

Chapter 8

Kylie's POV

I place my glass of water on my nightstand and glance at my phone.

It's almost midnight, which means that I am ocally almost eighteen years old in just a few minutes.

An ocial adult.

Even if my foster family found me now, they would have no control over me.

I am completely free.

With a sigh, I climb into the biggest bed that I have ever called my own and snuggle down into the softness.

This should be the best sleep that I have ever had.

Except...

My mind is titting back and forth through all the interactions that I had today, almost like shuing pictures through an album.

My arrival. Meeting Dean. Falling outside the club and Mr. Van Kerr catching me. Meeting Mr. Kinston outside the club.

Then it starts all over again.

My stomach ips a little every time I think about walking up to my new home for the rst time and the door opening to reveal Dean, with his shirt off.

It also does a funny little whoosh whenever I think of Mr. Van Kerr's hands on my leg.

But that is forbidden.

Staci would kill me.

Not that Mr. Van Kerr could ever be into someone like me, or even Dean for that matter...who is apparently a play boy?

Sighing, I tug the blankets under my chin.

And then there is Mr. Kinston...

What is it about him? I feel some weird sort of...connection?

Pull?

Ugh, that has to just be in my head.

Besides, I shouldn't be thinking this way at all.

Not about men. Especially not about men who are members here or who happen to be my roommate...who was wrapped around another woman tonight.

Nope. I am not here for that, I need to focus on work, and then my schooling.

My phone vibrates on the nightstand, and I pick it up.

Staci: OMG! I changed my mind. I want Mr. Kinston now. SO DREAMY! You can have Mr. Van Kerr.

Frowning, I put my phone back down without responding.

Well, that was a quick change of heart. I guess I no longer have got to feel guilty about Mr. Van Kerr putting a band aid on my leg.

Not that it was anything inappropriate to begin with. Even though, I am a little surprised that she prefers Mr. Kinston over Mr. Van Kerr.

Mr. Kinston is handsome, just like all the other men around here, but I think that Mr. Van Kerr is more attractive, and he seems less arrogant than the clearly overly condent Mr. Kinston.

Oh well, it's none of my business.

Neither is it any of my business that Dean still has yet to come home from the nightclub, nor did he ever text me to check in on me.

Not that I was thinking that he should...or was hoping that he would...

With a huge sigh, I pull the blankets tight and roll onto my side to face the window, telling myself that I will not let myself get involved with anyone here.

It would be too complicated. Even if one of them did want to be involved...which they wouldn't. I am sure of it.

Okay.

Sleep.

Sleep Kylie.

It must be midnight by now.

I reach out to grab my phone and check the time.

12:18.

Happy birthday to me!

Smiling, I put the phone back.

Tomorrow is the rst day of my adult life, my rst working day at my new job too.

I know it will be amazing, but now I just need to get rest for it...

Dean's POV

Where did Kylie go?

Scanning the crowd for the only short person in this place, I cannot nd her shining, dark-brown hair anywhere.

My eyes stop scanning when I spot Alec Van Kerr across the room.

My body tenses as his eyes brieiy meet mine and I clench my st automatically before I look away.

"What is up with you?"

Cindy holds out a drink for me as she takes a big gulp of her own, swaying to the music as she does so.

"Nothing." I mumble as I rmly turn my back on Alec.

"Um hmm." She lifts her eyebrows at me and casually looks around the room. "Oh my! Look who it is."

I follow her gaze to watch Milo Kinston walk into the room. And I am not the only one who is looking.

Several clubgoers are giving roars of welcome as he lifts his hand and gives a few high ves and then a general wave to the room, a huge, and very smug, grin on his face.

Rolling my eyes, I throw back my drink in one go, then watch as Milo make his way towards us.

"Dean Calvin."

Milo grins as he reaches us.

"Milo Kinston." My voice is mocking as I look him up and down.

He laughs and I smile as we hug.

"It has been way too long man!" Milo claps me on the back and takes a drink that someone hands to him over his shoulder, while he scans the room as if on the prowl.

"Yeah, it has. You have been busy, so I have heard."

Milo's eyes it back to me.

"And you haven't been, so I have heard."

He throws back a big gulp and hands the drink back over his shoulder.

I shrug.

"It seems like we have some serious catching up to do."

Milo lifts his chin at someone over my shoulder.

"Sure, at some point. But right now, your adoring crowd is waiting for you."

His eyes snap back to mine and he gives a wicked grin.

