

His Sunshine Baby Chapter 19 - Tips

Eventually, Daniel convinced me to have fun. Let it all go, dance until my feet were sore and let my thoughts drown into a glass of margarita. Several of them, actually. Enough to explain this morning's mild-headache...

I massage my neck, and get up from my bed, grabbing my kimono. It's a fancy, hot pink, but I love the embroidered flowers and the feel of silk on my bare skin. Danny gave it to me for Christmas last year, and I always wear it on the weekend, especially on hot Sundays. I hear some rummaging in the kitchen. What is he doing... I exit my bedroom and walk barefooted to our kitchen.

To my surprise, it's not Daniel who's being noisy, but a big, dark guy standing in the middle of the room. Oh my gosh, I didn't think his... Man would still be here! I came home earlier and barely heard them coming back last night. He spots me, standing like an i***t at the doorstep, and smiles.

"Good morning, Elena."

"...Ahem, 'morning."

I'm standing there, flustered to be facing an almost stranger in a simple kimono that barely covers until my thighs, with my messy hair all over the place. It would probably even more awkward if he didn't have this warm smile. Instead, he is acting natural, walking around in our kitchen as if he'd been there before. I walk up to the kitchen counter and sit on a stool, a bit amused. There are a bunch of new ingredients on our kitchen counter, did he buy groceries?

"I bought coffee. I didn't know what you guys drank, so I took several."

Really? I take a look at the paper cups he pushes in front of me. He took four of them, macchiato, black, latte and tea... Gosh, we have a coffee maker! So cute, though. I grab the macchiato one.

"He likes his coffee as dark as possible," I tell him with a smile.

Big boy nods.

"Noted."

I look at him cooking something with all his ingredients. I'm not a good cook, so I'm just impressed to see him doing all this so early in the morning. There are eggs, milk, sugar... Is he making a cake? I want to ask, but I suddenly realize... What was his name again? Boyan? Oh right, he said to call him Bobo! Even his name is nice and easy to remember. I lean over the counter to take a peek at whatever is on the stove.

"What are you cooking, Bobo?"

"Crepes. I don't cook much, but this one recipe is easy... My nieces love it."

"You have nieces?" I ask, interested.

He nods with a smile, still focused on his pan.

"Yes, twins. They are four years old, my brother's kids."

He seems so genuinely happy while talking about those children, my heart melts. Damn, he bought coffee, cooks breakfast for us, loves kids, is super friendly, polite and he's even good-looking! Danny, you better hold on to this one!

"You have other flatmates?"

I take a sip of coffee and answers him, a bit surprised by the question.

"No, it's just Danny and me. We started renting this place about two years ago now. Daniel wanted a place quieter than his parent's house and I... Well, let's say I was at a time where I needed a fresh start."

He nods and grabs the butter. I appreciate that he doesn't ask more than this. I wouldn't want someone to get nosy about my complicated past.

Now that I think about it, those events are already two years behind... A shiver runs down my spine. Moon Goddess, I never want to see that guy ever again. Me and my delusions. I sigh, and Bobo notices it. With a smile, he doesn't say anything and just hands me a crepe. Surprised, I hesitate a second and take it. Oh my, this is so good! He just put lemon and sugar in it, but it's deliciously hot, and the lemon's sourness and the sugar sweetness melt in my mouth.

"Moon Goddess, this is so good! Can't I just eat it all before Danny wakes up?" I ask while I*****g the juice on my fingers.

He laughs.

"I'll make enough for the two of you, don't worry."

Indeed, there is already a good pile! How many is that? Thirty or so? There is enough for the whole floor! Too hungry to resist, I grab another one.

"So, Bobo, what's your story? What pack are you from? I've never seen you around. The Purple Moon?"

He shakes his head and flips up another crepe.

"The Blood Moon."

I almost spit out my coffee. Seriously! The Blood Moon?! Of all Clans, he's from the King's pack? Moon Goddess! That guy's not even supposed to be there!

"You okay?" He asks, seeing me coughing miserably.

"Who cares! The Blood Moon, seriously? Bobo, you shouldn't be here, what if our pack members find out!"

But he shakes his head, very calm, handing me a napkin to clean the mess I just made on my chin and on the kitchen counter.

"Don't worry, your Alpha agreed for me to be here. I came to deliver a message from my Boss."

How can he be so calm? His Boss is no other than the King! Once I'm done wiping off the coffee from my mouth and chin, I put down my cup and frown.

"Can I ask what message?"

"Nothing big or secret... He just wants to meet your Alpha, Clark Hamilton. He's... Looking for someone."

While saying those last few words, Bobo's green eyes suddenly darkened. The Alpha King is looking for someone? Who could it be? Judging from

Bobo's expression, it's not about just a fight or any simple issue. I wonder what kind of person is the King looking for.

"So... Does the King want to come here? Mr... Black?"

It feels odd to call him that. Not only because it's Nathaniel's brother, but because, well, nobody really uses his name. He's just referred to as the "King" whenever he's mentioned, from what I know. Since there are three Black brothers, it's easier too, and who would be bold enough to call his first name... Which I don't even know. Actually, he's just so feared that most people avoid talking about him anywhere. His influence is just that impressive.

But Bobo shakes his head.

"No, not the Boss directly. His brothers will come in his stead. He doesn't really like to... Meet with people."

