

Wait! Werewolves Exist? Chapter 26 - Tips

BECKY.

I was having a great time at Amber's. Things were so easy between us. It felt like we had known each other our whole lives. We sat on the sofa laughing, drinking, and eating snacks. We talked about all sorts of things. She told me about how she'd slept with her ex earlier today. She said she's pretty sure that it was a huge mistake, but that part of her still wanted to believe the things he'd said to her. She told me that the s*x was good, and we laughed as she told me more. I told her that I was a virgin, that I'm saving myself for when I met my soulmate. She said that she respected that. We kept talking, just getting to know each other better. After a while, I asked how she was settling in to Lakeside and if she liked it here? She told me she loved it and that she felt like she was meant to be here. Then she got a little quiet. "Amber, is something wrong?" I asked. She hesitated before saying "I need to ask you about something, but it's going to sound a bit strange." I told her that she could ask me anything she wanted and waited patiently.

When she was done explaining about what she had overheard in the restaurant the other day, I thought about how to answer. This was the perfect time to tell her everything, but I just wasn't sure how to start. She laughed nervously and said "I just want to know the truth, as my imagination has been going crazy. I even considered werewolves, I know that's insane, I blame the book that Mary left me." I was about to tell her she's not crazy, but instead I asked "What book?" Amber went and got a book from upstairs. "I've got no idea why she wanted me to have this so badly." She said, handing it to me. "There must be a really good reason, though." I took a quick look through the book. The legend of the silver wolf. My mum had told me about how Amber's adopted mum was a wolf/witch hybrid who had lived here years ago. I was only about three or four when she left, so I didn't really remember her.

She told me how the lawyer was only supposed to give her the envelope and box if she came to Lakeside, which she felt made it more confusing. She pulled out the box and opened it, showing me the inside. I didn't get a good look at the contents, but I figured Mary had left her the book as a way to explain about werewolves. Although I had never heard of a silver wolf so maybe it was more like a clue than an explanation. "What was in the envelope?" I asked. Maybe there would be something helpful in there. She threw her hand up to her mouth "I completely forgot about it. I still haven't opened it." She jumped up and grabbed a thick padded envelope from the

kitchen counter and sat back down. "Do you mind if I open it now?" she asked. I offered to leave and give her some privacy, but she asked me to stay. I agreed and refilled our wine glasses. I needed to figure out the best way to tell her. I didn't want her to be afraid of me or freak out. Humans didn't usually have a good reaction to discovering the truth. they thought of us as monsters.

AMBER.

I was grateful to have Becky here. I'm not sure what to expect, especially after the confusion of the box. I open the envelope and pull out a letter addressed to me. I recognised Mary's writing at once. Whatever this letter said, it was Mary's last message to me. I took a deep breath and opened it up, and began to read Mary's words. OH MY f*****g GOD!!! I glanced up at Becky nervous. She looked lost in thought and a little bit worried about something. I carried on reading. This couldn't be real, could it? Suddenly Becky touched my arm and I froze a little bit. "Amber, there's something you need to know. I could get in a lot of trouble for this, but I don't care. Look, the thing is you're not crazy. Lakeside isn't a normal town, and the people who live here aren't normal people." I stopped her. "I know." I said quietly. "What do you know?" she asked. I looked into her eyes "I know about Lakeside being a werewolf pack." I said. She spluttered, almost choking on the cookie she was eating. "It's all here in Mary's letter." I explained. I handed her the letter so she could read it for herself. I drained my glass, refilled it, and drained it again. The letter had explained everything, but I still felt confused. Becky handed me back the letter, looking shocked. "Are you OK?" she asked. I honestly didn't know how I felt. She picked up the book again, this time taking a better look at it. I re-read Mary's letter twice. Why hadn't she told me?

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Amber, my darling girl,

If you are reading this, then I am no longer with you. Also, unless the lawyers have messed up, it means that you are in Lakeside. I honestly hoped that this moment would never come, that you would live your life in blissful ignorance. The very fact that you are reading this means I did not get my wish.

