

1. Betrayed

-Riley-

Soft pants. Moans. Skin rubbing against skin. Wet sound. Screams in the air.

"I want you now..." The voice echoed inside my head. "c*m inside my mouth, Alpha. I want to taste you."

I should have known. I was an idiot, though. An i****t who loved and trusted her mate with all her heart. And this was the reward for my trust.

I shook my head as my red hair tumbled down messily. I tried, unsuccessfully though, to get the image out of my head. It just would not go away.

My heart felt like it had been shattered into a million pieces. I had suspected that something was wrong for months, but I ignored both my instincts and my pain. But now that I had seen what I saw, I knew. I knew and I couldn't unsee it.

The pain was too much, unbearable. I had given everything to this man I called my mate, I had opened my heart completely, and now it felt like he had ripped it right out of my chest. I felt a deep sense of sadness, wondering how I could ever trust anyone again.

I knew then, that my life would never be the same again, that this pain would stay with me for a long time.

Some of the things were cliches, and they were cliches for a reason. The reason was: It happened. Every f*cking time and I hated that it happened in my life, too.

I was wasted right now, but still I couldn't stop thinking about that scene. I was so drunk, my ngers were now oating somewhere over my head and my beer bottles and vodka glasses were lled with green alien goo, but I still heard the familiar voice that begged my mate to c*m.

The only reason the pain in my heart had become a dull throb was because I was too drunk to even feel anything right now.

I took another sip of my green goo.

I was a weird drunk, I always had been.

My Alpha husband hated it, but... now, I didn't have to be cute and sexy for the sake of him. I didn't have to pretend to be the classy Luna of Crystal Park anymore. I didn't have to talk a certain way, walk a certain way, dress a certain way just so that I wouldn't embarrass my husband.

After what I witnessed today... I didn't have to do anything for him.

I was coming back from shopping for some new dresses for the ball we were planning on hosting in our pack for the newly shifted wolves, when I felt the same pain I had been feeling for a while now. It felt like someone was shredding my heart into a million pieces.

"It... what is it? I feel like I am dying?" my wolf whimpered in my head.

"I don't know. I think we have to go see the doctor. It comes and goes and I have no idea what it is. The pain medication Hiran gives always help. Let's nd him and ask for one."

I walked inside my pack house and went to my mate's study when I nally realized why I was feeling the pain.

My mate was moaning, screaming, begging. My best friend was giving him a blow job.

They looked so lost in each other they didn't even see me standing there at the door of his study, clutching my chest, biting my lips until it bled. I couldn't look away. I was watching them with sick fascination and shock. Yes, fascination. And anger. There was anger, too.

I loved him with everything and now I only felt this brokenness.

In this world, nding a fated mate was very, very hard, and yet I found mine. Alpha Hiran.

When I rst met him, my world turned completely. It was a miracle. Not many wolves found their fated mates, and most of them settled for chosen ones.

So nding my fated mate blessed by the goddess, and that, an Alpha, it was the best. I was oating on cloud nine and ten. Whatever.

Today was the day I fell from that happy cloud. And it was not a good way to fall either. Everything I had ever cherished was taken away from me. By my best friend.

And that is the biggest cliché.

"Do not think about it. Forget him," my wolf, Gem, was whimpering in my head. I had never seen her like this. Broken. She was the strongest, and she was always the one who kept me on track. But now... she looked weak and heartbroken.

The pain she felt was a hundred times more than what I felt.

I looked at Deidre, my other best friend and she was looking at me, her face worried, her eyes pointedly on the sixth glass of beer in my hand. Never in my history had I not done something extremely stupid when the number of beers exceeded two. I was already triple the amount of what I could hold and not do something stupid.

I also had a few shots of vodka, too. No, not a few. Many.

I could almost read her thoughts from her look.

If this b***h explodes, what am I supposed to do? I could see the conict and confusion, but she also didn't want to stop me from drinking. I deserved to be drunk after what I witnessed, after the pain I went through.

I needed more than beer. I needed something to erase my brain. To remove the picture ingrained in my brain.

It was Keller who usually dealt with me and my drunk self when I drank more than my limit. Well. Keller was my other best friend, yes, the one I was talking about just a few seconds ago.

The one I caught rubbing p.enises with my husband, and my f*cking Alpha.

I could still vividly recollect his ushed face as he gave my husband a blow job. The loud moans that left both their lips. The way my mate's hands gripped his sandy brown hair as he ate my mate's d*ck. Keller, that bastard. I shuddered. I could still hear him begging my mate to come inside his mouth. I could still hear the wet sound of sucking.

