

Chapter 26

Sophia

Last night was awkward. It was very clear that Garrett wanted more than just sleep, but I said no. I wanted us to build a foundation of trust again, before anything physical happened. More so, I wanted him to trust me again.

Last night was the first time we'd slept in the same bed since we dated. It all felt familiar to me, yet strange and new. Garrett wasn't the same guy I knew before; He was much more closed off, less talkative. The guilt wouldn't leave, because I knew it was because of me. Because of what I did. If I had to, I'd spend the rest of my life trying to make it up to him. The bigger problem right now was dealing with his hatred for Jasper. Even I was surprised when he turned out to be Violet's mate; Who saw that coming? Not me. Certainly not Violet. However, they seemed to fit well together.

On the other hand, Garrett didn't seem to be able to get over it. He vented for over an hour before we finally went to bed about his sister's mate. I listened attentively, but not replying much. I feared he would twist my words, believing I had feelings for Jasper or something. It was a likely possibility, because most of his arguments were dull. In my opinion, he needed to accept this turn of events, and move on. Everyone else had.

This morning, he was in a better mood, if still a bit grumpy. He'd gone for breakfast with his parents, in the cafeteria today as nobody could get up to the fourth floor, while I showered and got dressed. I picked out a navy-blue dress with sunflowers printed on it and white sandals. Grabbing my curler, I stood in front of the bathroom mirror, thinking. I didn't know how

to explain it, but ever since the night of the party, I'd been feeling...off. I chalked it up to guilt, and shame mostly. But for over a year now, I never could shake the feeling, could never get that night out of my head.

I remembered dancing with Garrett, admiring him in his button-down black shirt, his hair wild and messy, and in need of a cut soon. We'd laughed, chatted with our friends, drank a little. We'd even snuck off to catch a private, intimate moment outside. I remembered having to use the bathroom. And the next thing I knew, I was in bed with Jasper Cole, giving him my virginity.

I frowned deeply, trying for the millionth time to recall exactly what had happened. What had persuaded me to exit the bathroom and go in search of Jasper? Obviously, I remembered our conversation leading up to sleeping together. And I could remember the act too. But those memories felt hazy, dim, compared to the rest. The most vivid flashback was Garrett walking in on us, and breaking up with me. Not that I blamed him; I'd have done a lot worse if the situation was reversed.

I even thought about talking to Jasper about it. Did he have this fuzzy memory too? Or had I just shoved my actions deep down? Nonetheless, asking Jasper directly was out of the question. If Violet didn't get pissed, Garrett definitely would.

"Ow! Awe, shit!" I groaned.

I chucked the strands of hair I'd accidentally burnt off with the curler. I was way too distracted to do this. Unplugging the tool, I left the bathroom, throwing my hair into a ponytail instead. Garrett walked in as I picked up my jean jacket from the bed.

"Hey. How was breakfast?" I asked with a smile.

"Terrible!"

"Why?"

"Can you believe Jasper was there?" He sat heavily on the bed.

"Uh... Well... Yeah Garrett. He is Violet's mate."

"Dad even called him 'son'." He continued as if he hadn't heard me. "And Violet was all red cheeks and smiles too. Ugh! I swear if he touched my sister..."

"So?" He looked at me finally. "They are mates. It isn't really our business if they... are intimate with each other." I shrugged, but Garrett narrowed his eyes at me. I knew what he was thinking.

"Why are you sticking up for him?" He demanded.

There it was.

"I'm not sticking up for him." I sighed. "I'm just saying that if they want to...do that... then it's their business, not anyone else's."

"You can say the word, Sophia. It's not like you're not familiar with it."

I took a step back, hurt washing through me.

"W-what did you just say to me?"

"What? You have had sex."

"So, this is how it's going to be Garrett? What happened to starting over?"

"We are starting over. Don't be dramatic."

"Dramatic! Do you have any idea how much you just insulted me right now?"

He scoffed. "Sophia, you can't be mad about the truth. And the truth is, you slept with Jasper, and now you're sticking up for him."

"No, the truth is-" I clenched my jaw against the words begging to come out. I didn't want to fight with him.

"What?"

"Never mind." I put on my jacket, heading for the door.

"No, say it." He said behind me. His tone was unbelievably childish.

I whirled around, planting my feet. "Fine. The truth is, is that you never really planned to move on with me. The way you're acting right now, it only says that you're going to throw this in my face any chance you get! I'm not going to sit here and take that Garrett! Grow the fuck up!"

His lips parted at my words, his eyes sparking with anger. Before this turned into a screaming match, I quickly left the room. The door slammed open behind me as I stomped down the hall.

"Sophia!"

I ignored Garrett. I wasn't going to fight with him anymore, it was too much. Why couldn't we just have a normal morning?

"Sophia, stop!"

"Go away Garrett!"

His hand landed on my shoulder, twisting me around to face him. I shrugged him off, glaring.

"Just stop! I'm sorry, okay?"

I snorted, looking away.

"Look. I shouldn't have said all that. I just... I can't stand it. He's always around now, anywhere I go! And-"

"And what?" I snapped. "You are my mate, not Jasper! You have no reason to be jealous Garrett! I don't want him!"

"But you did! You did Sophia, at one time. You wanted him more than me."

I grabbed my hair in frustration. "Oh, my Goddess! No, I didn't! I've never wanted anyone like I want you, okay? I don't know why I did what I did, but I'm so tired of my life revolving around it! I just want to move on! I am not fighting about this with you for the rest of my life!"

Tears of anger, frustration, and hurt sat on my lower lashes. I stared at him, trying to get him to understand that this was too much, toxic. I couldn't live like this, mate or not.

