

# Wolf Bait Novel Chapter 01

## Chapter 1

Fate is a sick twisted b\*\*\*\*h.

When something tragic happens, everyone wants to put in their ten cents. Time heaks all wounds. He would want you to move on and be happy. Blah Blah Blah Blah

You know what my mate would have wanted? To f\*\*\*\*\*g be here To have lived a long happy life at my side watching our children grow and leave their mark right next to ours. I think those who don't know what the hell they're talking about need to shut the f\*\* up and just leave me alone with my misery and my urn. The urn contains what's left of the life I was meant to have the life we were deprived of

Darren Phurry died at nineteen trying to save the alpha's mate from getting kidnapped. Sure, he died a hero. Beta male dies

thing he's left behind. protecting his Luna. Tale as old as time. But you know what they don't tell you about the heri Like his eighteen-year-old mate and family.

I met Darren in the fourth grade when his family joined our pack. Since we were so close in age, our parents made us become friends and it wasn't easy because we were different culturally. He was raised in a traditionalist pack and well, I've been a city wolf my entire life.

We hated each other in those early years. Well into our high school years. Both Betas competing for the position by our alpha's side. Both of us matched in skill. It was magical when we turned sixteen and found out why we got under each other's skin the way we did.

Neither of us questioned it. We didn't hesitate to accept what we were. We had our marks on each other the night after my first shift. We just continued to grow together. He was there when my father was killed in a rogue raid. I was there when his mother died during childbirth the third time around. He was there when my mother couldn't take her mate being gone anymore. In the end, his dad was all we had, and swore to make sure we would make what was left of his life worth it

Things never work out the way we want them to. You can be the best at something, live a certain way, a\*\*\*e by whatever code you wish, but fate. That gross little \*\*\*\*, isn't going to give a rat's \*\*\* how great you might have become.

Most nights, my destiny ends at the bottom of a bottle in a home where only silence follows. It had been weeks since I'd drunk myself to sleep, but today. On the fifth anniversary of his death, Luna Morgan announced the heir to the pack.

Don't get me wrong, I'm happy for her. After all, Morgan and I grew up together. We were close. She was my best friend. But there's this funny thing about grief and if I could go back, I'd let her die. F\*\*\*k her and \*\*\*k this pack

As everyone celebrates the joyous announcement of the next alpha of the Red Shit Pack, I sit at their open bar staring at the countless bottles of expensive liquor just sitting around the packhouse. I can't leave. S\*\*like this is mandatory and just because I'm widowed, doesn't mean I'm an exception to the rule

"Perry, you came," Morgan's voice feels like claws against a chalkboard to me. I toss back the tequila and nod

"Didn't have much of a choice," I sigh.

"What was that?" Alpha dumb\*\*\* asks. I clear my throat and spin around to face them both.

Morgan used to be a bad \*. She was a beta-rank she-wolf. She used to mean something. Then she became the alpha's mate and they erased everything that made her special. Maybe it's just the bitterness in me, but no. Yup, it is. I hate her. I hate him and the thing growing inside of her makes me want to hang myself from the California King canopy bed in their

"Congratulations," I give them my best smile. "You must be so happy,"

"Perry, my father-in-law's voice sends chills down my spine. It's so close to Darren's and the warning is very clear.

"Thank you," Morgan grins and places her hand over her flat belly. I look down at it and take a step back

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"You got something to say Calvin growls.

"Baby" Morgan takes his hand and tries to pull him back.

"No, I'm sick and tired of your shit, he steps closer.

"Calvin, his father growls from somewhere in the room..

"I bet you are." I meet his challenge.

"Perry, don't give him the satisfaction," Jacob comes over to my side. "Alpha-

"Tell us what's on your mind, Perry," Calvin pushes. "I think it's been long enough for you to get over stupor." he motions to the bar behind me. "You are part of this pack like everyone else. It's time you

'ittle drunken ling like it,"

"Or what?" I scoff. I'd like nothing more than for this a\*\*\*\*le to kill me. To put me out of my misery. "What are you going to do, Cal? I tap his chest with the back of my hand. Several growls echo around us. "Are you going to throw me out of your happy party! Hmm? You think I give a \*\*\*k?"

