

Chapter 9 Wish Me Luck

Kelsey

Asher led me towards his new blue sports car, quickly unlocking the car as both of us getting in. “So, this is how you’re picking up all the ladies in Blackclaw?” I asked jokingly, tossing my head back in a laugh. He rolled his eyes and pulled up his arm, flexing his muscle before he kissed it, “more like this.” I almost snorted from laughing so hard, Asher was always a good time. I wasn’t surprised at the rate he was picking up girls. Heck, even Mia who had a boyfriend wanted a piece of him.

“Look who’s talking! You had no problem causing a ruckus tonight between Alpha Tate and Alpha Blake,” Asher acknowledged. He put the key in the ignition and the car roared, “what did Blake say to you anyways that put you off edge?” I shifted in my seat, feeling cornered. I knew that there was no way that Asher was going to drop the issue.

“You really want to know?” I said through clenched teeth and an unimpressed voice. “He bitched me out for calling him Blake. Apparently, the only way I’m expected to refer to him from now on is as Alpha.” Asher turned his head in disbelief, then quickly diverted his gaze back to the road, “So you hate him even more than you did when you got here?” he chuckled.

“Something like that”, I admitted, reaching for the radio and turning it on. Truthfully, as much as I tried to hate him, there was still something about him that still made my brain foggy at the simple thought of him. The air felt thinner whenever he was nearby, it was difficult to breathe around him and my brain? My brain always felt like it was about to short wire with him close. It was a losing battle. The rest of the drive to my parents’ house was short and sweet with light banter between the two of us. I got out of the passenger side of Asher’s car and started walking up the steps into my childhood home.

“Arizona! Don’t forget your gym clothes for training tomorrow, I hope you’re ready,” Asher called out from the car. Not bothering to turn, I extended my arm out and gave him a thumbs up and continued climbing the stairs to the front door. I could hear him laughing hysterically as I entered the house and closed the front door.

I pulled my phone out of my leather skirt pocket, remembering that I still hadn’t responded to Eric while I climbed up the stairs in an eerily quiet house, towards my bedroom. Realizing it was too late to call him, I sent him a message that I had just gotten busy but would call him tomorrow and plugged my phone in to charge.

I shimmied my skirt off and pulled off the black bodysuit I had worn, leaving me exposed in only my black lace thong. Realizing that I had forgotten to close the curtains, I turned towards them and placed a hand on each side to close them. I looked down from my window and noticed a black SUV that had just arrived at the pack house. I guess that was the perk of living so close to the pack house, you always knew who was coming and who was going.

Two very drunk girls climbed out, one hand in hand with Alpha Tate and the other hand in hand with Alpha Blake. My eyes narrowed at them trying to figure out if I knew either of the girls. Like clockwork, Blake turned his head and glanced up to my window. The look of shock enveloped his sharp features as the blonde girl pulled him towards the front door of the pack house, following behind the other girl and Alpha Tate.

I felt my jaw clench hard and I snapped the black curtains in my room shut, throwing on nothing but a white t-shirt and tossing the covers on my bed over my body. I couldn’t stop the thoughts from possessing my mind of what they were doing inside the pack house, I mean I wasn’t an idiot – I can tell you they weren’t playing board games. But, why did it still hurt so much? Why did it feel like a knife was gutting me from the inside out? Blake rejected me, he didn’t want me then and he doesn’t want me now. Yet my stupid wolf still whimpered at the sight of him with someone else. I huffed and puffed, tossed and turned until sleep eventually overtook me.

The smell of freshly brewed coffee wafted through the air and my eyes bolted open, glancing at my alarm clock and noticing it was already seven in the morning. I threw on my robe and made my way down the wooden staircase and into the kitchen. Mark was standing beside the coffee maker, pouring two cups of coffee. “Mornin’,” I said groggily. “I thought the coffee would wake you up,” he chuckled, “I’m headed to the pack house soon, do you want to walk together?”