My heart twisted.

Well. Enough of that shi.t. More alcohol.

"I am so sorry babe, so sorry you have to go through that."

"You, I could have imagined. But Keller... f*cking Keller, that c*ck sucker."

"Wow, thanks," she said with a frown. "But no thank you. Your husband is a d*ck, and I wouldn't touch him with a ten-foot pole."

"Some satisfaction after I saw Keller touching him with his really small pole."

"You saw Keller's d*ck? Ew!" Deidre said. Her brown eyes sparked in curiosity. I laughed like a maniac clutching my stomach. The stress of the day had nally affected my brain.

She was a weird egg, and that was why we became friends years ago after she saved my life from rogues.

Two weirdos -- three weirdos, just before today-- out in the great big world. Well, this town was so fuc.king small, but yes.

"Yes, and it isn't impressive. But then again... Hiran's is not that impressive, either." I wiped the tears away, this time it was both pain and mirth.

"So a bunch of small wiener dudes... I would say they deserve each other," Deidre scoffed. "And you deserve a reward for putting up with his small d*ck."

I winced a little. Dee had never liked my mate. She was a better judge of character than me. I was an i****t.

"A reward?" I licked my lips as I emptied the glass and motioned to the waitress for another. She swayed towards us, and I admired how graceful she looked, walking in those high-heels.

"Another beer, please," I slurred, knowing very well this was well over my limit. But I didn't want to stop. I just wanted to ll my head with alcohol so that the image would be wiped away from my head. The waitress walked away and I turned to my best friend.

"Yes, a reward my dear," she said as she pointed to two men sitting on the table next to us. When I looked up, one of them was already staring at me, his intense gray eyes burning a hole in my face.

"No, thank you. I am done with men, I can't go through the pain again," I whispered and she shook her head, tutting.

"No, you are not done with men."

"Well, I am. I certainly am. The pain is not worth it." Even drunk, I knew at least that.

"Look, I am sorry Hiran and Keller did that to you, but they can go rot in hell for all I care. Tonight, we are going to nd you men."

"A man?"

"Well, whatever. Look at those two at that table. One of them had been eyeing you from the very rst second we sat down. Now, here is what we are going to do..." Deidre looked very excited. Her eyes were almost sparkling. "You are going to go and talk with him."

I looked at my ngers on my right hand, and my green eyes widened in shock. "Dee, I only have 9 ngers. What happened to one of my ngers, Dee Torres?"

"That is still four ngers more on one hand, Riley. Just put your hands down and go."

"I can't - I don't want to talk with him. I don't want to talk with anyone. I just want to go and lie under my blanket."

"Okay, you don't have to if you don't want to."

"Really?" I sang and she nodded her head. "Just go there and sit down. They look like men who know what they want, unlike your stupid husband."

"Oh obviously. They are both wolves," I slurred, and Deidre looked shocked. She was human and she didn't sense things like that. Her eyes sparkled. "And Alphas, too," I added in my innite wisdom, and hot, too.

"Oh, this is perfect Riley. It is too perfect for you to miss this opportunity. Now go. You need a break."

If it was any other night, and if I was in any other mindset, I would have immediately back pedaled and said f**k to the NO, but... being today was what it was, I didn't mind getting some attention from a hot Alpha.

Finding Alphas were rare.

Especially someone as hot as them, especially in my little town.

I oated towards them, or I imagined I was oating. But I might be twerking more like a zombie than oating gracefully.

My wolf rolled her eyes. She was in a lot of pain today, and was not talking much with me. I couldn't blame her. After what Hiran did to us, she needed her relief, and I needed mine with the hot Alpha.

"Really?" she rolled her eyes. "Your brain is a melted puddle. You don't know anything."

"Yes, really! Go, sleep Gem."

I nally sat down on the chair and looked at the one who had been staring at me.

"It looks like you want to do something to me? With me?" I looked straight into the gray eyes. My body felt weird as he licked his lips.

"What?" He looked shocked at my direct approach. Well, what did I have to lose? I had already lost everything.

The second one, the brooding one, quirked his brows, and his lips went at. Those were perfect lips, I would love to lick them too, and then bite them, but the lips were bent down in a frown. So...

I shook my head and turned to the other one. He was my target. He was just as handsome, and not so brooding.

Broody men were not easy to deal with, especially not when you were drunk out of your mind.

"You have been staring. Well, so here I am. What do you want to do to me?"

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