"Call don't. She's my friend," Morgan tries to pull him back.

"No, I'm not." I growl at her. He doesn't like that. He holds his arm out in front of her protectively and pushes her behind him. I'm not anyone's friend. I'm not anyone's nothing. The proof lies in your mate standing here carrying your child,"

"I will not hesitate-

To what?" I cut him off. "To kill me? Do you know what it's like to lose your mate?" I shove him. Someone pulls Morgan away from us as I step closer to him. "You have no f\*\*\*\*g idea how little \*\*\*s I give about you and this pack. Your mate and your child can go f\*\*\* themselves for all I care,"

"Perry," Jacob growls grabbing my arm. I stumble back a bit and Laugh as the room spins.

"It's a hot sensation, Calvin. It gets so hot that it burns away half your soul, I look up at him through my blurry vision. His disgusted expression clears when tears slide down my pathetic face. I laugh and step closer to him again. "You want to know what's on my mind, Alpha Dumb A\*\*\*? What's been on my mind for the past five years? My undying wish for Morgan to be in the jar where my mate sleeps just like you intended for her when you didn't choose her until your girlfriend died,"

Morgan gasps along with some of the other females.

"Perry, Jacob says gently.

"Part of this pack, hmm? F\*\*\*k you and this pack," I wipe my tears. "Useless \*\*\* authority figures. You can't even protect us," I shout needing everyone to know. I pull my blouse down to show them the scars across my chest. "I think I've given enough of my soul and blood to you," I spit at him. "Enough to earn me a f\*\*\*\*ng drink, you \*\*\*ole, I am the best hunter in your f\*\*\*\*g ranks and you know it! So, you can kill me now or you throw me out. I don't give a \*\*\*. Just let me have a drink

first,"

The big idiot stares back at me with disbelief and much to my surprise he nods. The pompous piece of shit waves his hand. I laugh and spin around to take the shot from the bartender when he slides it across the bar

"Give her the bottle," he orders.

"Nice, I sing and take the bottle of Casa Blanca when the poor guy offers it to me.

"Let her keep it. It's the last one she'll ever have here. Take her downtown," he adds.

"Jail," I laugh when two guards come over to me. "For what? Telling you to \*\*\*k off?"

"Yeah, and for disruption of the peace. Sleep it off, Perry, he turns away to leave. "Oh, and okay, You're out. I. Alpha Calvin

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Montebello hereby remove you, Pernicious Phurry from the Red Wood Pack. When you're released in the morning, pack your shit and get the f\*\*\*k out of my city."

"Perfect" I raise the bottle when Francis spins me around to get me off the stool. "Great leadership skills, Alfa Pendejo," I laugh as I am escorted out. I point back at him as everyone watches me get thrown out of the packhouse. "Look at them. That piece of shit and that useless \*\*\*t are your pack leaders," I tease. Some of the others try their best not to laugh. "That's who you're trusting your lives to," I take a drink of the bottle I was handed. I \*\*\*\*g as much of it as I can to try to stop the buzzing for just a moment. To quiet the low whimpers of my wolf. And then I throw it at him. "B\*\*\*\*h," I spit. "Both of you,"

"Get her the f\*\*\*\*k out of here," he roars when Morgan starts to cr

I continue to laugh as my surroundings all blend into pretty colors. I'm shoved into the back seat o police station. This isn't my finest moment, but at the very least it didn't end in blood this time.

\*Sweetheart, I thought we were making progress," Jacob places his hand on my head.

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Guilt washes over me because I look this man in the eyes and see the promise I made to Darren all those years ago. The tears come freely now as he looks back at me sympathetically. Unfortunately for the two of us, those same eyes haunt me. They remind me that he's not here anymore and that no matter how long I wait in that empty house, he's never coming back

“She’s pregnant,” I slur as he walks me to the usual cell I take up when I’m brought in.

He sighs and turns to face me as the cage rolls open...

“I know, sweetness,” he pulls me into a hug. “I wish there was something I could do to help, but I think this is a great start. You don’t need to be here anymore,