

## Lunch with Malia

As I woke up in Quil's movie room, I realized I wasn't at home. But then I saw Quil lying next to me, his arm and leg draped over me, and I felt happy that I had shown up there the day before. I had slept so well, and looking at him sleeping so peacefully and handsomely, I couldn't help but stare. Eventually, I had to wake him up to tell him I needed to use the bathroom. But he was too comfortable to move, so I had to threaten him with a potential puddle if he didn't budge. Despite the silly exchange, I felt happy and content at that moment.

Upon uttering those words, his eyes suddenly opened wide. It seemed as though he had forgotten my presence beside him. Gradually, he turned to face me and upon our gaze meeting, he grinned. "Hey there, beautiful." "Hi. I need to pee" "Ah, yes. Go ahead. You remember where it is?" He asked me closing his eyes again. "Yes, thank you." I said.

After nishing in the bathroom, I realized that I had left my essentials behind. Additionally, I was not fond of having morning breath. Upon returning to the movie room, I observed Quil had already tidied up by folding most of the blankets and collecting the pillows. I thanked him for last night's movie date night. Quil responded by stating that he also had an enjoyable time and hoped that we could do it again soon. I agreed, and he seemed pleased with my response.

I picked up the remaining blankets and brought them to Quil, who was putting them away. He expressed that it wasn't necessary for me to do so, but I insisted since I contributed to the mess. Quil was taken aback by my willingness to help, as he's used to fulfilling his Alpha duties without assistance. He admitted that he's never had anyone like me in his life, and appreciated my willingness to lend a hand. I agreed, and we both appreciated the moment.

Upon completion of tidying up our previous night's mess, I desired to show my appreciation for his exceptional hosting. I proposed preparing breakfast for him. After inquiring about his breakfast preferences, I suggested cooking pancakes, eggs, sausage, and coffee. He agreed and showed me where to locate the necessary items.

He retrieved the food, sparing me the need to search. Additionally, he began brewing coffee. "Thank you for your assistance." "Do you want me to help?" He asked me. I told him that I was okay with cooking, but rather he sat in the kitchen with me to keep me company. He was just as happy to do that. You could tell that all he wanted to do was be near me.

During the cooking process, Quil remained silent, as I expected. I attempted to initiate a conversation to get to know him better. I asked if he had any siblings and he disclosed that he had a sister named Tasha, who is 19 years old. I inquired if she was here, but he informed me that she had moved out after she found her mate at 18. Quil acknowledged that he and his sister did not communicate much after she turned 18 due to his unfavorable behavior. I mentioned that we would work on repairing their relationship, but he did not understand why.

I put down the spatula and turned to face Quil. I emphasized the importance of family and how they should always be there for each other. Quil told me that their relationship ended because of his stubbornness and controlling behavior. This caused a rift in their family and how he regretted not reaching out sooner. I offer to help him work through his issues and eventually make amends with his sister.

This time Quil just looked at me and smiled. The food was nally done and I put our plates together. Quil poured himself his 2nd cup of coffee and my rst.

"How do you take your coffee?"

"Light and sweet please."

"Coming right up."

We had coffee and breakfast before we got dressed to meet Malia for lunch. I needed to take a shower and get my clothes that were washed the previous night. I asked Quil if my clothes were left in the movie room, but he said that his mom left them on his bed. I asked Quil to thank his mom for me because she washed my clothes I wore here yesterday. Then asked Quil to show me where his room is so I could take a quick shower before getting dressed.

Quil interlocked his ngers with mine and led me through the kitchen and living room to the master staircase that led to the top oor where everyone in the pack house slept. He informed me that we were on the top oor, which I had already assumed due to my previous experience in my own pack house. As we walked past several doors, Quil pointed out the rooms belonging to his Beta and Gamma. Upon reaching his sister's room, Quil explained that his parents had left it untouched in case she and her mate ever wanted to return. However, Quil believed that his mother was simply holding onto the hope that his sister would come back. When I offered to help restore their relationship, Quil acknowledged my offer. Continuing on, Quil showed me his parents' suite and his own room, which had a private bathroom, ensuring my privacy.

Upon opening the door to his room, I was greeted by a single, expansive bay window equipped with a table and two chairs, the perfect spot for reading. The king-sized bed, appropriate for an Alpha, featured a white down comforter and gray sheets and pillowcases. The room's color scheme was primarily white, with the exception of a battleship gray accent wall. The window was adorned with sheer gray and white curtains, allowing just the right amount of natural light into the room. He then handed me a bag containing my clothes before leading me to the bathroom, which was just as spacious as the bedroom, if not larger. The bathroom boasted a sauna, a stand-up shower, and a clawfoot tub that gave the room an old-fashioned feel. His and hers sinks were also present, and there was even a designated spot for me to warm my towel in the closet. It seemed as though this individual had thought of everything, as his amenities rivaled that of a king's.

I closed the bathroom door and nished showering. Since I didn't have my toothbrush, I used his mouthwash from the countertop. He knocked on the door before I could open it. I was still wearing a towel. He said, "I grabbed an extra toothbrush for you since I gured you didn't have one." I thanked him and he asked me to call him Q. I thanked him again and he said, "You're welcome."

After shutting the door, I proceeded to dress myself after brushing my teeth with the toothbrush Q gave me. Although unexpected, I managed without my personal hair brush. Despite this setback, I felt content with how things were progressing. I quickly combed through my hair with my hands to remove any tangles and tied it up in a messy bun, which didn't look too bad even without fully brushing it out. Once satised with my appearance, I exited the bathroom to nd Quil waiting for me with my ats in hand, already dressed and ready to go.

