

Mated in the Shadow of My Sister Chapter 191

Chapter 0191

(Lily POV)

I knew immediately when Derek Abbott walked into the restaurant. No, it was not the look of both hope and fear on Charlotte's face. Nor was it the way that the restaurant staff immediately ran to the front door of the restaurant and began fawning all over the male who entered. No, I knew immediately when Derek Abbott walked into Bellizio's because James immediately got his "fan-guy" face on.

It was the same face he had when we took the tour of the Wolf Packers' stadium and two of the human baseball players happened to walk by. They gave me hugs when they saw me I met them previously- and instead of getting jealous or possessive, James immediately mind-linked me begging me to ask

them for their autographs.

Both players were more than happy to sign an autograph for James. But, instead of just signing a random piece of paper, they suggested that they sign baseballs. And instead of just picking any random baseballs to sign, they suggested that they play catch with James in the field, and then they would sign the

baseballs they played with.

Seriously, I was glad that James was just 26 years old, because otherwise he seriously would have had a

heart attack. The way that his face lit up was like a 5-year-old seeing Santa Claus for the first time. It was

both heartwarming and a little creepy. They played for over an hour, and I practically had to force James

to leave the stadium afterwards so that we could get back and changed for dinner with Charlotte and

Derek.

After that experience, it was easy for me to tell when Derek arrived because James' face changed instantly.

Going into the dinner, I really was not sure what to think of Derek. My first interaction with him had not

been pleasant... but he also met his mate while she was straddling another male, so I could not really blame him for his behavior. On the other hand, I had been a little uneasy when Charlotte told me how it went when she saw him at the event on Monday. He had basically repeated that he was not interested in having a "sl utty mate," but he said would be willing to give her a chance if she "brought her Daisy-like

friend" with her for dinner.

I did not like being called a "Daisy-like friend" given who he was obviously comparing me to, but more than that I was unsure why he would make giving Charlotte a chance contingent on me going to dinner with them. It just felt... weird. But I was willing to do it, in part because I love Charlotte... and in part because I knew how excited James would be.

My uneasiness with Derek Abbott did not wane any when he sat down at the table. Bellizio's was one of the fanciest restaurants in town, and it had a strict dress code that fell somewhere between casual

in wearing ripped jeans, a baseball hat, and a hoodie sweatshirt with his own signature logo on it.

I was internally rolling my eyes as we stood to greet him. Derek acknowledged all of us with a combined nod and took his chair next to Charlotte. I saw her looking at him hopefully, but he barely glanced at her.

Instead, his eyes were laser-focused on me.

"Who is this?" Derek asked, nodding his head towards James.

"James Anderson," James replied, offering his hand for a handshake.

Derek ignored James' hand. "Who are you?" Derek asked.

James put his arm around the back of my chair, and proudly told Derek that he was my mate.

“HmMMM.”

Seriously, Derek was behaving like the stereotypical spoiled celebrity. So far, his behavior did not seem

to bother James though, so I kept quiet.

“I do not see a mark,” Derek replied matter of factly.

At that point, I felt just a flash of unease from James, so I quickly jumped in.

“Not every wolf immediately

marks their mate. You and Charlotte are a great example of that. Many wolves choose to wait until their

wedding days or ceremonies.”

“Charlotte and I are not a great example of anything.” Derek responded coldly.

I saw Charlotte’s face fall, and that flash of unease in James quickly became a simmering sense of

concern. (Total sidenote, having never been mated before, I have to say.

Being able to feel James’

emotions as our bond repairs itself is really, really cool.)

Thankfully, after that initial awkwardness, we ordered dinner and the conversation at the table seemed to go okay. Of course, part of that may be because the conversation largely consisted of James asking Derek questions about himself. They talked about Derek’s favorite cars, Derek’s experience with other drivers; races that Derek had won; and a bunch of other things that went right over my head. Charlotte tried to jump in a few times, having spent hours countless hours researching him at that point. Derek was polite and tolerant with her, although not overly friendly.

very animated

James must have sensed my growing sense of concern, because in the middle of some very conversation about the differences in car engines, he

suggested that we dance while waited for dinner to arrive. I immediately welcomed the idea.

“How are you doing?” James mind-linked me as he pulled me close to him on the dance floor.

“Better now,” I replied honestly. “I am just a little worried about Charlotte.”

“Yeah, her mate is a Grade A A&&hole.”

I started laughing. “What?” I linked back. “How can you say that? You have been fan-girling him since he arrived.”

“I have not.”

“Yes, you have. ‘Oh, Derek, I love your ten cars.’ ‘Oh, Derek, you were so great in that race.’ ‘Oh, Derek, what was it like to be in that commercial? You were fangirling like there was no tomorrow,” I teased.

