

CHAPTER 11: Confessions

"Look at all those assholes," Gabriel said, squinting his eyes and downing another drink. The constant stream of wolf pack leaders heading towards the King and Amelia was making Gabriel sick to his stomach. One at a time they stepped forward, shook hands with the King, and bowed to kiss Amelia's hand. "Ass kissers," Gabriel scoffed, letting out a slight hiccup.

Gabriel had been fixated on the scene ever since dinner had ended. It hadn't taken long for everyone to forget about the little scene that had transpired between Amelia and Gabriel. The King's last announcement was fresh on everyone's mind. ¹

She was looking for a mate! And, with the wine flowing and the dance about to begin, everyone was excited to don their masks for the masquerade ball. Laughter filled the air as people put on their masks for the masquerade ball.

"Do they think they're good enough for her?" Gabriel asked, eyeing the King and Amelia from across the room. "Look at that one! He's a joke! His tie's crooked, just like his teeth." Gabriel laughed to himself while he grabbed a glass of champagne from a passing waiter. He slammed it down in one gulp. "They have no pride," Gabriel said, shaking his head. "Bunch of worthless shits." Gabriel's feelings were complicated. And the copious amounts of alcohol he was

drinking didn't help. He'd been hurt when Amelia had scorned him in front of everyone. And embarrassed. Now he was mad as he watched the pack leaders recommend themselves to Ameila.

He reached for another drink but Sophia tried to stop him.

"Maybe you should slow down a bit," Sophia suggested.

"Maybe you shouldn't tell me what to do," Gabriel growled back, his eyes laced with anger. Sophia knew better than to argue, so she backed down. Clearly Gabriel was not in his right mind. Besides, what did it matter if Gabriel got drunk? Amelia wasn't marked!!! They had never mated! This was a dream come true. A real life mother fucking fairy tale, and Sophia was the main character.

Nothing could break Sophia's spirit now. She hung onto Gabriel's arm tightly, her soon-to-be Alpha as he made his way to the bar. People were still looking at her and whispering, but let them look! Let them talk! What did she care? She was with Gabriel and soon, she would be Luna.

Gabriel ordered himself a scotch, neat. He turned his attention back to Amelia. Another pack leader was kissing Amelia's hand. She smiled coyly. Gabriel growled, low and loud.

Sophia was oblivious. "It's always been me," she told Gabriel. "I see that now. I was the reason you never mated with Amelia. Oh, Gabriel. The things I'm going to do to you." Sophia's eyes were filled with lust and she stroked his arm.

Gabriel didn't respond, though. He only kept staring at Amelia and the stream of pack leaders.

How many of these fuckers are there? He thought to himself. They just keep coming and coming.

Sophia whispered in Gabriel's ear. "Let's talk to the King again. We can mate tonight, Gabriel."

But before he could respond, the lights dimmed and a buzz of excitement ran through the crowd. The King announced that the dance was about to begin. Gabriel went back to the bar for another drink while Amelia left to change into her ball gown. When she returned, she was even more breathtaking than before. The dress cut low in the front, very low, accentuating her chest. It hugged her hips in all the right places. She was elegant and sexy at the same time, a feat that was not easy to achieve.

A masked wolf approached her. "May I have this dance?" he asked. Amelia recognized her brother, Asher, immediately. She giggled and took his hand. They made their way to the dance floor and began to waltz.

Gabriel watched as they danced. But the sight of Amelia in the arms of another man was too much for him. He was semi-drunk, full of rage, and ready to snap. Is this why she left? Because she found another wolf? Of course! In Gabriel's semi-drunken state, it made perfect sense. She was just another cheating whore after all. He shook off Sophia's hand, tossing it to the side. He had to confront

Amelia. He stormed off in the direction of Amelia.

"Is this why you left?" Gabriel accosted Amelia, obviously a little drunk. "This pathetic excuse for a wolf? You left me for this?" Amelia and her brother stop dancing and turn to Gabriel. His face is a mix of pain and anger.

"No, Gabriel," Amelia replied calmly. "You were hardly my prince charming. You ridiculed me and treated me with such indignation. I realized that I deserved so much better. That's why I left.."

