

#Chapter 6 She's bleeding

"Poor girl."

"Honestly, she shouldn't have been allowed to come if she was going to act like that."

No one would believe me now.

I turned, looking for Candido. Yet, Bella had grabbed my dress with her bleeding hand.

"Trying to run away again, Hedy? Like every time you've done bad things to me?" Bella asked, her voice just loud enough to be heard by everyone and stir up more whispers. "Haven't you learned anything?"

I looked at her bloody hand and then at the sneer in her eyes. I knew her well enough to know that the moment she saw me in this dress, she wanted to take it from me or destroy it. It wasn't the first time she'd taken or destroyed something of mine because she wanted and couldn't happen.

All the memories of my mother I should have had after her death, keepsakes and mementos, had been lost to Bella's jealousy and selfishness. I dropped my gaze to her neck, where my mother's necklace hung, gleaming on her collar.

Bella tugged at my dress and grabbed another fistful of it, letting more blood stain it. I clenched my fist, wanting to

shove her off, but I held back. I knew better. It would only make this situation worse. Bella's face was tear-streaked, but there was no sadness in her eyes. She was enjoying this the way she had enjoyed taking my mother's jewelry from me, saying I didn't deserve any of it.

"Aren't you going to apologize to me?" Bella gasped. "I'm your sister!"

I narrowed my gaze at her. How nice of her to use that excuse now, when we both knew that she never had and never would consider me as her sister. She was only playing a part.

"That would be the right thing to do," someone said, coming closer. "She's bleeding."


"You should be ashamed of yourself as the elder sister."

My nails bit into my palms. I wanted to pull away and run to Candido, but he wasn't nearby.

Besides, didn't I say I was done apologizing? Didn't I say I was done running? Candido would protect me if things got out of hand, but I had to learn to stand up for myself and stop letting my past affect me like this.

I couldn't be a little girl forever. I had to become an adult worthy to stand at Candido's side in whatever capacity was meant for me sooner rather than later. I was twenty this year.

"Apologize?" I asked, looking down at Bella. "Are you going to return my mother's jewelry?"



Her eyes widened, and she went pale. The whispers changed to ones of confusion instead of outrage. While werewolves tended to only care about their packs, it was a cultural belief that certain things should be passed from mother to daughter or father to son because we believed that power was passed along gender lines. Jewelry, clothes, and little mementos of the parent's life were meant to go to their children. My mother only had one child, and she had been at Steven's side since the time he became alpha until she died.

"You're just making things up," Bella said.

"Check her photos," I said coldly before anyone could start to doubt my words. Everyone knew the truth. They had just turned a blind eye to it because Bella was the favorite, and no one had ever given me a chance to speak.

That was over now.

"I've... made my peace with you tainting any good memories I could have from anything that was meant to be mine. But this?" I lifted the edge of my dress, making sure the blood-stained fabric glinted in her eyes as I glared at her. Her eyes grew wide and terrified. "Is different. Are you going to replace my dress?"

She snatched her hands away. The dress was more expensive than anything Bella had ever owned, I was sure. She'd never be able to replace it.

"What's going on here?" Lilian asked, coming over.

"She—"

"I asked if she was going to replace my dress," I said evenly. "She fell, cut herself, and got her blood all over my dress. Shouldn't she replace it? That would be the right thing to do, wouldn't it?"

"I—"

"Shouldn't the person in the wrong pay the price?" I pushed, throwing words from my childhood back in their faces. "Shouldn't she learn a sense of responsibility?"

Lilian's eyes went cold, and I knew she was thinking of every time she'd said that to me when Bella was having one of her tantrums.

"You pushed me!" Bella cried.

"Without touching you?" I asked. "And what does your fall have to do with your bloody hands all over my dress?"

"You shouldn't argue with your sister," Lilian said with a cold expression. "Especially not over a dress."

"She shouldn't embarrass herself like this," I said, trying to keep my voice even. "And she has never been my sister."

Bella wailed. "You're so cruel to me!"

I whirled on her, baring my teeth and ready to shout, when

another voice cut in.

"You're the one embarrassing yourself with this charade."

I looked over to see Eric, an heir of a small pack, very close in standing to Wolf Fang. His blonde hair glinted in the light above his blue eyes. I glanced between them as he reached Bella's side. He didn't help her off the floor, but he glared at me.

"Don't think you'll get away with treating my fiancé like this."

I almost laughed. This was the best they could do? Renting this hall had to have been incredibly expensive, so this event wasn't exactly about Steven's birthday. It would make sense for them to get the most out of this hall. They were probably announcing their engagement.

"You should know your place, fat girl. Your jealousy of Bella is embarrassing," he said, lifting his head with a sneer. "

You're nothing but the Alpha King's little mistress, and no one is going to want you for anything more than a toy."

A gasp went around as I regarded him. His words rolled off my shoulders. I had never met Eric before, and what he was saying was no different than what most people thought.

"Are you going to take responsibility for my dress then as her fiancé?"

He flushed and glanced down at Bella's blood smeared across my gown. "I'm sure the Alpha King will replace it if you serve him well enough."



Some of the people behind Eric glared at me. Others dragged their gaze over me, clearly turning over Eric's words and wondering if there was any truth to it.

Then, Candido's voice cut through the air, cold and furious. It raised the hair on the back of my neck as I felt him drawing closer.

"Tired of living, aren't you, Eric?"

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