

Chapter 7: Classmates

Yorick

As soon as I walked into my room after my date night with Cyra, I did two things. I found a flower shop who delivered early in the morning, and I ordered flowers to be delivered first thing tomorrow and every day thereafter. Then, I started a letter to Wendy.

I had planned to write to her, but not this soon. However, I was so excited that I wanted to tell someone, ANYONE, about my mate. Something about writing it down helped me to sort through the myriad of emotions that I'm feeling; excitement and frustration being the top two.

My dreams were filled with erotic visions of my mate in various stages of undress and various positions while I brought her pleasure. When I woke up, I needed a cold shower. I finished just as there was a knock at my door.

I opened it to the delivery person, bringing me the two vases of flowers I ordered. It's not quite as good as what my father does for my mother, but it's a start and I doubt Cyra will expect it. Since she'll be receiving them every day, she'll have plenty of fresh flowers in her room all the time.

I thank the delivery person and balance the flowers in my hands as I lock my door and walk to Cyra's.

"Making an impression early, huh?" another Alpha male asks, walking by.

"Working on it," I say.

"I'm Zach," he says stopping to shake my hand.

"Yorick," I tell him.



"Alas, poor Yorick," he says, smiling as he quotes the popular Shakespearan phrase.

"I have a feeling I'm going to hear that a lot around here," I say.

"Good luck with your girl," he says, walking off.

I turn and knock on her door. She opens it and frowns at me.

"What is this?" she asks, gesturing at the flowers.

"You said your favorite flower is tulips. So, I got you some tulips," I say, handing her the vases.

"How?"

"I have my ways," I say, stepping into her room as she carries the vases to her desk.

When she turns back, she has a half surprised, half happy look on her face.

"Why did you do this?"

"Because you're my mate. Because I want you. Because I love you already. And at the risk of being presumptuous, every time you look at them, you'll think of me," I say, grinning at her.

She points at me, narrowing her eyes. "You aren't just sin. You're a dangerous sin."

"I already told you that I'm not going to apologize for ruining you for any other man," I say, pulling her against me and taking her mouth in a deep, slow kiss. I take my time, reacquainting myself with her taste.



It takes her a moment, but she leans into me, her hands sliding around my neck. I growl softly, pulling her closer to me. I don't stop when I feel her gripping my shoulders. I don't stop when she begins whimpering and moaning. I keep the kiss going until I'm sure that I'll leave her swaying on her feet.

Then I kiss my way to her ear. "I had some really sexy dreams about you last night," I whisper. "I just needed to make sure that my memory of your taste was accurate. It wasn't. You taste better in person. Someday I hope you let me taste you to my heart's content."

Her entire body shivers against me, and I nip her neck, hearing her gasp.

"Yorick..." I know it's a warning, but it's so breathy and sexy that I hold the bite, feeling her body continue to shiver in my arms.

"Yes, my mate," I say, kissing my way up her throat.

"You can't mark me," she moans.

"I didn't. Well, not in a permanent way," I say, pulling back and looking at the teeth marks I left of her neck. "Barely noticeable."

She points her finger at me again, but her glassy eyes betray how good I made her feel.

"Ready to go for our run?" I ask before she can regain her composure and tell me all the reasons I shouldn't be leaving any sort of mark on her. I hate that we'll be around other Alpha males and she won't be wearing my mark. So, anything I can do to show the others that she's mine, I will.

She shakes her head and I step back, taking her hand and leading her to the door. "A nice run to start the day, breakfast, then a tour of the campus before looking over our class schedule. I'm excited," I tell her.



When we get outside, I realize that being part of an elite group of people at a warrior academy means that you are no longer that different from others. It looks like nearly every other student had the same idea this morning.

I don't let go of her hand until we stop to stretch, then we begin our run.

We wave and say good morning to the others who are jogging, and I make note of several other she-wolves, although some of them look older, so I wonder if they are instructors. I guess we'll find out for sure tomorrow.

As we run, Cyra tries to pull ahead of me. I pick up my speed and match hers until she does it again. I smile. My mate is competitive. I love it.

By the time our run is over, we're both running full out, our arms and legs pumping hard. We're both laughing as we cross the line back at the place where we started and I wrap my arm around her waist, pulling her to me as we pant.

"Is it going to be like this every morning, Cyra?" I ask her as I gasp for air.

"No, tomorrow I'm leaving you in the dust. I just wanted you to feel good about yourself before I kicked your ass," she says and I burst into laughter.

"Remind me not to run with you two," a young woman says with a smile as she jogs by. We wave at her then walk to the cafeteria to get breakfast.

Unlike last night, I look around, wondering who is going to be part of this year's class.

We've just gotten our food, when I hear someone call out to me.



"Hey, Shakespeare, why don't you and your girl come sit with us."

I look over to see Zach sitting with a couple of other people. I look at Cyra.
"Want to?"

"Who is he?" she asks.

"Some guy I met this morning i the hallway on my way to get you. He saw me carrying the flowers to your room. He must be a first year. We may as well get to know our classmates."

"Okay," she says, and we walk over.

"Hey," I say as we walk up.

"Yorick, aka Shakespeare, this is Piper and Landon, and I, beautiful, am Zach," he says to Cyra.

I growl softly but Zach just smiles at me. "I can recognize her beauty without going after her, Shakespeare."

"That's going to stick, isn't it?" I ask him.

"Oh yeah," he says, turning back to Cyra.

"I'm Cyra," she says.

"Nice to meet you all," I say sitting down.

"So, were you guys together before this and you both got lucky enough to get accepted?" Piper asks.

"Nope, we met yesterday," I say, smiling at Cyra.

"Damn, Shakespeare, you work fast."

"Well, she's my mate, so ..."

"Ohhh," Landon says, looking between us. Cyra glares at me.

"It's complicated," Cyra says, stabbing her eggs with her fork.

Zach looks between us. "I guess that's why neither of you is wearing a mark. Got it. And no more harmless flirtation, I promise," he says to me.

"Thank you," I say.

"So, where's everyone from?" Landon asks.

"We go around the table, talking about where we're from, why we applied to the academy, and what we want to do with our lives.

Zach is an Alpha's second son as well. Piper is an Alpha female who didn't find her mate, so she's here to learn a skill other than being a Luna, according to her. And Landon is a warrior.

"You must be damn strong to have been accepted here," I say to him.

He taps his head. "I learned to use my brain when my strength wasn't enough. It's worked for me so far," he says. I'm intrigued and I can't wait to see him in action.

"Has anyone toured the campus yet?" Piper asks.

"Yorick and I were going to look around after this if you all want to join us," Cyra offers.

"I'm in," Piper says.

"Me too," Zach says.



"Let's do it," Landon says.

So after breakfast, the five of us go on a self-guided campus tour.



Cooper



Author



Getting to meet some of the classmates.

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