

Chapter 0297

My eyes open slowly as I come out of a dreamless sleep. I have never not had a dream before. Everything was just black. Normally I relive all of the things Kaley has done to me over the years, but from a third person perspective. I don't wake from them in a cold sweat anymore, but I don't know how to pull myself out of them either. I have learned to just go along with the dream until the end. I can't change what happens, but watching it play out isn't fun either.

I have gotten so used to the dreams, it's a part of my day and waking up fully rested for the first time ever is unusual. I can hear Mina moving next to me, but I can't seem to get my body to move very fast. I am super sluggish, like moving through quicksand.

"Mina?" My voice is gravelly and my throat is really dry and scratchy.

"Yeah?" Her's is just as rough.

"What happened?"

"I think we got everything we hoped and dreamed of and it came back to bite us in the ass." She groans and I can see her out of the corner of my eye now. I just realized my vision was blurry. I blink rapidly and roll to my side.

"Remind me to not want anything ever again." I grab my

head to try and stop the pounding.

"Hey! Are you okay? I have been trying to talk to you for days." My wolf asks.

"Days?! What do you mean days?"

"I could tell that you were okay but I was disconnected from you."

"Was that supposed to happen?"

"Not sure, but I wish someone would have said what the witch's spell was going to do to us. I was scared...for both of us."

What the hell happened? How were we out for days. How many days? My head is killing me.

"Hey, Mina? How's your wolf?" I look over at her.

"Confused and she sounds like she's been drugged. How about yours?"

"Same. She said we've been out for days. No one said that our wolves would be affected by this branding thing..."

"Or that we would feel like we have the worst hangover of our lives." She finishes my sentence.

"I have never been hungover, so I will take your word for it." I laugh back at her, but laughing hurts. I groan.

"Man, we have got to get you out more."

"Fifteen, remember? Not a lot of 'out' options to be had. And I'm not super interested in being drunk. I've seen how stupid people are and that is not my type of good time."

"You don't have to get stupid drunk, but a few drinks can loosen up your tight ass, and maybe help you have a good time. I think Sierra would agree with me."

I roll my eyes at her, because I can't argue. Sierra has been trying to get me to do 'teenager things' since I got here and I just don't really care to. She says I need to let go of my need to control everything. I then responded with 'Hell no!' and then laughed at her expression. I will, someday, but I just don't care about that stuff, right now.

"You know you will need to practice before we hit up college parties right? Otherwise you're going to have one drink and pass out on me."

"There will be no passing out on my end. Why can't I just be your DD and call it a day?"

"Because you can't always be the DD. At some point you will have to join in to get the information you want and you are going to want to be prepared, not be a newbie and you know it. Control the 'training' of your alcohol tolerance in a way."

"Ugh! I hate it when you use logic on me. And kind of make sense."

+25 BONUS

"You don't have to drink a ton or all the time. I'm not trying to turn you into an alcohol drinking champion, but knowing what things taste like, knowing what you like and don't like, knowing how drinks are made so someone can't slip something in yours. You need to know."

"Fine. NICKOLAS!!" I shout and she jumps back.

"What the hell?"

"Might as well start now, the snow isn't going anywhere."

The door bangs open as he rushes in. "What?! Are you two okay?" He looks a little panicked.

"As good as we can be after getting branded and feeling like we got hit by trucks and then backed over a few more times for good measure."



Miss L Author

" *Short chapter today, but I wanted to keep the ball rolling!* "

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"Sh*t! You can not do that to me!! I thought someone found you and was trying to take off with you." He's gasping and holding his chest. He doesn't come further into the room but leans back against the doorframe letting his head thunk back on the wood frame while he closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

"We need a drink after all of that. And what do you mean 'found us'?" Mina asks, folding her arms across her chest, trying and failing to look intimidating in her pink pajamas.

Wait...pajamas? When did she change into pajamas? I look down at myself. When did I change? We were in jeans and t-shirts when we did the ceremony, but that's the last thing I remember. Everything else is hazy flashes of memory. 5

"I can grab you guys some water. I'll be right back." He says, breathing almost normal now.

"Oh, no. You misunderstood me. We need drinks, as in alcohol. Midget here has never had a drink and if we are going onto campus after the break, she needs to have some kind of knowledge and tolerance. We feel like garbage and can't go anywhere, might as well start now. And you still didn't answer my question. What did you mean 'found us'?"

"Not answering your question and as pissed as everyone will be, I agree with you. You both need a tolerance. We can't

keep bouncing between you two being ready for the challenge and being too young to handle things. You were sent here, might as well do it right. Let's go." He waves us out of the room. "I don't have beer though, which is what you will get at most parties. I can't stand the sh*t."

"Did you know that we would be out for days? Is that how the brand ceremony usually is?" I try to change the topic, but still get us answers. He was scared for us and I don't like the thought of that at all. He knows what the branding ceremony is and what will happen. There should have been no reason to worry. "Why don't I remember changing my clothes? And how did we get upstairs?"

"That was mostly Gentry. You both managed to get yourselves upstairs, but just enough to fall into bed. She changed you both and tucked you in. That is a little more than my job description calls for." He smiles back at us as we head downstairs. "As far as the time, no, no one is usually out that long. But you both are so young, that might be the reason. I mean, Mina just turned eighteen, and that's when you're supposed to start the training. And Midge you're supposed to still be in school, just figuring out boys and make-up and other girly sh*t like that. You were probably a teenager when you were six." He laughs at his own joke and I just roll my eyes.

He walks to the island and pulls out two of the stools. We both take a silent seat and watch as he pulls glasses out of the cabinet, along with an array of other things. It looks like

he is going to set up a buffet, not just serve us a drink.

"First thing you need to know is that drinks come in various forms..."

He begins with shots, then moves to on-the-rocks and then mixed drinks. We get a whole lesson on alcohol types, how things are measured and poured properly, what drinks are common in college and what to look for and avoid. I am completely fascinated by the whole thing.


He only has whiskey on hand, but that does the trick and I can feel the effect of my brain being sluggishly slow and not matching up with what my body is trying to do. He didn't give us more than a small sip of each type of pour, but since I have zero experience, my body and brain are doing whatever they want.

"Now, you both need something to eat before you throw up all over the kitchen." He catches me as I start to slide sideways, but can't be bothered to right myself. 1

"I don't like this at all. I can't move my body, I just feel floppy." I giggle and can feel my emotions bouncing all over the place. "Why would anyone choose this? It's like torture." I feel grumpy again.

Mina is next to me and she has been giggling the whole time. It started with my faces when we first started tasting the whisky. Then she just never really stopped.

"For control freaks like you to loosen up a bit. You don't

 +35 BONUS

have a choice now, you have to ride the drunk train to get it out of your system. Woohoo! We need some music!" She pops up faster than anyone should be allowed right now and disappears somewhere, then I hear her pop music blaring from a corner of the living room.

"Nope, this is stupid and never happening again." I drop my head onto my forearms on the island counter.

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