

Cursed Wolf Chapter 6 - Tips

Rex and his brothers scuffled out the shop door and into the thawing grass. In the distance, the dusky green forest awaited. The coming of spring had brought renewal to the island. His home in the mountains would still be deep under layers of snow.

He smelled the wind. His brothers nipped and jostled around him. Patrick closed the shop door and walked out among them. There was a scent on the air. Rex stepped sideways on four large paws.

A growl rumbled low in his throat. He whirled around and yipped, feeling like a pup. His brothers closed in on his playful behavior, sniffed him, and nipped at his heels.

He regained his composure and curled his lips over his sharp teeth. The others trotted away, panting and chasing each other toward the woods.

Rex couldn't move another foot. Something had trapped him in his place. He sniffed at Patrick, their benefactor. The scent clung to him like a ghost. He growled and Patrick stepped back, his eyes widening.

Rex shook his head and lowered it. He hadn't meant to intimidate the grizzly shifter. The door to the back patio opened and Patrick's wife Rebecca walked out, wearing her work clothes.

Rex's head snapped up. The scent was stronger now. He rushed headlong toward her, yipping and howling. Rebecca screamed and shifted into grizzly form on the porch. Rex skidded to a stop. The woman's clothes were in shreds on the deck. She reared up on her hind legs, belting out a terrible roar.

Rex growled. The scent was still so strong. He spun around to the clothing and plunged his nose into the black wool jacket. He dove into it, taking in every last morsel of smell. It was her. His mate. It had to be. His entire being went rigid with need and he rolled around on the clothing, rubbing his back and belly all over it.

The grizzly dropped to her feet and let out a long groan. Her husband wrapped her in a blanket. She shifted back into a woman and rushed into the house to get warm.

"What was that all about, Rex?" Patrick asked, standing above him. "You gave Rebecca a terrible fright. And that was her favorite coat. She's not happy about ruining it."

Rex couldn't stop. He just kept rubbing himself on the clothing. His mate's scent was all over it and everything in him compelled him to get as close as he could to it.

It took him too long to regain his control. It was not the behavior of a Winter Alpha to roll around on the clothing of another man's mate.

He jumped to his feet and backed away from Patrick. The shame sank deep inside him. But the smell of his mate still clung to his fur.

“Was there a good scent on her clothes?” Patrick asked, c0cking his head to the side. He bent and sniffed at the coat. “Smells like my mate.” Patrick grumbled, giving Rex a dark look. “And maybe, maybe yours.”

Patrick stood and walked toward Rex at the bottom of the stairs. He could hear his brothers hara.ssing each other behind him.

“Did you scent her?” Patrick asked.

Rex lowered his head in agreement and respect. He did not want to alienate his hosts. Scaring Rebecca had been a mistake. One he would not take lightly. If one of his brothers had done it, there would have been severe consequences. As he was the alpha, he would have to punish himself for his misdeed.

“Rebecca met with Luisa Pleasant’s granddaughter today. I wonder.”

Rex’s human mind could comprehend language through the fog of his animal instinct. Rebecca had met a new woman today. Could she be the one Rex had scented on Rebecca’s clothing?

He bent lower, having no other way to apologize for his behavior. He wouldn’t have blamed Patrick if he’d gotten a gun and shot him, right then and there. Lunging at his mate like that was unforgivable. But the man stood patiently, trying to help, like a true loyal friend.

Rex had his brothers, but they were only men one day a month. The rest of the time, they were animals. It had been too long since Rex had felt the compassion of a friend. He couldn’t face the man a second longer. He stood, not lifting his eyes to meet Patrick’s gaze, and darted off into the forest to hunt.

The least he could do was to bring home some meat for his brothers. The Doolittles had been giving them food from their own stores. He and his brothers could hunt for themselves.