

Wolf Bait Novel Chapter 15

Perry

After breakfast, the King takes me down to a garage. I laugh as he takes a key fob from the wall where there are dozens of them. I used to think that Darren was pretentious when it came to his s***d cars but it turns out that, that was nothing compared to this man.

The garage is massive it's an entire sublevel of the castle. The whole floor plan is just decorated with luxury cars that have probably only ever been driven once. There's a man standing guard and another polishing a car. We stop in front of a red one that looks like something out of a Hot Wheels package. I don't even know what this is. It looks fake if I'm being honest.

"Other side," he says when I approach the car. "That's the driver's side,"

"How foreign." I say and go around. He grins and presses a button that pops the doors open. It opens upward and the seat slides back as the lights inside come to life. Holy shit,"

"I just got this one," he says and gets in. "Come on. It's a long drive. I want to see how much time we can cut from the four hours."

I take a deep breath and get in. He reaches over and has me slip into the straps before he buckles me into the seat like a toddler being strapped into a car seat. I'm not kidding. That's what it feels like to be in this chair. The doors come down and the car purrs to life. It sounds like a **n*

"Wow, you just couldn't wait to rub this in my face, huh? After the whole Darren* liked classics thing."

"I don't know what you're talking about," he grins and pulls out of the spot. We move toward the darkness ahead and I can't help but look at all the pretty cars out there.

"Have you driven all of them?"

"Yes, but they're not all mine. Every Lycan that has one parks their cars in here. We don't have use for them in town. So, they're stored here for safekeeping. Your classics will be safe. I promise,"

"I believe you."

When we reach the end of the garage, a massive industrial door opens up revealing the daylight. A little scream comes out of me when he hits the gas and then shifts gears. I hold onto my seat as he just goes faster and faster when he hits the road.

"You don't like going fast?" he asks turning his head to look at me

"Please, don't take your f****g eyes off the road. You're going like a hundred,"

"One twenty," he laughs. "Even if we were to crash, we wouldn't die."

"You know what? You're going one twenty, I seriously doubt we'd survive crashing. But you do you, I shake my hands out and reach for my phone.

"You have a phone?" he suddenly asks and I feel trapped. More than I had when he strapped me in

"Yeah," I say skeptically. "Am I not allowed?"

"I don't care. I just didn't know you had one. The mind trick you did. Isn't that enough for you guys?"

"I didn't always deal with pack members," I say opening up my emails. "Vampires love their money and they like me. We're going to have to introduce you to some for your financial problems,"

"Mmm, granted our history. I don't think that's a good idea," he says.

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"Says the guy who didn't believe in vampires a couple of hours ago, I laugh.

"F***k off, Perry," he growls playfully.

"These are new-gen vamps. A lot of them are our age and they're barely climbing their ranks. They're intelligent and driven. More like bloodthirsty,"

"Our age?" he asks with a smirk pulling at his lips like he knows something I don't.

"You're not that much older than me, are you? How old are you!"

"Thirty-four."

"What the f**k?" I laugh. He grins. "You don't look that old,"

"Lycan. We outlive wolves by centuries,"

"What?" I laugh and my s***d mouth falls open. "Seriously?"

"Yeah, most of us die because we kill each other. Aggressive and unstable, remember?"

"Note to self." I nod

"It extends to you now. Just so you know. You're not as strong a**, but your life is tied to mine."

"Quite the four days, huh?" I tease making him laugh.

"**h," he shakes his head.

"I have very many questions, I say scrolling through my emails

The vamps are wondering where the f*** I went and they're pi**d that Calvin sold me to the Lycans. I reply to some of the, emails to reassure them that I'm fine and that I will be propositioning new business soon. I'm not sure what I'm working with yet and I might have to transfer my investments to him to get them to trust him. The alpha of Slick Rock is just as upset. I've worked with him a few times and his mate is a good friend.

"I imagine you do. Ask whatever you want," he says when I finish my reply.

"Your castle is a fortress. How the***k does your brother keep slipping in?"

"He's still the second prince," he says like the answer is that simple.

"He murdered your father, I look over at him with disbelief. "And your mate."

"It happens," he shrugs. "It's in our nature,"

"So, if he wanted to come in with an AK to shoot up the place no one would stop him?"

"Of course, they would. You've met him. Does he look like the kind of person who has a plan? I don't think he planned to do what he did. James is an alpha. One of our strongest. When I went to England for training, he was the acting Alpha in Clifion Way. He trained under my father.

Lycans don't often find their fated mates. It's very rare. My parents weren't fated. It was an arranged marriage. My grandfather was a duke and my dad was a pretty good person for the most part.

James used to be a good kid. He's your age. We were really close but fighting the bond of a fated is impossible. He and Eve had just gotten married. They were waiting for me to come home so he could mark her and make her part of the pack officially

"When I told him, he asked use to reject her. Eve was standing outside the door and it upset her. She attacked him and for a female to attack her potential mate, it's considered betrayal. We don't take threats or backstabbing well.

“He reacted and he broke her jaw. I tried to stay away from her at first, but my every instinct was to go to her. Especially because she was hurt. When I saw her again, her face was bruised so badly and I marked her, he shifts gears and takes a deep. breath. “I hated myself for what I did, but he hated me more.”

Considering how he’s reacted to everything about me since meeting, I see how very little self-control he has over his beast’s natural instincts as a mate. Not to mention that the bond is exactly as he describes it. I never once considered fighting it. I know Darren didn’t either. But there was never anyone else.

we were

F***k, I don’t know what I would have done if there were. I know myself well and I’m very possessive. Even mated, I think I always considered Darren to be mine. My friend My rival. My everything. Those instincts oy became stronger once we were mated. A lot stronger.