James twirled me around and then pulled me close again. This time, he made sure I could feel a certain lower part of his. “In case you have not noticed, I am very much a guy. I cannot ‘fangirl.’ I can, however,

fanguy.””

I laughed and rolled my eyes. “Seriously? That is the distinction that you are drawing? Is ‘fanguy even a word?”

James smiled. “Yes. But fanguy or not, I can still recognize a Class A A&&hole when I meet one. And

you are 100% right. I do not like him for Charlotte, or any female really.”

“You should know. Alpha wolves know everything there is to know about being a&&holes,” I teased.

James laughed in the link. “Exactly. It takes one to know one. Who better to know how to classify the

rank of a&&hole we are dealing with.”

After a few more spins on the dance floor, we saw staff bring over the dinner plates so we headed back

to the table. Charlotte had a happier look on her face, so I was hopeful that she and Derek had talked and

things were on a better footing now.

Unfortunately, I was wrong.

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(Lily POV)

When we got back to the table, we realized that it was not just Charlotte who was now smiling. Derek

was too.

James and I could immediately tell that something had changed, but we were not sure what or why.

“You both look happier,” I commented.

“Yes,” Charlotte smiled.

“The power of the mate bond and a little time alone,” James pointed out in our link.

As we began to dig into our dinners, Derek directed his attention back to me.

“Tell me a little bit more about yourself, Lilibet,” Derek said.

“Well, for starters my name is Lily,” I responded matter-of-factly.

“Oh, sorry. Lillian, will you tell me more about yourself?” +

“Lily. Her name is Lily,” James corrected.

“Oh, my apologies. I meet so many people, it is hard to keep them all straight. I am horrible with names.”

I nodded in understanding, even though I could tell that he was lying.

“What would you like to know?”

“How long have you and James here known each other?”

I smiled as I grabbed James’ hand. “Since we were kids. We grew up together.”

“And you always suspected that you were mates?”

James frowned. “No. It was a surprise to both of us.”

“A happy surprise?”

James squeezed my hand. “It is now.”

“When do you plan to mark each other?”

I furrowed my brows. “We have not really talked about it. We are taking things slow.”

“You have known each other all your lives and yet you want to take things slow?” Derek responded in a disbelieving tone. “How much longer do you need?”

“Why all the questions?” James cut in. His fan-guy face was gone, now replaced by his annoyed-alpha

one.

“Oh, Derek is thinking of writing a book,” Charlotte gushed. “He told me he is going to use me as his muse

for the female lead,”

“Oh, really? That is awesome,” I replied.

“Yes... but I will probably give the character a more... you know... feminine persona,” Derek offered.

I looked over at Charlotte. Her long hair was curled and she had one side pinned up with a diamond hair clip. Her makeup was perfect, with bright red lipstick and a smokey eyelid color. Her nails were perfectly manicured, with a pinkish red color. She also had a beautiful sapphire-colored dress on.

In other words, just like always, Charlotte was the poster child for femininity.

“More feminine persona?” I asked, surprised. “Charlotte is one of the most feminine she-wolves that I

know.”

“Oh, I did not mean to suggest that Charlotte is not feminine. It is just that... well, I like my females a little more... Derek paused and looked at James for help. “James knows what I mean.”

James looked at Derek suspiciously. “Actually, I do not.”

Derek’s eyes darted to my chest. “Yeah, maybe you would not understand my concern. It looks like you

are more than covered in that area.”

“What are you talking about?” I asked angrily.

Derek gave me an annoyed look. “Are you really going to make me say it out loud?”

“Say what out loud?”

“What is wrong with Charlotte.”

I gasped. “There is nothing wrong with Charlotte!”

I looked over at my friend. My heart broke for her as I saw the hurt evident on her face.

“No, I am sorry. There is nothing wrong with Charlotte. You are right. I just meant that I have a certain...

you know, preference.”

“Meaning?” James asked, clearly getting just as upset as I was.

“Charlotte’s breasts are too small. Fine, I said it. I like boobs that spill over my hand when grab them, that I can really dig my face into and get lost in.”

Oh, my Goddess,

I took a sip of my water, trying to prevent myself from getting up and strangling Charlotte’s mate.

“Do you have an a&&hole classification for this?” I mind-linked James.

Yes it is called ‘reject and run.’ And fast,” he replied.

“I can get breast implants,” Charlotte blurted out

I spit out the water that I had in my mouth. “Charlotte! No!”

How did my amazing, confident friend so quickly turn into this insecure shell of herself, willing to get surgery for this obnoxious male?

