

The Mating Pact Chapter 1

Cora

10 years later...

Holy. fvcking*g. Shit.

I stared wide-eyed, perplexed, and with a pounding heart at the six-foot giant sprawled over his stomach on my bed.

Naked.

On my bed.

Clutching the duvet tightly around my five-seven n.aked frame, I stood at a distance, staring like a robot at the rhythmic rise and flexing of big bundles of smooth muscles on his back. His face was turned towards the wall, but hell, I did not need to see his face to deduce who he was. I was as familiar with his scent as I was with that of freshly baked coffee beans that greet you when you walk into our coffee shop. Even after all these years.

Slowly, I dragged my eyes to the floor where our clothes lay decorated like origami and tactfully grabbed the slinky little dress I wore to the club last night with my toes. My eyes never leaving his h.uge frame, I let the duvet slide slowly. Throwing the dress over my head, I silently shuffled towards the door, not even daring to breathe until I was out of the bedroom.

Once I was, there was no looking back. I dashed down the stairs, being regarded with dirty looks by a bunch of old ladies as I haphazardly rang the bell to the apartment just beneath mine. Could I blame them? I wasn't even wearing my undergarments for fvck's sake. They were lying beneath his. I had no intention of touching the untouchables.

"Cora, it's seven-thirty in the morning and I am having the worst hangover of the century here. Now is not the time," Maya's otherwise mesmerizing eyes looked bl00dshot as she scowled at me, sullenly leaning on the door frame.

"I slept with Logan," I blurted out, still unable to believe it even though I heard myself loud and clear. Now she was completely awake, standing straight and blinking back at me with the same expression I had a few moments ago when I woke up with a pressing need to pee. That was undoubtedly forgotten now.

“Logan,” She exclaimed. “That Logan?”

“Exactly that Logan,” I nodded my head, my stomach churning with anxiety.

“Logan...Logan Gray?” She repeated. “Alpha Logan?”

“I don’t know about the alpha thing but yes, Maya...Logan Gray,” I grimaced, stalking inside and flopping down on her scattered leather couch.

I placed my throbbing head in my hands, wishing with all my heart that I was mistaken. That he was someone else with maybe the exact same scent...musk and pine needles. I scoffed at my ridiculous idea. He was he. No matter what happens, no matter how many years must have gone by, ten years and fifteen days, if I were being thorough, I would still recognize his scent.

And him.

“I don’t understand,” My best friend chastised. “How is that possible? How like...You in your right senses would never do that!”

“That’s the thing,” I shot her an accusing look. “I was not in my right senses. Nobody can ever be in their right senses after drowning in twenty-seven vodka shots, May. You know what’s worse?”

“Oh, are we yet to get to the worse?” She asked, folding her arms across her chest as she took a seat on the kitchen island. “Shoot,”

“I don’t remember anything,” I whispered in horror. “Nothing after dousing the first three glasses. Oh, I am so screwed.”

“Jesus. We went to the club last night, Cora. I am pretty sure that’s where you ran into him. I hope you do remember why we went to the club. You remember, right?” Maya demanded. I gazed up at her and scowled.

A day ago...

“Hell, not again!” I leaned back against the counter and shot a questioning look at Daniel, my colleague, a fellow waiter like me, and one of my best friends. He glared at the coffee machine before sighing and turning to me.

“Again?” I chuckled and he nodded, waving his hand.

“Again,”

“I will go and grab a new one from the storage,” I laughed. “Cheer up, mate. You got a date with the hot hunk tonight. You will get wrinkles.”

“Maybe I should grab some sheet masks then?” He smirked and shaking my head, I placed down the glasses I had been cleaning and trodded off towards the storage area in the back.

I raised my hand to unlock the door, but to my surprise, it was already unlocked. Frowning, I walked inside, my eyes searching for a new coffee machine amongst the stacks of cartoons filled with coffee beans and milk powder and dishes and all that mundane stuff.

“Where are you?” I muttered, scratching my head. “Coffee-machine...and...”

“Oh, I love you so much, baby,” I frowned at the painstakingly familiar male voice. “Oh, you are so better than her. Cora is just so...stiff,”

What?

Gritting my teeth, I followed the direction of the sound and the accompanying sucking and groaning noises towards the back of the room. Someone was about to die at my hands today, I thought, cracking my neck.

“Keep going,” The even more familiar female voice moaned. “You are so good,”

“Right?” He exclaimed. “That b***h’s never happy. She is like an empty vessel, you know. But you...”

The rest of his words were probably stuck in his throat as his green eyes fell on me. He looked blown. My pathetic, asshole, human boyfriend, Eric. The redhead he was humping, another waitress at the coffee shop, Rebecca, shot me a smirk. Undoubtedly, her ego was fueled by the fake compliments this pathetic piece of sh!t uses on every other girl he was fucking*g behind my back.

“Cora!” Eric wailed, quickly doing up his fly. “It’s not like what you think...we were just...”

