

Chapter 9

I woke up to a beep of an incoming message on my phone. It was 4 am this Saturday.

I wondered if it was Alice or Nova trying to reach me about the date. I tried not to remember Theo's hurtful words to me.

I sat up, pulling a pillow over my head.

But then I wondered if it was Tom. I tried reaching him on the line he used to bug me before, but everything went into his voice mail. I wondered if he was okay.

Eros. The name appeared on my screen.

My heart raced rapidly. I had Eros' number.

Could he have saved his contact on my phone before dialing his line with me? Why did I never check my contact?

I was wide awake now. All traits of sleep had vanished from my eyes.

How could one creature have such power over me? He's not even my mate.

I clicked on the message.

Eros: How did your date go?

My lips parted in shock. How did he know?

I fumbled for what to reply to him.

Me: What are you talking about?

It's better to fake ignorance than confess or outrightly deny it. I clicked "sent" and waited for his reply. My heart was racing fast.

One second later, my phone beeped again.

Eros: Butter, you know what I'm talking about.

What's with him calling me Butter?

Me: What's it to you? You cunningly rejected my friendship.

There! Let's see what he has to say to that.

Eros: Because we can't be friends. We are more.

What???

Another message came immediately.

Eros: Meet me at 6 am at the waterfall behind Susje Park. I want to talk with you.

I flung the phone far from me on the bed. I didn't want to think what my mind was telling me. I didn't want to build castles in the clouds.

I knew Susje Park and the famous waterfall behind it.

I paced around my room, thinking, and doing nothing.

When I went to pick up my phone; I realized it was now 5:39 am.

Should I go?

I already have enough incidents in my life. Going to meet a hybrid might complicate it.

I should have no business getting anywhere near a hybrid. They are deadly.

Tiara is quiet. She has been quiet since Theo confessed to making Lyra his Luna, and us, his mistress.

Unfortunately, their marriage ceremony is in two days.

I shouldn't go and meet with Eros. I should stay away from him. At least that's what the rational part of my brain is telling me.

But since when did I listen to my brain anyway?

I rushed to the bathroom and brushed my teeth in a hurry. Then I washed my face, and body and started creaming my skin.

I packed my hair in a ponytail and went back to stare at my phone. The time was 5:50 am. It was 10 minutes before 6 am.

But Hybrids are not to be messed with. Werewolves were deadly, but nowhere near as powerful as the hybrids.

Nope, I wouldn't go.

Hybrids are a whole new level of danger. However, something powerful inside of me was rebelling against the idea of me not going. It was urging me to go; like the pull of a mate.

It scared and excited me at the same time.

"Arrgh, I'm not going," I finally gave up, and crawled back into the bed with my pajamas.

I removed my hairband and released my hair to fall on my shoulders.

I draped the blanket over my body and brought my knees to my chest under the cover.

I closed my eyes and all I could see was Eros' mesmerizing blue eyes. His beautiful face was carved by the very hands of the moon goddess. His hair, lips, and smile...

Oh, I'm going to regret not going to find out what he had to say to me.

I suddenly screamed in alarm when my comfy blanket was stripped off of me.

Eros.

Right here in my bedroom. Eros is in my bedroom?

This has to be a dream. But he is, standing a foot from me. How did he get here?

His pink lips curved up into a tiny smile as he watched me jump from the bed. I poked his shoulders and knew he was real.

My mouth opened and closed with no sound coming out.

I looked towards my bedroom window and noticed that it was open. The curtains were swaying by the wind.

Okay... he came in through the window.

"Beautiful," he drawled "Though I like sleeping naked but I like your pajama choice,"

I quickly looked down at myself, even though I knew what I had worn for bed last night..

A red pajama bottom shorts, with a matching tank top that says, "I am hot," across the chest.

They didn't cover much, and his eyes revealed how much he was enjoying the view.

I yelped in horror and rushed into my closet for a change of clothes. No doubt, my face was burning red.

He laughed lowly. His voice sounded deep and sexy.

Dear Goddess, even the sound of his laughter is making me weak in the knees. I just felt like pleasing him even if it meant taking his member into my mouth to suck.

Gosh! Why was I thinking this dirty? I never thought of pleasing Theo that way!

Oh, no. What is wrong with me?

"What are you doing here?" I squeaked loudly, trying to sound angry.

It would be better to fake being angry with him than let him see how much he affected me. I buried my face in my closet, still fumbling for a cloth to wear.

"You didn't come to me, so I came for you." He said firmly.

Eros came for me?

This Hybrid is simply messing with my senses. I quickly changed into a pair of black joggers and a blue T-shirt.

I slowly looked out of my closet. It felt surreal to have him in my room.

It didn't seem like he belonged here but he was, now lying on my bed with his back against the headboard.

His arms folded behind his head and he looked completely at home.

He was wearing black jeans and a tight black T-shirt. The fabric stretched against his broad chest and flat stomach.

His sexy well-muscled body took over my whole bed.

I tried to be mad. I should be mad. He shouldn't be here. He shouldn't have entered like he owned the place!

But oh goddess, he is so gorgeous...

His dark brown hair was tousled and had slight curls in it. His sapphire eyes always have this raw power in them, even when he looks relaxed.

His sharp chiseled facial features were out of this realm.

He was studying my room. My small room; the pictures of me with Mom and Olivia, Nova, Alice and I's pictures were scattered all over my table.

He turned his piercing blue eyes on me as soon as I stepped out of the closet. To have such attention focused on me is somewhat unnerving.

I gulped and tucked away every stray strand of hair from my face.

"Hmm," he smiles playfully "I did prefer you in your pajamas,"

My heart flutters and my cheeks burn crimson red again.

I was suddenly annoyed me that my feelings were out of my control wherever this hybrid was concerned.

He licked his lips, as his eyes caressed my being. It felt as though he was undressing me...

"stop looking at me like that," I finally snapped and looked away.

"Looking at you like what?" it was clear from his voice that he found me amusing. That's another thing that riles me. I was always mushy, and giddy every time he was near.

"Like a pervert," I answered, annoyed.

"I'm not a pervert when I'm looking at something that belongs to me,"

My head snapped back to look at him. He must be joking, right?



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