

## Chapter 17

A lot of emotions were running through me as I drove back to my old pack. I was very tired already, and the twins fighting screaming in the car wasn't helping my headache.

"Shhh guys, mommy's tired. Please be quiet," I asked calmly. I wasn't one of those mothers who continuously nagged their children or even smacked them to punish them. I wasn't anti-punishments, so the twins weren't spoiled, but I punished them by doing other things than scaring them or threatening them. When the twins were older, I didn't want them to be scared to tell me things. I would hate to be that kind of mother.

"Sorry momma," they said simultaneously.

They were quiet after that, and occasionally spoke when Kaden asked Charis if she was okay and Charis would reply yes. He was so caring of his baby sister, and this made my heart swell in pride. At least I did one thing right.

I turned on the radio quietly, and it was the right time as well, because they'd just announced that my song was Number 1 on the Charts. I squealed like a little girl, and both the twins started bouncing up and down in their car seats after hearing the song. "Momma! Momma! It's momma's song!" cried Charis.

"I'm so proud of you momma," Kaden said.

"Aww, thank you baby, and I'm so proud of you too," I smiled at both my children. After listening to my song on the radio, they both fell

asleep, with both of them snuggling close and Charis' head on Kaden's shoulder. They looked too cute!

An hour later, we finally reached the small house I (well, when I say I, I mean my manager) bought prior to coming here. Since I figured I wouldn't be wanting to spend a lot of time there and the twins and I would need our own private space, I bought a new house here. It wasn't too far from the pack house, yet it wasn't on the pack lands- it wasn't anyone's land, so it was free for any wolf to stay on as long as they didn't cause trouble with the local packs.

Once I parked the car in the driveway, I woke both the kids up. When they both reluctantly finally woke up, they both took in the small, one-story Tudor-styled house with wide eyes.

"Momma, is this our new house?" Charis asked me, eyeing the house curiously.

"For a few weeks baby, then we're going back," I answered, placing a kiss on her rosy cheeks.

I unbuckled them from the car seats and watched as they ran over to the front door, and trying to open it. I chuckled and locked the car before going over to them and opening the door. My manager had already bought new furniture and furnished it already, so everything we'd need was in there already. Our bags and suitcases had also been shipped of here already but would arrive soon.

I checked out the house and it felt so warm and cozy. There were three bedrooms in the house, which was perfectly big and a very large living room. The kitchen was very modern and the living room already had a huge over 100" T.V plastered on the walls. The house was located in the woods, near a lake, so the big glass wall in the living room had the perfect view. I loved this house already!

It was quite dark already when a large van arrived carrying the suitcases, boxes and bags. The delivery man kindly placed them all inside the house, but of course for a price, which was an autograph for his daughter. But I didn't mind anyways, especially if it was going to make someone happy.

The twins helped me unpack their clothes and toys and neatly set it out in their drawers and their walk-in closet. It took about an hour since both of them wanted to bring all their toys and books. They had too much things!

Since it was nearly dinner time, I quickly cooked up an easy meal. During dinner, Kaden and Charis were always trying to feed each other, but they both ended up in a pile on spaghetti- with a not-very-happy momma.

After washing all the dishes and cleaning up the table, I bathed both the kids and once again ended up with a bubbly face. After they both got dressed in their pajamas, I sang a lullaby to them causing them to fall asleep, looking like angels. After making sure they were both asleep, I took a quick shower and put on a pair of cotton shorts and a tank top, ready for bed.

I was going back to see everyone tomorrow...great(!)

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"Are you ready guys?" I asked Kaden and Charis.

"Yes momma," they both shouted, running towards me. I chuckled and grabbed both their hands to the car outside.

After buckling them into their car seats, I started driving towards my parents' house. From the last letter I had received, I found out that mom wanted to spend her last days at home, and not in a 'smelly hospital'.

"Can I tell story to you momma?" Charis asked.

"That's not how you say it honey. It's, can I tell you a story, okay?" I said, correcting her sentence.

"Can I tell you a story momma?" she asked properly now.

"Go ahead, hon," I said.

So then, she started telling me a story about a girl called Kayla who went to the supermarket to buy fruits, which dropped on the floor, so she had to go get some more. It was really cute, watching her concentrating on remembering what part she got to. But thank goodness this time her story wasn't filled with cuss words, unlike six months ago.

6 Months Ago...

I'ma party, I'm gon' dance, put your hands up on my body  
On my body, on my body, put your hands up on my body  
I'ma party, I'm gon' dance put your hands up on my body  
On my body, on my body, put your hands up on my body  
I'ma party, I'm gon' dance put your hands up on my body  
On my body, on my body, put your hands up on my body  
I'ma party, I'm gon' dance put your hands up on my body  
On my body, on my body, put your hands up on my body When the sun's  
out see the gyaldem too-'

I got there just in time to pick up my phone and answer it. "Hey gurl!" Emma shouted over the phone.

"Hey," I said, putting her on loud speaker. I was trying to do my hair, while speaking over the phone. I heard small footsteps walking into the room, and jump onto my bed. It was probably Charis, since Kaden was sleeping as he wasn't feeling too well. He had a light cough and cold, and his temperature was a little too high.

So far, I had managed to keep Charis away from him, so she wouldn't be sick as well, but trust me, it was VERY hard. Kaden was feeling slightly

better, but tired, so I let him sleep for a little before he had to get up for his medicines again. "So, what have you been up to?" I asked.

