

Chapter 2

ADA

Alex said he loved me last night. It wasn't the first time he said it but something about the way he said it last night hit differently. He looked into my eyes, his hands dug deep in his pocket, as he said the three words people seemed to find magical.

“I love you,” he said last night. “I have never said this to anyone before. Look, I know people see me as a fuck boy or whatever, but I would like... I would hope that you see me differently. I love you and I'm not saying it for you to say it back. I just wanted you to know that I love you.”

I didn't say anything to him. But, really, was there anything to say? I mean, I did fancy him. Love? Man, I don't know.

Right now, we were at my parents' house. We came to stay for the weekend because they asked me to. Alex was a colleague at my workplace and we kinda had a thing for each other. We had worked together for almost a year before we started fucking and almost another year before it became official and not just a let's-fuck-in-my-apartment sort of thing.

He held on to my waist, his hands cupping my butt as we both laid on the bed. “I think this dress looks great on you. For real, I do.”

“Hmm. Where is this going?”

“But I'm certain you will look better without it.”

I brushed his hands off my waist, chuckling. “We're at my parents' place, remember? You can't be banging me when my room is just next to theirs.”

“Well, they better be happy I'm taking care of their ‘little angel’ who's surprisingly a lot to handle.”

“Hello,” I let out after picking up Danielle's call.

“Hey, girl. I didn't want to call you but I had to,” she said, her voice was shaky and quavering and I struggled to make sense of the words she spewed.

“Are you sure you're alright? You sound unwell. Is everything okay?”

She paused before speaking. “Okay, this is what... this is what happened. Some three men came looking for you at my apartment. I don't know why, but they thought you lived with me. Ada...” Her voice seemed to be even lower than usual and that was saying something. “They wanted to hurt you. I swear, I could see it in their eyes.”

I took a deep breath. “Danielle, it will be fine. Have you been drinking? Look, even if this happened, it's probably that bitch at work who didn't like that I got promoted. I told you Linda was desperate. I feel sad for her.”

“Shut the hell up,” Danielle yelled out. “It's not Linda. These people weren't normal at all. They were... their eyes were red.”

“Oh, so they weren't sleeping well? So dangerous.”

“Sorry. They were black, not red. I promise they were red. No, I mean black. Definitely black.”

I look down at Alex who was looking at me in a way I knew just too well. “You know what, Danielle? I will call you back, girl. Just chill out. You know you shouldn't be drinking after all you went through in the past year.”

I hung up before her drunk ass said anything else. Danielle was my favourite person in the world, but she had issues with drinking. One more drunk and driving strike and she would be in prison.

“Is Danielle okay?” Alex asked as soon as I got off the phone.

“I wish I could say it was all good. I think she has had one too many glasses of white wine. As always.”

Alex's left hand slowly made its way between my thighs and into my panties. “I think it's best we take our mind off things. I have an idea.”

“You say this every time, and somehow, this idea ends with both of us butt naked.”

He shrugged. "My Dad used to say that when the idea is good enough, one is all you need."

"Now I see why your Dad had ten kids."

I let out a moan as Alex slipped two fingers inside me. He brought his lips to my stomach and started kissing me there, slowly going upward.

"You're so beautiful," he whispered in my ears, two of his fingers still inside me.

I tried to say something but no words could come out. How could I when his gentle fingers did everything right?

"Say it. Say you want me."

I wrapped my legs around his waist, exhaling as he sucked on my nipples. "I want you. I want you now."

I craved that feeling, you know. That feeling of being dominated. Of course, I loved it only in the bedroom. I loved when he dominated me. His lean body pushed its weight down on me and his hardened penis drove into me. You couldn't convince me there was a better feeling than that.

"Damn. You're so tight down there." Alex said after pulling out.

I let out a chuckle. "Alex, you say this all the time."

"It's the truth, babe."

"Ada!" Mum called out from her room. "Your Dad and I need to speak with you. Come right now."

Alex had a goofy smile on his face. "They must have heard us banging."

I shook my head. "No way. Even if they did, they wouldn't give a little f*ck."

As I walked into the room, I noticed Mum and Dad seemed very worried. For some reason, it made me think about my time in high school. You see, my Mum and Dad loved me, but I was a constant source of worry to them as a kid. Right from my childhood, I had been a pain in both of her asses and I did cause them a great load of sadness. Now that I was all grown up, I wished I didn't do a lot of the things I did. I mean, if I wasn't fighting in class, I was

vandalising school property, or setting my wardrobe on fire, or setting theirs too ablaze. Puncturing car tyres, being rude in the name of growing up— the list was very long. So, yes. I was quite a stubborn kid.

Still, I had a great relationship with my parents. It had always been the three of us. As a little family of three, we did everything together. I remember how we celebrated Thanksgiving or Valentine's day— for other celebrations, we would often invite other people. But for those two, we would always be alone and I cherished those little memories of Mum and I cracking up at Dad's jokes— which were, mind you, the most basic 'dad' jokes you could ever hear.

Now looking at them with worry written all over their faces, everything just came back. It was as though I hadn't just walked into their room, but into the past too.

"Dad. Mum. Is everything alright?"

Mum forced out a smile, leading me to sit on the bed with them. "Darling, it's all good. At least, it will be."

Dad turned to Mum, barely able to look at me. "Do you want to tell her, or should I?"

I couldn't take my eyes off them. I have never seen them this worried and that spoke volumes because my teenage years weren't the best. "Tell me what? I'm getting really worried now. What's it?"

Mum rubbed her left eyebrow, her other hand fiddling with the hem of her skirt. "I don't know how to say this, Ada. We should have told you earlier, but the truth is, we hoped we never got to tell you. We hoped... you know, that you would live a life without knowing this part of yourself. This part of the world."

I held her right hand and gave it a soft squeeze. "I'm twenty-four years old, not fourteen. I can take anything you have to say. Just tell me what's wrong."

Mum looked at Dad and they both held my hands. "You see," she started, "my darling, I want you to take a deep breath. Good. Darling, you're a werewolf."

My parents were the very best. There was nothing they couldn't do. I held my stomach as I laughed. I couldn't get the image of Mum saying those words out of my head. Damn. She was hilarious.

When I looked up, I saw that Dad had his face buried in his hands and Mum was shedding tears.

Mum held my hands in hers, which were both trembling. "Sweetie, it wasn't a joke. I wish it was. Just like us, you're a werewolf."

I didn't laugh this time because they were acting weird. I knew there could be only two things happening. It was either they were suddenly very good at pulling pranks, or I really needed to get them the help they so badly needed.