Derek rolled his eyes. “Fake breasts are not as good as the real thing. But if you want to get them, Charlotte, I will not stop you. It may help a little bit. Either way, though, I will get used to what you have. The Moon Goddess paired us for a reason, right?”

rcasm was about the

I could not help but notice the obvious sarcasm in his voice. I could not tell if the sarcasm

implants helping or about the Moon Goddess having a reason to pair them. Either way, I was done.

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1 am going to kill him,” I mind-linked James.

“Not if I do so first.”

I took a deep breath. I was incredibly angry at Derek right now, but I also found myself getting strangely turned on by how James was responding to the situation. Her

we were with one of his celebrity idols,

and yet James was no more willing to put up with Derek's behavior than I was.

"Please... we have to change the subject," I asked.

"So... what is your book about?" James questioned.

Suddenly, the look on Derek's face changed. There was now something slightly creepy about it.

"The book is about a female without a wolf who tries to steal her sister's mate after her sister is attacked

by rogues," he explained seriously.

I gulped hard. "Oh, a romance book? I would not peg you for the romantic type."

"No. Horror."

I gulped again. "Will it all turn out okay in the end? Happy ending?" I asked hesitantly.

"Well, the wolfless sister is killed and the other sister gets her mate back, so yeah. Happy ending. But not

for everyone."

I was now no longer willing to ignore how uncomfortable I felt. I stood up, as did James.

"You know what? I just remembered that I left something at the stadium that I need tonight. It is nice to

meet you again, Derek."

"You have not finished your dinner," Derek protested.

“That is okay. I am not that hungry anyway.”

James threw some cash on the table. “Charlotte, would you like to come with us?” he asked her.

“Yes, would you?”

Derek put his arm around Charlotte’s chair, and I watched as she melted by the gesture. Charlotte looked at Derek with goo-goo eyes and then looked back at me. “No, I would like to stay here with Derek for a

little while longer.”

Derek gave me a half-smile. “Do not worry about your friend, Lillian. She will be fine.”

“I do not want to leave her, James,” I linked.

“I do not either, but we cannot carry her out of here against her will.”

I sighed. “Charlotte, will you please call me when you get home? I will be waiting for your call. Do not

forget, okay?”

I then gave Derek a look of warning. “Charlotte, if you do not call me within two hours, I will come out looking for you, got it?”

Charlotte smiled. “I will be fine, Lily. But yes, I promise I will call you.”

James and I were quiet all the way back to my apartment. I think we were both trying to process what the Goddess had just happened. It was obviously not nearly as serious as some of the things that had happened at our pack, but it was still unsettling.

Once we were back inside, sitting next to each other on the couch, I turned to him.

“Did you get the same strange feeling that I did from Derek?”

“Yes.”

“What do you think it was?”

“I don’t know.”

“Does Luke have any guesses?”

“No.”

I frowned. “Rose doesn’t either.”

“What do you think we should do?” he asked me.

“About Charlotte or in general?”

“Either.”

I sighed as I put my head on his shoulder and started playing with his fingers.

“I don’t know what to do

about Charlotte.....

“But?”

“How did you know that there was a ‘but’ coming?”

James gave me a cheeky smile. “Because unless I am crazy, I smelled the faintest scent of arousal there

at the end.”

I blushed.

“It is not my fault.”

“Oh? Well, tell me... Were you getting turned on by the discussion of big breasts?” James teased.

“No, you a&&hole. I was getting turned on by the fact that my mate is a good person. That he was willing

to stand up for moral decency even in the face of one of his celebrity idols.”

“Is that all it takes to turn you on?”

I did not respond. Instead, I let out a small sigh as James started to trail his fingers up my exposed thigh

and along the hem of my dress. James then looked me in the eyes, silently asking me for approval as he started to slowly climb his fingers even higher up my dress!

“So... what do you think WE should do?” he asked me in a husky voice.

Feeling his fingers reach my most private area, I let out a tiny moan. “I think... we should finish what we

started earlier.”

James picked me up bridal style and headed towards my bedroom. “I agree.”

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Chapter 0194

***Warning: This chapter will be just a little steamy.

(James POV)

It is finally happening.

Tonight, I will make Lily mine.

I carry her to her bedroom and gently set her down. Then I cup her face with both hands and kiss her. There is eagerness, excitement, and emotion in the way that she is kissing me back. I can feel her longing, her desire, her love. It makes my heart swell with pride.

I almost cannot believe that we are finally here. That I finally have her-in my arms, exactly where the

Moon Goddess always intended for her to be.

My beautiful, s**y Lily. My mate.

I know that I do not deserve her, but I also know that I will move mountains to change that. I love her with all of my heart, and I vow that she will never again have to question her value or what she means to

I turn Lily around so that I can unzip her dress, which I do while nibbling at her neck. She slips out of her dress, leaving her in just her lace bra and panties. I am in awe of how beautiful and perfect she is. I cannot wait to explore every inch of her amazing body.