"What do you want me to do Garrett? Stay inside the packhouse, the bedroom, forever? Just in case I happen to run into him? Do you want me to say sorry every morning when you wake up, and every night you go to sleep? How many times do I need to say sorry? What do you want me to do, to make you trust me again?"

"That's ridiculous Sophia. I'm not going to cage you like an animal. But how do I know you won't go seeking him out? Or any other guy? How am I supposed to believe I'm enough for you, when I obviously wasn't before?"

Before I could answer, another voice sounded behind us.

"Enough."

I looked over my shoulder. Violet was standing, leaning against the wall with her arms crossed. To my surprise, she was glaring at her brother instead of me.

"This isn't the place to be doing this Garrett." She said. "The whole lower floor can hear you guys."

"Don't you have a mate to get to?" Garrett replied sarcastically. Violet raised her eyebrows.

"He's went home for now."

"Hallelujah."

"Stop being an asshole." She spat at him. "I understood before why you were upset, but this is getting fucking ridiculous!"

"Mind your own business, Violet."

"Why should I mind my business when my own fucking brother is treating a girl like shit?"

"She's my mate-"

"Exactly!"

To my utter dismay, Luna Lily and the Alpha, along with his Beta and Gamma, climbed up the ladder. The group stared between Violet and us, and my cheeks burned with embarrassment. This is what I had hoped to avoid.

"What is going on? Why are you two yelling at each?" The Luna asked.

"Same as always Mom. Violet can't keep her nose where it belongs."

"Shut the fuck up."

"Violet!"

"No, Mom!" She pushed away from the wall, taking a few steps towards us. I'd seen her angry many times, at school, and I could only hope she wouldn't direct it at me. "You chose to accept Sophia as your mate! That doesn't mean you can belittle and degrade her whenever you feel like it!"

Every face turned to Garrett. His Dad seemed to be getting angry, while his mom looked disappointed. Beta Ben and Gamma Luke just appeared to be shocked. My eyes refocused on Violet as she stood in front of me, taking my hand. I glanced at my mate as she dragged me away.

"V-Violet, it's fine! Really! I didn't help the situation so-"

"Stop that." She snapped at me. "I don't give a fuck what you two were arguing about, he doesn't have any right to speak to you the way he was. I heard what he said Sophia. If you think you deserve that, by all means, run along back to him. I won't intervene again though. You were right, he needs to grow the fuck up."

My eyebrows furrowed slightly as I listened to her. I knew I didn't deserve this; Yes, I'd fucked up. But how long was Garrett going to keep punishing me for my mistake? This man, the one seething in the middle of the corridor behind us, was not the man I loved once. This man was consumed by jealousy, and hate. When he showed up to my house, I really believed he was going to try and work things out with me. Was I stupid, or just naive? Regardless, I knew I was better than this. I wasn't the type of girl to sit down quietly and take this shit.

"I don't deserve this." I said more to myself than to Violet.

"No, you don't."

"Are you fucking kidding me?!" Garrett shouted behind us.

This time, his dad stepped forward. His Alpha aura was strong, making me cringe.

"I thought we taught you better than ever mistreat your mate, no matter who it is, or what happened in the past. You're living in the past Garrett, and it's not healthy."

"Who are you to talk to me about mistreating mates?"

I gasped, along with everyone else. Alpha Dimitris eyes widened, but that was the only part of his composure he lost. Violet was shaking behind me, looking five seconds away from attacking her brother. The other three were just staring at Garrett, various expressions of disbelief on their faces.

"Go to your room."

Alpha Dimitris voice was suddenly so soft, a sharp contrast to his previous tone that it threw me completely.

"Wha....what?"

"I said, go to your room."

"Wh... No!"

The Alpha took a step in his sons' direction. "You want to act like a kid? I'll start treating you like a kid again. Only boys treat women this way, not men. Clearly, you are still just a boy."

"Fuck you!"

Moving faster than my eyes could see, Alpha Dimitri suddenly had Garrett by the back of his shirt, dragging him back to the bedroom. Garrett kicked and screamed the whole way, and I was ashamed at that moment to see how childlike he really was acting. A second later, Alpha Dimitri exited, slamming the door behind him so hard, I was surprised it didn't break. I glanced to my left; Luna Lily looked equal parts angry as well as sad.

"Are you alright?" Violet asked.

"Yes. Thank you."

"Sophia..." The Luna turned to me. "I don't know exactly what happened but... I want you to know. Nobody here would hold it against you if... if you rejected my son."

My jaw dropped, and I took a step back. That was the absolute last thing I ever expected to hear.

"No, no! I don't want to reject him, Luna!"

"I fucking would." Violet sneered.

I took a deep breath. "I know that Garrett was wrong. And believe me, I won't sit down and take it, ever. But that man, that's not Garrett. That's not your brother, or your son! He's just...lost. I was picked to be the future Luna of this pack, and part of that comes with helping the future Alpha of this pack. I want to help Garrett, even if I'm the reason for his torment. He is a good person; I won't give up on him so easily."

"Spoken like a true Luna." Gamma Luke smiled at me and I blushed.

"Indeed. I remember someone else who was lost, once." Luna Lily glanced at her mate. "However, I don't suggest returning to your room just now."

"No, I've had enough fighting for one day."

"Come on." Violet grabbed my hand again, confusing me.

"Where are we going?"

She heaved a sigh. "If you manage to take my brothers head out of his ass, it's likely you're going to be my sister-in-law someday. So, let's go hang out and get to know each other and all that jazz."

"Uh, okay?"

I let her pull me out the packhouse and to her car. As I buckled my seatbelt, I glanced back at the house. Why did love have to be so damn complicated?