

Chapter 0072

(James POV)

After a small amount of turbulence towards the end of the flight, we landed safely in Honolulu.

As soon as we got off of the airplane, Sheila approached me and began to complain about how scared she was having to sit all by herself during the "wild crazy life-threatening turbulence." When I raised my eyebrows in disbelief, she said that she was sure that the passengers in coach felt more of the turbulence than the passengers in first class because of the low quality of the materials used for their seats.

When it was clear that I still did not believe her, she asked Aiden to confirm that what she was saying was true. To my great annoyance, he quickly did. Sheila then used the situation as an excuse to cling to me once again, this time explaining that she needed to lean on me for support until her head stopped spinning.

In any other situation, I would have laughed. For Sheila to think that this type of dramatic behavior would earn her a place in my heart and in my bed was absurd. And for Aiden to think it was more important for him to agree with Sheila than for him to tell the truth to his future alpha was completely short-sighted. However, given the time

constraints, I decided to let it go.

I looked at Joey, hoping that he had his escape plan ready. Unfortunately, he was distracted and looking around for something. Seemingly giving up on finding whatever it was on his own, I watched as he approached an airport worker. I could not believe my ears when I heard Joey's question to him: "Where is the closest coffee shop?"

Seriously? This is what he is worried about right now? Coffee?!?!? I started to wonder if Joey had a plan at all.

I mind-linked Joey two words, "Kansas City."

Although Joey visibly recoiled at my threat, he turned to the three of us and insisted out loud that we stop at the airport coffee shop because he needed a caffeine fix. Sheila immediately agreed with him, saying she also needed a coffee to calm her nerves. Looking at the time, I was irritated, but there was not much I could do. At least not yet.

Aiden and I waited while Sheila and Joey ordered large iced coffee drinks with ingredients I was not even sure how to pronounce. Sheila's drink choice did not surprise me, but I was surprised Joey would order something that sounded so complicated. Of course, it did not really matter as long as we could finally get this show on the road.

Eventually, coffees in hand, the four of us made our way outside to wait for a taxi to the hotel.

I soon realized that I had not given Joey enough credit. In

fact, I had to work hard to hold in a laugh when --just as the taxi pulled up-- Joey "accidentally" stumbled and spilled his iced coffee all over Sheila's white dress, causing her coffee to also spill all over her.

Joey apologized profusely, and then offered to take Sheila's suitcase for her while she went to the bathroom to clean up and change clothes. Sheila was reluctant at first, but Joey told her that she did not want the fancy hotel's first impression of her to be that she was a sloppy pauper. Somehow, that play on her vanity worked.

As soon as Sheila walked away with a fresh set of clothes in hand, Joey winked at Aiden and told him to wait for Sheila. He then told me to get into the taxi with him. We loaded our bags and took off.

About ten minutes later, Joey asked the taxi driver to pull over. He got the hotel reservation information from me, took one of my credit cards, and got out of the vehicle. He told me that he would call for a separate taxi, and that I was now free for a while. He would cover for me until I returned. His only request was that I cover for him with my mother should she find out that he lied about the plane's seating arrangements. Easy enough. At this point, I was ready to promote him.

The taxi driver drive around for a bit while I looked on my phone for an earlier connecting flight to Kauai. Earlier flights had been sold out when I originally bought my tickets, but I knew cancellations were common for flights between

the islands. I was thankfully able to find an earlier flight, and I happily told the driver to take me back to the airport. There was no reason to wait around, especially now that Sheila was dealt with.

Three hours later, I made it to Kauai. Because I arrived a little earlier than I originally planned, I had time to walk around and explore the resort for a while before bed.

I marveled at how beautiful the place was, even after dark. I wondered how long Lily had been here, and if this really was where she had been hiding since leaving West Mountain.

While exploring, I stumbled across a Hawaiian luau going on in one of the outdoor pavilions. I had never been to a luau, and it looked fascinating. Luke was also curious about it, so we agreed that we should stay and watch it from a distance for a while.

We were both shocked when we saw Lily —as in, my mate, Lily— get pulled onto the stage. I was even more shocked to see her wearing nothing but a coconut bra and a grass skirt.

“Wow. Mate is hot,” Luke said, practically panting in my head. I wanted to chastise him, but I could not. He was right. She was hot. I had no idea Lily had a body like that.

Luke and I watched almost in a trance as the performers taught Lily and other participants various dance moves.

With my werewolf eyesight, I could see her biting her lower lip as she concentrated on getting the moves right. Then, as Lily slowly became more comfortable, she let go of her lip and a bright smile took over her face.

Goddess, how did I not know that Lily had a smile like that? I found my heartbeat quickly increasing, especially as Lily performed the routine, and blood flowed furiously to the lower half of my body.

My feet began to move on their own, wanting to be closer to Lily. Unfortunately, just before I entered the pavilion, I saw her approach a red-headed male. The male's side profile looked roughly familiar, but I could not see his face very well.

What I could see was him grab Lily and pull her close to him. He then went further and leaned down to kiss her. At that point, I growled. Loudly. I could not help it. Another male was not going to kiss my mate in front of me.

"My mate, huh?" Luke taunted me. "That is the second time in 15 minutes that you have referred to her that way. I thought that you did not want her back."

"Shut up, Luke," I linked back.

Instincts and jealousy taking over, I walked into the pavilion, ready to challenge whoever this was that had dared to lay his hands on what was mine. The male turned and starting walking towards me, as though he himself was also ready for a fight.

That was when I realized that he was a werewolf... and not any werewolf: he was Alpha Brady Hyder, Dr. Hyder's oldest son.

What the f&&k.

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