A part of me wants to continue to just sit here and stare at her, but she spins around eager to kiss me again. I am powerless to deny her, not that I would I ever want to.

As I deepen our kiss, Lily slowly begins to unbutton my shirt. When she reaches the buttons near my belt, she gently tugs my shirt out of my pants and pushes it off of my shoulders. She then runs her delicate

hands along my chest.

The sparks are as strong as they have ever been. I am in heaven, and we have hardly done anything yet.

“And when we are done, everything will change and she will be safe,” Luke reminds me.

Suddenly, I freeze.

I remember what Jessica told me about Lily’s wolf. Her full powers and destiny will be unlocked when she marks her mate. At that point, her mate will gain many of the powers that Lily has. That is one of the

main reasons that Lily is in danger.

Once Lily and I are marked, she will be safer.

And everything will change.

“These are good things, James,” Luke links me.

Of course Luke is right, but I feel frozen anyway.

Lily breaks me out of my thoughts as she looks at me in confusion. “Are you okay?” she asks.

I gently rub her cheek with my thumb. "Yes. I am more than okay," I reassure her.

"Do you not want to do this?" I can feel the fear and hurt coming from her.

I pull her against my body and wrap my arms tightly around her. "Oh, Lily. You have no idea how much I

want to do this."

She still feels uncertain, so I take her hand and move it to the tent that is currently straining my pants. Even with my sudden hesitation, I am as hard as I have ever been. "I want you more than you could

possibly know."

"Then why did you stop?"

"Yeah, I would like the answer to that too, Mo ron. We were THIS close," Luke links me.

I sigh and sit down on Lily's bed, pulling her onto my lap.

"Once we do this, and once we mark each other, everything will change," I start to explain.

"Like what?"

"There is a prophecy....."

"What prophecy?"

I cannot tell you."

Lily's fear is immediately replaced with anger. She tries to get up off my lap, but I hold her tightly so she

Cannot

"Seriously? This again? Will anyone ever be able to tell me what this prophecy is that has been apparently

controlling most of my life?"

I cup her face with both of my hands, and I force her to look into my eyes.
“Yes. You will know about the prophecy soon. Very soon.”

“But until then, what? We have to remain virgins?”

I cannot help but smile as Lily’s words fill me with a strange sense of pride. My sweet, virginal mate is

angry and frustrated because she wants to have sex with me. ME. Lily wants me.

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“No, that is not what I am saying.”

“So what are you saying?” Lily asks.

“Oh, I can’t wait to hear the answer to this,” Luke links me, clearly feeling just as frustrated as Lily.

I think for a few moments, trying to make sense of my own thoughts and emotions.

“After we mark each other, everything is going to change. And I know that is a good thing, I really do.

But first I want to have you just for myself for a little while. I know that sounds selfish, and it probably is,

but... before everything changes, I want more time with you. Just you and me.

I want tonight to only be about our feelings for one another.

It is going to be the first time for both of us. I want it to be special, and I want us to look back on tonight

and remember our connection to each other. I do not want those memories to be overshadowed by the

memories of everything that will change afterward.

Just as importantly, I want you to know that I made love to you tonight because I wanted you, not

because of what I will get from you after we are marked.”

“I cannot believe it. My human is not only a mo ron, but also a sappy, romantic mo ron,” Luke complains.

“So what you are saying is

“I want to make love to you tonight, but I want to hold off on marking.

Lily’s eyes widen. “Really?”

“You wanted to take it slow, remember?”

She glances down at her half-naked self. “Yes... but don’t you think it is a little late for that?”

I smile at her reminder that she is on my lap, half-naked. The lust that was driving me a few minutes ago

returns full force.

I put my hand on Lily’s breast, squeezing it gently. She moans, which encourages me to lean down and

kiss the top of it. She moans again, and I continue to kiss not only the top of that breast, but also the

other one too.

Feeling brave, I take one of her nipples into my mouth through the fabric of her bra, and gently suck on it.

Lily moans are getting louder and louder.

I may not have any experience with any of this, but I know I must be doing something right to be getting these kinds of sounds from her.

While I continue to kiss her, I reach behind Lily and fumble with the snap on the back of her bra. It is not cooperating as well as the front-snap bra she was wearing earlier. Annoyed, I extend a claw out so that I can cut it off of her. Tomorrow, when Lily realizes what I have done, she may be angry that I ruined her bra. But right now, she could care less.

“So... what... you are... saying is.... sex tonight ... marking... tomorrow?” she pants between moans.

