

CHAPTER 42

CHAPTER 42 Garrett's Appearance

"Thank you," Tiffany said with a smile, expressing her gratitude to the waitress who had just served her a steaming mug of tea. Sitting in the cozy cafe, she gazed out of the window, taking a moment to collect herself before revealing her recent return from her parents' home to Lily.

It had been a few days since Christmas, but Tiffany had chosen to wait before meeting up with Lily. She wanted some time to settle back into her own space and gather her thoughts before broaching the topic. Uncertain of what to expect, she had even considered various scenarios, including the need for emotional support or the possibility of whisking Lily away to her family for her own well-being.

"Tiffany!" Lily's voice echoed through the cafe as she entered. A smile brightened Tiffany's face, and Lily rushed over to her, enveloping her in a warm, tight hug. "It's so good to see you again! How was Christmas?"

"You know it's always the same every time I go," Tiffany replied as Lily settled into the seat across from her.

"Is your mom still pestering you about having kittens?" Lily chuckled, remembering the ongoing demand from Tiffany's mother.

"Of course. With all my siblings and their children, she should be content,"

Tiffany groaned, rolling her eyes at the memory.

"So, when are you planning on fulfilling her wish?" Lily teased, a mischievous grin spreading across her face.

"Never. That's not the life I want. I'm perfectly content being the cool aunt who takes her nieces and nephews on trips and showers them with gifts," Tiffany declared, firmly.

"Fair enough," Lily acknowledged, understanding and accepting Tiffany's perspective.

"Now, how was your Christmas?" Tiffany inquired, shifting the focus of the conversation to Lily.

Lily hesitated for a moment before responding, "It was... interesting."

Tiffany's curiosity piqued, and she leaned in, her eyes widening. "You two had sex!" she exclaimed, oblivious to the attention they were drawing from nearby patrons. Lily's face flushed with embarrassment, and she quickly covered her mouth in an attempt to stifle Tiffany's loud outburst.

"Are you crazy, Tiffany? Keep your voice down!" Lily hissed, her cheeks burning with a mixture of embarrassment and amusement.

"Oops, sorry about that," Tiffany apologized, realizing her lack of restraint. "But seriously, did you? Did he 'pop that cherry'?" she asked, not one to shy away from candid conversations.

"You can be so vulgar," Lily chided, feigning annoyance.

"That's why you love me," Tiffany retorted playfully. "And no, we didn't go all the way."

Tiffany's eyebrows furrowed in confusion. "But you're blushing like crazy. You must have done something intense with him," she speculated.

Lily leaned in closer, her voice barely above a whisper. "I decided to make him dinner for Christmas, and..."

"And you're not marked yet?" Tiffany interrupted, suddenly noticing that

had her hair down—a rarity for her. Curiosity getting the better of her, Tiffany reached forward and gently lifted Lily's hair, revealing a large, dark hickey on

the side of her neck. Lily recoiled in embarrassment, quickly attempting to hide the mark.

"That's quite a passionate makeout session. While it's not a real mark, it does send a message that you belong to him," Tiffany remarked, her tone half-teasing and half-serious.

"But it's so big!" Lily complained, feeling self-conscious about the visible evidence of their intimacy.

"Maybe you should have thought of that when you were moaning underneath him," Tiffany playfully chided, causing Lily to glare at her in response.

"Tiffany!" Lily exclaimed, a mix of embarrassment and amusement in her voice.

"Relax, I'm just teasing. I don't know much about wolf culture, but you shouldn't

hide it. It might come across as if you didn't really want it, which could be

offensive," Tiffany explained, adopting a more serious tone.

"Oh, that might explain why he's been acting a bit distant lately," Lily pondered aloud, a flicker of realization crossing her face.

"You're a little slow sometimes," Tiffany teased, shaking her head. "Of course,

he's upset about it. You should pull your hair up right now," she instructed firmly.

Rolling her eyes but recognizing the wisdom in Tiffany's words, Lily complied and tied her hair up, exposing the hickey to the world once again.

"So, why haven't you two taken things to the next level yet? It's been three

days," Tiffany probed, genuinely curious about the dynamic between Lily and Garrett.

"He's been distant, and I don't know if he regrets what happened between us or not," Lily confessed.

"Hmm, I need to meet him and then I can gauge what's going on with him.

can introduce us later. But right now, I have an interview in about an hour,"

Tiffany announced.

As they continued their conversation, Tiffany and Lily found themselves standing in front of a towering building. "This is O.H. Group. They've been

releasing some pretty cool shows lately," Lily remarked, recognizing the name of the media company.

"That's right. I heard the person in charge is quite mysterious and has amassed

great wealth in a short time. They became the President within a year," Tiffany shared.

"You've done your homework," Lily complimented, impressed by Tiffany's thoroughness.

"Well, I am interviewing with them. It's basic information," Tiffany replied nonchalantly, hiding the underlying nerves she felt about the upcoming

interview.

While Tiffany continued sharing her knowledge with Lily, the latter's attention was drawn to a car entering the underground garage of the building. Tiffany

noticed Lily's distraction and followed her gaze.

"That looks like Garrett's car," Lily remarked, a hint of surprise in her voice.

"Oh, does he work here?" Tiffany inquired, intrigued by the possibility.

"I don't know," Lily admitted, suddenly realizing that she knew very little about Garrett's profession.

"Well, since he's your fiancé, you should probably go ask him. It's basic

information that you have the right to know," Tiffany stated matter-of-factly.

"Let's go find out."

Taking Lily's hand in hers, Tiffany led the way toward the car, eager to catch a

glimpse of the man who had captured Lily's heart. As they approached, Tiffany

couldn't help but wonder about Garrett's appearance. After all, if Lily liked him,

he couldn't be that ugly, could he?