

Chapter 11

A Date At Rosevelt

I have never dressed as fast as I did today. Once I was done. I came out of my bedroom to find Sebastian seated on my couch. He had one leg over his lap, one arm over the back of a chair and the other had his phone. He was scrolling through something on his phone but I couldn't tell what.

I cleared my throat. "I'm done. I hope this is okay" I say motioning to my dress.

I had decided on a simple but elegant red dress with black heels. I wasn't trying to impress anyone. So there was no need to go beyond.

His eyes slowly scan my frame. I swear, it feels like liquid fire everywhere his eyes touch. I shift on my feet suddenly feeling too hot. When was the last time I had been with a man?

'A few weeks before Miranda came back' Blue tells me unhelpfully.

There was no denying that Sebastian was hot. And he was all male. A pure full blooded alpha male.

Given I haven't had sex in a long time. It was understandable that I would react this way towards him.

Wasn't it?

"It will do...let's go" he said flatly.

I silently huff at him. I had expected to get at least one compliment. I didn't put too much effort but I still looked fucking amazing.

I reluctantly follow him out the door. I turn on the alarm system before going to him. He stands stiffly next to his car, almost as if he was also unexcited about this damn dinner.

"Get in," he commands, while opening the door for me.

I want to rebel but I was already dolled up. There was no way I was going to let my effort go in vain. So I get in, holding my tongue.

'At least he opened the door for you like a gentleman as compared to that rat bastard.'" Blue chimes in referring to Darren.

I don't answer, just stare forward as Sebastian starts the car. Blue was right though.

Thinking back, not once had Darren ever opened the door for me. Even when we first started seeing each other. I don't know how I never noticed that. Or maybe I did. I just chose to ignore it, thinking he was the one.

Just like that day, we don't talk. Not even about our day. I had no idea where he was taking me and he seemed not in the mood to share that information.

I turn to look outside. Thinking about what Claire told me. Could it be true? That Krystal needed me. I want so much to believe it's true, but I'm afraid. Afraid that my effort will be shunned away. I don't think my heart can take any more heartbreak.

"We're here." Sebastian said, bringing me out of my thoughts.

I looked up to find we were at the Rosevelt. One of the prestigious restaurants in the city. He parks the car, turns off the ignitions and gets out. Seconds later he's opening the door for me. I get out and immediately feel the chill in the air.

I stand beside the car while he locks it. He then leads me to the entrance. His hands curling on my lower back.

"What are you doing?" I ask almost breathlessly. Stopping in my tracks.

The way he held me, was doing things to my body. Whether I liked it or not was yet to be decided.

I blame my reaction on my hormones.

"Just act naturally and continue walking. I think there is a paparazzi following us." he whispers softly.

I stiffen for a second before forcing myself to relax. We resume our walk and soon enough we are inside the restaurant.

The minute we step inside, the manager rushes to us followed by a waiter. By his scent I can tell he's a werewolf. There's no logical way of explaining it. We just have a way of telling our own species.

"Mr. Ashford. It's always a pleasure to have you join our establishment. Your usual table is ready." He spoke carefully. His eyes are a bit downcast in submission to an Alpha.

Sebastian just nods before leading us to a table in the VIP section. I've never been here before and I already loved it. The black and gold theme color was amazing. It just screamed elegance and class.

The waiter reaches us with a bottle of wine just as we take our seats. He gives us our menu and we end up ordering the same thing. Which is steak, soup and baked potatoes. I also ordered ice cream cake as dessert.

After pouring us wine, she leaves with a smile.

"So, what exactly are we supposed to be doing on this dinner date?" I ask while sipping my wine.

I really didn't know what to do. Or what we were doing. I was nervous partly because of the possibility of paparazzi already following us. Also because of Sebastian. He was seated opposite me and the way he was staring deep into my soul was making me uncomfortable.

"We do what everyone does during a date. Get to know each other" he answers, swirling his glass.

I laugh at that. “I’m shocked that you don’t already have a full file containing all my information.”

He smirks. “I already do, but I’d rather hear it from the horse’s mouth.”

I roll my eyes at that. I know it’s a bit childish but I don’t care. It doesn’t surprise me though. That he had me investigated. He seems like the type of man to do exactly that.

“Fine.” I say in exasperation before continuing.

“There really isn’t much. So I was raised in an orphanage. I have no memory of before I found myself there and that was when I was around seven or eight. That’s also where I met Claire and we became best friends. I have no idea who my parents are. Or whether they’re alive or dead. When we finished high school we left for college. That’s where I met Darren. He was in a bad state after Miranda left him for you...”

“I know all that Red...what I want to know is, where your fated mate is?” he interrupts.

I feel a glimmer of irritation rising when he interrupts me but I push it down.

I take a deep breath, then release it. “I don’t have one.”

“What do you mean you don’t have one? Everyone has a fated mate.”

“Except for me. Before I started dating Darren. I visited an Oracle. I had fallen in love with Darren but I couldn’t risk things going further if I had

a mate out there. On asking her about my mate, she said she couldn't see nor sense his spirit. Meaning he either didn't exist or he wasn't meant for this lifetime and I was bound to remain alone unless I took a chosen mate."

Blue and I still feel the pang and the sharp piercing of those words. We had moped for weeks and it took us a long time to finally accept the truth. That unlike normal wolves, we would never know the joy of a fated mate.

"I'm sorry about that. I had assumed your mate had died or had rejected you."

If it wasn't for the fact that his voice sounded almost compassionate. I would have ripped him anew for assuming that I wasn't good enough and was rejected.

I'm about to ask him about his mate. When his eyes turn deadly cold, his jaw set and hands in a fist.

His eyes are fixed behind me. I can feel the dangerous energy surrounding me and I almost choked on it.

"You've got to be fucking kidding me" he growled, glaring at something or someone behind me.

I was about to turn. To look at what had him pissed but Darren's voice stopped me.

"Lauren, what the hell are you doing with him?"

I groan. I was just starting to relax and enjoy the night. Then he had to come and ruin it. Just like he ruined my fucking life.

“Sebastian?” Miranda’s voice chimes in. Sounding a bit shocked and flustered.

I turn to look at Sebastian and I freeze. He has murder intent in his eyes. He was about to blow and if didn’t do something, the couple behind me would probably end up dead.