I pick Lily up and lay her on her back on the bed. I then climb on top of her.

“No,” I growl. “Making love tonight, marking tomorrow.”

She smiles as I kiss her lips once again. The kiss becomes more and more heated. Thanks to the sparks,

I can practically feel the electricity as our tongues explore one another’s mouths.

When she reaches for my belt, I cannot resist the urge to move my face right back to her newly freed breasts. Derek Abbott was a major asshole do uchebag, but he was not wrong about one thing: there is something magical about being able to get lost in Lily’s chest. I could die here happily.

Lily helps me out of the rest of my clothing, and I-again feeling impatient-cut off her panties. There is

now no barrier separating us.

Soon thereafter

but do not worry, not too soon- I am able to confirm that Lily and I are no longer virgins. I now know what heaven tastes, feels, and looks like. I do not know how I managed to ever live

my life without it, or without her. 1

my

Now that I have experienced it, I am addicted. There is no going back. Mark or not, I am never letting her

My life is hers.
Lily. My amazing Lily.

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Chapter 0196

(Brady POV)

I was not happy when my father walked into my office.

We had been fighting constantly since the pack was attacked, and the fights only got nastier after I told him about my fight with Evelyn. We have had four arguments today alone.

In retrospect, I wish I had not told him about the fight with Evelyn and just dealt with the James issue on my own. I had incorrectly assumed that he would be angry at James, and that he would support me

flying to Arkansas to rescue Lily.

In fact, that assumption is 100% the reason that I told my father what happened. Otherwise, I would have

continued to try to avoid him.

Unfortunately, I could not have been more wrong about how my father would react. Instead of being mad at James, my father was angry with me for threatening a pregnant woman with an alpha order. I tried to explain that I would only have used the command if Evelyn gave me no other options, but that served to

only enrage him further.

“You do not make a threat that you are not willing to carry out,” he told me angrily. “And you never threaten the mother of your child. If you are left with no other options, you make new ones.”

Then, turning to the James issue, he pulled his phone out and texted him. Right in front of me! It took James a while to respond, but when James did-saying that he had not talked to Andrew since Hawaii- my father arrogantly

told me that he considered the accusation that James was involved “case closed.”

When I refused to accept that -explaining that I was still sure James was the most likely culprit- my father became absolutely enraged. He accused me of refusing to trust his instincts that James had not leaked anything to Andrew. (For my father, there are only two sins greater than incompetence: disrespecting the mate bond, and questioning his instincts.)

Then, to make matters worse, during one of our later fights about it, my father accused me of being too blinded by my feelings for Evelyn and my jealousy towards James to see what was really going on.

He even went so far as to make a formal demand that I turn the pack back over to him temporarily until we figured out where the problems were and/or until Lily was ready to take on her destiny. I knew very well what he meant by “until Lily was ready to take on her destiny”: he meant until James and Lily marked

each other. Of course, I was no more willing to turn the pack over to him than I was willing to accept that

Lily would choose to be with James.

Anyhow, this was the pending dynamic between us when he came into my office... without knocking, as

“What do you want?” I asked him.

“The test results on the chocolate came back.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah.”

thing

My father took a seat in one of the guest chairs across from my desk. That may seem like a normal thing for him to do, but it was not. He never sat in a guest chair. Unless he was standing, he insisted on sitting in the alpha chair... even if I was already sitting in it. For my father to be sitting in the guest chair meant

something... and it was not good.

“What were the results?” I asked cautiously.

“The chocolate had technetium arsenide in it.”

I gulped as I stared at my father, not saying anything. My father stared right back at me, with concern in his eyes that was very different from the anger that I had gotten used to lately. My father and I may not be getting along right now, but if there was one thing that we could agree on, it was the need to keep Lily

safe.

Finally, after a full five minutes, I broke the silence.

“Technetium arsenide is the only substance that can be used to drug a member of the werewolf council,”

I said.

“Correct.”

“So whoever it was that hired the imposter guards, they must know about the prophecy.”

“Correct.”

I stood up and began pacing as I ran my hands through my hair.

“I have to get to Lily.”

“She is with James. She is safe.”

I stopped and looked at my father in disbelief. “How can you say that?”

To my surprise, my father did not respond to my question angrily. Instead, he just looked sad.

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“Son, I know that you have feelings for Lily, but James is her mate. The Moon Goddess intended for the

two of them to be together.”

“Lily does not want James, Father. He hurt her.”

“He has changed, Son. I was skeptical at first too, but he has. And the two of them deserve an

opportunity to see if they can work things out. If they can, and if they mark each other, Lily will be a whole.

lot safer than she is now.”

My father’s words were surprisingly soft, and he was looking at me with pity. The last time he looked at me this way was when he apologized for how he handled things when I messed up with Evelyn.

