

Wolf Bait Novel Chapter 13

Perry

The first time I ever shifted, I felt what freedom felt like for the first time in my life. In the days leading up to the full moon, I had been itchy in my own skin. My mind raced all hours of the day. I was irritable and I couldn't stand to be around anyone. Especially Darren,

He was six months older than me. Which meant he shifted six months before I did and I was so salty about that. How dare he get his wolf before me. I'd watch as he surpassed me physically and it p***d me off. It made me more upset that he wanted to be around me more to rub it in my face.

I lay completely naked in the middle of the grass fields just outside the city. The sky was spectacular from here. I had a full view of the moon and the clear summer night sky. My wolf is a little temperamental. She has no problem being heard.

"You're perfect,"

His voice was the same, Deep, sultry. Yet, the sound of it was brand new to me. It had me sitting up it had my wolf pushing against my skin calling out to him. He came around and stopped right in front of me. His scent had me drooling. I remember taking it in, letting it overwhelm my senses.

"You've known for six months?" I ask him.

"Baby, I knew from the moment I saw you," he laughed. "You're mine and you're always going to be mine.

I've had this dream almost every day since he was taken away, and this is the first time it has turned into a nightmare. When I look up. it's not Darren standing in front of me. It's him. The Lycan King.

I jolt awake taking in deep breaths. My hands immediately come up to my face to wipe the tears as I try to catch my breath. The smell of sex and blood permeates my bed and it makes me gag I get up and run into the bathroom. I throw np little white chunks of what I'm thinking is bread. The taste of oranges and other fruits comes up with it.

What the f*** happened to me? The last thing I remember is marking the King. His pain and rage had overwhelmed me and I just gave into it. It had been so long since I'd felt someone else's soul reach out to mine the way he had. It felt like a cold wave of water falling on me from above. It tried to crush me. Tried to drown me and as expected, I f***g hate him

for this

For making me understand. For making me feel so alive.

I hate myself for allowing him to put his hands on me. To touch me in places only my true mate had. The way he kissed me. It's official, there's nothing else but this. The anger. The pain. The longing for a life I know is never going to return especially now that I've let him in. Now that he's completely invaded my subconscious.

"Perry?" his voice has the little hairs on the back of my neck standing.

"Give me a minute," I say into the toilet.

"I don't mind taking care of you," he comes in anyway and pulls my hair back. He flushes the toilet and as my skin and body reacts to him, I heave again.

It's not the first time I wake up sick to my stomach, but it is the first time I wake up sick to my stomach without throwing up whatever liquor had put me on my ass the night before. I rotate my shoulders and crank my neck until it pops hard enough to make my body twitch. Other than this, I feel good. Well rested. It's kind of a big deal because I'm not big on sleeping

"You didn't have to come in here, I say pulling the lid down and flushing the toilet again. He helps me up and lets me go

over to the sink

"I did. It's a Lycan's nature to take care of their mate. Even in our circumstances. I physically can't help it," he explains

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I splash cold water on my face and reach for the toothbrush. I can't even look up at myself right now. I scrub my teeth hard trying to get his taste out. But with his stamling a couple of feet away, that's not going to happen. My wolf is smitten by the big-
dominant monster. Perks of being a s**d little beta hh.

"How long has it been?" I ask looking over at him. He's staring at my body. I'm still very naked and very much covered in his blood and c***m. I'm a biter and very possessive.

"Four days," he answers...

"Is that normal?"

"Yeah," he nods, "How do you feel?"

"Like I want to go back to Red Wood and light the packhouse on fire with everyone in it,"

"Mood," he grins. "Good Your wolf had me thinking maybe you'd change your mind,"

"Beta wolf," I remind him. "Kind of built to be submissive. My grandmother was an omega. 5615)

"Ah, that explains the biting," he lifts his t-shirt to show me the bites all over his stomach and chest. My eyes linger on my mark. They go lower

You don't look too upset, I roll my eyes at his stu***smirk. I push away from the sink and go over to the shower.

I need a cold spray. My body is still a little feverish from the heat. I didn't think it would be triggered as fast as it did. It could be because of what he is. I also didn't think I would blank the whole thing. I don't remember anything past the hot shower after marking him,

"Your things are here," he tells me as I scrub him off my body.

"Thank you." I say adding more body wash to the luffa.

"We have a little bit of a problem," he adds. I stop and turn to look at him through the glass door.

"What kind of problem?"

The Calvin being a p***y

kind. He wants you to give up the rights to the house and the cars,"

"No, I mean I don't care about the house, but those cars were my mate's and I'm not letting him keep them,"

"What kind of cars are they?"

"Classics. Darren liked to build s**t. There are two nineteen sixty-seven Shelby Gts. A custom nineteen sixty-five Impala. A nineteen sixty-four Jeep Gladiator and my nineteen sixty-nine bug

"D***n," he nods. How much is the house worth?"

"I don't know. Like eight hundred K. It's a very big house. He wanted a big family."

"Jesus. The kid had everything figured out for his age,"

“That was Darren. Wanted to be the Beta of Red Wood and CEO by the time he was twenty-one,” I clear my throat. “I don’t care about the house. But I want my

We might have to go in person to get them. Finish getting ready. Your clothes are on the counter,” he says and walks away.

My skin aches from how hard I scrubbed myself. As I’m drying myself up, I notice something weird about my skin. I turn on all of the lights to see that I glisten like him.

“What the f***?” I grow and go to the mirror.

I stare back at my reflection in horror. I lean in to see my eyes have changed. They’re not dark brown anymore. They’re a dark amethyst with hints of brown and gold. Not just that, my skin is flawless. There’s not a single scar or pimple blemish. Just the soft freckles I’ve gotten from being in the sun so much.

Don’t get me wrong, it’s pretty. The only flaws are the gorgon scars, but everything else is gone. I tuck my short hair behind. my car to see his mark on the left side. The bite is deep and there’s an elegant soft lavender design around it. It covers my entire shoulder and goes up to my jawline and behind my ear. I reach for Darren’s mark. It’s small compared to the King’s. It’s faded over the past five years and I no longer feel anything when I press down on it. I can’t even think about doing that to the other one.

I used to press it all the time to p** him off. To distract him throughout the day. He’d come home practically tearing my clothes off cursing me for making him go about this day with a raging bo***r.

I’m sorry,” I whisper leaving my hand there.

It surprises me that no tears come. Something’s changed. My thoughts while they have the usual ba to them, they don’t hurt. I don’t feel the weight of them. They just sit there as the cold hard truth. Acceptance. This is coming from the King He’s accepted that she’s gone. It’s something I never wanted to believe. Even after all this time, I refused to let go.