If this is the case, then there are things that you need to know. I can't tell you everything here, in case this letter falls into the wrong hands. I will do my best to explain what I can. Please understand that none of this was kept from you for malicious reasons, but for your own safety. I hate to have to tell you this,

but you need to forget what you think you know about the world. Do not be afraid of this next part, sweetheart. Do not panic. You are going to find this hard to believe. You may even think that i'm crazy or lying. That is a chance i have to take.

I need you to know that Lakeside isn't a town. It is a pack, and the people who live there are werewolves. Yes, I said werewolves. You may know by now that I grew up in Lakeside. Yes, that means that I am a werewolf. A werewolf/witch hybrid, to be exact. My father was a warlock. My mum was a werewolf from Lakeside. I was happy there, it was a wonderful place. I left when I lost my best friends. I left to protect their legacy.

This next part is going to be even harder for you, my love. You are also a werewolf. I used magic to make you appear human . My magic will live on long after my death, so it should still be in effect. There are three spells that I placed on you as a small child. One to suppress your wolf. She is still inside you but is asleep. You still have some of your werewolf abilities to a degree. Your eyesight and hearing and sense of smell are all superior to a human. You are stronger and faster, too. Although with your wolf awake, these things would be more noticeable.

The second is to hide your scent from others. Every species has a scent to us. Vampires smell of decay. Witches smell medicinal almost. Shifters, which are people who can shift into any animal they like, smell metallic. There are many more species in the world but right now we will concentrate on the weres. There are weres for many different animals. We all have our own individual scent. My spell camouflages yours so that others can not smell what you or who you are.

The third spell, and this is the one I'm most sorry for, affects your memory. I didn't want you to remember what you are, and I didn't want you to remember Lakeside. You were so young. Too young to have to live with that heartache.

Please don't hate me, my darling. You see, I lied when I told you that you're parents died in a car accident. They were murdered in front of you. I wanted to protect you from that, but now you're there, and I can't protect you anymore.

You will have received a box along with this letter. Inside, you will find a book, keep this book hidden, and read it carefully. It is important. The necklace was a gift, given to you by a very, very important woman when you were born. The rock on it is a piece of moon rock, taken from the surface of the moon itself by the Moon Goddess during a full moon. Wear it every day, with pride. The

bottle contains a potion that I made myself. It will remove my spells from you. Allowing you to be your true self should you choose to be. However, it is not possible to only remove one or two. All three will be gone. You will have to regain the memories of your parents' death. I'm so sorry about that, my love.

You also have the option to leave Lakeside now and keep the spells in place. Start again somewhere new. However, if you do decide to stay, then look for a couple called Ellie and Peter Morris. If they are still members of the Lakeside pack, then they will help you through this. They can tell you everything that you need to know about being a werewolf and our laws. I trust them completely. There are others that you can not trust. Especially David Stone. Do not let him know who you are. This is very important.

If you do decide to stay in Lakeside and take the potion, lifting the spells, then you need to be prepared for what will follow. As you will no longer be camouflaged, others will be able to smell you, so you will no longer be safe. This part is the most important thing of all. When you discover the full truth of yourself, my love, DO NOT under any circumstances tell anyone except Ellie and Peter. It will put you in danger. If you and Chris are still together then do not even tell him. There is something about Chris that you need to know. He is a werewolf. I'm not sure what he's doing living in the city and I'm not sure what pack he belongs to either. I don't think he knows about you, but be careful. I also do not trust Kim. There is something about that girl that doesn't seem right to me. Do not tell her any of this.

On a personal note. If you haven't scattered my ashes yet. may I ask that if it's not too much trouble, I would love it if you could scatter half up by the lake. I have some wonderful memories there and the other half on your parents' graves in the Lakeside cemetery. I would love to be with them again.

I love you always, my wonderful, amazing, beautiful girl. Raising you has been an honour and a pleasure. I am so very proud of you that will never change. I will love you always and forever with all my heart. Goodbye, my darling.

Mary.

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AMBER.

