

P.S. You're My Mate Chapter 01

GRACE

Let's get one thing straight when I say I hate something I mean it and I will never do it. However, if my dumbass best

friend: Monica Steerling happened to be involved, then suddenly you'll find me doing things I wouldn't normally do;

things that were completely out of my character — like coming to this human nightclub and allowing her to gorge more

than a gallon of alcohol.

Unfortunately, that was what it took for her to feel the slightest bit tipsy and she planned on getting hammered, so once

she began ordering drinks, they just kept coming with no end in sight. She made sure that I drank too, knowing that the

effects wouldn't last that long so we could easily make it back home. Either way, if a human tried to touch us, our wolves

would take over and it would be 'bye-bye human'.

One of the many perks to being a werewolf if you had to ask me.

We healed rapidly, our senses were heightened, we were fast and completely agile, we were strong with only a few things

that could truly harm us, and we had a long life span; our youthful years lasting far longer than the average human.

At twenty-five, I could easily pass for a sixteen-year-old, and where that may have been good in some cases, in most it wasn't. Getting into this club was a pain in the behind because they didn't believe that my ID was real. Being extremely

short for a werewolf also played its part.

The music blared from the speakers, its vibration combined with the jumping and dancing of everyone in the area caused

the floor to vibrate beneath my feet. I hated these places because, as a werewolf with a great sense of smell, I could get

the foul odor of the sweaty people grinding and groping each other. There was the potent scent of alcohol lingering in

the air as well but that wasn't what made my stomach curl and twist into knots. It was the stench of every hormonal

human that was aroused and stuffed into this small, confined place that made me want to hurl.

"Whoa...." Monica yelped, nearly tripping on her own feet and planting a wet kiss on the disgusting floor. She managed

to grab ahold of the bar in time though, steadying herself before ordering another round of tequila shots.

"Mono, you've had enough to drink," I slurred. She had been pumping me with alcohol from the time we entered so I

wasn't surprised. Unlike her, I was a quiet drunk that just sat and minded my own business.

She, on the other hand, became louder and difficult to deal with.

"Don't," she paused, holding a finger to my face, "call me that. You make me sound like some sort of STI." I snickered. It did sound like an STI but I had called her that since kindergarten and nothing was about to stop me now,

"Nope, MONO!" I yelled her name on purpose which caused the cute bartender to shake his head and laugh.

"Grace Savannah Evans, don't make me give you a wedgie!" Her lips tilted into a sloppy smile. My best friend was

officially completely hammered.

The bartender placed our shots in front of us and within a second we downed them as if they were water. We didn't even

need the slices of lemon that he handed us.

"Don't look now but that guy has been staring at you the entire night," Monica slurred into my ear, gesturing to someone

behind me, "It's like no matter where he stands, his eyes just fall on you."

I giggled — blame the alcohol, "And how would you know that if you weren't eyeballing him the entire night?"

She rolled her beautiful forest green eyes at me, flipping her long jet black hair over her shoulder in a sassy motion, "He's one fine piece of meat, baby. I was thinking of shooting my shot but then, clearly the man is into you."

"You're insa—" I was cut off by the most intriguing smell ever. A smell that lulled out the horrid stench of this place. I

inhaled deeply, relishing it. It reminded me of the salty air that kissed your face the moment you stepped foot onto the

beach.

"Gracey, baby?" Monica sang, snapping her fingers in front of me, "Come on, snap out of it," she said a little harsher but

her voice had dropped to a whisper. Nudging me with her elbow, she continued, "Mister tall, tanned, and mouthwatering

is standing behind you."

I could feel the buzz of that tequila shot finally setting it. It was that extra push I needed to be completely clobbered.

Wobbling slightly, I turned around and was met with the most divine-looking man I had seen all night.

He stood tall with broad shoulders and a toned body. The gray t-shirt he wore fitted him too perfectly, it seemed like his biceps would rip the seams. My eyes drifted lower, finding him in black skinny jeans that were quite snug and a pair of biker boots.

"Eyes up here, sweet cheeks," he cooed in a low voice that almost sounded way too sensual for him to be using on me.

I chose to ignore whatever corny name he decided to call me due to the embarrassment of being caught ogling him.

Monica was right, he did look like one fine piece of meat. A wave of heat drowned me, my cheeks probably tinting a

shade of pink that my blush was sure to cover up. The wonders of makeup.

