

Chapter 4

"It was wonderful," Amy sighed dreamily as she hung out with Melanie the next day during their free period and told her about how Josiah had taken her home where they'd promptly mated with each other. "There was no way to stop it. It was this overwhelming urge to jump each other's bones and it felt amazing...like tiny explosions of desire erupting across my entire body. My rst time didn't even hurt," Amy said happily. "He was amazing and so gentle..." Amy trailed off and let out another content sigh.

"That's great!" Melanie said enthusiastically but ventured a little hesitantly to add, "Don't you think you should have waited though? You rushed into mating if you ask me."

Her eyes travelled across the school grounds, landing on Josiah who was sitting with his friends. Melanie couldn't help but glower at Brad who was turned away from her so all she could see was his back and shoulders hunched over his phone. Her eyes widened slightly as she noticed a few black lines peeking out over his collar, evidence of a tattoo that seemed to be on his back. Of course, it was covered thanks to the black shirt he was wearing. Her eyes reminted trained on his broad shoulders and Melanie couldn't help it that her curiosity was piqued. When had he gotten a tattoo? What was it a tattoo of?

"Just you wait until it's your turn," Amy stated condently. "There is no way to stop the pull of your mate."

"Still, I'd like to get to know my mate a little better. Maybe actually know his favorite color before jumping into bed with him," Melanie joked lightly. "Besides, I want to wait until I'm 18. I have a plan you know," Melanie said wisely. "Graduate high school, get into an ivy league college and never come back to this small town. I need to make sure my mate and I are on the same page before committing to him."

Amy rolled her eyes. "Sometimes things don't always go according to plan. And once you feel the mate pull, it's pretty hard to resist it."

"I guess we will see when it's my time," Melanie said with an incline of her head.

"Guess so," Amy replied amusedly. She suddenly stood up, slinging her bag over her shoulder. "I'll catch you later," Amy said cheerfully. "Josiah said he'd walk me to class and after school, he wants to take me to meet his parents!"

Melanie smiled at her friend, sincerely happy for her. The new school year had started off with a bang it seemed. She watched Amy walk to where Josiah was. Brad looked up at Amy, greeting her cordially before looking back down at his phone. Maybe Melanie had just imagined it but she could have sworn Brad had momentarily glanced her way too.

"You ready Melanie?" Selene inquired, sticking her head inside Melanie's room.

Melanie hastily ran a hand through her hair before tying it up. Selene tsk'd.

"It's our brother's Beta ceremony tonight and you decide to dress like that?" Selene asked incredulously.

"What's wrong with the way I'm dressed?" Melanie retorted defensively, looking down at her baggy cargo pants and dark green peasant top with smocking around the neckline.

"Nothing if you were planning to spend your evening in the garden," Selene said sweetly. She looked at Melanie seriously. "Please Melanie, Dylan's mother is going to be there too. It's important for all of us to look nice tonight..."

Melanie looked at her sister who had looked after her after their mom had passed away. She realized tonight was important for Selene since Dylan and she planned to become chosen mates.

"What do you want me to wear?" Melanie nally asked, giving in with an exasperated huff.

Selene squealed in delight and disappeared momentarily before reappearing with a long dark green dress.

"It will bring out the green in your eyes," Selene said fondly, handing it over to Melanie.

Melanie took the dress, wondering if Selene's dress would t her. Melanie wasn't as tall as Selene or as physically t. But when she put it on, it seemed to look all right. Tighter than what she was used too but it was actually nice.

"You should dress your size more often," Selene said appreciatively. "I don't know why you insist on baggy clothes. You've got curves that should be aunted."

"I've got fat thighs and a pudgy stomach," Melanie retorted, eyeing Selene's toned physique.

Selene shook her head as she got to work putting Melanie's hair into a bun.

"Women come in all shapes and sizes. I'd kill for an ass like yours Mel. Now let me just put some makeup"

Melanie jerked back interrupting Selene's speech.

"No way. No makeup," Melanie stated sternly, looking at Selene angrily. "I'll look ridiculous. I'm happy with just my chap stick."

Melanie had tried makeup a few times in the privacy of her own room. All it did was make her look washed out and orange. The engine red lips that seemed to make Selene look glamorous made Melanie look like she'd drunk someone's blood. She still cringed when she thought back to the middle school dance and how Brad had made fun of her, her peers saying she looked like a clown wasn't a happy memory at all. After that school dance, Melanie had promised herself she'd never let Selene do her makeup again.

Selene shrugged, teasing a few strands around Melanie's face.

"It wouldn't kill you to try and experiment to see what suits you," Selene said seriously. "Your skin-tone is tanned from working outside in mom's gardens. We could go to the mall one day and get a beauty consultant to help us out."

Melanie shook her head furiously, turning away to apply chap stick on her lips.

Selene looked like she wanted to push the issue but she didn't, instead opting to keep her mouth shut and leave the house in peace with their father.