

Chapter 5

KEENA

Kayla presses the cup to my lips and says, "bottoms up," as she tips the bottom of my drink. A little bit of the fruity drink dribbles down my chin and Kayla busts out laughing. As Kayla lets go of the cup, I turn the cup the rest of the way up and gulp down the fruity drink. My head starts to spin slightly as the alcohol reaches my system. Unlike a werewolf or a lycan I have to be careful of how much alcohol that I drink. Since I am no more than a human, I can get drunk like one too. But tonight I don't care. I plan on having a good time.

Once the first drink hits my blood stream I feel loose and happy. Kayla downs two more drinks while I wait for her at the bar and then grabs my hand and drags me out onto the dance floor.

So far no one has noticed that I am even there. Everyone's eyes are on Faris and his group of friends. As Kayla and I dance on the floor, I let my eyes wander over to the corner where my brother and his friends are standing. I see that Jarek has officially been accepted into their group. Kayla catches me glaring at the popular group in the corner and grabs me by the face to direct my gaze back to her.

"Look at me," she says as her body sways near my own. "Just pretend like he is not even here."

"It is like I can feel his eyes on me as we dance," I tell her pathetically.

Kayla looks over my shoulder at the group of boys and then back at me. "He is definitely watching you," she tells me with a smirk on her face.

"Why are you smiling?" I squeal at her.

"Because my plan is working," she says as spins me around.

I can feel her body moving up against mine as my eyes lock with Jarek's. His brown eyes swirl to black for a moment and then back to brown. I know that his wolf is pushing forward for control.

"What do I do?" I ask her.

"What do you mean what do you do?" Kayla laughs next to my ear. "You flirt with him."

"Exactly how do I do that," I whisper back at her.

"Start by just smiling at him," Kayla says as we dance together. "Here... practice on me."

I spread a huge smile across my lips, showing all of my teeth.

"No... no..." Kayla laughs louder. "You need to look seductive."

"How do I do that?" I ask desperately.

"Just turn around and give him a little smirk," Kayla instructs. "Like this." Kayla demonstrates the smile that I am supposed to do.

Gracefully she spins me around and my eyes lock with Jarek's once again and I smile stupidly in his direction. Jarek hits Chad who is sitting next to him and points to me. Suddenly I realize that the smile is all wrong and I run from the dance floor in embarrassment.

"Keena," I hear Kayla call after me but I don't stop until I have rounded the corner to the kitchen.

I scurry into the kitchen and slide down the wall and sit on the floor. I hide my head in my hands and let a few silent tears fall from my eyes. Heavy footsteps draw my attention and I look up to see Jarek staring down at me.

"You know you actually look pretty good tonight," he says as he sits down beside me.

"Thanks," I grumble in his direction.

Jarek reaches over and tucks a stray hand of hair behind my ear. A burst of tingles erupt through my body as his fingers brush against my cheek. It sends a shiver down my spine and Jarek smiles. "So you can feel the effects of the mate bond," he says with a genuine smile on his face. As I look into his eyes I think that I have never seen a more beautiful person on this earth.

"Just because I don't have a wolf, doesn't mean that I can't feel the effects of the bond," I say as I pull myself away from him.

"Interesting," Jarek says as he leans back against the wall. "This doesn't change things though," he says harshly.

Pushing himself up from the wall he walks away. He looks back at me over his shoulder and shrugs his shoulders. "It is too bad," he says as he looks back at me. "You look like you would have been a fun lay."

I clench my fists as I watch Jarek leave the kitchen. There is nothing I want more than him and there is nothing that I want less than him. He is everything I hate and everything I love all at once.

As my hands clench together in rage, I can feel my palms heat up under my fingers. Holding my hands up in front of me they are glowing brightly purple. I scream out in shock not knowing what is happening. My hands feel like they are on fire as they glow more and more purple.

Holding my hands out in front of me, I shake them, trying to free myself from the purple flames that are now engulfing my hands. Suddenly my mother runs into the kitchen and stares at me in shock.

"Keena," she whispers as the flames in my hands sparkle in her bright green eyes. "What is..."

"Mom," I scream and suddenly the wind picks up in the kitchen. Pots and pans are flying around the kitchen and the cabinet doors are being torn from their hinges.

"Keena," my mom yells over the wind. "You have got to calm down. Control your emotions."

"He rejected me," I scream and the wind gusts pick up around me. "He rejected me because I am weak with no wolf."

Then the more I think about what my Jarek did to me the angrier I get and the angrier I get the hotter the flames burn in my hands and the more the wind blows around us all.

Holding her hands out in front of her, my mother conjures her own magic. Being one of the strongest hybrids in the world it takes no time for her magic to over take my own. The wind in the kitchen calms down and the flames in my hands begin to extinguish themselves. Once my magic has been conquered, I drop to my knees and cry out in pain.

Running to me, my mother drops by my side and gathers me in her arms. "Keena," she says in exasperation. "You are a witch."

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