

P.S. You're My Mate Preface

GRACE

I still remember the day I found my mate. The way he smelt was as fresh as the forest floor. The way his sandy blonde hair

was always tied in a man bun. His blue eyes sparkled like the ripples in the ocean catching the glare of the sun. He was a

pack warrior, his years of fighting took their toll on him, leaving him with a slightly crooked nose and a red scar that

decorated his left cheek. The scar never healed thanks to the silver used to create it.

He was pure muscle, hard, and perfect. His 6'3 height towered over my 5'2 but it was perfect. We fitted perfectly

together. We shared so many likes and we shared the same dislikes which made it so much easier for us to get along. It

was a bonus that we belonged to the same pack: Silver Dawn.

The day I turned sixteen was my first shift. Carter Dell was in charge of me that day. At the age of twenty, he was losing

hope in finding his mate. You see, werewolves are meant to find their mates at the age of eighteen unless their mates are

dead or were like me, unshifted.

The moment I shifted, I could feel my wolf restless in my head. She screamed at me, clawed at my mind. His forest scent was the first thing I noticed, making my wolf howl in anticipation and then our eyes met and everything else was history.

Until...

An army of rogues had teamed up with hunters. They attacked our borders and as a pack warrior, Carter had to go

protect his pack; i.e. putting his life on the line. I followed him that day because I was trained in combat skills and was

pretty good at fighting. The pack needed all the help it could get so many wolves who weren't labeled as the pack

warriors stood up that day. Many also died.

Including my mate, Carter Dell.

I had shifted into my chocolate brown wolf which had a snow-white underbelly and was fighting against two rogues. In

the process, I hadn't noticed a hunter pointing a rifle at me loaded with silver bullets. All I heard was the sound of the rifle

going off, the vibrations flowing through the forest floor, up to my paws, and straight to my heart.

His howl made me whip my head to the side and I found his wolf lying limply on the ground in agony. I realized that he took a bullet for me and saved my life but the price was having to let him go. He died in my arms and I cried till thy kingdom come because the pain I felt was excruciating. However, something strange happened... Usually when a mate dies, the other soon dies afterward. Their wolf is the first to go, shrinking back and becoming nonexistent because of the pain and then the human form finally gives in to the depression and heartache - but that didn't happen to me. My wolf never died, my physical form ached but somehow managed to get through it all and began living my life again but just as I was getting used to having no one to call my own, he came into my life. With his cynical smiles, sultry voice, dazzling honey orbs, chocolate brown locks, and a personality that wreaked with what a jerk he was. He contained every single quality I hated. I couldn't understand why he couldn't just leave me alone. Without even trying he managed to piss me off. All I wanted was to punch his handsome face in and break that pretty

straight nose of his.

But I knew better than to do that. I would have rejected him but I wasn't sure if my wolf was ready for that, for the pain.

She had just recovered to be thrown in the deep end yet again. Unfortunately for both my wolf and me, the pull to the

jerk was so difficult to resist because a mate bond was made to be irresistible. Whether you like it or not, whether you're

ready or not, once you found your mate there would be no going back. Rejecting a mate meant killing that person's wolf

and your wolf. With no wolf, you would be human.

That prospect didn't sound so bad but I refused to let go of my wolf which meant I had to put up with his antics until I

found another way out of the predicament I found myself in. I vowed to never drink again because all of this began from

one stupid drunken night where I got hammered and went home with someone I thought I would never see again.

Because fate loved bringing drama my way, I ended up waking up that morning and realized that that stranger would be

someone I would possibly be seeing for longer than I anticipated.

All because he somehow thought I was his mate!

P.S. You're My Mate Preface has been updated and read online for free on. Novel series P.S. You're My Mate Preface has come to the best content of the series. At Preface, author Kylie. G, although he has the formula of a talented writer, has blown his soul into a lively male and female protagonist. At the Preface chapter We are totally waiting for a great, great content. Read and download the free PDF story P.S. You're My Mate Preface here.