"Well, I've just been fucking this insanely hot guy. Oh, my word! He was totally drool-worthy and he knows how to rock the bed as well. He had me moaning and groaning and screaming all night long," she replied bluntly. Laughing, I managed to get out, "Have you no shame, saying all of this so openly?"

"Fuck no! It's not like you're a virgin or anything!" she hollered.

I laughed and laughed in reply. "So, how's work?"

She'd just gotten a new job in a high-school as their new Art teacher after she finished college. To be honest, I don't know why she went back to high school to teach annoying hormonal kids.

"It is annoying! Sometimes, I just wanna backhand those little shits. Do you know how many fucking fights they've had! I really do hate it sometimes!" she huffed.

"Don't worry it'll get better when you win their trust," I said.

"Yeah, you're right, anyways, I have to go now. My little bed buddy's coming back from the kitchen. He just made me some yummy breakfast. He's such a sweetie," she said, I could tell she was smiling right now.

"Have fun, but not too much," I said. "And use protection!"

"Oh, ha ha ha. And we will. Ciao," she said, before hanging up the phone.

I turned around from my little stool, which faced my vanity table, to look at Charis who was jumping up and down my bed, and consequently, messing it up as well.

"Here, baby, let me do your hair," I said, knowing that she was a little upset that she couldn't hang out with Kaden. And besides, she loved it when I played with her hair- it helped relax her and soothed her.

She nodded, but didn't say anything. She sat down on the bed and I walked over and started brushing through.

"Momma, I tell you a storyyyyyy," she said.

"Go on sweets," I said.

"Once upon a time a man was rocking the bed and he was shitting and fucking and rocking the Princess, and then-" "Woah, woah, woah. Stop. Where did you learn those words from?" I asked, surprised and shocked at her words. "Auntie Emmy was shouting it on the phone," she said, looking innocent.

"Emma!" I groaned.

"Well, honey, they're bad word. Don't say it ever again, okay? D'you promise?" I asked, holding out my pinkie finger.

"Sorry mommy," she said, wrapping her small pinkie around mine. "I promise."

Since that day, we'd all learnt not to swear or say anything we didn't want the entire world to know in front of Charis. Kaden wasn't that bad though, and the worst thing he'd said was 'shit' and that was only once. And that was a huge relief.

While driving down familiar roads, I noticed many people who used to tease me back in high school, and to be honest, some of them looked pretty bad. I also saw a girl called Ashleigh, who was one of sluts in Nicole's little group, walking down the street-wearing sweatpants and a sweater with five children. The poor girl looked like she was in a pretty bad state. Karma really is a bitch.

Although she'd done pretty horrible things to me, I wasn't gloating on what happened to her. Purely because I don't believe in an eye for an eye. And we're not all saints, so who are we to laugh at others misery and fault them.

Finally, I reached the mansion, where I was brought up. It looked exactly the same, still painted white, with a huge front lawn. After I parked the car, I unbuckled the twins from their car seats, before grabbing my bag. I unlocked the car, and held both their tiny hands as we walked up to the door.

I pressed the bell twice and waited patiently.

Kaden tugged my hand and looked up at me, "Momma, who's house is this?"

"This is your grandma's and grandpa's house honey," I explained.

They both nodded and I waited for the door to open. After waiting for about two minutes, the door flew open and there stood Father.

He looked different. He was skinnier and looked a lot weaker. His cheeks were hollow and he had dark circles around his eyes. He looked so...forlorn.

He looked at me up and down, with shock in his eyes. He opened his mouth, trying to say something, then shut it again. He did this a couple of times, not knowing what to say.

"I'm sorry," he blurted out. "I'm really, really sorry. I know that I probably don't deserve your forgiveness and I don't even deserve to ask you for forgiveness and but if you can, please, please let me make it up to you. I know anything that I'll do won't be enough, but please..."

"Can you talk about this later?" I whispered. To be honest, I didn't want to think about that. Not yet anyways.

He nodded and asked, "How are you?"

"I've been doing pretty well for myself."

"We know, we see you all time in newspapers, magazines and TV nowadays. You look amazing honey. And we missed you so much," he said, looking at me with longing in his eyes.

"I know," I whispered, barely audible for anyone to hear.

"Momma, is this Gramps?" asked Charis.

"Yes sweetie," I answered with a smile.

"Are they... are they your children?" Father watched them in complete awe.

"Yep, they're twins. Guys, do you wanna introduce yourself to Gramps?"

"Hi, I'm Charis," she said shyly, looking at the floor.

Father knelt down and shook her hand. "And I'm your Gramps."

"I'm Kaden," he said, putting forward his tiny hands.

"Hey Kade, I'm your Gramp." Father shook his hands as well.

He stood up, his smile still on his face, "They're beautiful."

"Well, they are my kids," I joked, laughing awkwardly.

He chuckled and told us to come in. We followed him through the house and he took us to his and mom's room.

When I entered the room, the first thing I heard was mom mumbled, "Who was that honey?"

She sounded too weak, too fragile and it truly was breaking my heart. This was so unlike her. She was always that woman who put on a brave face and made everyone feel so small. But right now, she was laying down on her bed. Her cheeks were hollow as well and her eyes were droopy. Her wrinkles were more noticeable now and her skin didn't have that glow. Her skin was pale and nearly grey and she was too skinny.

"It's me, mom," I whispered, running to her and kneeling beside her bed.

"It's your Sophia."

I awkwardly rested my head on her shoulder, while tears streamed down my face. I sniffed her apple and cinnamon scent, which reminded me of



home. I muffled my sobs while she gently ran her bony fingers through my hair.

And Alex was right: if I never did see my mom, I would've regretted this for the rest of my life.