

His Sunshine Baby Chapter 6 - Tips

What does this guy want? We stare at each other while the barmaid is busing preparing our mojitos. Him, from upstairs, leaning nonchalantly on the balustrade and me looking all the way up to his direction from the bar. His eyes look so cold, yet I feel myself getting hotter from his scrutinizing... He's obviously an Alpha, but which pack? Definitely not one I know. I would never forget a man like him.

I try to ignore him, and give a quick thank to the barmaid when receiving our mojitos. Now to find Daniel. My best friend actually joins me first, and we decide to take a break and sit down at the bar. I purposely choose to sit facing the other way, so I don't have to look at that guy, but even so, I can feel his burning stare.

"What is it?" Asks Daniel.

I decide to talk to him using our mind-link because I hate having to yell over a crowd, and the music is really loud.

See that guy behind me? On the second floor, blonde guy.

Holy Moon Goddess Mother, I do. Are they missing a sculpture at the museum? That guy is hot as f...

Is he staring?

Yep, right at ya. Heavens, how do you always attract them? This guy looks like he could be undressing you from where he is!

I blush like crazy and give him a slap on his leg. He is not helpful at all! I take a long sip of my mojito, trying to think about something else. Daniel, too, is busy eyeing other guys in the bar, but none of them are to his liking, because he wants us to go back to dancing soon enough once our glasses are empty.

While we head back on the dancefloor, I can't help but take a glance toward the second floor, but this time, he's gone. I try to look for him with my eyes, but he's nowhere to be found. I feel a once of disappointment, but try to ignore it.

I want to focus on the music. The DJ makes it louder with a new mix of Taki Taki, another song we know. Daniel's already dancing, sexy and hot like a

pro, nobody could tell is a total lab nerd by day. I try to follow the rhythm and chase that unsettling feeling away. I wish I had drunk a bit more, but the music gets to me and I forget myself again. I move my legs, my hips, my arms, and enjoy myself. The song changes again, and more people come dancing to the now famous Cross Your Mind. It's a bit more crowded, but I don't care and keep dancing.

At some point, I realize I've lost Daniel among the people dancing. I'm not so worried, he's a big boy, so I keep dancing while on the look-out for my favorite blonde. While doing so, I suddenly stop when I realize to blue eyes, only a meter away from me.

It's that guy, staring straight at me again. He's dancing too this time, but his eyes won't leave me. Damn, he even knows how to dance pretty decently... He's good, too. As we dance, we naturally get closer, attracted like magnets. I can't take my eyes off him either. His open shirt, showing off a slightly tanned skin with a pearl of sweat. Daniel's right, guys like that can't be real, can they?

But before I can decide, he's right in front of me, disarming me with a sly smile. Following the flow of the music, he puts his hand on my waist in a very subtle and natural manner. Damn, this guy smells like trouble yet I just can't say refuse it. I keep dancing, my skin flirting with his, our bodies in synch with the flow. I've never felt so sexy while dancing, but this guy is raising the temperature to the rooftop.

The rhythm accelerates, so does my breath. I flip my hair, turn and move, and he follows it all without a flinch. His hand is still there, guiding me and playing with his fingers around my hips. We're so close, yet that's the only piece of him touching me. But his face is only a few inches away, I can see every detail of his face, to the blue streaks of his eyes reflecting with the lights. I feel his breath caressing my neck, my shoulders. This tension is unreal...

The music changes again but we don't stop. This time, we're really dancing together, his body against mine, his hands going up and down on my thigh. I feel his torso against my back, and I realize my back is bare against his skin. Yet that doesn't stop me. He puts a hand on my stomach and lets me dance against him, keeping us close together.

I feel guilty for enjoying this so much, but Moon Goddess, I won't stop. I feel like I'm trapped in this dance with him, and the music barely is of any importance anymore. We keep going for I don't know how long. He's maintaining a perfect balance between sexiness, enticement, and respect.

His hands never venture too far, yet the desire is real. I can tell. From the way he caresses my skin, the burning looks we exchange. His lips get awfully close to my skin a few times, and I find myself wanting more.

I find my rhythm within his arms, and without exchanging a word, we enjoy ourselves to the fullest. I smile confidently, yet I also blush a bit. It's a weird sensation, something that burns my skin and tickles my insides. I'm so hot I can barely breathe, I would need to catch some fresh air outside, yet I keep pushing back the moment we will both stop.