I was not sure what to do with this version of my father; I almost preferred the asshole bully version he

was 99.9% of the time.

I suddenly grabbed the corner of my desk and tossed it upside down in anger.

“JAMES DOES NOT DESERVE HER!” I screamed.

My father did not say anything.

“She is not safe with him, Father,” I growled in a calmer but still very angry tone. “If he loved her, he would

think about her safety first. Not run his mouth to his cousin about the enemies being out to get her.”

“Brady, I do not believe that James had anything to do with that leak. In fact, I have a plan to ferret out

the culprit. But I need your blessing before I do it.”

There it was again. That sympathetic tone. And when had my father ever asked my blessing to do

anything? Ever?

I kicked the desk. "You know what, Father? F&&k you. Do whatever you want. You have my blessing. In

fact, you can have the pack too."

I headed towards the door..

"Where are you going, Son?"

"Where I should have gone three days ago. To get Lily, and to stop her from making the biggest mistake

of her life."

My father sighed. "If you go, you may get yourself hurt, Son."

I spun around and looked at my father in shock. "Did you hit your head?"

My father said nothing.

"You sat in the guest chair. You have tolerated me yelling at and questioning you. I even cursed at you. You asked for my blessing to execute some stupid plan. And now you are going to let me go to Lily?"

"I do not want you to go. I am worried about Lily. But I am also worried about you, Son."

"Where was this worry three hours ago when we were fighting about Evelyn?"

"The chocolate results were not back yet."

"So?"

"So I did not know for sure just how serious things were. Once I found out what was in the chocolate, I

knew that you would want to go to Ravenswood."

"And?"

“And believe it or not, Son, I love you. You are my flesh and blood. I do not want you to get hurt. I know how destroyed you were after everything happened with Evelyn. I do not want to see that happen to you. again with Lily. But if you need to go and see for yourself that she is better off with her mate, I will not.

stop you.”

“I LOVE LILY!”

My father frowned. “Exactly. But she is not your mate.”

I punched a hole in the wall. “Is it that you do not think I am good enough for her? That you think that a&&

hole James is better?”

“No. I think that James is her mate, and I believe in the will of the Moon Goddess. You will make a fine

mate one day to another she-wolf. But you need to wait for your second chance.” [

“Not everyone gets a second chance mate.”

“But you will.”

“How can you be sure?”

“Father’s intuition. And the fact that you are a special wolf too. Your destiny depends on you finding and marking another mate.”

“It has been several years, Father. If I have not met my second chance mate yet, I am unlikely to find one.”

“Or you just have not been ready.”.

“I want Lily. I love Lily.”

“She is not yours.”

I glared at my father. “We will see about that.”

With that, I left. It was time to go to Ravenswood and get Lily back.

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(James POV)

The past three days with Lily have been intense. You have heard about the alpha sex drive, but I now confirm that the luna sex drive is just as high. Every time I wonder if Lily might be getting too sore or tired to go another round, she initiates that next round.

I have started to worry if I can keep up with her. Ok, not really. I am doing just fine. But seriously... my sweet, innocent, virginal mate is nothing short of a minx and a sex goddess.

You might think that sex between two virgins would be pretty dull, but there has been nothing dull about it. Thanks to our wolves, the internet, and our own instincts, we have managed to experiment with a lot of different positions, and we are slowly figuring out what we like. Which, honestly, is almost everything.

Hence the reason that we have barely left the bed.

Well, I take that back. We have left the bed quite a bit. We have discovered that we both really like shower sex. In fact, getting a blow job in the shower has to be one of my top five favorite things that we have

tried.

Sex in the kitchen has also been fun. And there is something s**y and animalistic about taking Lily from behind while she is bent over the arm of the couch. We have also both enjoyed hallway sex, when I have held her against the wall and pounded into her while she has her legs wrapped around me. 1

If this is what they call the “honeymoon period,” I hope it never ends. Lily feels the same way. That is why we keep delaying marking each other, which is driving both of our wolves insane. But Lily and I continue to talk about it, and both of us have this strong sense that once we mark each other, we will need to go

back home to West Mountain Pack.

We both want to, and we both know that we need to, but the temptation of having just one more morning

together... one more afternoon together... one more day together.... it is hard for us to pass up.

Our wolves keep screaming at us that the sparks will be even more intense once we are marked. They

want us to mark so that we can keep Lily safe, so that they can communicate with each other more

easily, and so that our souls can be forever linked.

And we will. Soon.

But as long as things are holding okay at the pack-I do check in with Joey every day, and I have heard

about the latest and unexpected addition to the Movement (Nick)- I want to enjoy my time with Lily just

a little bit longer.