"Then who's this fucker?" Gabriel asked, giving Asher a slight shove backwards. Asher's temper flared, and he growled, but Amelia gave him a look that said, 'he's not worth it'. Asher regained his composure.

"You're making a scene, Gabriel. You're acting like a complete ass. Calm down," Amelia told him.

Just then, Sophia strutted up in true Sophia fashion and linked her arm in Gabriel's.

"Amelia, you have no feelings for Gabriel. You admitted it. I do, though. So we are really hoping that you and your father will name me Luna, here, tonight, in front of everyone," Sophia said. Sophia still hated that bitch Amelia with every ounce of her being, but she had to be polite, so she forced a fake smile.

Amelia looked at Sophia and the ridiculously fake smile on her face and then laughed out loud.



"Luna? You? Dream on, bitch! You're a sleaze. Everyone knows you open your legs for any wolf that comes along. You have no loyalty. Gabriel's pack deserves someone WAY better than you. It's a respectable pack. Has been ever since Gabriel's grandfather formed it. You're not worthy. I'll NEVER admit you as Luna."

Sophia's dropped her smile. So much for being polite. She was really pissed off now. She'd had enough of this high and mighty bitch. Who the hell did Amelia think she was? "I'm the sleaze?" Sophia hollered at Amelia. Everyone stopped dancing and turned to watch, sensing a fight about to break out. "YOU'RE the one hooking up with another wolf! How many wolves have you been with since Gabriel rejected you? You can wear all the fancy princess clothes you want, but it doesn't hide the fact that you're a whore."

What? Amelia feels her wolf rising. Her claws come out, but she resists the full change. "Call me that again, bitch!" she growls to Amelia.

"Gladly! WHORE," Sophia spits back. "No wonder Gabriel didn't mark you. He saw right through you. Pretending to be all high and mighty. But you're nothing more than a two-timing slut!"

The people watching gasped. Amelia was a princess! The daughter of the powerful Alpha King! They couldn't believe what Sophia was saying. Just then, Amelia roared loudly and lunged at Sophia. She slapped her hard, right across the

face, her claws leaving a deep scratch. Sophia lost it. She pounced at Amelia, wild with fury, but before she could attack her, Asher jumped in to stop her. Sophia's eyes were wild with hate. She was clearly a wolf come undone. "You may be the daughter of the Alpha King," Sophia screamed, her voice echoing through the ballroom. "But you're weak as shit!"

"Sophia, stop," Gabriel said. He was appalled. Sophia was clearly out of control. There was no stopping her now.

"Your wolf is damaged. Remember, you stupid bitch?" Amelia was standing behind Asher, who was acting as a protective shield between her and Sophia.

"What – what is she talking about, Amelia?" Asher asked. "What does she mean – damaged?"

"I could take you down right now," Sophia screamed. Then Sophia turned to the crowd. "Her wolf has been poisoned by wolfsbane. See? Your little princess is damaged. Oh, poor little Amelia," Sophia said, taunting her. "Come and get me, you bitch." Sophia laughed crazily. "You can't, can you? Because...You're. Too. Weak!"

"Wait a minute," Gabriel said, putting two and two together. Asher realized at the same time. They both looked at Sophia, aberration in their eyes. Poisoned? Wolfsbane? 1

Amelia broke the silence with her laughter. She stepped forward. "I suspected," Amelia said. "But I didn't know for sure, not until now. You just admitted it! In front of all these

people. You poisoned the silver knife, the one we used for the blood ritual. You DELIBERATELY endangered my wolf! That's a punishable offence, my dear, little, Sophia."

Sophia's eye grew wide with terror. A hush fell over the crowd. "Traitor," someone yelled. "She poisoned the princess," someone else hollered. Sophia backed away, to cower behind Gabriel. ⓘ


But then a loud growl rang out, and it sent shivers down everyone's spines. It was dripping with menace, loud and threatening. "You have no idea what you've done."

Asher approached Sophia, a look of anger in his eyes so fierce, it would frighten the devil himself.

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