

Chapter 27: Grandpa Came Early

Sam

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"Mom!" I yelled from my room.

When I got home, my mom bombarded me with questions. My dad kind of just stood in the corner scowling when I told him I have a date tonight. He didn't really like it. Big shocker there.

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"I'm coming!" my mom yelled, laughing.

"Well hurry up!" I laughed as I was going through my closet.

"Okay. Now, what is the problem now?" She asked teasing.

"I don't know what to wear, my hair looks like a caveman weaved it, my face just looks hideous, and everything I wear makes me look like an awkward whale!"

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My mom stood there, opened mouth and everything. Then she did the worst thing ever. She busted out laughing.

"Oh, Sam. Dear. You look fine," she said between laughs.

"Mom!" I groaned and fell on my bed. "It's not funny! I need to look good tonight because he's coming to pick me up at six!"

She stopped laughing and went into serious date planning mode. "It's already five!"

"You think I don't know that?"

"Oh shit!"

"Mother! Language!" I laughed.

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"No time for laughing. We need to find you clothes ASAP," she said as she ran over to my closet.

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"Hey girls," my dad smiled as he walked into my room. "How are you ladies tod-"

"No time! Out!" My mom and I screamed at the same time.

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He put his hands up in surrender. "Okay. Sorry. See you girls downstairs," he said as he ran out not wanting to deal with us.

"Okay. So I have a nice black strapless dress and it goes mid-thigh and it's also flowy at the bottom. Plus a nice white leather jacket and black small heels," she said holding it up.

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The good thing about the jacket, it covered Xavier's mark.

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I gave her a warm smile. "It's perfect."

"Perfect." She clapped. "Now let me do your hair. I can put it in a side fishtail braid."

I sighed but nodded. "You and braids."

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As she was done, she helped me with my makeup and gave me a perfect smoky eye look.

We walked downstairs just in time to hear a knock.

"I got it," my dad said sternly.

"Oh dad," I muttered.

"I know," my mom winked.

"Hello Xavier," my dad's deep voice rang there the house.

"Hello sir," I heard Xavier's deep and sexy voice.

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Xavier and my dad walked over to us.

"Hey, Sam," Xavier smiled.

"Hi." I blushed.

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"You look beautiful," he said taking a step closer to me. And of course, I blushed even more.

"Thanks. You look really good too."

And it's true. He had on faded dark blue jeans, with a gray V-neck, and a black leather jacket. Also his black military combat boots. And his hair, oh wow. Damn did he look fine!

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"Don't you look hot Xavier?" My mom laughed as Xavier's face turned red with embarrassment.

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"Mom!" I screamed.

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I cannot believe she just said that.

"You know I'm standing right here," my dad stated with his arms crossed.

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My mom waved him o . "Besides. You guys look adorbs!" my mom squeaked.

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"Adorbs?" I asked horrified.

"Isn't that what all the cool girls are saying?"

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"No!" I shouted, embarrassed.

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"Let them go dear," my dad smiled.

"Thank you," I sighed in relief.

"Okay have fun you two," my mom said dismissing us. "And remember, I don't want any grandchildren just yet."

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My face turned bright red. I grabbed Xavier's hand and ran out of there.

"Your mom seems um, nice," Xavier said as he opened the truck door for me.

I groaned and put my head in my hands as he turned the truck on.

"She means well." I smiled.

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"But the only bad part is that we can't have children yet," I gasped and looked at him.

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He was trying to be serious, but his lips were twitching into a smile.

I slapped his arm. "We are not having children right now."

His face fell before it turned into a smirk. "So we will have children later on?"

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He wiggled his eyebrows as he leaned over and kissed my neck.

I did my best growl. "Just drive," I h u ed and crossed my arms as I leaned back in my seat.

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Once we got close to our destination, Xavier put his hand over my face.

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"Xavier!" I giggled. "What are you doing?"

"You can't look." He chuckled. "It has to be a surprise."

