

P.S. You're My Mate Chapter 02

GRACE

Werewolves have really quick recovery times. With that being said, suffering from a hangover was nearly impossible if all

we drank was human liquor. But as my eyes fluttered open and I began perching myself up, an undeniable throbbing

headache attacked my head. If I didn't know better, I would have thought my brain had shifted, probably turned upside

down for all I knew.

I waited for the slight disorientation to fade away before finally taking in my surroundings. My memory felt fuzzy and I

suspected that Monica must have spiked one of my drinks last night to help me loosen up. Certain supernatural

substances managed to get us werewolves high. I didn't know much about them but Monica was a raging party animal

who had tried just about everything for the fun of it.

Looking around, I realized I was in my bedroom — the one in the apartment I owned outside the pack. I hadn't gotten

around to decorating the place so the entire room was set with its original white walls and modern decorative pieces. The

silver and white curtains were closed, bathing the room in darkness.

Groaning, I reached for my phone on the bedside pedestal to check the time. It was a little past eight in the morning. I

sighed, trying to remember the happenings of last night. Everything felt so vague, coming to me in images that would

flash in my head and then abruptly change. One thing I did remember though: I came home with a man and I did

something I usually would never do; I slept with him. His scent that I associated with that salty sea breeze still lingered in the room and was all over my bed and even me. It

was comforting for some odd reason — made me feel like whatever we did last night wasn't so completely wrong. I

heaved a sigh before tossing the covers off me and trudging into the bathroom. Unfortunately, not even a long shower

scrubbing my skin with rose-scented shower gel could take that man's overpowering scent off me.

Finally having enough of the shower, I exited, dried myself off, and slipped into a tank top and shorts. It didn't matter

how cold it got, werewolves were always nice and toasty. After running a brush through my wet hair, I let it air dry and

decided to check my phone for missed calls or texts.
And that's when I saw it...

A little pink sticky note stuck onto the bedside lamp.
The writing was exquisite; neat and beautiful especially
compared to
my writing that could pass off as a doctor's scribbling.

The note read:

'Good morning sweet cheeks...

Sorry, I'm leaving so early. I have an important meeting
to get to but trust me, we will see each other very soon.

I'm sorry

about last night. I'd like a do-over.

Until then,

S. Wilde

P.S. You're my mate.'

My brain kept repeating those last words that were
mentioned out of nowhere.

P.S. You're my mate.

They echoed in my head, dulling everything out. There
was a throbbing pain that set in; it felt like someone
took a metal

baseball bat and began rapidly bashing my head in,
leaving me no recovery period in between blows.

Mate?

No, that was impossible. Should be impossible. All
those years ago I saw my mate die in front of my very
eyes. He died in

my arms. I felt the pain from losing him. I felt a piece of my heart break away the day we buried him. Carter was my mate.

I felt everything I should have felt when someone met their mate for the first time and our bond felt like a string

tethering both our hearts together.

My mate died. This stranger, no matter how handsome he looked or how good he smelt, was not my mate and will never

be my mate. I crumpled the note in my hand and tossed it across the room. Taking the mental block out, I mind linked

Monica to come over, desperately needing to talk to her.

Not even half an hour later we were sitting on the couch with mugs of coffee in hand. She had uncrumpled the note and had it laid out onto the coffee table.

"Maybe you just need to take a chill pill and think this through properly," Monica suggested, hiding her face behind the coffee mug she had in her hands.

I glared at her, "I think I've had enough of your pills thank you very much."

"Damn, let it go already, baby. I've already apologized and I'd do it again if I had to because you need to loosen up a bit."

"Yeah, loosen up. See where loosening up got me, Mono. This creep suddenly thinks he's my mate. I didn't even realize that he was a werewolf, that's how out of it I was," I yelled, taking out some of my anger on my best friend. Luckily, she understood me and allowed me to vent. That was one of the things I loved about her. Although, she did play a part in this whole mess.

"Look, I don't even think your intoxicated state had anything to do with this. It makes sense why he couldn't keep his eyes off you the entire night and..." She trailed off, eyes evaluating me to see if I was about to explode, "if he is your mate, whatever happened was because of the bond." "He's not my mate!" I gritted through clenched teeth, "This is freaking balls. My mate died. That's it. There is nothing more to the story. This man must be delusional and now he knows where I stay."

Monica rolled those forest green eyes of hers, "Relax, just come back to the pack house. Gino missed you last night. Son of a bitch finally found his mate. I'm starting to think I'm never going to find mine. I mean, you've found your second one and I haven't even found my first."

"For the sake of the Moon Goddess, don't even think of calling that man my mate again," I growled but I could feel my wolf whimpering inside me. She was just as mad as me except, she had hope that he was my mate. My wolf wanted to feel connected to another. Me, on the other hand, preferred to stay single.

"Out of everything I just said, that's what you choose to pick on?"

"Yeah, because that's the thing that's bothering me, Mono."

