

Girls day

I miss my motorcycle and the freedom it gives me. I've been looking for a way to get it back. I decided to roll it out of the driveway so as not to wake anyone up. Once I was out of the driveway, I started her up. She purred so loudly it sent chills down my spine. I was going to make that son of a b****h Quil Beckett, pay for what he did. It only took me a few minutes to get to the front door of the shop, where I left my bag and helmet behind. Making my way up the stairs to Chris's apartment, I hesitated for a moment before deciding whether or not this was even a good idea.

"Stop, over-thinking Emry, and knock on the door."

"Yeah your right Moon."

Chris answers the door in nothing but his basketball shorts. Oh my God, he was even sexier than I remembered. Every ounce of doubt I had vanished when he opened the door. "Come in, Emry." He said. "Thanks" "Take a seat on the couch and make yourself comfortable. Would you like something to drink?" "I'll take some water please." "Coming right up!"

Sitting there, the events of the night keep replaying in my mind, and I can feel the tears welling up inside me. However, I give myself a pep talk to stay strong. "Do not shed a tear! He is the one who messed up, not you! It's his loss!" I straightened up and agreed. There is no reason to cry over someone who clearly doesn't care. Chris hands me a bottle of water and sits down next to me, his body heat radiating.

You remember the party tonight that the girls and I were going to?

"Yes, I remember."

We arrived at The Liquid Meadow and had a great time at rst. We met with Randon, had a few drinks, and danced.

"I see."

"I enjoyed the experience of letting loose a bit, Chris."

"Go on."

"Moon told me that she sensed our mate."

"Oh my goddess, you've found your mate?"

"I did"

"But during our conversation, it appeared that he was more interested in discussing himself than getting to know me."

"It's disappointing that he acted that way. You're a remarkable woman and any man would be lucky to have you in their life."

"Thank you very much. I then told him that I wanted to let my friends know that I had found him and was going to meet him back at the bar, and he agreed."

"And he didn't show?"

"When I went back over to the bar he was not there. Then, all of a sudden, I experienced the worst pain ever in my chest and stomach. It was like my heart was being ripped out of me through my stomach."

"Were you able to nd him again?"

"I searched for him in order to tell him of my pain and wanted to hang out later when I felt better. I talked with his friends who were with him, but their answers were not straightforward. And left me a little confused."

"Gotta love that." Chris said with an attitude.

"Then I needed to go outside for fresh air. I heard some noises but ignored them. I nally saw a milk crate to sit on but were surprised to nd the noises coming from next to the trash cans."

"What was making those noises?"

"One slutty she-wolf was bent over a trash can mounted from behind by none other than my newly found mate."

"You kicked their ass right."

"No, I didn't, but I rejected him."

"Did he accept it?"

"I didn't wait for his response. I rejected him and left. Now, I want revenge for what he did to me. I'm not sure how to do it, which is why I'm here. I need your help to get back at him."

"First you need to get some sleep. You have been going both day and night. A clear mind is necessary before revenge planning".

"That sounds good."

Tomorrow, spend time with your friends and go clothes shopping. I will be working until 4, so we can discuss our revenge plans then."

As I nodded my head, Chris got up from the couch. I nished my water and headed to the sink, admiring how clean his bachelor pad was. Chris walked back carrying a pillow and a blanket, and asked if I planned to stay the night. I mustered up the courage to ask if I could stay for a few days, to which he replied, "Stay as long as you need to beautiful." I expressed my gratitude and offered to set up the couch for myself, but Chris insisted that it was no place for a woman to sleep and led me to his bedroom. He stopped at the door as I walked in and declared that this was where I would stay. Despite my protests, he insisted and reassured me that it was no trouble at all. I was incredibly grateful for his generosity and kind-heartedness.

I was grateful beyond words and gave him a tight, warm hug. As we both walked back to the kitchen, I grabbed another bottle of water, stealing a glance at Chris, who is truly a great guy. I can't wait to see what he has planned. However, I badly needed some rest. Upon reaching the bedroom, I turned towards the living room and shouted, "Good night Chris. See you in the morning." To which he replied, "Good night, see you then." I closed the door slightly behind me as I entered Chris's room, and quickly sent a message to the girls about shopping plans for tomorrow.

Group message

Me: Hey ladies, sorry about earlier, but there's something we really need to discuss. Are you both available for some shopping tomorrow?

Malia: Absolutely! Count me in!

Elle: You know I'm always down for some girl time and retail therapy!

Me: Great! How about we meet at the coffee shop before heading into the mall at noon tomorrow?

Malia: Sounds perfect!

Elle: Can't wait to see you both then!

After closing my phone and placing it on the nightstand, I sat down on the bed and was greeted by Chris's alluring scent. The cologne he wears is simply delightful. As my head touched his pillow, I felt myself relax, knowing that I would soon drift off to sleep.

7am

The forecast for today includes a.....

I hit the alarm clock with force and it fell off the nightstand, prompting Chris to quickly enter the room.

"Em you okay?"

"I think I broke your alarm clock. It scared the s**t out of me."

"Do not worry about the alarm clock. I left it on by mistake."

"It's alright. It's not every day you have a beautiful woman sleeping in your bed."

"Your compl... hold on, that is not funny." Chris said, shaking his head laughing.

"Well, you agreed so."

