

## Last week...

### JESSICA'S POV

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Nick comes charging down the stairs, my eyes are xed on his long strides, skipping steps. He's wearing gym clothing, the tank top showing off his muscles. "What the hell is going on?" Tiffany falls to the oor and within some time between he comes over and me looking at him, she stands with a cut on her cheek, "Look what she did!" the blood dripping down her cheek makes me roll my eyes and I step back as Nick rushes over to her, anger brewing in my chest as I stare at him, cupping her cheek, checking her wound so gently...I hate the way he looks at her.

It's like she's the only one in the room and it's breaking my heart, tearing me apart slowly.

He turns to me, his eyes bright silver, "What have you done?" he growls lowly and I just blankly stare at him.

"I did nothing, ask your little mate why she cut herself after throwing the vase at my head." I nod my head towards her and he turns to her, frowning. "What is she talking about?" he asks her with a concerned look in his eyes, but what shocked me was him believing me...

"She's lying, why would I do this to myself?" tears stream down her cheeks, panic clear in her eyes.

Nick turns to me, "Tell me what happened Jess.", "Why are you asking her? I already told you!" she screeches, more panic clear in her voice. He turns to her, his head c\*\*\*\*g to the side, I expect him to scold her, but he doesn't, "Tiffany, calm down. I want to hear both sides." he reaches to stroke her cheek, but she swats his hand away and before she could storm off, he grabs her arm, pulling her toward him, "Please..." he stares into her eyes with a loving look and I nd myself a little jealous.

It's been so long since he looked at me like that...I long for it...my body longs for his touch.

Tiffany folds her arms across her chest, holding her chest, whipping her brown hair behind her shoulders. I watch as the scar heals, her skin pulling together slowly until all that's left is the crimson stain on her esh.

Nick's gaze turns to me, the soft look he gave her suddenly replaced with a hostile glare, "Tell me."

Letting out a breath from my nose, my gaze icks to her, "I came into my house, saw her crying on my couch and walked off to the kitchen and she threw the vase at my head before storming over to me and then screaming like a child throwing a tantrum just to get you here and goddess knows how she cut her face." I shrug, staying calm and he looks down at her, "Is this true?" he asks calmly, he just wants to know what's going on. "Of course not!" she yells, "She's lying!"

I am so tired of her screeching voice, "Then why are you acting like this?" he frowns at her, catching me off guard.

"I'm not lying!" her voice is loud and I wish I could rip out her vocals. "I didn't say you were, you just did." he shrugs, "Just..." he lets her go, rubbing his ngers across his forehead. " Can't you two just leave each other alone?" his voice raises and she steps back, as if afraid of him, "Nick..." she gasps audibly.

"Oh stop this." I scoff and Nick turns to me, "Go to our room." Nick demands me and my head tilts to the side, "Our room?" I ask with amusement, "It's time I stay where I belong." he stares at her and I can't help but smile, "What?" her face is priceless, the shock and terror in her eyes makes me want to jump around in joy.

Nick's head turns to the side and he glances at me from his side eye, "Go." he demands and I turn on my heel, smiling as I walk towards the stairs.

"Tell me you're lying." she's pleading with him, "You belong with me." I focus on moving my feet, knowing that if I stop, I will turn around and maybe, just maybe, murder that girl that took everything from me.

I'm waiting in the room and ten minutes have passed before Nick comes in, slamming the door shut behind him.

I sit in a dress, my one leg crossed over the other, "So are you really going to sleep here tonight?" I ask with furrowed brows, the silence is awkward, "It is my room, my bed, my clothes..." he starts to ramble.

"Can I ask you a question?" my lips press together into a thin line, my teeth digging into the soft skin inside of my mouth. "Yeah." his tone is cold, "Why can you be so nice to her while all you give me is hostile glares and a cold attitude?"

"I don't know." he shrugs, "You do." I deadpan, staring at him with eyes lled with hope.

"You love her more." I force a smile, hoping with my entire heart that he would deny it, that he'd say it isn't true.

"I don.." he stops his sentence and my hope falters, disappearing into the abyss. He at least wanted to deny it, but he can't...