Is he going to dance with another girl if I leave? Is he just playing around? Is he serious? I'm going nuts with wild thoughts. I need to stop.

"Wanna take a break?"

He said it before I stopped. I'm so surprised. I was thinking of walking away, but he stopped dancing by himself and asked while keeping a hand around me. He doesn't want me to go away then? I nod, trying to regain my composure. Yes, I could really use some fresh air.

Before I can say a word, he suddenly grabs my hand and takes me with him. I follow behind, but against my expectations, he doesn't take me outside but on the second floor where he was a few minutes ago. I realize there's a guy keeping the stairs, but he only gives one look to my partner before letting us through. So, he's for sure a VIP here. The second floor is a lot less crowded, but he doesn't stop and takes me through the whole room. He flips a curtain, still holding my hand tight, and we suddenly arrive on a deserted balcony.

Damn. It's a small space, with only a couple oriental-style sofas and a tent, but the view is breath-taking. All of Silver City, and a bit of the sea behind it. It's gorgeous.

"Incredible..." I whisper to myself.

"Glad you like it."

I turn towards him, surprised he heard me. Damn werewolf hearing... He's smiling softly, and obviously satisfied. He takes a seat, nonchalantly leaning an arm on the rail. I decide to sit facing him, while I just have to turn my head slightly to enjoy the view. To my surprise, a waitress walks in with two glasses. A new mojito for me, and a glass of bourbon for him. I thank her and take my drink.

“Thank you for the drink,” I tell him before taking a sip.

“Thank you for the dance, miss...”

“I’m Elena.”

“Elena, nice to meet you. I’m Nate.”

Nate? Isn’t it a nickname for Nathan then? Maybe he doesn’t use his full name often... I nod, and try to distract myself a bit with the view.

“You go dancing often, I would guess? I’ve never seen you around.”

“I’m more used to the Latino district,” I answer honestly.

“Oh, that explains how good you are with that kind of music...”

“You weren’t too bad yourself...”

“Thanks,” he replies with a smile.

We both stay silent for a while, and the freshness of the night starts to calm me down. It feels so great... Summer is definitely my favorite season, but what I love most are those hot summer nights.

“You’re from here?”

He nods.

“The Velvet Moon Clan.”

Shit... One of the Black Brother’s pack. I bite my lip. Judging by his Alpha aura he can barely hide, I bet he’s a lieutenant, too. I knew this was their Nightclub, anyway, so I can’t be too surprised, but I do feel a bit...

Disappointed. Hanging with a guy from a different pack is calling for trouble, even more so if he’s related to the Blood Moon Clan. And the Velvet Moon is the Blood Moon branch Clan. What a mess.

Yet, I glance at him, unwilling to leave. What am I thinking about? I swore I would never get with a boyfriend again anyway, so what am I hoping for? Don’t be an idiot, Elena, don’t!

“Elena?”

“Yes?”

Wow, it feels weird to hear my name from his lips...

“Do you have a boyfriend?”

“No, and I don’t want one,” I reply back mechanically.

“...Interesting.”

I frown, a bit surprised. What a weird answer, and what does it mean?

“Why are you asking me this?” I ask, curious.

“Because I’m interested in you.”

His blunt answer is disarming. I frown. Don’t get into this mess, Elena, don’t, don’t, don’t...

“How so?”

“I’m like you. I’m not interested in getting a girlfriend either. I don’t do commitment or long term relationships.”

Well, that’s definitely noted. At least I’ll be safe in that way. I actually feel myself getting relaxed a little. So he’s a player, anyway. Great, that means no expectations and no disappointment whatsoever for me. No falling in love, either. I nod slowly to his answer, thinking I had fun anyway. And he’s honest, too. Now I know what to not expect. I take a new sip from my drink. Maybe he just wanted a nice talk without me getting any ideas, which is understandable. With an appearance like his, girls definitely must be fighting over being his girlfriend.

“But you said you’re interested in me.”

“Yes. I find you beautiful and attractive. In a physical way.”

Oh, so it’s about sex then. Wow, this looks like a 50 shades scene, aside from the fact that he doesn’t look like a sadist and I’m not a clueless virgin. I smile, and I’m about to answer when he opens his mouth first.

“Can I kiss you? Right now?”

