

Chapter 18 Friends forgive one another

Catherine's POV

"You have some nerve to show your face!" I spat, pulling my lips together in disgust as I tried to slam the door shut.

"Kate, please!" Sarah begged and pushed her foot between the door and the frame, keeping the door open. "We need to talk."

"I have absolutely nothing more to say to you!" I growled at her, trying to close the door.

"And I have a lot to say," she hit back, holding the door. "I'll talk, and you just listen!"

"No!" I growled, pissed. "I don't want to hear any of it!"

"Stop being so stubborn!" She yelled at me, "You are my best friend, and friends forgive one another!"

"Not when they f*ck and fall pregnant with one another's mates!"

Sarah kept quiet, and she removed her foot from between the door and the frame, and the door clicked shut.

A moment of silence followed, and for a second, I thought she might have left.

"I am sorry, Kate," she whispered, just loud enough for me to hear her. "It wasn't supposed to have happened."

"But it did," I whispered to myself, feeling the tears burning behind my eyelids.

Sarah was my best friend, but her betrayal hurt me even more than

Brian's.

"I know I have hurt you," Sarah continued, "but I wish there was some way I could make it up to you and show you how sorry I am."

There was no way I could ever trust her; the damage was already done. There was no turning back.

"I wanted you to know that the pup has been taken care of," she said, and her voice broke.

Sarah sounded broken, like a piece of her had been taken and ripped out of her.

Did the pup die?

Did she have a miscarriage?

I slowly opened the door and looked at her. Her green eyes had no life in them; they looked dead and withered.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Brian..."

I growled under my breath, yet Sarah stopped me.

"Can I come in?" She asked, sounding tired. I guess it was draining the life out of her to come and talk to me.

I sighed, giving in, and moved out of the way.

Sarah walked in and hesitated.

"You can take a seat," I said, pushing my wheelchair toward the living room.

Sarah took a seat, and silence followed. It gave me some time to read her.

"So?" I eventually asked.

"He made me give her up for adoption," she said, and her shoulders hung.

Jimmy didn't tell me any of this, but maybe he knew it would piss me

off.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because he couldn't bear to look at her," she answered.

"Who took her in?" I asked.

"Ironically, his father, Beta Harold, and his mate," she answered.

I scrunched my eyebrows together but didn't say anything.

"Then she is safe?" I asked, not looking at her.

"Yes, and Beta Harold allows me to see her from time to time," she said, fiddling with the hem of her shirt.

"Then why do you..."

"Looks so broken?" Sarah sneered and got to her feet. "Because I am!"

"Why?" I asked, getting impatient. "You can now do whatever you want! You don't have any responsibilities."

"Kate," she growled, "are you hearing yourself?"

She turned and faced me, angry tears in her eyes.

"I lost everything when I fell pregnant with Brian's pup!" She yelled and balled her fist. "I have lost my virginity, my best friend, and the respect of the pack. I was kicked out of the warrior program, and then I had to give up my pup because of him!"

"And that's now, what? My fault?" I asked.

Sarah shook her head.

"You wouldn't understand!" she whispered.

"Understand what?" I asked. "You made your bed; now you need to sleep in it!"

"I don't want to!" She yelled, "I want everything to go back to the way it was!"

"And what do you suggest I do?" I asked, lifting my gaze and looking at her. "There is no way I can forgive you! Not after all you did to me."

She sighed and sat back.

"I know," she said, sounding tired, "but if you can get in your heart, could we try and start over?"

"Start over?" I gasped, knitting my eyebrows together. "Like being what? Friends?"

"Yes," she said, searching my gaze. "I miss you, us! I know I screwed up! When Brian and I saw you so broken in the hospital bed and heard the news about how bad it was, we never thought that things would turn that way!"

"So you two decided to be chosen mates?" I snapped.

"If only," she said, dropping and shaking her head. "Brian and I were..."

"I don't want to hear this," I cut her off.

"Oh, yes, you do!" She snapped.

"Sarah!" I growled, warning her.

I didn't want to know how they got together or even when it happened. It was pointless; they both hurt me.

"Catherine, you need to know this!" she said and jumped to her feet.

What was it with Sarah? Why was she so nervous, and why were all her emotions spiraling out of control? This wasn't the girl I grew up with.

I crossed my arms around my chest, pissed. I knew if I didn't listen to her now, she would find a way to make me listen.

My thoughts raced back to our younger years, when nothing else mattered more than us.

Only once did we have a major argument, and even though I couldn't remember what it was about, I remember how she pestered me for days to listen to her until she cornered me in the girls' bathroom, locked the door, and told me what happened.

This was basically the same scenario; the only difference is that this

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time she has the upper hand and I can't just run away.

When I didn't say anything, Sarah took the opportunity and continued.

"Kate," Sarah said as she squatted before me, "we were invited to a festival at one of the neighboring packs."

"So you two got drunk, kissed, and..."

"No," she said, cutting me off and getting up. "We can't remember anything except arriving at the pack. Afterward, we only remembered pieces of the ceremony. We don't know how we ended up together, and a few days later I found out I was pregnant."

I knitted my eyebrows together, confused.

There was no way I could believe this.

"And you expect me to believe that?" I asked, and I pushed my wheelchair toward the door. "I think it's time for you to leave."

