

Chapter 18 Sorry, Not Sorry

Kelsey

I wanted so badly to be mad. I wanted to be pissed enough to punch him square in that perfectly defined jawline of his all the way into next Sunday. Instead, the second Blake reached for my hand, sparks exploded within my body; a fire blazing wild. I knew I should have kept my space from him but the liquid courage was quickly building up, my body quickly betraying my brain without hesitation. My small hand fit perfectly within his much larger one, the pieces of the puzzle reconnecting as one. I was lost in the moment, completely smitten over the gorgeous man that I had spent years longing for, right in front of me.

The burning stares scorched directly at me, particularly from the shifters from the other packs. Small whispers could be faintly heard as we approached the keg, disappointment reaping through me when he let my hand go to fill the red solo cups of beer. I couldn’t tear my eyes off of the back of his broad shoulders, the way the gray long-sleeve shirt was nearly exploding as it hugged his corded arms. Those same arms I had dreamt about being wrapped around my waist while I bobbed up and down on his hard member. Fuck, I was officially losing my mind.

Blake turned around; two cups of beer in his hands, and passed me one, his fingers brushing against mine.

“Welcome back, missed you ‘round here Kels,” he said casually, my name rolling off his tongue like my favorite song.

I tilted my cup up, gently touching it against his as I downed the delicious liquid down my throat, unable to utter a single word in response. Unable to form a coherent thought at his confession. My heart ached in my chest, did he have any idea how much pain I had suffered through over the past four years?

He watched me intently, laughing when I chugged back the entire cup. My heart nearly exploded, I missed hearing that laugh. It instantly sprawled a smile across my face. “Refill already? Just can’t bare my presence?”, he said, the fire softly glowing against his face. “mmm, something like that. Yes please,” I replied. It would have been easier for him to attach a straw to the tap of the keg at this rate, but the golden liquid was the only thing keeping me together at this point.

Without missing a beat, he returned with a fresh cup and passed it back to me while he sipped on his own. It was as if no words needed to be spoken, the two of us just staring at each other; lost in the moment as our lips lay mere inches from one another. I was thankful when an irritating high-pitched voice ripped between us, “Blakey baby, there you are!”, Ashley shrieked.

She laced her arms around his, making him tense up. I took another long swig of my beer, wanting to dig myself into a deep hole and never come out.

She was wearing a little black number accompanied with the highest stilettos I had ever seen in my life. “OH MY GOSH, Kelsey! It’s so nice to see you again! I so cannot wait to do lunch with you,” she said excitedly as if we were apart of some desperate housewife show instead of shifters in a pack.

I gave her an enduring smile, “yep. You got it,” biting down on my bottom lip and taking one last look at Alpha Blake who refused to look away, intently staring like he was looking directly into the depths of my soul. Large bulky arms wrapped around my waist from behind, picking me up with one swift move. “Arizona! Your dancing partner is looking for you,” Beta Asher called out with a chuckle.

“Oh Em Gee, you guys are, like, so cute together,” Ashley squealed, pushing forward and placing her hands on my shoulders for my undivided attention. Man, I had no idea how Blake dealt with her. I almost even felt sorry for him, well, until I noticed it was Blake and my true feelings came back to life.

Beta Asher threw his arm around my shoulders causing Ashley to step backward. That girl clearly didn’t understand the concept of personal space. “Heads up man, Alpha Tate is sloshed, ”Asher said to Blake who merely nodded, rubbing his temples in frustration. I couldn’t stop the giggle from escaping me, knowing exactly what he was getting so worked up over and it wasn’t Alpha Tate’s bender.

My body tensed when an ice cold hand gripped my wrist and spun me around, my eyes connecting directly with Alpha Tate’s dangerous dark purple eyes. “I’m going to marry this girl!”, he rung out, making me fly forwards and backward in some strange dance that I struggled to keep up with.

“Easy there tiger, you’ll have to beat me to it,” Alpha Liam said playfully, pulling me into his rock-hard body. I suddenly felt like I was drowning in Alphas and shot a help me glare to Asher who simply shook his head and laughed at the ridiculousness of the two Alphas fighting over me. Alpha Blake clenched his hands into fists, his eyes shooting daggers at the two Alphas. It was hard not to see the swirls of silver dancing in Blake’s eyes, knowing that his wolf could pop off at any moment.

Asher quickly sprinted to action, bending down and stepping in front of me. I hopped on his back, “sorry boys! This one needs another round,” he announced and dragged me away towards the keg. I could hear the disappointment as the two Alphas booed while Asher whisked me away.

“I love you, you know that right?”, I muttered into Asher’s ear on his back. “You fucking better,” he said with a laugh, putting me back on the ground beside the keg. He reached out to pour us both a drink, “holy shit – are they always like that?”, I asked, my eyes widening in disbelief.

“Sloppy? Sometimes. But I’ve never seen them take a liking to someone like this before,” he answered, passing me the red solo cup. “What can I say? I have that effect on people,” I chirped, tossing my hair over my shoulder and causing Asher to snort out a laugh. “Maybe a Luna is in the cards for you after all,” he responded and I couldn’t help but roll my eyes in response.

“So you and Blake, huh?” he continued, arching an eyebrow. I felt a sudden flush of heat take over my face, making my temperature rise at the mention of my mate’s name.

“Blake and I, what? He got me a drink. That’s it. You know there’s no Blake and I,” I lectured, placing a hand on my hip. “If you say so Arizona,” he replied, shooting a wink in my direction which proved to annoy me as I ground my teeth together. My wolf suddenly went into a frenzy until I felt a large hand placed firmly on the small of my back. It felt like my soul had just left my body, feeling those fingertips dance on the bare skin of my back. I clenched my legs tightly trying to avoid the wetness suddenly forming within my folds.

I abruptly turned around, only to be met with Blake’s intense glare. “Sorry about that. Those guys can be a lot when they get a few drinks in them,” he said, sympathy leaking from his voice. “Not a big deal,” I responded, shooting him a small smile. His hand slowly snaked down over the back pocket of my denim shorts, finally hooking a finger into the pocket. I felt his chest rise and fall tightly against mine as he pulled me closer into him, I knew he was fighting his wolf back as hard as I was fighting mine. His heart pound against my chest as if in unison as those crystal blue eyes kept focused on me.

Every piece of my being was screaming yes. What a sucker I was. One look from Casanova and here I was, melting all over the damn floor. He gives me that dazzling smile of his, making my heart blow up inside of my chest. I wanted to rip my clothes off and throw my body against his, desperately searching for a release from all the temptation growing wildly within. I step back, breaking the eye contact and pulling him out of my raging thoughts.

Whatever this was, it couldn’t happen. It was as simple as that. I start gnawing on the inside of my cheek, desperate to snap myself out of it. “Uh, I should go, it’s getting late,” I shoot out feeling the sting of water building behind my eyes.