

Wait! Werewolves Exist? Chapter 2

Kim

I left while Chris was in the shower. His temperament towards me seemed to have changed when I got out of the shower. Besides, I'd already got what I came for, and I'd got it multiple times. Amber wasn't joking when she'd told me about his abilities in the bedroom during a drunken girls' night. Since that night, I had been determined to test him out for myself, and I always get what I want, one way or another.

My taxi pulled up, and I jumped in to go home. I had already seen the missed call from Amber, but now I clicked on the voicemail notification. What does she want? After hearing the message, I sighed, time to play the caring friend, I guess. I hit the call button and was relieved when it went straight to voicemail. I was feeling really good right now and didn't want anything spoiling my mood. I put on my best sympathetic voice and left a message. "Oh honey, I'm so sorry about Mary. I'm out of town at the moment, visiting my parents. I'm only a phone call away if you need to talk." Hanging up, I leaned back into the leather seat, feeling very pleased with myself

AMBER.

I let myself into Mary's house and headed straight upstairs. I went into her bedroom, it still smelt of her perfume. I closed my eyes and breathed deeply, inhaling her woody, flowery scent. I sat on the edge of her bed as the tears began flowing again. I had lost everything today.

I caught sight of myself in the vanity mirror, I was a mess. My chestnut hair was badly in need of washing, and my face was puffy and streaked with tears. I forced myself to get up and went to take a quick shower. When I was done, I pulled on one of Mary's t-shirts for comfort. Mary had insisted on keeping my old room ready for me, just in case I ever needed it. Right now, I was more grateful than ever for that. I had turned my phone off after Chris had tried calling. I didn't want to talk to that cheating bastard. I was physically and emotionally drained and fell into a restless sleep almost as soon as I snuggled into my old bed. My dreams were plagued by images of Chris and Kim fucking and laughing at me, disturbing my sleep.

AMBER.

I woke up in my old room, and for just a moment, I forgot about the s**t storm of yesterday. I lay there listening for the sound of Mary singing 80s power ballads in the kitchen, and then it hit me all over again. I felt my chest tighten as I realised I'd never hear her singing again. I wanted to lay there and wallow in my grief, but I knew Mary wouldn't like that. So I got up and dressed and headed downstairs.

Sitting in the kitchen, sipping my coffee, I turned my phone back on. There were seventeen missed calls from Chris and one from Kim. There was also five voicemails and three texts. I swiped them all away, I was done with both of them. They were having s*x in my bed while I was losing the only mother I could really remember. So I wasn't interested in anything either of them had to say. f**k them both. They are such a f*****g cliché.

I finished the last of my coffee, and went to the sitting room to curl up in Mary's favourite armchair. I loved this chair. It felt like you sank into the big, soft cushions. I stroked the burgundy material on the arm, and thought about how Mary would sit me on her lap and tell me that everything would be OK, that I was strong enough to get through anything, whenever I was upset about something. I longed for her to be here to tell me that now.

The worst part was that she should be here. Mary was in perfect health a few days ago. In fact I couldn't remember her ever even needing to see a doctor before. I had never seen Mary ill. Then a few days ago Mary, Chris, Kim and me were having lunch together when Mary had complained of feeling tired. She had stood up and stumbled, before falling to the ground. She had been unconscious ever since. The hospital had run every test they could think of, but they couldn't figure out what was wrong. She just wasn't waking up. Then yesterday her condition had suddenly deteriorated, they had worked tirelessly to save her, but without knowing what to treat they were fighting a losing battle.

I was pulled from my thoughts by my phone ringing. I didn't recognise the number on the screen. "Hello" I answered the call. "Am I speaking to Miss Amber James?" a well spoken male voice asked. I confirmed that he was and he continued "Miss James, my name is Mr Bryan Daniels. I am a partner at Abbot and Daniels law firm. I am calling due to the passing of Ms Mary James. Would it be possible for you to come into the office for a meeting please?" He went on to explain that he had strict instructions to only tell me more in person. I made an appointment for later that day and we said goodbye. I wondered what it could be about for a moment, before noticing the time. I grabbed my coat, bag, and keys and headed for the door.

