

Chapter 13

I was excited for my first ever concert. I was scared that my fans would be disappointed because of who I was. And I think my nerves was showing slightly now that I was just about to go on stage in a few minutes.

It's been about five years now since I ran away and about three years since I released my first single. I was extremely glad that I did run away now, because I had more than I could've ever asked. I had true friends, my family: my babies- although they're four now and hate being referred to as babies- and a home.

I guess you could say life was pretty good.

To be honest though, I missed Him like hell. Even after all the t*****e he'd ever put me through, he was still my mate. The one person who was meant for me, right?

Sometimes I sit there and just think about him? What is he doing right now? What would our life be like if he stayed with me that day? Unfortunately, I would never know the answer to the question, but it was how my life was meant to be and I'd learn to accept that years ago.

I was pulled out my thoughts when Alice, my make-up artist started touching up my make-up and my hair stylist, George started making sure not one hair was out of place.

Right now, I was wearing a floor-length, electric blue dress with a low black and clear rhinestones under the bust along with peep-toe 4 inches, ivory heels with a knot on the front. My golden blond-brownish hair was loosely curled, parted in the middle and reached my mid-back.

I was about to go on the stage any minute now and I could definitely not mess up, not after all that practice. I worked my ass off for this and I wasn't going to mess it up, I thought with new confidence.

Just then, I heard someone call my name, "Sophieeee, or shall I say Sydney, huh?"

I chuckled, "So you decide to get here now? And I thought you were my best friend!"

Emma laughed and gently nudged me in the ribs. "Sorry I'm late. Daniel and Christy didn't seem to want to leave their room," she pretended gagging.

Daniel had finally found his mate a year after I joined their pack. Christy was driving through and decided to stop at a supermarket to buy some chips when Daniel was buying some baby milk for the twins. Needless to say, she stormed out of the supermarket in tears after thinking that her mate had gotten someone else pregnant and had a kid with her.

But Daniel quickly chased after her and explained that the baby milk was for me. She was still reluctant to believe him, so he brought her to meet me and after I confirmed everything, she accepted Daniel with open arms.

A week later, they were both full marked and mated. A few months later, Christy finally announced that she was pregnant and soon, she gave birth to a beautiful baby girl called Marilyn. She was one little angel, with her dark brown curls and Christy's light blue eyes. A year later, they finally tied the knot and got married on a beautiful beach in the Bahamas.

Christy was an amazing mom and Luna. She was kind, funny and beautiful. She was the perfect Luna, mom and mate. She was one of my best friends along with Emma and we went on shopping sprees all the time.

Thank Lord the paparazzi didn't know what Sydney looked like exactly, otherwise I'd have them chasing me the whole day.

Speak of the devil and both Daniel and Christy appeared, looking a bit flustered with messy hair, might I add. I smirked at them both knowingly and Christy blushed and averted her gaze to her shoes.

"Here they are! I bet they were at it again in the bathroom, I hope they cleaned after themselves. Imagine what would happen if someone walked in the bathroom?!" I said to Emma as if they weren't there. Emma pretended to be sick while Christy slapped my arm playfully.

"At least we're getting some," Danny retorted, looking quite smug.

"Actually, I get enough, at least I don't go at like rabbits, unlike you two!" I exclaimed, faking a horrified expression on my face.

"Oh, just shut it you two. Anyways, you look beautiful as usual Soph, and I know you're going to be amazing on that stage," Christy said with a small smile on her face.

I smiled back gratefully. Just then the host screamed, "Let's welcome Sydneyyyy!"

"Go and own that stage gurrl!" Emma yelled, to which I laughed. A member of the crew walked along with me and counted my entrance to the stage. The stadium was completely dark, apart from a few flashes from cameras. After the introduction, I started singing my very first song when the spotlight landed on me.

I lifted up my head and looked up at the crowd and noticed some were singing along with me and swaying their arms from side to side. I walked on the stage over to the first row when I saw him. Ryan, my brother.

I quickly turned away and walked to the other side of the same, trying my hardest to get the image of his shock-filled face out of my mind. I

didn't get a good look at the people around him, but I did notice a beautiful girl with the dark brown hair and dark brown eyes next to him.

I tried to get the image of him out of my head and continued singing. Many songs later, a crew member brought out my guitar and a stool for me to sit on.

I put the guitar strap around my neck and took a seat, while the crew member fixed the microphone so that it was directly in front of me. I sent him a small smile, to which he returned and faced the crowd. Purple strobe lights now filled the entire stadium, which allowed me to see the banners made for me which people held up.

"I want to dedicate this final song to, Danny, Christy, Alex, Mark, Emma, Claire, Conor, Amy and my twins Charis and Kaden. And I want to thank everyone who ever helped me become this person who I am today. I love you all," I said before starting my final song. Stronger, by Kelly Clarkson, one of my greatest inspirations.

I was scorching hot by the time I stepped off the stage and said goodbye to everyone and thanked them, because after all, I was successful because of them.

My manager told me that Danny, Christy and Emma were in my dressing room, along with Mark, the owner of my record label and Alex's dad.

