

Wolf Bait Novel Chapter 22

"Did you watch these movies with Darren?"

"No, Darren thought watching TV was a waste of time. I watched movies with Morgan when Calvin rejected her. We spent that first Summer locked in her room watching every Disney Princess movie on the app on her laptop and eating junk food. They also have the best selection of Shark Week documentaries,

"You like sharks?"

"I love sharks. Like a st***d amount for someone who isn't a Marine Biologist. When I'm super drunk I watch the ones where poachers cut their fins off and throw them back to let them die and cry for hours. It's probably as pathetic as your scrapbooking."

"You should scrapbook about sharks while we watch shark documentaries. Since you're so keen on death. I'd like to keep something of yours that is ours," he leans back against the sofa behind him. "Taking a page out of your book, everything else I'm going to burn. Starting with those sneakers. I don't know why you liked them. I can't believe a store in my village had them,"

"You're going to miss me?" I laugh.

"I going to miss having a vicious pet around. I might replace you with a Doberman,"

"You gonna f***k that one too?" I glare at him.

"Gross," Andromeda's voice echoes from somewhere. "Mom told me to come get you guys for dinner,"

"My sister has the worst f***g timing, he groans. "We'll continue this conversation in my room. I got a new door,"

"Why not mine?"

"I am not f***g you in the same room you keep your mate, Sicko," he shoves my head and stands up. "We should bring you to therapy on Saturdays,"

"Only if you give me a heads up so I can take my urn to his dad's for a visit,"

I listen to Andromeda tell the King about her incredibly mundane day at school. They're amazingly close. She reminds me a little of Mackenzie and I find myself missing her for the first time in a while. If she were here, she'd be laughing at my situation. If she had been around, the alphas would already probably be dead. If I can bend my morality to get s** done- nah. I doubt Mack even knows what morals are anymore. I could use her right about now. Even if it's just for her to rip me a new one in a way only a Phurry can.

I tune everyone out as I try to piece everything together in the back of my head. Lycan blood sells on the black market for top dollar. Dozens of people would do anything they can to get their hands on it. To have a live specimen would be the science freaks wettest dream. I can think of a couple of vampires who might want one or two.

The King doesn't have to know what happens to the victim after we catch one, but James does. He fucked with the Lycan King and now the King has me. It's time we teach him a very valuable lesson. One I was taught at a very young age. Don't ***k with the nice one. They probably have an unhinge sibling, mate, or pet f***g werewolf they bought for two hundred thousand regular American dollars. F**k Calvin and his entire bloodline. I'm worth at least two hundred thousand Paw Coins. I almost have a master's and I've got a sick-a***bank account. Well, I used to. I gave it to the King.

"You stare off into space a lot, Alegra says. When my attention shaps to her I realize that it's just the two of us sitting here. I was done eating a long time ago. I just didn't want to be the first one to leave. "What are you thinking about so hard?"

"Extortion, kidnapping, illegal supernatural trafficking, and murder,"

"In that order?" she grins.

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"No, it varies according to the plan,"

"Do tell."

I can't without hurting your feelings, I admit.

"My son likes you," she changes the subject.

I rather hurt her feelings and then sing Let It Go or Do You Want to Build a Snowman than talk about that. Of course, he likes me. I'm hot as tuck, reckless, insanely smart, and I don't mind ripping someone's throat out. He's a**g prince for crying out loud. The guy literally lives under a rock.

"Only because I do as he asks," I say taking a drink of whatever juice fusion was served tonight. Jonas wouldn't like the real Perry. He couldn't handle it.

"I think you two make a good team."

"Me too. I won't deny you that,"

"It's going to ruin him if you make him kill you,"

"That's a you problem for the future, I shrug. "You might want to schedule more therapy,

"Why not just do it yourself?"

"No one suffers if I do,

"Is that what you want? To make people suffer?"

"More than anything."

"I don't understand why," she sighs.

"That's a good thing. Ally,"

"I could lose both my sons to you,"

"You could lose one son, I correct her. "Some might say you lost him the day he met she who shall not be named in your presence,"

"I rather lose neither,"

"We both know that's no longer an option,"

Then it happens. This poor woman shows me her sparkly glowing eyes as tears swell in them making them that much more beautiful. I never had the honor of seeing my mother cry and it feels like a crime being present to this Queen's shame. She sits back looking up fighting a losing battle.

"If he can't kill you. I certainly will," she whispers without looking at me.

"I'd be honored to die by your hand, my Queen," I stand up and bow to the best of my ability. So she knows I mean it "Dinner was delicious as always."

Not wanting to insult her any more than I already have, I go up to my room. After a hot shower, I get on my bed and start browsing through Darren's old coding programs to set up my laptop for what my mate used to call the "you don't need to know stuff

I jump when one of my shoes falls off the top of the pile on the coffee table and hits the alarm clock on the floor in front of it. Doin' Time by Lana Del Rey starts to play and I contemplate getting up to turn it off but it's been a long time since I've listened to music. Any song could have been playing and it's that one.

Deciding to take a break from all this, I get up to clean up a little. My things are all over and I hate it. I pick up the shoe on the floor and a USB falls out of it. I stare at it for a

moment and pick it up. It's just a regular little USB keychain. The front of it has a picture of a snake. I take it back to the bed and plug it into my laptop.

"No."

I try to stop the program from running but it's too late. A better option would have been to take it out. ***it, I'm going to need a new laptop if this fries my computer. I watch as everything loads and then stops. The screen goes blank and a small neon green window labeled password pops up in the center.

"You want to help me out here, Cripsy? I glance over at the urn sitting on my bedside table. "Password. Okay, let's try the usual. Yellowleverphurry leva, access denied. "No? PhurryOriginal01"

The screen blinks and several windows come up. I read through some of them and look over at the urn. I feel an incredibly strong wave of guilt punch me in the stomach.

"There is no f**g way you just did that for me, Crispy," I whisper.

"Who are you talking to?"

I scream looking up at the doorway to see the King leaning on the door frame. The door is wide open. It was locked. I feel like I just got caught cheating. The question right now is who? Right? I look between the urn and the King officially freaked

out.

You are not going to believe what just happened," I say standing up to get away from the urn. "He did something evil from beyond the grave,

"What?" he laughs. "It's kind of sad that you talk to it,"

"Okay, I was just sitting here trying to get a good untraceable program to deep research s***t on the D-Dub and my shoe fell

I go over to it and pick my shoe up. "Onto this alarm clock and you'll never guess what was playing?"

"Hold On Til May?"

"Close, Doin Time by Lana Del Rey."

"That's not even a little bit close, Perry," he grins.

"It was one of Darren's favorite songs to play when he was in the zone on the computers. Anyway, I got up to pick up the shoe and this USB fell out of it. I plugged it in and it's his program for antique trading on the black market.

"He had these friends from England that he used to steal s**t with when we were kids and they would sell them on these sights to people who would pay a lot of money for some of this stuff, I go over to one of the briefcases and pop it open. I raise this ugly demon carving collectible he decided he never wanted to trade. "S***t like this,"

"Do you know what that is?" he asks coming over to me. He takes it out of my hand.

"Ugly." I answer.

"This is a mint condition Mayan Lycan figurine. This goes back almost three thousand years. You're just carrying it around in a f***g suitcase. This suitcase was sitting out in the courtyard for like three days. Do you know how much this is worth?"

"No,"

"Of course, not. This is wasted on her, evil mate spirit," he shouts holding up the demon.
"What do you want to find in the dark web?"