"I am yet to start thinking, Eric," I said, my voice hard as I fixed him with a hard gaze. "I am still processing. And pray sweetheart, if you don't disappear from my sight before I am done doing that, you won't be left capable of doing what is not what I think it is ever again.

"

"Come on Cora...you can't be offended," Rebecca sang, adjusting her skirt. "Let's face it, not every man is bonkers over you. Eric is simply one of them," I turned my eyes to her face and smiled.

"Man?" I scoffed. "Who? He? Honey, your definition of man is absolutely not the same as mine."

"Cora!" Eric scowled at me. "Let's not get dirty now,"

"Let's not," I agreed. "Which is why when I get back home at seven, all your stuff should be out of my apartment. Especially your stinking socks and moss-filled boxers. If you fail at this...well you know me, so you shouldn't,"

"What the fvck!" Eric exclaimed. "You can't do this to me,"

"Hmm, and why not?" I inquired. "I pay the rent. I pay the bills. I pay for the groceries. And the rent agreement is in my name too. So give me one fvcking*g good reason why I cannot? The only thing I expected of you is to be at least good at what you are supposed to be good at. But I am afraid your peanut-sized d!ck hasn't been very accommodating so far in that matter as well,"

"You really are a b***h," Rebecca mumbled, looking appalled.

"I am," I nodded. "Oh...here is the coffee machine," I grabbed the thing and shooting both idiots a look, started to head back to the shop. But I halted for a brief second and turned back.

"Seven," I warned. "Not a second more," Eric shot me a glare. As if I would care about that.

Rolling my eyes, I stalked out and tried not to get his words earlier to get to me. Or the usual sinking feeling in my heart. I was not empty. I really tried my best this time. He was an a.ssh0le. And I should have seen this coming. After all, this wasn't my first epic failure at having a normal relationship with a

normal guy. This was my fifteenth. Guess, humans or werewolves, men were just a.ssh0les in every realm. Unless they were gay.

“I cannot believe this,” Maya, my best friend, and companion of the last God knows how many years, muttered, rubbing my arm sympathetically. Like me, she was also a werewolf. Like me, she was also an orphan. And a rogue. Though we left that life behind a long time ago.

“You have extremely bad luck with men,” Daniel stated as a matter of factly. “Maybe you are attracted to a.ssh0les?” I shot him a look in response to that.

“Thanks, Danny,” I muttered, stacking the tissues up neatly to distract myself. This was frankly humiliating.

“Well, it’s good riddance, right?” Maya offered. “You are free from the sh!t. Maybe we should celebrate, huh?”

“Yes, my pathetic relationship history is sure something to celebrate,” I agreed.

“Come on, you don’t do relationships anyway,” Daniel squeezed my hand. “It’s just se.x, isn’t it? That is why it’s time we found a new conquest for you. Denver and I are headed to this chic club for our date. You two should join us. It’s Friday anyway!”

“No, I will pass. I have to do pest control in my apartment once the leech is out,” I said. “You have fun,”

“Oh come on! I need you girls. You know how I get on first dates,” Daniel wailed, and I knew it was his sweet attempt to cheer me up.

“Come on, Cora. It’s the weekend!” Maya pressed. “We have the liberty to get drunk and wallow about our inexistent future. Is there anything more appealing than that?” I dragged my gaze at both the eager faces and couldn’t help but smile.

“I guess not,” I answered.

Present Day...

“Thanks for the reminder,” I grimaced, clutching at my hair. “Now what do I do? Should I wait until he has left?”

“Right. You slept with him and now you want to avoid this entire situation like a freak?” Maya pointed out. “Cora Scott would never do that. At least not the one I know.”

“I don’t want to face him. Definitely not in this situation,” I muttered, rubbing my face.

“Come on Cora, it’s been ten years!” She pointed out. “You have gone through a full-fledged, werewolf puberty after that. He might not even recognize you for god’s sake,”

“I recognized him,” I grimaced.

“Do you want me to go there?” Maya raised a brow.

“It’s not that,” I scowled at her. “I remembered his scent. After spending years among humans, a werewolf’s scent will always stand out, don’t you think?”

“Whatever. Just go and deal with this mess. So you slept with him, big deal,” She shrugged. “Be a man,” I knew I wasn’t getting much help here. Sullenly, I stood up and dragged my lousy a.ss back to my apartment upstairs.

Cautiously, I opened the door and peeked inside. There was a pin-drop silence. I didn’t even try to come up with any pre-determined responses as I walked into my bedroom. To my surprise, there was no sleeping giant on my bed. And no decorated clothes on the floor. I sagged down with relief. All for nothing. Maybe he found the apartment empty and left. Good for me.

“Uh, I had to use the bathroom. I hope you don’t mind,” His voice was heavier and more masculine than what I remembered. “I don’t think I picked up your name last night. By the way, I am Logan.”

I was right. It was him. And this situation was unavoidable. Taking a deep breath, I turned around.

Please god.

Let him not remember me...