

Chapter 33

-----Sam-----

Chris led us to a room upstairs, all the while trying to hold my hand.

But I wouldn't have it.

I needed to know what the hell was happening!

When we entered the room I went to the farthest wall away from Chris.

He sent me a wary look before sitting heavily into a chair.

I wanted to go to him, he looked so tired and it was all my fault!

But I couldn't!

I had to know what was going on! Why was I like this?

And what did Chris have to do with any of this?

I sat down cross legged on the bed.

I could feel his eyes on me, sending shivers down my back.

I could still feel our kiss downstairs, and it was killing me not being in his arms.

I turned to him and looked at him, straight in the eye.

"Tell me what's going on!"

Chris looked at me, a frown on his face.

But he did tell me. Everything.

He told me about having a bad feeling, about coming over as fast as he could. About sneaking in and finding me half dead.

About bringing me back here, and having Amy, the blonde doctor work on me.

I refrained from growling in annoyance, the way Chris said her name with such familiarity.

He paused, raking his fingers through his hair.

I wanted so badly to go to him, to help him anyway possible.

But there was something about his story that picked at me.

"You said I was dead, how did I live and turn like...that thing. "

Chris winced.

"That's what I kinda need to explain to you." Chris stood up and sat down by me. He placed a hand on my cheek, and I leaned into it savoring his warmth.

His hand was soon replaced by his lips.

I opened up, letting his tongue sweep in.

I sucked on it teasingly, earning a rumble of laughter from him.

"Your a tease Sam." He pulled back smiling, but it disappeared

"I don't want you to be disgusted by me. By yourself. "

I stared at him and sighed.

"Tell me."

He nodded and cleared his throat.

"I'm not...human."

I stared at him wide eyed.

I had a feeling I wasn't going to like this.

"Well not entirely " He continued "I'm a werewolf, half wolf half human. "

I stared at him dumbfounded before it hit me.

I jumped off the bed shaking my head.

"No, no, no werewolves don't exist! They don't exist! "

"But we do" Chris stood up, but he didn't walk toward me. "You do."

I felt as if I had been slapped in the face. Doused with gas and set on fire. Hit by a semi.

This couldn't be possible!

"Werewolves are just fairy tales! I can't be one of those things, one of those...dogs!" I spat, disgusted.

Chris's jaw clenched, his nostrils flaring .

For a second I thought he was going to hurt me, but he wouldn't. Instead he stood in the same place, shaking from head to toe.

I took a step, but then changed my mind.

His eyes narrowed dangerously.

"Your one of us now, Sam, whether you like it or not!" He gritted out through clenched teeth.

"I dont want to be, I wasn't like this before! " I couldn't help yelling back,I was scared and I didn't know what being this entitled. "Why am I like this?"

Chris's tortured eyes met mine and it took everything in me not to reach out to him.

"Because you would have died.." His voice cracked .

Guilt filled me as tears dripped down his face. Seeing Chris cry was causing me pain.

"I could never let you die, I love you too much" He sat down and looked up at me, his face full of pain "Even if you do leave me because of this, at least I know that you're still alive. At least I tried even if you hate me for it."

Thoughts swampedmy mind.

If it wasn't for Chris, for THIS,I would have been dead.

Why was I being such an ungrateful bitch?

Seeing Chris like this was killing me.

What me and him had was special, and I wouldn't let something like this get in our way.

I knelt by him, and took him in a hug.

I didn't tense in his arms,he would never hurt me.

He loved me and ... I sighed.

I loved him too, this was more than a mere crush.

His arms around me felt so good, strong yet gentle.

God, I loved this boy.

His breath skimmed over my neck sending chills down my spine.

"I'm sorry, I should have thought how you were feeling too." I whispered.

His lips skimmed across my cheek until they were a hair breath from mine.

My breath stopped in my throat as my eyes met his.

"I would never let you go Sam, you mean too much to me." His blue eyes, were truthful and clear as the blue sky.

"You barely know me."

No matter what there was still that insecure part that thought he was just playing with me.

"I know you enough to know I'd be a dumb ass to let you get away from me." A half smile cracked out of him.

A smile lit my face and I finally closed those few inches that separated us.

I savored his sweetness.

The way he went from gentle to passionate one I bit his lip teasingly.

A rumble vibrated through him as he laughed.

My face heated as his lips trailed down my neck, sending shivers down my spine.

"One more thing" he whispered, something sharp scraped against my skin. Not painfully though.

Then I realized, his canines.

"Your my Mate." Then a sharp prick at my neck as he bit into me.

My heart raced in panic but it soon went away.

Chris would never hurt me.

The pain was replaced with pleasure as he licked and blew on his bite.

I could feel it all through my body and it took everything not to moan.

Chris looked at me, a huge smile on his face.

I looked in awe as his canines retreated.

"What was that?" I whispered, still feelings those shocks of pleasure.

"Your my Mate, and I just claimed you as mine." He laughed when I stared at him in confusion "Ill explain everything to you."

For the remainder of the dayChris told everything about the werewolf world.

It was a lot to take in,but I kept my mind open.

Turns out werewolves don't shift on the full moon, Disney got it wrong.

I yawned and stretched. It was 11:24 .

I was tired.

"I should probably let you sleep" Chris stood up and leaned

over for a kiss.

The thought of Chris leaving had a shot of loneliness shoot through me.

He kissed me softly at first, but once I bit his lip playfully he brought me closer.

His lips molded perfectly to mine, soft yet a bit of roughness to it.

When he tried to pull away I bit his lip.

He laughed and it was like music to my ears.

Everything was perfect for right now.

"Don't go please" I whispered.

His beautiful ocean eyes searched mine.

I couldn't look away from him. From my Mate.

The word, sent a wave of pride and possessiveness through me.

He was mine and only mine.

"What's that smile for?"



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