"It already is a surprise since I don't know where you are taking me," I retorted in a duh tone.

"Oh just hush." He laughed as I felt the truck start to slow down.

"Are we here?" I asked.

"Yep," Xavier said so ly as he removed his hand from my face.

"This place is beautiful," I said breathlessly as Xavier pulled up to a dock and shut the truck o .

We got out and I walked toward the front of the truck looking out across the lake.

"This isn't even where we are eating," he said as he grabbed my hand.

"Then where?"

"There." He stopped walking and pointed.

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I looked to where he was pointing and gasped yet again. He pointed to a small sailboat and on it were candles and a little table with chairs. He led us to the boat and helped me climb on.

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"This is amazing." I smiled at him.

"I'm glad you like it." He smiled back and pecked my lips.

When we got to the table, there was already good right there.

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"I hope you like spaghetti with garlic bread," he said nervously.

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"Are you kidding? I absolutely love spaghetti!"

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"Good. Kyrn also told me how much you love sprite."

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"Totally. It's my favorite pop." I laughed.

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"Good." He smiled.

"So will the garlic bread keep the vampires away?" I asked raising an eyebrow.

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"Vampires aren't real." He chuckled. "Duh."

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I fake gasped. "Well sorry for thinking there are," I stuck my tongue out.

"What made you think they are real?" he asked.

"Well for one, werewolves are real. So I thought vampires could be too," I said taking a bite.

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"Oh. Yeah, I guess that's true."

"But I'm relieved they aren't real," I told him as he took a sip of his sprite.

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"Why?" he asked.

"Because they scare me," I said embarrassed.

"Don't worry. I'll protect you," he teased.

I tore a piece of the garlic bread o and threw it at him. I watched it hit his nose.

"It's not funny." I laughed.

"Oh. Is my little princess upset?" He questioned using a baby voice.

"You are so lucky you look hot tonight. Or else this food would be all over you," I threatened.

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"Oh really?" he asked leaning forward.

"Really," I told him leaning his head as well.

"Well then," he said putting his food next to my mouth.

I smiled smugly and took a bite out of his spaghetti.

And you know the movie The Lady and the Tramp? And how they do the spaghetti kiss? Well, we did that.

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When our lips connected, my eyes went wide. I was about to pull away and say sorry, but he grabbed onto my face and kept me there while his lips moved against mine. I kissed him back and felt him smile along with myself. Our food was long forgotten as we just sat here kissing across the table.

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What seemed like hours, we both pulled away but kept our foreheads together.

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"You sly wolf," I accused breathlessly.

"I love you." Xavier smiled.

"I love you too. And always will."

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Xavier smiled a hungry time putting his lips back on mine. And this wasn't a mere kiss. This kiss was more passionate, and filled with love. I could tell he was putting all of his feelings that he had for me into the kiss.

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"And I will always love you." Xavier smiled one more time before putting his lips back onto mine.

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The date went perfect, just as I had hoped. A er we finished our food, we took the boat out on the lake and he let me drive. He had to show me how though since I've never driven a boat. But he was more than happy too. He said he had a lot of fun. But the fun got ruined when my dad called me and said that we needed to come home. So, of course, we had to leave.

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"Remember to call me if your grandpa does anything a suspicious," Xavier said for the billionth time as we pulled into my driveway.

"Yes father," I teased.

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He growled and I smirked hopping out of his truck.

"Whose car is that?" he asked walking over to me.

"Alpha!" Hunter called out to us. We turned around and saw Hunter heading to us.

"Yes?" Xavier asked.

"Some guy came. That's his car. I don't know who it is," he told us.

"Okay. Thank you. Keep extra watch over Sam and her family tonight," Xavier told Hunter.

He nodded and bowed before he le . We got to the door and opened it up to see my parents and-

"Hey, Sam! I came here early," my grandpa smiled.

"Hey," I replied nervously.

Just great.

My werewolf mate in the same house and my grandpa who may or may not be a hunter who hunts werewolves.

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Just. Great.