I sat staring at the words on the paper silently. finally, they started to sink in. WAIT!! I turned to Becky. "WEREWOLVES EXIST," I said, my voice raised

and slightly high-pitched. "Don't answer that," i said before she could reply. I didn't know what to think. According to this letter, not only are werewolves real, but so are many other things. The type of monsters that I had grown up believing were just in storybooks and nightmares. What's more, i would also have to accept that I'm one of these monsters, too. How could any of that be real? Yet it had to be. Mary had no reason to be lying about any of it. s**t!!! I'M A f*****g WEREWOLF. How am i supposed to feel about any of this. I'm sad that she thought even for a moment that I could hate her. There is nothing that could ever make me do that. If she kept things from me, then I believe that she had a good reason. Clearly, she thought it was for the best. Now, however, I know, and I can't just leave and pretend I don't. I love it here in Lakeside and want to stay. Besides, if it's true that I'm a werewolf myself, then surely this is the best place for me.

I was relieved to see how much Mary had trusted Ellie and Peter. It would have hurt to find that they weren't the wonderful people that I thought they were. I asked Becky if she would mind leaving me to process all of this. Before leaving, she took my hand and told me "I just want you to know that I am here for you. Whatever you decide to do. You don't have to go through this alone." I told her that I appreciated that and would call her tomorrow.

Once she left. I sat thinking about what I'd read. Mary had said that Chris is a werewolf. How could I have lived with him all that time and not have known? She had also said that my parents were buried here. Does that mean that I was born here? Is that why I felt at home here so quickly, because it was my home? I took the letter up to bed with me and re-read it over and over until I fell asleep.

BECKY.

As I walked home, my mind was racing. I had planned to tell Amber about Lakeside. I believed she needed to know, I didn't realise how much that was true. Mary's letter had been a shock. Although I was kind of honoured that Amber had let me read it. That she had trusted me with the information it contained. I also felt pleased that Mary had put as much trust in my parents.

I was surprised to read about Amber being a werewolf, too, but at least now her appetite made sense, I smiled to myself at that thought. I knew no human could eat like that. I thought about what Mary had written about her parents. That they were murdered. I didn't know who her parents were, and I didn't think it had been the best time to ask. Mum and Dad were still at the

restaurant when I got home, so I decided to go to bed and get a good night's sleep.

TANYA.

I wanted to get my hands on that potion. I had been thinking about Amber all day. I had decided that I would know more if I could test the liquid inside that bottle and find out what kind of potion it is. I arrived at Bluebell Cottage around midnight. Everything was in darkness. Good, she must be asleep. I entered the house and went straight to the box. I took the bottle, replacing it with an identical looking one that I had created earlier. The liquid inside wouldn't do anything. It had no magical properties at all. Until I knew more about the spells that she was under the influence of, I didn't want to risk adding anything else.

CHRIS.

I couldn't sleep, I just lay there tossing and turning. Today had gone better than I'd hoped. Amber had melted into my arms and the s*x was unexpected but f*****g amazing. s*x with Amber had always been really good, but today was on another level. Then that f*****g text. I could kill Kim. Why couldn't she just leave me the f**k alone. I think Amber believes me that there's nothing going on and Kim just won't get the message. At least I hope she believes me. I will try calling in to see her tomorrow. Maybe I should take some flowers. After a few more hours of trying I give up on sleeping and decide to go for a run.

I head downstairs and as I walk past the sitting room I hear voices. I'm surprised as I didn't expect anyone to be up yet. I slid down and listen outside the door. I hear Jason talking to a woman. From the smell it's his little witch where from earlier. They were talking about some potion that she had tested. I wasn't really interested until I heard them mention Amber. The witch wanted to swap the potion back and asked him to get Amber out of the house so she could, but Jason suggested that they use it to their advantage instead. Before he could elaborate a floorboard creaked under my foot so I got the hell out of there. It wouldn't do any good for me to get discovered spying on an Alpha. Even if it was only him.

TANYA.