Q complimented my appearance. I responded by acknowledging that I had worn the same out before. He clarified that he had not previously given me a compliment on my out even though he did see it yesterday. I told him that I appreciated the kind words. I asked him if he was ready to leave to go meet Malia and Randon. Q stated he was ready and we headed out to the car. We talked about who was going to drive and both of us agreed he would. I had expected the guards to drive but Q deemed it unnecessary since we were only going to lunch with my friends and not entering any other pack territory. He asked me if it was alright that he was going to be driving his Audi A8 and I told him that was a great choice.

Upon leaving his room, we proceeded down the stairs. Upon reaching the bottom, we went through the kitchen where Quil's parents were eating their breakfast. "Kira? Leikos? I wanted to extend my gratitude to you both for allowing me to spend the night yesterday. I also wanted to thank you, Kira, for washing my clothes and bringing them to Quil's room this morning." "Oh, honey, you needn't thank me. We're family now, remember," responded Kira. "Yes, I remember." "Quil, ensure you treat her right and bring her back home safely," Leikos advised Quil. "I will, dad. We're going out for lunch and I'll return after that," Quil promised. "Very well, son. Drive cautiously." "Goodbye, everyone! I hope to visit again soon," I stated. "So do we, honey! Have fun!" Kira replied.

We walked to Quil's car parked in the front. Quil opened the door for me and as we were getting in, some guys playing tag football on the lawn called out to Quil. The guys were talking about a bet and Quil seemed bothered by it. When I asked him about it, Quil explained that the guys were the ones he was trying to avoid. The bet was about him not being able to go three days without any s\*\*\*I contact. Quil realized that he was living a life that wasn't his own before he met me. He wanted to change himself for the better and prove to me that I was the only she-wolf for him. I gave him two days to prove this and if he succeeded, we would take the next step of becoming ocial mates. Quil agreed and shouted excitedly.

Upon arriving at the Silver Ridge Cafe, I promptly sent a text message to Malia to inform her that we were here. Malia questioned who was included in the "we," and I explained that I had forgotten to mention Quil was with me. Malia inquired about my previous encounter with Quil, to which I responded that we were working on things and how I had stayed with him last night. However, I asked her if we could discuss the matter later. To which she agreed. Malia informed me that she and Randon were already inside and requested that we hurry up and join them. She assured me that everything was ne but expressed her hunger.

"They are here Q. Let's proceed inside," I say to him.

He turned off the car and exited. He promptly came over to my door and opened it. before I had a chance to reach for the handle. "Thank you kind sir," I said, to which Quil replied, "You're funny, Emry." I offered, Q to call me Em," and he agreed.

He once again interlocked our hands as we walked towards the cafe's door, which he held open for me. He is quite the gentleman. Upon entering, I spotted Malia waving at me from a corner booth where she sat with Randon. This meant that Quil and I would be sitting together, while Malia would be face to face with him. I just hope she doesn't grill him about anything we've discussed. The cafe host approached us and I informed him that we would be joining friends seated in a corner booth, where Malia and Randon sat. He nodded and followed us over with two menus in hand. After we sat down, he handed Quil our menus, being that he was on the outer part of the booth.

The host informed the group that Xander would be our waiter and then returned to the podium. I introduced Quil to the rest of the group, and while Randon greeted him with a st bump, Malia gave him a warning about not hurting me again. Quil apologized for his past mistakes and promised not to repeat them. With the awkward moment passed, I asked everyone for their food orders. Randon wanted a burger, fries, and a coke, Malia requested a cheeseburger club with fries and a sprite, Quil decided to order the same as Randon, and I ordered the steak and cheese with fries and a sprite.

Each of us placed our menus on the table's edge when Xander approached us. "Hello, I'm Xander, your waiter for today. What would you like to eat?" We all gave him our orders, and he went to the kitchen to relay them to the cooks. We sat quietly for a moment. I glanced at Malia, who was still giving Quil a sideways glance, so I decided to link her. "I understand he messed up at rst, but we're taking things slowly now. Let's get to know each other and do this the right way." "You're not a fool, Em. Just remember that if he hurts you again, I'll take care of him." Malia said I knew that she meant business. "I know you will. That's why we're best friends. But can we ease the tension a bit?" "Sure, I can do that." "Thanks so much."

Q and I exchange a nervous glance and hold hands under the table. I break the silence by asking Malia what she wants to talk about. Malia suggests waiting until after we receive our food to discuss what she wants to say. Xander brings their food and drinks, and everyone settles in. Malia smiles and tells me that she has a gift for me.

I took the bag from Malia and opened slowly. I asked skeptical because I know how Malia is sometimes., "Nothing is going to jump out at me, right?" she commanded me to open it already. Giggling know I was pushing all of Malia's buttons. The top of the bag was opened to reveal a box with my name on it. A piece of paper was taped to the top of the box and was read aloud. The message stated that the box contained a gift and a question that needed to be answered. Then I was urged to open the gift promptly.

The gift I received from Malia contained a heart attached to a chain. When I held up to the light, the heart revealed a question and a picture asking me to be the godmother of Malia's unborn child. I was way beyond overjoyed and accepted. I am going to be a godmother!!!

"I have approximately 36 days remaining in my pregnancy. Oh my goodness, that is not much time. I had plans to organize a baby shower, but we have decided to postpone it until after the baby is born since we want to wait until then to learn the gender. We can arrange one at a later time. I stood up and embraced my friend tightly, while Quil offered congratulations to Malia and Randon before giving them both a hug. Today is wonderful. My closest friends are expecting a child, my partner and I are actively working through our issues, and I am about to enjoy some delicious food. Can this day get any better?"