

## Chapter 32

### You're Not My Type

My eyes narrow. "How did you know that?" I ask my voice dangerously calm.

Gosh he better not have installed a camera without my permission. Not that I have anything to hide but it was a breach of my privacy.

"That's beside the point," he growls coldly

"Nothing is beside the point, Sebastian. Now how the hell did you know he was on my lap?"

I was furious because this meant that he either had cameras installed or he had someone spying on me. The camera option seemed more likely.

"I don't like the type of tone you're taking with me Lauren. Have you forgotten who the hell I am?"

Why was this even turning into an argument? I just wanted to know how the hell he knew. Like I said, I swore that I wouldn't let a man control me. This felt like he was trying to control me. Monitoring my every move, just like Darren did. How did I never see how toxic that was?

“And have you forgotten that I am your Luna? You freaking mate.” I counter.

I was stretching it a bit far but I was also trying to make my point without giving away our secret. After all, Hunter was still in the room. Our argument didn’t even faze him. He had yet to lift his head from my lap.

“Goddess, you’re a pain in my ass,” he says and I roll my eyes. “Fine! I had your office installed with cameras.”

I fucking knew it. It pisses me off because he didn’t tell me. Just like with the decision of having a personal bodyguard he didn’t consult me first. Just made the decision without caring about my input.

“Now tell me why he’s lying on your fucking lap. You’re mated in case you have forgotten and I won’t let you embarrass me in that manner Red.”

I didn’t even know I could get angrier. I was beyond pissed, beyond angry. I was fucking livid. My chest heaving.

“Since you have the footage, why don’t you listen to the fucking audio instead of asking me stupid questions.” I snap. Yelling through the phone before hanging up.

I almost throw the phone across the room but then I remember that it’s not mine. I know I’m probably making matters worse but I don’t stand up immediately. Instead, I burry my fingers in Hunters thick brown hair and give him a massage. I didn’t know where exactly the cameras were but I smiled just so I could piss him off even more.

‘You know you shouldn’t piss him off. We need him after all.’ Blue says in amusement.

‘He also shouldn’t piss me off, after all he is also benefiting from this unholy union.’ I murmur, making her chuckle. Her voice bringing a small smile to my face.

My phone rings twice interrupting my conversation with Blue. I ignore it. It was probably Sebastian. It’s confirmed when Hunter's phone rings again but I don’t pick it up. After about three tries he gives up.

Thirty minutes later Hunter was snoring. I carefully replace my lap with a pillow.

I sit at my desk and get back to work. There were some designs I liked so I approved them and set them aside. The others weren’t really bad but they needed something more. So I made modifications in each one, showcasing the areas it needs improvement.

“What’re you doing back to work?” Claire asks, bursting through the door. Scaring the living crap out of me.

In her dramatic entrance she wakes up Hunter. Who looks around in confusion before his face falls.

“Could you not do that again? You almost gave me a heart attack” I accuse, narrowing my eyes at her.

She doesn’t even seem fazed when she speaks up. “You should be home resting.”

My eyes turn to look at Hunter. He is slumped on the couch like a bag of potatoes. He looks like someone who has lost all hope and is just waiting to die.

“I’ve been resting for over a week. I couldn’t stay at home doing nothing.”

“But you woke up yesterday.” she argues.

I just shrug my shoulders. Despite feeling a little bit drained and tired I knew I couldn’t stay at home. I’m not one to stay still. I have to be up doing something.

Hunter releases a groan and Claire turns to him. As if only noticing him then.

“Oh hello, I remember you. Sorry I didn’t see you there,” Claire tells him and he nods in acknowledgment, but in a completely lifeless way.

Poor guy. Anyone seeing him right now will have a hard time believing that he is one of Sebastian’s top warriors.

“What’s wrong with him? He looks like someone ran over his cat.” she inquires looking at me.

“I don’t have a cat” he says softly but we ignore him.

I sigh. “Sheryl is his mate.”

Her eyes widen in shock. Her mouth opening and closing like a fish. It was comical how she was trying to form words but nothing came out. She was speechless.

“What am I going to do?” Hunter asks. Almost begging.

Claire takes a seat opposite me. Her arm was on my desk and her fingers were drumming. Her eyes closed into slits as she thought.

“Why don’t you try wooing her?” I suggest. “Like humans do.”

Claire immediately chimes in. “Oh yes. Ask her out. Take her on dates. Buy her flowers. Make her fall in love with you. Since she’s your mate she’ll feel the connection even though she doesn’t understand it.”

“Once she’s head over heels in love with you, it will be easier for her to accept that you’re not completely human.” she finishes. Bouncing on her chair in excitement. A big smile on her face.

I nod my head. I watch Hunter’s face begin to relax. Hope filling his once sad eyes.

“That could work,” he rumbles. “Thank you so much, you’ve just given something to hold on to. I now have hope of getting my fated mate.”

I smile at him. I am not even sure that it’s going to work but I pray to the goddess that it does. He may look like a scary motherfucker but the few hours I’ve known him. He is like a teddy bear.

We sit around for a while. Discussing how he'll approach Sheryl and ask him on a date. After we finish coming up with everything, Cassie leaves and I get back to work. While Hunter goes back to reading his magazine.