I had called Jason in the early hours of the morning. I had finished testing the potion and wanted to tell him what I'd found. The level of magic used in it told me that Amber had to be a very powerful werewolf. Definitely at the very least

a high ranking one. I'd say Gamma at the least, probably higher. There had also been a formula to retrieve memories in the potion. I told him that she most likely had absolutely no idea who or what she is. I had planned to swap it back now I'm done, but he had a better idea. Jason told me to hang on to the potion, he wanted to know more before giving her the ability to remember everything and wolf out. He told me he had invited her to dinner and that they could use that to their advantage. I nodded my agreement and left.

ALPHA JASON STONE.

So Amber is a ranked wolf and probably pretty powerful. Better still, she doesn't remember a thing. I wonder why she would have willingly lost her memories and hidden her wolf away, but surely if she has the potion to reverse it then it stands to reason that she was a willing party to the original spells. I was formulating a plan. If she's that powerful of a wolf, then surely it would be better to have her with me than against me. Maybe I could get her to fall in love with me. It doesn't hurt that she's beautiful. I found myself looking forward to dinner later.

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ALPHA JASON STONE.

I had decided that at dinner tonight, I would tell Amber about werewolves, about Lakeside being a pack, about me being Alpha, about the Moon Goddess ceremony, everything. I wanted her to trust me, so I figured it was for the best that she heard these things from me. Maybe I should shift for her, too. That way, she will know what to expect, and I will appear sensitive and caring.

I was feeling quite pleased with myself when the sound of a throat being cleared loudly brought me out of my thoughts. "Dad!" I exclaimed "I was miles away. Did you need something?" He stood in the doorway, looking annoyed. "What the f**k is going on around here son?" He asked "I go away for a few days, and come back to find out that there's apparently a human living here, A f*****g Baxter is wandering around the pack and sleeping in this house. On top of all that I can smell a f*****g witch as well. So again I ask. What the f**k is going on, son?" He's pissed at me. I ask him to sit and tell him about Amber being a werewolf but not knowing it and everything else. He sat quietly for a few minutes before breaking into a huge grin. "This Amber was raised by Mary James you say, It can't be, I thought she was dead. Son, if she is who I think

she is then you are to make her your Luna. Do you understand? I need to meet her for myself.” I was confused. “Who do you think she is Dad? She’s coming here tonight for dinner.” I waited for his reply. “Let me find out for sure, but if I’m right then this is good news son, very good news indeed. He went off smiling.

DAVID STONE.

Could it be? I had thought that she was killed along with her parents all those years ago. Could Mary really have taken her and kept her hidden all this time? I wasn’t sure that I could wait until dinner, I may have to go and find her before then. I needed to know.

AMBER.

I headed up to the cemetery this morning. I wanted to see my parents’ graves for myself. It was so peaceful. The pack cemetery was large and well kept. I spent a long time looking for their graves. I checked headstone after headstone, but I couldn’t find Liam and Sarah Collins anywhere. I was ready to give up when I remembered the birth certificate in the box. I looked for a Liam and Sarah Rivers instead, but I still had no luck. I decided to head back and call in to the restaurant. I wanted to see Becky. I had a million questions to ask her.

When I got there, Becky was just finishing a shift. She looked surprised, yet happy to see me. “Amber, I was worried about you after last night. How are you doing?” she asked. “I’m OK. I think, but I was wondering if you had some time to talk?” She nodded and suggested that we go for a walk. That sounded nice, the weather was beautiful, so I nodded. She went into the kitchen telling me to hold on a minute.

While I was waiting, I found myself watching Adam. He was waiting on a table of two women. They were giggling flirtatiously, and for some reason, that annoyed me. He looked up and saw me watching. Smiling, he excused himself and came over. “Hi, are you after a table?” He asked, still smiling. I was blushing slightly but couldn’t help feeling a little pleased that he’d left them to come over to me. “I’m just waiting for Becky.” I told him. “We are going for a walk.” Why was I telling him that.

