

Her Betrayal

Alison's POV

I opened my eyes to the pounding of my head. The sun was much too bright for me.

“Ungh, shucks,” I cursed over and over in my head as I blinked rapidly, trying to find myself some form of relief.

Maybe hitting my head with a hammer and nail would be more helpful to me though. How much exactly had I drunk last night and why had I even drank this much without sense? It’s not like I usually ingested alcohol anyway so this was truly something I was not used to by any means.

As I slowly adjusted to the light. I realized I was staring at a ceiling that wasn't one I recognised. Where am I? The thought dimly came to my mind, and my brows furrowed, trying to recall the last thing that happened the previous night.

The mating ceremony, the thought came to me quickly. Of course. Watching my best friend - supposed best friend at least - and the man I had a deep unrelenting crush on got married under the canopy of the oldest tree in our pack territory was not the best thing for me to watch.

I swallowed; it made more sense for me to drink that pain away now that I thought about it.

I had been unable to watch my beautiful and ever charming best friend exchange her mating vows.

Because in truth I felt the sting of betrayal from her. She had deliberately not told me anything about Logan being her mate. In fact, I cringed to myself when I remembered the way I was constantly fawning over Logan to her and she would simply smile at me and tease me unendingly. Never in those times did she say to me, ‘Hey Alie, you know the son of the Alpha of our pack? The one that you have proclaimed your unending love for time and time again? Yeah... he’s mine. Sorry. I can't give him to you.’

I sat up gingerly, feeling sore in between my thighs and wondering why, when I realized I wasn't the only one in this strange bed, in this strange room.

And as a matter of fact, I was naked!

My eyes widened as I spotted him, right to my left and in a state of sleep, thank the goddess!

It didn't take me long to realize, just looking at the state of both our naked, sweaty bodies... what had happened.

I had just slept with a complete stranger. It was horrible.

“Oh, no,” I whispered to myself, feeling like the world was about to collapse on me.

I had just had a one night stand...

I bit my lip, my eyes roving over the naked stranger’s body and looking away. Why did I feel that strange pull to him though? Why did I not feel guilty or as bad as I was supposed to when I looked at him?

I pressed my hand against my heart, feeling as if something odd had happened and I had only become aware of it.

A mate bond, I realized. It clicked within me, like I had just completed the puzzle.

A gasp slipped from my lips and I felt weak all of a sudden.

What was this?

All of a sudden?

I remembered my mother’s words last morning, the way she had so confidently said to me, “Alison, you should go to the ceremony. Not just because she is your friend, but you may never know whether you will meet your mate today.”

Well, mum, I just saw him. More than met him, in fact. I felt a pit at the bottom of my stomach, looking down at how I was practically naked. If this was how I met my mate, I didn't want it. Who was he anyways?

My eyes took him in. Most of his torso and legs were covered by the sheets, thank the moon goddess - I wasn't sure I wanted a full-on glance at him... But he looked built, and his muscle definition wasn't something to sneeze at. My eyes roved up and down his body and unwittingly I found myself comparing him to Logan in my head though, and shook my head. Logan definitely did not compare with him. He was taller, from my perspective.

I didn't know how long I sat staring at him, a little bit in a state of utter shock, but I noticed how he stirred a bit and began shifting on the bed. Was he going to wake up now? Would he see me like this?!

I couldn't help it, I panicked, and quickly jumped from the bed I was in.

I had to be gone by the time that he woke up. He should not see me here, or I was dead!

I began to pick up my things - how the hell had my underwear gotten on the damn lampshade?! - and began to dress up as quickly as I could. Picking up my shoes, and feeling shameful as I crept across the room, I placed my hand on the doorknob and twisted it, carefully peeling the door open and passing through to the other side.

I realized where I was as soon as I reached the stairwell - this place looked just like the Alpha’s home. Which meant...

I stilled when I heard a giggle.

“Oh, Logan, you’re always handsome to me,” that was Selen’s voice.

The ache in my heart suddenly felt like it would never go away as I heard bits and pieces of their conversation. I felt a little like a voyeur, and a horrible one at that.

She sounded happy, and it hurt me to admit, but Logan sounded happy too.

I just... I couldn't bring myself to be happy for them at this moment.

Instead of ruining their happiness, I would wallow in my heartbreak. It may have just seemed like a plain and simple crush to Selene, but it was more than that to me. If anything, it was betrayal.

I let out a sigh, feeling forlorn as I moved down the steps and tried my best to be quiet when I passed through the front door. The guards watching the front door gave me a look I could only describe as judging, but I didn't bother feeling bad. If feeling heartbreak over my friend marrying her mate didn't bring me any shame, having a one night stand with mine wouldn't either.

I stomped off, hoping to get home before the sun fully rose and the pack became alive with morning activities.