

## Chapter 10 - Cheating Mate

### Marissa

Last night's party was the best we have ever had due to the entertainment portion of the evening; and I am just getting warmed up. I'm sure it will be talked about for years to come. I was told that Knight had to actually carry her home last night because she was so dizzy she couldn't walk. That means both those goody-two shoes were drenched in fruit punch last night. I laugh at the thought.

I slip out of bed, leaving Miles still sleeping. After a quick shower, I dress in shorts and a tube top. I head out the door to the med clinic. Walking through the clinic corridor, I run into Rachel, the med tech. "Marissa." She nods. "Do you need to see me?" She eyes me warily.

"Yes." I nod.

"Go on into room #3 and I will follow with my laptop cart." Rachel replies.

I settle myself on the table and glance around at the various charts on the walls. Several run of the mill announcements about the various body parts of the wolf systems. Front and center there is a Cheating Mate Syndrome symptoms chart. They really are pushing that hard. It's like an entire movement in the shifter world right now. I wouldn't want to be on the receiving end of it based on what I witnessed at Stone Mountain. But, it should be easy to pull the wool over Rachel's eyes.

"So, how can I help you?" Rachel enters the room, pushing a cart with her laptop connected.

"Everything we talk about here is confidential, correct?" I ask.

"Yes. Of course, we are not as strict as humans. All medical records are accessible to medical professionals at all medical facilities across the territory, as electronic files are placed in a centralized database. This consolidation of records helps us treat illnesses or conditions quicker and easier. We cross-reference health trends to ensure correct diagnosis. And, our health records are also accessible to the Alphas and Alpha Commander." She explains.

I squirm uncomfortably, I have to go about this carefully. If I am going to lie, I have to be really good at it. I usually am. "Please be as discreet as possible, but Miles is cheating on me with Paisley."

"Honestly, that wouldn't surprise me, if you hadn't said 'with Paisley'. In that, I think you are mistaken." Rachel states coolly. "Paisley isn't the cheating type, and besides, she's done with Miles."

Why does everyone defend Paisley! This really steams me! You'd think she was a freakin' saint! I seethe to myself, as my claws try to come out. "I know he is, I caught them!"

"How did you catch them?" She looks skeptical.

"I walked in on them in our apartment one morning." I lied. "I went to town to run some errands and discovered I left my purse. So, I went back and there they were."

"What day?"

"Huh?"

"What day did you find them in the bed together?" Rachel insists.

"Oh, it was last Monday."

"What time?"

"What difference does the time make?" I fume.

"Answer the question, Marissa."

"I don't know. Ten?" I grasp. Telling lies has always been easy for me, but Rachel is the grand inquisitor. She doesn't give it up.

"So, you are telling me, she skipped work on Monday morning?"

"Huh?"

"You expect me to believe that they both skipped work Monday morning and it's not all over the rumor mill? And, how am I just now hearing this? I'm sure you threw a fit for all to hear."

"I--I--maybe it was lunchtime. We are quibbling over semantics." I hush.

"Fine." Rachel acquiesces. "Is there anything else that supports your claim?"

"Oh, yeah!" Symptoms! Damn! She means symptoms. "Vomiting, nausea, you know the normal symptoms associated with CMS." I spit out waving my hand at the CMS chart on the wall.

She notes the chart on the wall and looks back to me with narrowed eyes. "You are telling me that you were experiencing nausea and vomiting on your way to run your errands, but you only turned back because you forgot your purse; not because you were experiencing CMS symptoms?" She says with accusation. "I don't believe you or what you are saying. What's your angle here, Marissa? I treated Paisley when she was experiencing Cheating Mate Syndrome symptoms and there is no way she could have driven. She could barely pull away from the toilet. She was rushed to surgery because she had bleeding wounds. If what you say is true, show me your stomach. I want to see the scars."

I grab my shirt and hold it down with my arms wrapped around myself. "No. I don't know why you don't believe me, but I am done with this attitude of yours."

"Get used to my attitude, Marissa. I don't know what you are playing at, but I am not dumb enough to fall for your schemes." Rachel points a finger in my face. "Paisley has suffered enough at your hands and it needs to stop. Don't think for a moment that I don't know you were behind the cruel joke on her Saturday night at the pack party. I will put a stop to you if it's the last thing I do."

She walks to the door, dragging her cart behind her. "Miles used to be a good male until you twisted his mind. Straighten up and be a good mate to him, Marissa. Don't you think it's time after everything you have put him through? Although after what he did to Paisley, he pretty much deserves what's coming for him." She storms out the door, slamming it behind her.

"Well! That didn't work out as planned." I peek out the door to find the corridor is empty. I begin to slither away when I spy a cardboard box marked in bold black letters, "Amra", conveniently sitting on the nurse's station. As I pick it up it's labeled "Medical Clinic, Wind Howl Pack, Attn: Rachel". The return address is from "A Healing Hand". That's the Alchemist who manufactures Amra in Sparksburg. I slip the rattling box in my bag, looking around to ensure I've not been seen, I hurriedly walk out. Looks like I am finally going to be having some fun tonight. I laugh quietly.

Once I am back in our apartment, I go to the bathroom to unpack the box and dispose of the evidence. I lock the door behind me and open the box. Gazing inside, I realize there is enough Amra in the box to last months for one person. Biting my lip, I deliberate on whether I should take out a couple of bottles and then return the remaining, but no, they will notice that someone has tampered with the seal.

I sit on the floor in front of the sink and take out an old empty make-up bag. After taking a couple of capsules out of one bottle, I transfer the remaining bottles to the make-up bag and put it in the main back. Stowing it under my sink, I throw a towel in on top of it and close the cabinet doors with a satisfied pat.

Putting the extra capsules in my nightstand drawer, I keep one and bounce off downstairs. It is still early in the day. If I can get Miles to take one soon, it will probably mask any symptoms he might have tonight.

Going to the kitchen fridge I pour Miles and I a glass of orange juice each. By now, he should be finished with his morning workout and ready for something cold to drink. I open one of the capsules and empty the powder into his glass. Using a teaspoon to stir it, I take the glasses to the pack gym.

"Hey, babe." I call out to Miles who is covered in sweat and breathing heavily, standing next to Knight. It looks as though he and Knight have been sparring. "Would you like some juice, Miles?" I offer the glass. He takes it and gulps it down greedily.

"Thanks! That really hit the spot. That was very thoughtful of you." He pulls me to him and I give him a hungry kiss. I am so excited about the prospect of going out tonight, now that he has taken his anti-Cheating Mate Syndrome pill for the day. I giggle with glee. I am almost giddy.

Not interested in my glass of orange juice any longer, I offer it to Knight who accepts it readily. All men can be led so easily and are absolute suckers. I could have spiked their drinks with poison and they'd be dead right now. Trusting fools.

"Miles, the girls and I are going to be doing a spa night tonight, if that is alright with you. Maybe you and the boys can have a poker night at the pack house or something." I plot.

"That sounds like a great idea." He agrees. "What do you think, Knight? Poker with the boys later?"

Knight nods. "Yeah. Could be fun."

"It's a date." I sing-song as I turn and leave the gym. I have some plucking, shaving and maintenance to do. Tonight, momma goes hunting for fresh meat! My smile is permanently fixed and my motor is humming.