At that moment, Becky emerged from the kitchen with a small cooler bag. “Sandwiches and sodas.” She said, patting it. “Great idea.” I told her. “Have fun, you two.” Adam said, going back to work. I looked back over at the

women. They were watching Adam talking to me. They looked a bit annoyed. Why had I been bothered by him flirting with them. It didn't help that they were gorgeous. Actually, everyone in Lakeside was attractive. I hadn't seen a single person who was even slightly plain. Yet another thing to ask Becky about.

We were walking up Main Street, heading for the woods, when a tall man suddenly stepped in front of us. "Rebecca, how are you? And who is this lovely young lady?" He asked. Becky looked a little bit nervous. "Mr Stone. Umm I'm fine. This is my friend." She said. He turned to me, his pale blue eyes fixed firmly on my face. "David Stone." He introduced himself, holding out his hand. "Amber James." I responded, shaking his hand. Wasn't that the name in Mary's letter, the one she said couldn't be trusted? He smiled at me, and I couldn't help thinking that it was a little shark like. It didn't quite look friendly. "Ahhh the young lady that's moved to our little town. I hope you are liking it here. I knew Mary. We were very close at one point." He continued. "I love it here." I told him. Offering no more information than that. We stood awkwardly for a few more minutes before he said goodbye and walked away. Becky and I carried on to the woods. I soon forgot about the strange moment with Mr Stone. I was still amazed by the beauty of Lakeside. As we walked through the trees, I felt completely at peace. After a short while, we came out into a clearing. Right in the centre, there was a crystal clear lake. I gasped. It was the lake from my dream. "I figured this would be a good place to sit and talk. After all, Mary asked to have some of her ashes spread here in her letter." Becky said, gently touching my arm. I threw my arms around her, a tear rolling down my cheek. "Thank you." We sat down, and I explained to her why the lake meant a lot to me.

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BECKY.

I listened as Amber told me about a dream that she'd been having for years about her parents. How she'd recently discovered that the dream was a memory. How she'd even had a different dream about this lake and wolves. "Maybe your subconscious has been trying to tell you all along." I told her. She paused thoughtfully for a moment. "Actually, you might be right. I had a dream about a wolf the night before I arrived in Lakeside. I'm also pretty sure that wolf is the same one that keeps showing up at the back of my house in the morning." She said. "What does this wolf look like?" I asked, and she described it to me. "That sounds like the Alpha." I said, sounding surprised. "Alpha?" she questioned. "Oh yes. Of course, you have a lot to learn." I

giggled “Well then let’s start. Every werewolf has a rank. This is usually determined by our blood, ancestry, etc. We are generally born into our rank, but occasionally, we might find ourselves placed into a different rank for some other reason. For example, I am an omega rank, but if my mate was a Delta, then I would become the delta female at his side. Well, if we chose to accept each other. Or if, like in Lakeside, the Beta becomes the Alpha because there is no one left of Alpha blood.” Amber was looking confused, so I figured I was going to fast. I needed to make it easier to understand.

“OK” I told her “let’s slow down a little. Let me explain the ranks first. The Alpha is the packs leader.” She interrupted me to ask “Is Jason the Alpha?” I nodded and continued “The Alphas mate is the Luna. We don’t have one yet, though. Next is the Beta, who is the Alphas right hand man. His most trusted, and his mate, the Beta female. Ours is the Alphas brother Dean and his mate Chloe. Then there is the Delta and his mate, Dan and Lucy. His job is to run warrior training and deal with any warrior related problems that don’t need the Alphas input. He is also our head warrior. Then there’s the Gamma Lewis. He doesn’t have his mate yet. His job is to protect Luna and help her in any way she needs. However, as we don’t yet have a Luna, Lewis helps Dan out with the warriors. They are the big ranks, then there’s the warriors. They are the packs best fighters. They are basically our army. Warrior is the only rank where blood doesn’t matter as much. Any rank can become a warrior if they can prove themselves able. Here in Lakeside, only males can be warriors now. Women used to be able to be warriors, but that changed when David Stone took over as Alpha. Then there are the sentinels who are our guards. They keep Lakeside safe from the outside world. And lastly, the Omegas. Like me. We are the majority rank. We are the workers. We do all the jobs around the pack.” I stopped to let all this sink in.

