

## Wait! Werewolves Exist? Chapter 6

AMBER.

I went shopping this morning. I needed something to wear for Mary's funeral. I also needed to grab a few essentials, as I hadn't been back to the house to pick up my things. I stopped to get something to eat, and there were two women that I sort of knew through Kim, sat a few tables away. They kept looking over in my direction, giggling and smirking. I was about to ask them what their problem was, when it dawned on me, they knew. I suddenly felt vulnerable, like an exposed nerve. I hadn't considered that other people might know. My mind was racing. Was it more than just that one time? Were they having a full-blown affair? If so, how long had it been going on, and how many people knew about them? How could I not have noticed? I had completely lost my appetite. I paid for my food and took it to go instead. I just wanted to get out of there.

I couldn't face shopping now, I didn't want to risk bumping into anyone else who might know. I decided to risk going to Chris's house to grab some of my stuff. He should be at work at the moment anyway. I pulled up outside and checked to make sure his bike was gone before going in. I went straight upstairs, my mind going back to seeing them together when I looked at the bed. I shook myself, I was here for a reason. I pulled out my suitcases and began filling them. I piled in clothes, jewellery, my make-up case, and toiletries. Running around getting my things, I couldn't help noticing that the room smelt of her overly sweet perfume.

Grabbing my cases, I headed back downstairs. I took my passport and any documents that involved me. I picked up a framed photo of me and Mary, stopping to look at it for a moment before packing it. I took a few things that held sentimental value for me, things that couldn't be replaced. As I turned, I saw something pink sticking out between the cushions on the black sofa. I loved that sofa it was perfect for cuddling up with Chris watching movies on a cold night. I pulled the pink material out and dropped it instantly. I knew that thong, I had been there when Kim bought it.

Anger flooded through me again. I grabbed the bottle of expensive Whisky Chris had in the cabinet and emptied the whole thing down the kitchen sink. I knew it was petty, but damn, it felt good. I left my key on the sofa next to the thong and left. I loaded my things into my car and took one last look at the

house. I had thought me and Chris would be together forever. I sighed at my own stupidity and drove away.

CHRIS.

Her stuff is gone! Amber must have come over while I was at work. I picked up the key she left on the sofa and examined the pink material lying next to it. It's a thong. Where the f\*\*k did that come from? I thought. It's definitely not Amber's. It's not her style and it's not what Kim was wearing the other night. In fact she had been going commando at the time. I was confused. Something wasn't right.

AMBER.

I got home and just slumped in Mary's chair. The anger still swirling inside me. So clearly they've either kept hooking up since I left or they've been f\*\*\*\*\*g for longer, laughing at me behind my back. I thought of all the times I'd confided in Kim and felt even more stupid. I had really believed she was my friend. I thought of how it had felt with those bitches earlier. How could I live in this town, not knowing who knew? What if they got together officially and I had to deal with bumping into them? No, I wasn't willing to live like that. I needed a fresh start, and thanks to Mary I could have one.

I pulled out my laptop and looked up the town Mary's other property was in. Mr Daniels had the key in his office with the deeds, and he'd given it to me with my copies of the paperwork. I couldn't really find any information on Lakeside, which seemed odd. I did find the location and managed to plot a route. It was far enough away that I could start over completely there, and close enough that I could drive there. I phoned my boss at the five star hotel, where I worked as a waitress. I explained the situation and he was very kind and understanding. He offered to let me use my outstanding holiday allowance to cover my notice. We chatted a little longer and then ended the call. I decided to order in for dinner, rather than risk bumping into anyone. I had, had enough of being laughed at today.

I spent the next few days going through Mary's belongings. I put everything that I wanted to keep, but couldn't take with me right now, into storage. I packed up my car, filling it with as much as possible and got an early night. Tomorrow is Mary's funeral. It would take everything I have to make it through it.

CHRIS.

I was still trying to understand how all this had even happened. I was used to women throwing themselves at me. I had never had a problem resisting. Before Amber, I had taken advantage of that and had so many one night stands that I lost count. Amber was special. In the time we'd been together, I hadn't so much as kissed another woman.

Kim had been sending me signals for a while , but I had never even entertained the thought of screwing her. In fact, even though she is hot, she's not really my type. I had never really gone for the whole Barbie doll, in your face look at me kind of girls. I preferred natural beauties like Amber. So how the f\*\*k had I ended up in bed with Kim. To be honest I didn't even really remember much about how it started. We had been drinking and laughing, then the next thing I remember we were upstairs, naked and she was riding me. It felt good so I didn't stop her.

After that I didn't see the point in holding back, we had already f\*\*\*\*d so I might as well enjoy myself. Plus I had liked the way she reacted to me. Hearing her screaming my name was a total ego boost. I had forgotten how much I enjoyed that part of being with women. Amber was more reserved. I knew she liked it, but she wasn't a screamer. It was only after seeing the missed calls from Amber that reality had kicked in. Now i qas alone. I messed up so badly. I don't know whether I should give her some space or just try grovelling. I head over to the liquor cabinet deciding to drown my sorrows in Whisky. The bottle had been emptied and the necklace that I'd given Amber for her last birthday was wrapped around the neck. Well s\*\*t I wasn't expecting that.