

## Grace of a Wolf Book 2

### Grace of a Wolf Chapter 5 - Caine: She's Human Chapter 5: Caine: She's Human

CAINE

2

*I want to see her.*

My wolf's whine is loud and pathetic in my mental eardrum, but I ignore it. He's had a bug up his ass ever since sneaking into the Blue Mountain Pack's Mate Hunt against my orders.

He was supposed to be checking on the Blue Mountain Alpha's movements, not hunting down some human girl...

The crack of bone against bone echoes through the training room. My beta's fist connects with my jaw, a hit that should knock any other wolf unconscious.

"Your head's not in this." Jack-Eye circles me on the mat, his red hair loose from its tie. "When was the last time I landed a hit that easy? When we were fifteen?"

I spit blood onto the floor. The copper taste lingers on my tongue. "Again."

"Why don't you just tell me what's going on? You've been a prime dick of a boss for days."

*She smells delicious. Like blueberry muffins and spring mornings.* Fenris's voice drifts through my mind, taunting.

9

"Shut up," I snap.

Jack-Eye's brow raises. "I didn't say anything."

5

My fingers curl into fists. The tattoos beneath my shirt burn, a constant reminder of the blessing of the Lycan throne. A blessing that's turned into a curse these past days.

1

Fenris huffs. *You can't keep me away from her.*

3

"Watch me." I launch at Jack-Eye, channeling my frustration into each strike.

He blocks, barely. "Who are you talking to? Fenris giving you trouble?"

A low growl rumbles through my chest. "Focus on the fight."

"You first!" Jack-Eye sweeps my legs.

1

I hit the mat. The impact shoots through my spine, but I roll and spring back up. Sweat drips down my chest, soaking through my shirt.

*She needs us*, Fenris insists.

"She needs nothing from us." It takes only a second to close the gap between us. My fist connects with Jack-Eye's ribs. The satisfying crunch does nothing to silence Fenris.

Jack-Eye stumbles back, wheezing. "She? There's a woman involved?"

My eyes narrow as he abandons all pretense of sparring. "Drop it," I warn him, as if he isn't my best friend on top of being my beta.

"You let Fenris go to Blue Mountain's territory." He straightens, pressing a hand to his side as he calculates the situation. "During their Mate Hunt. Did you find yours?"

*Tell him. Tell him how perfect she is. How she trusted us in the forest.*

4

"Fenris, I swear—"

*You can't deny what you felt. What we both felt.*

Jack-Eye's eyes narrow. "You did. You found your mate, didn't you? Your wolf's obsessed with someone."

My molars grind together. "My wolf needs to remember his place."

*My place is wherever she is.*

15

The room spins. The tattoos burn hotter, Fenris fighting against our bond. I grab the nearest wall, steadying myself.

"Caine?" Jack-Eye steps forward.

"Stay back!"

*I'm going to her. Tonight. With or without your permission.*

4

"Like hell you are." The words tear from my throat in a growl.

Pain rips through my chest. The tattoos glow blue beneath my shirt, pulsing with each of Fenris's attempts to break free. My knees buckle.

"What's happening?" Jack-Eye's voice sounds distant.

*She's alone. Scared. They cast her out. They've washed away my scent.*

8

"That's not our problem."

*It became our problem when you let me protect her that night.*

My fingers dig into the mat. "I didn't let you do anything. You ran off without my consent."

"Who is she?" Jack-Eye crouches beside me, his overly friendly voice grating on my ears.

*Tell him. Tell him how you watched through my eyes as she curled against our fur. How your heart stopped when she smiled.*

"Enough!"

The tattoos flare, and blue light fills the room. When it fades, Fenris stands before us, his massive form casting shadows across the floor. His storm-gray eyes lock with mine.

18

*"You can't stop me, Caine."* Fenris's voice echoes in both my mind and the room, flowing out with a pulse of alpha aura, causing Jack-Eye to stumble. *"Not this time."*

"Fuck. I hate when he does that."

"Get back here." I push to my feet, but Fenris turns away.

*"I'm done watching you deny what we both know."* His claws click against the floor as he walks. *"She's ours to protect."*

2

"She's human. There's never been a fated connection between a Lycan and a human, and you know it."

10

Fenris pauses at the door. *"She's ours."*

8

The blue glow intensifies, and he vanishes. The sudden emptiness in my mind confirms he's gone, racing toward Blue Mountain territory. Toward her.

1

"Want to tell me what that was about?" Jack-Eye's voice breaks through my rage.

1

I groan. He's the most persistent bastard, and he has a strange love of the humans' movies. Ones with inexplicably dramatic plot lines. He won't stop until he knows everything. "No."

3

"Tough. Your wolf just manifested without your permission and ran off to some woman. Start talking."

I slam my fist into the wall. The concrete cracks, blood running down my knuckles. "There's nothing to say."

2

My beta doesn't even blink, unaffected by my anger. It's not directed at him, anyway, and he knows it. "Right. Because it's totally normal for the Lycan King's wolf to break free and chase after a human girl."

"Don't."

"Is she why you've been distracted? Why you've been letting me land hits that shouldn't connect?"

The blood drips onto the floor. One drop. Two. Three. "She's nothing."

1

"Tell that to Fenris." Jack-Eye moves to the door. "I'll track him—"

"No." The word comes out as a growl, and it's not because a vision of Jack-Eye comforting the strange woman is more irritating than Fenris's obsession with her. It can't possibly be that. She's just a human girl. "I'll deal with this myself."

7

Jack-Eye grins. "You know, I think we haven't visited the Blue Mountain Pack in years. They're about due for an official delegation, which is under the beta's purview—"

My eyes narrow at Jack-Eye's smirk. The blood on my knuckles has already dried, cuts already healed, but the sting remains. "Whatever scheme you're plotting, drop it."

"You know what would be hilarious?" He leans his back against the wall, crossing his arms. "If word got out that the mighty Lycan King is searching for his mate. They'd welcome the delegation with open arms."

"Don't even think about it."

"Come on. Think about the possibilities." He gestures with his hands, painting an invisible picture. "The mysterious and brooding High Alpha, finally ready to open his heart again—"

3

"I will rip out your tongue."

2

"It would put those other rumors to rest. The ones about..." His voice trails off, but the meaning hangs heavy in the air.

2

"The rumors help more than they hinder." Ice coats each word. Fear keeps order better than respect.

Jack-Eye's expression sobers. "And how exactly do you plan to explain that to the new girl? 'Welcome to the pack, by the way, everyone thinks I murdered my last mate'?"

19

A growl builds in my chest, low and threatening. "I'm not bringing some human girl into the pack."

10