My door opens but I don't look up. "Sheryl, could you get me some lunch? I am starving."

I hear Hunter chuckle but I am too focused on the design at hand. I add a slit on the side and it makes the design look so much better.

"Since when do you call me by your secretary's name?" The deep husky voice makes me look. I do it so quickly that I get a crank on the back of my head.

"Fuck!" I grit out while rubbing my shoulder. The two men chuckle. I glare at them.

Sebastian is leaning on my closed door. His arms folded over his chest. He doesn't have his coat on.

Just a white shirt and black slacks. The top buttons of his collar are undone and his sleeves are folded.

His wavy hair is a bit of a mess. Almost like he has been running his fingers through it. He looks so delicious. Too bad I can't take a bite out of him.

"Sorry about that," I answer his first question. "What are you doing here?" I enquire almost breathlessly.

It seemed like our earlier argument was forgotten but I doubt it.

I leave my desk and go stand in front of him. It seemed rude to be seated while he stood up. Not to mention Hunter was in the room and to him, Sebastian is not only my alpha but my mate.

I stretch my head towards him and his hands wrap around my waist. A move that I interpret as an automatic reaction. I place a soft kiss that lingers a bit, on his cheek. He stiffens a bit and I feel Hunter's stare. I only pray that he hasn't noticed Sebastian stiffening. After all, we were supposed to be madly in love.

I pull back truly shaken. My lips on his skin felt like I had just touched wire. I can't imagine how it would feel if we kissed. Lips to lips. I open my to find him staring at me.

"I came to take you out for lunch." He answers my question. His arms still wrapped around me.

I look at him surprised before accepting. "Okay then, let me just get my things first."

He lets me go and I get my bag from behind my desk.

"You're dismissed Hunter." Sebastian turns to Hunter just as I cross over the room to him.

"Yes Alpha." Hunter replies, bowing his head slightly.

"What about me? He drove me here."

“I’ll drop you off after lunch, then pick you up when you’re ready to go home.”

Today is just full of surprises. I can’t help but wonder why he was doing all this. Was it just because he saw Hunter laying on my lap or was it something else? He always avoids me unless there's something he wants us to discuss. Maybe that was it. But then he could have waited for me to get home.

I nod and he opens the door for us to leave. I tell Sheryl to hold all my calls for an hour or so. It was already past one thirty. So I give her a break. Maybe Hunter will invite her for lunch or something.

The moment we get outside I spot a reporter hiding in the bushes. I subtly take Sebastian’s hand and again he stiffens.

“Act naturally. There’s a reporter taking our picture.” I whisper through a plastered smile.

“Fine.” he replies in irritation.

We walk to his car. He opens the door to the passenger seat for me before getting inside. He starts the engine and drives off. I didn’t know where he was taking me but I wanted us to get there quickly. I hated the awkward silence. It’s funny how the only thing we talk about is important stuff. Other than that we don’t have anything to say to each other. I have a lot I could tell him but I am usually afraid of crossing the boundaries he’s set.

Around fifteen minutes later we stop at a restaurant. Just like the one he took me before, this one also seems posh.



When I was with Darren, he never took me to these kinds of restaurants saying that they were expensive and a waste of money. Which is ironic given he was an alpha and was loaded. Also the fact that he took Miranda a couple of times before I left. He used to refuse even though I wanted to sample their food. So I never went alone. I felt it would be wrong to go without him. Looking back now I see it for what it was, he cared little for my wants and desires because he never loved me.

We get in and we are immediately seated. I guess it was one of the advantages of being with one of the most influential men of the country.

“Why did you kiss me?” Sebastian growls the minute our waiter leaves. I guess the peck pissed him off.

“It was for appearances sake. Hunter was there and in case you hadn’t noticed he was studying us.” I take a sip of water. Trying to cool myself off.

His face becomes hard. “I’m not stupid Red, I saw your reaction. How many fucking times do I have to tell to stay in your fucking lane? And what you did with Hunter, it was out of line.”

He bangs on the table making the other occupants stare in our direction.

“It’s not my fucking fault that I am horny and my body reacts to you.” I whisper yell. “You’re a man and I haven’t had this much contact with any man for over a year so of course I would want to jump your bones. It’s purely physical. And as for Hunter, I am his luna and one of my jobs is to offer comfort. He found out that his mate is Sheryl and was completely devastated. What the hell was I supposed to do?”

I really wanted to hear his answer because I don't get him. I was just doing what I thought was right.

"I'm warning you again Red, keep your fucking hormones in check." he fumed. "I'll never touch. What we have is a contract. You're not my type so you can forget about me ever fucking you."

His comments angers me a lot. Mostly because he made me feel so rejected. So unwanted and he managed to dig up my insecurities.

I stand up and grab my handbag.

"Sit your ass down." he commands.

I throw my napkin on the table and give him the middle finger. "Fuck you Sebastian." I spit and stomp out of the restaurant.

I am angry but beneath it all I am hurt. Hurt that yet another man doesn't want me. Not even sexually.

That's a big hit to my already fragile ego.