

Cursed Wolf Chapter 10 - Tips

“What the h3ll just happened?” Luna said to herself as she drove back to the apartment.

That wolf was Rex. The hot hunky blond with those penetrating blue eyes. He was a massive animal with silver white fur and a huge...tongue. What the hell was she supposed to do with that?

Her pvssy clenched between her legs, reminding her how attracted she'd been to the man when she'd first seen his picture.

She wasn't attracted to a canine, but she knew that the wolf was the man in the photograph. The man was the wolf. She fanned herself, remembering the penetrating blue eyes of the wolf as he'd stared at her.

His tongue on her neck did things to her that probably weren't legal. But he couldn't shift. He was stuck in wolf form, except for one day a month.

She knew from reading Louisa's journals that there was a curse-breaking potion brewing in the pantry. Could it be so easy? Could she really just break an almost century-long curse on her first week getting here?

Luna had never had that kind of luck, and she didn't expect to now. But it was a start.

She'd been so out of it this morning that she hadn't even checked the potion in the pantry. She'd only read about it in Luisa's journal.

As soon as she returned to the apartment, she went to the pantry, flipped on the light, and began to read the carefully labeled bottles on the whitewashed shelves.

At the end of the shelf, toward the back, she found a large amber bottle. The label read “Curse-Breaking Potion.”

There were two dates on the bottle. One for the date it had been started, and one for the end date. The end date was the day after tomorrow. She pulled out her phone and looked up the beginning date. She quickly found that it was the night of the full moon, one month ago.

Luna went to find Louisa's journal and flipped to the pages with the recipe and Louisa's notes about her alchemical process.

The potion had already been through several stages. Louisa had hoped this would be the final one. Luna sighed with relief. She knew absolutely nothing about alchemy, or

curse-curing potions. The most she understood about herbs was chamomile tea and lavender scented shampoo.

She went back to the kitchen, feeling like she needed a pick-me-up. The fridge was empty, and the cupboards didn't offer a lot of inspiration, but River's bakery was right next door.

Luna's stomach grumbled. It had been a long morning and she'd barely slept last night. She really hoped River would be there—she needed someone to talk to.

She could call one of her old friends from the bookstore, but she knew they wouldn't understand what she was going through. In fact, she probably couldn't tell anyone about any of this without sounding completely mad.

She hurried downstairs and into the bakery that smelled of sugar, spices, and cream. There were customers at tables and several in line at the counter.

River stepped from the back, wiping her hands on a towel when she saw Luna. The dark-eyed woman smiled brightly, and waved Luna over.

"How are you?" River asked, her tone too curious for someone she just met.

"I have no idea. I just met my mate this morning and he's a wolf."

"I know. Come on."

River took her by the hand and took her to the private little table they'd sat at the day before. She motioned for one of her staff to bring them pastries and tea before turning back to Luna.

"News travels fast in Selkie. How do you feel?"

"I think I'm going insane. Is that what usually happens when a human is matched with a shifter?"

"Luna, you aren't human," River said, gently patting her hand and looking at her with eyes that dripped with sympathy.

"I am. I mean, I think I am."

"You're a witch. I thought you would have figured it out after a night in Louisa's apartment."

"I read her diary. I think she left it for me."

"I'm sure she's talking to you too. There's no way that woman has gone to the other side with so much left to be done in Selkie."

"How?"

"Louisa and I were close. I may not be a witch, but as a raven, we are more closely related than any other type of shifter. Many tribes across the world have common ancestors with witch lineages. And raven shifters still retain some of their magic."

"Am I going to need to remember this? I don't think I can keep all this in my head. I already found out I need to give my supposed fated mate a potion to cure a curse. That's a lot of responsibility."

"You haven't met him in man form yet."

Luna gulped. "If he's anything like his bio on mate.com, I think we're going to get along. We're supposed to meet tomorrow. What if the potion doesn't work and he's stuck in wolf form forever? I don't know how to finish the potion!"

"The coven will help you. They meet every full moon eve."

"That's today."

"Tonight. You can tell them all about your concerns. Louisa and I made tea together." A bakery staff member delivered a plate of pastries and a pot of tea to the table. "But I don't know much about her brand of magic."

"Do you do magic?"

"I put my magic into my baking," River said with a wink.