirt and hair gel. He's smiling from ear to ear, looking excited as usual.

"Damn, Nate, you could hold back a little! How can I get any lady if you're next to me looking like this!"

"I thought we were here to drink first?"

"How come on, don't start being a monk, like your brother," He says as he pushes me toward the Nightclub.

Of course, the two of us don't need to stand in line with the guest and head straight upstairs, into the VIP section. Damn, it's crowded already, but it's doing great. The design team did a great job, people are enjoying themselves under the dancefloor lights, or relaxing on velvet sofas. The staff is working non-stop too, people are gathering around the bar to order drinks. Isaac puts a hand on my shoulder and points out the DJ. Oh, right, he insisted on hiring a brand new team of DJs. This is not my expertise, but he selected a handful of rising newcomers and from what I hear so far, they are indeed good. People are dancing too, the dancefloor is crowded.

Isaac orders two cocktails for us, something dark gold smelling strongly like whiskey. He knows my tastes by heart, and we cheer together. He puts an arm around my shoulders, looking crazy happy.

"How is this, Nate? Great, right?" He yells over the loud music and crowd.

I nod. The Nightclub is obviously a total hit. Isaac starts dancing with some interested ladies approaching him, but I turn around and lean on the rail to

look downstairs. People are having fun, the current DJ is doing a great job with the mixing.

Next to me, a young woman leans on the rail, giving me obvious flirtatious glances. I take a sip of my drink. Not interested, tonight. And this girl's fake platinum hair and thick makeup kind of turns me off. I ignore her, but she suddenly gets closer, smiling and putting a hand on my arm.

"Don't you want to dance with me?"

Why do they have to feel so overconfident just because they picked fancy dresses and high heels? I came to have a drink, but this woman is not anywhere near what I want right now. I give her a new glare, but she doesn't move an inch and keeps smiling with confidence.

"Come on, I'm a good dancer, you're lucky!"

This time, I've had enough. I call my inner wolf and give her a warning growl. My Alpha aura exudes a raw power, and my eyes are menacing. The plastic girl suddenly backs off, visibly scared. She mutters an apology and runs away.

There is now an odd empty circle around me, as people felt my aura and instinctively stepped away. I take a gulp of my drink, the whiskey warming up my insides.

"Nate, seriously!"

Isaac is giving me an annoyed look. Of course. My Beta felt that too, and now he's pissed at me. I ignore him and keep staring downstairs.

"Don't use you fvcking*g aura here! You want to chase the customers away or what?"

"That girl was annoying, and I only used a bit."

If I didn't control myself, I would have emptied the whole nightclub on both floors. Isaac rolls his eyes.

"Come on, don't be so difficult... We came here to have a good time! Why do you have to be so picky?"

Because I hate clingy, fake, greed-driven women. Ones who approach me because they sense a man with power and money. First, they act like they just

want one night, then for some reason, they think you owe them the world and that we have to fall for them after having se.x...

“Hey, Nate, stop the grumpy face and deep thinking. We’re here to have fun tonight, remember? Come on, man, look at all those fine, young and se.xy ladies. Don’t tell me there’s not even one to your fancy?”

I look down, at the dancefloor. Lots of bodies moving along the music, neon lights and all colors mixing together. I take a new long sip when something catches my eyes.

Some golden reflection, shining bright on the left side. I look for the source and lose my breath for a second. Damn, this one is se.xy ... What caught my attention is actually a golden pink sequins dress, reflecting the sp0tlight with a lot of different gleams. But her owner is even more dazzling. I lean a bit further, totally distracted.

It’s a blonde, with hair like the sunshine, and delicious curves. The dress is short and totally showing off her long legs, but it’s actually her dancing that’s the se.xiest. That girl knows how to move. She’s so in sync with the music and moving without a slight of self-restraint like she doesn’t give a damn who’s around. Most women here are focused on looking good while dancing and restrain themselves to se.xy and calculated gestures, totally unnatural. But that girl, whoever she is, obviously doesn’t give a damn and lets herself go totally. She’s dancing with her eyes closed and allows her body to move totally freely. Her blonde hair floating around her shoulders, and her h!ps are moving to the se.xiest dance I’ve ever seen.

“Wow, you know how to pick them...”

Of course, Isaac noticed my prolonged staring. He whistles, approving of my choice.

I nod, but I don’t give a sh!t about what he said. That girl just started dancing to a new kind of music, and the temperature of the room jumped up. We gotta keep whatever genius DJ who decided to play Latino stuff...

“What? What’s that music? sh!t, I’ll tell them to play something else...”

“Isaac, if they change the music to anything else, you’re fired.”

He looks at me, totally shocked. After a few seconds, I hear him laugh.

“Damn, you’re really into her, huh? Alright, I’ll tell them to keep that DJ, so now you’ll maybe relax a little and go impress the lady, Nate. I need another glass, and after that, you can find me with this gorgeous redhead at the bar.”

He walks away, but my eyes don’t leave that girl as another concern just came up. Who’s that guy she’s dancing with? They obviously know each other, and fvck, they are really dancing up close... Don’t tell me she’s got a boyfriend? I didn’t even think of that possibility... She’s been ignoring all the other dudes lurking her, too. I feel my wolf unhappy about it, and our anger rises up a bit. My hand clenches tighter around my glass. But as I keep staring, I’m still in doubt. They look close, but... Not like a couple. Just friends? A hint of hope comes back.

Meanwhile, she noticed my staring and found me right away. Those dark amber eyes... fvck, she’s totally my type. Naturally pretty, light makeup, great body. I’ve never seen her before. She’s obviously a werewolf too, but which pack?

Now that she’s conscious of my staring, it seems to bother her a bit. She keeps dancing a bit, but I can tell she’s still sending glances my direction. Good thing, so I’m indeed troubling her... I slightly smile, satisfied.

She stops dancing and says something to her friend. Stepping away from him, I realize she’s headed for the bar. I find our lead barmaid, who’s obviously from our pack.

Kylie.

Yes, Boss?

The blonde with the sequins dress. Her tab is on the house. Anything she orders.

Got it, Boss.

I take a sip and watch her order drinks. When Kylie replies something to her, she immediately raises her head to find me again, and I can’t help but smile. So she understood right away.

This night might be exciting after all...