

Chapter 35

Jennine

I sat at the kitchen table, sipping my coffee, waiting for our guest to arrive. Connor sat across from, his leg irritatingly bouncing up and down while he clicked his tongue. The sound was driving me crazy; I was two seconds away from throwing my drink in his face.

"Would you stop?" I hissed.

"Sorry, I'm just a little nervous." He gave me a sour look.

"Everything is going to go according to plan, okay? As long as you don't wimp out, that is."

"You know Jennine, if I knew you were this much of a bitch, I wouldn't have rejected Silvia." He glared at me and I glared back.

"Your mate was a sniveling little mouse. Useless. It was your choice to reject her."

"Only because you promised we would be mates!"

"And I keep my promises Connor. This is just a little test of faith from you."

He scowled at me, and I worried that he was really going to pull out. I couldn't let him; I needed him for this to work. Setting my mug down, I reached across the table, placing my hand on top of his.

"Don't you want her gone? Don't you want her to pay for humiliating you the way she has?" I asked tenderly.

"You know I do. But if anyone finds out... if the Alpha finds out-"

"He won't. We've both been keeping a low profile. They have no reason to suspect us. And the way I have it planned; all the blame will go to Lily."

"I just hope you know what you're doing."

A knock sounded from the back door. I stood up, giving him a kiss as I passed. "Please, trust me." The look in his eyes was uncertain as I moved passed him to open the door. Standing on the porch was a slender girl with medium length brown hair, deep blue eyes and various tattoos on her arms.

"Chanelle." I said.

"Jennine."

"Please, come in." I opened the door all the way, allowing her to walk past me. Connor eyed her up and down when we walked into the kitchen, catching my glare.

"Did anyone see you?" I asked.

"Nobody. I made sure."

"Coffee?"

"Sure, why not?"

Chanelle took my seat across from Connor, who was openly fuming.

"I get you want to catch up with your girlfriend and all, but can we please just talk about the plan? Is she even from our pack?" He eyed Chanelle again.

I gave sarcastic laugh. "She's not one of my girlfriends. Truth be told, if she didn't owe me a favor, I'd beat the shit out of her right here."

"How you wish you could." Chanelle hissed.

"Wait. We're staking everything on someone you hate? Who hates you? Are you fucking with me Jennine?"

"Nope." I set Chanelles coffee on front of her. "Like I said, she owes me."

"What the fuck!"

"Would you calm him down? I never would have agreed to this if I'd known he was such a little bitch." She sneered. I coughed to hide my amusement.

"To answer your earlier question, Chanelle isn't part of this pack. She's from Snow Moon."

"Okay?"

I rolled my eyes. "Lilys former pack."

He still looked lost, and Goddess help me, I wanted to strangle him sometimes. There were no brains in that head.

"She's the one who's going to do the job for us."

This time he looked at Chanelle with curiosity. "You?"

She smirked. "Me."

"Have you ever... done that before?"

"You want a list of names?"

Connor shrank back in his seat. "No, I'm good."

I turned to her, getting to the point. "You have someone set up?"

"Oh yeah. You know her too."

"Tell."

"Remember Paige?"

I smiled and Chanelle looked just as pleased with herself.

"And you can make it look real? Like a Mother Wolf, did it?" I asked.

"I had to do some research, but yeah. Shouldn't be too hard. Can you get her there?"

"I already have it set up. An Omega in the packhouse told me Dimitri was going to ask her to go to the Ball with him." I clenched my fists under the table. That should have been me at his side.

"Good. I'll update you closer to the date." She stood to leave.

"Wait, that's it?" Connor asked.

"What else do you want?"

"I want to know you're not going to fuck this up. I'm putting a lot on the line here."

Chanelles claws extended, her eyes going black. "Are you doubting me right now?"

"N-no. I just-"

She turned to me. "He shouldn't be worried about me screwing this up. I'm worried he will. You're not the only one putting yourself on the line, bitch." She told him. Was he shaking? Some warrior.

"I'll keep him in check." I assured her. After one more hard look at Connor, she left.

As soon as the door closed, Connor was right in my face.

"I can't do this Jennine."

Rolling my eyes, I pushed past him. "Calm down. Everything is fine."

"It's not fine! Your frenemy there is nuts! How do you know she's not going to turn us in?"

"Because she knows I'll kill her if she does."

"Goddess, listen to yourself! You can't kill someone if your dead Jennine! And Dimitri will kill us!"

Resting my hands on the counter, I took a deep breath. Released it.

"I'm not pulling out Connor. Lily needs to go. You agreed not long ago."

"I've changed my mi-"

"No!" I spun around, facing him heatedly. "You haven't changed your mind. You are going to fulfill your part in this. You're so worried about losing your career and your life, but you have already! What are you doing right now, huh?! Getting towels for the boys, giving them water? Yesterday I saw you tying someone shoes, bent down at his feet like a slave! You've already lost everything Connor!"

Just like I knew it would, anger burned in his eyes. I kept going, strengthening his resolve.

"Who put you in that position?" I threw at him.

"Lily." He spit her name.

"Exactly. Doesn't she deserve to pay for what she's done? Doesn't she need to suffer, like you've suffered? It hurts watching you go through this because of her!" I yelled.

Scrounging up some fake tears, I turned back to the sink and waited. A second later, Connors arms went around me and I smiled.

"She does, and she will. I'm sorry baby, I won't doubt you again. I'm with you." He kissed my head and I sniffled a little.

"Good. Thank you."

His hand travelled down between my thighs, rubbing against my shorts.

"Let me make it up to you. Let me show you how much I love you."

I really didn't want to. But if it kept him from freaking out and screwing everything up....

I lowered my pants and thong, hopping onto the counter. Connor spread my legs and wasted no time sticking his head between my legs. I closed my eyes, picturing Dimitri. Pretending it was his hands on my thighs; his tongue on me. I moaned loudly, biting my lip against saying his name.

This was the only way I could get off now. Before, it had been the thrill of sneaking around, but since Connor rejected his mate, I needed something else. And only Dimitri could please me like no one else.

"Goddess, keep going." I breathed.

He hummed against me, picking up the rhythm. I came shortly after, breathing hard. I accepted his kiss, plastering on a smile.

"My turn." He pushed me to my knees and I sighed quietly.

Two weeks until the Ball. Two weeks, and this would be over. I'd have Dimitri back, as it should be, and this little game I was playing with Connor would come to an end.