The magic that bonds them together is stronger than whatever he wants to believe...

"I'm sorry..." is all he says, making me nod as I suck my lips into my mouth. "It's ne, but do you still love me?" I uncross my legs before standing up. He turns his body to me, giving me all of his attention, "Of course I do." the way he says it without hesitation makes my heart utter and there's hope in my heart. It makes my chest lighter, it makes me feel like I can breathe again.

He steps closer, closing the distance between us, slowly and teasingly.

"I do love you, peaches." he breathes out and I inhale a sharp breath at the nickname that makes my heart race.

"I love you too, but how can I live like this?" I breathe out, my voice shaky and he reaches for me, holding my waist before tugging my body against his. "I'll do better." he breathes out.

And like he said, he slept in our room and when I woke up, he was still in bed, typing on his phone. I roll onto my side, looking at him ghting a smile and when he sends the text, he locks his phone and looks at me, "Did you sleep well?" he smiles, a caring smile that I have missed. "I did." I want to return the smile, but I can't because my mind just keeps on wondering who he was texting and of course I have a better plan.

A knock on our bedroom door makes me sit up and I look at Nick as he gets out of bed, wearing shorts and walks over to the door hurriedly.

It's her...he told her to come here...

When he opens the door, it's no surprise when she stands there in a skimpy lingerie dress. "Hi." she bites her bottom lip, batting her eyelashes repeatedly as she stares up at him.

"Hi." he clears his throat and even though I can't see his face...I'm pretty sure his eyes are roaming her body, since the see-through material on her body does nothing to hide any part of her.

"I missed you." she steps closer and I clear my throat, making them freeze and Nick turns to look at me, "What are you doing here?" I look directly at her. Her eyes narrow on me, "I am here to spend time with Nick, since you will be having him all night." she grits out and the edges of my lips curl into a smile at the thought of him taking me instead of her.

"So excuse us." she grabs his hand and pulls him out of the room. He doesn't even close the door and she notices this, stopping right outside of the open door and she stands on her toes before kissing him. Her hands snake around his neck effortlessly and he's so into the moment that he forgets that I could see...

My gaze falls to my hands that's on my lap before I abruptly stand and go take a shower to calm down.

I spend the day going over more paperwork before it's time to get ready and right before I go to shower again, my phone rings and I freeze, staring at the unknown number ashing on my screen.

I answer and press the phone to my ear, "Hello?", "Ah, Luna Jessica, it's Luna Paris from the Feather Pack, how are you?" her chirpy voice catches me off guard. I know her, well I've met her and she's a very chatty and kind woman... "I'm great, how are you?" I smile, glancing at the time on my watch as I gure out my schedule for the night. "I'm good, I just wanted to call and invite you to the gathering tonight." something is denitely up, "Oh, Nick and I are already coming." I smile, "Oh, are you coming together?" she asks curiously. "We are, why?", "Well...it's just that last week Nick was here with his fated mate and we didn't see you, but we adore you and love your company and we thought that you should be at the parties with us, you are luna after all." she sounds genuine and sincere, as if she actually cares about me...but nevermind that...How could Nick take that brat to a party for an alpha and Luna?

Is he insane?

"Well thank you for informing me and don't worry, I will denitely see you tonight." my entire mood has rotten to the core and I toss my phone on the bed just when Nick enters.

"What's wrong peaches?" he frowns at me, standing with a guilty expression on your face. "Nothing." I shrug it off, "Listen...I was thinking, can I just take Tiffany tonight? I promise it would be the rst and last." he smiles and my mouth drops open.

He just lied to me, while looking me in the eyes...

"First?" I raise my eyebrows at him, "Yes, she just...she wants to go and we've been to these kinds of things a lot." he shrugs and I scoff, shaking my head as I turn my back to him.

"You know what Nick..." I turn around to face him, "I heard all about taking her to that party last week, so sure, since everyone already knows her." I throw my hands in the air, "And please, don't wate for me because I will be going because I was personally invited by Luna Paris." I snap and his eyes grow wide..."I wanted to tell you..." he starts but I scoff and walk into the bathroom, locking the door behind me before taking a well needed extra hot shower in hopes of using up all the warm water.