I gripped the warm cup of coffee out of Mark’s hand and nodded, “yeah, that would be nice.” Mark leaned onto the kitchen island, opposite from where I was sitting and put his cup of coffee up to his lips. “So how was last night? I heard you somehow ended up at the Alpha’s table at the Wolf’s Den. Anything to do with Blake?”, he finally blurted out. I could see he had been itching to ask me yet was trying to maintain a calm front.

I rolled my eyes, forcing myself to take another sip of my coffee before I even attempted to answer his question. “Blake is still dead to me if that’s what you’re asking and it’s way too early for this shit,” I replied coldly. He nodded and placed his cup on the island, “I can see that”, he said, pressing his lips into a tight line. There’s no doubt I can feel the regret traced in his words.

I stood up from the kitchen stool, “I better go get snazzy for my meeting with Alpha Max,” I said sarcastically and let out a loud defeated sigh. It wasn’t a secret, Mark was aware of how little I wanted to be back on pack territory.

I finished my coffee in my bedroom, pulling out what I would wear to the meeting and walked into my washroom. I heaved a sigh and turned the faucet on in the shower as I stepped inside. I let the hot water drip down my body as I stood there with my eyes closed, taking in the moment. My mind raced as I silently reminded myself of all the arguments I had composed about why it was beneficial for the pack that I remained in Arizona. It didn’t matter though, the harder I tried to stay focused; the more thoughts of Blake involuntarily roamed into my mind.

I felt my back hit against the cold tile but I didn’t mind the chill rush through my body, making the little hairs on the back of my neck stand at attention. It may have been wrong but fuck, it felt so right. I needed it, I needed to release all this pent-up energy that I had been pushing down. My hand slid over my breasts and I felt my nipples go hard as I continued trailing my fingertips down to my core. I let my head drop back onto the cold shower tiles and carefully separated my legs apart. My fingers brushed against my tender pussy lips and I closed my eyes tightly, letting myself enjoy these five minutes of sin. Thoughts of Blake flooded my mind. The memory of my heart clamoring in my chest as he pushed his rock-hard body against mine so damn aggressively last night nearly made me come at the mere thought. I felt myself becoming wetter as I envisioned my fingers as his thick digit, sliding between my pussy lips.

I started to rub small circles over my pearl as I gave my mind full control, thinking about how delightful it would feel to have his cock thrusting into me repeatedly, making me scream in total submission. I envisioned him throwing my body up against the cold wall while slamming into my tight pussy, his canines grazing against the tender spot of my neck. It was like my pussy submitted at the mere thought and I could feel my walls clench tightly. I pushed a single finger inside and pumped violently in and out, moaning as my cream coated my hand.

Now that I was awake and slightly embarrassed that I just came to the thought of my ex, I stepped out and reached for a towel from the rack and wrung my hair in it. I knew I didn’t have much time, so I did a simple makeup look, applying some mascara and my favorite nude lipstick before blow drying and using a round brush to dry my hair. I moved towards my bed and slipped on a fitted black dress with a pair of red heels.

Shit, I muttered. I didn’t know how long the meeting would take so I reached for my gym bag that I had thankfully brought from Arizona and stuffed the first pair of shorts, a sports bra, and my running shoes that I saw inside.

I glared at the clock that read 7:50 am, I had less than ten minutes to make it to the meeting, or as I like to refer to it “my summoning.” I rushed down the stairs to find Mark standing at the front door, “about time princess, you aren’t going to the ball,” he teased.

I stuck my tongue out at Mark like I always used to do when we were kids and opened the front door, thankful that the walk was short and I should still be able to make it in time. I silently cursed myself as we both rushed towards the packhouse. If I hadn’t given into my moment of weakness, I would have had more than enough time to get to the pack house. “Good luck,” Mark muttered as we parted ways entering the pack house. Little did I know how much I would need it. I took a deep breath and remembered all the notes I had spent weeks writing down as to why it was more beneficial to Crimson Pack that Alpha Max allowed me to continue my life in the human world.