

The Knights Revenge Chapter 2 - CHAPTER 2.

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~Amber~

Avery walked in to the dining room with Lydia by her side. Her body seemed relaxed but she held something in her eyes, she looked angry, worried as her eyes scanned the surroundings.

When her eyes landed on me, she smiled softly and came up to us.

She took her seat next to James and continued eating.

"Everything alright?" My brother asked his mate as he placed a kiss on her head.

"Everything is fine, Lydia just wanted to see if we needed any help with the ceremony, but I told her me and Amber had it covered." Avery said and winked at me.

All the planning started to resume in my head from that comment as the color pallets and decorations were set in place in my imagination.

"We could use some help with the decorations," I said and looked at Lydia. She was Avery's best friend and I knew she wanted to help.

"The more the merrier," Avery said with a wide smile.

"Great, have you thought of a dress?" Lydia asked giddily. Avery opened her mouth to answer but was interrupted by my brother next to her.

"No." He said and brought his cup up to take a drink.

Avery smiled sweetly and moved her hand from the table and brought it down. As soon as she did, James jumped in his seat and his body stiffened.

"Yep, yeah she found a dress." he seethed and glared at his mate. She gave him an air kiss and removed her hand.

James was quick to grab her hand before she pulled it away, holding it in the air between them.

He leaned his head down and whispered,

"You started something you now have to finish." He whispered, thinking we wouldn't listen and I regret that I did.?

I scrunched my nose and turned my head, watching Lydia with her raised brows as she watched James and Avery like they were a reality-show.

Averys cheeks turned red as she looked away, biting her lip.

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"No, you can't use green with yellow,"

"Yes, look," Avery said and held the two floral pieces beside each other. Me and Lydia stood there looking miserably at Averys choices.

"See," she said and showed them closer. Her eyes were pleading and determined. She couldn't see the horrific mix of colors that we saw.

The door opened up and Lisa stepped in.

"Hey guys wh- no." she said sternly and pointed to the pictures Avery was holding up.

Avery growled and lowered her hands.

"I thought that this was my ceremony," she said sternly.

"Oh it is, honey, but we all have to witness it and I am in no mood to scratch my eyes out." Lisa said and placed a hand on Averys shoulder.

"Fine, what do you want?" She snapped at Lisa who smirked.

"I need some details for your dress," she said and pulled out a measuring band. Avery held her arms out and let Lisa do her job.

"Hey!" Avery shrieked when Lisas hand went up to her ass.

"Stay still, you whiny baby," Lisa scolded.

"What about invitations? Is there anyone outside the pack you want to invite?" I asked her.

"Just Natasha and Carlos," she said with a shrug.

I nodded my head and took a step back and saw Lydia starting to talk to Avery about the color pallets and how she would be walking up on the podium.

I saw Lisa interjecting with her own ideas and tips and they all started giggling while Avery rolled her eyes.

I knew she was doing this for me. I knew that she couldn't care less about the Luna ceremony but merely did it to make me happy and get my mind of Malia.

Their voices were drained out and I just observed.

I couldn't stop thinking about her. About how it felt when I saw Malia that first time out on the field. How she didn't kill my brother or any of the others from our pack after her eyes met mine.

How I wanted to protect her, to kiss her, to love her.

"Hey,"

They had all turned their heads and were watching me.

"Hey!" Their voices became louder and I shook my head, suddenly aware of my zone-out.

"What's up?" I asked them, as if nothing had happened.

"Where were you just now?"

"Standing here, watching you fight over flowers." They all narrowed their eyes.

"We were fighting about shoes," Avery said softly.

I cleared my throat and looked down on the notebook I was holding. It was wrinkled.

"I'm sorry," I said, my voice came out hoarse.

Avery looked around the room and then back at me.

"You know what, we're done here, aren't we? Everything is fixed and ready for the ceremony on Friday." She said placed everything away. We all looked in confusion as she put her shoes on and grabbed her bag.

Lisa left the room to go and fix the dress.

