

Grace of a Wolf #Chapter 251: Grace: Tell Him to Hurry - Read Grace of a Wolf Chapter 251: Grace: Tell Him to Hurry

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Andrew's eyebrows pinch together as his eyes search my face with an uncomfortable level of intensity. I'd just asked him to take me back to the camper after wasting half an hour sitting in this rundown diner.

"You sure you're done? You sounded like you had a lot to do, but we didn't even do anything in the end."

"Yeah." We did a hell of a lot more than he thinks we did, but I'm the only one who remembers it.

In the end, Ellie hasn't shown up. I'm not sure where she caught our trail before, but maybe she hasn't found us yet.

On the one hand, I'm still worried she's about to appear at any second with her goons.

On the other...

My fingers twitch over my pocket, where my phone rests in silence, along with the strange coin from Jebediah Wulfric's grave. I want to get all this App bullshit done with.

"Okay, then I'll take you back."

Andrew's calm acceptance of the strange situations I've put him through helps relax the tightly wound muscles of my upper back and shoulders, and I flash him a grateful smile. "Thanks."

He throws a few bills onto the table to pay our meager tab. "Don't worry about it. I'm here to help."

I follow Andrew outside, my head down as I type out a quick message to Caeriel. I've sent several, but as usual there's no response.

[GRACE HARPER: Answer me. You're my mentor, right? Aren't you here to help me?]

[CAERIEL: You're alive, aren't you?]

His sudden response comes out of nowhere, sent almost as soon as my message goes through. But before I can respond to the absurd question, my face smashes into something warm and solid. "Ow!"

Andrew's stopped walking.

I sidestep him, bumping into him with my shoulder with grumpy intent. "What the hell, you can't just stop walk..."

There's a black cat sitting on the hood of the sedan, its tail lazily swishing back and forth as it blinks giant golden eyes at us.

"It's a cat," he says, like I don't have two eyeballs with perfectly fine vision. "Since when do cats hang out in pack territory?"

"Since now, I guess?" But my casual words are the antithesis of the strange feeling of wrongness curling up in my chest.

The cat yawns, revealing needle-sharp teeth, before settling into a perfect loaf position. It's clear it has no fear of Andrew, reminding me of two other pets.

I wonder if Dylan's found them yet, and if they're okay.

Damn, I'm such a bad pet owner. I should probably be a little more worried, but it's kind of hard to be super worried when I know they're some strange version of supernatural being with ties to the Divinity App.

I'm sure they're fine.

Still, the kids would be devastated if they never showed up again...

"Shoo," Andrew says half-heartedly, but the animal ignores him, yawning again.

Andrew glances at me sideways. "First that white cat, now this one. You got some kind of affinity for felines I don't know about?"

"No." I shake my head, giving the cat a suspicious side-eye. "Definitely not." But if I have to hazard a guess, it's about as normal of a cat as the white one.

The cat's golden eyes lock with mine, unblinking and intense. My skin prickles with goosebumps and a vague feeling of guilt, like I'm somehow wrong for doubting its identity.

Then, as if deciding we're no longer worth its attention, it suddenly stretches before hopping gracefully off the hood. With a flick of its tail, it darts into the bushes beside the diner's parking lot.

"That thing better get out of the territory if it knows what's good for it. Wolves and cats don't mix," Andrew says, clearly unbothered now that it's no longer on his car.

"Yeah," I mutter, sliding into the passenger seat and wondering if I should be worried.

* * *

I should definitely be worried.

For one, the car doesn't start.

For two, once the car does start, it makes it about two blocks before dying again.

For three, when Andrew had me steer the car to the side of the road as he pushed from behind, I was almost side-swiped by a swerving truck.

It's like someone poured an entire bucket of bad luck onto us, and I don't appreciate it. Still, all of the above could have been ignored if it wasn't for the tiny little fact that the coin in my pocket is now burning hot and exuding a stronger scent than before. I'm not sure what it means, but there's a strange, foreboding feeling creepy-crawling its way over my skin every time I touch it.

Andrew doesn't seem to notice the smell, but it's enough to make me dry heave on the side of the road as he looks under the hood of the car, despite having little to no mechanical knowledge.

His head pops out from staring at the puzzle of the car's engine as he asks bluntly, "Are you pregnant?"

"What? No." You need to have sex to get pregnant, for one.

He doesn't look like he believes me. "Then are you sick?"

"No, I'm not sick. I just smelled something nasty for a minute."

"Nasty?" His nostrils flare as he scents the air. "I can't smell anything."

I slip my hand into my pocket, guiltily fiddling with the coin that's practically searing my fingertips. "It's not a big deal. I just swear I can still smell the grave from here."

Andrew scoffs, but then his gaze goes beyond me as his expression shifts into something inscrutable.

I turn around and find myself staring at the black cat again, this time sitting on the sidewalk barely three feet away. It's watching us with unnerving intensity, tail curled neatly around its paws.

Almost close enough to touch, but somehow I know if I try, it's going to run off. It doesn't give off the friendly demeanor of the white cat.

"Huh. Don't humans consider black cats bad luck?"

"You really think a cat's the reason your car broke down?" I ask dryly, gesturing at his sedan. "No offense, but this thing's older than both of us. Probably has a rusted-out something-or-other."

The cat meows, as if backing me up on my automotive diagnosis.

"It was a joke," Andrew mumbles, turning back to stare at the engine. His hands hover uselessly over various car parts, clearly having no idea what he's looking at. After a minute of this charade, he straightens up. "I have no idea what I'm looking at. We'll have to call someone to tow it, I guess."

A cold finger of unease trails down my spine. The car was fine before time rolled back. Now it's dead on the side of the road, leaving us stranded.

My eyes roam back to the cat, wondering if Andrew's onto something.

No. That would be silly, wouldn't it?

Then again, is anything sillier than humans who can turn into wolves and an App with an apparent ability to literally turn time back? The answer is, obviously, no.

The cat meows again, stretching languidly before trotting away. I swear it looks pleased with itself as it disappears around a corner. My fingers curl tighter around the coin in my pocket.

I have no idea why it's hot, but it's more likely the now-broken car has something to do with this strange coin than the cat. I should stop indulging in these random flights of fancy.

It's just a cat.

Sadie and the white cat are also supernaturals, but they didn't make anything break down.

Andrew frowns down at his phone as he looks up a phone number, and I rub at my arms as I look around, paying particular attention to any place it looks like Ellie could be hiding.

I'm not interested in a rematch with her after what happened before the rollback, but I can't shake the strange feeling I don't have much of a choice in the matter.

Hopefully I'm just being paranoid.

"I'm going to have Caine pick us up," I tell Andrew, realizing I should do something instead of standing around staring at shadows.

Andrew's head jerks up suddenly. His nostrils flare as he sniffs at the air, and his face transforms into something hard and grim.

"Good idea," he says tightly. "Tell him to hurry."