"Jealous?"

"Hardly."

He laughs.

"It's all there for your taking...it's your right, ya know..."

I cut him off with an eyeroll.

"Heard it before. No thanks."

He gives an overly dramatic sigh, then tenses.

"I see Alpha Alec is here."

His voice is a low growl.

I angle my body discreetly so that I can see him over my shoulder again.

Alpha Alec takes a sip of his drink, his body looking relaxed, unphased, as he watches the crowd.

"He has a lot of nerve still coming around here." Milo can't keep the tone of anger out of his low whisper.

I agree with him, but I say nothing as I turn my back on Alpha Alec once more.

I don't want to go there. Not tonight.

"Oh, there you are! I see you have met our golf pro, Dean."

Staci's eager face appears next to Milo's shoulder, and she throws a 'go away' face at me before smiling up at him.

"The golf pro?" Milo asks in indignation.

"Yessir."

I line my shoulders up and give a swing at an imaginary ball.

Milo chuckles, "Well, guess I will have to come work on my golf game. Right after I work on my tennis game."

"Wait, what?"

Staci throws me another hard look, but I ignore her.

"Oh yeah, I just met your new tennis instructor on her way out. She made me realize how desperately I need to improve my tennis skills."

He gives me a wink.

Like hell he is.

I will make sure Kylie doesn't get involved with Milo, or anyone here, for that matter.

Wait...

I look at Staci, "On her way out?"

Staci's eyebrows are so high that they are in danger of disappearing completely into her hairline.

She talks through gritted teeth, clearly appalled at how I am talking with such an important club member standing here with us.

If she actually had any clue...

Milo and I go back, way back, he doesn't give a s**t how I talk.

"Yes. Kylie was tired, so I lent her my golf cart to go home."

She turns to smile at Milo, all traces of annoyance evaporating immediately.

"Dean is Kylie's roommate, so nice of him to be concerned about her." She looks over at me, her voice sickly sweet and totally fake, but her eyes wide and clearly telling me to f**k off. "Maybe you should go home and check on her."

Milo looks at me too, his eyebrows lifted in amusement.

"Kylie is your roommate?" He laughs.

"Everything is starting to make sense now."

He slaps me on the shoulder.

"Yes, Dean, go home and check on your roommate."

He throws me a wink and laughs as he walks away, Staci giving me her death stare before following after him.

"I think Staci has a new prey. Poor guy." Cindy smirks beside me.

I give a grunt in response, "I think I will head home."

"What? You cannot be serious? It isn't even midnight yet!"

I shrug and start to head to the door, but Cindy grabs my elbow.

"Really, Dean? You know she isn't one of us....don't go there. Stay here. With me." She runs her hand down my back suggestively, "Like old times."

I am half tempted to take her up on her offer, especially since it has been a minute...but then I think of Kylie all alone, trying to nd her way back to the cottage, and I need to make sure that she is okay.

"Another time, Cindy."

She glowers at me as I pull my arm away and take off.

I feel like a complete ass. I should never have let Kylie leave my side, just like I had told her I wouldn't.

She isn't like most employees that come here.

Hell, she isn't like any employee that ever came here seeing how she is only a human.

She is way more innocent. Softer. More vulnerable. Beautiful.

The thought pops up in my head unwelcomed and I push it away.

Cindy is right, she isn't one of us.

Even if she was, she deserves better than me.

I have nothing to offer her as a rogue.

They shouldn't have even brought her here.

Why did they? Whose idea was it to bring a human into our midst? Is this some sort of experiment?

Maybe I should text her to check on her.

I grab my phone out of my pocket and check the time.

11:55.

If she did make it home, she is probably in bed by now.

I shouldn't text her in case she is asleep already.

Backing my golf cart out, I follow the trail home, thinking about Kylie and her long, owing hair.

And just what is the plan for her? What happens if she nds out what this place is?

Maybe I should talk to Staci about this tomorrow.

I am almost home when it hits me, and I slam on the brakes.

That scent.

What is that?

It's...intoxicating.

My heart starts to pound hard against my chest.

Is this it?

I had thought when I walked away from my duties, I walked away from my right to have one.

But this has got to be it. There could be no other explanation.

I start moving forward again, following the scent, which leads me to the cluster of staff buildings.

Wait...

To my building.

No.

Slowing to a stop outside it, I stay in my golf cart and stare at the small cottage.

Kylie?

Kylie...is my mate?