

**Mistake - 20**

I hadn't gone too far in my search for food when a heavy arm fell around my shoulders. Despite my newfound determination, I flinched and ducked away. With a surprised expression on his face, Dean held up his hands. "Sorry, didn't mean to scare you."

Feeling silly, I blew out a breath and stood straight. "Then don't sneak up on a girl like that. Geesh."

He grinned and winked at me. "And let you get away? Nah." Putting his arm around my shoulders again, he asked, "Where are we going, gorgeous?"

"Breakfast. Flirting already? Isn't it a bit early for that, especially considering I appear as if I just came out of a car wreck?"

"It's never too early, and you look great," he replied in a matter-of-fact tone as we headed downstairs.

"I thought werewolves didn't lie."

He winced, placing a hand over his heart. "You wound me, madame."

"Ugh, can you fall any lower?" Kara complained, joining us. To me she said, "How are you feeling?"

"Better. My headache is gone. Thank god."

"Good. Have you eaten yet? Misses W wanted to talk to you."

I stiffened. "Why?"

"She didn't say, probably medical stuff."





"Oh." That made sense. "I was about to eat now, when he ambushed me." I pointed to Dean. Kara rolled her eyes, knocked off Dean's arm and linked hers around mine.

"Hey," Dean complained, shooting her a quick dirty glare.

Going from a social pariah to this was a bit much, so I stopped walking and pulled my arm from Kara. "Can you two tone it down, please?"

"Sorry," they both said in unison.

"Hey, in my defense, I don't have any girl friends," Kara explained.

"Why not?" I asked as we started walking again.

"She's too mean," Dean whispered loudly, earning him another glare from her.

"I'm only mean when people deserve it!"

"That doesn't make what I said untrue," Dean insisted.

"Whatever Dean, just whatever," Kara told him, then turned to me. "I can never tell with girls if they really want to be my friend or they're just trying to use me to get to Dean or Ryder. Anyway, let's get breakfast and meet up with the luna."

Breakfast was delicious, and I ate almost as much as enough to fall into a food coma. Afterward, Kara took me to Emily. She was with the alpha in a large office. I took a seat in front of the large desk as Kara closed the door. "How are you?" Emily asked.

"Good. My head doesn't hurt so much, and I'm not sick."



"Good," the alpha said, and leaned forward in his chair, resting his hands on the desk. "We spoke to your mother last night, explained the situation." He laughed when I cringed. "Yes, she has, uhm, made it abundantly clear you are not allowed to leave this house until she arrives this evening."

"What about Mike and his dad? Do they..."

"Unless your mother or her mate told them, they are unaware of your current location."

"Okay, good. I only have to survive my mom," I grumbled.

They both grinned at me. "If I were you, I'd try to enjoy your last taste of freedom. No doubt you're going to be grounded for a long, long time. I know if Ryder or Dean had done what you did, they wouldn't see daylight until they were forty," Emily told me.

I blew out a breath. "Great, well, thanks."

"You can go," the alpha said. "Glad you seem in better spirits."

I offered him a tight smile and left. Kara snickered when I did. "You're so dead." In my confusion, she shrugged. "I may have been eavesdropping a bit. I agree with Missus W, enjoy your last hours. Come on, let's find the guys." Without waiting for me to reply, she linked her arm through mine and dashed down the hall. I stumbled, trying to keep up with her.

After another amazing amount of turns and twists, we stopped at a large gym. Andy and Dean were in some kind of weightlifting competition or something. When I noticed the girl with them, I dug in my heels, forcing Kara to stop or pull off my arm. How did I forget she was here? "Um, you know what? I think I'm not feeling so good. I'm going to my room."



Kara glance into the room then back at me, understanding lit her face.

"No way," Dean demanded. "You get in here. I want all to see how bad I am going to beat Andy."

Beth, Mike's sister, looked over and our eyes met. She seemed just as surprised to see me as I was. Something passed over her face, but before I could figure out what it was, her face went blank and her eyes darkened to a chocolate brown as they hardened. She wasn't happy to see me at all. In all fairness I wasn't happy to see her either.

"I wish I could," I started, backing out of the room.

"It'll be okay," Kara said, taking my arm again. "You can sit down over there to watch that ding dong embarrass himself, and maybe it'll cheer you up." I resisted a bit when she gave my arm a tug, but not wanting to make a scene, let her pull me inside. I sat down on a bench not too far from the guys. "So what are you guys doing?" she asked, sitting next to me.

"This dork thinks he can bench press more than I can," Andy said as he lifted the bar back onto the rack. There were several black plates were on each side. "That's three-fifty right there. Let's see if you can do that one."

"Please! I can do it in my sleep," Dean said, giving me a wink as he sat down when Andy got up.

"Big talk, little man," Andy replied, then gave Kara one hell of a kiss. With a blush, I turned away and saw Beth. Her face twisted in an ugly scowl as she glared at Andy and Kara. When she noticed me, that scowl and glare turned nastier. My heart sped up. Where Mike was physical, Beth was verbal. Missy Mistake was the nicest thing she or her friends



would call me, and they weren't afraid to hit below the belt either. As much as I hated to admit it, it sometimes hurt worse than Mike's punches.

I looked away from her to Dean. He lifted the bar off the rack. Clearly struggling, he lowered and then lifted the weight before returning it to the rack.

"Boom, baby." Dean sat up with a bright grin.

"Barely," Andy said, then waved at me. "How are you? Those stitches look nasty."

"I was fine until you said that," I said, trying to resist the urge to cover them up.

"So what are you going to do now?"

"Wait until Mom gets here and hope she doesn't kill me."

Beth sent a smirk in my direction. I bet she would love nothing more.

"Great," Dean said in a near squeal. "With you, it won't be so awkward with those two making out all the time." He hugged me, making me gasp when his arm pressed against one of my bruises. Dean let me go, looking guilty. "Oh damn, sorry."

"Nah, it's good. No worries."

"Should I go get Emily? She might have something," Kara offered.

"No, it's fine. Really."

"She's a big girl, you guys. She said she was fine," Beth said, crossing



her arms with an irritated look on her face.

Kara made a nasty face right back at her before offering me a smile. "How about we show you around the place?"

"What for?" Beth said. "There is no point. She's going to go back to Black Mountain when her mom comes tonight."

I froze, fear sliding through me. Mom wouldn't take me back, would she? I was sure Harry told her everything. If he didn't, I would. She wouldn't take me back after she knew everything. Doubt fed the fear, and I stopped listening. That was until I realized someone was yelling.

"Why are you guys all fussing over her? Missy knows her place. She knows she doesn't belong here."

"Missy?" Dean repeated, his eyes doing that blue glowy thing.

"Missy Mistake," I said. "That was my name in the pack, because of the whole Harry wasn't my dad."

"Wow," Dean said, shaking his head.

"What?" Beth asked, looking genuinely confused. "Why are you all pretending that isn't a problem?"

"Because it's not," Andy growled at her.

"Andy," Kara said, looking worried, but he turned his back to Beth.

"I'm good, but I won't let her call us a mistake," he said to Kara.

"I wasn't calling you one," Beth started, shaking her head, her eyes wide and round. "Just—"



He turned back to face Beth. "Her," he snapped. "Well, guess what, if Brook is one, so am I."

At first, Beth stared at him, confused, then her mouth dropped as she realized her mistake. "I..."



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