

Wolf Bait Novel Chapter 11

Jonas

Lust is a very common trait among my kind. It's an outlet we learn at a very young age. I lost my virginity when I was thirteen to the girl who used to babysit me and my brother when we were kids. Pernicious is a very beautiful girl. But what really makes her endearing is her smart mouth and she's been pushing my buttons from the moment we met this morning,

Perry has a very sweet buttery scent. C***t and burnt sugar, caught it when she walked out of the shower after Laura cleaned her up. Her body is amazing. Her wide hips, her perfectly round breasts, and her long powerful legs. She might be a mess but the upkeep of her physique never faltered.

She tastes phenomenal. She feels so good in my arms, Yet, I can't help but hate her for making me want her this bad. Wolves. are all like this. They're beautiful line things. This one borders en feral. She hasn't quite hit that stage yet, but that burnt sugar scent on her soft skin says she's close to it. She might have lost it if her former alpha had tossed her out of the park I've had my fair share of she-wolves before Eve and a lot more after. But this one, there's an inno

wrong way.

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She smells like war. Somewhere between rage and suffering. It's probably all she's ever known. It's common in city wolves. The cold way she looks at me tells me that she hates this just as much as I do and I take solace in the fact that this means very little to her. The sex itself, because if this really is the first time she's f****d anyone since losing her mate, the aftermath is going suck and I'm going to feel it through our newly formed bond.

A sick part of me can't wait for it. The first time I put a mark on wolf after Eve, I came alive again. Her name was Hailey. She'd never been mated before and she liked that I was the King She liked that I was granting her status and when we f****d. I felt her falling in love with the way I touched her. I was glad to be rid of her when James' men killed her.

This is what I want Someone who f*** understands what it's like to lose everything that means life itself. I want to feel her pain and mine. I want to know the torment in these dark chocolate brown eyes staring back at me.

I can see my hands wrapping around her slender neck. I can picture myself squeezing the life out of her. Not that there's much left in them anyway. I want this little wolf to destroy what's left. I want her to be the thing that pushes me over the edge so that I can

end that f*** piece shit once and for all Even if my family is watching. For my father, for Evangeline, and for my daughter.

I saw her kick him. Her technique was flawless. His knee hit the ground hard and the sound it made, music to my ears. She protected my sister. She didn't need to do that. She didn't need to offer me a piece of her bread either. Perry doesn't understand what it means, but when she held it up for me, I couldn't deny her offering

This is it. This is what I've been looking for these past eight years

Her hands grip the comforter when I slip a finger inside her wet p***y. She wasn't lying. She's tight, she's going to need some adjusting I'd hurt her if I f**k her like this

I've never hurt one of them. I lost control when I saw James about to shifi. A part of me panicked thinking he was going to kill her before I could set my plan in motion. He knows about her now. He's going to be scouting the territory to see when he can get her alone,

"F***k," she moans trying to grind herself against my hand. I add another finger and then a third needing to stretch her out a little more. "That's a lot, she complains but she doesn't stop grinding.

Just trying to open you up, little wolf," I groan.

I'm hard steel and she's not making it any easier. Her body is responding to me the way I want. I press my thumb to her swollen little nub and she comes apart for me a second time.

"Please," she pleads

She's still wearing the nylons and her sneakers. I pull them off, toss them aside, and rip what's left of the black fabric as I get

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my jeans off. I stop to take her in. The scars are bothering me. These aren't wolf scars and they're not Lycan scars. They re deep. Even for a wolf, scars never stay and they sure as***k dor look as bad as these.

They look like she let them heal on their own without stitching them up.

1 li her up a bit to push her up the bed toward the pillows. I'm going to mark her before I get inside of her. We're

e going to spend the next week in here f****g as her first Lycan heat takes over in a few hours. I can feel the sway of the full moon closing in and the rut that follows

I usually spend those three days sedated in my room, but what's a mute for if not this?

"I need your consent. I tell her reaching between her legs again

Tve consented a couple of times already," she pants,

"For my mark, smart a****" I growl licking the sweat heading on her chest. She tenses up for a second a

Fear has been the only emotion she's graced me with all day. I'm very familiar with it. The other she wolves were a lot smaller and a lot more submissive than this one. It makes sense considering she was mated to Lycan Aristocrat. He might not have taken our form because of his father, but he was one of us

It explains why she's so aggressive. Why she grew to be as big as she is. Why her entire world imploded when he died. He changed her anatomy to be closer to ours with his mark and I'm only going to make it worse with my own. Everything she feels now, it's going to intensify by a hundred. She's going to be stronger, fiercer. Her pain will grow with my own.

"1" she swallows hard. "I consent," she nods. "You can mark me,"

I lean in taking one of her peaks into my mouth again. I have to start again. Make her submit to my touch again or this is going to physically hurt a lot more than it has to. She gives in a second time, moaning and calling me by my

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Why is it so important for me to introduce myself? She knows my name. Silas told me everything the two of them talked about. Including him being on her list of traitors. We both laughed, but she has every right to be suspicious of everyone around her until she has the answers she wants.

There is no doubt in my mind that she wishes with every fiber of her being to stop existing, but that's what makes her dangerous. She's looking for the most glorious way out of this shit hole. She wants to go down in flames taking everything around her to the grave and I respect the f****k out of that because I've wanted the same thing for so long. It would be an insult to our families, our people, and our mates to take the coward's way out

"Take a deep breath for me, little wolf," I warn her and move up to her neck. She quickly turns her head.

"Not there," she says quietly.

"Okay, I press a kiss to her neck.

I can give her that. Leave his place untouched. I don't want to take anything from her. She doesn't know this, but when I paid that dum** alpha. I freed her from a hell worse than the one find myself in

It must have been agony to watch the b**h that got my mate killed be happy with his mate. To hear him announce their future and parade their love in front of her like some cruel sick joke. That entire pack deserves to f***g burn for letting her live that way for so long.

And the way he treated her. If I survive this. If we survive this. I take her back there and we can burn the place down together. I'll kill her with my bare hands and bury her next to him where they can be together forever. I'll owe her that much.