"Let's go," Avery said and walked towards the door.

Where are we going?" I asked her as me and Lydia got into the car.

"To pay someone a visit." Avery said.

We drove away from the pack territory and on to the main road.

"Avery?" I asked when she didn't speak. Her eyes were focused on the road but her mind was somewhere else.

"When you asked me who I wanted to invite, the first names that popped into my head were Natasha and Carlos,"

"So?"

"So, i thought of something. Carlos is a Knight, right? The oldest one there is today." She said and narrowed her eyes.

"He might have information on Malia," I gasped and sunk down in the seat.

"Yes, and if he does, he will tell us."

"How can you be so sure?" I asked her. Carlos wasn't one to talk much, especially where history was concerned. Avery looked at Lydia in the back seat.

Lydia sighed and nodded her head.

"Because if he has information but keeps it hidden, then he's putting his entire family in danger."

My eyes widened.

"What do you mean?" I asked her. They knew something and hadn't told me.

"Malias cousin is a descendant from the first vampire that ever existed. She's powerful and has been seeking revenge on the people who turned her cousin, meaning you and your family. If Malia tells her that you two are mates, she might have the leverage she needs."

"You knew?" I growled as I turned my head to Avery.

She winced but nodded her head.

"Damnit, Aves!" I dragged my hand over my face.

"You know James will kill us, right?" I asked her and again, she winced.

"Let's worry about that later," she said softly and stared out on the road.

~Avery~

Yes, I knew that James would kill us. But I also knew what it felt like to be away from your mate. It felt like having a piece of your soul ripped away from you, it was horrible.

I couldn't sit idly by and watch Amber deal with this on her own. The waiting was killing her.

I knew that Carlos had information, I didn't know how I knew, I just did.

And he would tell us.

I needed to help Amber, she deserved to be happy with the person she loves.

I had an eery feeling that Malia wasn't ignoring her. There was something else, there was more to the story than we knew.

I pulled the car up on the path leading to the pack house.

I saw Lydias eyes glazing over and when she came back she gave me a stiff nod.

"They're awaiting us." She said.

Lydia smiled as she looked out on the pack grounds that she had grown up on.

"Good to be home?" Her eyes glinted as she scanned the permitters.

"You're my home, Aves, but it's good to be back." She said with utmost sincerity without taking her eyes of the land.

I giggled and parked the car outside of the pack house.

When we stepped out, five guards were immediately around us.

Amber and I extracted out claws and growled as they neared.

"Hello boys, move." Lydia said to the guards. They smirked and stepped away, reveling the man behind them.

"Dad!"

"Hey, pumpkin," Carlos said as he wrapped his arms around Lydia. I smiled but felt a sting to my heart as I watched.

It was beautiful.

"Come here," he said and pulled me and Amber in for a hug.

"Come on inside. Natasha is away but I'm guessing it wasn't her you wanted to talk to." He said. His alpha aura exuding as he straightened his back.

We followed Carlos inside and went to his office.

When asked why he lived in the pack house, he said 'there is no greater way of keeping a pack together, then being a part of it'

You could see on the faces of everyone we passed, how they respected him. Not only as an alpha but also as a friend.

"So," he said as he closed the door to his office.

It felt like stepping into an old Italian mob suite in the 60's. He went behind the massive oak desk.

"What can I help you with?" He asked us and grabbed a seat behind his desk.

I looked at Amber to see if she wanted to take lead, but got no reaction.

"What do you know about Malia and Raven Villarreal?" His eyes darkened immediately and his body began shaking.

"Dad?" Lydia placed a hand on his arm.

"What is it you want to know?" He seethed.

He might not have wanted to talk about it, but it seemed that he would give us the information we needed.

His question was followed by silence, neither of us knew where to start and it looked like Carlos was about to shift.

After a few minutes, amber was the one to break the silence.

"Malia is my mate." She blurted out.

Carlos eyes softened as he slumped back in his chair.

"What?" He gasped.