My eyes fell to my feet but that was short-lived when the man hooked a finger under my chin. The little contact made my

skin tingle but I ignored it thinking it must have been the alcohol messing with my brain. Then he picked my head up and

I felt my breath hitch in my throat.

His deep brown eyes made me feel like I was drowning in sweet, sweet honey. He had an anchoring stare that was

difficult to pull away from but I did so so my eyes could take in his facial features. There were faint freckles that decorated

his high cheekbones and there was a slight stubble coating his strong jaw. His perfectly straight nose made me envious

of how good it looked. Those chocolate brown locks of his were styled in a side wave and the only thing on my mind was

how completely and utterly delicious he looked.

I brought my eyes back to his and I could tell that he had been doing the same as me — summing me up — and he must

have liked what he saw because his defined pink lips curled into a smirk.

"I'm just going to leave. Do me a favor, take this hunk home, and fuck his brains out for me. You need to have fun, Gracey

baby," Monica said through our mind link.

I resisted the urge to turn around and glare at her because I knew she would have probably been gone by now. Instead, I

shut off the mind link from me to the rest of the pack, putting up a mental blockage so no one could interfere with me

for the rest of the night.

"Can I get the lovely lady a drink?" He spoke with a sultry tone that had my core tightening. It usually took a lot more

than a man's voice to affect me but then again, when you were in the presence of someone God-like, your hormones are bound to get excited.

I nodded my head and the next thing I knew, a martini was being placed in my hand and a scotch in his. I knew having more to drink would just impair my judgment further but how could I tell the man no? It felt like I had forgotten how to use the word.

"What's on your mind there, sweet cheeks?" He asked, sipping his drink.

I scowled but I could tell he wasn't taking me seriously by the way his lips split into a Goddamn perfect pearly white

smile, "That sounds corny. Does that name work on the rest of these girls?" I ran my index finger of my left hand slowly

down his collar bone, down his hard chest, across the plains of his abdominal muscles, and stopped directly above his

belt buckle which hung dangerously low.

I knew I was setting myself up for trouble but Monica was right, I needed to have fun. I needed to live a little.

There was

no way I could take him home with me because no one other than pack members were allowed on our lands but I had an

apartment a block away. It was a place I used to get away from everything and that would just have to do. His adam's apple bobbed and I swear I saw his eyes shift from a startling purple to its honey brown color again but I ignored it. It must have been one of the many lights in the club reflecting off his eyes. There was no such thing as purple eyes, not even in the werewolf world.

"Look princess, you should stop before we both end up doing something we will regret in the morning," his tone was no

longer seductive. It held so much authority and for some reason that had my legs trembling.

"Oh handsome, I think I know what I'm doing. Don't be a spoilt sport," the words that tumbled out of my mouth surprised even me but surprisingly enough, I didn't feel bad for it. My wolf wasn't even objecting.

There was a low growl that reverberated in his chest,

"Are you sure you know what you want, princess?

Because you

might not like the outcome."

I licked my lips, his eyes followed my tongues movements, "Why don't you kiss me and find out?"

"Do you want me to kiss you?"

"Why? If I say no, would you not?"

He shook his head, "I won't take advantage of a drunk girl," in his eyes I could see a greater conflict though.

"What if that drunk girl wants it?"

"It's the alcohol talking."

I rolled my eyes and I watched as his facial features hardened. Swinging my arms over his shoulders and standing on the

tips of my toes, I realized I still didn't meet his height.

Not even with my six-inch pumps on. Growing frustrated, I pulled

him down so that his lips would land smack bang on top of mine.

He tried riggling out of my hold but I was persistent and eventually, he began moving his lips with mine. They were soft

and plump against my own and moved so wonderfully.

Every part of my body felt as if it were on fire especially when he

snaked his arms around me, bringing me impossibly closer.

A growl left his lips as he ran his tongue over my bottom lip. I permitted him to explore my mouth, the scotch taste

mixed with mint that leaked of him becoming my new favorite flavor. I pulled away slightly to catch my breath and was

satisfied to know that I wasn't the only one panting for air.

Taking one look into his swirling honey eyes I knew I was in for a world of trouble tonight and for once I simply didn't

care.

The P.S. You're My Mate Kylie. G Chapter 01 series has been updated with many new details. Parallel to that personality trait is the mood of a person who loves life, loves life, wants to escape from a dark and tragic life situation. In chapter P.S. You're My Mate Chapter 01 has clearly shown. It can be said, P.S. You're My Mate novel Chapter 01 is the most readable chapter of this P.S. You're My Mate series.