"You know, you can take Lily on a honeymoon after we take over the pack," Luke links me.

"Yes, but there will be a lot of work that we will have to do first. It could be six months before we have time to get away. Maybe longer."

"Grrrrrrrrrrrr," Luke complains as he retreats to the back of my head.

Just then, Lily walks back into the room with a couple bottles of water. She hands me one of them. She then notices the look on my face and smiles.

"Was Luke complaining about the marking?"

I nod.

"Rose was too. Those two are a lot alike."

Lily then cuddles up next to me on the bed, completely naked -with as much sex as we have been

o

having, clothes have become pointless- and kisses my neck, right where her mark will go.

“I think we should mark each other tonight,” she tells me.

I moan. “Tonight?”

I feel her smile against my neck. “Yes, tonight. When I get back from work.”

I freeze. I gently push her back so that I can look her in the eyes.

“Work?”

“I have a shift at the girls’ home this afternoon. It is my last one.”

Mated in the Shadow of My Sister Chapter 199

Chapter 0199

“Lily, I am not comfortable with you being away from me right now, especially unmarked. With how weird

Derek was the other day....”

“I will be fine. Charlotte says that she and Derek have been going out every day, and she is happy. She said he apologized for how weird he was being with us, and he is eager to start over on a better foot. He is proposing another double date next weekend. Charlotte thinks that night was just a one-off for him.”

“But you do not believe that,” I comment as I study her face.

“No. I think Derek is up to something. I do not trust him. But as long as Derek is focused on Charlotte and. seeing us for a double date next weekend, we should be fine for today and tomorrow.”

I sigh, and then push a strand of Lily's hair behind her ear. "Can you not call in sick or something?"

Lily shakes her head. "No, I do not want to leave the girls in the lurch. It was already hard enough when I told them that today is my last day. I do not work there that much, but they do not have a lot of other staff members to cover the hours that I work. I was able to find someone to cover my shift on Saturday, but no

one else was available this afternoon."

"Then let me go with you."

Lily raises one of her eyebrows at me. "I should bring my alpha male boyfriend to a girls' home with a

bunch of traumatized teenage girls?"

"I take issue with that."

"What part?"

"The 'boyfriend' title. I am more than that."

Lily leans in and kisses me gently. "Yes, you are much more than that. But to humans, that is your title. For

now."

"I came here to keep you safe. How do I do that if we are not together?"

Lily sighs. "My shift is just four hours long. I will be fine."

growl. "I do not like this."

"I know. But Rose will not let anything happen to me. Especially because she is just as excited as Luke to mark one another tonight."

"We can go and get roses and candles and decorate the apartment while she is gone. Make the

"That actually is not a bad idea," I respond to him.

“Okay. Fine. But when you get back, we are going to mark each other. No more excuses from either of us.”

Lily nods, and I pull her close to me. I bury my face in her neck, and start to gently nibble at her marking

spot.

“Unless you want to do it now,” I murmur against her neck.

Lily giggles, “I need to start getting ready. I have to be at the girls’ home at two o’clock.”

I glance at the clock. It is 1:10.

“We have time.”

“I need a shower. And food,” Lily protests.

I groan. “Fine. But I am going to help you with the shower/

With that, I pick her up and carry her to the bathroom. Somehow, Lily manages to make it to work only.

five minutes late.

(Shortly before 6:30 p.m.)

The apartment is fully decorated in roses and candles. It looks like a romantic scene from a movie set.

Dinner -which I ordered from a nearby restaurant- is staying warm in the oven. I am dressed in a button

up shirt and black slacks, an outfit Lily says she finds s**y on me.

All that is missing now is Lily.

With my werewolf hearing. I hear footsteps in the apartment’s stairwell. I smile, believing it is my mate.

I go to open the door and greet her. Unfortunately, it is not Lily.

“Brady? What are you doing here?”

Mated in the Shadow of My Sister Chapter 200

Chapter 0200

(Derek POV)

I came to Ravenswood as a favor for a friend. Specifically, a very powerful and rich friend. He was opening a gym, and he believed that the more celebrities that came to the gym for the pre-events and the

grand opening, the better.

I love money, power, and fame – and this friend was not exactly someone you say “no” to without a valid excuse- so of course I agreed to attend.

Hindsight being 20-20, however, I wish I had gotten the flu. Or chicken pox. Or a migraine. Adult werewolves do not typically get any of those things, but I wish I had claimed to have one of them anyway. My friend does not know that I am a werewolf, and faking an illness would have saved me the heartache of everything that happened after I arrived.

