

Chapter 17

"Say that again and I can't be held accountable for my actions."
I deadpan.

"Say what again? Damion why are you looking like you just came home? Where were you?" My mother asks. She always comes in at the perfect time, note the sarcasm.

"His mates house!"

"Warren can you shut your mouth for like two seconds." I try to get off the topic of Lee, but the damage is done. My mother is squealing and yelling at my dad to come downstairs. Lord help me.

My dad must have heard the conversation because when he comes down he asks, "Wait, why were you coming from Lee's house?"

Well fuck.

I can't tell them why I was really there and I am just coming home now, but I have to tell them something because this silence is deafening.

"I was checking up on her last night and I fell asleep at her door." I say praying that they don't notice that my heart is about to beat out of my chest.

I don't think I prayed hard enough because they are all trying not to smile and are just nodding. Then, stupid Warren laughs and lets out a drawn out suuuure.

"Ok, well go get ready for school. Don't be late, and TALK to Lee today please. This pack needs a Luna, and the longer you stay away from her the stronger the bond grows and the more confused she is. You have to get close to her." My mom says sounding kind of stressed.

"I know, I know. But what do I even say to her, "I have loved you since Kindergarten, oh and by the way I am a werewolf and you are my mate? I don't think that will go over well."

"No idiot, you have to get to know her first, then ask her to hangout, and bam your in." Max has the audacity to say.

"How's that working out for you and Kasey?" I ask knowingly.

"Whatever. She is different." He grumpily replies. I mumble an ok sure and go upstairs to shower and get dressed.

When I walk out, my dad knocks on my door and asks to come in. I tell him sure and he comes in and sits on my bed.

"So... you found your mate."

"Yup." I say a little confused as to where the hell this conversation is going.

"That's good. Most don't find there's till they are older. I didn't find your mother till I was in college, which is how I know how scary it can be."

I sigh, "I have no idea what I am doing."

He laughs and says, "Thats ok. Just take it slow, you don't want to scare her. The first step is to actually talk to her and get her to like you. When you were younger you were kind of a dick to

her."

"I was not." I say defensively.

"Yes, you were. Anytime anyone got close to her you would get mad. You even punched Blake once." He says with an amused tone.

"In my defense he was trying to sign her cast when she broke her arm and I thought it would hurt her. I was just trying to protect her. And, those other kids who got close to her were boys. I didn't... I don't like boys close to her." Even thinking about her with someone else is making me unbelievably angry.

"Son... you are going to have to control your anger. I know it will be hard, but you have to. For her. You don't want to scare her off."

"I know, and it actually won't be that hard. I am telling all the guys to stay the fuck away from her, which was a big reason I got mad. And, whenever she's around or I smell her or hear her heartbeat I feel really calm. It almost feels like a high. Is that normal?"

"Yes. With your mother I felt the same way. They are like a drug."

She's my drug, that's for damn sure.

I just nod and say I will go slow and talk to her today. That seems to be what he wanted to hear.

I go downstairs and say bye to my parents. Then, Max and Warren and I head to school. I am so excited to see her, but I am absolutely terrified to talk to her.



Lee's POV:

Today I feel... good. I haven't felt that in awhile and let me tell you, I missed it. I didn't have any nightmares, which may seem small, but it is big to me. Plus, I was excited to see Kasey and Blake, and I was excited for work. The library is my safe space, but for now I am doing the fifteen minute drive to school and have Misery Business by Paramore blasting from my aux and my windows rolled down. I didn't feel like listening to the heartbreak that is Sour today because I feel like me. The me before Kayla and Jason and my mom, before all of that messed up shit. The less depressed and mentally ill me.

I pull up to school and get out, without having to do my breathing might I add. *Insert hair flip* As I walk up to school a few people are staring, a few guys are giving me the up-down which I don't hate, and some girls are smiling at me and others are whispering, but I don't care. I am in my fuck it mood today, and I am sticking with it.

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