

In One Year part two

3. In One Year 2

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A year had passed, and somehow Laura was now talking to me. Though it was nighttime, I could still make out some of her facial features. She still looked the same as I remembered: big eyes, a button nose, and full lips. The only difference was that she had dyed her hair red. She had always been a brunette, and dyeing our hair was something we had planned on doing together. It was like a funny game, planned after I would have mated with Paul. We would dye our hair and go to a werewolf club looking completely different, having crazy fun. But we never got to do that. With all the deaths trailing me like a shadow, my life had become frozen while theirs continued on, untouched by misery.

"You should join us," she offered. I gawked at her in confusion. "Just a few of my friends. We're just hanging out."

"I...I don't think I should," I stuttered, my brain still struggling to process everything. I should be angry at her. I should be yelling at her for abandoning me when I needed her the most. But I couldn't. My anger and my words somehow got stuck on my tongue.

"Come on, Sahel. It's been a while," she insisted. I narrowed my eyes at her. Why was she acting as if we hadn't stayed away from each other for a year? Why was she speaking to me like I was still her best friend, just avoiding a social gathering? "It's been over a year, Sahel. I'm sorry. I missed you," she added.

I denitely did not deserve this kind of apology. I had done nothing wrong, yet she treated me like a disease and expected everything to just go away because she said she was sorry and missed me.

I should have slapped her across the face, or I should have turned my back on her and walked away. But I didn't. I was a coward, a pushover, nothing. So I let her pull me towards the bonre.

Complete and total silence. That's what happened the moment I arrived at the bonre. Everyone had their eyes on me, and deep inside my bones, I knew I had made a mistake. I should not have agreed to Laura's offer. I had been foolish because somehow, I still had a soft spot for her.

I was the odd one out here, even though I had grown up with most of the people present. I had even gone to the same school as them and attended parties with them. But everything was different now. Even the air around us somehow felt and smelled different.

"Hey, Laura! Are you excited for tomorrow?" It was the girl I remembered as Leila who asked her. They were sitting next to each other on Laura's left, while a young, attractive man whom I didn't recognize sat on her right. It was even strange to see Laura here. There was a time when Laura complained about not liking Leila, something about her being fake and lying about being a natural blonde when she was, in fact, dark-haired. But I guess things had changed. They looked like the best of friends now. Who was the fake one now? For a minute there, I thought I was a coward for accepting to join the bonre because Laura begged me, but Laura was the bigger coward. It didn't take long for her to nd my replacement, a former supposed nemesis.

Laura beamed at her, acting shy like a love-stricken teenager. I was curious about what was happening tomorrow.

"Of course!" Laura exclaimed as giggles erupted from her mouth. She really looked like a love-stricken teenager.

"Look at you blushing like a virgin bride. We all know that you're not a virgin, but you are indeed a bride. By this time tomorrow, you and Floyd would be... well, you know, f*****g" Leila blurted out as if it was the most normal thing to say. I choked on air but forced myself not to cough. That caused me a lot of distress, but it wasn't as bad as hearing those crude words come out of Leila's mouth. I wasn't a saint myself, nor was I a virgin. I had given my virginity to Tyler, but I believed those were intimate moments that needed to stay intimate.

"Language, Missy!" Laura playfully smacked Leila on the arm before erupting into a t of laughter, and the others joined her, except me. I was surprised by the events playing before my eyes. The guy seated on her right placed a huge kiss on her lips, and I gured that would be the Floyd in question.

Laura was getting mated tomorrow. A lot had been happening while I drowned myself in sorrows, while I was trapped by the hatred of my pack members.

Laura was no longer a virgin. She was the same person who claimed that even her chosen mate would not touch her until all the mating rites had been performed.

Laura was casually hanging out with up to ten people, when she was once a person who hated crowds.

Laura was allowing people to speak such crude words about her having s*x with her mate in public. She was the same girl who once claimed that she hated such things and even PDA. But here she was, allowing her chosen mate to devour her lips in front of over ten people.

All of this happened in just one year. I stared at Laura. She was denitely not the same Laura who was my best friend. This Laura was different.

Leila's eyes caught mine, and a smirk formed on her face. I didn't have to be a seer to know that she didn't like me one bit, and she was denitely out to get me, even though I had done nothing to harm her, just like I had done nothing to the pack that now despised me.

"Leila, did you invite Sahel to the ceremony?" Leila asked. The bonre provided enough light to reveal the malice in her eyes.

"Yeah, I did," Laura responded casually.

"Do you want to be happy?" Leila asked Laura, and I knew where she was heading with her words. I should have gotten up and left at that point, but I stupidly didn't.

"Denitely, Leila. Where are you going with this?" Laura narrowed her eyes at her.

"Nowhere, actually. I was just wondering why you would invite someone negative and potentially curse your union by inviting her," she boldly pointed at me.

All the air in my lungs was sucked out, but I still didn't get up.

"Leila, don't," Laura warned.

"Oh, come on. We all know what she is. How is it normal to lose three mates? What did they even see in her in the rst place? She's not even pretty," she smacked her lips.

Everyone fell into silence.

"I told Justin not to get involved with her, but he didn't listen. I would have been a better choice. He would still be alive, and this slut wouldn't have killed him!" she almost yelled.

I immediately got up. I had no idea that Justin was that close to Leila. I clenched my sts tightly, angry but knowing I couldn't do anything. I could maybe throw a punch, but the rest of the people here would support her. I gritted my teeth before doing the only thing I could do.

I walked away.

Tears fell freely as I strode down the training grounds. I could hear Laura calling my name, but I didn't stop. I kept marching on, crying my heart out.

Laura caught up to me and held my hand. "Sahel, wait! I'm sorry for what Leila said. I'm sure she didn't mean it."

I forcefully released myself from her grasp. "I'm sure she meant every word she said. What the hell do you think you're doing, Laura? It's been a year, a whole freaking year since we last spoke, and now you're acting like nothing happened," I lashed out, tears still owing.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, Sahel," she pleaded in distress. If she had said that to me a year ago when I had tried to reach her for two weeks, I would have accepted. But now it was pointless. Laura and I had been best friends for as long as I could remember, and I had always imagined that we would be friends forever. But I was wrong. Some relationships are too hard to x.

"It doesn't matter anymore. I've moved on with my life, and you can move on with yours. Have your mating ceremony and live happily ever after," I stated before wiping my face aggressively with my palms.

"I really want you to come, Sahel. We always planned it that way," she said sadly, and she looked like she meant every word.

I chuckled. This had to be a sick joke. "Things are different now," and with that, I walked away without sparing her a single glance.