Mark was like a dad to me and I loved him dearly. He had dark brown hair and brown eyes, like his son. He stood at a tall 6ft 2 and he had a lean but muscular body. Alex was the spitting image of Mark. He was in his late 40s but looked like he was in his mid-30s. I was surprised Alex hadn't come to my very first concert because he had been working with me for ages on this concert, and I was hoping he'd be here to watch me perform, but he had to go help another artist who was involved in a scandal with another celebrity. Alex and I had become great friends since we first met. He helped me with the songs, helped me write them

and compose them. He was surprised when I told him I had twins because he thought I was really young and didn't have a mate by my side. But there was something about him that made me trust him, so I told him my story too. He was pissed when he found out, but thankfully he calmed himself down afterwards and the studio didn't suffer too much damage.

My manager, Brianna led me to my dressing room to meet everyone. Also, all the backstage ticket holders were going to be coming one-by-one to the lounge next door to my dressing room.

Once I was in the room, everyone stood up and came over to congratulate me by giving me hugs and kisses on the cheek. It was then I noticed Claire was here along with the twins.

"Babies!" I cried when I saw them.

"Momma," they both screamed together, jumping off Claire's lap and running to me. I bent down to their level and hugged them tightly.

"Ew, Momma, you stink!" Kaden exclaimed, making everyone laugh.

"I do not," I mocked his tone.

"Yeah, momma smells beautiful!" Charis said, wrapping her little arms around my neck.

"It's my momma, get off her!" Kaden said loudly, wrapping his arms around my neck.

"It's my momma, you get off her!" Charis shouted back.

Chuckling, I picked them both up and said, "I love you both equally, and you're both my babies, and c'mon we have to meet momma's fans, don't we?"

"We're not babies!" they screamed together.

Laughing, I said, "Okay, okay. You're not babies. You're big children now, happy?"

They both nodded together, making all of us laugh. After chatting with everyone for a bit longer, I realized I had to go get dressed to meet my fans. I was really excited about doing that since I hadn't actually met any fans yet.

I quickly changed into a white flowy skirt with flowers on it and I tucked in a plain white tank-top and strapped plain black belts around waist where I tucked in the tank top. I slipped on a pair of gold platform heels. My make-up artist did my hair and my hair-stylist sorted out my hair to make sure it was perfect again.

I then got a drink and went to the lounge next door and waited for the people to come in. First was a group of crying teenagers who started screaming once they saw me. After meeting a whole bunch of other people and signing autographs, I was exhausted and ready to jump into my bed.

But then, the door opened and smelt the most intoxicating scent ever.

My mate's scent.

My head snapped up and I noticed Chase, who's eyes were wide open, Nicole, who looked at me with disgust, the brunette next to Ryan, looking extremely happy and Ryan, who had a small smile on his face. There were other people behind them, but I didn't recognize all of them, only Jace.

I then noticed the Nicole had a huge stomach for someone who counted every single calorie she ate. She was obviously pregnant. Chase had an arm around her stomach protectively while he kept his eyes trained on me, what did he think I was going to kill his child or what? Chase looked at me with narrowed eyes and Nicole merely smirked.

It pained to see that he was protecting Nicole from me and I wanted to just burst into tears that moment, but I controlled myself. They all took a seat on the leather couches and after a few awkward moments, I said, "Hi."

Ryan came running up to me and engulfed me into a warm hug. He hadn't even touched me in years and now it felt amazing to have my big brother there embracing me. I missed him so much, that it was unbelievable. A growl pulled me out of whatever daze I was having, and I stepped away from him.

I noticed that it was the pretty brunette growling, she must be his mate, huh? I smirked at him as he grinned. "Becca, this is my baby sister Sophia, and Soph, meet Rebecca, my mate."

Becca dropped the glare and gave me a sheepish smile before confusion and shock masked her facial expressions.

"Wait- when did you have a sister. And since when is the Sydney Taylor your sister?!" she asked.

"Oh, dear brother, have you not told Becca why I left?" I asked with in an innocent tone.

"No..." she answered simply.

"Well, I'll tell you. I'm Sophia Campbell. And I'm 20 years old, and I ran away from the pack, you want to know why?" I asked.

She slowly nodded and Ryan's eyes widened slightly.

I grinned and replied, "Why doesn't my lovely brother here answer that question for you, huh?"

"Answer me!" demanded Becca.

"Later, baby, later. I promise," he said. I got a good look at him and noticed that he was a bit more muscular now and a little taller. But he had slight bags under his eyes and stubble on his jaw, and his eyes now

looked like they were full of sorrow and regret. "Soph, please come home!" he begged.

I shook my head, not even thinking about it at all.

"Please, just come home, we all need you there," he continued.

I turned my back to them and said in my coldest voice, "No! Why should I? After what you all did? No way. Just because I'm rich and famous now, you all wanna be associated with Sydney Taylor!"

"No, please. We love you. Mom needs you Sophie, she hasn't got long left!" he cried. I froze while my brain processed the information.

I spun on my heels and faced him. "What?!" I whispered, tears threatening to spill out my eyes.

"She's dying Soph, she doesn't have long left. She just wants to see you once before she dies, just please. Not for us, but for mom," he broke down as tears flowed from his eyes.

I noticed that some of the other guys had already left, probably feeling out of place and so only Chase, Nicole, Jace, Becca, Ryan and I were in the room.

"Please Sophia, for mum?" he whispered so quietly that even I barely heard it.