

Chapter Two

Kayla was at my hotel within the next hour. We sat around the room and talked for a while. She said that she almost didn't want to come because I could have been a psycho murderer. I actually chuckled at this, because honestly I was. Maybe not a psycho, but a murderer technically, yes. Even if I wasn't in control, my people still died by my hands. We opened up three bottles of wine before she became comfortable around me.

I gave her a tour around the suite. When we got back to the bedroom, she stopped me walking by grabbing my hand. She stepped up to me and looked into my eyes. "Why me?"

"Because, out of everyone, you seemed the least interested in me. It was nice." I dipped my head down to kiss her.

She was still for a moment but eventually gave into the kiss. I tossed her on the bed easily and moved to be on top of her. I wanted to take my time on her and show her how it should be in bed with a man. I wanted her to think back to this day and just crave me. I have never, in my entire life, wanted someone to want more from me than just one night. I buried myself deep in her. She was as perfect as a human could be. I pulled out of her and emptied my seed over her. She laid in the bed panting. I counted the times she came and once I hit fifteen I stopped counting.

"Holy f*****g shit." She breathed breathlessly. "How... I have never... Wow." She couldn't even make a coherent sentence. The smile on her face shows exactly how satisfied she was. I laid on my back, looking up at the ceiling. I conquered what I set out to do. When she moved out of bed, I watched her.

"Uhh, do you mind if I take a shower before I leave?" She asked me and I nodded my head in approval.

"You don't have to leave. You can sleep here if you would like. I know it is late. If it is too weird, I can sleep on the couch." I offered her.

She laughed. I couldn't believe that she laughed at me. "That would be silly. We just had s*x. I don't want you to sacrifice your comfort for me. Stay in bed. Besides, it's a king-sized bed. There is plenty of room for us both, without touching." She disappeared into the bathroom. I heard a flush of the toilet and then the water running. I needed to clean myself off but wanted to give her her space. I ended up falling asleep and woke up in the morning to an empty hotel room. When I got out of bed, I noticed a note on the nightstand that also had her phone number written down.

"Thank you for a wonderful night. As silly as it sounds, it was nice to have a boost of confidence from such an attractive man. If you are ever in town again, here is my number. The ball is in your court. XO -Kayla"

I looked at the note and contemplated saving her number. She could be the perfect thing, but I knew that humans had a difficult time not catching any feelings. It would never work between us. She would end up being hurt in the long run, especially if the fates allowed me to have a mate. I could, however, only use her every few months. Tell her I was in town on business. Keep it casual. I could have someone to talk to from time to time. I sighed and placed the note in my pocket. I could be her friend that gave her the release she would crave. Yes, I could do that.

"She will catch feelings for us. You know you can't afford something like that." My Lycan told me.

"She won't if we leave her be for a while before I send her a message. I'll tell her I live across the country. She will never know." I told him.

"Yeah, until she sees you out and about in public. She'll be sad that you didn't reach out to her. Then she'll be mad at you. Tell you to burn in hell and well you know how it goes." My Lycan warned.

"I get it. I'll be extra careful. It would just be nice to have a conversation with someone that isn't tied to me or our dirty past." I sighed to myself and felt him slipping away again.

I know that my Lycan feels more responsible about what has happened to us more than anything. He was weakened, tricked, drugged, replaced with anger, hate, a drive for bloodshed. When I woke from the daze, so did he. He used to be strong-willed, strong-minded, powerful, and now he was overly cautious, annoying, sad. I know that he can hear my thoughts as if they were his own and I know that he sees how much I blame myself and him. It isn't easy, living with this pain every day.

Especially dreams at night. Sometimes those dreams are so vivid, it is like I am reliving what happened all over again. Those poor boys in the pack that lost everything, including their parents. I wanted to apologize to them so badly, but they wouldn't allow me to do so. Getting close to people like Kayla was just an excuse to occupy my mind more than anything. Living with the guilt over this last year has been almost unbearable. There have been so many times that I just wanted to stop existing.

I turned the shower onto the hottest setting and got into it. I let the soap and water clean away my worries about what could be. I stood there for a long while, just allowing the hot water to run down my body. It was a nice change from the cold creek I was used to. I thought about staying another day, just to have some type of stability for one more day. I didn't deserve it though and talked myself out of another night's stay.

I stopped by the local electronics store and picked out a solar charger for my phone. If I wanted to keep in touch with Kayla, I would need my phone to stay charged. After I left the electronic store, I stopped at a local grocery store for a few essential items. Soon, I made my way back to the cave in the Banished Wastelands.