

Chapter 0299

Just then, my favorite song comes on and I jump out of my seat. "YES!!!" My mood is shifting again, and I am vaguely aware that the whiplash will suck later. I run over to Mina and we both start dancing. I have never been much for dancing around, I just don't really know how, but here with Mina and Nickolas, hidden in the house where no one else can see me, I can't bring myself to care at all. I let the music tell my body what to do and could care less about anything around me.

I hear a low chuckle from somewhere behind me and I spin to see who it is. Who else is here watching us? In my haste I trip over my feet and almost faceplant into the coffee table. Big strong hands pick me up and help me straighten up.

"Well, I can see that we are all using our time wisely." I know this voice, why do I know this voice? It's comforting like Cameron's..... but it doesn't make my tummy tingle the same way.

Why does my tummy tingle when Cam talks? I'll have to remember to ask Sierra about that. Or when Dakota held my hand. There are those little pricks of electricity that me and my wolf like. And why do I sleep the best when Oliver is super close? Like my whole body is just safe so I can relax. Sam and my brother give the best hugs, but they don't make

the butterflies flap around. But, when the twins made me into a sandwich, that was the best sleep. That seems like a silly thing, but a sandwich is not a silly thing... 1

"Oh!" I gasp, focusing on the guys in front of me. "I'm hungry! Nickolas, you said I need to eat. Can you help me make a sandwich? My arms are really heavy and I feel wobbly, but I want to eat." I groan.

More laughing. "What did you do to her?"

"Nothing, I swear. The branding did not do them any favors. They were out longer than any of us thought. But...they are both over-tired and bored and decided that since they are going to embrace the college life when the next semester starts, they need a lesson in alcohol tolerance. We clearly need to practice a bit more and she's right, she needs to eat."

Someone is pushing me back to the island where the little glass I was using still sits. A plate magically appears in front of me. How did he do that? He must know witchcraft too. Witchcraft is so cool, I really should study with Gentry. I wonder where she is. I didn't see when we came down.

"Why do I feel fuzzy?" I say around the most delicious peanut butter and jelly sandwich I have ever had in my life.

"The alcohol makes your brain work a little slow, and since you've never had any and decided to start on a whim, there really wasn't any way to ease you in, so welcome to being

drunk off a couple of whiskey shots." Nickolas laughs at me.

"You started her on straight whiskey? What were you thinking?" The gruff familiar voice comes from behind me, but it doesn't sound angry, is he laughing too?

"Why do you keep laughing? And who else is here?" I finish the last of my sandwich, and I feel my body coming back to normal a little bit. I still feel slow, but the minute the food starts to settle in my stomach, the fuzzy, delayed feeling is going away quickly. "I don't know how I feel about that. It was like being stuck in my head and having multiple toddlers trying to make decisions for me, but not agreeing on anything."


"Woohoo! I love this song!" I turn to see Mina dancing away, well I think it's supposed to be dancing. Her limbs are flailing almost to the beat of the music.

"What's wrong with her?" I turn to look at Nickolas and Alpha Reggie. When did he get here?

"Seriously! That's it? No hangover, no stumbling around? Just hand you some food and you burn the liquor off just like that? I mean wolves tend to burn through alcohol quickly, but that's nuts for what I gave you!" Nickolas looks incredulous.

"What? What did I do?" I look between both of them.

"I told you she was special. I was curious how this would work for you based on how you metabolize silver. How

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much did you give her anyway?" Alpha Reggie turns from Nickolas to me.

"A shot, on the rocks and they shared two drinks with different kinds of mixers. What do you mean 'metabolizes silver'? No werewolf metabolizes silver, it hurts like a b*tch and if we take on too much we die from it." Nickolas is still baffled and not trying to hide it.

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