

Wolf Bait Novel Chapter 19

"You have a lot of things. Silas says when I open my door the next morning,

"I do, I agree.

Would you like to have another bonfire or are you attached to these things?" he asks.

"What?" the King calls out from his room. The door is still broken, but after the day we had, we needed some separation time. "Why are you up this early!"

"Some of us work, Sir, he answers. "Early in the morning."

"There was a pause," I point at him.

"There's was no pause," he denies it immediately.

"There was definitely a pause, the King growls from his room.

"There was no pause when you denied it and there was a ***p in your pulse when you said there was no pause. There was an iny-bitty panse between sir and early in the morning. Sir, should have been after early in the morning."

He stares at me for the longest time.

You still there?" the King asks.

"We're still here," I laugh..

"Then there's the fact that you offered to burn all her shit," he adds.

"Good Mother Moon, there are two of you now," he groans

"Is that your version of Oh, my god? I love that, I am praying to your god now and using her name in vain,"

"Goddess and please don't do that. That's vile,"

"Okay, how dare you assume her gender, Silas. The term God refers to a deity. Not a man or a woman. A celestial being not something to fuck," I glare at him..

"I" he glances back at the dark doorway quickly and then back at me.

Just kidding, but I am going to use your Good Mother Moon saying. It's pretty. Let me get dressed and I'll pick what I want to keep before we start working on that fire," I give his arm a soft tap.

“Okay,” he nods rapidly and takes a step back.

“That was beautiful,” the King calls out.

“Are you sure you’re not insecure?”

“Are you sure you are?” he laughs.

“Yes,”

“All I see is pessimism, Paramore,

“You know, for someone calling me an emo, you do have an extensive arsenal of references,”

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III

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“My sister is sixteen and has an emotionally unavailable mother and two psychotic brothers. Can you ask her to shut that shit off?” he scrolls.

“You did therapy?”

“He’s been in therapy since he was fourteen. He was addicted to Witch Hazel,”

“What? How? What do you do with that?” isn’t that for cooking and witchcraft?

“You f***k it. Hazel was a woman. My first babysitter. She was twenty-two, the King answers. “And a witch. I’m up you for waking me up at six-fifteen. For the record, it wasn’t easy to get her,”

“I think he needs a different therapist,” I whisper.

“I can still hear you.”

“Maybe we shouldn’t get him one at all. That poor therapist is probably on different antidepressants”

now. Thank

The two of them laugh as I go back into the room to get ready for the day at six-fifteen in the morning. Way the tuck was he here at six-fifteen in the morning? That's wild. I can't remember the last time I was awake at this hour on purpose. There's a knock on my door before I get to the bathroom. I walk back to see Silas holding a pile of clothes,

"Oh, you're where those come from, I take them.

No, we have someone. She has other deliveries, he shakes his head.

You're lying, I say skeptically

"Nope," the King says from his doorway holding a hanger covered with a clothes protector

There's no clothes in the closet?"

"There is no closet,"

"What happened to the cute top I was wearing yesterday? I loved that,"

"Washed and donated to one of various charities. We have some of the best designers in the world working for us."

"You lied to me?" I ask looking up at the King. "About going broke?"

"No," they both answer.

"How is all of this paid for?"

"You know Lycans are a race, right? Just like every other being on earth. There are millions of us,"

"Holy s***t, your family is going broke on top of you losing the respect of the people?"

"Ding-ding." Silas sighs.

"I can't take over the company until I'm King," the King holds up his suit. "My mom is trying and I've been doing what I can. All the accounts are frozen and the board has control of it all. The company pays for all of this and there is nothing I can do to stop them. The council's orders,"

"You're the King

"I know. I've been pushing my allowance, but it's not enough,"

"You just bought a new car,"

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“Gift, they both say

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“People see this guy in that thing and they buy them in different colors,” Silas explains. “The people on TikTok call them influencers. We call them socialites,”

“What? Seriously?”

“New Money reactions are my favorite the King grins. “I though you went to private schools,”

“We did. Based on actual academic recruitntent, not money,”

“Ouch.” Silas laughs.

“Your mate was loaded, he shakes his head.

“Not until after we had graduated the academy and he was recruited by 1ycan Tech. Jacob was in a shit ton of debt and Dare paid for it afterward. Jake bet on team Phurry and won: Before the house, you saw. They lived in a two- in Midtown,”

“Where did you live?”

“In Midtown with Morgan and her family. They’re still alive,”

“Why did Jacob pay for your academy tuition?”

ty sure he was f***g my mom before she slipped in the shower with a razor in her hand,

Im pretty:

“What?” Silas asks worriedly.

“Yeah, I know. Jake’s a lil **. Hide your moms

“You’ve got to be f***g kidding me,” the King growls.

Not insecure, my a*** I shut the door and head back to the bathroom.

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I wonder if S**s's mom is as pretty as he is. His glisten is gold in the sunlight. Alegra is a beautiful woman. A real-life ice duchess. Her blonde hair is just shy of being brilliant white. Her alabaster skin is otherworldly. I bet if she stood still with her eyes closed she'd look like a mannequin.

I wonder where her kids get the darker shades and the purple in their eyes. Alegra's eyes are a very pretty shade of pale turquoise. I bet they look really cool when her eyes flare. It was kind of scary when Andromeda did it. The Lynn Kingdom is intense and unrealistic to me

That's hilarious, I'm probably spending my money wrong. Not only am I bitter and alone but basic as f***k too. I really devoted my life to f***g with my superiors for the past five years. Turns out Dr. M*a**a was right. I am the problem

Why are you smiling like that?" I look up to find Andromeda standing in the middle of my bedroom.

"You wouldn't get it," I shrug.

"Because I'm a kid?

Do you have the same therapist your brother does?"

"Yeah, we go as a family, she nods.

"That's why I laugh. That poor doctor. "Is evil brother invited to this?"

"No," she shakes her head.

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"Please, Joney, Help fine Mam asked me what if she got a paperit, she begs him.

"Fine. I'll help," he agrees. Tll pick up a kit before I get you from school. Start researching."

"I love you," she jumps on him and kisses his cheek. "Thanks, little wolf,

"You're welcome," I smile at him

I can't believe you scrapbook. I need to see that," she spins around and immediately starts tapping away at a phone.

"It's a coping mechanism I picked up in therapy

"This just gets funnier, Jonas, she calls back.

"I am going to end you," he growls at me.

"That's the idea," I smile. "Bonfire?"

"Yes," Silas nods. "I took the liberty to summon your father-in-law so he too can pick what he likes.

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"Why do you talk like- and I mean no offense. I just think you're doing a bit. You weren't doing that when we met. Why do you talk like a butler from before Abraham Lincoln?"

"Oh, shit," the King laughs. "She said you talk like a slave, man,"

"It's proper etiquette. Silas rolls his eyes. "I was scolded for speaking to you so informally,"

"Well, I think it isn't fair you have to speak to me like that. I've used the word irregardless and it's not a real word."

"It's not the King asks.

"Nope. I think people mistake it for responsible and irresponsible. It's not a word. You knew that, right, Sigh

"Yes, ma'am,"

"Oh, I didn't like that. Please, factory reset back to the regular you,"

"Aight," he smiles.

"Who told you to speak to me weird?"

"My mother," the King answers.

"We'll speak properly in front of her," I add as the three of us get into the elevator.

"Try to wrap it up before breakfast, little wolf. I'll see you in a couple of hours, the King pats my head when the elevator dings.