My problems started when I walked into the Blue Moon Lounge on my first night in Ravenwood. I was immediately hit with an overwhelming smell of sugar cookies and chocolate, which are not scents common to find in a bar. They are, however, two smells that remind me of the happier days of my puphood.

Before I could process where the smell was coming from or what it meant, my wolf -who had not spoken to me in some time- started shouting “mate” in my head.

My heart dropped. I tried to turn around and leave, but Damon -my wolf-would not let me. He forced me to walk further and further into the bar until our eyes landed on her. Our mate. Charlotte.

Never in my

my wildest dreams did I expect that I would meet my Goddess-given mate in human territory, much less at a bar. Hell, I never even expected that I would meet my Goddess-given mate at all.

At nearly thirty years old, I had just assumed that the Moon Goddess had forgotten about me. Not that I could blame her for doing so. After all, my parents and original pack forgot about me too. That is how I ended up where I ended up, and that is why I need the daily affirmation that comes with being a famous celebrity. (You can thank my \$500 per hour life coach and my \$750 per hour psychotherapist for that

particular realization.)

In any event, I was absolutely floored when I first laid eyes on my mate. At first, I could only see the back of her head and her back, but even that was stunning. Then, when she got up and turned around, thus allowing me to see her face, I was absolutely amazed.

Not only had the Moon Goddess given me a mate, but also she had given me a mate that might as well have walked directly out of one of my teenage fantasies. Hell, my mate could have been walked directly out of one of my adult fantasies too. Charlotte's face, body, energy aura... they were all perfect.

Of course, I was pissed when I realized what Charlotte had been doing. Or rather, who she had been doing. Cody Wilson is a human man-whore who has probably banged more females this month than I have in my entire life... and I am far from a saint. In fact, if Charlotte was a human, I would worry just her

kissing him would have given her some sort of disease.

Thankfully, Charlotte is a werewolf and they did not go that far, so she is fine. Even so, that was not the visual I wanted the first time I met my mate. And it took everything in me to prevent Damon from killing

Cody.

But even with all that.... that is not why I called Charlotte a slut and a few other names and walked away.

Let's be real: Cody is a rich, famous, handsome guy. He bangs a lot of females because he can. I cannot hold that against the females, even if I might want to spray them with disinfectant when they are done

with him. Even I might do him if I swung that way and I was not famous in my own right.

Nor can I blame Charlotte for not having sexual experiences outside of me. I cannot expect her to have

waited for me, her mate, when I definitely have not waited for her.

No, the reason that I called Charlotte a slut is the same reason that I wanted to leave as soon as I walked

into the bar. I do not want a mate.

I am not good for one. My lifestyle is not consistent with someone who wants a family, and my parents

were not exactly good examples of how to be healthy parents or healthy mates. In addition, my moral

compass is a little too broken for a mate who pays homage to the Moon Goddess.

Ultimately, I know I should have just walked away without calling Charlotte all of those names, but my

wolf was pissed-both at me and at her. Also, that mate bond is d&mn stron

bond is d&mn strong. I needed to do whatever I

could to get Charlotte to stop following me, Calling her a few names achieved the goal, and it also

calmed Damon down too (he was worried that if I continued to run my mouth, Charlotte would reject us on the spot).

I left Blue Moon Lounge and headed back to my hotel. Once there, I took out my phone and started to

order a girl for the night. I rarely use prostitutes -I have no need to with females always throwing

themselves at me- but the last thing that I wanted to do was go to another bar looking for a girl to take

home and risk running into Charlotte again. All I needed was someone to help me unwind, and someone

who could distract me from the evening's events, and I was happy to pay for that help.

Unfortunately, Damon was screaming at me during the entire phone call. I tried ignoring him and putting

up a block, but he was not making it easy. Then finally, when the service asked me what hair color!

wanted, Damon sent me two visuals: one was of my mother crying her eyes out when I was five years

I

old; the other was of Charlotte, with light somehow reflecting off of her strawberry blond hair and her,

beautiful face.

It was a sh&t move by Damon, but I guess I am glad he did it. I immediately cancelled the order and hung up. My moral compass may be broken, but I still have limits. I knew that I did not want Charlotte to

experience the betrayal pains like my mother used to.

Sadly, my moral high ground meant that it was on me to rub one out. Not only that night, but the next couple of days as well.

By day three, I was getting frustrated. My hand was not nearly as good at getting me off as the feeling of a warm, wet pussy, and meeting my mate had me thinking of sex more often than normal.

I knew that I needed to find Charlotte and reject her so that I could get back to life as normal. I just hoped that she was still in town somewhere.

Then, to my complete shock, finding Charlotte became especially important when I received an unexpected but very lucrative assignment on the night of the grand opening: My customer wanted me to find a missing she-wolf. One that Charlotte seemed to know quite well.