“So I’m an Omega?” she asked. “I have no idea. I would need to know more about your bloodline to figure that out.” I answered. I went on to tell her more about what it means to be a werewolf. I explained our enhanced senses, strength, and speed. When I told her about the wolf inside us, she got very quiet. “A werewolf is the result of a human and a wolf sharing a being. The Moon Goddess allows us to be one with her children. Every werewolf has their own wolf inside them. We can talk to them telepathically, and we each feel what the other is feeling. A werewolf first hears and feels their wolf at the age of around sixteen. This is when we are able to sense our mates and shift into our wolves.” I asked if she was OK, worried that I may be overwhelming her with information. She assured me that she was fine “It’s just that. I can’t feel a wolf inside me. Maybe Mary was wrong about me. I was only five years old

when she became my guardian so my wolf wouldn't be there yet." I thought about that for a minute. "Our wolves are with us our whole lives. We are born with them. We just can't access them. The letter said that Mary was part witch, so maybe she could sense your wolf through magic." I suggested. "The spell she put on you suppresses your wolf, so I'm guessing you will only feel her once you take the potion to remove the spell." Amber nodded "I think you're right."

I asked if she had any questions for me rather than me just rambling on and giving her too much information in one go. She said that she had a few. "Why is everyone here so good-looking?" she asked, and I laughed. "Werewolves are naturally attractive and appealing. We are not really sure why, but I took it's to do with the fact that we are physically superior to humans in every way. It's in our dna. So it stands to reason that our dna would be superior in that way too." She nodded. "That makes sense." She said before asking "You've mentioned mates a few times now. What do you mean by that. Is it basically just a werewolf way of saying boyfriend or girlfriend, etc?" I laughed loudly at that. "A mate, a true mate is so much more than that. Every werewolf has a perfect partner chosen by the Goddess herself. The bond between them goes far beyond just love. It is stronger than that. A mate completes us. When we find each other, we know it instantly. Although that can take some time as they could belong to a different pack. Both werewolves have to be over the age of sixteen as well. We can't sense our mates until we are one with our wolves." I said. She looked a bit pensive. "So you are saying that we have absolutely no say in who we spend our lives with?" she asked. "It's not like that. The Goddess chooses the person we are meant to be with, but we do have the option to reject the mate bond. Sometimes, we will be lucky enough to get a second chance, mate. Rejection is painful as well for both werewolves involved."

Amber sat quietly for a minute, just looking at the rippling water on the lakes surface. "How do you know if someone is your mate?" she asked "And what about the werewolves who don't find their mate, do they have to live their lives alone?" I gave her a warm smile, choosing to answer her second question first. "Those who don't find their true mate or have rejected or been rejected by them are free to take a chosen mate. The bond between chosen mates is still strong but doesn't have the same effects as a true mate due to not being able to mark one another. As for how you know. I haven't found my mate yet, so I can only tell you what I've been told. When you meet your true mate, their scent will surround you. It will be the most amazing and enticing thing you have ever smelt. Their touch will send tingles, like little electric shocks through

your skin. Their very presence will calm and comfort you. You will be insanely aroused by them and want to be near them. Most importantly, your wolf will recognise their wolf as their mate and go crazy. They will let you know." I hoped that I had helped her.

"Is there anything else you want to know now? Or should we leave it there for today?" I asked. "Ummm, we can leave it for today and let me process all that, but do you mind if we pick it up again tomorrow? Also, would you be able to help me with something? I went to the cemetery today but couldn't find my parents' graves. I was wondering if you would mind coming with me and helping me to find them." She said. "Of course. I would be happy to help." I said, smiling. She asked if I was sure that I didn't mind, and I told her "That's what friends do." She gave me a huge smile. We ate our sandwiches and just relaxed in the sun for a little bit. Laughing and chatting