I freeze almost immediately. Bobo doesn't notice, but I'm just petrified there, and my mind enters a turmoil of emotions. Oh, Moon Goddess. Nathaniel might come here, on our territory. Nate. Here. Those two words put me in confusion; I can't even formulate. What am I thinking? Once again, I'm flooded with memories of our night together. Don't, don't, don't, Elena. Stop reminiscing, this is stupid! It doesn't mean anything. Just because he's coming to the White Moon territory doesn't mean I'll necessarily meet him again. There is no guarantee.

I breathe in and take a big mouthful of coffee. I burn the tip of my tongue, but who cares. I need to cool down those thoughts.

"Good mor..."

Daniel, who was walking in, just spotted Bobo and froze instantly, visibly shocked. I see his gaze go to Bobo, then to me, and to Bobo again. It's like I can hear his brain's breakdown from here. Yep, he obviously had no idea Bobo was... Well, still there. Then, after a second of embarrassing silence, Bobo walks up to him with a smile and kisses him like it's totally natural for them. I see Daniel's eyes grow bigger, and the next second, his face is red as a tomato.

"Good Morning," says Bobo with his disarming smile.

"G...Good Mo...Morning," Stutters Daniel.

I can't help but chuckle behind my cup, and despite my attempt to pass it as a cough, my best friend sends me a deathly glare.

Don't. You. Dare.

Not my fault, you two are so adorably cute! Seriously, Danny, if you could see your face right now...

Shut it!

He ignores me and walks very awkwardly to the available stool next to me. Once again, I have to repress a laugh. Daniel's gait says a lot. Not that I didn't have my suspicions, though, the walls of our apartment are quite thin... I can't resist teasing him, and my best friend has to ignore my intense suspicious staring to address Bobo.

"Eh... What... What are you making?"

"Crepes. Here."

He hands a plate to Daniel. His breakfast is nicely put with a little pile of crepes, and he even has a strawberry on top! Moon Goddess, how can Boyan be so adorably cute and obvious! He's even looking at Daniel with those ravishing green eyes. I can see my best friend's blushing to his ears' end, while I'm struggling not to gloat!

"Thank you..."

Daniel's voice is as tiny as a mouse. I finally have some pity for him and hand him the cup of black coffee. Meanwhile, I turn to Bobo with a smile.

"I'll go get changed. Thank you for the crepes, Bobo, loved it!"

"You're welcome. There's more if you want it."

I give him a wink, grab my last one and finally leave them alone, headed for the bathroom. Now that I don't have Daniel's silly embarrassed face to entertain me, I'm suddenly left with the news. Nate is coming to our territory... How am I supposed to react to that?

I let the cold water wash away the last effects of alcohol and my thoughts. I shouldn't think about this... Even if we had a great time together, that's it. I

shouldn't hope for more. Move on, Elena, don't start making the same mistakes again!

I won't go.

I won't be at the meeting, or near the main house. Let's not create occasions, it would only create more confusion, right? I need to be reasonable. Remember what Reagan always taught you. The first thing you need to strengthen is your own mind. Don't be stupid, Elena, don't fall for it. Don't make another mistake over fleeting feelings.

I walk to my room to change and hear Nate and Bobo casually chatting in the living room. I hope this pair works it out somehow... Even if Bobo is from the Blood Moon. sh!t, I realize Daniel probably doesn't know either. This will definitely be an issue later, but for now... I want him to enjoy this a bit longer too.

I find a pair of shorts and a tank top. I don't intend to wear them long anyway, I need a good run, in my wolf form.

I quickly say goodbye to the guys and leave the apartment. Sunday mornings are usually quiet in our neighborhood. Those who aren't sleeping are enjoying a family breakfast or at church. I walk down a few empty streets, enjoying the early sunshine. What time is it anyway? Around nine apparently... I regret a bit not taking more of Bobo's crepes, the sweet smells of the Monteiro Bakery wakes my wolf's appetite.

I keep walking until I reach the border, where the White Moon territory stops and the northern forest begins. A dense, vast forest reaching further than the eye can see. I've always loved running in the woods, running as far as I can.

I take a few steps past the treeline, and take off my clothes, putting in between tree branches. Stretching a bit, I shapeshift into my wolf form. An intense feeling of satisfaction runs through my skin as I get on all fours. Moon Goddess, I love being a werewolf...

I started running casually, just headed north as usual. Why am I always so attracted to the North? It's an odd feeling. Like something's there, something waiting for me. Something I've forgotten, maybe... I keep running, chasing a few rabbits for play, and climbing and jumping rocks for fun. I come across a couple of wolves, probably lovebirds who spent the night out... Are they hiding

their Idylle from their packs? I don't recognize them, but they stay far from me, so I just keep running my own way.

The feuds between the packs make it so hard to interact nowadays... Silver City is only a few centuries old, but some packs have fought so many times, they can't even see eye-to-eye. Thus, bonding or marriage between wolves of different packs is always a complicated topic. Sometimes, the lovers are lucky enough that both Clans tolerate each other, and one of the pair can change their allegiance to join their mate's pack. But I've only heard about this, I've never witnessed it myself...

Having se.x with Nate was totally fvcking***n. If my Alpha heard of it... I don't even want to think about it. Nathaniel is his own Alpha, so he probably would have a different kind of pressure about that. Maybe from his older brother, the King. I slow down, I've come to an edge, with a splendid view of the forest below.

If only we were... No, stop, Elena. No ifs. Just face reality.

This is never happening again.