"Geez, okay. You will never have to see the guy again," she grimaced, patting me on my thigh, "Get up, let's go. I'll get

Gino and Cassidy to sort the apartment out and then we're going to sell this place and get you a new one. That way, the guy will never find you, werewolf or not."

"Cassidy?" I asked in confusion. Our pack was big; nearly a thousand wolves but I didn't know anyone by the name of Cassidy.

"She's Gino's mate. Remember, I just told you that the son of a bitch found his mate," she said, running a hand through her jet black locks. She had them curled today, ending just below her bust.

"Oh, how did he find her?" I quizzed, getting up from the couch and heading to the kitchen with Monica flanking my side.

"Last night some members of the Green Forest pack arrived. Alpha Rykes and Alpha Silas want to form a treaty so the two packs can work together or something. I'm hearing that the rogue attacks are starting up again. Those cunts never give it a rest," Monica grumbled.

I had a special hatred for rogues. It was never always that way. I knew they had their reasons for leaving their packs. Not all of them had been isolated for dishonoring their packs like most of them but most of them turn feral from not being in a pack.

Alpha Rykes, the alpha of Silver Dawn; the pack I belonged to, took extra measures to protect our pack after that incident years ago. This treaty with the Green Forest pack must have been one of those extra measures.

"Did you get to see anyone from the Green Forest pack? I mean, beside Cassidy," I mused.

"Nope, why?"

"Because I'm sure they brought a lot of wolves with them. What if one of them is your mate and what if one of them is

that guy from last night. It will be like running from here just to be trapped all over again."

"Well, if one of them is my mate then pull my pants down and smack my ass 'cause I'm going to a new pack," her

ridiculous grin made me smile, "and, Alpha Rykes wouldn't force you to accept this. He will keep you on our land and

order the wolf to leave and you could always reject the guy."

"That could kill his wolf and mine. My wolf survived one traumatic incident, I don't need another," I placed our mugs into

the sink and then made my way to the door to slip on my shoes, "Are we running there or driving?"

"Driving, I brought Gino's jeep because there is no place around here to hide and shift. You picked a wonderful place to

get an apartment, smack bang in the middle of the business district."

"Sometimes it's nice to forget that you're a werewolf and just fit in with humans. It's refreshing," I murmured. She remained silent. Even as we drove out of the city.

The only sound that filled our silence was the EDM music Monica

insisted on listening to at its highest volume. She insisted that the only way to feel the bass was to have it high.

Eventually, we took a sharp right into the forest, following a dirt road that led to our pack. After Carter had died, I moved

into the pack house and began sharing a room with Monica. Gino was Carter's younger brother. He had recently turned eighteen so it made sense that he would find his mate.

"How old is Cassidy?" I found myself asking, turning the music down so she could hear me.

"Sixteen I think," Monica's face scrunched up signifying that she was thinking, "Yeah, she's sixteen. I was pretty groggy

this morning but I remember she said something about just shifting. She's Alpha Silas' youngest sister. He permitted her

to join the trip in the hopes she would find her mate and what do you know, she did."

"Alpha Silas..." I drawled, the name didn't sound familiar at all but I had heard of his pack. They were the largest along the coast of California, situated in Los Angeles whereas we were situated in San Diego.

"Yeah, Alpha Silas. His name sounds so cool, like hot damn!" Monica gushed and I couldn't help the laugh that bubbled out of me.

"His name may sound cool but he could look like a troll with a huge nose, tiny eyes, and a bald head!"

She took a second to glare at me before returning her eyes to the dirt road ahead of us, "Going by what Cassidy looks like, that man must look like a whole meal, baby, and if he wants, I'll be his dessert. He just has to ask nice enough."

I brought my hands up to my ears and shrieked, "Sometimes I wonder why the hell I even know you, Mono!"

She all but laughed as we finally entered our territory. The guards at the pack borders giving us a curt nod as a greeting

as we entered. That was when Monica decided to floor it, driving so fast that each time my ginger hair hit my face it felt

like a whip unleashing its wrath on my skin.

Luckily, it didn't take us too long to reach our destination. I stumbled out of the jeep, making my way up the marble

white steps of the extremely huge white packhouse that would put the white house to shame. The moment I stepped

foot into the house I stilled. The scent of the salty sea breeze invading my nostrils and causing my heart to do unnatural

things in my ribcage.

He was standing with his back turned to me, facing the fleeting staircase that led to the second floor of the mansion

which was a few feet away from the entrance. I watched his back muscles tense, his movement very rigid as he turned to meet my dull blue eyes with his honey orbs. My only thought was:

Dear Moon Goddess, why do you hate me so much?

The P.S. You're My Mate novel series of Kylie. G has updated the latest chapter Chapter 02. At Chapter 02, the male and female characters are still at the peak of their problems. The series P.S. You're My Mate Kylie. G Chapter 02 is a very good novel, attracting readers. In particular, Chapter 02 has brought readers thrilling details. What content will author Kylie. G bring us at Chapter 02. Follow P.S. You're My Mate