Both Chris and I began to laugh, providing a sense of relief from negative emotions.

"May I ask what time you will be leaving for work?"

"In about 15 minutes. Why do you ask?"

"I'm heading out to meet the girls at noon. I'll be back around 3. I'll make dinner tonight. What do you like to eat? Just wondering."

"It has been so long since someone asked me that. Pasta sounds really good. I haven't had it in a long time."

"I will make pasta. The type of pasta and sauce will be a surprise. I will get the groceries while I am out with the girls."

"Do you drink coffee?"

"Does the bear s**t in the woods? Yes, I drink coffee."

My witty comment had Chris laughing so hard he could hardly contain himself. His genuine laughter was so infectious that I quickly found myself joining in. After the laughter subsided, he kindly offered to make us some coffee and showed me where to nd the sugar and creamer. As he prepared to leave, he gave me a sweet goodbye kiss on the cheek and called me beautiful.

Chris is a gentle person, and it's surprising that he hasn't found a mate yet. Perhaps this topic will come up during dinner tonight. As for me, I'm getting ready for a day out with my girls. After making another cup of coffee, I settled onto the couch, where I saw that Chris had already tidied up his pillow and blanket – he's such a clean guy. It's rare to nd guys like him. I turned on the news to check the weather because I broke Chris' alarm before it had the chance to get the rest of the forecast out. And it looks like it will be a high of 78 with a chance of afternoon showers. The rain shouldn't last too long, so hopefully, it will pass while we're shopping. After my second cup of coffee, I gather my things, including my helmet, which I forgot to grab last night. When I opened the door, I found my bag and helmet outside, along with a note from Chris wishing me a fun day out with my girls.

I thought about what kind of person Chris is and how he is always thinking about everyone else rst. I took my bag and went to the bathroom to freshen up and decide what attitude to show. Should I act happy, pissed off or heartbroken?

Fuck Quil! I am going to be happy regardless of his actions. I put my hair in a messy bun, washed my face, and grabbed my bag of clothes. I didn't bring many options, so I made do with what I brought. I put on gray ripped skinny jeans, combat boots, a guns and roses crop top, a biker jacket, and gold aviator sunglasses. I checked myself over and then grabbed my keys and helmet. I started my bike. Chris must have heard the bike, because the next thing I see is Chris smiling and waving as I rode off.

After a brief 10-minute journey, I arrived at the mall's coffee shop, where I spotted Malia and Elle seated at our usual table by the window. Excited to see them, I approached the table and shouted, "The Queen has arrived!!!" This sudden outburst startled both girls, resulting in a t of laughter. Elle's reaction was particularly amusing, as she looked as though she had just seen a ghost. Malia, on the other hand, gave me an annoyed look, as she dislikes being frightened, but this doesn't stop me from doing it. Nonetheless, they both love me and are like sisters to me.

"Did you girls order yet?" I asked.

"Of course we did. We ordered you to," Elle replied.

"The usual, I hope?"

"No, we got you a bug-illed donut with matcha tea, no cream or sugar. Just kidding, we got you your usual. You know we got you!"

"Thanks, ladies."

"So, what happened last night? Did you nally mated? Where's your mark?"

"I hope y'all are ready for this, but none of that happened."

As the two girls stared at me, I knew I had to explain everything that happened the night before – including where I was going to stay for a few days. After lling them in on everything, I sat back. "I just need to gure out how to get him back, make him feel the way he made me feel, times ten," I said with determination.

Malia had a solution. " Get a team of talented women, like Elle and myself, to transform you, and then make him want you back." I thanked them both, but they reminded me that this is what best friends are for.

After our coffee and bagels arrived and we nished eating, we headed out to their favorite stores. Although I don't usually dress like them, I needed their help – especially Malia's vengeful side. Elle even shared some tips too.

"First you need to nd out where he hangs out. Then you need to get dolled up, and go there with someone. Give him nothing. Not even a glance. "

"That is such a great idea, Elle! I know exactly how to do that and who I am going to bring with me."

"You could even accidentally walk into him and say nothing. Just keep walking."

"That's another good one, Elle. Maybe I should have brought a notebook and pen?"

"No need. I sent you both suggestions via our group chat! Look at it later if you need to."

Malia picked up this really shiny short and tight red dress. It was beautiful but not my style. But I needed to look a little different in order to get my revenge ball rolling.

"You know the best revenge is to sleep with someone else, right?"

"I know... but"

"But you won't do that..."

"Malia, I don't know yet. All this s**t happened so fast. He was the one I saved all of my rsts for. But after seeing him do what he was doing to that nurse, I don't know if I want to give him anything."

"What if you give all of your rsts to someone else except him?" Malia asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Like your rst kiss, rst hickey, foreplay, oral, you know everything but sex."

"You will still get pleasure without giving anyone your V card. And he will feel all the pain guaranteed."

"That might just work!"

After a few more hours of shopping, we were nished. The girls picked out some pretty crazy outfits for me for the next few days. But some of them were as bad as I thought they were going to be. There are like 2 of them that I would actually consider wearing after this s**t is over. I still had about 40 minutes until 3, so I hugged my besties goodbye and headed towards the store. I need to pick up garlic, pasta, sausage and ground beef, onions, garlic bread and salad stuff. I am going to make Chris a dinner he will never forget.